

The Bio-Chip Dream 10-18-22 to 10-19-22

Jesus my love I did so dream again. I prayed immediately if this is not from you then please erase it from my memory, but if it's from you then bring it back even stronger as John 14:26 and 1 John 2:27 say the Holy Spirit will do if something is spoken from you. Jesus. It's just as vivid as if I am sitting in front of a mega theater screen. In addition, I dreamed it two consecutive nights in a row again. So, now lovely Jesus and through Holy Spirit, your Spirit I have in me, I write this dream down.

It begins with me in a long room, a home, but one filled with ceiling to floor windows on one side. It was almost like what a sunroom would have. I could see the roll-up typed shades of white above each window. There are five in total, and all the blinds are open.

I can see outside the grass is green and there are children playing to the right of the windows. But it's the trees, the mountain trees that catch my attention. I let out a small gasp at the beauty of these mountains that if needed, I could run into them for any reason.

I find myself turning around to observe the interior of the room I'm in more closely and I realize I am not alone in here. There, laying on a bed that's sitting against the right wall with its headboard against the wall is my eldest sister. She is resting, but not sleeping. She is in this dream as she is currently in reality. My eyes then caught the metal, yellow patio furniture in this room and I didn't seem the least bit surprised to see it here. But neither did I seem surprised to see my sister lying in a bed here either.

I see two doors leading out of the beautiful sunroom. There's one on the left and the other on the right on the opposite wall of the glass windows. The door closest to my sister I knew somehow is the direction one would come from having entered through the front door of this house and the other led you through more rooms and eventually to the back door exit. I knew this was for safety purposes since no outside door had been built into this particular room.

I am about mid room facing the direction of the windows still gazing outside when I hear someone enter the room. I turned to look and so did my sister. There are now two women who have entered our room. Both are casually dressed.

The one is of an athletic, slender build wearing light-colored blue jeans that flare slightly out at the ankles and a white pullover V-neck shirt that has hot pink large roses in groups of two spaced widely apart. When I look at her dark tan skin and long black hair that reaches a little past the top of her shoulders, I feel, I know she is of Puerto Rican nationality.

She wears her hair parted in the middle and it has a slight wave on both sides around her neck region going inward toward her face. Her eyes are so dark brown, they seemed almost black in color. I felt she was of some importance in this dream and took good notice of her.

The other lady, also dark-headed with hair darker brown than black, was of a lighter fair skin complexion. She wore her hair pulled back in a loose ponytail and then put it further into a floppy bun as I call it.

She is a heavier set woman also in blue jeans, but hers are straight legged and I see bright pink and white flip flop shoes adorning her feet. She is also wearing a dull, spring green, short

sleeved, round neck pullover type shirt. I was a little surprised to see them both standing together by the door inside the room, but not surprised by who they were as if I knew them or knew of them.

I find my attention is drawn to what's in the hand of the first Puerto Rican lady that she is holding as if not wanting it to be fully seen by the side of her right leg. Yet, also not trying to hide it from our view.

It's a stick! A metal stick of some type. I start to look away when I hear my lovely Jesus whisper to me. "Take another look at the electronic stick in her hand and take notice!" The words "electronic stick" registered in my mind that I just heard spoken ever so softly to me, that immediately I refocused my eyes on the silver stick she carried in her right hand.

I assess it quickly with my eyes while praying in Jesus' mighty name and asking my sweet friend Holy Spirit to help me. It appears to be around 16-18 inches (40.64 cm to 45.72 cm) in length, and it's made out of silver metal. I see many grooves and pits, indentions in the metal and the finish is not entirely smooth. The part hanging down toward the floor, I see has glowing red and blue lights that flicker randomly as if connected to a computer processor of some type. I know this electronic stick has a computer of its own inside it. "How?" I just knew!

The Puerto Rican woman saw my gaze and her right hand slightly moved the electronic stick further behind her leg almost as if doing it involuntarily and began speaking. "Hello," she said. "We've come to check on you ladies and to make you aware of new conditions that have been implemented to make your time here more at ease." Both ladies had pasted utopia type smiles upon their faces. I am beginning to feel uneasy. My sister, I can't tell if she notices, but she is now smiling back at them warmly.

