

The Wielder & The Food Warning Dream 5-9-23@ 5:18am & 7:23am

I dreamed this dream twice. The first time around 5:18 am. When I awoke I was at a big house with other people. I was an investigative reporter, and I was visiting here to investigate strange happenings that were supposed to be occurring. The house is beautiful with huge sliding glass windows that faced into a forest. The occupants of this house was a family of four, a man, his wife and their two children. A teenage brown haired, fair skinned daughter, and their son who appeared a few years younger, as if somewhere in the age of 12-13 years old. I was standing in front of the sliding glass door with the teenage girl beside me and she was talking excitedly while pointing to the outside. Before you reach the forest there is an area of flat ground with some rocks, evident, that forms a nice large backyard. But then, it turns into a sloping hill that leads into the forest. This ground appears dry and barren, but the trees still have green foliage upon them. The teenage girl, named Casey was saying, "Look! There! It moved again!" With my eyes trained to observe, I noticed quickly what she was speaking of. There was movement in the rocks leading up to the forest, but it didn't appear as if it was caused by a vibration caused from something beneath the soil.

It was a small patch of rocks that was moving as if jumping ever so slightly (and then actually got progressively more). Once you fix your eyes upon them it was easy to see. "Bill," I say out loud calling to my young long haired camera man, whose thick healthy hair hung down to around the bottom of his neck with some natural curl to it, "get this on camera!" He immediately came forward and began filming the rocks that were now dancing around on the ground, as if greatly agitated. Suddenly, they begin hovering in the air several inches from the ground. "Mom, it's doing it again!" Casey cried out, "they're floating in the air again." "I don't like this." I heard Casey's mom say in reply. Then she asked me, "Are you getting this on camera?" Bill, the camera man, gave a slight nod of his head as I glanced over to see if he was recording it. "Yes ma'am." I answered her back.

A slight movement in the trees behind the dancing floating rocks caught my attention. Thinking it might be an animal of some sort, I glance briefly up in that direction. Nothing. I saw nothing. My attention immediately returned to the rocks,

but then the investigative instinct in my mind kicked in and I felt led in my spirit to take another look where the slight movement had caught my eyes. “Bill,” I said in a slow, low voice, “move your camera slowly upward to where it’s not visibly noticeable that you’re moving it, to the figure inside the woods dressed with the long black robe.” Bill obeyed without hesitation but Casey let out a gasp and said, “Mom! There’s someone in the woods!” “What?!” her mom replied in shock, as she laid down the knife and potatoes she was peeling, to walk over to the big double glass doors. I felt as if the dark-clad figure didn’t know we had seen them because the rocks began dancing even faster. I watched the dark-robed person’s hands moving, and I realized this person was behind the dancing rocks.

He was controlling them somehow with his thoughts and motions. “Oh Jesus.” I spoke out loud, and the moment I did I could feel the intense gaze of the hatred from the black robe-clad figure focus upon me. This is a magic wielder, I thought to myself, and he knows I have spoken my Lord’s name out loud. “What’s he doing?” Casey asked out loud, as the person raised their hand upward toward the sky. I hear the Holy Spirit speak to me softly yet urgently, “Move away from the door, daughter.” “Move!” I yelled out instinctively, knowing well the voice of my God’s Spirit, my trusted dearest friend. Without hesitation everyone scrambled away from the door. I looked back at the door as I rushed away in time to see brown-reddish rocks coming hurling at the glass door where I had currently been standing.

A loud crash we heard as the rock impacted the door, and glass shattered, and the door on the right seemed to explode upon its impact. Apparently, this black-clad individual doesn’t like my Holy Jesus, my Savior and friend. I turned to everyone and asked, “Are you alright?” I see Bill is again trying to record any activity he might be able to record, for us to watch and study later, Lord willing if it’s possible. I noticed the black-robed figure is still standing in the forest. I walk to the shattered door. With only its frames still standing, and stare boldly at this person. They stand still for a moment, then slowly raised their hand pointing it directly at me. I don’t flinch. He doesn’t scare me. The figure then slowly moves his arm to the right, and then stops in the direction of the road that leads away from the beautiful house.

