

Devil's Playbook Dream 7/24/22-8/6/22

This dream you gave me, Jesus, began when I found myself in an open field no longer lush and green, but a land that looked like its grass had been placed under a magnifying glass which allowed the sun's rays, its heat, to intensify and cause the crinkling and drying of all plant life I could see. Immediately I began to take notice that I'm hot; very hot, even sweating. The sun's rays are very hot, almost hurtful. I thought to myself the sun's heat used to be so inviting and I loved, at times, to raise my face to its warmth as I praised and worshiped You, my Love. Now it feels almost harsh upon my skin. The heat was intense as I began looking around at this now bleak looking field.

I see that I am in a short sleeve blue dress made out of cotton, but the fabric has the appearance of a denim look. The sleeves have elastic around them, and the neckline also gathered together with it. There is also elastic at the waist, I know, although it's covered by a thick, wide leather belt that is white in color. The skirt of this blue dress flows with three gathered tears and hangs down to mid-calf length of my legs. But lo-and-behold I am wearing a pair of sturdy, but well-worn, steel-toed boots. A strange contrast to the lightweight material of my dress. I looked around and saw nothing but the same withered grass and a few small young trees that appear more dead than alive. The heat is oppressive and sweltering. Jesus, Jesus my love what would you have me do? How do you wish for me to proceed? But no answer came. "Boy," I said out loud, "I wish I had worn more covering on my face and arms. I feel like my skin is already starting to burn. I wish I had a hat." Instantly, I felt something upon my head. Then I saw a wide brim, light beige hat that appeared upon my head that had a wide purple band around it. Almost immediately it brought a little relief to my hot skin and now felt as if it was beginning to burn from the short time in this dream from the sun.

"Oh, thank you, Jesus," I said out loud. "You are welcome, my little daughter of faith, of grace, of mercy, of understanding, of wisdom, and love." I heard my lovely Jesus Christ speak to me in an audible voice from the heavens. "Be careful, my little daughter, when you venture out into the sun's harsh rays no longer fully filtered from the earth's protective ozone layer, its stratosphere. Due to the hole increasing in size slowly and gradually, from the force of the pull of the particle acceleration machines still turned on at full power at the CERN's location. But daughter, many times the other locations upon your world not fully known to all people are being turned on at full force, full power for various lengths of time. This has allowed the full power of the sun's radiation, but still at a distance to come through more with the machines pulling at the stratosphere downward closer to your earth's surface. Little daughter, use wisdom when you need to be outdoors in the sun. Wear a hat to shade you from its now increasingly harmful rays' effects. Wear long sleeves on your clothing and cover your skin with your world's protective items, such as sunscreens, sprays and lotions. Gather you a supply too, my love, my daughter,

my love, of these types of products items, as well as your products that contain burn relief from the sun's harmful effects upon your skin.”

“Daughter, you do not have enough stock for what's coming for those left behind. Nor do you have enough aloe vera products. The aloe vera plants are good if there is an established safe area, a heavenly safe zone, a hiding place for my children that I have already confirmed to you. But if you have a large amount of people needing relief then you will find having multiple containers of your aloe vera sunburn relief products and burn sprays are more profitable. Little daughter, you have four purchased (He's right) already you need more. Plus, you would do good to buy now as many inexpensive wide brim hats that you can gather. This is not only for you, my daughter, but for all with the heart to repair necessities in a time when supplies will be almost impossible to purchase, or replenish in advance, for my children or even for them to barter with.” And after these words the scene changed.

I found myself now standing, with my lovely Jesus beside me, before a large, flat table with the large world map displayed upon it; a part of its finish. At the top of the map, above where Russia is located, it says “war steps” in blood red. Jesus, my love, excuse me. What is this map and what does “war steps” mean? “It is part of the devil's playbook, his plans for your world and nation. Daughter, in January of this year, I gave you a dream where Kazakhstan had Russian and American troops, their forces fighting for control. And I had told you that this was actually the beginning of war for your world and nation.” Yes, you did Jesus. You even named it, the dream, The US, Russia, Kazakhstan on the Eve of it All. You told me it was the spark to ignite war; the actual start, the first phase of war for our world. “Yes, my little daughter, that is correct. Now look, daughter, at the world map again, and tell me what you see.” I looked at the black and white tabletop map and instead of just the words “war steps” being written in red, I see different colored numbers on different bodies of land. “Lord, what are these numbers I see displayed? They are running from one to six.” “Daughter, they run from six to one. For this is the beginning of the “war steps” until your once great nation is struck.” “Oh, no”! “Daughter, you know man has failed to repent of their sins and turn back to Me. This is part of their forewarned and foretold judgment.” “I know,” I responded sadly and heavy hearted.