"Why don't you sit down so we can enlighten you?" The Puerto Rican woman said to me. I don't want to sit down, but my sister who is older than me says quickly, "Vicki, sit down! You're being rude!" I reluctantly sat down, but only after I picked the farthest chair in the room from them! The women didn't seem to like that, but they hid it well with their big, huge fake smiles still pasted, but somewhat stiffer now I could tell on each of their faces.

The Puerto Rican lady began speaking again. "We have decided to go completely digital." "Why?" I heard myself ask in a flat tone voice. The heavier woman looked over at the Puerto Rican lady who is apparently some person of authority then she said smoothly. "It will be better for all involved. You won't have to pay for your TV channels, internet or anything else here in person. You can have it all pre-set up for you."

"Oh, that sounds nice," I heard my sister interject. I called my sister by name and said, "All these things are already included in our payment we made to live here. The only additional costs we have are our food and other personal necessities." "Oh, that's right," my sister said then gave us all a sheepish grin.

My sister had now pulled herself up into a sitting position in the bed. The women seemed to be encouraged by her actions and I found myself groaning inward and saying, "Oh no, here we go again. I don't like this. Something is amiss." I began praying quietly, but fervently to myself in my lovely Jesus' name.

The lady in charge continued to speak. “We will provide for you free of charge, a chip. A computer chip that will allow you to do all you need to do. All your business and pleasure transactions with it. It’s highly efficient and self-powered by its biometric makeup.”

“Woah,” I said. “Biometric!!! This chip that you are talking about has to be inserted into your body then!” “Well, yes,” the Puerto Rican lady said smoothly. “There’s very little pain and it will give your mind the ability to access even the internet, make calls, play music in addition to all your little necessities of life such as paying your bills, online purchases or anything else you could do in the past by internet.”

“How does it work?” My sister asked. “We’re not interested!” I said sharply. My sister interjected. “No, Vicki, I want to hear. Where do they put the chip?” My sister asked. I knew she was seeing if it lined up with what the Bible tells us in Revelation 13 about the mark of the beast being taken in the right hand or forehead.

“Oh, it’s on the head,” the Puerto Rican lady in charge said, but then laughed as she continued. “But not directly in front, in the center of your forehead,” as if she knew what we were thinking. Warning bells are clanging in my ears. “In the head,” I said in alarm, because I could see my sister’s interest in having this chip had been genuinely peeked.

“Yes, the head,” she continued. “It is implanted into the right side of the head atop of at the edge of the end of the eyebrow. It seems to do better at this location with the biometrics. “Uh huh,” I said out loud. “Oh, come now Vicki,” my sister said seeming to be getting upset with me. “It’s not on the forehead but above the eyebrow's edge. It’s not the mark or it would be for the hand too!”

Before I could protest, my sister asked the ladies, “Does it hurt?” “Only a little.” The heavier lady said quickly. “But the pain is only for a minute.” “That doesn’t sound bad at all,” my sister replied.

“Oh, Jesus you got to help us.” I am praying. “Give me wisdom on what to say here!” “Where do we go to get it?” My sister asked now, showing excitement at possibly getting this chip implanted into her head.

“SIS,” I cried out. “WE DON’T NEED IT! Everything is paid for to live here! I can take care of your other needs!” “Don’t be a party pooper!” My sister replied angrily. “How do I get the chip?” She asked the ladies again. “Actually, I have it right here with me.” The Puerto Rican woman declared, then lifted up the electronic stick she held in her hand that now took on a menacing evil look in my eyes.

“Okay,” my sister said in glee. “Sign me up!” “No, Sis wait! The area above the eyebrows is still part of your forehead. You don’t want to have that chip inserted into your forehead!” I shouted out to her while whispering a “Thank you Jesus,” for telling me this about the forehead!

“Vicki, you are just saying that! We both know the mark is given in the forehead. In the front, center of the head.” “No, we don’t,” I challenged my sister. “We just assumed it would be front and center.”

My sister yelled, "GIVE ME THE CHIP," almost defiantly! "Jesus! Jesus!" I prayed as the women walked one on each side of the bed my sister was sitting on. The heavier lady is on the right side of the bed from where I am looking and the other one in charge having somehow activated the electronic stick was leaning over, stick in hand to implant the chip into my sister's head.