Apparently, I have just been warned to leave. I look hard at the person for a moment, then place my hands upon my hips. “Jesus, what do you want me to do? This devil’s riff-raff has just told me to leave. Do we stay and fight or is this a battle meant for another of your children?” Even though my eyes never leave the robe figure, I see expressions of shock on the mother and her daughter. Bill on the other hand, is very seriously praying silently, his mouth moving ever so slightly with his prayer. “Daughter,” I hear my lovely Jesus say to me softly yet firmly, “you have been called here to fight, stand in My authority, in My name, and take care of My kingdom’s business.” “Alright, Jesus, my love,” I said softly, “all for your glory.” Then I bellowed out in a loud voice, “In Jesus name, I command you to leave and not return!” The figure in black dropped their hand immediately as their body shook at the mention of Jesus’ name. I hear a man’s voice begin speaking, “You will regret this, child of the Nazarene. You don’t know what you’re dealing with. We will not only kill you, we will kill the cameraman inside, in a very gruesome way. This family is ours. We lay claim to them by ancestral rights.”

“In Jesus name, you can’t have them! Nor can you kill us, we are bought and paid for by the holy Blood of Jesus Christ. You devil scum in Jesus’ name, by orders of the King, the King of all glory, you leave here and you leave NOW! And I bind the devil spirits inside you so you can’t speak another word, nor resist any longer from leaving here. Oh yes, by the way, I hereby command there be no satanic retaliation for what I have done here today, on any of my family, friends, acquaintances, myself, such people, for me stopping you, or on this family, and commanding you to leave. I do all this in King Jesus’ name. Jesus Christ, ruler of all’s name! Now be gone!” I watched as he glared at me from underneath his robe’s hood. I couldn’t see his eyes visibly, but I felt the hatred. I could though see the struggle he had in his body to try to stay and give me this glare, but he couldn’t resist the power of Jesus’ name when spoken by someone who understands the true authority and worth in Him, their worth in Jesus.

“Argh.” he said almost as if in great pain, then he turned and ran into the forest and quickly ran out of sight. I lifted my hands toward heaven and began thanking and praising sweet Jesus, our lovely, lovely Jesus for helping us. I looked around at Casey and her mom and then asked quickly, “Are you ok?” Casey’s mom was

holding Casey protectively in her arms as if trying to shield her from the black robe man. Neither one spoke a word, as if they were still stunned by all that had occurred. “Bill, are you ok?” realizing Casey and her mom needed a moment of time to collect themselves after all that had occurred. “Yeah, yeah thanks to Jesus I am!” I watch as he slowly lowered the camera, off his shoulders. “Did you record it Bill?” I asked knowing it might have valuable information to possibly help us identify who we are dealing with in our enemy’s army. “I did, Vicki.” he replied. “Let’s play over the film, the recording now, Bill, in Jesus’ name so that it is not erased, or any damage can be done to it if the Lord Jesus deems it necessary to help us in this fight.” “Agreed.” Bill replied, and we came together in a quick yet powerful prayer asking Father God in Jesus name, to keep the videos’ recording and sound safe and commanding all demonic assignments against it canceled.

As we finished, we all heard the sound of a vehicle drive up to the beautiful house. I look quickly to Casey’s mom, our eyes met momentarily. “That sounds like Joey’s car, Brad should be with him.” Casey’s mom said. Casey moves out of the protective arms of her mother and walks over to the door. “Wow. That was intense.” she finally says. “Yes it was.” Bill the cameraman replied, just as we heard people enter the house from the other room. “Hello.” a man’s voice speaks, “Where’s everyone at?” “I’m in the kitchen,” Casey’s mom replies, “we’re in here Joey.” her voice is still somewhat shaky. The sound of it must have alerted Joey and Brad that something was not quite right, because they immediately came quickly into the kitchen-dining room area where the double doors were located. “What happened?!” young Brad cries out, as Joey asked upon seeing the shattered glass door, “Are you ok?” “We are now.” Casey’s mom replied. “What happened Beth? And who are these people? Are you and Casey ok?” So Casey’s mom’s name is Beth, I realized, until this moment I was not even aware of her name in this dream. “We are fine now, and this is a reporter and a cameraman we had contacted about the strange anomaly of the dancing rocks outside, as well as the other strange happenings that we have seen here. “This is Bill,” she pointed to the young cameraman, “and Vicki.” as she pointed to me. Bill and I smiled and said our short hellos.

