The 2nd Exodus In Progress Dream 6-25-25 @ 5:34 AM

I dreamed again, My Love, and have prayed, tried, and discerned it's from You. O, Sweet Holy Ghost, Friend and Teacher, please bring all back to my memory, my mind's eye, as only You can do, being the Spirit of the Living God, Jehovah, as it is written in the Word of God in John 14:26 and other places. “I will, Daughter of Zion. I will.”

I dreamed about the 2nd Exodus and the removal of those who belong to Jesus Christ to safety during the time of Tribulation for seven years. “This is correct, Daughter.” (Okay. In this dream, I'm starting out with what I knew going into it. So there's gonna be that first, and then it goes into, because I was told to write down just my knowledge going into the dream.) I was at a location in which I knew some of God’s people were hiding. The Antichrist was already in full power, and the hunt had already begun for those who still dared to call Jesus Christ their Lord and not him. He has not declared himself as god, yet his evil regime was demanding him to be worshiped as their king and lord. The Enforcers, as usual, are dressed in solid black and were armed with laser blaster-type pistols and larger-sized guns, but they carried others, as well. These they carried with them. They carried with them handcuffs, but not like the common metal ones used by law officers of today. These were made somehow out of light and electricity. They would pull out a small black cube that, when activated, would form around the wrist or ankles of those being restrained. They could not be removed by any means other than by one of the Enforcers, Antichrist himself, or by those who belong to Jesus Christ, which included the 144,000 and the 2 End Time Witnesses. I know this as I went into this dream.

The place I found myself in was a city that had been damaged by war as well as, it appeared, earthquakes, and from holy judgments by the hand of my Lord Jesus Christ. Even though the city had sustained great damage in all that had occurred, there still stood some buildings and homes which could provide decent protection from the elements and constant falling of holy judgment. At least, partially, for those who love Jesus Christ. This once thriving city had both the non-believers and Believers of Jesus Christ. Those who are Believers did not openly confess it, because it would bring the Enforcers to the city with most of them herded together like cattle and then taken to places of torture. Yet much of these torture camps existence, most of the remaining population on the earth didn't know about them. While the few outside of the Left Behind Believers chose not to believe these persistent rumors. (So, my understanding was these torture places are everywhere, but the majority of the people didn't believe it or didn't know about it except for those that were Believers.) And while the few outside of the Left Behind Believers chose not to believe these persistent rumors, they chose instead to believe the lies of Antichrist Macron. When one of the Left Behind did dare to tell about Jesus Christ, they did so as the Holy Spirit was leading them to do but they also realized it could mean their arrest, torture, and execution yet to them, the risk was worth it. Again, all this I knew as I entered this dream.

I found myself in a building that was partially destroyed, but there were still rooms and apartments still fully closed in, in the once tall apartment complex. I'm standing outside in part of the building that has sustained damage, with only part of its walls still standing. I'm observing the scene before me of the activities occurring of everyday life of surviving. I'm passing through on my way to another location, but had been instructed by my Lovely Jesus Christ to stay here for a few nights before I continued my journey. I'm here on the Lord Jesus

Christ business, I know, and I'm not alone. I sensed a presence beside me, and I looked over to see a man. Yet, he's not an ordinary man. He's Morneesha, what we on earth call our Guardian Angels. Angels that are assigned to aid in our safety and needs, ministering to us by Father God's command. He is my friend. He is speaking to me. "Daughter of Zion and Holy Witness, those we had in place over the hidden locations below have been removed by the Antichrist's Enforcers. Most of them have been recalled, but a few remain. The one they call the Black Woman of Death, Carmillia, has remained. Her orders are to hunt down and purge the city of all non believers of Antichrist's lordship and those disloyal to him. The location is still secure. It has not been found or its ranks breached, but it's soon to be. This is why your sidestop before we continue our journey," he finished saying. "I understand," I replied and then asked, "How many of ours still remain hidden inside this city?" Morneesha the Angel replied, "There are still a few that reside above the ground's hidden location, but they're soon to be discovered. You're to reach all you can. I have contacted the 144,000 per our orders from Jesus Christ, our Captain of the Host. You are to proceed and make contact." "Thank you, Morneesha. That's my understanding as well."