"Sis, don't!" I screamed then jumped up out of the yellow metal chair. It now went scooting back across the floor from my quick actions. I saw a moment of alarm and panic in my sister's eyes as the stick came closer. "Wait," she said. Whether it was from me yelling or an alarm finally going off inside her, it was too late!

The chip was ejected from the stick and flew straight onto my sister's head, its clamps inserting into her skin. I watched in horror as the little square, divided into four parts in this one square, clear in color began blinking red and blue. Each color in an alternate square within the bigger square. The colors began flicking rapidly and randomly. Then it seemed as if the claws pulled the whole chip downward. It then sank into her flesh, melding itself into her forehead where all I could see is the faint blinking of the red and blue colors under her fair skin. It affected her almost immediately as a blankness fell upon her face!

"There now!" The Puerto Rican lady said. Then both ladies turned to me. "Now it's your turn!" I heard one of them say! "I don't think so!" I replied defiantly. "The Puerto Rican lady in charged smiled wickedly then said, "But oh, yes! We insist. You see it's not an option if you want to live in our world!"

She raised the still powered electronic stick toward me and ejected another chip at the right side of my forehead. "Jesus," I cried out and somehow my body made a side turn beyond my natural ability to normally do causing the chip to miss me and imbed itself into the back wall behind me.

The woman let out a string of curse words as she yelled to the heavier lady. "Get her! The stick has lost its power!" "Praise God!" I thought. "RUN!" I hear my lovely Jesus say to me in a voice that echoed inside my whole being. I didn't need another warning.

I pushed the round glass table forward that I had been sitting at earlier and it crashed into the approaching heavier lady stunning her. I ran out of the room, then through the other rooms and finally out the back door.

I entered from the left side of the house into the grassy green area where the children had been playing earlier at a run. It's empty now! I began running faster, faster until I entered the safety of the woods of these mountains I love so much from afar. Then the scene changed.

Next Scene:

I feel as if a few days have elapsed since the terrible scene with my sister and the electric stick that inserted the chip and left her appearing to me as mindless. I am hiding in the outskirts of the trees watching if I can see what has become of my sister or the other people. Especially the children. I had an overwhelming concern for them.

I am in dark clothes that blend well into the darkness of the forest. I knew somehow that when I had escaped a few days prior that I had known of a place with people that I had been able to hide

in safety in the mountains. They were people that I trusted who loved my lovely Jesus as much as I do. They had provided me with the change of clothes and the pair of binoculars I am holding to my eyes.

“Jesus,” I whispered, “please let my sister be okay. And the children, Jesus, what will they do to the children?” But no answer came at this moment in time. It’s around noon I can tell because of the position of the sun in the sky. I hear some voices and I see several children who had come out to play with a basketball and they’re passing it to one another while standing in a circle together.

I refocused the binoculars back to the glass window sunroom and I detected a movement inside. It’s my sister. She is still sitting in the same bed with her eyes closed as if resting, but then I see her hands raised up and started making hand movements and gestures. Her eyes were closed I noticed again, yet she had a smile upon her face. It appeared as if she was engaging in some type of activity that appeared to be solely in her mind.

“Jesus, what now? What do I do?” I looked around to get a better look at my surroundings then looked back at my sister sitting so happily in her bed in her own little world inside her mind. I increased the magnifying strength on the binoculars and zoomed in on my sister’s right forehead above her right eyebrow, because the way she was sitting with her right side is toward the many glass windows of the room.

I feel sick to my stomach when I see the red and blue flickering lights on its square shape faintly seen beneath her skin. “What should I do?” I asked myself. I looked around again and noticed the children were no longer outside.

“Father God in Jesus’ lovely name I pray and ask you to help me as I go down and see if I can get her to talk to me,” I whispered low under my breath. I began slowly making my way to the house in a hurried gait while keeping myself bent low as I could and still be walking on my feet.

I managed to make it almost to the edge of the grassy yard when suddenly I heard voices. I had nowhere to hide! “Oh, Jesus help me!” I whispered to myself. I saw two teenage girls who looked to be around 13 years of age and on seeing me, they stopped talking.

“What are you doing here?” The blonde slender one asked me loudly. “I’m here to see my sister,” I responded honestly. The girls looked at each other then turned back toward me with smiles upon their faces. They began walking in my direction and I began praying. “Lord, do I run or stay?”

