

## **An Awake Dream of Invasion 2-4-23 to 2-17-23 & 4-25-23 4-25-23**

It began with me observing our world from space, outer space, except the earth looked more like a globe with all the lands identified with their country's names labeled upon them. Suddenly I watch as lights begin covering the whole world, representing homes and cities. The lights of civilization across our world, the earth. I watch in wonderment as the little lights cover the lands and seas, the oceans too, but the lights didn't fully cover my nation in places. All of a sudden, I begin seeing the lights go out (this is in our nation), large sections at a time in my nation of America, of those remaining lights. "What's going on?" I asked frantically, as sections of lights after lights shut off. Almost every light goes off in America. I hear from higher up in space: "Grid goes down for three days to pave the way for greater sorrows."

Then I hear a voice beside me say, "Come daughter of faith, of grace, of mercy and understanding, of wisdom, of love, of faithfulness and of joy, come with me." I turned to my right to see a shiny man, an angel with light, gray-colored wings standing next to me in space. "Oh." I say. The angel with the long dark brown hair parted to one side said simply: "Come and see." He takes me by my left hand, and we begin descending fast from the heavens of space until we land upon the earth. I am taken to different locations in which I see soldiers, what looks like Chinese soldiers coming out of various areas and locations from the ground. They're heavily armed.

"Oh, they're coming to attack us from the underground.," I exclaimed. "Yes," the angel man said, "this is the beginning of the invasion that is quickly followed by the water invasion. Many of your enemies have already arrived in your once great nation, now called Babylon by all of heaven. Some have lived here freely for years, while many have recently arrived through borders left unprotected. But daughter, it's not only Xi Jinping's Chinese forces that are here, but others as well." "Oh no! What will happen to us?." "Your nation has already been crippled, destroyed within one hour's time, as foretold by the scriptures of truth. Now, your people go into captivity's bondage for its wicked evil sins your people committed yet never repented of by asking the risen Lamb, Jesus, to forgive them. His blood could have redeemed every single soul on your world, in your nation."

"Come now, for this night you will see much again that is to occur upon your nation, the great harlot of your world, Babylon, who once was called America. But in addition, you now have the missing connection of how the invasion begins through Canada and the other areas with your nation's grid going down in most parts for three days. And with these words I find myself once again in Russia, the same as I did in mid-February of this year, dreaming but somehow still awake, in the same as before. "Oh Jesus, this is so hard. Please, O' God, please help us all."

2-14-23 This dream began when I found myself at a great seaport, more like some type of naval seaport, but it's not one of ours. Not of America, because the people are speaking in a foreign language, but I recognize it. They're speaking Russian. "Why am I here?" I hear myself ask out loud. "You are here to observe," I hear a voice say to me. "You are here to observe and record

the details of all you see, unless instructed otherwise.” I turned toward the sound of the voice and I see a man standing beside me. “Who are you?” I asked questioningly.

I felt no alarm in the man’s presence. He is by his appearance of a younger age, his eyes I see above a scarf, most of his face is covered by it. He’s dressed in a black wool heavy coat, black wool-like pants and a dark olive/green pullover sweater. I can tell he wears a white shirt underneath his sweater that’s peeking out from beneath the red and black plaid warm scarf that is wrapped around his neck to keep him warm it seems. He has a black and red woolen hat with black leather type bib made into it. It is very cold here, but I can see his whole face, nothing but green eyes beneath his brown eyebrows that match the color of his hair.

I glanced down at myself. I am, as I am in reality, and dressed much the same for cold weather, but I am wearing a dark blue down coat, and white heavy winter snow boots to keep my feet warm. I too have a scarf upon my face. I looked back-up to the man’s face and spoke these words: “But who are you? Your voice is familiar to me.” “We have spoken together before. Yes, daughter of faith, of grace, of mercy, of understanding, of wisdom, of love and faithfulness, we have.” I gasped out loud and replied, “No one calls me by that name unless you’re from heaven.”

