

Tribulation Days Dream 10-9-23 @ 5:12 am

I'm not myself but I am a young white girl with brown hair and pale skin. I have brown eyes and I wear my hair in long pigtails that are clasped together around my neck. Kind of like Dorothy of The Wizard of Oz. There are slight freckles upon the nose and cheeks of my face and I look to be around 13 years old more or less. I'm dressed in blue jeans and a burgundy shirt with small flowers upon it.

I'm standing in a crowded building. It's a movie theater and I was waiting to see a premiering movie made to help keep our hopes alive. A rare treat I felt it was for me as this young girl. But everything felt off in this dream like it's not a normal everyday life as we know it now and I was careful. Where I went nowadays, I was alone. Also it felt like a lot of our freedoms have been restricted.

I heard the crowd become alive with excitement. I see now in my hands is a golden movie ticket I had won in a drawing I had casually put my name into. I stand on my tiptoes trying to see what's the cause of all the noise but alas I'm too short. I heard a lady yell out, "It's him! Jim Caviezel the movie star." "Where?" I'm asking frantically. I wanted so much to meet him.

"Jesus, what do I do? I feel I must meet him." Suddenly, I heard a man's voice come over a loud booming speaker saying, "Will the golden ticket winner Maddie Goodheart please present yourself to the front of the room near the theater's double doors. Maddie Goodheart, please come to the front immediately." "Excuse me," I yelled out. "I'm here!"

People in the crowd around me turned to try to locate my voice when they spotted me. Several yelled out, "She is here," and the crowd began to part for me to start walking forward. Two men came through the crowd then looked at my golden ticket clutched in my hands. My eyes widened and I felt a little fearful. "Why are these men coming toward me," had been my thought.

"Maddie Goodheart," one of the men, a tall lanky blond haired man said with a smile. "You are the lucky winner. You get to meet Jim Caviezel in person." "I do," I replied in astonishment. "Thank you Jesus," I said very low under my voice. The other dark-haired man accompanying the tall blond-headed one, the lanky one

stiffened slightly at my low utterance but before I could think upon it I was brought to the very front of the room.

There by the double doors was Jim Caviezell himself! Hollywood actor in our once great city. He was wearing blue jeans, a pullover tan shirt and tennis shoes and he was smiling. When he saw me his smile seemed to become more genuine. As we approached him, he held out his hand and said, "Hi Maddie, I'm Jim." "I'm um uh so glad to meet you," I replied in a stuttered voice, surprised that someone of importance would actually know my name in this crazy world of ours trying to pretend we still had some semblance of a normal life instead of the hard and at times terrifying days life had become.

Jim took my right hand warmly and said, "It's nice to meet you Maddie." "Mr Caviezel, I need to talk to you about something important." "You can tell my friends here." He replied indicating the two men who had brought me forward. "No," I replied excitedly then my voice dropped down to an almost urgent whisper. "I've got to tell you something. It's very important."

He must have sensed a genuine urgency in my voice because he looked over at the dark haired older man that had accompanied me here to see him. "How much time do we have before the movie premiere begins?" The man scowled at me but then said in a pleasant voice to Jim. "About 25 minutes before Maddie and you take your seats up front and the rest of the crowd will all be seated."

"Okay give us a few minutes. Maddie, come with me. Lancelot you come with me with Maddie and me." Then we walked over to the back room. "Yes sir," Lancelot replied. Harold, the other man, seemed almost angry but replied gruffly, "Okay, I shall maintain the crowd out here." "Thank you," Jim Caviezel replied. But I could tell he had discerned the man's hidden anger even as had.

We walked into a little room Jim, Lancelot and I then Lancelot closed the door and remained by the door. There are large windows with the blinds pulled up so if someone passed by they could see inside. I noticed Jim walked to the center of a room a little ways from Lancelot and I followed him.

"Now Maddie, why is it so important that you need to talk to me alone?" "Mr Caviezel." "Call me Jim." "Um thank you," I replied. Then began speaking in a

rush. I saw something and when I prayed about it I was told to share it with you. It scared me so bad." "Wait a minute!" Jim said quickly. "You prayed about it to who?" " Jesus Christ," I said quickly.

Jim grabbed me lightly by the arm and pulled me gently further back into the room. "Maddie," Jim said seriously, "that is not a name you want to be speaking out in public. You could lose your head for speaking his name the way people have turned toward hating him. Maddie, where's your parents?" "I have none," I replied. "They were killed when the bombs fell."