The girls were advancing quickly upon me and just as I noticed the faint blue and red flickering lights under their skin located above the right eyebrow, two things happened. The girls began running toward me screaming. “She’s here! Sound the alarm!” And I heard my lovely Jesus as if shouting inside my head say, “Run, daughter run back into the woods!”

I turned quickly and started to turn back into the woods. The other teenage red-haired girl was fast and managed to grab my right arm slowing my progress. Our feet got entangled, and I hit the ground hard, the young girl tumbling down hard beside me.

I understood when I saw the Puerto Rican woman and the heavier woman come rushing out from the side of the building the actual warning these teenage girls had given was somehow through the chip by thoughts and vision also!

I'm scrambling to my feet when I see the slender athletic Puerto Rican lady in charge is coming fast with her silver chip ejecting stick glowing slightly blue indicating it is on full power and ready to launch its attack!

"Father God," I yelled out! "Help me! In Jesus' name, help me!!!" The red-haired teenager still on the ground latches onto my left leg and I am trying to break her hold on me, but to no avail.

I looked at the young girl in panic realizing what I must do! "Forgive me!" I yelled out as I kicked her hard in the chest causing her to cry out in pain and releasing my leg! But the Puerto Rican lady was upon me!

Instead of trying to inject me with a chip from the stick, she thrust it to the heavier woman following behind her. She lunged at me, swinging her fist at my face. "Jesus!" I cried out and somehow managed to bend myself way backward causing her fist to barely miss me. I could feel the wind from her swing.

"Holy Spirit, help me!" I cried out! I've never been one to physically fight, but I was in the battle of my life I felt! Somehow with the help of the Holy Spirit, I dodged further blows. I'm looking for an escape route.

"Jesus if you don't help me get away, then there's no way I'm getting out of here," I shouted! The heavier dark brown-haired lady makes a lunge toward me just as the Puerto Rican lady in charge ran forward to engage me again. They both miscalculated and ended up running into each other giving me just enough time to make a dash to the trees.

I make it into the woods, but I hear feet falling not far behind me. "I can't lead them to the good people of the mountain camps who have aided me, my friends!" I thought to myself, so I took off running in the opposite direction.

I realized if the Puerto Rican lady had not been so set on taking me physically down herself first and had used her electronic stick, then things might have ended with a square chip implanted in my head! "Thank you, Jesus! Thank you, sweet Holy Spirit," I whispered.

I'm starting to get tired from the running, but I dare not stop. "Jesus, Jesus which way?" I asked out loud while pausing long enough to look around to try to get my bearings. I know these mountains well. Little had changed since I had grown up here, I knew in this dream. There's safety here!

All of a sudden, I heard a rustling sound not far in front of me. I hesitated for a moment, but then I heard the sound of running feet not far behind me. "Dear God, now what?" I have to keep moving. I will take my chances with the noise ahead of me. I have peace in going forward. His perfect peace.

I keep moving forward and upward when suddenly I come out into a clearing, an area almost like a field or meadow. I stopped and placed my right hand over my abdomen while breathing heavily. I am so tired. Adrenaline had been keeping me moving in addition to my prayers. But

even stopping for a moment made me realize I physically cannot go on much longer without a miracle taking place.

Suddenly I get hit from behind. Tackled by the Puerto Rican lady! She was of athletic build though still slender and had fared better in her endurance in all the running. We hit hard upon the ground. She grabs me by the back of my hair and punches me in the face. Pain exploded upon my cheek where she struck me.

“You have caused me much trouble Vicki. You will get the chip and then our world will finally be the utopia it was meant to be!” She said to me angrily. “NEVER!” I yelled out though my face was still throbbing in much pain from where she had struck me.

“You will!” She replied as she hit my chin again with her fist, but this time the blow appeared to cause her to wince as if she had hurt herself in the process. It angered her even more! The Puerto Rican lady screamed at me. “The chip is our doorway to godhood! If you will not take it willingly, then I will implant it into you myself by hand!”

I see now in her hand is one of the biometric chips. Its small claws already extended. Supernatural strength from my lovely Jesus coursed through me and I broke my hand free from where she was trying to restrain me, and I hit her arm hard. The chip went flying into the air and landed in a patch of dirt not too far away.

