

A Nation, A World That Forgets God End Results Dream, 2-4-22 - 3-22-22

Due to the intense graphic details of this dream I will not be giving a word for word account of all of it and I shall be leaving many things out. It's a very hard, even horrific dream, and the other details the Holy Spirit, my friend, said were not necessary to share. As I said I first had the dream on the 4th of February and have had a recurring dream I have had 3-4 times a week. Each time more being revealed by my lovely Jesus. The last night, was last night, 3-22-22.

I ask you to pray about this dream sincerely and earnestly. If Lord leads you to read or to watch it, then please do under the leading of the Holy Spirit. I have no timeline for this dream. Except it occurs in a future time. I'll be calling the lady, who I am, in the first part of the dream: "Madam." Because I have been instructed by my lovely Jesus not to identify the people in this part of the dream.

This is the dream from God of the end results for a nation and world that forgets God, our Creator.

I dreamed again Jesus. And this dream disturbed me very much and left me weeping each time I have had it. This dream occurred sometime in the future. But I'm not sure exactly when. It started with me as a woman of great importance. I know this because there is secret service all around me. The sound of sirens can be heard as I am being rushed into a Hummer-type vehicle, that looks like to me it can withstand a nuclear blast.

We begin speeding away to a secret location not far away. I hear one of the secret service men in the front passenger seat, speaking through a type of mobile phone, not a cell phone. "Here. Package secured. ETA 2 minutes."

I can feel myself panicking but I speak with a strong voice, “Is the President secure? What about the rest of our staff?” “Not all are secured,” the man solemnly replied.

The secret service man in the front seat speaks again, “Madam, hold on. This is going to get rough.” “How long? How long until we’re hit?” I ask. He replied, “ETA 3 minutes.” With this information the driver gunned the vehicle and we went speeding to a hidden location. He had taken me from my home, I remember, but my family hadn’t been there. “What about my family?” “We’re trying, madam,” the secret service man looked up at the driver and gave him a hard look. I knew they didn’t have my family secured.

This hidden location is apparently in Washington D.C.. We are here. The Hummer has stopped moving. I am practically dragged out of the vehicle in their haste to get me to safety. They actually take me through tunnels, and even though I can feel in my gut we have been hit already by a missile or a weapon but we are safe for the moment. We are deep underground and I am led to a well-stocked military government bunker. “You’ll be safe here, madam,” one of the secret service men said to me reassuringly.

Upon entering I looked around at the massive, big building and commented, “I didn’t realize these bunkers are so big.” “They’re like cities, madam. Small cities. Some are even larger than this one.” “I see,” I responded as the man led me to a briefing room. There were already well known officials sitting around a large table.

As soon as I entered I began speaking, “Situation update?”

“Madam!” A man said, as he jumped up from the table, papers in hand, and continued, “D.C. has been hit, as well as New York. But that’s not all.” “What is it, Ryan?” I ask in a sharp, hoary

voice. “Madam, some of the underground bunkers have been destroyed and some of the tunnels have collapsed underground. And people are trapped. There’s no way with all that is going on that we can get to them.”

“You mean with all our preparations, all our supplies, and careful plans, we were still not able to prevent such an atrocity from happening?” I said angrily. “No, madam. We were not. These weapons are not like the normal ones. It’s like the hand of God, Himself, had been behind each one.” I heard a voice in my dream say, “Those who have stored up their treasures and don’t know Me, this day thy soul is required for Me, from many. Then what will you do with all you have stored unworthily.”

Scene change.

I find myself floating over a map of the United States and I am alone, I know by the outline of its shape but it’s not exactly as it is now. But what I am seeing I don’t really understand. It looks like all of it is covered in white clouds and as I am looking I feel coldness. Then I hear the words, “A season of cold has begun. A time of prolonged winter. A time of coldness upon your nation and world, of winter.”

I don’t know if any other parts of the world are effected because all I am seeing is my nation. I do know that this is an abnormal cold that happens sometime after the strike upon our nation with weapons of mass destruction. Because it’s so cold and a lot of people are homeless and have no shelter, or if they do, no electricity or heat, I see many people dead. Laying everywhere. Due to the harshness of outside elements and forces.

Scene change.

