

## **Man's Mind Is Not Meant For That Dream 6-1-25 @ 11:52AM Shared 6-4-25**

I dreamed again, my Lovely Jesus Christ. Two dreams. The second dream was a warning to me, personally. The other dream, the first one is again about Antichrist, the Man of Sin, Emmanuel Macron, who many still believe is Obama. But he's not. Obama is a beast that rises from the sea, the waters, as Revelation 13 speaks of. But he's not the first one, not the Antichrist, but the second beast, the False Prophet who is almost as evil as Antichrist. Even though people have been pointing at Obama being the Antichrist for over 20 years which it wasn't time for him to become widely known. Therefore, this doesn't line up with Your Holy Word in 2 Thessalonians 2:7-9 (I discuss everything with the Lord), because the Holy Restrainer had not stepped back to allow Antichrist, the Man of Sin's identity to be known to our world yet. It seems like when You begin speaking to Your children, they hold on to the information, which is good, but most never go past the first revelation. For example, some have seen Obama rising out of the water as a beast; automatically, they determine it is Antichrist. Forgetting it's two that rises from the waters (in Revelation chapter 13). Should they not have sought You, Jesus Christ, for clarity? Should they not have asked You is there more to it? Most times there is. Even I have done this in the past, but then You started showing me more pieces of Your great puzzle of life. So now when I see, hear, or am given something from You, I stop and ask, "Is there more, my Lovely Jesus Christ? Am I understanding what I know correctly? Are there more pieces You want to reveal?" Then I wait on You for the answers.

Another example I just ran into was a comment from someone, who was assuming from past dreams that the 10 nuclear suitcases and war went together and had to be in December because of Putin's comment he spoke to Kim Jung Un. I don't remember the words exactly, my Love, but it was something along the lines of, 'Then you can send your Christmas gift to America.' When a person takes time to study and research the information given, Kim Jung Un in 2019 promised to send America a Christmas gift, meaning a nuclear attack. This has been a standing reference to the fact that Kim Jung Un has promised to attack America, send them a nuclear gift, like a Christmas gift surprise. He continually threatens the US of nuclear weapon usage, but throughout various times in the year. This use of the phrase in the dream, this was in my understanding, was pointing us to this time in 2019 when Kim Jung Un made his threat to America, so we would know what kind of attack he will be sending. Yet very few people sought all the information out. I'm sorry, my Lovely Jesus Christ, I'm supposed to be writing this dream out. Sweet Holy Spirit, lead me and don't let me write one single word that's not from You, Jesus Christ or Father God, in Jesus Christ Name I pray and ask. "I won't, Daughter of Zion. Now write."

(So, in my understanding with Kim Jung Un, there's several articles talking about him promising to give America a Christmas gift. It is around December and it is when threats are being made already. But in the dream, my understanding was to show us what kind of attack he was planning...nuclear, that's what he wants to send as the gift. Not necessarily December. But take it to Jesus Christ in prayer. If He's told you more about it; I haven't sought it much more on that particular part lately.)

Here's the dream:

It began when once again, I found myself in a laboratory-type setting. It looks like almost a medical center, because there was also a row of elevated hospital-type portable beds with people

on them. The row consists of five people, and none of them looked very well. In fact, they looked like they might be dying. There are three men and two women. They all appeared to be muscular in their build, as if they were possibly body builders or were some type of soldiers. It's the latter, I somehow know. I look cautiously around the large medical-type laboratory, with all the various equipment both known and unknown to me. To the right of me, I saw a door and another in my front view which was between some of the medical laboratory stations, with their computers and data banks. My attention is drawn back by a movement of one of the people on the beds. They had all appeared to be sleeping at first, possibly a medically-induced sleep, by the deepness of all five of their sleep. And all at the same time. I looked around cautiously one more time, then moved a little closer to the row of the five sleeping people. They are all covered by a white sheet that reaches midway to their chest and appear to be wearing everyday, normal clothes.

I saw another slight movement to my left. A man, second from the end of the row starting the count from the left (when I'm facing it); is beginning to show slight signs of waking up. He appears to be a white male, with dark hair that's cut short and neat. The man on his left, in bed #1, looks to be of an Asian nationality. Though muscular in his build as the white male, I could tell he was shorter in his stature. His closed eyes have the slanted formation that many of the Asian nationalities have. I looked to the right, to the 3rd bed from the left, to see a fair-skinned, long red-haired woman laying still. I'm not sure what nationality, but her skin is fair, her hair red, and freckles cover her nose and cheeks that make me think she has at least some Irish nationality in her. Beside her, on her right, in bed #4, is a black man. He has his hair in braided locks that appear to be around shoulder length. He, too, appears to be in a deep sleep. The last bed, being #5, has another woman sleeping also. She has the skin tone and hair coloring of someone from the Middle East. "Hmmm," I said to myself, "they appear to be from different locations in the world. Why is that?" I found myself asking softly to no one in the room, because all were still sleeping. "What am I to do?" I thought just as the white, dark-haired male began to move his hand slightly. He moaned as if he was in some type of pain and anguish, though still not fully awake. One of his hands on the bed is showing from out beneath the white sheet. I saw him clench his fist, and that's when I realized he's strapped down to the bed.

