

### **The Saving King, 3-21-23@ 8:49am, (Uploaded on 5-11-23)**

(Dream starts at the very end and then works back to the beginning)

“Go after the snow,” I said to the black lady who was dressed and ready to go preach the gospel. She was my friend, but the snow was actually perfectly shaped snowballs that looked like snow cannonballs. They were stacked up on the top of a vendor cart-type like what food items are sold from. The inside of it was flat, and the snowballs were stacked inside it. We were preparing ourselves and others to go out to preach and reach the lost. The black lady, my friend, was dressed in a sleeveless white satin dress with dark maroon flowers like passion flowers on it. The length went to about the calf of her legs, it was fitted at the waist with a slight gathering of folds that added some fullness to the skirt. The dress was crisp, clean and shiny. There are children here playing on the old riding toys, the big wheels that you rode and pedaled with your feet. The bottom part is red, and the handle parts are yellow, and they have the big black wheels, all plastic.

Riding on one of the big wheels was a young small white boy with an oversized dark blue sweater and oversized blue jeans. The clothes I felt were made this way on him. He intentionally was wearing oversized clothes. He is driving around near the entrance of the fence. Before this part of the dream, at the beginning, I was talking to a man that was informing me that snow is coming and the weather is going to get very bad, but we can't go, meaning any of the people inside our area can't leave until I see this snow. Then he showed me an empty vendor cart, the first one in this dream (that I just described), and it looks like a regular cart. The first one I saw now, which he showed me (which actually occurs there's 2 carts). Last was totally different in material, it was made out of pink lego blocks, on the top a

thin row of yellow in the middle dividing the top from the bottom, with the rest made of red ones, minus the black wheels that look like wheels of a little red wagon a child would pull, white painted on the inside with the center being red in color. (The cart carrying the snowballs is the one made out of legos).

This one I'm seeing now (I'm looking at another one with this man), this one that looks like one we would have to sell items from, even has a handle in which you can push or pull the big cart. The first one I spoke of out of legos, has no handle. It would be difficult to pull but possibly easy to push and lose control of. The man is talking, "When you see a cart roll by, then know snow is coming." "But snow is already coming across our nations." I replied. "Not like this snow. This snow was fully manmade." the man said quickly. "We have been preparing much, we have many supplies." I said. The man spoke again, "Many people have prepared, but there's still a need to reach the lost. You are to continue preparing your hearts to meet the need for many. Even here shall see the snow like none other, and will still be caught unaware because their hearts they left unattended, and their relationship with their King has become somewhat aloof. These will not be ready in time, but others will."

"What must we do then? What must I do?" "Guard your heart, little daughter. The King says to tell you He sees your passion and love for Him, but be careful when you work among people with half-lit hearts. Your presence will do one of several things: It will cause sparks of fire in your heart to catch ablaze in theirs, and they will become more passionate about the saving King as you are, or when one's heart is half-lit or cold, it more times than not, will cause envy and bitterness in one's heart if they do not guard carefully the contents inside their own, because they desire this type of love and passion for their King. They even put on a front, a

charade to others that their heart is aflame with this love, yet by their own actions and choice they refuse to spend the time needed with the King to build a loving, trusting, healthy relationship with Him. These, out of envy, shall try to destroy you in the eyes of others, and many do it unknowingly because it has become like second nature to them. But there's also a danger to you if you allow the like ways of others to cause you to miss time spending in the King's presence. You cannot neglect or shun time with Him, no matter how important something might seem in the eyes of the world and others around you. Your relationship with the saving King should be the main focus of every man, woman and child here."

"You are right" I said. "I receive this warning and I take it to heart." I knew in this dream that I know this man. He comes talks with me, bringing instructions on how for me to prepare and to help prepare others. I call him in this dream "Big Mike". It's cold outside I notice. I'm wearing one of those puffy field coats of the same color maroon as the lady friend I first wrote about but she actually comes later in the dream. This is how the Lord Jesus shows me these dreams. As if watching a movie and in the order He so chooses. And with Holy Spirit's help, I recall all my lovely Jesus, that You want me to write down.

I'm also wearing jeans, tennis shoes, light pink stretchy gloves, but no hat. Big Mike has a dark blue parka type coat with the brown and white fur trim, trimming the hood. His brown hair is mostly covered. He looks at me with piercing, gentle but intelligent green eyes. "The snow comes quickly now. It will not be stopped. The King sends me with direct word. Walk down each day and watch for the cart."

“What will be on the cart? Will I see more than one cart?” I ask wondering what exactly I am watching for. “As you go about doing your assigned task you are called into, you must reach out for those still hiding in the darkness. You have been given the task of warning. You have been trained and equipped by the King Himself, when He sent His best teacher to you, to all His children. You have chosen in love to embrace the teachings of the King’s teacher, that teaches you the way of His Kingdom, and leads you to the King Himself. This teacher in your obedience has taught and equipped you to be a warner for this Kingdom. He does not administer a task of a calling without equipping them to be sufficiently prepared, but the level of your sufficiency does depend on the level of obedience you display for the King’s ways.”