I yelled out defiantly. “I will never take your chip and even if you managed to plant it inside my body it will not meld into me. My DNA is from my lovely Jesus. His royal blood flows in my veins. It will not affect me because I have been changed by him.” All the while fighting her off the best that I could with my Jesus’ help! “THEN I WILL KILL YOU!” the Puerto Rican woman screamed out as she grabbed my hair again and balled her fist ready to strike me another blow!

“That will be enough!” We heard a man’s authoritative voice say. We both stopped suddenly. She from trying to strike me, and me from trying to deflect her blows. I felt the woman’s weight of her body being lifted somehow off of me from where she had been partially pinning me to the ground.

I rolled quickly to my left to get away from her when I saw a very large man’s arm. It’s huge! My mouth hung wide open when I looked to see who this large arm belonged to. There is a very, bulky, muscle-bound man in a red stretchy shirt and matching pants. He’s huge!

This man easily moves the lady aside and off of me like a small sack of potatoes and then tosses her deftly to the ground. The word “Juggernaut” comes to my mind as I stare at him! He is humongous and looks like the hulk on steroids from the comic books I read so long ago when I was a young girl. But now through my friend Holy Spirit’s leading I don’t put such things before my eyes anymore.

The Puerto Rican woman let out a scream in anger and frustration because she knew she had failed first in manually implanting the chip in me, and then further from taking my life! “Oh, Jesus! Oh, Jesus, Thank you! Thank you for helping me! For saving me!”

The big hulking man looked over at me and asked. "Are you okay?" "I think so," I replied shakily. He looked back over in the direction of the other lady still shaking in her rage and he spoke firmly.

"Missy, I don't know who you think you are, but there'll be no killing here today! I'm going to count to five and you had better be out of my sight before I get to five!" The muscle-bound man said with great authority.

With one more hate filled glare at me, the Puerto Rican lady managed to get up. She dusted herself off briefly then took off running back the way we both had come even before the hefty man had counted the first number.

"Are you okay Vicki?" The man asked me again. I was stunned to hear him call me by my name.

"How? What?" I began to ask not sure which to ask first. "Yea, I know who you are. The folks in the upper zone warned me you had come down alone! You should not have left the camps alone there, girl. Our world has changed. It's not safe for people like us." The man said quickly.

It took a moment for all this to register in my mind, because I was still shaking a little from all that had occurred, and I was also physically worn out. Exhausted from running and the battle that had ensued.

Finally, I spoke up and asked, "Are you Rigel? The man the camp was wanting me to meet to share the information of what had occurred?" The man smiled and said, "One and the same. Come on now. The lady is a mean one. Her heart is evil and black. She'll be back soon with reinforcements.

His words caused me to jump slowly, yet hurriedly back to my feet. I was already feeling the effects of the fight upon my body. I managed to say in my pain, "In all things God is good!" "Yes, He is Vicki. Yes, He is." The man replied quickly. "Come with me now. "We've got to return you to one of the safe areas in the mountains before darkness falls.

"Thank you," I said then asked, "what about the information and description of that chip?" "It's amazing that you saw it so clearly in that short amount of time." Rigel said. "They've been keeping it hidden from most everyone! I didn't think they were going to inject it into a person by hand!"

"Apparently, they can," I responded wearily, my tiredness hitting me full force, but I continued. "They used some kind of electrical stick which was used to shoot it into my sister!" "Woah!" The man replied. "The rumors are true! Come on. We had better hurry," Rigel said and then the scene changed again.

Next Scene:

We are in what I know is the man Rigel's secret hideaway standing outside getting ready to go inside. I'm wondering to myself how is this big man going to get through the small door? Rigel notices the odd look on my face and then looks down at his body. "Oh, the suit," he said then laughed. "The suit?" I asked. "I built it for my protection. Times are not like they used to be. With this being said, I hear a clicking noise and a whooshing sound coming from his body. I see from his neck down in the back it is separating from right to left. I gasped out loud.

The man is in some kind of muscled suit that looks like it's so life like I couldn't tell it had been manufactured. I see him lower himself with a hand crank to his right inside this hulking man suit until he gets to the ground level then he steps backward out of it. Rigel in reality is a medium built normal size man. "Things aren't always as they seem," he said and then the scene changed again.