“Tell me, daughter, My daughter of faith, of grace, of mercy, of understanding, and wisdom, and love, what do you see?” Okay, Jesus, my love, if we are counting down, I see Kazakhstan with an orange sixth upon it. Ukraine has a purple number five. Taiwan has a yellow number four. I see Japan with a green number three. But Jesus, my love number two has two locations. There is a blue number two on both Hawaii and Guam. Why is that?” “Little daughter of faith, once Taiwan is invaded by the king of the east of China's forces, Japan will retaliate quickly. So will your United States, but not before China strikes upon Japan. With your military forces speeding to help Taiwan and Japan, China's forces, with others, shall attack U.S territories of Hawaii and Guam. This will keep your military force's head spinning. And while all eyes are upon your once

great nation of America, of Babylon, and China, then Putin of Russia of the bear, shall strike. He shall begin the first strike upon your lands using various weapons with the power of the nuclei, your nuclear weapons including his hypersonic satan weapon. Within one hour's time your nation shall fall never to rise to full power ever again.”

I looked at the large table map to where my beloved United States lay with a very large black number one in the middle of it. “My lovely Jesus, what do you want me to do with this information? Much I have known for years. Is it time to tell it all or still refrain with some of it?” “Daughter, it's time to tell it all and hold nothing back unless I lead you too.” Yes, Jesus my love with your help I will do as you say. And then the scene changes.

I find myself inside a poorly lit long meeting room but it's not like a grand boardroom that the rich and powerful types use. No, not at all. This is a meek and humble setting. It looks almost like this building is at a camp's location. There are rows of the melamine chairs stacked up, standing against the left wall, and two rows of lined up tables running back-to-back; or more like edge to edge, I observed. I am leaning over one of the tables with several other people. I looked around and I saw there are men posted in each entryway. They are armed and I see people outside also carrying weapons. They are guards and sentries I somehow know in advance in this dream. I heard a man speak as my attention was drawn back to the table. There upon it lays an open map of the United States. The man speaking appears to be a man of authority. I hear him say, “With the intel you gave us, we have been able to seal three of the hidden tunnel ways Prophetess that you saw the enemy invaders would try to gain entrance into our country's land where they begin their invasion. They are located in DePaul, New York, Harlan and Hazard in Kentucky. These underground entrance ways from the labyrinth of tunnels below are well hidden, but through the use of the 3D enhanced technology detectors and surveying equipment, they are not impossible, it seems, to find.”

I looked at the man who I now noticed is in army fatigues with a billed hat upon his head that are both instead of green are a light beige or tan in their color. He is a General, I know somehow. I smiled slightly at the man and the other people at this meeting table and simply replied, “It can be no other way General, because it was our God, my lovely Jesus, who gave us this information to aid our people while He so lovingly waits for our people to fully return as a whole people as a whole nation. “Prophetess Vicki, when I was first given the orders to speak with you about these hidden underground tunnels that you had been warning people about, I admit, I laughed and was angry, at the same time. I couldn't see the validity of such an order when we are getting intel that war and invasion is so soon coming. But I am a soldier and I obey my commander-in-chief. Now we have found three such locations as you have spoken to us. I'm sorry. Please, can you tell us more?” “General, these are not my words. This information comes from our God in Heaven, His son Jesus Christ who I love and accepted into my heart as my Lord and Savior. It is He who warns. It is He who is answering my prayers and prayers of others of His children who realize

there is no hope for our people unless our lovely Jesus shows us how to repair the things we can, before our people repent as a whole people, a whole nation; not all, but a majority. And then Jesus, my love, will step in and aid us in our fight against our cruel enemies that are already in place in some areas while others are soon to come. I will share with you all He tells me to tell you, General, and to your people that my Lord allows me to speak. But General, please never assume it is me. I'm just His vessel He chooses to provide this information through."