“What happened?” I hear Brad ask his sister Casey excitedly, “It seemed I missed all the excitement and fun.” Casey responded in loving but tolerant voice to her young sibling Brad, “It wasn’t fun at all. There was a man here behind the dancing rocks.” “A man?!” Joey, the dad, said looking quickly to his wife Beth for confirmation on what his daughter Casey just said. “There was a man dressed in a long black robe that apparently was controlling the dancing rocks somehow. I think it was by magic, because when Vicki here said ‘Oh Jesus’ upon noticing the man, he lifted his hands up and a rock came flying at the door in her direction, which shattered the door.” Beth said. Bill said quickly, “But no one was hurt.” “Then where did the man in the black go?” Joey asked incredulously. Casey spoke up quickly as she pointed her finger at me, “She made him leave by speaking the name of Jesus Christ.” “She did what?!” Joey exclaimed in surprise. “She commanded him to leave in Jesus’ name. Oh, and also made him to shut his mouth after he threatened us,” Casey continued. “He did WHAT?!” Joey asked in great surprise. “I’m calling the police.” Joey declared, as he pulled out his cellphone from his back pocket. “Should I clean up the glass?” Beth asked her husband as he was looking for the number of the local police department. “No, leave it be for them to take pictures and to gather their evidence when they come. Also, we need to take pictures of our own.”

Casey spoke up, “Bill recorded the whole thing.” Joey looked over at Bill and asked, “Did you?” “Yes sir, I did.” “The police will most likely want to take a look at your video.” Joey said to Bill. “Bill,” I said quickly, “we will need to make a copy for ourselves because the police may seize your video as evidence.” “You’re right, Vicki. Let’s do it now.” Bill replied.

And then the scene changed.

It is the next day: and the police, I knew had come out, taken our statements and not only seized the video of the black-robed man and the dancing rocks, but also seized Bill’s camera as well, leaving us with the knowing if anything else happened, the police didn’t want it recorded. We knew then, Bill and I, that we couldn’t trust the police here, and they could be tied in somehow with the black robe magic wielders and those he is in part of. The small family had gathered in the living room with us, as we discussed what had occurred and how the man has

supernaturally thrown the rocks. I knew we had been able to convert the film to a video disk in the news truck that Bill drives everywhere we go. I had my own vehicle I drove separately at times in case my lovely Jesus calls me to be alone or to go somewhere by myself. I knew all this already going into the dream. It was just a knowing of these things. “What did the man mean when he said ‘my family is theirs by ancestral rights’? The police officer didn’t seem to know.” Joey was saying. “More like didn’t *want* to say.” Bill interjected. “But why would he not tell us?” Joey asked. I spoke up, “It’s either because these people, the magic wielders and yielders have either threatened them and/or their families, or they’re in league with them.” I said quickly, “That’s always a possibility Joey, with all the corruption we see in our world today.”

“Yes it is, but what’s an ancestral right? Vicky, you and Bill know, don’t you?” Joey asked. I looked at Bill, then asked quickly in low voice but where all could hear, “Jesus my love, do we speak or do we refrain from revealing what you have taught us in this battle for lost souls of men?” Joey was looking at me strangely, Brad and Casey were sitting quietly on the floor, knowing even though they were of a younger age, the importance of what was being discussed. I hear my lovely Jesus respond softly to me, “You are here to help. You are here to reveal the enemy’s strategies, plans and devices, but most importantly you are here to lead some closer to me and the others to know me. Begin always with prayer little daughter of mine.” “Thank you Jesus.” I replied softly.

