

The Heart Dream, 5-8-21 @ 6:26 a.m.

I had two dreams last night, and this is the first. This dream is about someone I know but I have felt led to share it, so I have changed her name to Carrie for this reason, but all that's needed is still in this dream that the Lord Jesus has led me to upload.

I dreamed I was talking to my friend and as we were talking, she began mentioning she had been with her father. I'm not sure where we were at. I felt she had come to see me, but it was not at the apartment I live in now. While we were talking, she let it slip that she had been in a hospital recently, but she had not contacted me at all.

I asked, "Carrie, what was wrong?" She said, "My heart, my heart was bad! My heart needed fixing!" "What about your dad?" I asked. "Was he there?" "He was! His heart was bad too! It needed fixing also!" "Carrie, what did they do to you?" "I was dying! I was laying on one of their rollable beds and I was dying! A nurse leaned over and whispered, 'It's going to be okay honey, it's going to be okay!'"

Now as she is speaking, I am seeing what she is telling me. I see her laying on what appears to be a black vinyl or leather covered gurney with metal legs and wheels of rubber. I see the nurse who is in about her mid 30's... around 33 for I keep seeing the number 33 above her head flashing, but she is pretty in her face, the left side of it that I can see for she is on Carrie's right side, and she was placing a blood pressure cup around her left arm. She had light brown hair with curly bangs and the rest was pulled back in a bun at the nape of her neck. She was dressed in the old-timey nurses' outfit with the white dress that went to the knees, right above them, white tennis shoes and the crisp white hat once worn by all nurses.

Why she, Carrie, was not moved off this gurney and onto a bed like normally would be done, I'm not sure for she is in a small medical

emergency room and not in an ambulance. I see a man in a white long doctor's lab coat with black dress pants and a light brown button up shirt beneath, with pearl buttons up the front of it. There are thin burgundy horizontal stripes running across this shirt with about 2 inches between each of these burgundy stripes. There is a wide dark green, almost a forest green stripe, variegated with white, interwoven in it running vertically. It is about 4 inches wide and starting from the left of the row of buttons is where the stripes begin on this side of the shirt but the white coat covers the rest so I can't see if it's a repeated pattern. The man, the doctor, is slender and dark headed with a bald spot in the back of his head, yet in his face he still looks younger than his aging bald spot is saying! He is carrying a hypodermic needle and flicking it with his fingers like you use to see them do.

As I am watching as Carrie is telling me all this in my dream, my vision begins widening and there are many more little rooms like this, side by side and in front of her. It seems these rooms are unending! I looked up and I saw through the ceiling and out onto the roof. There is a huge but plain simple brown wooden cross standing in the center of the roof where all can see it.

My vision zeroes in on the patient to the right of Carrie and it is her dad. I hear the man working on him saying, "I don't know about him. He's fighting and resisting me," yet, but still both him and the nurse were working furiously to save his heart! My attention is brought back to my friend when I hear Carrie speaking again! "The shot didn't work! They had to shock me. They had to shock my heart for it try to work again!" As she was speaking, I saw the nurse turning on a box-type machine and she turned toward my view slightly and I saw a little golden name tag that read, "Jane, Champion of hearts."

She picked up 2 paddles that looked like they were covered in some kind of dark blue material with straps that held your hands in. As I am seeing this, I am also seeing Carrie lying there gasping and crying!!! She's moaning, "My heart, my heart, my heart hurts!" My heart is breaking, and tears come to my eyes in this dream, yet I dare not cry and interrupt her. "They shocked me, they said," and at that moment my view returned to her now laying back on the black gurney and the doctor now has these paddles for this is the word that I see above them when I am looking in that direction.

Carrie's chest has been exposed but, in this dream, it's like her chest, her breasts have been blotted out or covered to where I cannot see them but the doctor yells, "Clear!" and then after rubbing these paddles together, he places them on her chest. Upon impact her whole body jumps and shakes. I see him repeat this process 2-3 times.

Then in my dream, my vision returned to Carrie standing in front of me and I said, "Well, hon, it must have worked for you are here!" "You don't understand, it didn't work and as I lay there on the gurney dying after all they had done to work on me, to heal my heart, they then called for the Master physician to step in!" As she was speaking, I see this little room again with my friend on this gurney.

Inside the room, for the walls were transparent glass, now all the medium blue colored curtains had been pulled. The nurse and the doctor were standing now side by side to the left side of my friend's gurney with the doctor on the outer edge. Then I hear Carrie's voice speaking as I was still seeing her laying there, turning blue in her face...barely breathing!