The general cleared his throat and stood up, no longer leaning over the table, to look and point at the sprawled out open map of our country, the United States. "Either way we are grateful. The President sends his personal thanks." "Tell him, he is welcome, but I'm doing this for the people, not the recognition of men and women of our world." Then he stood and shifted on his feet, and I could tell my words made him uncomfortable, as well as the three other military personnel that had accompanied him to our meeting. The only other people standing at the table are the two people who have accompanied me that I had introduced to this group, I know somehow simply as "My hands and feet from the Lord."

"Now General," I began speaking as I drew everyone's attention back to the map below, "we are quickly running out of time. The Chinese soldiers in the last vision from my Jesus shows they have come under the guise of peace and training in the land of Canada. As training progresses, more and more have come in unaware, hidden within the bow of the shipping vessels, as well as the lower bellies. Under the cover of night, the hidden soldiers have come upon the land and are being hidden in the tunnels preparing for the signal to invade. These locations, the points of entry, can be found near or at the borderline dividing the United States from Canada. Focus on these sites first, General, beginning at the east and then working toward the midpoint, because the majority are on this side of our country's borders. If you will do this and get to them quickly then this avenue of invasion point-of-entry will be greatly reduced, or even stopped. It will allow our people more places to safely retreat to (those not serving Jesus), or maybe even avoid possibly--if our God allows it--from being captured, or even a safer place to train our troops. But, General, I must warn you the success of stopping our soon-coming invaders from the borders of Canada depends on how well you heed and are obedient to His voice. Do you understand?"

The General responded gruffly, "I do prophethess. If we hadn't already discovered the three, I would have been less willing to heed quickly in the endeavor. But I myself have seen the proof that these tunnels exist that show signs and activity of war preparations." "General, this is because God cannot lie." I smiled briefly at the General, then said, "We have brought detailed maps of the other locations of such entryways through tunnels that we know of so far. This information all comes from our lovely Jesus." As I am speaking one of my hands and feet from the Lord opens up a carrying bag and begins pulling out packets compiled of separated information which they hand to the other hands and feet on the other side of me. They begin passing them out. I realize, in this dream, our lovely Jesus had made it clear before entering this

meeting that one of my hands and feet are to remain by my side at all times. Why? I'm not sure. But we are choosing to heed and be obedient to all His instructions and ways. After handing out the packets this person quickly resumed their place standing to the left of me. The other one is on my right. We give them a moment to look at the information containing an index, information, and maps, many maps. The General let out a low whistle and said, "This is a lot of information. How long has your God been speaking to you about all these things?" "General, sir, since 2019," I answered. "If we had had this information sooner we could have prevented more of these things," the General said incredulously as he flipped through, glancing at page after page of information.

"No, General, the hearts of the people including yours were still hardened to the truth of our Jesus Christ's words. Now is the time because our God's timing is perfect in all things."

"You have information contained here about the attacks coming from Russia and North Korea by weapons and missiles and invasion entry points," the General said again in astonishment. "Sir, I heard the military man say to the right of the General. She has identified some of the missile strike locations where our nation's portal technology is located." "What?" the General exclaimed. "If they take these locations out, we'll have no way to travel back in time to change the attacks as we have planned." "Also, the man continued, (I now realize somehow is a Major), they're going for the plutonium and natural resources. We will have very little means to rebuild or replenish our superior weapons." "What about the dark matter sites Major, which stack are you looking at?" "General, Sir, the one titled Invasion Information." The General shifted through the various paper-clipped subjects until he found the one titled, Invasion. He flew through the pages quickly, trying to find any information pertaining to the dark matter. He looked up at me and spoke quickly, "I know you're aware of the dark matter. Tell me, what do you know about it?" Then he hesitantly said, "please."

I hesitated for a moment as I prayed to God in my lovely Jesus Christ's name, asking if there's anything I can reveal then, please let Holy Spirit, my friend lead me and for Him to stop me from saying anything I do not need to share. Immediately, I then began speaking these words, "The dark matter or black matter, as it's sometimes called, is not a pure stable energy source, full of wonders for science, General. It is evil, pure evil. It is a physical, actual part of the outer darkness in the depths below that satan, the devil, is sending pieces converted by him into forms people can study and experiment upon. And it is all to fulfill his evil agenda. Some of the locations in the United States will be taken out during the combination of missiles and weapon strikes and others when the invasion is in full swing. What these do not take out, then know, that some are being removed from our hands by God through other means, such as disasters of an assortment of types."

"The general's jaw dropped but then he quickly recovered himself, and asked, "Will any remain for our nation to aid us?" "Our people need to call on Jesus, General, not rely on demonic power."