“Yes, Teacher has become my dear sweet, sweet friend, my constant companion and has taught me so much about my saving King, that my love for my King has exploded inside my heart, enveloping my whole body. I am consumed by His love and my love for Him. It is a holy, sacred love.” I responded passionately. “As it should be.” Big Mike replied. “You’ve been created to love the King.” “Yes I have Big Mike, yes I have.” Big Mike smiles at me and then says, “Not all the people are ready for what is coming, what has finally arrived. Choosing by choice to ignore all the King has been showing His subjects, even on those who have heeded in their preparations, neglecting the heart to acquire the food supplies and monies, giving them a false security of readiness. Unless the King shows His favor and blesses your preparations by command or touch, no one will have enough to survive, no matter how much they have tried to prepare. Remember what the King told you when you first begin gathering supplies, food, and other things. You were concerned because you had not a lot of finances to do so.”

“I do Big Mike. The King told me to be obedient and prepare until the very end, and in my love and obedience because I did all in His Name, His commands, He would see that it would be multiplied when needed, like the fish and bread He has been known to multiply in times past. He’s even caused food to rain from the sky, or it can be however He chooses,” I said and then continued, “and I have never stopped preparing. He is a good, saving King, like none that has ever been or will ever be. He is faithful and has always been. He has warned me not to trust in forms of money because He is removing it from his kingdoms. He is King over all.” I responded. “Yes, that is what was recorded in the record hall,” Big Mike replied with a smile, “faith as a grain of mustard seed in the King is all it takes.” He said to me. “Amen Big Mike.” “If only others would see. It’s that simple,” he said, “the King has done everything. He sacrificed it all for His people, yet still...,” he said leaving the sentence unfinished. “Yet still.” I said in agreement. There is no need to finish the sentence for either of us. Big Mike looked up at me and said, “The snow comes now. The King comes for you, prepare yourself to meet Him. A meeting has been set aside, for the King wishes to speak with you directly, to expound to you some other things coming to warn of. But when you walk down to the end of the entrance way and see this cart passing by with snow, different than other snow, visibly different, then it is time for you to visit the King. Before you leave for your visit, your time alone with the King, a second cart you will see with snow or another type of warning. You must warn about what you see on both.”

“Will I know what they mean, Big Mike?” I asked. “Daughter of the King, if you need understanding, then you seek the information from the King, whose Teacher shall lead you to saving King’s truth.” “Thank you, Big Mike.” I said with gratitude and thankfulness. “Pay close attention to the snow on both, for therein

lies many answers from your saving King.” “Thank you, Big Mike. I don’t want to disappoint My King, so I will ask His Teacher to help me learn what my sweet King needs me to know.” “Yes,” Big Mike smiled, then said, “as you have learned to do in all things.” I could tell we had come to the end of our needed conversation, Big Mike and I. “Big Mike, I thank you for all you do on behalf of the saving King’s Kingdoms. I appreciate all you have done in helping me and others to reach out for those in darkness, and to do the work needed for the Kingdom’s sake.” A genuine smile reached his green eyes that filled with happiness and kindness. “I live to serve. I was created to serve the King as you have been, but each in our own separate ways and capacity. I thank you too, daughter of the Kingdom, and others like you who have embraced their saving King who gave all for the people of the kingdoms for your world, His Kingdoms, for He is rightful heir as Savior over all. He is owner of your world and kingdoms.” “He is a good, good saving King, Big Mike.” “That He is, daughter of the Kingdom, and now I must say goodbye.” “Thank you again Big Mike.” I replied, as I watched him turn and walk away, he raised his hand goodbye then quickly faded out of my view.

I walked back up the pavement from the chain-linked fence to the building that looked like an old warehouse, that in this dream represents to me as a place where preparations were still being prepared by obedient people in the Kingdom. Before I entered the long painted black painted building with its tin roof, the scene changes.

I’m walking down the pathway of pavement; actually, it’s wide enough when gates are opened for large trucks to come and go. It is a crisp, bright, cold morning. I have a scarf with a black and white design tied around my head like a headband, with part of the remaining parts hanging on my right front of my neck. I am wearing a short jacket that comes to my waist, still of the same polyester feel,

puffy style, as I have always called them. My coat is a light shade of purple, almost a mauve type color. “After all,” I said in this dream, “I am a daughter of the King, a King’s kid.” My hands are tucked inside my pockets, but I can feel I have gloves upon my hands, adding to the warmth of the pockets to keep them warm. I am wearing dark blue jeans, heavy thick socks I can tell by feel, and know they are black somehow without seeing them. Again, I’m wearing the same black tennis shoes as when I was talking with Big Mike. I have come to check the mailbox that is located not far away from the chain-link fence. There’s no one else here that I can see but myself, yet I feel the saving King’s presence in every breath I take. He fills all the kingdoms with His magnificent presence somehow.

