

## **The House Needs Cleaning Dream 10-25-23 @6:43 am**

Jesus my love I dreamed again, and I was trying to avoid a couple I knew that seemed to be follow me everywhere travel. And I knew in this dream they were sent to hinder me. I was in a mountainous region with other people. One was my son. I had been given a warning that the couple were in the area and looking for me. Upon hearing this I packed a few things and headed, walking up to higher ground with a blue backpack on my back. During this time, I'm walking to higher ground somehow a lady from my past, an ex-friend who is really an enemy I know, stopped me. "Pray for Mom," she said. "She needs to clean her house but wants someone else to do it. I don't think it can be cleaned." She said and then she began laughing. "Mine's dirty too," she said. Then the scene changed.

I find myself in a room, a small room with people inside. To the right of me are windows showing the building was built into the side of a massive mountain and we are so high up. In this room most are wearing winter clothes like long sleeve sweaters and warm pants. Some of them wore jackets that looked like what is worn by snow skiers. While others had huge puffy type coats with toboggans. Those of you that don't know what a toboggan is, it's a pull on knit hat. I am wearing a puffy long coat with a toboggan and snow goggles on my head. The one thing that stuck out to me as I looked out over the sheer drop off from this building inside the mountain was there wasn't any snow. There wasn't any except for small patches here and there as if it had snowed sometime beforehand. But now this is all that remained on the ground below on the crevices of the mountain's wall, but none remained on the trees at all.

Someone comes up to me and speaks directly to me softly. I don't see anything except their back. It is a man's back, I can tell. I heard him say, "The couple following you are on the way and will be here soon. They're coming by air," "Understood," I said quickly. "Thank you for the information my friend." The man speaks with a foreign accent. I now recognize his voice. It is the voice of my friend who lives in Sweden, only he is healthy and strong and not recovering from surgery. I pull my beige toboggan down further on my head and then put the snow goggles over my eyes. "Winds picking up," I said to my friend, "I've got to get moving." Then the scene changed again.

I am walking up the steep mountain in a snowsuit like one would wear for skiing. It is Kelly green in color, the darker shade. I have in both hands the metal sticks the skiers use to help them walk in the snow and push off their start when they begin their descent on skis. The only thing is there is not any

snow. None whatsoever. Instead, I see dead leaves on the ground, dried up from where they had fallen from the trees. I heard someone say, "Wind's picking up, we'd better hurry." It is the voice of my son who's dressed much the same as me except he has a coat, dark blue in color that has a hat made into it with a hood with brown fur lining it in a manly and not girly way. He has a dark yellow toboggan underneath and is wearing goggles as well. I responded back to his words. "It is, it won't be long now... storms are on their way." I looked straight upward to the sky and said, "Thank you sweet Jesus, thank you for the warning. Help us reach the top in Jesus Christ's name in time before Lord, before. We then turned to the task of climbing higher towards the top of this mountain that never seemed to end. I now noticed my son is carrying my dark blue hiking backpack on his back and then the scene changes.

"You're a hard one to follow, I meant to find sis." It's a couple following me. They have found me. When he called me sis something I have never agreed for him to do in reality it made me cringe. "What do you want? What are you doing here?" I asked in an even tone of voice as I felt I was either at the top of the mountain at this point or very close. We are inside another building. There is nothing but hard metal folding chairs around the four walls of this room minus the two doorways, one on each side of the room across from each other. One says 'Enter' the other says 'Exit' in little square black letters which are white block letters in shape. "We want to spend time with you. We miss you. Stop and spend time with us," he said. Then he winked at me but kept on talking as he does in reality. When he speaks it's with manipulation.

We are standing in the room with other people walking about, while a few are sitting. The same ex- woman friend from prior comes up to me and says quickly. "We have to clean up Pastor's house. He'll be returning soon...this Sunday. His house is a mess! There's so much dirt that it can no longer be swept under the carpet." Then she laughs and the scene changes again.

I am in another building with a sturdy broom in hand. I am sweeping the part of the floor that hasn't any carpet which is strange I thought because it is the area where the pulpit is standing. It doesn't have any carpet except for a square piece the pulpit is sitting upon. There is a piano on the right of the pulpit and an organ on the left with no other furnishings to be seen in this area. I see now there under the piano and organ also were square pieces of the same color carpet. The color of it for some reason I cannot clearly identify. These rug pieces were different from what covered the rest of the big, yet modest looking Church. There aren't any Grand fixtures here inside it.