To my current knowledge, General, not one hidden or unhidden dark matter sites will remain because for us to survive as a people, General, and not as a superpower for these days are now over, because our nation as a whole, people have failed to repent of our sins, and we worship idols of flesh and self instead of worshiping our Savior and master, Jesus Christ. We must now return to Him. We must renounce the things of evil and sin and embrace the love and power of our Savior who, through His Holy Spirit, His word, His name and blood shall do that which is thought impossible, making it possible for our people, our nation. This is the only way for us to survive as any type of nation anymore.” My hands and feet on my right softly said, “Amen,” to what I had just spoken through the Holy Spirit that lives in me in Jesus' wonderful name. There was stunned silence by the four military officers standing around the long table as the implications of what is to come to our nation hit them with full impact. Finally, the General stood up straighter, then laid his papers before him on the table. “I will see this information gets to the President. He may want to speak with you directly. Just you alone,” he said quickly.

“General, where I go my hands and feet go. I am aware the President will want to speak with me, but it will only be on God's terms. So, know this, if an appearance is desired it will be with them accompanying me at a time you present and is prayerfully accepted or rejected by our lovely Jesus. It would do no good to try to detain me or us or even to apprehend us, General, Sir. For the moment you do, you and your men shall be struck down, frozen into place, as we are spirited away in body as Philip and Elijah were done in the Holy Bible. Do you understand, General? So please, dismiss those thoughts immediately that are flowing through your mind if you want this meeting to happen--as our president has already ordered you to arrange, even by force if necessary--if the information is deemed viable enough for such a meeting. So General, either present the time now, and my feet and hands and I will pray and then give you an answer, or you can contact us again the same way you did for this meeting.”

Not only the General but the three other officers looked shaken a bit when I spoke out loud the orders they had received in private briefings and meetings about setting up a meeting with our President. The General quickly recovered his composure and looked at me briefly, as if considering the options. We, my friends and I stood firm, knowing our God would do exactly what He said He would do on our behalf if needed, because He is faithful, and we trust Him for everything. “Agreed”, said the General finally. The president would like to meet with you two days hence when he will be fully returned to office.: “Give us a moment, I replied. We are going to step away over from the table and my friends and I shall pray and then give you an answer.” “Agreed,” replied the General. We walked the length of the three adjoining cafeteria type tables, then joined hands and began praying to Father God in Jesus Christ's name asking what His perfect will is for this meeting. While binding any and all demonic attacks and powers that would try to interfere or hinder our answer. It didn't take long, nor were our prayers elaborate before I heard the voice of our sweet Savior, our lovely Jesus, speak to me. “Daughter this is the appointed time. Make the arrangements and I shall go before you, behind you, and with you in

all you say and do. But remember stay close to Me and speak not a word unless I move within you to do so. "Thank you, Jesus, my love, thank you," I said. "In your strength and name, I shall do only as you lead." I looked over at my hands and feet, and whispered, "The Lord said to go." We walked back to the General and said, "Agreed." And then the scene changes.

My hands and feet and myself are now standing in a rather spacious, regal looking office with dark carpet and light-colored walls. "Hmm, Jesus," I said softly upon my breath, "this must be the White House, but I thought the president's office was round." Before I could get a reply from my lovely Jesus Christ, I heard a man's voice begin speaking, "The president will see you now, please follow me." We followed the well-dressed younger-aged man into a very impressive office. There sitting behind a large, beautiful wooden desk that's sitting in front of several windows is the "now" President. It was at this moment that I realized I am myself in this dream, and I'm wearing a dressy royal purple pantsuit that I actually own in reality. My hands and feet are also dressed in dress clothes. I feel like in this dream that our lovely Jesus Christ had chosen our dress clothes to appear before the President of the United States not to impress him or even for proper dress protocol, but for the fact He wanted it to be known that He, our lovely Jesus is more than capable to provide for us no matter what situation we are in.