Next scene

Roger and I are sitting at what looks like a round kitchen table that's covered with a well-worn Dutch blue, white and burgundy vinyl tablecloth. Behind us instead of things for a kitchen or dining room are rows of various computers, electronic equipment and tools to work and create things.

We are in deep conversation. Laying before me is a sheet of paper on which I have drawn for him the biometric chip I had seen inserted into my sister's right forehead and had multiple attempts made to stick me with one and the electronic glowing stick. Rigel is speaking.

"The biometrics means it operates with your body signals. This chip inserted into a person or living thing can manipulate that person, their thoughts even their actions." "But who would be doing such a thing and how?" I asked. "Now Vicki, you know there's high-powered people

wanting to rule the rest of us! If they can control our thoughts and actions, well that would make it a whole lot easier now, wouldn't it?" "Rigel said matter of factly. "Yes, you're right, but how do you control the whole population?" I asked earnestly.

Now Vicki you know the answer to that one. Think for a moment. Who would want a chip inside everyone so he could control the world's people?" "The lawless one, the Antichrist," I said quickly. Why I hadn't connected the dots before now I'm not sure, but I should have.

I hear Rigel say, "Yep, ole Antichrist himself. He has to have some way for the people to all bow to him." "But that would mean this is the mark!" I exclaimed. "Hold on now Vicki. It means this is the chip, most likely the prototype to be used in the actual satanic mark of Antichrist. This is possibly why they haven't given it to everyone yet. They've chosen little unknown isolated places to begin testing it, so it seems."

"Now I understand Rigel, why she the Puerto Rican lady was so adamant for me to take it or be killed! They want no witnesses! You either partake in the little program of theirs or you're eliminated so no word or description gets out beforehand!" I said excitedly as understanding finally dawned upon my tired mind.

"Seems it's so," Rigel replied, "and you even saw the signature number, the code which makes me believe this is the actual prototype chip." He stood up and asked. "Would you like another cup of coffee while it's still hot?" "Yes please," then I continued and asked, "Rigel, what do you really think would happen if she had managed to shoot that chip into my head?"

Rigel brought my coffee and set it before me then walked back the few steps and grabbed his freshly poured cup. He takes a sip of the hot liquid in deep thought for a moment then said.

"I believe our God will take care of us. His holy name has been found written in our genetic makeup, our very own DNA. So even though it's illogical in the scientific aspect of it, I believe it

would have failed! I know the power of our God and his saving blood. But let's hope and pray we never have to find out." "Agreed," I replied with the big smile of gratitude at the kind man, this fellow brother in Jesus.

"Now let me send these drawings to the rest of the safe areas. So many of them will be fully ready and for what's coming," Rigel said. "Yes, thank you Jesus," I responded. Then the scene changed again.

Next scene

I am still at Rigel's hideaway, and it feels like a few hours have passed. We are making preparations to take me to the safety of the mountains I love so well. "That's everything," Rigel says to me. We had spent this time I knew in this dream encrypting, then sending the information after praying in Jesus' name to his many contacts across the world.

"Now let me get one packet printed off for the mountain camp. Also, I will put the originals in it too." Rigel said quickly. "Okay," I replied. I had begun to fill the bruises more on my body as time passed but I'm thankful and grateful for just being alive. I begin to feel uneasy, so I started praying softly in my lovely Jesus' name.

I'll walk into the other room to have a little more privacy. I enter and immediately I sense I am not alone. I turn to where the front door is, and I see a young girl about 8 years old, blonde haired, blue eyes. Such a beautiful girl, but she had a smile on her little face that chilled me to the bone.

Immediately I look up at her right forehead about an inch to a half inch above her blonde eyebrow. There it is! The faint flickering red and blue color of the chip flashing beneath her skin. "Rigel!" I yell out, but I'm too late! I hear scuffling inside the other room I had just exited. "Run, Vicki run!" I hear Rigel yell out to me. "They're here!"

I didn't hesitate. I began running and knocked the young girl into the doorway, the door having been left open by her upon entering I assumed. She wasn't expecting me to charge her, and she went sprawling to the ground. I sprinted past her and once again began running into the woods in the direction Rigel had told me earlier, we would be heading. I heard no one following me. "Oh no!" I exclaimed. "Rigel!" Then the scene changed again.

