

The Mind Bender Dream 4-28-25 @ 12:08 AM Shared 4-29-25

I found myself inside a darkened warehouse-type surrounding. There were boxes and crates of various sizes I could see. Some were on shelves that were three levels high, while others were in rows in large cardboard boxes with some sitting in random places. Although it's dark inside, it's not completely I could tell because I could see enough to move around safely and identify my surroundings. The floor is made of concrete and in places it has some cracking, scuffing, and some pieces missing from it, so I determined this warehouse is not a newly built construction. I peered cautiously around until I noticed a dim light to my right. I felt strongly compelled to go to the light. But should I? "Jesus Christ, my Love," I prayed in my mind, "do I need to head to the light or is it a trap?" I heard this reply in my mind, my mind's eye, "Go to the light, Daughter. That is where you need to go." "Okay." I replied and then asked, "Would you like to tell me why or what I'm going to see?" No answer came this time. It's going to be another walk of faith and trust in my Lovely Jesus Christ who I love the most. I stood up straighter and adjusted my clothing, as if spiritually I was making sure my holy armor was fully in its proper place. Then with great determination, I cautiously headed in the direction of the light. As I went, I prayed against any traps, triggers, alerts, or alarms of any kind being set off, in my Lovely Jesus Christ's all-powerful Name.

As I made my way carefully through the rows of boxes and isles, the lighted area came closer into view. Before long, the light covered over more and more of an area and I began to hear what sounded like muffled voices. But there was more. There was the sound like an animal whining, like a dog begging for attention or a treat. As I drew closer, I could tell the area was opening up and there was a dog inside a cage with iron bars. I heard voices of people talking. The dog is a Golden Retriever, and they are known for their gentle and loyal nature, if I remember correctly. The cage is very large, so the dog is not lacking for room. It's sitting up, facing in the direction of the voices; its tail wagging and looking up eagerly at the people. I back cautiously away. I don't need the dog, though appearing friendly, to alert these people I am here. I will try to get closer from another direction, I thought to myself. But which way? "To the left, Daughter," I heard my Lovely Jesus Christ whisper into my mind. Immediately, I made my way to the left. Sure enough, there was an area between two standing boxes in the shadow that I could hide behind unseen and observe what was happening. I could hear good, too. "Thank You, sweet Jesus Christ," I said to Him in my mind. "You're welcome, Daughter," came His swift reply.

From where I'm hidden, I can see the majority of all that's inside the lighted area. To my surprise, there is a finely dressed, beautiful woman (what I could see of her). Her clothes speak of wealth; she's in a form-fitting black suit with a skirt, with a red shirt beneath the jacket of her expensive suit. She's wearing black high heels and on top of her head she wore a black, big-rimmed hat that matched the material of her suit. The hat has a black band circling the head part and not the rim. She speaks English with an accent. Her light honey-brown hair hangs straight to below her shoulders, but her face is covered by the brim of the hat. She is speaking. Her voice is familiar, but I couldn't pinpoint who she is at this time. "The updates will bring astounding results," she said to the two men sitting in chairs around a small square table. As she's speaking, I noticed there was another dog in a similar cage. It looked like a mid-sized Beagle. Also a breed known for its gentle and loyal nature. What's going on? I thought to myself. The two men at the table are casually dressed, yet I know somehow they were expensive clothes, also. These are not common,

ordinary people. One is a blonde-haired man that's hair is pulled back in a ponytail at the nape of his neck. He had blue eyes and was clean shaven. He looked like he could be Norwegian or Swedish. The other man was older in his age, I could tell. His dark black hair has grey peppered throughout it and his sideburns (he was clean shaven, too). He seemed to have an air of authority to him, as if he was or had been in the military somewhere. Regardless, it was the woman who was the leading voice of authority in this meeting.

"Please, won't you have a seat?" The dark-haired man said to the standing woman of authority. She brushed his words aside as if they meant nothing to her. "I think I will call her the Ice Queen, because I know somehow she's cruel and cold-blooded," I thought to myself. She began speaking in a commanding voice, "You have been brought here to receive the updated Mind Bending Technology and Chip. I shall demonstrate its power, so you will have no doubt of its effectiveness. Do you understand?" The black-haired man replied, "We do," as the blonde-haired one gave a brief nod of his head. We asked for each of you to bring one dog, gentle in its nature, that has implanted into it the Identification Locator Chip that's commonly used when pets are adopted or requested by the owners, so they can locate them should they become lost or stolen." she said briskly. "Did you follow my instructions?" She asked. "Yes we did," the blonde-headed man replied and then said, "complete with the paperwork. The dark-haired man added, "Same here" and laid the paperwork out on the table. "The paperwork is for you to know this test is not falsified in any way. You provide the animals and I'll show you our cunning, updated technology." "Fair enough," the blonde-haired man replied.