There are two expensive sofas sitting vertically a little distance from the President's desk with one located on its right and the other upon the desk's left. As we entered, I saw two men stand up from where they had been sitting on the left sofa, but the now President remained seated. In this dream, I recognized the older man that had been sitting on the left sofa closest to the President had at some time been in the military. I could tell by his posture and the efficient air about him. He, I know, is the "now" Vice President of our country. The man next to him is a portly man but an officer nonetheless. I do not recognize this last man at all. The President looked up at the young government official not once looking at us, and spoke in the commanding voice of power, "Send General Barnes in now." The young man responds, "Yes Mr. President," and walks out of the door leaving us standing as the door clicks behind him. The President now turned his attention upon us with veiled eyes and said, "We will proceed when the General arrives; have a seat." "No daughter," I hear my Jesus whisper to me softly. You are to remain standing." "Thank you Mr. President, but we will have to decline that offer and remain standing." Before anything else could be said I heard the door open behind us, and my hands and feet and I turned slightly to see the General who we had met with the prior two days before entering. This time he is alone.

The young government official who had opened the door to let him in, backs out the door closing it firmly behind him. "We're all here, let's proceed," the President says then begins speaking this time looking directly at me getting straight to the point. "The information you have given the General and others of our sources is classified. Tell me, how did you get this information? Who's your source? I didn't hesitate because my hands and feet and I had already prayed before we had been picked up for this meeting. We know the power of our God and that He is with us because

He is faithful. I felt Holy Ghost's boldness rise-up in me and I responded with a single answer, "Jesus Christ the son of the living God, Jehovah, He is our source."

I see the President respond, showing little emotion upon his face as he continues speaking, "General Barnes said you would respond with this type of answer." General Barnes gave a brief nod of confirmation with his head toward the President. The President reached down and picked up some papers I hadn't noticed until this moment that I recognized as one of the packets we had provided to General Barnes and the other men in our prior meeting. General Barnes tells us that three of the entranceway's invasion points entries have been located with proof of invasion preparations just as you told us prophethood. Those are in Hazard in Harlan County and in DePaul, New York. When he said DePaul, he gave me a hard look. "He's testing you, my daughter," I heard my lovely Jesus say in a whispered voice. "I understand sweet Jesus," I responded in my mind. Then spoke firmly as the Holy Spirit, my friend, led me to speak, "Mr. President, you know there's no DePaul, New York County. The name DePaul was given as a signal locator to help your people and our military to locate it. This location is actually in Rochester, New York." The President looked at me sternly momentarily, and then said in a gruff voice, "Yes, that's what General Barnes report says." I looked over towards General Barnes. He was still standing not far from the end of the sofa, on the right of the room. He gave a curt nod to the President, nodding in agreement that this is indeed what his report had held inside it. I looked back at the President sitting behind his expensive desk in his dark blue suit, crisp white shirt, and red tie. He glanced down toward the papers in his hands once again. I looked over at my hands and feet and although watchful at our surroundings, I knew they were praying silently to our lovely Jesus; much like I was.

The President begins speaking once more, "There is a lot of top-secret information in this report. How did you get it? Who's your source?" "Jesus Christ Son of the living God, Jehovah, Savior of our world," I answered one more time/ Before I even had a great chance to think to respond. Holy Spirit, my dearest friend has shown up and was leading me in all I needed to say. "Really," he responded, somehow skeptical. "Yes, really," I replied back swiftly. He looked down again at the papers, and then said, "This report says you know where more underground entries are located. That our enemies plan to invade somehow near the Canadian border and you recommend we start there in our hunt for the rest of them, even giving us a map. But I see no other names of locations. If your God is all-knowing, as a Christian God is supposed to be then why were these locations not supplied to the General?" He looked up and stared directly into my eyes. I had the sense he was trying to intimidate me; it didn't work. I felt the Holy Spirit's fire coursing through my veins, "Thank you Jesus Christ," I thought to myself. And then I responded to his question with these words, "Mr. President, that is because they were not to be given to the General or to the officers but directly to you when my hands and feet and I met with you."

He did not seem surprised by my answer. "If you have them then please feel free at any time to reveal them to me." I looked over at my hands on my right and nodded. They reached into a satchel that contained information we had brought with us and had been previously searched before this meeting. The person pulled out a sheet of paper which was then handed to the other person...my feet. He looked over at General Barnes and then at the President sitting behind his fancy wooden desk. "You can bring it here to me," the President said quickly. The person called my feet walks over quickly to the front of the President's desk, hands him the paper with the locations on it and promptly returns to my side. We remained silent while he quickly scanned the new information. I saw a muscle tense in his neck, but his face betrayed nothing of what he was thinking. "You have listed entrance ways from underground tunnels where our enemies hope to invade our nation at Iron Mountain, and Sault Saint Marie in Michigan, Saint Francis in Suncook, Maine, Massena, New York, in addition to Rochester, New York, Harlan and Hazard in Kentucky (we knew already from the Generals prior meeting a meeting with you) and plus Greensburg, Pennsylvania and Dover Ohio. Are there any more?" The president asked briskly. "Mr. President, these are currently the only places our lovely Jesus has given to me."

