

## **So, it Begins Dream 9/25/22 at 4:36 pm**

I dreamed I was visiting Hawaii. How I came to be visiting here I am not sure. My daughter and her best friend were here, too. It seems we had been here for a couple of weeks, or maybe three. The weather was beautiful, but I had become restless.

My daughter kept saying, “Mom are you alright?”

“No, hon, no I'm not, I replied. I feel something big is about to happen. There is a stirring in the spirit realm.”

Her friend looked at me and rolled her eyes and said to my daughter, come on, let's hit the beach. Her friend walked to the door of my hotel room and my daughter turned to follow her, but then she turned back to me and asked me, “Mom are you going to be, okay?”

I looked my daughter straight in her eyes and said, “Hon, you do what you feel you need to do, but I'm going to pray.”

My daughter had a look as if she wanted to join me, but her friend grabbed her arm and pulled her fully to the door. “Come on, let's go, it's beautiful outside.”

“Bye Mom,” my daughter said half-heartedly. And then she and her friend left the room.

As the door snapped shut, I fell to my knees right where I was at. “Oh God, Father God, in Jesus' name, I come before You boldly, into your throne room as one of your little children, your daughter. Jeremiah 33:3 says to call on You and You will show great and mighty things that we know not. Father God, please, please, show me your handmaiden, what is happening, and what I must do.”

Immediately, I begin having a vision inside this dream. I see planes, many planes, dropping bombs and parachutes with paratroopers. I see ships, submarines rising out of the oceans deep in the distance and weapons being fired. Buildings are burning and crumbling. Sirens of different types are going off, smoke is everywhere. Some are giving a warning of this attack, while others are emergency vehicles trying to get somewhere in a hurry to help and offer their aid, somewhere. People are screaming. I hear lots and lots of terrified people screaming. Oh, God, please help them, please help them. Mercy, Jesus, mercy.

Now the vision is gone, and I find myself crumpled on the floor, weeping over what I had just witnessed. I lifted my head up as a realization of what I had just seen dawned upon me. The attack, the invasion of Hawaii. That means we've got to get out of here. Oh Jesus, Jesus, my love how much time? How much time do we have to get home? I heard my sweet, lovely Jesus' voice say to me, “You have one day to be upon a plane and in the air or surely you'll be here when these islands are attacked.” Oh, Jesus, help me. Convince my daughter and her friend. Help me to convince them. I jumped up and headed toward the hotel room's door. Then the scene changed.

Next Scene:

I know, somehow, it's the next day. I am in my daughter in her friend's room. They had shared a room with two queen-size beds to help keep the costs down, I knew in this dream. I'm sitting at the table with both of them, pleading with them to leave the island now. I called my daughter by name and said, "You've got to come with me. We have open-ended tickets and I have arranged for us to be on the 4 pm flight today. It's the first available plane I could get."

Her friend said out loud, "You're being ridiculous. Here you go saying we're going into war again, but still, here we are still going about our everyday lives. You're too religious and you pray too much."

My daughter looked over at her friend, giving her a sharp look, but it quickly left her face. "Mom, where's your proof?" she asked finally out loud.

"Hon, do you think it's not strange we have not been able to make contact with anyone in the States since yesterday, and today we're unable to get any news?"

"We're in Hawaii," her friend said sarcastically. "We're not supposed to be watching the news."

"But I said to her quickly, I haven't been able to even pull up the weather for several days."

Her friend gave me a strange look of uncertainty then reached for her phone. We still had some internet, but it seemed limited. "Have you asked anyone about it?" my daughter asked.

"I have, hon, I asked the clerks at the front desk and the cleaning ladies all this time. Look, hon, both of you. If I'm understanding correctly what God's telling me, if we are about to be attacked here in Hawaii, then Taiwan has already been attacked by China."

"Sure," her friend said, disbelieving my every word.