Jim looked at me with what seemed like genuine concern and not a really good act. "Maddie, why have you come to speak to me?" "Jim, Jesus told me to. He said you loved Him too and I could trust you when I prayed and asked. Then I won the golden ticket to meet you and see your movie, the first to come out in our town since the bombs fell killing so many. Yet our nation tries to pretend everything is okay even though there's rumors even I can hear that soon we are to be invaded as well." "How old are you Maddie?" "13," I replied, " but Jim you've got not to listen to me. Please," I said, getting almost desperate in my plea. "Speak Maddie. What is it you saw?"

"I was down by the docks near dark. I had felt a strong pull to walk that way so I did. When I arrived I saw a man being beaten and tortured. I hid in the shadows, There was a very large tanker type ship that was being unloaded. More like a carrier ship with guns and turrets. There were soldiers, Jim, but they look like ours. Like American soldiers."

"The soldiers were armed and huge crates were being unloaded. I heard a man, an officer I assumed, yell out, "Bring a terminal over here and let's get it set up quickly. No one enters from these waters shall enter the US without first showing their loyalty to our soon to be ruler of our world.

I was praying a lot. I wanted to leave and hide but I felt so strong to stay. Then I felt Jesus's arms wrap around me so I stayed. I watched as they hooked up a large shiny silver machine type thing. They must have already prepared the area for its arrival in advance because even the wiring didn't take long."

“There are also barricades around the water's edge now so no one can go in or out without passing the machine.” “What kind of machine was it, Maddie? Did you recognize it?” “Not until I saw it in use,” I responded back to him. “When it was completely set up it looked like some sort of walk-in type terminal except you didn't walk through it.” “There inside it was a control panel. I know what it does. I saw them use it.” I replied hastily. “What does it do, Maddie?” Jim asked quickly. “It sees who has which mark... Jesus' mark or the devil's.”

“What Maddie!!!” Jim exclaimed. “It's true,” I replied quickly, my voice rising higher and causing Lancelot to look toward me with his right eyebrow raised while he stood by the big door. I looked over at him a little concerned he might have heard my words. Upon seeing my distress over this, Jim replied, “It's okay Maddie Lancelot never leaves my side. He's trustworthy and God sent him to me.”

“Okay now you said you saw this in action. What happened? I answered quickly. “I heard the officer man yell out, “Let's test it. Bring the traitor Tyrone over to the machine. Turn it on,” the officer said to some nearby soldiers. Immediately the machine came on with hardly a sound. I could tell there is a lighted panel inside about waist high.

The officer walks into it, places his right hand under a sensor reader and I see a green light go off on the top. “Ah, yes,” he replied. “Now let's check the forehead reader. Sergeant Duvall, test your forehead signature mark.” “Yes sir,” the soldier who was standing near the officer replied in a military voice. Then he walked into the machine and laid his forehead upon a scanner that I hadn't noticed until till this time. The light flashed green upon the top of the Machine. “Marked!”

The officer replied upon seeing the green light flash in a jovial, yet efficient voice. “Bring Tyrone and place his forehead on the scanner and his right hand on the hand reader. He says he's not a traitor. We shall see.”

I watched as they literally dragged the man I had seen them torturing and beating. He looked barely alive; it took two men to drag him to the terminal. They placed his hand under the hand sensor but because he was almost lifeless they couldn't do both the head scanner or the hand one at the same time. A red light began flashing and an alarm sounded. The officer yelled quickly, “Silence the

alarm! We don't want to wake the neighbors and let them know we're here. Now do we?" He said in an almost malevolent voice. "Yes sir," another military dressed man replied.

The alarm went silent. "Now place the traitor's head on the head sensor and we will see if Tyrone is really a friend or a deadly foe." They placed the barely alive man whose face was beaten almost beyond recognition upon the head scanner and I heard a low moan escape from the tortured man's lips. I was so scared that I also began to cry softly for this man.

Red lights began flashing but the alarm was silent this time. "You! You are a traitor," the officer replied. "Tyrone, I hereby sentence you to death and since the guillotines have not been set up yet we will do it the old fashioned way. Bring the sword." I heard the officer yell out. But I didn't stay to see anything else. I ran and ran as fast as I could until I was safely away. I didn't know what to do. When I got to my aunt's house I slipped into the window and cried myself to sleep. I couldn't tell her. She hates me and Jesus and wouldn't have believed me anyways."