“Daughter of heaven,” he said, “you know it is written in the holy scriptures of truth, of how man has entertained angels unaware without them knowing unless they reveal themselves at some time during this encounter.” “Yes I do.” I replied. “It’s in Hebrews 13:2.” The man replied, “Yes it is.” And then pulled down his scarf to reveal his face. Shock filled my being. It is the angel Michael. “Michael!” I exclaimed. “It is I, daughter of heaven’s court.” he replied. “But why would heaven send you to speak with someone like me, and why hide who you are from me at first?” I asked, still somewhat in surprise. “Because it is to grant you understanding. If we, the heavenly angels, can come to you in disguise to where you don’t recognize us as holy angels, then so can your enemy satan and his fallen ones. We are all created as angels, but the fallen ones can do so too. “Oh.” I replied, realizing the seriousness of this lesson just learned. Michael continue, “The ‘why’ I am sent here to you is because of the tactics and military strategies of your enemy.”

“Am I dreaming?” I ask Michael earnestly. “You are neither sleeping or dreaming, but in an awake state. Some call it a night vision, but you, O’ beloved daughter of heaven’s court, are really physically here once again.” Full comprehension filled my mind. I understand. Father God has brought me here for a reason, and it has to be of the highest importance for him to send you, an Archangel,” I said to Michael.

“It is. There are still children of the light, children who have accepted Jesus the Risen Lamb as their Savior. Your country of America will fall, daughter of heaven, but for His children’s prayers. I am to reveal to you in depth the enemy’s planned strategies against your nation of Babylon, no longer recorded as America, or the United States in heaven’s courts or its records.” “That’s not good, Michael.” I replied. “No, daughter of heaven, it’s not. But this is where your nation has fallen to, as a whole people.” he replied somberly. “Yes it has.” I replied sorrowfully.

Michael looked at me with eyes full of compassion, and placed his hand upon my right shoulder. I felt strength being renewed into my body, even through his gloves in my winter coat. "All of heaven sees the pain in your heart for your nation and its people. We see the tears you've cried over your world, for the lost souls. Such is the heart of Jesus, the Risen Lamb. He's placed within you part of His heart for His people, His creation, but it is a heavy load for a mortal being to carry." Michael said compassionately. I responded, "Yes it is. My lovely, lovely Jesus has never left me, not once, and I praise Him and love Him even more for this." "Yes, daughter of heaven. All praises to our Almighty God who sits on the throne of heaven ruling justly, and His Son Jesus, the Risen Lamb." Michael replied and His whole being began to take on a glow, a glow which I knew was the glory of God from where he had been in Father God's holy presence.

"Michael, what information do I need to obtain that Father God would send you, a head Archangel, to me to share?" "The war in the heavenlies is raging like never before, with the releasing of more and more demons and higher entities once restrained and held bound until this time of the end of days that are now upon your world. I have been sent myself so as to not have any more hindrances from this information being brought down to you, with the understanding needed." he replied in all seriousness. "That makes sense." I replied.

"Where in Russia are we?" I asked. "Vladivostak." he replied spelling it out for me. "V-L-A-D-I-V-O-S-T-A-K". I notice I now have in my hands my current journal and an ink pen. I begin writing as we talked. "Vladivostak is one of their ports in which the Russian forces shall leave from under the command of Vladimir Putin. This much you have known from your talks with the Lamb and God the Holy Ruler of all who reigns in majesty, light and love. What you didn't fully understand is what is being loaded into his vessels of war. Look, daughter of heaven, and write."

Suddenly we are watching a convoy of vehicles pull up. These vehicles are loaded with crates, metal cases, "mule packs" I hear in my spirit some are called. "What's inside them Michael?" I ask. "I will show you." he replied. Now I could see inside the closed containers. There are weapons both known and unknown that look like laser guns, laser whips, and wave generating weapons. I had a simple understanding of what I am seeing. Another has canisters, and I see the word "chemical weapons" appear before my eyes. I let out a small gasp of alarm but keep writing. I hear "mustard gas" among some of the names.

Now I see into what looks like a metal cart with hoses connected to it. It's a cold container. The people loading this container are dressed in suits that you wear from cleaning up poisonous chemical spill or dealing with an infectious disease. "They're hazmat suits, daughter of heaven." Michael spoke to me, giving me a name that will be recognized by others should I share this part of the information I am being shown. I watched and write as ship after ship of every kind, known and unknown, of war is loaded that they have chosen to use in this invasion. Now I see all terrain vehicle tanks, hover type vehicles, helicopters, super-fast jets, are loaded on some of these massive vessels. Robots, hybrid soldiers and giants. "Oh Jesus, there's so many!" I cried out. Michael placed his hand upon mine to comfort me. "Where did all these come from? Russia

has been in war with Ukraine for almost a year now. This equipment is in abundance, and I know somehow is far superior to what Putin has been using.” I exclaimed.