Joey was wondering who I was openly conversing with. “We will tell you what we can Joey, as the Holy Spirit leads, but first Bill and I are going to pray. Those of you who know Jesus as your savior please pray too.” We bow our heads, Bill, Beth and I. Joey is stunned to see his wife’s head bowed, then he sees his daughter Casey bow her head in prayer too. Brad looks up at his dad as if asking, ‘what do I do?’ Slowly Joey bows his head, even though he prayed not a word. Young Brad followed soon after his dad, bowing his head too as we prayed. After we prayed, I said, “Holy Spirit, lead me in what to say and how to say it, so all will understand, please, in Jesus name.” I looked at Bill, who gave me an encouraging smile. “Ok. Here’s what we can tell you. This man robed in black was using magic, witchcraft, demon power. It’s all the same, just different names. He is what is known as a

wielder. This is how though satan used supernatural powers, demonic powers through the dancing rocks to try to bewitch you, to gain access into your lives by subtleties.” I said quickly. “But how does that give them ancestral rights to my family?” Joey asked. “Beth, did you do something?” he asked his wife.

Beth looked back at her husband with shock, and a little hurt now showing in her face as she responded, “No Joey, I didn’t do anything that I know of.” and she looked away quickly and I could see tears had formed in the corner of her eyes, but she was able to hold them back from coming forth any further. “Wait,” I said quickly, “this is not anything that either of you have done. If it is ancestral, it’s something that one of your ancestors have done.” “Like who?” Beth asks now fully composed once again. Bill spoke up and said, “It can be a parent, a grandparent or even going further back into your ancestor’s history, their family line.” “But how would something that’s connected to one of our ancestors affect us now? Specially if they are dead?” Joey asked struggling to understand the information fully. “Let me see if I can explain clearly by first providing a little lesson.” I replied, and then said, “Holy Spirit, my sweet dear friend, lead me on how to explain this for all to understand, in Jesus lovely name, I pray and ask.” “I will, daughter of faith.” I heard my sweet friend Holy Spirit reply in a soft but authoritative voice.

“Ok. Let’s first start with this. For every action there’s a reaction. If you take a rock and cast it into a body of water, that action causes more actions to occur in the form of ripples inside the water. These ripples shall continue until their reaction loses its power, or it reaches the edge of the water’s bank. This is the same in the supernatural, or the spirit realm in our ancestral lines.” “How so?” Beth asked. I could tell they were all understanding so far. “Thank you Holy Spirit.” I whisper softly to myself. I felt myself wrapped in a warm feeling, and I knew my friend Holy Spirit had just wrapped His arms around me in a reassuring hug. So I continued, “What we are dealing with is an ancestral curse.” “A what?!” Beth and Joey exclaimed, even the kids. I heard young Brad cry out, “I don’t wanna be cursed!” Beth responded, “But I have accepted Jesus as my Savior, how can there be a curse upon me?” Casey interjected, “Yes, me too! How’s it possible when Jesus’ blood has saved us?” Joey was just staring wild-eyed waiting to hear hopefully a plausible explanation. I heard Bill say to the ladies, “You don’t

understand, the generational curse and ancestral curse may affect your lives, but not your salvation. When you accept Jesus as your Savior then your soul is saved, you are one of His children now, you're even redeemed from the curse of sin and death, but what Vicki is talking about is covenants, oaths, agreements, even done in blood made by someone in your family line that brought this curse upon your family line."