It is a time when we, America, is already fighting hard our invaders: Russia, China, and others. And they have already taken

over parts of some of the states but which ones, I'm not sure. It was a time where no electrical power was available for most people everywhere. Except the upper elite and military safe zones, that were supposed to have been set up to help our people, unless you were a Christian. The rag-tag military had become judge, jury, and executioner and the decisions were made by whoever happened to be on duty that day. Our government was militarized but there was no more agencies like the CIA or FBI or any other legal systems in existence at this time.

Days were hard. The sun was scorching hot. A great difference from the prior coldness. But the nights were cold, harsh, and bitter at times. If you had a safe place to lay your head at night, you were considered blessed beyond all measure. As this dream passed before my eyes, like a movie on a big screen, I saw our once proud nation had turned into one of total lawlessness and chaos. Except for a few areas that were protected by God. Food was scarce. Disease and sickness was running rampant. Almost most of the animal life, except for the few, were gone. This is after or before Jesus returns, I'm not quite sure yet.

My eyes traveled and stopped on a large group of people. Both male and female. And I knew in this dream that they assumed because they were a large number of people, they would be safe. They were wrong. They had no choice but to lay out in the open to sleep because there were no more trees standing in this location. The bombs and missiles had taken them all out. Most of the buildings too. There was very little cover left to hide themselves with. There are many sick people among them by their appearances. Even though they had set up guards to watch and cover the perimeter, I saw another group of both men and women enter boldly into the first group's camp. They dispatched the guards with brutality. Some had knives. While others had clubs to do the job. After killing the guards, both men and women

of the second group would choose a person or two, or three, and have their way with those who had been caught unawares sleeping on the ground. It is a horrible sight to behold. It did not matter the age of the person or whether they were male or female. And the abuse continued until the everyone in the second group had decided they were done. Although each fought back valiantly even though many were sick. Both groups of people were almost savage in their actions, having taken on almost animal-like qualities, with hardly any traces left of a great civilized people among them. They all had appeared to not have bathed in a very long time. It was like the land had reverted back to the days of savagery. After the second group of people had their way with the second group, they would pick the one or ones that the was the most frightened and terrified, then they would murder them for food, with the knives because I heard them say, "they're the better eating." This in my dream, I feel, is the American people after she's been humbled and brought low. This I know is after the invasion is in full swing. America is Babylon and she is fallen.

"Oh, Jesus, this is so hard to see. Please, help me." "Daughter, you need to see. The story must be told of what happens when a nation as a whole forgets Me and refuses to return," I heard my sweet Jesus say softly.

The savagery, I know, doesn't cover all the land completely as I first thought. I see that the Christians have managed to remain civilized in their actions. And even had places to live or a shelter. God had provided for them a place of refuge. There is another group that are those still fighting the war, our invaders, the resistance fighters and what was left of the governments military. But some of them, it turns out were half savage and half civilized too.

The Christians would have a small community with their dwellings, were somehow even after the radiation from the

missiles and bombs had poisoned the land and the water, were able to still grow gardens in the areas they dwelled in. Their water was drinkable nor the food not poisoned. The rain full of radiation when it fell to the ground, it was like they were shielded with a barrier, which I call an angel barrier that filtered the rain water. I also saw the presence of trees and animals among their land. But those who had any type of food or supplies will find themselves periodically visited the military or freedom fighters, and they would take a portion for their soldiers. Then they would ask for their way to be blessed by the Christians and to pray for our now-fallen nation because they knew as long as these people were praying, even though many of these soldiers didn't believe themselves, many battles they seemed then to win. It seemed like the soldier almost feared the Christians because of the God they served, Who would perform miracles on their behalf, that they couldn't explain. And the people themselves were known to do miraculous exploits in God's Name, which is Jesus. This I knew in this dream as I watched all this displayed before my eyes. My heart is grieved and tears are in my eyes. It was like day and night, the difference in the people, those who served Jesus and those who did not. Between those who were trying to survive on their own, outside of the government safety zones and those who had been drawn together by the leading of the precious Holy Spirit. Most of the other people who had turned almost savage-like, I knew in this dream, couldn't even light a fire without lighters or matches. That is if there were any more trees for wood to be found in this area they roamed.

Scene change.