I opened the mailbox and look inside to find a delicate, pure white envelope of shiny white paper that seemed to shimmer and sparkle in its beauty and has no gaudiness like others I have seen. It has thin line designs of filigree in gold. It’s stunning, and just seeing it makes me draw in my breath, and it takes my breath away. There, written in a simple yet beautiful bold handwriting are the words: “To My beloved daughter of My Kingdom, Vicki”. I pulled the envelope out with trembling hands as tears formed in my eyes. “I am my beloved King’s, and He is mine.” I say in a soft whisper. I flip over the letter, and there is a royal seal of the King sealing the letter. I momentarily clutch it to my heart, then slowly begin to open the letter carefully, not to damage any part of my saving King’s letter. As I lift up the envelope flap, a beautiful aroma, a fragrance like none other is released in the air from it. It is a fragrance like no other. It is the fragrance of love of the saving King. Now the tears are flowing freely as I slowly open the contents, while smelling His beautiful aroma all around me. “I love you, my King. I’m just one

daughter, one child born into your Kingdom by your saving love. Thank you.” I hear myself whisper out loud so very softly.

Inside is a single piece of paper, also in the same white, beautiful paper. It is trimmed also in delicate gold filigree designs on the outer edges. It tells of our time to spend together. After reading I say, “Will this be the night of our visitation?” I know in this dream that little time had passed since Big Mike had come for our last talk, and it felt like it had only been hours, possibly the very next few days. My heart is so full of joy. I hold the letter close to my heart, smelling and feeling the overwhelming love of the saving King, of His love, and I for Him. I slowly placed the letter back inside the glistening envelope, then slowly turned to head back inside. Suddenly, I hear a rattling of wheels and I turn to see the cart I had seen when Big Mike was here. It’s speeding down the pavement hill, the roadside, not far from the building’s entrance. It’s running fast out of control, and it’s fully loaded, but it never spills its contents nor overturns, as if guided by some unseen hand. It flies by me, but appears like it is in slow motion to my eyes. Still pictures, still frames for me to take full notice of. It is piled high with snow. Dirty, dingy, but fresh snow.

“Oh no!” I cry out, then look at my wristwatch. In reality, I wear no watch. The time displayed says ‘7:01’. I know this is important. I took special note of the time, as the second hand on the watch face continued slowly, counting forward. The cart is heavy laden with so much dirty snow piled upon it. It passes by quickly, but now the snow was falling from it, covering everywhere it passes, dirty snow everywhere. But I know it still has much land to cover, even in this kingdom of the saving King’s, here, that I call home, this land mass I belong to. It’s a vendor style food cart carrying the dirty snow, and made of strong steel. I turn and run into the



building, yelling, “Snow is coming! It’s here! It’s here! Reach all you can now!” I saw my black lady friend exit the building in a dull, grey long dress that seemed to hamper her movements. Other people came rushing out and began one last time to run, I know, and reach those still not in the saving King’s Kingdom of light.

And then the scene changes.

It’s a few hours later of the same day. I walk outside seeking comfort for my heavy heart, even though it’s very cold outside. The dirty snow hasn’t fallen yet, but I know it’s soon to come, but my heart is also full of joy, that the saving King is still visiting me. I walk to the end of the road to the open chain-link fence, where I hear the sound of the plastic wheels of a toy being ridden. It is the little white, brown haired boy, with his oversized clothes. There’s very little traffic, but still I walk toward him to check on him. As I watch him drive around for a few minutes, I call out to him to come back inside the enclosure of the fence. He looks at me with a little grumpily, but he knew by the look of my face that if he didn’t, he would have to go inside to play. It’s still cold outside, but the boy had no coat on our outer covering on him at all. I had been talking to the saving King, who I love, and He with me, so the cold didn’t seem to bother me much right now.

Just as the young boy gets inside the safety of the fence, I hear a ruckus to my left. I turn, and there I see the second cart I had described at the beginning of this dream, as Holy Spirit the Teacher led me to do so. It is a pink, red and yellow lego-built vendor type food cart, speeding quickly down the hill. This one has no handles of any type built on it, but I see its contents. There upon it are 9 smooth shaped cannonballs made from snow. I look at my watch again and it says 9:00 on the dot. I count the snowball cannons one more time. There’s 4 on the bottom, 3 on the next row, with 2 making up the 1 on top. The snowballs are so large, and I

knew that when the cart finally comes to the end of its journey, it would break into many pieces, and the cannonballs of snow would go everywhere, covering a large area.

“We have to warn!” I begin yelling, “I see cannonballs of snow! We must reach the people before the dirty snow and cannonball snow hits our kingdom!” This time, the dark-skinned lady came out in the beautiful white dress with this maroon passion flowers, and ready to go with no hesitancy. She had heard the first warning and prepared her heart in the saving King, and is now ready to reach out to all. Other people are preparing too. There are now more children playing outside on their toys, while we make our preparations for each to reach all we can, while we can while we can.

Then I woke.

### Verses

Matthew 17:20

Song of Solomon 6:3

2 Kings 2:9-12

Hosea 12:10

Psalms 24:1

Psalms 22:28

Proverbs 14:34

Proverbs 29:2

Matthew 17:20

Isaiah 40:17

Romans 6:23

Matthew 10:24

Ezekiel 7:25

Luke 17:6