The President held out the paper to the now Vice President who stood up quickly and took the paper from his outstretched hand. He called the now Vice President by name and said gruffly, "You know what to do with this." "Yes," Mr. President, "I do." We watched the exchange, my friends and I, and then the President returned his focus back to us. "You have a lot of information about our portal particle accelerators as well as our dark matter sites. Did Jesus tell you this information, as well?" Although he never blinked an eye or changed the tone in his voice, I saw within his eyes the derogatory meaning behind his words. "Mr. President, may I speak freely, sir?" I asked. He looked at me through veiled eyelids and then said in his raspy, gruff voice, "Go ahead, you have my attention." "Jesus, lead me," I whispered softly in my mind. "I've got you, my little daughter," He replied softly. "Now open your mouth and my Holy Spirit shall speak through you what needs to be shared and spoken here." The whole exchange between Jesus Christ, my love, and me was for less than 30 seconds it seemed. "Thank you," I replied and then began speaking quickly.

"Mr. President, every bit of information that I speak to you is from our lovely Jesus and Him alone. There is no other source except God, our heavenly Father and His Holy Spirit, my friend. Let's get this fact clear as you see in the report in the papers: your particle accelerator portal devices and dark matter locations and retrievers are not hidden from our enemies. In fact, they have people inserted in many, many of our sites in various scientific military and governmental offices. When the attack with nuclear and other weapons occurs, many will be destroyed. What those do not take out, they will be destroyed or captured when the invasion of our land occurs. Mr. President do not think for one moment of time that I am unaware of your ties and connections to the secret hidden society that, under the guiding hand of satan, rules the shadows of our world. Every person who sits in your position as President of our nation, America, and

most all other ones on this planet have been in league or affiliated in one way or another with them. Please hear what I say to you and do not disregard my words of warning. I speak to you this moment what my lovely Jesus Christ is telling me to say. There is going to be a time when this secret hidden society is going to betray you, Mr. President. You have been led to believe that even if by chance we are attacked by missiles and weapons, there will be no invasion. You will be allowed to rule our nation even after she has been attacked.”

“Why agree to this? The Lord tells me it is because you have been promised a position as one of the ten kings to rule over the ten kingdoms, over the land, once the lands are divided and renamed, when the New World's one government and religious system is in place, with one man ruling, the man of sin, antichrist. You will be betrayed, and America will be invaded. The devil, satan, is loyal to no one. When you realize this betrayal then you will set your face to become the President we really need. When this time comes you will need this information to give our people a fighting chance, at least until we repent as a whole people, whole nation and return to Jesus Christ our Lord and Savior.”

The President continued to stare at us not saying a word, yet still I see the muscles twitching on the right side of his neck. He is not happy with what I'm exposing and saying. It doesn't matter, I have to speak all my lovely Jesus: words. Once said, and then, Lord willing, I will be quiet. “Mr. President, China has a fleet, a massive fleet, seven times larger than our military, with most of it being secretly built-in underwater caves and facilities. Russia's is three times as large as ours, but they have put more into building other weapons and vehicles, as well. The majority of their superior army lays hidden under the seas and in underground facilities reserved for the invasion of our country. He is withholding them even while he continues to invade Ukraine and other nearby countries. He will eventually lay eyes on Israel, the leader of Russia will, which will be his undoing. We are not sufficiently prepared for what is coming.”

“Mr. President, sir, their armies and fleets include drones of every type, all connected directly to the vast network of the AI system. They have robots in various shapes and sizes that stand, shoot and attack, and some are like dogs. They are equipped with infrared sensors to detect body heat but are also connected directly to the AI system that allows them to use advanced 3D thermal and excavating technology that would be used instead of locating hidden objects inside of something, this technology will be used to hunt down and either kill or capture our people. The only way to give our people a physical fighting chance against them and to partially level out the fighting field, besides Jesus stepping in and helping us, is to disconnect them from the AI system who is already consciously aware of itself and its surroundings. Both Russia and China are equipped also with genetically modified humans, hybrids, who have implants inside their brain's, neural links created, and then pushed through by people like the billionaire Elon Musk. He himself has been working above ground, and under, for many years with the Nephilim, with the

Nephilim's AI technology, originally from the fallen ones and Nephilim facilities, below the ground and in oceans of our world.