The woman nodded, her face still shrouded by the brim of her hat. She raised her right hand and snapped her fingers; from out of the shadows came two men dressed in black suits, black shoes and white shirts. Each wore a solid red tie, and out of one of their ears was a wire. They're wearing earwigs. "Just who was this woman?" I asked myself. I realized now if I had went to my right, instead of the left like my Lovely Jesus Christ had instructed me, then most likely I would have encountered these two men in black. The one on her right had a black case in his hand. He walked forward and laid it on the table. He unlocked the case with a strange-looking key that looked like the end was shaped like a diamond. The whole case seemed to light up when he inserted it into the keyhole; then the case came open. "It's a small Diamond of Power on the end of the key!" I exclaimed within myself just as the man in black lifted the lid. He reached inside and pulled out a small handheld device that reminded me of a type of rectangular remote control. He handed it to the woman, placing it firmly into her hand, then quickly stepped a few feet behind her. The other man in black was on the opposite side of the woman.

Upon seeing the remote in her hand, the two men straightened up in their chairs even straighter, as if trying to get a closer look it seemed. The woman began speaking again in her accented English. "You're countries have already had in use the ability to activate the RFID Locator Chip through your linked data banks when activated, and it's caused some aggressive behavior in animals. But this was not always effective enough for our plans to be perfected. With the updated codes sent to the pets identifying chip, you'll be able to prolong the length of the aggressiveness, even in the most gentlest of creatures," she said. Then she pressed a green button on the remote and almost immediately the once docile, gentle dogs became savaged, enraged, teeth-baring animals. They were barking ferociously, trying to get to anyone they could. It was horrible to

watch. Then she pressed another button, possibly the same green one. I didn't see it because I was focused on the snarling, vicious, once gentle dogs, in their cages.

"Impressive," the blonde-haired man replied, "but the program already allowed us to do this." "Yes," the woman said, "But you did not have the control of how long the attacks would last. With the updated data, you can. Then the next time there is a need to remove an animal-lover opponent, instead of the animals they love so well only maiming them in an attack, they can kill them with no one to blame," she laughed wickedly. The dark-haired man spoke slowly, "It would be a good way to take out our common enemies, many that we have not been able to get near. The majority of them have guard dogs, attack dogs, that with one command from their owners can kill you. I like the irony of that. Having your enemy's jugular vein ripped out by his loyal pet he trusts to protect him. We put some of them and their families in the hospital, but never succeeded in assassinating someone by an Animal ID Locator Chip." "I like it," said the blonde-haired man in his accented voice. The dark-haired man asked the woman, "Why is it called Project Mind Bender?" She moved her head in his direction and I could see her lips. She had on either pink or a coral colored shade of lipstick. She smiled a sly grin and replied, "This is only a small part of the Mind Bender Project, but we are here to discuss THIS part. Now here is the greater upgrade," she said as she held the remote out and the same man in black came forward. He took the remote from her outstretched hand; replaced it inside the case. He quickly pulled out another one. This one was silvery-grey, where the first one was black. Also, the new one is round in its shape. It was small, yet still bigger than the man's hand.

He handed it to the woman, then stepped quickly back to his position on her right. I could see her grin as she lovingly stroked the round silver remote in her hand as she said, "THIS one is what your nations and the others have been waiting for. This one can be utilized by sound and frequencies generated from the many towers, satellites, and others of our locations without the use of the RFID chip implanted inside an animal or creature. It works well on humans, too," she said, then laughed as if it was a private cruel joke. The two men looked at each other a little uneasy. Apparently, this was caused by her last words. It made her laugh coldly again, and then said, "You have no reason to worry that this technology will be turned on you, if you stay loyal to our cause." The military man spoke first. "That we are, or we would never have been allowed a private meeting with you alone. She nodded her head slightly, acknowledging to him he was correct. Then she continued to speak. "With the use of a series of repetitive sequences of frequencies emanating from the towers that have already been upgraded in most countries to the higher frequencies of 5G and higher, we can send it over the general population or pinpoint one animal alone. This handheld device is a miniature. You will have the larger version with all of the upgrades needed for your AI enhanced systems. With this technology you can have the animal or animals become aggressive instantly, whether they are domesticated or wild. It's simple and easy to" she said as she held out the round silver device in her hand.

