Is This Really A Wedding? Dream 7-6-25 @ 8:48 AM

I dreamed last night that I was in a community of people. Whether it was a town or city, that wasn't made clear to me. My focus had been drawn to a young slim girl, light skinned, with light ash blonde hair. She wore it cut short; it was cut blunt, but in a way that it flared out. It reminded me of how the hair is drawn for some of the Manga cartoon pictures you see everywhere as you walk through stores, or they're being worn on people's shirts. She had brown eyes and usually dressed modestly in blue jeans and a button plaid, dark blue, maroon and white stripe plaid shirt she wore, tucked inside her pants . White scuffed tennis shoes with strings was her choice of footwear, it seemed. Another person who stuck out to me was a young man, also light skinned, who always dressed modestly, too. He would wear jeans, a button up shirt in solid colors that he always rolled up to his elbows. This one he's wearing today is blue. I realize now we are all working together, but what the goal is, I don't know yet. I'm not sure. All I know is that we were all making preparations for something big.

The dream covered several days, if not weeks and months although, I only saw bits and pieces of us as a group, working on buildings, preparing food in large quantities, and even large amounts of cleaning. Then one day, we are called to stop our labors and to come to the room where there is a stage. We are to watch what is prepared for us. As I'm standing among the people, I found myself in the front row, near the few steps to the stage platform. We're all watching to see what this was all about. Suddenly, we heard footsteps. The sound is that of someone wearing high heels. From the right side of the stage comes the young, thin, ash blonde haired girl. She's dressed in a long, white, satin, flouncy-type dress. It looks like a wedding dress. Yet, she wore upon her shoulders what looked like woven straw with pink embroidered white flowers that crisscrossed at the front of her bodice. So it came over it. It was like a strip. It came over and crisscrossed, straw, like a straw hat, woven on top of her wedding gown. Her arms were bare, so I could tell the dress was sleeveless. The straw part covered her chest so that she was covered without exposing any part of her chest area. So the way it covered… she was covered very modestly. She screams out, “I'm getting married!”

“Wait…What?” I said, then asked, “are you even old enough to get married? How old are you?” The girl, who looked to be around 15, possibly 16, placed a pouty look on her face, but then suddenly it was gone. “I'm getting married,” she said, “and you're all invited to watch.” Murmurs were heard throughout the crowd of people. Many with words of approval, while others like me with a voice of concern, “Marriage is holy and is a time of consecration and shouldn't be taken lightly.” These words didn't faze the young girl. She said again, “I'm getting married today, right now.” So, apparently, this is what we have all been called here to watch. Suddenly, there was a voice like that of a TV announcer heard throughout the building (like a wrestling announcer’s voice over an intercom). The young bride-to-be's face came before me. I was looking at her from her waist up. She filled my whole view. The announcer's voice said, “Are you tired of the same old, same old wedding attire? The same old weddings. You don't have to be caught in tradition. Be free! Be yourselves. Be your own self.” Then somehow, the straw covering from behind was pulled off of her without any hands. It's just like something pulled it from the back. Shock went through the crowd of people. The once modest girl now wore a wedding dress whose bodice is split open from the top to the waist, exposing a big majority of the young, slender girl's chest, leaving very little to the imagination.

Before I could think, I found myself up on the stage trying to close her bodice for her. The way it was made, it gaped open, so pulling the pieces together adequately covered her chest. I heard myself saying, “Bride, cover yourself. You're in a holy moment in time.” She brushed my hands away, still smiling, as she said, “Stop. I'm getting married, and this is my choice of dress.” I knew I would not change her mind, so I left the stage and retook my place with the crowd. I was standing by a Mexican woman who reached over and squeezed my hand as she said, “She does not realize the need for a bride to be modest. For her bridegroom is who she belongs to, and not to the other people here.” As the bride-to-be, with her gaping bodice, her long white dress, and flyaway hair, I noticed she still with all this, she still wore no makeup.