'Oh, Maddie," Jim said passionately. "This is so much for an adult to bear, let alone a young teenager. But what do you think I can do about this," he asked seriously? "I don't know." I replied. "All I know is when I prayed to Jesus, Jesus Christ and not to the one on the internet, He said to tell you. He said you could help me."

Jim stared at me intently then asked. "Maddie how did you come to accept Jesus into your heart? How do you know him in such a time we're living in?" "After the terrifying darkness had come over our world and then lifted and so many people were missing, when it was over my parents began desperately seeking why they had missed it. It took me a while to understand the "missed it" event they were talking about; it was what the Christians world called the rapture."

"We had stayed inside by candlelight until the darkness lifted. It was after this time and before the bombs fell that I too accepted Jesus into my heart as my Savior." "I see Jim replied then continued. "Maddie I will see what I can do. I will see where I can forward this information." "Thank you," I replied.

“May I ask you a personal question Jim?” I asked. “Sure Maddie but not a “persona” personal one.” “You were known in the past before all this happened as having accepted Jesus into your heart. You called him Savior. Then after all the people went missing so did you. But now you’re here. Did you go in the rapture? If so did you come back? Jesus said I could trust you.”

“You can Maddie and there's a lot of things you still don't know yet as a young Christian. Jesus has his own group of soldiers. Warriors for Him that will help people like you during these tribulation days here on Earth.” “Are you one of them?” I asked Jim. He smiled at me but before he could answer there came a brisk knock on the door. I heard a gruff voice say, “Time to go Mr. Caviezel. It's time for the premiering of the movie.”

Lancelot looked at Jim who nodded his head in agreement. Lancelot without saying a word opened the door. I grabbed Jim's arm and felt a tingle go up mine. “You do believe me don't you,” I asked desperately? “Every word Maddie and I know why you have come to me. I've got to get you to safety.

Then the scene changed:

Jim, another lady and I are in a crowded street. We are trying to quickly make our way through the crowd. Our destination looks like an airport terminal. We were about 50 ft away when we heard the roar of engines. Green army jeeps have arrived pulling up in front of the airport terminal. The riders are armed with guns and dressed in green that reminds me of what the SWAT teams wear when addressing hostile mobs of people, only the people here as well as us weren't hostile. At least not until a soldier with a bullhorn begins yelling, “Martial law has been enacted by the US Military government.”

Jim grabbed my hand and I grabbed the other lady with us and we dove back into the crowd. I heard him say lowly as if speaking directly to himself, “Lancelot we're too late. The enemy is ahead of schedule. I'm heading to the safe house. Meet me at the fence. The woman behind us didn't hear a word but I did.

We dove into the alleyway that has a wooden fence blocking the way. The woman behind me wails, “Wwe're trapped,” in a broken English. “Not on my watch,” Jim shouts out, our voices unheard in the sea of voices that is like a roar

as people are still trying to run to safety. While others are trying to still get into the airport terminal believing, I feel, they think this is the quickest way to escape the city and martial law that's been implemented.

I watched as Jim looked at the fence and then yelled out, "Lancelot, are you ready?" "Yes," came the reply from behind the fence. Apparently Lancelot the blond headed, lanky man from the theater was on the other side. "First one's coming over," Jim said quickly. "First what!" I exclaimed just as Jim picked me up as if I weighed no heavier than a feather. "Here she comes," he yells out and he tosses me over the fence.

Before I could even scream I was caught in the arms of Lancelot. He has abnormal strength. They both do. Lancelot sets me down quickly as he says, "Wait here, but step back please." I moved back immediately. I heard Jim's voice from the other side say, "Ready Lancelot?" "Yes! Go ahead," he replied quickly. The woman with us came flying over the fence, her face in terror. Even though she was a lot heavier than me, older and taller Jim tossed her over easily and Lancelot caught her with great ease. He sets her down gently. She is flustered yet grateful.

Next I see Jim Caviezel leap over the 8ft fence without any difficulty. My mouth was hanging open. This is no stunt double. What kind of army did Jesus have that could do all this? Before I could think about it any longer Lancelot said, quickly, "This way, I have a vehicle waiting. We will pass through unseen. The Father of Heaven has said it is so.