I am sweeping the concrete area and dust, and dirt is building up into the air. "Oh, Jesus, there's so much dirt here," I said. As I continued to sweep a pile

begin to build of all the dirt, I am sweeping up from the concrete floor area behind the pulpit. I look up to see there are people sitting in various spaced-out locations inside the church, almost as if they are positioned there for some reason. One of these groups who is actually sitting on a pew is the couple, the man and his wife who have been asking to spend time with me and trying to get me to stop working. They're both sitting and watching me as I'm sweeping the floor with a cross look upon their faces. The man is sitting on the right of his wife with his right arm around her shoulder, He is on the farthest right end of the church pew and when he noticed that I had seen them watching me, he said quickly moving his right arm from around his wife's shoulder to point at a place on the floor. "You missed a spot", then he placed his arm back around his wife's shoulders and continued to watch me almost like a vulture waiting for a chance to eat a meal. The woman kept looking onward without saying a word.

I looked away disgusted. "Lazy people," I thought then looked down at the floor to begin sweeping again. To my dismay more dust, more dirt is thrown all over the once almost clean floor. I heard myself, "We've got to get the pastor's house cleaned up. He's returning to preach this Sunday and his house is still so dirty. Without help I'm not sure if we will even get it done in time. As I'm looking for some type of dustpan, I heard a voice say, "I've got you covered, sweep it over here." Thinking the person had a dustpan for me to sweep the dirt pile into I begin sweeping without first looking. I made two long sweeps then I stopped. This did not feel right in my spirit. The dirt I felt was not being removed.

The dirt had risen up with all the sweeping I had been doing already that it now had gotten into my eyes making things harder to see. "Jesus, help me. I'm trying to clean Pastor's house, your house but I can't do it alone. I can't do it without you." A breeze began blowing that blew all the dirt and dust in the air away inside the building. I Can see clearly once again. "Thank you, sweet Holy Spirit," I whispered. Even though I was still able to see through all the dirt and dust flying around, at times it had been difficult. He had cleared the air, Hallelujah! I immediately looked to see where I had been sweeping. I saw the ex-friend, the lady who first told me Pastor's house needed cleaning and her mom's needed cleaning and her house needed cleaning was holding up the edge of the carpet in the church... the pastor's house. The pile I had been sweeping didn't make it under the carpet which I was so grateful and thankful for. But to my dismay I see a very huge dirt pile already under the carpet.

"Oh no, this will never do," I cried out, "Pastor's house must be cleaned. We can't just hide the dirt and dust." I saw many of the people's backs stiffen at my words who had been watching me clean from the pews. The man I knew from the couple yelled out, "Hey we like it like that. It makes it easier to clean and no one knows the difference," he said in a matter-of-fact kind of voice. "No one knows the difference!" I replied in shock and disgust. "I noticed it! Pastor

will notice it too,” I said quickly. The man replied, “Nah, we've been doing it this way for years and he's never said anything to us about it.” “Are you sure?” I asked because I know Pastor has preached about his house needing to be clean and that all that's hidden will be revealed.”

Another man further back from the couple on the left side of the church who looked ancient in his age almost snarled at me when he snapped, “Leave it alone! We like it like that! Quit stirring up so much dust! Just sweep it under the carpet like the rest of the cleaners and hurry up. You got that girl, talking about my ex-friend, standing bent over being kind enough to hold the carpet up for you even though she has severe back pain. Be a little kinder and think of others before yourself. Sweep the dirt under the rug so she can sit back down, and the cleaning can be done!”

I was shocked I looked over at the woman holding the carpet who was now smiling smugly at me. “Gotcha,” her facial expression seemed to say. I looked at her then at the other people sitting comfortably in Pastor's house. “I can't do that,” I said out loud. “I won't do that,” I spoke at as Holy Ghost's boldness came upon me. “I will not be a part of sweeping your dirt under the carpet in Pastor's house. It's time for all dirt to be cleaned and removed because he's coming Sunday. If he finds his house of his still dirty and unclean then he will leave his house, his church. Do you understand? I'm here to help you prepare for pastor return. I'm here helping you with my own hands because I care. I'm sweeping the dirt so it can be cleaned up yet not one of you has even offered me a simple dustpan where I can remove all of it fully from the house. Instead, you want me to hide it under the rug where Pastor's house looks clean but it's not. I perceive you like his house being dirty. You are comfortable with the dust and dirt remaining here. Why? Because you're dirty yourselves. Look at you,” I said to them all.