“They are gifts, daughter of heaven, from the fallen ones, given to Vladimir Putin, because he has been chosen to be the one to lead the attacks that shall destroy your nation within one hour’s time. He has been planning and plotting ever since he was placed into the head position over his beloved country of Russia, known as the Bear. He was well chosen by the fallen ones, and orders were given to your world’s hidden society that hides in the darkness as it tries to control and manipulate your world’s people. If not for those who have accepted Jesus the Risen Lamb into their hearts, they would have succeeded much more in some areas. But the Lamb has those who heed the Spirit of our Holy God, and will pray. As you know in the holy scriptures of Truth, your praying can, and does make a difference in the events that occur upon your world.”

I look into another container being loaded into what looks like a submarine or possibly a drone. I’m not sure what I’m seeing, so I ask the angel Michael, “What’s these devices I now see?” “Daughter of heaven, they are electro-magnetic pulse devices, also known as EMP’s. The portable ones will be used in areas of strong resistance in your nation as the invasion begins upon its soil. It is easier to repair the cell towers and other equipment needed to reestablish a connection to the AI control systems in a smaller confined designated area, than to use one on the whole nation, where their repairs or new construction will be massive, and pull much needed people and resources away for the actual invasion of your nation to continue. “Oh, I see.” I reply to him almost in tears.

I watched as handheld missiles and grenade launchers are loaded to various places. The amount of robot-like dog drones being loaded too was quite large. “Michael, is this the only port the invasion will begin from in Russia? I thought there were more.” I asked, trying to recall how many there would be in reality. “The invasion begins here in Russia, when Vladimir Putin’s combined forces leaves from the sea port, Vladivostak, another at Nakhodka and Petropavilous-Kamchatskly.” I ask sheepishly, “Michael, would you spell those for me?” “Yes daughter of faith. Nakhodka is N-A-K-H-O-D-K-A, and the other is P-E-T-R-O-P-A-V-I-L-O-U-S and K-A-M-C-H-A-T-S-K-LY.” (Those last two go together.)

“Thank you Michael.” “You are welcome daughter of heaven’s court. This will not be the use of all his vessels, for Vladimir Putin has much vessels and drones hidden beneath the seas and waters of the ocean’s deep, as well as hidden war machines, drones, vehicles, and even genetically modified superior enhanced soldiers. All beneath the earth’s crust, held and reserved for the moment at time when Putin leaves these three ports. They will join in the water the forces of Xi Jinping, the king of the east of China, together, they shall head for your United States, their destination is California.

While traveling in the waters, Putin shall signal his other waiting fleets, and soon they will leave for New York, where eventually other countries allied with him in his unholy coalition, shall join forces with Russia’s. All carrying much the same supplies as well as nephilim giants, as Putin’s

first fleet did. China will be equipped with different items but much the same. These too also, gifts from the fallen ones, to aid in the destruction of your nation.” “But why, Michael, would the fallen ones aid in our destruction when our nation has become so evil and wicked?” I asked. “Wouldn’t they rather have us spread more evil?” “Why indeed.” Michael replied. “Remember, daughter of heaven, the time of the man of sin, the antichrist, has arrived. His time is now. The strongest ruling powers of your world must be weakened, and some taken down from super power status, so he can step in and rule your world with very little resistance, from the heads of satan’s rulers still remaining in power. He brings with him peace. False peace in a world gone mad by war.” “I understand Michael.” “Yes, daughter of faith of heaven, I know you do.”

“Putin shall send forth a fleet from his port of Murmansk to New York, soon to follow with another fleet with other nations to get in together, they shall then descend on Alaska. Before Russia and China forces reach your countries they will engage in battle in the waters of your nation’s vessels, accompanied by some of your allies. This battle will not go well for your people.

Come O’ daughter of faith, of grace, of mercy, of understanding, of wisdom, of love and faithfulness, let me show you by way of map what is to come.” With these words of his I find we are traveling fast through the air with bright intense colors of magentas and purples passing by us. “What are these colors, Michael, that I’m seeing?” I asked. “Colors of the time vortex.” he replied, and then suddenly we stopped. And I find that we have entered a room, simple but beautiful.