Next Scene

I am now an observer in the room that Rigel and I had been working in together in these last few hours together. He has been forced into one of the chairs at the round table and is being forcibly held by a strong, athletic looking brown-haired man in blue jeans, tan T-shirt and white sneakers.

He is accompanied by the heavier set woman and the Puerto Rican woman who is still in charge or so it seemed. Rigel has a bloody nose and a busted lip. The lady in charge looks at him in disdain then speaks.

"You're not so tough without your muscle suit now, are you?" Then she laughed wickedly and continued. "You will pay for what you did to me earlier." That's when I noticed in her left hand hidden slightly behind her pants leg, the silver electronic stick that is used to shoot the chips into a person.

She turns it on, but I can't see if it's done by button, pressure point or thought. The stick begins emitting a slight blue glow, brighter than before. Rigel begins struggling but to no avail. They all laugh wickedly together. "Oh Jesus! Oh Jesus, you've got to stop them! Please, oh please!" I prayed fervently. I hear my lovely Jesus say, "Watch, little daughter. Watch."

I watched in horror as the Puerto Rican lady brought the stick up, held it out then released a chip onto Rigel's right forehead. Her aim is deadly accurate! I watched in dismay as it started to enter his flesh and began covering over quickly, this chip of theirs with his flesh.

They let go of Rigel, knocking him out of the chair and onto the floor. He lays unmoving. Tears fill my eyes as I heard them call to the eight-year-old girl who now comes into the room. She doesn't seem hurt, but I know I had knocked the air out of her when I charged her in my escape. Even though I am an observer, I had all the prior knowledge with me.

They leave Rigel lying motionless on the floor, laughing as they begin exiting the house. I heard the heavier lady ask. "What about the one who got away?" The Puerto Rican lady in the charge answered briskly. "We'll pick up her trail again tomorrow. I need to report in, that we actually got one of the collaborators of our enemies. We shall be rewarded nicely for this." Then the scene changes again.

Next Scene

I am in the woods heading as quickly as I can toward the mountain camp when suddenly I hear my lovely Jesus say, "Stop, daughter stop! You must go back!" "What!" I exclaimed, coming to an abrupt stop by his words. "Go back! Go back to Rigel. They're gone."

"But Jesus, he's got the chip by now. He'll be connected to the A I computer and will no longer be a friend." "Daughter, go back and go now! I've got this and I've got you!" "Okay, my love." I said sounding bolder than I felt.

I turned back toward Rigel's fighting and rebuking the spirit of fear in Jesus' name while quoting these verses: 2 Timothy 1:7, 1 John 4:18, Hebrews 13:5, Isaiah 41:10 and 13. I finally arrive, and I watch from behind a huge oak tree for a little bit but saw nothing. All is still and quiet.

"Oh, Jesus," I whispered and asked, "is it safe?" "Yes, daughter, they are gone," came his sweet reply. I cautiously made my way to his front of his hide away. Adrenaline is coursing through my body. The front door is still standing wide open. "Not good," I thought but continued slowly into the hide away house.

I see no one! I cautiously make my way into the computer work room, and I see Rigel laying so very still upon the floor. "Oh Jesus, is he dead?" I asked in a whispered voice. Upon the words leaving my mouth, Rigel's body begins slowly moving.

He turns his body from off its side and onto his back and he looks at me with a dull blank stare. "Oh no! Oh no, Jesus!" I exclaim. Suddenly a smile breaks upon his face, but then he winces from his split lip. Then he speaks. "It's okay, it's me."

"What! Rigel are you okay?" I knelt down beside him and looked into his clear brown intelligent eyes. "It is you Rigel!" I cried out in happiness. What happened? Why didn't they kill you or give you the chip?"

“They did!” He replied. I responded, “I don’t understand. “Help me sit up,” he said quickly. Apparently, they had hit him or more places than just his face. I reached over and helped him sit up.

“Okay, Rigel, what’s going on?” I asked him. “Well,” he said with a slight grin, “your feisty Puerto Rican lady used her glow stick on me and one of those chips hit me right above the eyebrow. That lady has a deadly aim.”

“She’s not a lady!” I replied. “You’re right on that,” Rigel said. “I don’t understand how you could be hit by one of those biometric chips and still be sane?” I said, trying to understand. “If it hadn’t of went into you then they would have killed you instead, wouldn’t they?”