They had pulled a sheet over her chest so she would not be exposing herself anymore, for they, the nurse and the doctor appeared to be standing and waiting for something or someone. I

heard Carrie speaking and again my vision returned to her in my dream to where she was standing before me talking about what had happened.

She said, "I felt a presence enter my room and with my eyes barely able to open, I saw a kindly old man had entered." Now once again I am seeing Carrie on the gurney in this little medical room. I see coming through the blue curtains an elderly man, the kindest looking man I have ever seen! Compassion was upon his wrinkled face and his hands were wrinkled from what must be years of acts of kindness, yet the power I felt as this little ole man entered told me there was more to him than just an old man.

As he entered the nurse and the doctor lowered their heads and said, "Master!" He, the kindly old man acknowledged them with a small nod of his head then he walked slowly toward the gurney. "Carrie," he called her by name, for I knew that he knew her already somehow.

"Carrie, your heart is broken. You have been since you were little taught to guard your heart! What goes in... what goes out. You know also that out of the heart flows the true condition of your soul. My people have tried to help you to their utmost abilities. You are beyond mortal man's abilities to repair you! I can give you a new heart again!"

"Who are you?" she whispered. "You know who I am! I am the Master physician! You have sung of me and served me for many years. Your heart decayed little by little, piece by piece over time but I can fix it!!! I can give you a new heart, but you have to ask me to fix it Child, and you have to let go of all else and pick up your cross daily and follow me!"

"But you're a kind old man! I serve Jesus!" "Don't let my appearance fool you Child, for I can appear as whoever I need to reach my children!" Carrie, now almost about to slip away, managed to say, "I want a new heart, but I cannot let you fix me unless you really are who I think you are...who I feel you are! Show me! If you truly are my Way maker Jesus...then show me!"

As I am watching, a radiant glow begins emitting from this wise old man and his body begins standing taller and becoming vibrant and healthy. His clothes change to what appeared as a crisp white robe-like garment like what the high priests in the Bible days might wear. He had a draping of pale blue from the right shoulder that crossed the front of the body, went under the left arm and reattached at the back of the right shoulder. His hair...his hair was so beautiful snowy white that appeared to flow somehow as if he had a constant gentle breeze around him...the breath of his Father God blowing constantly around him!

As his appearance changed, my friend's breath became shallow gasps!!! Her life was fading!!! Her broken heart was failing! Jesus reached out to her, and she said, "Fix my heart Jesus! Come in and fix my heart!"

Then he did something strange! He walked close to her right side, pulled the sheet down to expose the location of her heart and nothing more and he held out his right arm, his hand. Out of the scar on his wrist flowed one single drop of pure red blood, for that is the color it appeared in this dream! The moment his blood drop hit her flesh and entered her heart, new life immediately came back into her body! Where her skin and lips had once been blue, they were now a rosy pink! I could see the immediate restoration!

Her eyes flew open, and her breath became deep as she drank in this precious gift of life! Tears came into her eyes, and she began

crying! "Forgive me Jesus, forgive me for I didn't realize I had left my heart unguarded!" "All is forgiven and forgotten Child. Go now and be the light unto this darkened world as I have called you to be! Go minister in word and song as I have ordained you to lest I remove your candlestick and give these tasks to someone else!"

As she is telling me all this, I am seeing it in my dream just exactly as she's telling me what is happening! Then all of a sudden Jesus turns and looks at me straight square in the eyes and I see that holy fiery flames burning in his eyes of righteousness, purity and love and as he spoke these words the intensity of passion could be seen rising up in his eyes and He spoke directly to me!

"It is a heart condition that causes even the good to sometimes fall into sin! Guard your heart and guard it well. Tell my people I am coming soon!!! Did I not say so? Have not I sent warning upon warning...dreams upon dreams ...vision upon vision? Too many of my children are still making light of those who are going to hell!!! Playtime is over! Time is no more! Reach Child, reach all whom I place in your path and pray for them all!!! Pray for those you know and those you do not! Playtime is over! I say, playtime is over!!!

For those who refuse to heed my warnings I say this, "YOUR HANDS ARE BLOODY!" Surely, I am returning quickly!

Then my vision is returned to Carrie, and she is weeping as she tells me she saw Jesus and that he gave her a new heart! "He fixed my heart! He fixed my heart!" Then this dream ended.