We hear a knock upon the door. My daughter walks over and opens the door. It's one of the clerks who operates the front desk. His face is pale, and his hands are shaky. "Is your mother Vicki Goforth Parnell here? I have an urgent message for her."

"A message, but how? I asked, as I jumped up and walked over to the shaken man. "Are you okay?" I asked him, concerned at how pale he had become.

"No, I am not. This came upon our telefax which we very seldom use. But because our internet has not been working correctly for days, we were instructed to turn it on. When we did, this message came through. Actually, you've had several almost identical ones from this ministry that has been sending you messages trying to get one through to you."

"What does it say?" my daughter's friend asked, as she jumped hurriedly up from the table causing the chair to make a loud noise across the floor as she did. She and my daughter crowded around the clerk and me.

He handed the message to me then said quickly, "I have seen your warning by videos from God and we are next," he said in a shaky voice.

I looked at the message. "It's from My Lovely Jesus Ministry," I said out loud. "Oh no, Taiwan and Japan both have been attacked. They're urging us to leave and to leave immediately."

My daughter began crying. Her friend looked around wide-eyed then yelled at my daughter, "Come on we've got to get back now."

I wrapped my arms around my daughter and said, "It will be okay, God's got us. Now go pack your things." She immediately complied.

I turned to the shaking clerk, and said, "Thank you, and thank you, Jesus. Are you going to be, okay?" I asked the clerk.

"No, no I'm not. I would like permission to share one of your messages to other guests and our families here, if I may."

"Yes, by all means, go and warn."

He managed a weak smile then turned to leave. He turned back swiftly and said, "Pray for me, pray for me and the safety of those I love."

I grabbed his hands began praying. As I'm praying with this young man, I can see in the dream, my daughter's friend throwing things haphazardly into her suitcase. My daughter is doing much the same, but with a little more care. As the man leaves after praying, my daughter's friend yells at me, "You had better get packed. We've got to make that 4 pm flight."

"I'm already packed," I said, and then the scene changed.

Next Scene:

My daughter, her friend, and myself had managed to get to the plane and had been in flight for several hours on our return trip to Tennessee, I now know. Once we were in the air and about an hour away it seemed as if the internet was working fine now. We were watching the pictures of the horrible happenings of Taiwan in Japan having been attacked. Apparently, what I could piece together, Xi Jinping had made good on his threat to try to reunify Taiwan by force into the Chinese nation by invasion. Japan had stepped in to aid the nation of Taiwan and had been attacked hard themselves. We, America, were in the progress of sending military aid.

"Oh Jesus," I said as I begin to cry. "It's even as you said it would be." I hear my lovely Jesus say to me in a still small voice, though in my mind it seemed to echo and fill the plane's compartment with the gentle power, "I know my love. So now, it all begins. Be ready, my daughter, be ready to be My light, for My children must shine my light and love especially in times like these." "I know, Jesus my love, I know."

Suddenly a news report came flashing across the monitor screen, so I hurriedly put my earpieces back in. Special Report: Hawaii has been attacked. I repeat Hawaii has been attacked. The news anchor looks shaken. Then suddenly, I saw a lady rush over to him on screen with a new, important announcement, like they used to do so many years ago. Oh, my God, he said, then

quickly tried to regain his professional composure. Guam has been attacked, also. Both Hawaii and Guam are attacked.

As I begin crying again, this dream began fading from the outer edges inward. Then, I hear my lovely Jesus say from above, "You shall hear of wars and rumors of wars, but the end is not yet. No, but this is the beginning of the end. For wars and rumors of wars have been happening for many of your years now. This time, O' Babylon, O' America, you will not escape judgment's hand. War has arrived swiftly upon the wings of sorrow and change. Then I fully awoke.

**Verses:**

Matthew 24:6

Jeremiah 24:6

Jeremiah 51:1-9

Ezekiel 3:17-21

Jeremiah 51:29-33

Amos 3:7

Ezekiel 33:6-7

Psalms 9:7-10, 16-17, 20