As we looked out across the debris of the city, I saw a young woman of light skin and blonde hair that she was wearing it pulled back in a very messy bun, like a ponytail. She is dressed in a dark gray pantsuit. It reminds me of work coveralls, when work was once prosperous. She is thin in her size, but walking with purposeful strides. It's early, and the city's residents are beginning to be seen out among the city. "Is that her, Morneesha?" I asked as the young blonde walked briskly out of sight. "She is. That is Laura Leigh, she calls herself. She has assumed the role as head over the part of the underground church. Her face is still unknown to the enemy, and her heart is dedicated unto death to Jesus Christ, Yeshua Ha' Mashiach." "We need to make contact and give her the warning to prepare to take Exodus," I said quickly. The Angel Morneesha nodded, and as I started to turn, my eyes caught a movement to my left. I turned to see another woman walking. She is dark-haired with tanned skin. There are soldiers dressed in solid black walking beside and behind her. The Enforcers. This must be Carmillia. She is also dressed in solid black, but unlike the others, her face is uncovered. So this is the Black Woman of Death, who is known for her cruel ways of torture and death of my brothers and sisters of Jesus Christ. As I looked at her, understanding came from God's Heaven. "There's more to do here, Morneesha, than just gathering those here in the 2nd Exodus. "Yes. There is, Daughter of Zion, Holy Witness of God," he said in reply. And then the scene changed. (So, again, this is the same black soldiers I have seen, with slight variances in the outfits, the uniforms. But she had her face uncovered, which most of them have always had their face covered.)

We are inside a building with other people who are looking at me intensely. Morneesha and I have been able to gain entrance to this church meeting, having known the secret password and location provided to us by my Lovely Jesus Christ. There is a total of 12 people in the darkened room that's lit by a candle in the middle of the small rickety table. Although the blonde woman named Laura Leigh was present, it is a black man who is speaking. The group had already prayed, I know, before he began to speak. "Troublesome times we have found ourselves in, and we live a perilous life because of our love we hold for our Lord Jesus Christ of Nazareth. Those of us who know Him, before Antichrist rose to power, who had missed His return, shall still live with the regret and harsh reality of our unfaithfulness of God and His Son, who are and will always be forever faithful. But, children of God, we do not walk in the shame of our past

mistakes, but walk in the new boldness, knowing that all that was written in the Holy Bible has proven true thus far. So at this time, we shall begin our worship of the Most High God and His Son, and pray for our safety. Yet, if we are to be martyred for Jesus Christ's sake, let us do it in His love and be a shining example of faithfulness to Him and others," the black man said. There was a low murmur of agreements after he finished speaking.

Then he looked toward Morneesha and me and said, "Brothers and sisters, we have two travelers who possess the password to enter this location. After prayers, we have been told by the God of Heaven and Jesus Christ His Son, you are welcome to worship with us, travelers." We nodded our heads. While he had been speaking, I had been observing the crowd carefully. I know in my Holy Ghost knower, this group of Believers didn't have much longer to gather together, like this, until the Enforcers found them. I glanced over at Morneesha, and he nodded 'yes' to me. He knew this, too. There wasn't any music, and the voices were low, but the people sang from their heart in holy worship to their God. It was beautiful as God's presence filled the air. The man quoted some Bible verses from his memory, and I could see and sense how hungry the people were to hear any of the Word of God, the Holy Bible, spoken. It was as the Word of God says, a famine of the Word of God in these times for most people in the world. The black man began to teach from his memory about how we are to love our enemies, how we are to forgive seven times seventy, that persecution and dying for Jesus Christ would be the fate of most who follow Jesus Christ. But he would strengthen them all, no matter what they are called to endure, for this was the cross to bear at this time of the 7 years of Tribulation. While he was speaking, I sensed the young blonde, Laura Leigh, was watching our actions closely, with another man beside her. I heard the black man say quickly, "Let us say a prayer, then dismiss so that we are not missed from the Enforcer's observations." There were nods among the people. The prayer was prayed, and then the people quietly and quickly dispersed. All but the black man, Laura Leigh, and the man beside her.