The woman near me holding the carpet looked down at herself. She is now covered head to toe with black dirt which looks like dried caked-on mud. The whole congregation of people in varying degrees were covered in this dried dirt. “What!” She exclaimed, “It's just a little bit of dirt!” “Yeah,” someone else spoke from a different pew. “What's it to you if we like wearing a little dirt and mud. I heard a little mud is good for your body. It has all kinds of nutrients in the dirt itself.” Then he began laughing. They all did! I began sweeping the dirt on the floor away from the still lifted up carpet that my ex-friend was still holding. The crowd became furious at me and began yelling. “Stop! Stop it now! We don't want your help anymore. This is our church!” “Now I thought it was Pastor's house,” I replied as I continued to sweep the dirt up into a large pile in the floor.

I continued speaking. "Pastor will not stay in a dirty house. You have been warned of his arrival, of his coming. His house is still dirty and so are you. He's expecting a clean house and for his people to be dressed nice and clean for his return as pastor of his house. If you're not ready, he will not accept you until your clothes and bodies are cleaned. "Get out of here!" A woman in the front began yelling, her eyes bulging almost out of the sockets. "Who are you to tell us we're dirty? No one has that right," she screamed out in hatred. "Pastor loves us just the way we are. We're here in his church, his house as he has instructed us to do. Quit nosing in our business. Who made you, our judge?"

My heart became greatly saddened. As I laid the broom on the floor I began speaking softly yet boldly. "Your actions, your words, your very fruit have spoken for you. I am only telling you what you have shown me. If I'm judging, it is your fruit. You are dirty from head to toe! The pastor's house is covered in dirt and dust which you choose to try to hide. Anyone with open eyes can see the huge amount of dirt you're trying to hide under the carpet. So will pastor. This house is! Clean it up or he will reject you when he comes. Then I turn to walk out the door among snickers and laughter. As I'm opening the door, I saw the lady with the bulging eyes jump up and grab the broom I had laid down. As she grabs it, she says to the woman holding the carpet, "Hold the carpet up. We'll get this all swept under it and no one, not even Pastor will know. Then we can put our hands to something more productive like planning our youth's next activity."

I walked out fully and shut the door into the waiting day. The sky is a beautiful blue. I see the sun is shining and the sun rays are somehow visible directly in front of me. "Jesus, I tried," I said as I lifted my face toward the shining sun. A gentle breeze began to blow and caressed my face. A kiss from Heaven I always called the gentle wind in reality.

"Little daughter," I heard a voice speak to me from the heavens. It is the voice of my beloved Savior Jesus Christ. "They rejected me too little daughter. You are ready for my return; many are not, preferring to stay in their sin. Thinking I am a God of love, so, because of this I will never reject anyone. They are wrong! My word tells you I will not reject anyone who calls on my name in true repentance of heart. Once I have redeemed that person, they are given a garment of righteousness, of Salvation. It is spotless white but it's up to each individual to keep their garment clean and white. As yours is little daughter. I look down at myself to see I am dressed totally in white robe-type garment and it's clean. It's even spotless white. Joy floods my heart. "Little daughter, you are clean before me because you are constantly seeking and asking Holy Spirit to reveal to you if you have sinned unknowingly and you repent often. Just in case you did so. You do this because you realize your own body is of a sin nature and your flesh will try to rise up and fight against you if you do not keep it under control. Which you do by having a personal relationship with me

Jesus Christ, your Savior, by conversing with me, praying, reading, studying my word but also worshiping and praising me. You're working my fields as an obedient child of mine shall do. The enemy lies inside my own house and so many like these of this dream you are in have chosen to stay in their sin, their dirt while professing to belong to me... of being one of mine. I will not accept a dirty bride! Anyone found with dirt... with sin on their Bridal garment will be left behind and it will be of their own doing, their own choices.

Here are the verses:

Zechariah 3:3-5

Revelation 3:4; 16: 15; 19:8

Matthew 7: 16-20; 22:11-14

Jude 1:23

Isaiah 61:3; 10

Ecclesiastes 9:8

Isaiah 59:6 2

John 1:9-10

Proverbs 12:1

Galatians 6:1

James 5: 19-20

1 Corinthians 5:1-7; 6:19-20

2 Timothy 3: 1-7

Romans 12:2

1 Peter 1:13-25

2 Peter 3:11-14

2 Timothy 2:19

Luke 8:17

I ask that you take this, and you pray and seek the Lord about it.