"But we can't help that." Joey exclaimed. "No, you can't," I replied, "but now that you're aware of it, it can be removed through Jesus' name alone. But here's the thing Joey, we can only lead Beth and Casey in a prayer to do this since they have accepted Jesus as their savior. Brad and you have not as of yet, so thereby satan still has legal rights, not only through whatever agreement or agreements were made throughout your family's history, he's still legally master over your soul. It's either you serve Jesus, or you serve satan. You can't serve them both, and not making a choice automatically places you under satan's control." "You can break this curse upon us that gave this black-robed magic wielder his alleged rights to my family?" "Not me Joey, but Jesus. It all has to be done in Jesus' name, and only by those who have true repentance from their sins. It's all Jesus." "My grandmother used to sit in her rocker on her front porch, telling me about Jesus and how He died for our sins on Calvary. She even took me to church with her," her son Joey said somberly, "but after she died, I determined I want no part of this Jesus who supposedly loves us so much but still let her die."

"We all die, Joey. The Bible tells us that it is appointed unto us once to die, then after this the judgement, in Hebrews chapter 9 verse 27." I said softly but firmly, "Psalms 116:15 says, 'precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints'. This is because now their trials and struggles are over, and they now get to be with Him, with Jesus forever." "But how does this pertain to our situation here?" Joey asked. Bill replied, "Joey, man, we can't cancel the curse or the oaths that's been made by your ancestors unless you have accepted Jesus as your savior." "I want Jesus!" Brad yelled out as Casey wrapped her arms around her little brother. I smiled at Brad and then asked softly, "Do you understand what it means when you ask Jesus into your heart, Brad." "Yes, Casey's been talking to me about it. It's when I ask Jesus to come into my heart and to forgive me for all the bad things I've

done, just like when I ask her to forgive me when I do something bad to her. But He will wash them away by His blood. I'm not sure how His blood does it, but it changed Casey from a mean old sister to the nice one she is today." I had to laugh, despite the seriousness of this matter.

"That's what Jesus does, Brad, He changes people for the good. He washes all the bad things we've done, which is called sin, and gives us a new, clean heart where we are good through Him, and no longer bad in our actions and deeds." I said reassuringly. "Oh, and if you make a mistake," Casey said, "you can just ask Jesus to forgive you again, and He does, Brad!" And then Brad had a satisfied smile on his face, in that he had understood all his older sister Casey had been sharing with him. "Brad, if you know all this," I asked, "then why haven't you already asked Jesus into your heart and asked Him to forgive you?" "Well," Brad said with a small smile, "I wasn't sure if I had to ask Him in a certain way, and I was afraid I would do it wrong." Beth interjected, "Oh Brad honey there's no wrong way to ask Jesus into your heart, as long as you mean what you were saying." "Really?!" Brad said in surprise, "Then let's do it!" he exclaimed. I looked over at Joey, and noticed his eyes were cast down to the ground. "How about you, Joey?" I asked. "Are you tired of running from Jesus? Can't you feel Him tugging at your heart's door?" He didn't answer right away, but then he slowly raised his head upward, he had tears in his eyes.

"Yes. Yes, I am. I wanna ask Jesus into my heart and I want Him to show me, show us how to protect us from these claims of rights through generational curses, through ancestral rights on my family." "Ok," I said, "then pray this prayer after me, Joey and Brad." I notice there are tears in Beth and Casey's eyes, even Bill my cameraman's eyes have reddened, as we realize once again souls would be rescued from satan's cruel bondage. "Dear Jesus, speak to my heart. Change the unchangeable in me, forgive me of all my sins. Wash me clean. I believe you came to this earth by holy virgin birth, you gave your life dying on the cross for me, then you rose three days later so I could go free and be saved. I ask your Holy Spirit to come in, I receive Him, and I profess you Jesus right now that you are my savior, amen." As they finished praying this prayer, the love of Jesus filled the room. Casey and Brad got up just as Joey and Beth did, and the family hugged

themselves there in the living room. I looked at Bill, who had his hands raised toward heaven giving thanks to Jesus for these precious souls who have just been saved. The family separated and Joey looked at Bill and me and asked, “How can we thank you?” “You don’t. You thank our lovely Jesus.” I replied, “But we do need now to pray and break any ancestral generational curses, rights, so satan will not have any more legal rights into your life.”