"Friends," the black man called us as he held out his hands to us for a quick handshake. I said softly, "Wisdom is not to shake hands with others you do not know well, because that's how agreements can unknowingly be made…until you have sought Jesus Christ for His instructions." The man stopped abruptly and then dropped his hand. He looked intensely at us and then said, "That is sound wisdom. Who are you?" He asked in a louder voice that immediately caught the attention of Laura Leigh and the man beside her. They quickly walked over to us. Before I could answer, the black man exclaimed, "I feel His holy presence from you. Who are you?" Then he suddenly looked over at Morneesha and asked, "Are you a Watcher, a Holy Angel? We know they walk openly among us, yet still hide their presence from us so we will not fear because the fallen ones openly show themselves to deceive so many," the black man finished quickly. As his holy discernment had kicked in and understanding had come to him. Morneesha said softly, "I am. I am Morneesha, Holy Angel of God." The man's mouth fell open as well as Laura Leigh and the other red-haired man. Laura Leigh cut in and said, "Are you both Holy Watchers? Why are you here? Are we in danger?" I looked at Morneesha and he nodded at me, letting me know to go ahead and speak. He has said all he was to speak. "Morneesha is a Holy Angel. I am human. A person, like you. I heard the red-haired man ask, "Why would a Holy Angel openly walk with a human?" "What's going on here?" Laura Leigh and the black man both spoke almost at the same time. Laura Leigh said to Harold, "Harold, hold your peace." while the black man said, "Let her speak, Harold." The red-haired Harold immediately quit speaking.

I gave them a small smile and said quickly, “The protocol is always to ask the person to make their profession of faith, which I do so now. Jesus Christ is my Lord.” The black man gasped as he realized his error. “You're right because only those who truly have Jesus Christ in their heart can call Him Lord. We were given this command by our brothers and sisters who were over us before they were discovered and killed. Please forgive us.” “Forgive me, Jesus Christ!” The black man cried out, realizing his error might have jeopardized the safety of the remaining members of Believers here, in this dilapidated city. It had. This is why we are here, I now fully understand. Laura Leigh looked intently at me and then asked, “Who are you, really? Why are you here?” Morneesha replied, “She is one of the Holy Witnesses of God, but on earth, she is known as Vicki Goforth Parnell, of the underground church.” Tears came to Laura Leigh's eyes as the black man said, “It’s the 2nd Exodus. Have you come to help us?” Finally, I spoke. “I am nothing but a servant to our Lovely Jesus Christ. That’s all I am. I'm simply operating to be the hands and feet of our Lovely Jesus Christ in the calling given to me. We are all equal in our Lord Jesus Christ’s eyes. All glory goes to the God of Heaven and His Son. The reason we're here is because your group has been compromised and your underground location is soon to be discovered.” Harold interjected, “How did she know about the underground location?” I replied quickly, “Because I have a part in its original building. I have worked with Jones, Smith, and others right after the beginning of Antichrist's reign.”

Laura Leigh stepped forward as she asked, “When are they coming for us?” “That decision has not been made yet by the enemy. Holy hindrances have been implemented and the communications have been interrupted and interfered with. You need to prepare for removal as quickly as you can. Know that you have been compromised, so all you warn, you must have them make the profession of declaration that Jesus Christ is their Lord. Those who do not, are those not truly Born Again through Jesus Christ.” The woman nodded her head. The black man spoke, “We didn't make our profession of faith to you. Why did you not make us do it?” I smiled briefly then said, “Because of two things. I have already asked Jesus Christ, who reassured me you are each one of His. And there is a Holy Angel of God who is walking with me, who works in the truth of God and knows those who are not walking in the truth of Jesus Christ.” “Oh,” he replied quickly. “That makes a whole lot of sense.” “Go quickly now.” I said,“We will meet you underground.” “Wait!” Laura Lee said quickly. “You'll need the code to gain entrance.” “I have it already,” I said. “Father God sent it to me.” Then the scene changed.

Morneesha, the Holy Angel, Laura Leigh, Harold, and I were inside the underground location in one room, while there were other people in the other rooms packing lightweight food and essentials. Laura Leigh is speaking. “Pastor Ronald has gone to privately meet with those of our underground church members who didn't attend the last meeting. We have them alternate in their attendance to help give us a better chance of not being discovered. We call him Pastor Ronald, but our real Pastor Timmy, Timmy Cheek, was among those taken in the last raid by the Enforcers. We have limited our meetings to a bare minimum.” I looked at her for a moment and then said, “We know you have assumed the leadership role. Why allow Pastor Ronald to appear to be in charge?” I asked. She replied quickly, “After praying, it was decided we did these things this way because if the Enforcers came again, there's a good chance they wouldn't know I was the leader. This might possibly give the underground church here a better chance to survive until we can quickly leave…and hopefully, undetected.” “Finally,” Harold was listening intently as

we're speaking and spoke up, “are we really going to be part of the 2nd Exodus and taken to a safe place?” “Yes, Harold,” I replied, “but we have to move quickly.” I heard a woman's voice speak through the door, “Laura Leigh. Pastor Ronald still hasn't returned. He's past due.