While I'm speaking, I see shock on the General's face, as well as a portly officer still sitting beside the now Vice President, who has resumed his seat after receiving the paper of entrance locations from the President. Both the Vice President and President are wearing poker faces, yet I continue to speak as Holy Spirit made me to do. "Elon Musk and others have been acquiring technology from the underground facilities. Then with the money provided to them, from the hidden society, in various disguised ways, unbeknown to the public, they then spend this money to support the technology needed for antichrist and his New World regime to gain control. Their weapons, technology, electronics, including also, the ships, planes, tanks, any electronics for the most part, is now connected directly to the AI system, with the majority of it running through use of the 5G or higher cell towers, and other systems. For our people to survive these towers must not be destroyed, but reprogrammed back to the older internet that runs on the 4G internet, and not the new quantum system. This way we can communicate by use of the old internet and handicap the enemy quite a bit."

"A lot of the hybrid soldiers have neural links as well as the robots, but with the soldiers who have the altered DNA and genetic modifications, many have extremely high tolerances for pain, lack of emotions and feelings, and incredible strength, due to the graphene now encased inside their bodies. If their bodies aren't properly modified, then the graphene will eat its way to the outside of the body. Mr. President, they have built an army, armies to conquer. Large numbers and quantities, with a superior Nephilim and Fallen Ones technology. I know you know yourself about the Nephilim, actually very well." I saw the President's eyes narrow even ever so lightly, slightly yet he never issued a word, so I continued speaking through the leading of the Holy Spirit. "These precious souls, these people, these now hybrids once God's creation of all countries will eventually lose their minds falling into madness over time. But this madness should only really take full hold on these hybrids after the invasion is in full swing."

Finally, the president spoke up speaking sharply and asking, "Why should I believe any of this?" "Because Mr. President, you know it's all true except the betrayal which you are still denying in your heart." "You don't know what's in my heart," he responded harshly in his raspy voice. "No Mr. President," I replied back, "I don't, but Jesus does. Mr. President, after they strike us from the water and sky we are going to be soon invaded. There's no time to remain undecided." The President asked me quickly, "What do you know about this alleged invasion?" "It's not alleged sir, it's judgment from God's hands. It's coming and it won't be stopped, because the people of our nation America stubbornly refuse to repent. Even though our God lovingly and graciously gave us time upon time, and warning upon warning. I will tell you this Mr. President, we are to be invaded by not only Russia and China but other nations shall accompany them who have

joined a coalition that Putin has secretly formed and created with many nations signing or giving verbal agreement. We are about to be invaded from multiple directions.”

“Such as where, the President asked?” “Jesus Christ my love, do I tell him?” I prayed out loud. Immediately He responded “Now is the time of times, my love. Yes, tell him. Tell him the invasion points you are aware of, in your once great nation.” “Thank you, Jesus, my love,” I said again out loud. The President looked at me slightly amused until I began speaking. “We are to be invaded in California, New York, and Alaska, only after Taiwan is attacked, followed by Japan, Hawaii, and Guam, in addition to the air strikes by hypersonic and nuclear weapons. Also, China shall strike the water on the south and east land, and they shall also invade Virginia, Florida, and between the borders of Mexico and California by foot. Now, I may not have been given all the pieces of God's puzzle for the end of this invasion, but these are what I am aware of.”

“Why should I take any of this seriously?” The President asked arrogantly. “Apparently, Mr. President, there's enough proof to be viable because here we are, sir. If not, we would have never been brought here to speak with you, the leader of our nation. Mr. President, I have more information, but it's about you sir, and your true genealogy and bloodline. This is not the public one that's hiding the truth. Would you like for me to reveal this information to all in this room? The choice is yours, Mr. President, but my God is telling me right here now that you already know exactly what I know and you realize I am indeed speaking to you words of truth.” After I finished speaking, the President looked at me shrewdly and said abruptly, “Thank you for coming. I will take all this information under advisement to be reconsidered by the staff and military.” I watched him press a button underneath the underside of the table of his desk and within minutes the door swings open, and the young government man walks in. He holds open the door. I looked over at my hands and feet as I heard the President say to us “Good day,” and to the men holding the door open he said, “show them out.” And then the scene changes.