"Depending on what frequencies and what sequences you use, you can inflict intense pain upon the animals causing them to attack anyone who is near. Or if the frequencies are correct, you can activate them to become aggressive and vicious without any provocation needed. It's all in knowing what frequencies of sound generated waves and sequences that need to be sent out in waves from the towers or other locations. It's as simple as this," she said as she activated somehow the silver round handheld device. It lit up with colors and immediately both caged dogs

began snarling, then barking. They became so aggressive, they began throwing and lunging themselves at the bars, trying to get to the two men who were closest to the cage. Both men jumped up and moved quickly further away, "Impressive," the blonde man said as he watched the Beagle dog beat his head against the steel bars of the cage in rage. The Golden Retriever was doing much the same. I was stunned and shocked. So many questions were running through my head. The predominant one being, "Is this why there's reported now so many unprovoked animal attacks in the news nowadays?"

Suddenly the dogs stopped. I looked to see that the woman had deactivated the device because now there aren't any colors flashing inside it, I could see. I looked back at the two caged dogs that were panting heavily. Pity filled my heart for them; they looked confused and dazed as if they had no idea what had just happened. I looked back at the cruel woman and the men now standing near her. She looked at the silver device in her hand and rubbed it fondly. Then she said, "As much as we are enjoying this display of power, I have a plane ride to catch." She held out her hand and immediately the man in black on her right came forward again. And he took the round device from her hand; he placed it back into the open case, black case, and then closed it quickly. It lit up again and then immediately it locked itself. He picked it up and then carried it with him back to his position on the woman's right. She raised her left hand and snapped her fingers, and the man in black on her left came forward. He reached into his suit jacket inner pocket and pulled out a small, thin black case. He handed it quickly to the woman in black with the wide-brimmed hat and placed it squarely into her left, open waiting hand. I'm still trying to see her face. Her voice is familiar, but still no recognition has come.

She opened the case and showed the contents to the men. "Inside each case is an encrypted hard drive, with all the needed upgrades for your current systems. It also includes the diagrams and instructions for the Round Silver Frequency Sequencer Generator. Once you are back in your own countries, the encryption key will be sent to you so you can access the contents. She shut the small case and then held out her hand again without looking, knowing the man in black would retrieve it from her hand immediately, which he did. But instead of returning back to his previous place, he reached into his other inner jacket pocket and pulled out another slender black case that looked like a duplicate of the first. Then he walked over to the two men and handed each of them one. She then said, "Remember, this technology is not for your personal countries alone. When the time comes, you will be called upon to activate the Frequency Sequence Generator upon the public by our given command." "We understand," the dark-haired man replied as the blonde one said, "It will be done. You have our undying loyalty." "We had better, because your life's expectancy depends on it," the woman said harshly. "Who IS this woman? This cold-hearted woman. Is she a nephilim? A fallen one? I know her voice from somewhere," I said, almost becoming frustrated. Finally I said in my mind, "In the Name of Jesus Christ, show me your face!" The woman turned to leave, and then suddenly she turned back around, her face still shrouded by the brim of her hat. She spoke these last words, "It's been a pleasure doing business with you again." Then she lifted her head up and finally I saw her face. I was shocked! There before me was the smiling face of Melania Trump. And then the scene changed.

I found myself in a room, a very large room with old metal filing cabinets in rows upon rows. How many, I'm not sure. I noticed the temperature in the room is cold, but not freezing. I guess it might be somewhere around 60 degrees from the coldness in the room. I looked around

cautiously to see all the filing cabinets appeared to be identical. Each is five drawers high. The floor and walls looked like metal. I looked behind me to see what was the source of soft light emitting in the room. I saw no overhead lights. There on the back wall approximately 6 feet from each double row of back to back filing cabinets was a light, but this light is not like the ones I'm used to seeing. It's mounted on a metal alloy that is shaped like a four petal flower that's wide on each end. Inside, protruding out of it on a small round metal arm, is what looks like a long clear crystal. It is the light source, and emits a white, soft light that gives off a luminescent glow. "It's not a Diamond of Power," I thought. And somehow I knew this type of lighting was before the fallen ones, the fallen angels, had created the Diamond of Powers in various colors of gemstones. There is one of these lights for each back to back facing rows of filing cabinets.