We all turned to face her, as my Holy Ghost alarms began going off. I yelled out, “Get the people out of here now!” Morneesha, the Holy Angel, said to me while Laura Leigh and Harold dashed into the other room, “Daughter of Zion, Witness of God, I must lead them out of the tunnels. Reinforcements are on their way. We need to get them to safety,” he said. “I know!” I exclaimed, “I will take up the rear in case you need to be a light. We didn't get all the supplies together.” Morneesha nodded his head as we followed quickly behind Laura Leigh and Harold. People were snatching what they could as they began heading to the hidden side door. Morneesha was already there with it open. “Laura Leigh, they're going to have to leave now. Tell them to leave the supplies and go now!” She barked out the commands and the people began dropping everything and rushing to the door where Morneesha was. Among the people, I saw a young boy, dark-headed, who appeared to be around 10 years of age. It's not a common sight, I thought. I directed my concentration back to Laura Leigh, who was starting to head the other way. “Harold,” she cried out, “go with them. Joan and Rebecca are still in the food supply room.” “No!” I yelled out. “Laura Leigh, where's the food room?” I asked in a rush. “Through that door,” she said, pointing to an open door to my left. “Then go down two. It's on the left,” she finished. Panic is in her eyes yet she was determined to get them, even if she was to get caught. “Laura Leigh!” I said, again, “You must go. If I can get them, I will but you need to go and be with your people.” She stared at me momentarily. “You're right,” she said, in anguish, and then turned and rushed toward the area where the rest of the people were leaving. I dashed through the left door, crying out, “Blood of Jesus Christ protect me! Father God, we need help!”

As I entered the room, I saw two doors to my left. “She said the second,” I said to myself. As I started toward the door, all my senses became heightened. I'm not alone; I sense the enemy. Evil is present. Suddenly, I heard a woman’s scream of rage as someone lunged out of me from the first door on the left. All I saw was a blur of black and tan. I felt something sharp jab into my area between my left shoulder and neck, and pain shot through me momentarily and then it left. I looked at my shoulder to see that a hypodermic needle was sticking out of my shoulder area. With one quick yank, I pulled it out of my neck and shoulder, then looked at her boldly. She was taken by surprise, but recovered quickly as she spat out, “You should be dead. I'll make sure to inject the full amount next time!” And she laughed harshly as she whipped out of her pocket on her black uniform two more filled hypodermic needles. With practiced ease, she was able to flip the top covers, the protective covers from the needles off. It is Carmilla, the Black Woman of Death. Her eyes are bulging and her face is contorted with hate and rage. I threw the needle down to the floor just as she ran toward me again with both hands raised into the air, ready to strike me again with the poisonous hypodermic needles. I yelled out, “In Jesus Christ's Name, No!”

Confusion filled her face and she faltered. I grabbed her arms and twisted them up. She instinctively moved but as she did, she collided with the needles still in her hands. They buried deep into her flesh and somehow released their toxins into her body. Her body stiffened. Horror came upon her face. She yelled out, “You killed me!” As she sank to her knees, the poison quickly entering her bloodstream. “No,” I said softly, “you killed yourself. Shall I pray for you?”

She started swearing as blood began to trickle out of the corners of her mouth. She looked at the hypodermic needle out on the floor I had pulled out of my shoulder and neck area. She stuttered and asked, “How? How?” “Jesus Christ protects me. I'm His.” She sank further upon the floor and whispered, “You’re one of them. We've been told the 2 Witnesses were a lie.” Her throat made a gurgling noise as she managed to say, “It looks like I'm the one that's been lied to.” Then she fell backwards on the floor, her eyes wide open and lifeless. I stood for a moment staring at her until I heard a voice say to me, “VickI, Witness, you must leave here.” I turned to the voice to see a man in shiny radiant armor and a blue plume on his helmet. I recognize him as JZ, one of the 144,000 Warriors of Light. I work with many of them to help recover and reach those left behind. I know them well. Reinforcements had arrived. “Thank you, Jesus Christ,” I said out loud.

I started to head to the food supply room, but before I could reach it, another 144,000 Warrior of Light, a female, said quickly, “We're too late for them. The two women are dead.” I sucked in my breath; then let it out quickly. I can't do anything now for them, I know. “Okay, I said, “let's head out. Where's the other Warriors of Light?” I asked. “Some are scouring the city for any of the remnant that are still hiding. Dutchman and Homesteader are already with Morneesha.” JZ said quickly. “Good,” I replied. The female Warrior of Light asked me quickly, “Are you okay?” “Yeah,” I replied. “They tried to kill me again. Apparently, Antichrist is telling them the 2 Witnesses are a myth and are killable.” JZ of the 144,000 replied, “Antichrist has been reported in the area again. It's time for you to leave to safety.” “I know,” I replied. “I just have a few questions about the 2nd Exodus I wanted to ask our Lovely Jesus Christ.” And then, suddenly, the scene changed.