Suddenly, we heard a sound coming from the right in the distance, behind the young girl who had remained standing in her same position. It was the young man I had described earlier. He is still in his same work clothes. Even his shirt sleeves are still rolled up to his elbows. He comes out in what looks like a dance. There in his hand is a black cordless microphone. He began rapping a song that sounds like a wedding vow. He's making all the moves of a rapper. The young bride-to-be begins walking over to him, her rapping bridegroom who does not even have upon him wedding attire. Her walk is unsteady and I saw beneath the lace of her satin white dress, black boots. She is wearing black boots that look to have three inch heels made on them. The dark black was a stark contrast to the purity of the white dress hem. As I watched her slowly walk over to the dancing and rapping bridegroom-to-be, I noticed her feet, not accustomed to the high heels, would turn sideways, causing her to misstep and almost stumble. Yet the smile never left her face. What normally would have been a graceful walk down an aisle was instead a short walk of missteps that could have ended up very badly for her if she had twisted her ankle from the many times her footsteps faltered. I am grieved and saddened by all I'm watching before me. When the bride-to-be finally makes it to the center of the stage, the bridegroom begins dancing around her. The Mexican woman beside me is saying lowly to herself, “No, no, no. This is not a marriage, a wedding ceremony.” As the bridegroom continued rapping his endless song of his wedding vows, they seemed to me as empty words spoken in a rapping song for nothing more than a show for all to see and hear, including his bride. When I awoke from this dream and after discerning this dream was from Father God and Jesus Christ, I heard these words spoken to me.

“Marriage is holy. It's a holy consecration of two lives before Me. The vows are sacred, holy, solemn. Vows made before Me. This is what the world has made of the holy, sacred moment in time.” “I'm sorry, Father God and Jesus Christ. I'm so sorry.” “So am I, Daughter because in addition to what you have seen your world does to such a holy moment, so is the casual attitude of those who make up My Bride. My Bride does not look like the world. My Bride does not conform to this world. My Bride, dressed in white, will always be modestly covered. My Bride is adorned in My light. She will not be wearing dark boots that make her footsteps unsure and unsteady. My Bride does not walk in sin, which the dark boots in this dream I gave you symbolizes, Daughter. Light and dark do not mix. Thus, you saw the stark contrast between the whiteness of the dress and the black boots. This is the state of many of My children who have prepared themselves for our wedding. They still look like the world. You can't tell their lives from that of the sinners. Their lives wear the appearance of the world, like the bride's unmodest bodice. How can the sinner see Me in you, if he only sees the world? The casualness of the

giving of the vows in this dream is reminiscent of many of My children in their promises they made to Me when they accepted Me into their hearts.

My Bride that I'm returning for is made of both male and female, but the purity of their bridal attire is a requirement for all. Without holiness and purity of their lives, they will not be part of my Bride I am returning for. The youngness and immaturity of the young bride showed she is not ready for the marriage, the joining of two that become one. This is a state of many who call themselves My Bride. They are not ready, but I AM ready to come now. Only those dressed in purest white and their heart is true to Me, their Holy Bridegroom, and not in love with the world, shall I come for. Daughter, you and others in the crowd, in particular the Mexican woman, who stood beside you, are those in My Body who recognize the unpreparedness in My Body of Believers for My return, and have been trying to let them know. This is why you jumped on the stage and tried to cover the young bride's chest when she was openly showing most of her breasts. This is why the Mexican woman was speaking about the holiness and the need to be modest for her bridegroom." "The Mexican woman in my dream, Jesus Christ, I really know her." "Yes, Daughter. You do. She's a watcher like you, although your roles in My Kingdom are different." "I'm sorry that man has made such a mockery of such a holy event as a wedding, Father God and Jesus Christ. The joining of two people to become one, being a man and a woman, is holy and given to us when You created mankind and told us to multiply the earth to be fruitful. I pray much for the Bride of Christ to be ready." "I know you do, Daughter, but in the end it will be and is their choice to be ready or not when I come."

Take this dream to Jesus Christ, in prayer. Try, test, and discern it.

<u>Verses:</u>
Genesis 1:26-28; Matthew 25:1-13; Revelation 19:7-9; 2 Peter 3:14; Ephesians 5:25-27; 2 Corinthians 10:2; Isaiah 62:5; Hosea 2:16-20; Isaiah 54:5; 2 Corinthians 7:1; Matthew 24:42-44; Luke 21:36; Philippians 2:14-15; 2 Corinthians 6:14-17; Matthew 5:14-16; 1 Thessalonians 5:22; 1 Peter 1:16; Jude 23. John 14:1-3; 2 Corinthians 4:13-14; Revelation 3:4-5.