

## **The False Reality Dream 6-18-23 @8:41 am**

1 John 4:1 Beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they are of God: because many false prophets are gone out into the world.

I am in a beautiful green area, and I know it's from a camp area of a well-known religious Christian leader. I am alone and apparently had intended to set up camp, but I had nothing but a single sized white mattress. I'm here I know to reach God, to get closer to God, but I'm on a mission to reach lost souls of other people and lead them to Jesus, if I can. I feel an air of desperation and difficulty all throughout this dream. I am standing, praying quietly to the heavens asking for directions, when I hear young voices. I look up to see three young people in this grass area, in their early 20s or possibly younger. Two young men, and one girl. The girl had long golden wavy blond hair that hung past her shoulder blades. She had a wreath of assorted greenery and flowers around her hair. She was fair skinned and lovely to behold. She is in a Kelly green pull-over shirt with dark green vertical stripes that cover the chest area up to the neck. The darker green stripes were also around her upper arms, corresponding with those across her chest, and her sleeves were long. She wore hip hugger blue jeans that flared out at the bottom of the legs, and she was covered decently, but then her outfit would change into a long white flowing dress, then back into her pants and green shirt (and this fluctuated the whole time).

The two men in the blue jeans were both dark headed. One was of a medium build with a green shirt whose sleeves were of the darker color green as the lady's dark stripes, but they were short in length. The other young man was of a heavier set build with a blue matching shirt to the other young man's green shirt. They are all three carrying Bibles. I took notice of the Bible knowing mine was in my heart at this time as hard copies were no longer readily available in our world at this time. They begin setting up camp right in front of me. Our campsite is now located behind the back

of the visitor center, still on the well-known Christian person's land from the past. A man walks out the back door of the building. I know he's with me somehow, but he isn't camping here I feel. The young medium built man in the blue shirt begins quoting out loud a Bible verse that he has memorized. Oddly enough I know he quoted it correctly, so from the KJV, the King James Version. He was so smug, so proud of himself for quoting it as if it was some renowned feat. The other man who I know is with me has grey hair and is a little overweight wearing a spotless white t shirt. He has on jogging pants that were black with wide white stripes running down them, and tennis shoes made for running.

We begin casually talking to the young people, cautiously though, to test if they really love God, love Jesus, or not. We were trying the spirits. The girl's name was Cassie, the medium built young man with the blue shirt was named Ernest, and the other young man with the green shirt was named Larry. The man with me was named Rudolf, and I called him Rudi. As we are conversing, Rudi mentioned the verse the young man had quoted. He seems surprised that Rudi had knowledge of the verse. As we continued to talk, I am praying within myself in Jesus' name. I heard Rudi quote the verse verbatim that the young man had quoted, and then he quoted several verses after that contained the whole passage concerning the original verse. Young people's mouth hung open, and Ernest cried out, "But how?! How do you have knowledge of the forbidden scriptures hidden away by antichrist forces?" "How do you have a copy, young man? Or even been able to read and learn it?" I asked. Confusion filled his young face as well as the others. We got our Bibles from the people who said they were from the true church from Jesus that had went underground. I said quickly, "Have you accepted Jesus into your hearts already? Do you know Him personally as your Savior?" "No," the man named Ernest replied, "but we're searching for Him. My mother loved Him and told me about Him, but she was taken

by the invasion or the great vanishing as some called it, but she warned me if she disappeared, that Jesus came and got her in the rapture. She went missing, and things began occurring like she told me they would. I have been trying for many months now, I have been reading it avidly to try to find this Jesus mama talked about and loved so well." "We all have Ernest, we all have. Ernest, where and how exactly did you get your physical copies of your bibles?" "We asked around and were put into contact with the 'underground Christians' they called themselves. We went into the tunnels and were each given one." "May I see one of them?" I asked.

Concern was on Rudi's face, he knew already what the Holy Spirit was revealing to me. "I guess." Ernest said but with uncertainty. He handed me the black Bible, and when I opened it my Holy Spirit alarms went up ten more notches. I closed it and ran my hand down the Bible's spine. There is a very small lump I had learned, I knew in this dream, to detect. "Rudi, it's bugged." I said out loud. "It has a tracker in it." "What?!" yelled the young group of people. "Yes," I said, "you're being tracked." "By who?" Ernest asked. (We had no time to lead them to the Lord just so you understand). During our whole discussion Cassie had been setting up part of the camp, but she had been intently listening. (During this time she was actually setting up a table, putting a coffee pot on a little double eye camp stove, putting out Coca-Cola's and potato chips and preparing the food.)

Suddenly we hear the sound of planes, lots of planes in the sky, they begin dropping mattresses all over the camp sites and grounds of this once well known Christian famous man. They look like air mattresses with the seams dividing it into sections. They are rainbow in color and are single in size. "We got to get out of here!" I yelled to Rudi. Cassie, seeing the colorful rainbow air mattress falls down backwards on one, saying, "Oh they're so pretty!" The mattress somehow folds itself around her and has covered her

completely over. "Run!" I yell. "What about Cassie?" Ernest yelled. "It's too late for her;" I screamed out, "run, run now or die!" I take off running into the woods to the right of the building. I look back long enough to see Rudi is still standing as if trying to decide whether to step in and help these young people. Larry has fallen face forward unto one of the rainbow air mattress, following Cassie's example and I hear him say, "Oh, these feel nice." "Rudi!" I screamed out, "you can't help them now, you've got to get out of there!" Rudi is spurred into action and he dashes into the woods behind me. I take one more look back to see Ernest has cast down the bugged Bible and is running after Rudi and I.

Then I awoke.

### **Verses**

1 John 4:1-6

2 Thessalonians 2:3-4 & 10-12

Romans 6:23

Amos 8:11

Psalms 74:12

1 Peter 2:6-9

Romans 16:20