I found myself sitting under a large tree whose branches were shading the area. The grass is green. The day is beautiful. This is not how the world looks in most places during the time of 7 year Tribulation. I looked up to see my Lovely Jesus Christ is also here with me, sitting under what looks like an oak tree by its leaves. Joy fills my whole being at seeing Him again and just sitting in His presence. He's simply dressed in a long white shirt, matching pants, and brown sandals, and His sleeves are long. His hair is white and flowy, and His eyes, His eyes are like holy flames, surrounded by traces of blue. I see love in His eyes. I couldn't keep from smiling, in which He returned mine with one of His own. We sat quietly for a moment. The day was perfect. Finally, I asked my Lovely Jesus Christ, “Why am I here?” He looked at me momentarily, then reached out and clasped my hand as He said, “Daughter, you have some questions about the 2nd Exodus. I'm here to answer them for you.” “Thank You, my Love,” I replied then continued, “I've been seeking You for Your truth because before You had me sequester myself, so many people kept trying to fill me with their knowledge of what the 2nd Exodus really was. Some have been correct, while much has not. I have shared some of the information from dreams You have given me, but I've been waiting for You to answer my questions. Your Word does say, “Ask, and you shall receive.” “Yes, Daughter. It does and also I instruct you to seek out and search for My truth, as you have been doing.” “Thank You.” I replied back to Him.

I looked out across the blue sky and green grass and asked, “Where are we?” He smiled at me and said, “We’re on earth, but before the 7 Year Tribulation has begun.” “Oh, that makes sense,” I said quickly, “because it doesn't look this way after the Tribulation has advanced some.” He looked over at me and began speaking. “You asked Me, Daughter, if those of the left behind are

actually those with DNA from the original 12 tribes of Israel. You asked this because you know already that after the Rapture, My return for My Bride, the Age of Grace for the Gentiles will have expired. It is a time of the Jewish people to return. You are correct, Daughter of Mine. The majority of those left behind do have DNA from the original 12 tribes of Israel, pure strands of DNA I have hidden from the enemy and their technology. This is also another reason among the many I have shown you of why the great worldwide push to know your genealogy and to submit the people's DNA for ancestral DNA testing.They're looking already for the 12 tribes of Israel's DNA so they could try to eliminate them from being gathered by Me and returning to the land of Israel, My land, not Antichrist's." "But there will be some Gentiles, those without Jewish blood who will be saved during this time. You have said in the past, I said quickly." "Yes, Daughter," my Lovely Jesus Christ replied. "And just like during the time of the Gentiles, some of the Jewish people accepted Me as their Lord, so shall there be some Gentiles, though not many, who will repent and accept Me into their hearts at this time."

'Most don't realize they even contain the pure strand of Jewish DNA. These are those who during the times of judgment were dispersed all over the world by My Father's command, which also effectively kept them hidden from the enemy." He said softly. "Jesus Christ, my Love, if the real Jews from the 12 tribes of Israel are still dispersed all over the world, who's in the land of Israel living there now?" "There are some of the Jews that have a pure DNA and bloodline of one of the original 12 tribes of Israel. But many who returned when Israel became a nation once again, consisted of many with mixed blood and mingled DNA for their family line and ancestral DNA. While others are those put into place there by the Council of Thirteen and Hidden Secret Society to pave the way for the Man of Sin to rise. Many inside Israel now have a love for My Father and will try to draw closer to Him with burnt offerings and sacrifices when the 3rd Temple is built. But no one can approach My Father, nor their offerings and praise be accepted, except they come to Him through Me. There are those in places of high authority that are as the Sanhedrin courts of My day. There are those in power that have very little Jewish DNA, if any, but through the Hidden Secret Society's manipulation have now documents such as birth certificates, genealogies, court records that declare these are of real Jewish descent. I say they are not, Daughter. I know who are the true children of Israel, and these are those I shall gather together to safety. And, Daughter, you and My other Witness shall reach for those of Mine inside the walls of Israel, while creating havoc for the Antichrist forces and his kingdom, Lucifer's kingdom."