“You’re right.” Joey replied, and Beth disengaged herself from her children to walk closer so we could all pray together. “Joey, Beth,” I said, “when you break these curses, these agreements, blood oaths, covenants and such like, then your children will be free as well from what is broken. Do you understand?” I asked. “Yes.” they replied with genuine smiles, the love of Jesus shining upon the faces of the small family of four. “Okay, let’s begin. Repeat after me: In Jesus name, I break every type of oath, blood oath, covenant, agreement or things of such like, things that upon my ancestral line by prior family members all the way back to Adam and Eve. I remove any pollutants, seeds, roots of witchcraft, demonic powers and any such like also, in Jesus mighty name, that’s been planted into my life through prior family members’ actions including plantations and deposits of anything demonic. I renounce satan’s legal rights to my life and family. I ask the Holy Spirit and Jesus’ bloods to remove any traces of residue in my life, in our lives, that satan being the deceiver might attempt to leave. In Jesus name I break all legal rights, I dismantle all attacks, I break all contracts made against me and my family in any form, way or fashion spoken or unspoken, past, present and future, in Jesus’ name, I am Free!” “Wow!” Joey said, “it feels like a weight has lifted off my heart and shoulders!” “Mine too!” Beth replied. “Are we free?” Beth asked. “Yes,” Bill responded, “because who the son sets free is free indeed.”

And then the scene changed again.

I found myself as an observer, and I appear to be in a cavern of some type. It’s hot, so very hot here. I notice the cavern is actually some type of room. (It’s underground.) My eyes focused on a long black-robed figure walking into this

room from the left. He has his head bowed, and he appears almost as if to be shaking. I hear an evil voice from the right come booming from the shadows, “Why have you been brought down here to me? Why are you here when anyone else could have given me your report?” I heard the black-robed man respond in an almost human voice, “My lord satan, they insisted I bring the report myself.” I heard the image in the shadow bellow out in rage, “So you have failed?! The family is lost, you worthless...” -(sensored cussing)- he said that, although of a Babylonian language, or something older. (I understood it was a curse because he was cussing.) “It was a simple ancestral curse, planted generations ahead of their time.”

“Please master, they had help.” I heard satan roar out enraged, “You are WORTHLESS!” I saw the horned head of satan emerge fully with his right arm out of the shadows, then he grabbed the black-robed figure in one hand and squeezed his body. I heard the man scream as his bones cracked beneath him from the force of satan’s grip. I watch in horror as he flung the already limp body against the cavern wall. It fell in a heap on the floor, “You, you son of God! You filthy Nazarene!”

And then the scene changed (that goes into a different dream)

I am in a large crowded room with hungry people. There’s people of all ages and nationalities, but they’re all dressed as if what I would call those of poor or medium class. There were not any rich, famous or wealthy here that I could tell. I see one large dish on a round table that was to feed the whole multitude. It was a solid wide rectangular dish that had a stand made into it. On top of it was a matching lid. As I’m watching, I see the lid being raised, and I see it is soup. Everybody is so hungry. There are bowls everywhere now, that have appeared on all the other tables. As I look into the soup, I see round human eyeballs and black shiny pieces of metal floating inside it and other things I’m not sure of what it is. “It’s tainted!” I hear myself say, but no one cares. Then from the heaven I hear a voice say, “Many things are now in the food, a little trace of this, a little of that. Did I not warn my people to pray over their food? Did I not warn you to not be ignorant of the enemy’s devices in a time when seeking Me will reveal to you the truth of all hidden things?”

Then I awoke.

Verses

Romans 6:14

Proverbs 18:21

John 3:16

James 3:10

Isaiah 49:24-26

John 8:36

Hebrews 9:27

Psalms 116:15

Exodus 22:18

Deuteronomy 18:10

Isaiah 8:19

Revelation 21:8

Leviticus 19:26-32

Leviticus 20:27

Amos 3:7-8