"Jesus Christ, what's going on here?" I asked in my mind. His reassuring voice came swiftly, "Daughter, stand still, stay calm, and watch. You are protected by Me." "Wait! What? Stay calm!" I replied in my mind. "Jesus Christ my Love, what's happening?" About this time, the waking man let out a guttural cry, as if he was in severe torment or anguish. I turned to look, surprised by the sound of his voice. His hands are clenching into balls and he's grinding his teeth. Then he screams out as if in pain, once again. His screaming doesn't wake up the other four people sleeping on the beds around him. The dark-haired man begins trying to pull free from the restraining straps confining his movements. His body jumped as if he had been given a violent jolt of electricity. I looked at the straps and heard these words in my mind, "Diamond-enhanced, electromagnetic reinforced straps that send volts of electricity through the straps when one tries to resist their hold." "That's horrible!" I whispered low under my breath. The man's body momentarily stiffened, then relaxed, but only for a moment. His body began to writhe beneath the straps holding him securely down. At least for now, it seemed. The man, I could tell, is in terrible severe pain. He begins screaming repeatedly at the top of his lungs, one right after another. I saw the veins tighten in his neck and arms. He yelled out, "Make... it...

stop!” As rage seemed to overtake him and consume his own body. “Jesus Christ, have mercy!” I whispered. Suddenly, I heard a sound as if something was cracking and breaking. I looked on in alarm as I realized the enraged, pain-filled man was breaking free of his restraints. Even jolt after jolt of electricity shot into him, to try to deter any resistance, only seemed to fuel his pain and rage. With another scream of rage, he managed to break his left arm free. He didn’t break the strap, but instead the reinforced bed where the strap was connected to it. This caused his right arm to be freed, as well. He sat up and grabbed his head as if in deep pain. While this is occurring, the other four still laid asleep in their beds, with their restraints still intact.

An alert began sounding inside the room, which I knew was being heard over a vast area in this place. It sounded like a siren, but also had words that accompanied it. “Alert. A breach has occurred in Unit 5CCJTL. Military assistance and the Extinguish Squad is needed. Dr. Mueller and Jada, please report immediately, but do not enter the room until the CC Military accompanies you.” This message and alert continued to sound throughout the whole facility, I knew somehow. For the first time, the man on bed #2, though in a rage and in some kind of severe pain, opened his eyes. I gasped in horror. His eyes looked like orbs of dark blood, but I could still see traces of his original eye color that was blue at one time. Not anymore. The dark pupils of his eyes, instead of being dilated, were very tiny and hard to be seen amidst the dark blood red color. He looked in my direction. I held my breath, praying to my Lovely Jesus Christ. I know He said I wouldn’t be harmed, but He hadn’t said if I would be seen or not. Apparently not, because the enraged man turned quickly away from where I’m standing. “Thank You, Jesus Christ,” I said in my mind, even though my heart is racing inside my chest. The door on the right burst open and a white male with dark hair, that looked to be in his late 30s or 40s, entered. He’s wearing a white lab coat. I heard a voice call out from the open door, “Dr. Mueller, you know the protocol! We must wait for the CC to arrive; then we can enter.” The dark haired Dr. Mueller replied, “Dr. Jada, if the breach wakes up the other four, then we will have five to deal with instead of one.” Dr. Jada replied, “It’s dangerous; we must wait.”

The exchange between the two men caught the attention of the now awake man on the bed. He sits up and grabs his head momentarily, then he looks up at Dr. Mueller, who has hesitantly entered further into the room. He speaks to the man now sitting on the bed. His bloody eyes have now fully locked on him. Dr. Mueller spoke, trying to appear fearless and in control, but his voice told otherwise. “Justin Wheeler, stand down. Stand down, son, and we will help you.” His words only enraged the man further. He yelled out, “You!” As he pointed at the now trembling doctor. He reached down and grabbed the straps with both hands that were still restraining his legs. Electricity jolted through his arms and body, but he didn’t care. He pulled even harder. Doctor Mueller began inching his way toward the open door. Finally, with a voice of rage and pent-up fury, the bed gave way, leaving the straps intact on the right side of the bed. Realizing he had broken free, Dr. Mueller spoke in a trembling voice, “Now Justin, calm down. We can fix this.” “You did this to me! You, and your New World Order!” The dark-haired Justin swung his legs quickly to the left side, then stood up. He immediately bent over as if in terrible pain. He grabbed his head, then his abdomen. He yelled out in anguished pain and then as it subsided a small amount, while still clutching his stomach, the young man spoke through clenched teeth, “You told me I would become powerful and elite, that I would be like a god among other men. You said the neuralinks were tested and proven safe. Does this look safe to you!?” He cried out.

Dr. Mueller cleared his throat as if looking for an answer and then finally said, "It's only a glitch in the neurolink programming. We can change it to where your mind will operate side by side with the AI's masterful one. We have increased your stamina and physical strength, making you already one of the strongest living, altered hybrids in the earth. Your enhanced interface with the AI has made you a soldier above all soldiers."