I found myself in an unknown land. So I asked my Jesus, "Where am I?" I heard His sweet voice simply say, "China." In this dream I knew they were still a land of power and military. But they were no longer those who were in control. I saw that this city that I was at still had some type of electrical power. But then I began to travel quickly through the air to a large mountainous area made

more of rocks than trees. I see, to my surprise, the top of the mountain, made of rocks, is a clearing made into an area that has been made into a flat landing. There is a constructed wall that has what I can only describe as murals, painted of: dragons, angels, ancient gods, and giants - that appeared to be worshiped as gods. The wall looked very old. I see Chinese people all dressed plainly, carrying baskets and bowls of food and drink. My eyes follow them and I saw they were headed to a nearby building that looks like an ancient temple. There are no smiles on the people carrying the food and drink. And they look as if they were in some type of zombie state. As they enter into the temple, I quickly stepped inside behind them. There are many other people already inside, so as the group I had followed continued toward the front of the room, I hid behind a column in the back where I could observe without being seen. That's when I noticed the giants. The Nephilim. In the front of the room. I see two sets, of what looks like, three thrones. Each with one set, being elevated, higher than the other. The lower set is where the giants are located. There are three of them. Each have a different appearance than the other. But the one that caught my eye is the one standing in the center, with a black head, shaped like a long-nosed dog. It is the ancient Egyptian god Anubis. He was dressed as in his pictures in ancient Egyptian clothing. The other two giants were sitting on the other thrones of this lower level. I watched as the people brought the food and drink, in their assorted baskets and bowls, and laid them on the alter that was placed below the lower level of the throne, in which these Nephilim giants were located at. Then in horror I watched the people bowed and worshipped these giants.

I noticed somehow, from the back of the room, that not all the people were in a zombie-like state. You could see in some of their eyes - fear - with a look of hatred and resentment. Also they looked hungry. I felt these poor people are being herded and force to pay homage to these giants, and call them their gods.

Although I didn't see any of the actual fallen ones, the demons, I felt the top row of the remaining three thrones belonged to them.

Scene change.

I see nothing at all. Just blackness. Suddenly, I see a piece of paper being unfolded before my eyes. And when it's laid out flat in mid-air, I notice it is a map of our world. I am now hovering over it and looking down upon the Middle East and Europe, and Asia. I start descending down. I'm not sure where I am but I have landed in front of a grand, opulent building. I have no other words to call it. But a sprawling mansion or a castle, that's bigger than anything I have ever seen on t.v. or in pictures. As I draw closer I begin to notice, that all though grand, it is adorned with gargoyles and angles. I feel myself begin to move and I pass through the front wall and begin zooming through mid-air through many rooms. Abruptly I stop. There is an eeriness to this place. And I feel great, great evil. Yet I feel compelled to look around. And I do so, cautiously. It appears that I am in a very large throne room. The flooring, I notice, is in the pattern of black and white squares, with each square alternating one from another, so that no two squares are the same color touched. Each square, I would roughly estimate to be around, a 6"x6" square, with each having a highly polished look. There on the floor laid a deep, plush red colored strip of carpet. A runner, that ran all the way up the center aisle. On each side of the red carpet runner is gold embroidered trim that surrounded, an inch wide. I think it's actually made of spun gold. That is what I feel when I look at the gold trim. My eyes follow the plush red runner, with its golden embroidery and up to a very huge, massive golden throne. And I now see it is adorned with grotesque demonic figures. Then I noticed there is a man sitting on the throne. In horror and surprise I let out a small, involuntary gasp. There sitting upon this throne, with a golden crown upon his head, is the man I know to be Antichrist that I have seen in dreams and visions since 2019. "Oh, Jesus, no," I say in a low and trembling voice. His features

are like looking into the face of pure evil. No longer held in check as the public eye cannot see him at this moment in time. We are alone and I am not sure if he can see me or sense my presence. He looks not only evil but has the appearance as if he's drunk or intoxicated by something. "What is it, Jesus? What's wrong with him? He seems eviler than before," I said softly, in a low murmur of a voice. This time my lovely Jesus responded almost immediately, these words to me, "Daughter of faith, he's drunk on his own power."

I looked at him more intently. He's sitting and looking as if he is in deep thought, when suddenly he throws his head back and begins laughing. I have heard this laugh before. And it sends chills down my spine and causes the hair on the back of my neck and on my arms to stand straight up. My breath becomes shorter and my heart beats faster. He continues to laugh. And laugh. And laugh some more. Then I hear a voice that chills me even further, deep down into my spirit; and I know it is the voice of Satan, my enemy, and Antichrist's puppet-master. These are the words he speaks to Antichrist, as I know in this dream he sits on his throne as world leader, "You have done well, my son." Causing Antichrist to laugh even harder, and harder. I feel in this dream that he is insane. He has gone mad from being so possessed by demons. Abruptly his laugh stops and I can see that his eyes still shine with intelligence and even brilliance. I can't help but think to myself that this man, regardless of who he is, must be tormenting his soul by these demons he calls friends. All of a sudden he looks directly at me and his eyes narrow into slits. There's no doubt. I know he can see me. He begins to speak to me and each word dripped with malice and hate. "Look at *my* world. The whole world grovels at my feet. Your God couldn't stop my rise to power."