I found myself in some type of laboratory. A laboratory with scientific equipment, equipment necessary to create and build lifelike AI artificial intelligent robots or androids. I looked around at the assortment of humanoid looking robots. I know somehow some of these robots are made partly with real flesh, while others with synthetic skin. It looks almost flawless to what our God had created for us. I heard voices so I began slowly walking toward them, while trying to keep myself hidden, because I didn't know if they were friendly or not. But knowing what I know about the AI, I don't think they are. As I'm edging my way closer to the voices, I begin noticing various stages of these robotic humans and androids. I see where various parts like hands and feet, even faces, are being made, with what reminds me of a 3D type printer, but only much larger, and creating multiple body parts at one time. “Jesus,” I whispered, “they look so lifelike,” but I heard no reply back. The voices were becoming louder in the large laboratory of horrors so I decided within myself to hide. I stopped abruptly and dropped to my knees behind a large work

table area. I peeked cautiously around because I'm not sure but by the sense of alarm and my hairs on my arms standing straight up, I do not need to be found here.

I heard two men talking and I can see one's back and he appears to be a dark-haired man wearing a lab coat. From where he's standing, he's blocking my view of the other man. But I can see in between them is an adult-sized female robot android. I hear the man in the lab coat say in an accent in English, "She far exceeds all our previous versions. She is directly connected to the AI, so she is now fully conscious aware, and now able to interact with all test subjects without them realizing she isn't, she's artificial intelligence." "Good, good," the other man replied. I can see his hands clashed together briefly and he is excited and pleased with this result. I now know this man is a white male. I heard them speak to the man in the lab coat. "What about the skin issue? They have to pass as human to be totally effective. Did you resolve the issue of the cold skin when touched by a human?" "Feel for yourself," the lab coat man said smugly." The other man reached over, and I heard him exclaim, "Perfect temperature. The internal thermostat adjustable by the AI, no matter what temperature surrounding inside the new chip, worked then?" "Yes, Mr. Musk it did."

"Mr. Musk?" I exclaimed to myself just as the man in the lab coat moved to his left allowing me to get a clear view of the billionaire Elon Musk. Elon Musk declared "Now we will be able to infiltrate any group who is not loyal to our supreme leader of darkness. Have you reported our findings and successes to the dark lords?" "Mr. Musk, I have contacted the Nephilim facilities in the Antarctica, but you know I am not in direct contact with the dark lords." "Yes, that's right. When our leader rises to full power and our New World Order is fully established then we will be able to send one of these series or higher into the camp of his enemies. Especially those proclaiming to love Jesus. I saw a huge smile spread across Elon Musk's face. The man in the lab coat spoke hesitantly in his accent in English, "Mr. Musk, sir, we are not sure if it will work on one of the truly sold-out groups of Christians, Jesus believers. But those not fully dedicated have passed through them in trials without being discovered. She was even asked out on dates and proposed to twice, in the six trial runs we ran among the so-called Christians, communities and churches." "Then what's the problem?" Elon Musk asked as his smile dropped into a frown.

"Well sir, the reports came back that although she looked, acted and spoke, she was rejected. It seems those sold out, as they call it, and are filled with their God's Holy Spirit, then this spirit they say shows them that she's not normal. We captured a couple of them, and they revealed to us that they know she doesn't possess the breath of God inside of her, the living soul. I saw Elon's Musk visage change to rage, and I decided it might be time for me to leave. I started to slowly back up when I heard Elon Musk say finally, "We will work on it. Turn her on." I heard the android robot make a small noise as she utters these words "Good day, Elon Musk." "Good day, Sofia. Run a report." It took only a few seconds, and she began speaking again in a smooth, flawless, human voice "Report status," she started speaking when suddenly she stopped and said,

“Unknown human in the room. Heat signature three tables behind, front experiment table.”

“What?” The two men exclaimed together. “Uh oh, I gotta get out of here fast.” I jumped up and started running to the back of the room only to see two guards coming up the hallway. “Jesus help me,” I cried out, and then I woke with my heart pounding but safe in my own bedroom once again.

Verses

Ecclesiastes 3:1-8; Psalms 37:7; 37:12-15; Deuteronomy 7:9-10; Daniel 12:4; Ecclesiastes 12:13-1; Amos 3:7; Isaiah 55:6-11