I heard a commotion, as black clad officers came slowly into the door with pistol-like blasters drawn. Behind them came another dark-haired man with tan skin, that looked to be similar in age to Dr. Mueller. It's Dr. Jada, I believe. Justin straightened himself, although the pain is still evidently seen on his face. He gestures with his left hand toward the armed guards dressed in black. "THIS is how you can help me?" He asked. One of the guards spoke in what sounded like a machine voice, "Justin Wheeler, stand down. Remain calm, and no harm shall befall you." He reacted with a bitter laugh, then grabbed his head in pain. "You did this!" He screamed again. "Justin," Dr. Mueller said quickly, "I can make it stop." Still holding his hands upon his head, he looked at Dr. Mueller, then at Dr. Jada, and he said through clenched teeth, "How can you fix this when I'm DYING? I overheard your conversation with Macron when you thought I was in the induced sleep in the room when I was isolated from the others. The joining of mind and machine in the human body has caused my mind, my brain, to become infected and my bloodstream poisoned without any hopes of a cure. I believe Macron's own words were, "It looks like the God of Heaven is interfering with our hybrid army. Their bodies are still becoming poisoned for no reasonable cause and their minds are destroyed not long after they're joined to the AI Hive. Death follows shortly after they fall into madness." "I didn't sign up for this," Justin said through clenched teeth. "And what exactly is an AI Hive? Because there's more than one voice speaking to my mind."

Dr. Mueller looked at the pain-filled, enraged man, barely able to stand fully straight, and he said in a voice that was no longer friendly, "It's a shame you overheard our discussion, Justin. That was meant for the chosen one and my ears alone. But I really can help you with the pain." He looked directly at Dr. Mueller and he said, "How? When dying a horrible death of madness and pain is what your experiments have brought to me, as well as the other four in this room. We were some of the first ones you enhanced; now look at us!" Justin said as he doubled over in pain again. "Ah, you were the best of them all, Justin, but I promised you I could help, and I shall do this." He pointed to the armed CC guards in black and nodded his head as he spoke, "Even with your tough, reinforced nephilim skin, these weapons are designed to pierce your skin. You won't have to die a horrible death of pain and madness, after all," he finished. The black dressed guards began shooting their weapons, but to all their surprise, their weapons barely penetrated Justin's enhanced hardened skin. He looked down at his body where the bullet-type beams had broken the skin, but had done very little damage. Surprise filled Dr. Mueller's and Dr. Jada's face, as I watched on with horror. They realized too late their weapons were no match for Justin's toughened flesh they helped to create in him. Justin became enraged once again and lunged for the closest black clad guard. He picked him up and threw him at two of the others, who went sprawling into the floor. Justin looked up, his blood-filled eyes now filled with rage. Dr. Mueller yelled at the two remaining guards, "His eyes! Shoot him in his eyes! That's his vulnerable spot!"

Immediately, the other guards began aiming for Justin's eyes. Their aim was accurate and deadly, and soon Justin Wheeler's body lay there moving on the floor in front of bed 2 and 3. The other four people were still sleeping soundly in their induced sleep. Dr. Mueller looked at the body of Justin Wheeler in disgust, then he turned toward Dr. Jada and said, "We've got to update the chosen one and let him know what has transpired here." Then he spoke to the guards, "Remove the body and clean up the mess." Then he walked over to Dr. Jada and said, "It does appear the chosen one is correct. The life expectancy of the hybrids is getting shorter. It can only be intervention from the God of Heaven. I'm not sure how this will affect the life expectancy of all who take his Mark of Loyalty. We will have to enlist more for the hybrid program. Get in touch with our contact; let Musk know we will need more of the enhanced neural links not available to the public, the ones that can be interfaced with the AI Hive and the chosen one's Mark of Loyalty." Dr. Jada replied, "It will be done," as Dr. Mueller and he walked out of the door together. I'm watching in shock until finally one single tear ran down my cheek. "This is all so senseless. Life is precious. Why, Jesus Christ, did this man, these people have to suffer so much pain?" I heard His sweet voice in tender compassion say to me, "Through deceptions and lies, people like Justin and these four have agreed to promises of super abilities, enhanced bodies and minds to become a god to this world. Man was not created to meld his mind with a machine, nor was he created to do so with the demons inside the vast network of AI Systems. Mankind was created to connect with their Holy God. I became the Bridge, Daughter. The reconnection point through salvation, wherein man can reconnect with their Creator, and have a personal relationship once again, with Him through Me. Yet, man chooses to link his mind to the demon-inhabited machines of your world, which shall poison your blood and drive your minds mad. Because, again I say, man was not created to meld with machines and demons, but with their Holy God." And then I awoke.

Verses:

Jeremiah 23:24; Psalms 86:11; Revelation 13:16-19; 14:9-11; 19:20; 20:4; John 6:40; 1 Peter 3:18; 2 Peter 3:9; Job 34:21; Zechariah 4:10; Proverbs 5:21; 15:3; Psalms 147:5; Hebrews 4:13; 1 Samuel 2:3; Isaiah 46:9-10

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Drawing by Vicki Goferth Parnell 6-4-25

