

Oh, the Blood of Jesus Christ Dream 12-2-23@8:40pm

This dream begins with me observing a person who was filthy and stank badly. They had the smell of death upon them. It is a young lady with straight dark hair, and I can tell she has bangs even though her head is laid upon her crossed arms upon her knees.

As I was observing her, I noticed she looks out of place in the grand room of gold, satins, velvets and richly decorated furnishings. She is actually sitting on the floor in a corner all alone. I looked outside of one of the windows whose curtains are open, and I noticed gold bars going up and down in front of the window. I heard “gilded cage!”

The lady makes a whimpering noise and I'm drawn back to watching her. “What's wrong with her?” I asked out loud. But no answer came. She lifts her head up and I can see she's been crying. She looked me straight in the eyes even though I know she can't see me, yet I see into her heart and soul. She's shattered and broken, and her heart is black.

Tears started pouring down her face and she looks up at the ceiling and speaks in a broken, forlorn voice “God, if you're really real I need help. If your son Jesus Christ can really forgive someone like me then I ask you to do so. Please forgive me. My life is a wreck! I have nowhere else to go. I have everything this world can offer: wealth, fame, prosperity, this beautiful home but I would trade it all if you were really real.” Then she began sobbing and weeping uncontrollably.

I saw a bright light shine from through the ceiling and it fell upon her. I heard a beautiful gentle voice that I recognized as my lovely Jesus Christ say, “I am real. I forgive you.”

Suddenly I saw a single drop of blood fall from the hand of my Jesus' outstretched arm that is now visible through the ceiling for my eyes to see. The wrist part of the right hand is a more exact location. The single drop of blood falls quickly and hits her on the head and sinks inside her. I can see it all!!!

It hits her heart, and she begins weeping even more. So, the blood of Jesus Christ begins spreading from the inside of her heart until it travels all throughout her body on the inside. Then it begins covering her outside. Her tears turned to joy and her weeping into laughter.

“Oh Jesus, Jesus Christ you are real!” The blood absorbs back inside of her of my lovely Savior and now she's dressed in a beautiful shimmering, solid white garment and she has a crown upon her head. She lifts her tear-stained face up to heaven and she has a glorious smile on it. She no longer smells like death but life. Glorious life through Jesus Christ.

Then the scene changed.

I am in a building in an empty office. I see a desk, computer, filing cabinets and the basic office furniture. But on the desk is a letter sign that reads, “God is in control.” The walls of the office are all clear glass. I heard the sound of a door opening and I turned to see it is a man of about 55 to 60 years of age in business casual attire. He is wearing gold wire rimmed glasses, a pullover shirt of mint green and tan men's slacks.

“What am I supposed to see?” I asked out loud then continued, “I see nothing unusual here.” “Look again, closer,” I heard a voice from heaven speak like thunder. Immediately I prayed, “Holy Spirit in Jesus Christ name let me see the truth for Jesus is only truth.”

Suddenly there appeared over his business casual clothing a once solid white garment that's lost some of its shimmers and has dirty patches on it here and there. “Oh my,” I exclaimed. “His garments are no longer white.”

I heard the voice from heaven speak to me again.

So many of my children today are walking around with dirty spotted garments and don't even realize it because they've been compromising with the world and the enemy for so long it's become familiar and comfortable to them. All they need to do is ask me to wash them clean again and what you witnessed with the young lady and my blood will wash them clean again in this same manner. But it has to be true

repentance of heart. They must truly be sorry for all the wrong they have committed even after accepting me into their hearts.

I understand I replied to my savior's voice in the sky but what happened to one of your children pleads your blood over them, their family, their homes and such like things? Pleading meaning as in petitioning, asking you to cover us and keep us safe? Is it the same?

I heard a gentle laugh. "Oh, I love to hear my lovely Jesus Christ laugh."

"No, little daughter," he replied, "not exactly." It's the same in some ways but also different. When my blood is covering you for protection it forms a movable barrier around you that nothing can penetrate ever if you have asked to be covered. Meaning if you plead my blood, a common phrase used among my children, then I will cover you. But if you find you are still receiving blows from the enemy's arrows then it's quite possible you chose to move out of my protection by dabbling in sin, opening a door for the enemy to come in. It only takes a small crack for them to come in and wreak havoc and create chaos through this opening.

You may have forgotten to put your holy armor on or I may have allowed you to be exposed but still to be tested by the enemy but under my rules. Meaning for example he cannot kill you unless I allow it. It takes testing and trying to purify my children into vessels of honor, vessels of gold worthy of me.

Most fail to realize my blood does so much more because it's part of me. It's like the blood created inside you little daughter. It aids in the defense of your whole body in more ways than most even realize. So, it is the same with my blood that is of God my Father, Mary my earthly mother, but after I was resurrected my blood is now glorified and strengthened by the power within me given to me by my Father.

Does it cover from the inside out too Jesus when someone pleads your blood or ask you to come to cover and protect them? Like when the young lady accepted you into her heart and it expanded from inside her body outward?

Little daughter that is salvation 's process and redemption. When someone is backsliding from me and returns the blood washes them clean as before when they

first accepted me into their heart. But it is a little different from that when it's applied for protection.

“How so,” I asked?

Little daughter let me show you.

Immediately I was taken to a home where a woman was kneeling by her bed. She was praying and crying. The room had demons in there and they're shooting darts and arrows at her. Her prayers were deflecting some but not all. I knew in this dream she knew how to war some in the spirit, but she was still taking some hits. Then she cried out, “Jesus help me! Cover me under your blood! I plead your blood over me.”

I watched in amazement as again Jesus Christ's arm was extended above another of his children and one single drop of his precious blood fell. As soon as it touched her head it expanded rapidly forming a red movable barrier around. All of a sudden, I began hearing psalms 3:3 being sung.

“But thou O Lord art a shield for me, my glory and the lifter up of my head.”

I awoke with this song upon my lips. Hallelujah! What a dream! Thank you, sweet, lovely Jesus Christ. “You are welcome little daughter.” I love you Jesus Christ my savior. “I know little daughter and I love you too.”

Verses:

2 Peter 1:18

1 john 1:7-10

Matthew 26:28

Romans 3:24-25

1 Corinthians 5:7-8

Psalms 3:3; 28:7; 51:2; 144:1-2

Exodus 20:22

Revelation 1:5; 12:11; 14:2

Hebrews 9:11-28

Isaiah 1:18

2 Samuel 22:14