Upon a massive crystal clear table, trimmed in delicate liquid gold sits a map of our world. It is a beautifully detailed map with mountains raised upon it. It’s a 3D lifelike map, but this map has the United States in the middle with Europe and Asia on both the East and the West, showing for me how our world’s waters connect us together. “Where are we, Michael?” I asked not recognizing this place. “This, daughter of heaven’s court, is a heavenly strategy room. It is a place for our glorious God, Supreme Ruler of all, shows me his future events to come upon your world before it is then discussed among those under my command.

“Why are you bringing me here if this is your strategy room shared by Father God?” I asked genuinely wanting to know. “O’ beloved daughter of heaven’s court, there are no secret rooms hidden in heaven, it is out of love for our great Most High God Jehovah that no one enters here unless invited. Tell me daughter of heaven, when you were brought here by command of our God Jehovah, our God most High and His Holy Son Jesus the Risen Lamb, what did you perceive?” Michael asked me, looking at me intently. “What do you mean?” I asked answering his question with one of my own. Michael smiled softly and then asked, “What did you understand in your spirit?” “I understood that Father God and Jesus, my love, loves us all the same. All were equal and the love and peace was beyond what one feels on the earth.” I replied honestly to Michael’s questions, as his eyes probe mine deeply. “Yes daughter of faith, yes. It is pure love, love beyond compare in heaven.

So, I have brought you here so that you can observe the parts I am to reveal to you as it unfolds on this map, because visuals have always helped you in the past.” “Yes, Michael, they do.” I replied, kind of surprised he would know that about me. He must have read my thoughts because he responded, “Daughter of heaven’s court, quite often I observe the earth below, when not directly in conflict or battle of some kind with the enemy. We all do. But we are here to help mankind in their fight against the enemy’s forces and helping you gather in the harvest of lost souls. We are also here to help in whatever capacity the Almighty God of Heaven, also our Father and Creator needs us to. We are in this fight together.” “That’s good to know.” I replied.

“Michael, how is it you are shorter than some of the other times we’ve talked?” He let out a soft laugh and replied, “Would it not make more sense for me to lower my original height so we can talk face to face instead of you trying to shout up to me? Our appearances can be changed and our sizes adjustable, for whatever is needed to accomplish the most holy true God Jehovah and His Son’s commands.” “Oh, well, um, thank you.” “Come now, let me show you what I have been commanded to reveal to you of what’s to come to your nation, now known as Babylon of old, as well of Babylon of the new in the halls of heaven’s courts.”

“Not all members’ activities of Putin’s coalition will I discuss at this time.” The archangel Michael waves his hand at the beautiful 3D map of our world. I watch and my eyes focus upon Russia, where there’s a great activity in the east side. Vessels, little boats, submarines and drones start pulling out away from Russia. Now I witness as a massive fleet of the same assortment starts leaving the ports of China. There are three. The port’s names are Shanghai, Hong Kong and Qingduo. “Thank you Jesus,” I whispered under my breath, “for letting me see how to spell these names.” Michael smiled at me, I keep forgetting in heaven everyone can read each other’s thoughts.

I watched on the beautiful 3D map as Russia’s fleet, though smaller, joins the Chinese fleet, to become one very large humongous attack force. Even though there’s drones and submarines under the water, I can see their outlines above the top of the waters, and on this heaven’s world map there’s actually waves in the water, actual visible waves. Suddenly, I see more activity on the far west of Russia, near Norway. The map has the current names of each country making it easier for me to know when something is occurring. I see another fleet from Russia leave the port name Murmansk. It’s not as massive of that which was headed to the United States with China. This Russian fleet appears to be headed for New York. Yes, it’s New York, because I see a flashing red X on the map with a little narrow arrow coming from the Russian fleet.