I was stunned and speechless. Because I had assumed that when he hadn't addressed me, when I had first entered his

throne room, that I was unknown to his presence. I was sadly mistaken.

He speaks again smugly in his silky voice laced with deceit, "It is I, and not your Nazarene God, who rules this world. And soon I shall have every last one of your kind hunted down, tortured, and served for my dinner's guests delight." Then he begins laughing. Laughing again. This time it had almost an hysterical pitch and fervor.

"Jesus! Jesus, help me," I prayed out loud.

This made the man Antichrist, abruptly stop his laughing. His eyes narrowed once again into slits. And he gave me a cold glare. "You dare speak that Name in my throne room? I have waited a very long time to get my hands on you, personally, myself. And here you are. Your Nazarene has brought you to me and now you have no way to escape."

"Stand you ground," I hear my sweet Jesus whisper His powerful voice in my right ear. "Stand your ground. Stand in Me. This is not his full appointed time. His identity is not yet fully revealed. There is still a small amount of time left. Stand in the power of My Name Jesus, oh, daughter of faith, and the power of My Blood's covering." The sound of my lovely Jesus' voice and the reminder of where and who my power lay, caused boldness - Holy Ghost boldness, to be rising up in me, where originally fear tried to come in. Before I knew what was happening, I found myself speaking boldly to Antichrist as he sat on the grotesque golden throne. "Oh, man of sin, your full time has not fully arrived yet. You can't touch me unless my God let's down His hedge of protection, as He did with Job in the Holy Bible. I'm covered by the Blood of my precious Jesus. He brought me here and He is well able to protect me. I do not fear you because you are a puppet to Satan, your master. And my God has already defeated your master over 2,000 years ago." At the mention of Jesus'

Blood and His Name, he covered his ears knocking his crown sideways upon his head. And he screamed out loud, "DON'T SAY THAT NAME! I AM THE god OF THIS WORLD! NOT HIM! YOU WILL SHUT YOUR (blankety, blank) FACE!"

"Jesus. Jesus. Jesus. Jesus! JESUS!" I begin saying louder and louder. Over and over again. It seemed, I noticed, to cause him to writhe in pain.

"Master. Father!" I heard him cry out. "Help me!" And I knew he was crying out to Satan. But he did not answer him. He continued to cry out, almost sounding pitiful. Cries of desperation. He, satan, let Antichrist be continually tormented, while I kept speaking boldly the Name of Jesus. For I know truly to whom I belong and where my power lies. In Him. My lovely Jesus. Then I felt a hand slip into mine. And I felt electricity run through my hand and up my arm. I immediately looked up. And I saw it is my lovely Jesus, standing next to me, with His pure snow white hair. His eyes were ablaze with fiery holiness. He looked lovingly at me and said, "Come, daughter. You have seen enough of this part for tonight." I smiled a slight smile at Him and then realized there are tears in my eyes. I realized somehow through all of this, that the man Antichrist, at one time had to have been given an opportunity to accept Jesus or not. Because the Word tells us Jesus came to save all and wish that for none to perish. But he rejected my lovely Jesus and surrendered his soul to Satan. I am able to push past that evil facade he is presenting in this dream. I see a tormented soul that has rejected God's love and Jesus' eternal gift of salvation. "Please, Jesus, take me out of here."

The man Antichrist must have either seen or felt Jesus' presence when He appeared beside me, because now he is no longer on his throne but writhing on the floor as if in great pain. He is repeatedly screaming out, "Father, help me!" But no help has come for him. With a simple wave of my lovely Jesus' left nail-

scarred hand, the scene is gone. I find myself standing in the middle of my bedroom, in the apartment I currently live in. He, Jesus, is standing here with me. I am physically trembling from all that I've just seen. "Daughter of faith, what you have seen is your land to come. This is what happens to a nation who forgets Me, God. It is a fallen one. A fallen land. Yet even still you have seen how My light and My love makes a difference in how you survive. I am your nation's only hope, daughter. Pray for the quick return of your nation's people back to Me. No man knows the day or the hour of My return, not even I, but My Father. My Father only. So you must prepare yourself. Prepare your hearts, for persecution is here and is about to reach a higher degree than you have ever seen before. I have shown you hard things coming, My daughter of faith. Hard things. But should you be made to endure and see these things all come to pass yourself, then know this, you shall be able to endure and stand strong when you stay fully focused on Me, Jesus, above all else. My beloved daughter, you would not have been born and raised in such a time, unless I qualified you in Me, to stand. Now I shall return you to the future once again, for a look at your nation, containing the parts you haven't seen in the first time you were given this dream.