“I believe you are right,” Rigel replied, “but it did enter my forehead.” “Then how are you still Rigel and not an A I zombie?” I asked in wonder. “As soon as they saw their nasty little chip begin entering into the flesh of my forehead, they threw me to the floor never checking to see if it had fully melded into my flesh,” Rigel said. “But it didn’t,” he said then held open his right hand. There inside it was the chip.

The size of the small biometric chip appeared to be around a half inch wide by half inch in height in its thickness being close to that of an American dime. I looked at it in surprise. “And now we have an actual prototype chip to go with the rest of the information!” Rigel said joyfully.

As we are rejoicing together and thanking our sweet, lovely Jesus, I hear his heavenly voice speak from the heavens. “I take and work all things.... all things for the good of those who love me! Then I awoke.

I dreamed this dream two nights in a row, the exact same dream and now I have sounded the warning as I have been commanded to do.

Verses:

Isaiah 26: 3, Philippians 4:7, 2 Timothy 1:7, Revelation 13:16-18, 1 John 4:18, Hebrews 13:5, Isaiah 41:10, 13, 2 Chronicles 16:9, 1 Peter 3:12, Psalms 18:39, Psalms 101: 3

Bullet Points:

1. The biometric chip appeared to be the prototype with a signature that will later be used in the mark of the beast of antichrist.
2. The chip is portable and readily available and could be administered in different ways which I feel is symbolic of how readily available it shall become.
3. The actual time period if it is before or after the rapture or before or after antichrist has risen to his full position wasn’t clear, but the sense and feel I had was if it's not happening already, it is soon to come.
4. Although I was myself in this dream, I wasn’t as informed as I am about what was happening as I am in real life.

5. My sister, although a Christian in reality, symbolizes how easily someone can be deceived who knew the word of God and still be persuaded by how “awesome and conveniently easier it will make life.”

6. Rigel’s hulking life-like suit was far superior than anything I have seen above or below the ground in our present world. Possibly it is symbolic of God’s supernatural power and his ability to help his children in what seems an impossible situation in the end times.

7. There were already in existence, safe camps in the mountains with more being built for Christian people to escape to. (Examples: Zechariah 14:15, Genesis 19:17, Luke 21:21)

8. The computer equipment and technology found inside Rigel’s hide away seemed superior to what Christians hiding in a mountain camp could possibly obtain. Again, I feel it’s possibly symbolic to God’s supernatural superior power to provide for his children in such times. His power is not limited as man’s power is.

9. Rigel himself represented to me heavenly help. What type I am not sure. He was specifically there to aid the Christians but was not part of them because the Puerto Rican lady called him a collaborator of their enemies.

10. The two teenage girls warned not only by their mouths but by the chip connecting them to the AI computer and their vision.

11. A friend did a search and found the Puerto Rican lady. Her name is Dr. Nancy Padilla-Coreano.

12. The electronic stick was always hidden in plain sight. Much like the Illuminati, Freemasons and other satanic worshippers do in public.

13. My sister was living in her mind just like the metaverse I real life which may also be an influencing part of taking the mark in a world ravaged by famine, disasters and war.

Links for God’s name in our DNA:

https://godindna.nz/names_of_God.html

[Scientist discovers YHWH in our DNA](#)

The Bio-chip Dream

10-18 to 10-19-22

Electronic Stick bio-chip executor

drawn 10-19-22 @ 10:14 pm by Vicki Doforth Parnell

Drawn by Vicki Doforth Parnell @ 10:49:22 @ 10:37 am



← Approximately 16-18 inches long →

bio chips come out claws first from here.

Electronic Stick powered on with faint blue glow

$\frac{1}{2}$ inch height approximately

$\frac{1}{2}$ inch in width approximately

This is a bio metrics chip connected to the AI.

The Bio-Chip dream

10-18 to 10-19-22

Drawing by Vicki Doforth Parnell 10-19-22 @ 10:00 pm

Chip has transparent white coating or layer the lights shine through dimly.

Thickness = close to American dime.

Chip signature is actually the raised numbers and letters made out of the transparent white coating/layer.

prototype for Biochip inside the mark of the Beast.