“Daughter of heaven’s court, the amount of time between each event is not to be told, only the order of what you see that I tell you to reveal.” Michael said to me with the voice of holy authority. “The rest you are to only speak of if the Lamb or His Holy Spirit moves upon you to do so.” “I understand.” I looked again at the map. There, in the waters, where China and Russia’s forces are headed to California, I see they have been intercepted by some of our vessels accompanied by some of our country’s allies. I watched as shot after shot is passed. I hear in the air a sound of a warning trying to go out to our officials and military, but it stops before the message is fully sent. “Michael, will they receive it?” I asked in alarm. “Yes they will receive it,

but it will not be enough warning to do your nation good. But in this the God Jehovah Most High is still showing mercy and compassion, for if not for the prayers prayed for the people in the war vessels, all would perish, and no warning would have went out at all." I watched in horror, as some of the little ships and submarines caught on fire and sank on the 3D map. Fire and smoke were rising from the areas. The Chinese and Russian fleets begin pulling away from the wounded vessels left dead or badly crippled in the waters. Our enemies have sustained some damage but not like our vessels.

All of our sudden my attention is drawn to the state of California. I see activity on the border between it and Mexico. I see Mexican soldiers, tanks and vehicles of all types plus air support, and begin fighting at a place in California called El Centro. It looks like the county name is Imperial City. I see a crown by its name. Yes, it's Imperial City. The Mexican soldiers are attacking here from a city called Mexicali. They're also crossing into the borders at a location called Calexico and others.

The Russian second fleet is heading still toward New York, but now I see another Russian fleet leaving the ports of Vladivostak and Petropavlovsk-Kamchatskly with the majority of the fleets coming from the latter. But wait, I see more vessels joining the Russians third fleet. "Michael," I ask, "what countries have joined the Russians third fleet?" "Including footman, equipment and weapons, it is out of the countries of France, Germany and Denmark." "Oh." I said feeling my heart sink. "Daughter of heaven's court, Putin has been wooing the other countries to rise against your nation in secret for some time now. This is a coalition that he has formed."

I watch as I realize they're heading to Alaska. There are now some of our U.S vessels of war heading out into the waters, a great battle ensues at an area called the Bering Strait. A flash catches my eyes and apparently, before or after Russia's third fleet arrives near Alaska, China and Russia's combined forces arrive near the area in California which is called San Francisco, and the battle is already ensuing. But the enemy's forces have grown, because other countries are in the water. Actually, they appear to be at first under the water, and these are not only in the San Francisco area, they surface to above water and send out missiles.

I see the San Francisco bridge erupt and fall in a fireball into the waters below. They're here to take out specific targets such as bridges and freeways. "What country is this, Michael? Aiding Russia and China?" I asked in surprise of how strategically and precise this invasion of our country of America had been planned. "This is the country of Iran." he responded, and now their country's flag was evident on their vessels.

It looks like also Putin's second fleet has reached New York as battle fires and smoke begin bellowing into the air above. It is not alone though. Other countries are with him. That's all I can say about them. I begin seeing more Iranian ships arrive at New York, soon accompanied by another nation. I see under the water vessels that say "North Korea" on them. I ask the archangel Michael, "Did our country know of all these enemy vessels? Were we aware they had them?" "Yes and no." he responded quickly. "Most of these vessels were hidden under the waters in caverns deep, in the oceans and earth beneath."

There's a slight pause on the map and I feel some amount of time, more so than the other times has transpired. Now the waters heading to the United States is another massive fleet coming up from the south in the ocean. It is the Atlantic. These ships come from Venezuela, Brazil and Colombia. I feel the majority of their fleet is provided from the fallen ones and was hidden from most of the world until this moment of time. As they continue at a steady pace, I see or hear no alarms, they are headed for the state of Virginia.

"Michael, why would they delay attacking and invading Virginia, instead of hitting her at first? Aren't there a lot of military bases here?" "Yes," he replied, but your enemy knows well a cry will go up from New York for help and the military bases of Virginia will respond, causing Virginia to be emptied of much of its soldiers and artillery fire. It is a brilliant piece of strategy to weaken it by your loyalty to one another, even before they arrive at Norfolk. Vladimir Putin is a brilliant strategist, but remember he has the spirit of antichrist inside him as well as being instructed by antichrist, the man of sin, who's now already actively controlling your world, secretly with the aid of the fallen ones, the angels that fell from heaven and your world's hidden secret society that's not so hidden anymore." There is a massive battle being fought at Virginia in the waters and the land, both.

I see activity now in Mexico, in a far southern region. There are ships and vessels leaving from the Mexican "Veracruz Port" it says, the map displays clearly for me to see. They are headed for Florida. The spot marked "X" on Florida says "manatee". "Why that port Michael?" I ask out of curiosity. "Daughter of heaven, this port can handle easier the massive equipment and military vehicles needed for the invasion. This is why this port is chosen. Putin will move to cut off the ports so no supplies can come easily into your country to aid your people. This, daughter of heaven, is all you can share of what I have shown you this day.