Scene change.

I see that once again I am back at the beginning of this dream where the two groups of people were. First group being those seeking to survive; and second group, the ones who came, used, tortured, and then partook of the people of the first groups flesh. There are still people located in this desolate, barren land. The land stinks. It smells of decay. And refuse. There's no clean water to bathe in or clean one's self up after bodily functions. Evidence of death is all around. The people in this area, though not all the same, are now gaunter and sicker than before. With many no longer even having hair on their heads. Except for some who have a tuft of hair on top of their heads here and there. I notice many of the people's flesh looks very diseased, with their flesh

missing in various places. There's other sicknesses, I can tell, but I'm not sure what they are. Some of these people's skin appears to be blackened and have bloated stomachs that remind me of a pregnant woman's stomach. While others are mere skin and bones. These people are sick and starving. "Oh, Jesus, this is terrible. Please help them," I hear myself say in this dream.

Next, I see the second group of people. The evil band of people who have different people with them also. But were not all bloated in their bellies, their stomachs, but you could still tell they are starving and sickly.

Others I see are even sicker in their bodies and barely able to move with some bleeding from their lower body cavity. When I look at some of them I see the words: "Radiation Poisoning" - above their heads, from all that had been dropped on our nation's soil and in our water sources. I noticed a sense of evilness had pervaded the land and then realized, I see no Christians. No more lights shining in this totally sin infested, lawless land, where once was my beautiful country of America. I see pagan worship, much like the earlier part of the dream in China, with the Nephilim and fallen ones being worshipped; and the knowledge that so was the Antichrist. Even ritual sacrifices of people were openly performed.

My heart is broke. I heard a voice from the heavens speak these words, which I recognize as Revelation 18:23, "And the light of a candle shall shine no more at all in thee; and the voice of the bridegroom and of the bride shall be heard no more at all in thee. Thy merchants were the great men of the earth. By your sorceries were all nations deceived."

There are other people I see with the words: "Pestilence and Disease" - over their head. Then I see those who have appeared to be mutated somehow. Some of these have visible deformities. Even with some having more than two appendages on them.

“Oh, Jesus,” I cried softly to myself. “What are these with the deformities?” This time I heard His voice say softly to Me, “All these you see are those left on the Earth who bowed down to Antichrist and taken His mark. These with the more pronounced deformities and mutations you see, are the ones who have taken the mRNA altering, DNA altering, fake vaccines that mutated their normal DNA into something no longer human. No longer mine.”

“But how did Antichrist’s mark get here in the United States and where are all the Christians? I didn’t see that.” “No, daughter of faith, you didn’t. When he, the man of sin and lawlessness, was allowed to rise to power and before he revealed his true demonic nature, he presented himself to the whole world as its savior. Through subtleties, deception, seducing words, and false peace, it was easily done. Then with what few cities remain, partially intact, the mark was offered; and in the designated military safe zones - here too. People from all over eagerly received it because of all of his great miracles and wonders performed by his false profit and himself. In a time of utter hopelessness for the unsaved, he became their god. They took his mark readily. For this mark has to be a conscious choice made by each person. Knowing that their decision would be rejecting Me forever more.”

“But what of Your children, not sure if I really want to know myself.” “Daughter of faith, they were hunted down for various reasons. Some to eat. Some for sport. Some for the thrill of killing someone. And some to exchange for food. Because Antichrist had deceived the people into believing that they were the cause of everything that had failed. So he offered food to every person who brought him one of My children. Then he would use them for his sport, by torturing and killing them in various ways. What most people didn't realize is that when they gave My children for food, they were actually getting another one of My children that had been tortured and murdered, all wrapped up in a pretty package.”

