NY’s Labor Day Parade Is Crashed Dream 9-2-25 @ 3:11 AM Shared 9-3-25

Note: If any of you studied, took time to study, seek these things out, you would find out that the original first celebrated Labor Day was September 5th (1882).

He woke me up at 3:11AM with this: “Write, Daughter, write.”

“I will, my Lovely Jesus Christ.”

“What did you dream, Daughter?”

“About a huge parade, that was in New York City. I heard people saying, “This is the best Labor Day parade ever.”

Let me stop right there for a moment.
September the 6th is New York's Labor Day parade, “the” Labor Day parade. On a Saturday, a Labor Day weekend.

I heard people saying, “This is the best Labor Day parade ever!” Everywhere I turned, I would see the date September 6th. Jesus Christ, my Love, it was on calendars, hanging on walls, sitting on counters, displayed on posters that were plastered in every city light pole. They were even littered on the ground. They were in huge, bold writings that displayed the words “Labor Day Parade” and the date September 6th. The posters and signs were everywhere.

As I'm walking down a street, I noticed people are already lined up to watch the parade begin. I'm not sure how long I walked around and time passed, but I was more amazed by the plastering of posters and notices of the Labor Day parade than the decorations that had been hung and put out. These were just everywhere. “Labor Day, September 6th, Labor Day parade, September 6th.” It was everywhere, it’s like walking on a carpet of it.

The parade had already started now. The crowd is thick. People are cheering, drinking, having a good old time. I heard a man who looked to be in his 20s yell out, “It’s a two-weekend Labor Day party! A two-weekend Labor Day party! Who else in America gets to celebrate Labor Day two weekends in a row?” A woman beside him said quickly, “It’s been a grand time, but this is the cherry on top of all events, the peak height of all celebrations!” And they all began laughing and cheering at the parade before them.

I walked a little further behind the crowd that had filled and packed the streets to watch the parade. I would catch a glimpse of the higher floats and balloons, and I heard people talking about it being a parade with a March of Unity. “Unity,” I said to myself, “I'm not sure why something like that would be said.”

I continued, with some difficulty, through the back part of the crowd as I was jostled by the crowd of people. Behind me now are rows of buildings. (I just noticed them, whether they were before or not. I'm just saying behind me now, because I did not notice till this moment what was in the streets. I just want to clarify that. So I can't say if there's buildings before this.)

Behind me now are rows of buildings, tall buildings of many levels, that line the streets on both sides. I then noticed I'm apparently at the corner of a street because of the street signs. But these street signs have two different signs, both green. One says 5 AV, Fifth Avenue. The other, 58th Street, with one-way signs. Two of them, both black and white. The one-way signs were black and white, in different directions. “Fifth Avenue…I'm in New York City. No wonder there's so many people here.”

I walked on further at a slow pace as I made my way down the streets. It was slow going. I'm not sure how much time has passed now. I noticed the street sign numbers were increasing in their numerical value. As I walked further along the street with all the people cheering, some were openly fondling one another in very lewd ways. “It really is just one big party to these people,” I thought. I began to feel a sense of dread, of foreboding, like something is very wrong here. “I've got to get away from here,” I thought to myself.

As I finally was able to detangle myself from the partying crowd and onlookers of this grand parade at a street corner, I began walking faster, dodging more people, and slipped through the blockades that were placed to keep people from using the streets because of the parade. As soon as it was clear enough for me to run, I did. As I broke out into a fast run, I heard a voice from the heavens ask me a question, “Do you know what a party crasher is?” The question and voice made me abruptly stop running. I'm breathing heavily. I was silent momentarily, until I caught my breath, and my breathing returned somewhat to more normal.

I finally answered, “A party crasher is someone who comes to a party that wasn't invited.” “Yes, that is correct,” the voice thundered from the heavens. “Now watch Me crash their grand finale parade of all parades, known as one of the oldest and grandest of all. I shall crash it, Heaven-style, in Heaven’s justice.” “What do you mean?” I ask out loud.

“Watch and see,” the voice said as I heard a familiar noise. I turned to see a fireball forming into a mushroom cloud. “I said there would be a Labor Day weekend burning, did I not? In addition, this is “your” Labor Day. The birth pangs have stopped and the baby is born, of so many things, this day. Birthed into your world on this day is war, Rachel weeps, and Jacob's Trouble begins. It's not how man supposes these things should be, but how I command them. For I am God, I am the Lord Almighty, and by My command have I done this.”

And then I woke up. Immediately went into praying, spent time with the Lord, and went back to sleep. I had the second dream.

Verses:
Jeremiah 33:3; 1 Corinthians 2:14; 1 John 4:1-3; 1 Corinthians 12:3; Psalms 135:6; Revelation 14:8; 1 Corinthians 1:27; Jeremiah 10:10; Romans 3:4; John 3:31-34; 14:6; 2 Samuel 22:26-32; 2 Samuel chapter 24; 2 Kings 19:35; Ezekiel 7:23-27.