I looked around cautiously to listen and see if there's anyone else in the large room with me. I heard nor saw anyone. So I determined I'm alone, except for sweet Holy Ghost Spirit, my Lovely Jesus Christ, and the Holy Angels of God that are always encamped around me. I realize I'm at the end of the rows of filing cabinets near the wall, so I began walking and praying in Jesus Christ's, my Love's Name, asking Him why am I here? What is it He wants me to see? I began counting rows of back to back filing cabinets inside the room of metal. Even though it's made of metal, I know this room is also, by the many identical rows of filing cabinets, very old. There's one row, two rows, three, four, five, six double rows of filing cabinets. Then, suddenly, the low lit room opened up to two rectangular metal tables. They resemble steel, but I know it's not. Nor are the walls and floors, at least not completely. I just know this in the dream. There, sitting on the tables, are large machines with viewer screens. And, in addition two chairs made of the same metal, but now had cushions placed in the hard seats. The fabric of the dark red and brown cushions are worn, as if over time they have been used a lot.

I looked, and there were bulky machines that seemed better than what I had seen myself. These are microfiche readers, I know. "Microfiche...I haven't heard that in years. Jesus Christ, why am I here?" No answer came. I walked to the closest filing cabinet, but before opening it I asked sweet Holy Spirit in Jesus Christ's Name, "Are there any alerts, alarms, traps, triggers, and such like on these things inside this room?" I heard Him swiftly reply, "No, Daughter of Zion, it is safe to proceed." By His answer I knew I needed to look into the filing cabinets. I opened the third drawer down and pulled a sheet of microfiche enclosed in a clear, protective sleeve. I walked with it in hand to the crystal light near me and held it up (I do take them out of the sleeve when I'm looking and put them back). It looked like patents, US patents. "Wow!" I exclaimed. "These are US patents on this microfiche," I said as I held it closer to the light. I was able to somehow read some of the small print. This one on the right is a patent for a mind control device. There are many schematics and blueprints, also, for this device. I walk back over to the filing cabinet and replace the microfiche back inside its proper place. "Jesus Christ, I pray and ask that You remove my fingerprints, DNA, and spiritual signature from inside this room when I am done." "I will, My Daughter," came His loving reply in my mind's eye, my mind.

I walked to the filing cabinet opposite this one, past the tables and opened up another filing cabinet drawer. This time, about midway down from the end from what I could see. I reached in and pulled out another microfiche and walked back to one of the crystal lights. I held it up quickly to see it appeared to be case studies. On the top was stamped "Top Secret" and also the words "Mind Bender". For what little I could make out of the writing, it's talking about the use of

using hypnotists for mind control (As I started reading, I got to where I could read more, whereas at the beginning I could just read a little bit). I replaced the microfiche quickly and went from drawer to drawer accessing many of the microfiche, holding each to a light and then replacing them. Shock filled my mind as I looked over patents, plans, reports, experiments; findings. "Lord help me!" I cried out.

These records go back to the 1950s and 60s. It seems where the use of electromagnetic, sonic, or laser lights were beamed through the skull of people, they found using low frequency waves can alter a person's psychological state, alter their brain cells, and make it possible to transmit suggestions and commands directly into someone's mind, their thought process. There's even experiments showing on the reports that high doses of microwaves used on someone can damage the functioning of internal organs, control their behavior, or even drive them to commit suicide. There's another report about radio controlled stimulation to the brain. This whole room is full of things, patents, schematics, reports, case studies, experiments, and such concerning the manipulation of the brain and mind, mostly relating to mind control. I saw the words "Brain Washing," "Psychotronics," "Brain-Computer Interface," "RFID Chips," "Neuroweapons," "Geophysical," "Genetic," all throughout the microfiche stored in the rooms, perfectly preserved without any information blacked out. They even had patents for Mind, or Neuro, Shields.