“That’s horrible. And evil, Jesus,” I cried out in horror. “Daughter of faith, at this time the man Antichrist has become possessed by Satan himself, who is the root of all sin. Why does this surprise you, when his hatred of Me is so great, that he

would do anything to My children to cause Me pain.” “I understand, Jesus,” I said sadly. “Am I finished now Jesus? Is this all that You wanted me to see?” I ask a little wearily. He smiled at me tenderly and then said softly, “No, daughter, There is more. I have been showing you these things to come over the course of these past few weeks. You must needs see the rest.” “Okay, sweet Jesus,” I said hesitantly. “But I really don’t know what could possibly be left.” “Then watch, daughter of faith,” He said.

Then there appeared before me a giant theater-style movie screen. I was drawn to look at the screen. And the scenes before me started like a movie. It displayed the title which said: “Sometime after Antichrist has desecrated the temple, the two holy Witnesses of God have already been killed prior to this, and the unmerciful hunting down of the remaining remnant of God.” “Whoa!” I thought to myself. This can’t be good. I feel this is going to be worse than what I have already seen before. I was right. I am again floating over a map of what is supposed to be America - The United States. The land form is divided in half. But it could have been before but the white-like cloud coverage may have prevented me from seeing it clearly. But I don’t know definitely. Her outline shape is not as before. As I’m looking at the map, I begin speeding downward, then stopping at different locations. I see utter and complete desolation. There’s no form of life at all. The land is reminding me of a refuse heap and I begin crying.

Crying, sobbing, and weeping all at the same time. “No, no, Jesus. Please, no,” I say out loud. “Daughter of faith, your nation’s people were warned. The future pre-told in My holy scriptures in various places, is written in Revelation chapter 17 & 18, and mentioned in Jeremiah chapter 51. Your nation of America is Babylon, written about in My scriptures. And no matter how many people try to declare it otherwise, My holy Word shall stand firm in Truth. Because I am Truth. And I am the

Word in flesh form. Daughter of faith, you must continue to look. Watch.” “Must I, Jesus,” I ask in a trembling voice. I felt His arm around my shoulder and He pulled me into His arm and hug me. As He did, I felt the pain in my heart lessen to a bearable throb as I continue now to weep softly. After a little while, because He did not rush me. I dried my eyes with the sleeve of my shirt. And He slowly released me from the hug. I felt His strength had entered me while He was holding me. And felt that now, yes, I can continue to watch the future things still to come.

I looked back now at the movie screen and suddenly the whole picture screen filled with massive armies, of all types, filled this huge area. I could tell there's about to be some kind of huge battle here. All of a sudden, I sense something in the sky. So I looked up. There, on the most magnificent white horse I did ever see, was my lovely Jesus. He was dressed in scarlet with a beautiful sword scabbard upon His thigh, that had inscribed upon it in words I could read that said, “King of kings, and Lord of lords.” His hair was snowy-white, with a regal crown that appeared to be made of many crowns on His head. But it's His face that caught my attention. I have never seen the fire in His eyes shine so brightly before. They had the appearance of blue flame but I knew burned with righteousness and holiness. The look on His face was one of power. One that said, “No more. Now it's My time to take care of this business, once and for all.” Then the sky expanded further, like a scroll being folded backwards and there appeared a Heavenly Army behind my lovely Jesus. I see the armies below preparing for battle. And just as I hear the words, “Fire!,” all over the battlefield, the scene changes again.

Scene change.

I am looking upward in the sky. Where I am at, I don't know. But I feel it is possibly after Jesus has ruled on the Earth for His thousand year reign. And I was here with Him. I say this because

I am seeing a humongous, gigantic, golden city coming out of the sky. It has gates of pearl and its foundation is made up of beautiful, precious gem stones. It is breath taking. It is gorgeous. It is home. Then I realize, I am not alone. I feel my Jesus' holy presence is beside me and I hear Him whisper to me softly, "Daughter of faith, of faith and grace, I told you it would all be worth it." And then I awoke.

Scriptures:

Cannibalism is scripture-

Lamentations 4:10

Ezekiel. 5:10

Leviticus 26:29

2 Kings 6:25-30

Lamentations. 2:20

Deuteronomy. 28:53-58

Jeremiah. 19:9

Micah 3:1-3

Isaiah 9:19-20

Psalms 9:17

Luke 12:16-21

1 Timothy 2:3-4

John 16:33

1 John 5:4-6, 19

Revelation 13:7

Revelation 18:23

Jeremiah 51:29, 37, 43

Psalms 75:7-8

Revelation chapters 13,19, 20, 22