Then the scene changed again:

I find that we are in the safe house. A building that's been abandoned since the bombings of our nation America. Inside the walls almost unnoticeable was a hidden entrance to another complete house that had two bedrooms, a small kitchen, a bathroom and a living room area and I felt we had been here for a few days.

Jim, Lancelot, the other woman and me were preparing to move again. Jim and Lancelot talked about a safe place they were taking us to where we would be protected. I listened as they spoke often of receiving orders from a High General

who spoke often to them receiving orders from the Captain of the Host of this army they said they belong to. I didn't ask too many questions right now and neither did the other woman whose name was Maria.

I found out while we're here she is Mexican and speaks very little English but both Lancelot and Jim Caviezel understand her without any type of difficulties it seemed. "We need to get going." I heard Jim say to Lancelot. He nodded his head in agreement.

"Maddie... Maria, it's time to go," Jim called out. We exited our rooms and were ready to go. Neither of us had any belongings besides what we were wearing. Let's pray before we leave." Jim said then we all four bowed our heads and prayed for safe travels, for our protection and favor in Jesus name.

And then the scene changed:

We are hiding in some trees, a forest I now feel, but we have been spotted by the enemy. Jim cried out, "Lancelot, contact the High General and tell him we need reinforcements immediately." "I'm on it," he replied as from out of nowhere Jim pulls out a miniature golden bow that grows in his hands. There are no communication devices. The bow is beautifully and intricately carved. He has golden arrows too!

"The enemy is advancing," I heard Jim cry out, "Arrows of the Lord enhanced with fire!" As soon as he let go of the arrows, they burst into flames. I have never seen a flame that burns so brightly. It hits directly in front of the oncoming enemy and it erupts to form a wall of fire. "Help's on the way," Lancelot replied as he too took out a miniature bow from his pocket that expanded to his touch. "Lightning Arrows of God Almighty, take out their electronics." He cried out. His arrows left his bow and burst into multiple bolts of lightning. I didn't see it but I knew somehow each lightning bolt was a direct hit with precision accuracy.

"Left Flank Lancelot," cries out to Jim and I turned to see more of the enemy coming toward us from the left. "What do they want?" I yelled out. "They want Maria and you!" He replied. You are children of the King, of the Lamb. You are bought by his blood. He is our Captain, the Captain of the Host. We are to assure your safety for Him."

I heard Maria mutter something as she points to the advancing army on the left. "What's that?" I yelled out as I pointed to something that looked like it came out of a horror movie. "It's a demon," Jim yelled back. "Not all of our enemies are of the military type." "What do we do about them? How do we defeat them?" I yelled back, feeling great alarm swell up in me Jim stopped shooting his bow long enough to look at me with kindness and he said, "We defeat them in the Lamb's name, in Jesus Christ's name, Yeshua's name." "Oh," I simply replied.

Suddenly I see flashes of light start hitting the ground in various places around us. In each place the light flashes are soldiers in Heavenly armor on one knee with various weapons. Some with swords pointed downward and as soon as they fully landed from wherever they came, they immediately stood up, raised their now flaming swords and weapons and they took off running toward the enemy. It was magnificent to behold.

"Orders from the High General," Lancelot said quickly. "The southway is clear. It's time to bring the Captain's children to safety." "All right! Let's do it. Then Jim looked over at Lancelot and said, "These tribulation days are only going to get worse for those who were left behind. We've only begun to see the evil from the man of sin whose full reign shall see so many lose their lives. Let's get these two to safety while there's still time. Then we report back to Israel.

Then I awoke, my heart beating fast and I began praying until Holy Spirit my sweet friend led me to write this dream down. Help us Jesus and help all who are not ready for your return to get ready in your holy name I pray and ask.

Here are the verses that he's given me.

Psalms 32:7

Zephaniah 2:3

Proverbs 27:12

Daniel 2:22

Jeremiah 33:3

Ezra 34:25

Isaiah 43:15-21

Revelation 14:1-5

Isaiah 44:6-8

Joel 2 7-11

Matthew 10:28

Revelation 20:4

Matthew 5:10-12

2 Corinthians 12:9-10

Luke Luke 6:22

Psalms 23:4

John 16:2

Revelation 17:6

Amos 3:7

So I ask that you please pray about all that I have shared. Don't take my word for anything. Please pray about it in Jesus Christ's name.