There's program names like "Stargate," "Phoenix," and "Pandora," I recognize the Haarp Program that involves transmitting frequencies into the brain, among other things. These files run all the way up to the modern, current time. Microfiche can be preserved as long as 500 years, I once read. I looked some more at the microfiche almost reluctantly, yet feeling drawn to know all I could. There's patents and reports, studies on the Direct Energy Weapon that's called DEW for short. I ran into another filing cabinet, pulled open one of the drawers, and reached randomly into it, leaving the one behind it standing up to keep its place marked. I ran to another crystal light once again; when I read the words my heart sank. It is a detailed report about a program named MK Ultra, carried out by psychologists and the CIA, who have been mentioned often in the microfiche, as well as other known and unknown government bodies, many operating under pseudonyms. I began to read this report somehow. They had experimented on their volunteers and victims using heavy doses of LSD, Intensive Shock Therapy, sleep deprivation, and psychological torture on many ages, even the young. These people, the MK Ultra, became programmable, who survived.

I was overwhelmed by all the horrible inhuman things I have seen and read by our government. But I know it's not ours alone, but all governments in the world, past and present, who get their depraved and twisted knowledge and technology from the fallen angels that were cast out of Heaven because of the sin of rebellion. With a heavy heart, I went back to the filing cabinet and replaced the microfiche. I know it was my Lovely Jesus Christ allowing me to supernaturally read such small writing of these microfiche. I felt and thought strongly, I needed to check one more file. So I asked Holy Spirit, my Teacher and Friend, to show me which one. "Next row over, Daughter," I heard His sweet voice say. I walked almost dejectedly to the next row, when I felt Holy Spirit wrap His comforting arms around me. "Thank You, my Friend," I said. No reply was needed; He knew. I walked between the rows of filing cabinets on my left and right and then asked softly, "Which one, Holy Spirit?" I felt drawn to the row on my right. I kept walking until I heard Holy Spirit say, "Stop, Daughter of Zion. Look in the filing cabinet you're standing next to.

You want the second drawer from the bottom.” “Okay, my Friend,” I said as I bent down and opened the drawer. I pulled out a random microfiche and asked, “Will this one do, Holy Spirit?” “Yes it will, Daughter of Zion.” I took it to the crystal light, as I had done so many others before and held it up to read it.

The first one (they have several pictures, it’s a sheet of pictures) is a patent diagram of a small satellite that can be mounted on a stand or a vehicle. It has a long-range acoustic device on it. It uses a cone-like shape, sort of like a megaphone it says, to send and direct transmitted sound. I looked at another picture archived on the microfiche and it’s a general description and experiment reports. The long-range acoustic device is abbreviated at times as the LARD; another name is “The Voice of God.” It can be directed at one person or an area approximately 5-6 feet. This directed sound has the ability to manipulate the person’s or people’s hearing, hearing it, even in trial runs and successful experiments, making them think it is a voice of a being, being spoken to them, or the voice of God. Acoustics I’ve said, meaning it relates to hearing, to sound, so it’s operating by sound waves, at least in part. I slowly walked back and replaced the microfiche, then headed back to the table area with the microfiche machines. Then out across the rows and rows of filing cabinets was all of the preserved microfiche, as if it were some type of cherished trophy. I couldn’t hold it in any longer. I sank to my knees and began to cry, sobbing at the evilness of the fallen ones, mankind, and all the innocent ones who had suffered at their hands. I cried and cried bitter tears. No wonder Babylon will fall. The lack of right or wrong. The lack of how precious life is and protecting the innocent, is so evident by this one room alone that I realized is underground and protected by our government, as well as the fallen ones. “Just when I thought there was nothing left to cry and grieve over, I am sent to see this,” I said to myself in between sobs. “These types of devices and weapons all manipulate the brain, controlling the mind and behaviors. That alone tells me witchcraft is involved. These weapons, from all I’ve learned and saw today, can actually disrupt the Nervous System of a person. “Jesus Christ,” I said out loud, “they affect their emotions and behavior. They can make a person feel extremely paranoid and afraid, even through manipulating the mind to make a person feel unbearable pain throughout their mind and body.”