"I know your thoughts, Daughter." He said quickly. "No. It's not like the scholars or movie makers portrayed these things will be. There will be no pilgrimage to Israel by My 2 Witnesses. You shall simply arrive when I command, nor will you stay in one place. But let's let the kingdom of darkness keep guessing, Daughter, for they are not able to spiritually discern those things written or spoken through Me by My Spirit, unless I allow it. This is why they try to get close to those who are really Mine to gain insight of what they know." "They're all a bunch of losers!" I interjected. "Yes, Daughter, they are and no, Daughter, you're not in error for saying this out loud. It is a written fact in My Holy Word. They're defeated." "Thank you, my Love," I replied with a smile. We were quiet for a moment, and then I spoke up. "May I ask another question?" "Yes, My Daughter, My Love," He replied in a patient voice. Oh, how I love him. "I love you too, My Daughter," He replied, having read my mind once again. I dropped my head

down for a moment and then brought it quickly back up. This is how it really is. He sees. He hears. He knows everything. He smiled and the fires grew in His eyes, but this time He simply nodded His head, acknowledging I was correct. He does know all things because He is God, yet they are separate. Finally, He said, “Your question, Daughter.” “Oh, yes. Right,” I replied and then began speaking. “In the past, You mentioned those in power, at least some of them in Israel, were behind the Noahide laws. You referred to them also as the Sadducees and Pharisees of our day. Are the majority of them mixed blood, mingled DNA that's in power, or those with the forged DNA reports, genealogies, birth records, and other false documents to create them a perfect Jewish identity?” “The majority,” He said with a serious look, “are of the latter. Some of these will even change their names again, which has already been altered once or more to keep their identity a secret,” He finished saying.

“Wow,” I said. “They're better than the witness protection programs that we have here in America where people are given new identities after testifying against the bad guys. The only thing is that here in America, the very government agencies creating these new identities are also the bad guys in good guys' positions.” “Such is the way of man when his heart is black and evil, full of sin, Daughter.” “I still believe, though, Jesus Christ, my Love, even in all the deception and evil in these bureaucratic agencies and government positions, there are still some real good people.” “You are right, Daughter.” Then He stood up quickly and said, “Now that your questions are answered, it's time to return you to your home.” “I'd rather not,” I said quickly. “O, Beloved Daughter of Mine, soon your work will be over, and you will be in Heaven with Father God and Me, and your many brothers and sisters in Me. You will never have to fight again. We will lay near the Crystal Sea (Crystal River) with others and see the glory of Father from His Throne. It's not much longer, Daughter. It's not much longer.” He held out His hand, and I reached up and grabbed it firmly. “Never let go of Me, Daughter,” He said softly. And then I found myself sitting straight up in my bed with my Lovely Jesus Christ’s presence no longer seeable to my physical eyes. Yet I feel His presence everywhere. “I won't,” I replied softly to His command, to not let go of Him.

Let me explain about the Crystal River, Crystal Sea, what He means because I know some people. There have been times I like to lay outside and look up at the sky. He's talking about laying down on the ground, in the grass, near the Crystal River (the Crystal Sea), and looking up and seeing God’s glory, with brothers and sisters of Jesus Christ doing that, too. So let's just nip that in the bud and take care of that before anybody starts with their ugly stuff. I bind that in Jesus Christ's Name.

Verses:
Jeremiah 31:7-11; Isaiah 11:11-12; Ezekiel 36:24-29; Amos 9:11-15; Isaiah 2:2-4; and 27:12-13; Jeremiah 30:7-11; Ezekiel 11:17-20 and 37:22-28; Isaiah 43:5-6; Jeremiah 23:7-8; John 10:30; Jeremiah 16:14-15; Matthew 7:7 and 24:9-25; Revelation 6:9-11 and 12:11; Luke 21:16-17; Daniel 11:31; 2 Thessalonians 2:4; Daniel 9:27; Revelation 7:4-8 and 14:1-5; 1 Corinthians 12:3; Amos 8:11-12; Deuteronomy 7:9; Daniel 12.

I will say this is something He showed me, too. The 144,000 Jewish DNA comes from the list in Revelation 7, which is, we know it comes from those tribes. And it has something to do with Dan

and their idolatrous way and not recovering their land. Instead, taking some, I forget which one it was. Taking part of another tribe's land. But they went into idolatry. But, again, take that Jesus Christ, try, test, and discern it. It’s some things I've been praying, talking to Him about. Alright. Take this dream to Jesus Christ in prayer.