So, do not forget, though access from Canada from the hidden underground tunnel labyrinth system shall also occur, because although you sounded the warning, even calling by name the entry points, your country's military officials have been slack on following up on this issue. These underground tunnels run under your nation and world, and many Chinese soldiers are already in underground locations awaiting their orders to invade." Michael replies somberly.

"But Michael, I shared the dream." "Yes daughter of faith, you did, you are blameless in what follows." "That still doesn't make me feel much better" I replied." feeling great pain and sorrow in my heart. "That is because you have a heart of love and compassion like that of the mighty God of Heaven Jehovah and His Son the Risen Lamb, Jesus the Christ. Great rejoicing rang throughout heaven's halls when every day you appeared by prayer in the throne room of heaven, asking to be given a heart of unconditional love for all people and accompanied by forgiveness for all." "You're right Michael, I've been praying that as part of my prayers since late 2018." I replied in honesty. "Yes," he replied, "I know."

"These places that the Chinese will invade from Canada, are they still the same or has anything changed by our God's hand of mercy or judgment?" "They still remain the same at this point of time." Michael replied. I watched as green "X's" begin appearing now on the 3D map of our



world. They are in Maine: St. Francis and Chesuncook; Dover in Ohio; in New York: Messina and Rochester. There's Greenberg in Pennsylvania; Harlingen, Kentucky; Iron Mountain in Wisconsin; and Michigan-an area called Salt St. Marie. I looked at Michael the archangel with understanding, even though my heart is breaking. "They will be after the nuclear strikes. Oh Jesus, what will be left of our beautiful country?" I hear my lovely Jesus respond, "She has since lost her beauty when she began committing her whoredoms against Me, her Savior and God."

I turned swiftly to see my lovely Jesus has entered the strategy room. I watch as Michael bows his head in holy reverence to my beloved Savior. "Jesus!" I said. I rushed over to Him and throw myself into His arms, and finally began crying, unable to hold back the tears of pain, in all I had seen. I feel His arms go around me tenderly, and He holds me until my sobbing subsides, then He speaks soothingly to me in love but also in firmness. "Little daughter, it was needful for you to see this so you can warn My people out of love. My children, who are growing close to Me even now before these things occur, can now be praying in advance for all these things coming to your nation."

He gently pushed me partly away to look into my eyes. "Daughter of mine, My love, not all who profess to know and love Me are ready for My soon coming return. In fact, many shall be left to face all this. You can be praying now for these people, your brothers and sisters in Me who have somehow lost their way as they try to live close to Me and in the world at the same time. Tell My people what's coming, as a testimony of My faithfulness, of those who will return to Me, and those who will come too in your war ravaged world. I say again, no matter how the enemy is allowed to invade and conquer your nation, not one state will become fully occupied by your invaders. An impossibility if not for My merciful hand, even in times of great judgment to your world and nation."

"Little daughter, be brave in Me. Your Physical enemies have you surrounded, but do not fear, for I have them surrounded by ten thousands and thousands of flaming chariots and My warrior angels. You are protected by My hands, so speak boldly and freely only that which you have been given the freedom to speak. The rest I shall reveal to you shortly, what must be done with it, but in the meanwhile, be praying about all these things I have revealed to you by My faithful angel Michael in this awake dream, in this last night of three, for it to be given to you (14-17)." "I understand, thank you Jesus my love." While still being held in His arms, Jesus looked at me with tender love and spoke softly these words to me, "Now My little warrior daughter, it's time to awake." I felt His breath upon my face, and I found myself sitting upright in my bed once again, all alone. I burst into tears once again. I hear from the heavens, "It's ok little daughter, I've got you. I've got you in My arms always."

### **Verses**

John 14:26

2 Corinthians 13:1

Hebrews 13:2

Jeremiah 6:4-5

Jeremiah 5:9

Ezekiel 7

Psalms 78:61-62

Isaiah 22:17

Jeremiah 15:2

Jeremiah 22:7-9; 21-22

Lamentations 8:14

Hosea 12:10

Amos 3:7

Hosea 4:6

Ezekiel 24:13-14

Psalms 33:9