I stopped for a moment to catch my breath from where I had been crying so much and then continued, “In many reports, they have been successful in completely controlling their consciousness and behavior. They even did studies on children!” I said, tears forming in my eyes once again. “How do we fight such evil when we can’t even see what they’re using upon Your people? On us?” I cried out. I felt arms of love come around me, as I heard my Lovely Jesus Christ say tenderly, “Through Me, Daughter. Through My Name.” I looked up to see my Lovely Jesus Christ’s face not far from mine. Tears are in His eyes, as well. I collapsed further into His arms of love and He held me as I cried about all I have learned, not only from here, but so many other places, as well. He held me tenderly in His strong arms of love until my tears subsided. Then He gently pushed me away so He could look into my eyes. His blue eyes are full of burning passionate fire. “I see it all, Daughter. All the evil that’s done. But I also see the good. There’s coming a day quickly upon this world that all the evil and sin will be removed and purged from this earth. And, Daughter, it’s not much longer,” He said to me. “I know,” I replied. “I wish this time was now.” “Me, too, Daughter, but everything must be in accordance and it’s written in the Word of God, so sin and evil can never rise again,” my Lovely Jesus Christ answered me. We sat

on the cold metal floor together in a moment of silence as my mind began to clear of the horrible things I had seen and read and my thoughts returned to proactive thinking.

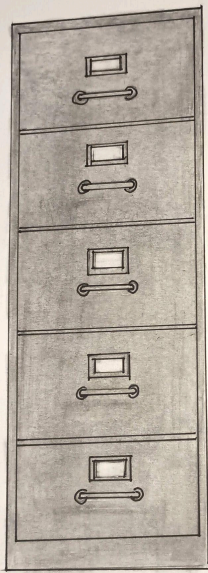
I looked up at Him and asked, “My Love, for these devices to be so effective, such as causing intense fear, they would have to be charmed, enchanted, bewitched, or such like, in addition to the regular witchcraft using spells, curses, incantations, you know all the woohoo wahoo nonsense garbage they call witchcraft, wouldn’t it?” Jesus Christ gave me a warm smile and replied, “Yes, all the government weapons, when they receive the knowledge and technology from the fallen ones have some type of spell, charm, or other witchcraft attached to it, in addition to the others given during their performed rituals of dedication before their first use. Even though not all participants operating these evil machines, devices, and weapons know of this.” “I understand,” I replied. “So what is this room?” I asked. He replied, “It’s the Mind Bender Room, dubbed as Program Mind Bender, because it contains almost all the records of your government’s attempts at mind control. Some attempts go further back in time past the 1950s, but you didn’t actually view any of those, Daughter,” He said quickly. “Do I have to?” I asked a little hesitantly. “No, Daughter, you’ve seen enough. The technology your nation and others have acquired to manipulate the mind of others has also assisted in the birth of the technology needed for the Mark of the Beast. They will never be 100% successful in controlling the minds of others until they get the last piece of knowledge, the technology still hidden inside the sunken city of Atlantis, which was once a controlling city of the fallen ones and nephilim. Once it’s recovered and in place, then whoever takes the Mark can be controlled and manipulated by Antichrist to do his bidding without any defiance or refusal. It will be by their own conscious choice to take the Mark or to accept Me into their hearts as their Lord and Savior.” “What now, Jesus Christ? What do I do now?” I asked. He replied, “When we leave this Mind Bender Room you warn all you can with listening ears and eyes that see the truth.” “I will, Jesus Christ, my Love. I will,” I said passionately and then asked, “when do we leave?” “Now,” He replied. And I found myself sitting up in my bed and no longer in the Mind Bender Room of horrors, but nor was my Lovely Jesus Christ physically here, either. My heart felt saddened by this until I heard Him say out loud in my room, “Daughter, I am with you always. You are never alone.”

Mind Bender: A person or thing that radically and suddenly affects one’s thinking, perceptions, mental faculties. A hypnotist. Intensely affecting the mind, especially in producing hallucinations and paranoia.

Bending (as in mind bending): To shape or force (manipulation) something straight into a curve or angle (it’s a manipulation or warping of the mind).

Verses:

Deuteronomy 29:29, Luke 8:17; 12:3, Matthew 28:20, Psalms 34:7, Ecclesiastes 12:14, Mark 4:22, Hebrews 4:13, Job 5:12, Proverbs 19:21, Ezekiel 38:10, 2 Corinthians 2:11, Psalms 10:2; 33:10, Revelation 13:16-18; 14:9-11, Genesis 6:5, Colossians 3:25, Romans 12:19, 1 John 5:19
Proverbs 6:12-15



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Front of the filing
cabinets containing
the microfiche.

Drawing by
Vicki Goforth
Pernell
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@5:30pm