

### **The Dream Of Truth @5-17-25 @ 8:44AM Shared 5-21-25**

It began when I found myself staring out at a tall oak tree. I love trees, and this one is a beauty. I began to notice sounds like that of a large saw. I looked around to see I am at a sawmill, a place where they cut down trees that saw them into lumber. I heard a man's voice say gruffly, "This one's next." I looked up to see a man pointing to the tree I had been admiring. He was speaking to another man who had a large chainsaw in his hands. They didn't see me, even though I'm standing in plain view before the mighty oak tree. Both men were dressed in blue jeans and flannel button up shirts, with heavy work boots on their feet. The one who had been speaking had some type of straps in his hands, and I realized it was to aid, if needed, the direction that the tree would fall as it is cut down. Although I don't like the thoughts of this beautiful oak tree being cut down, I know there is a reason and a purpose for me to watch all that is being done, even if I don't know why as of yet. With great skill and expertise from years of experience, the two lumberjacks felled the tree. With the help of a truck and some logging chains I watched the tree being dragged to the waiting sawmill. I watched as the once full tree was stripped of its bark and its limbs, then cut into many pieces. From there it was taken in its many pieces to machines that cut them into usable pieces and lengths, such as 2x4s, for building.

"Daughter of Zion, what do you see?" I heard a gentle voice ask me. I knew it was sweet Holy Ghost Spirit and I replied immediately, "I see what once was a mighty oak tree standing proudly in the forest now cut down and being made into timber, into 2x4s, for man's construction of things." "You have answered correctly, Daughter of Zion, but is not the timber and the 2x4s still, in reality, the tree with different names given to it in its various stages?" "It is, Holy Ghost Spirit," I replied. "Watch further," He instructed me. Suddenly, a huge truck rolled in and all the 2x4s were loaded up along with other trees that had been cut and planed until they were smooth enough to use. As I watched, I was able to see the now loaded truck driving away. My eyes followed it until it stopped in front of a massive building. The sign upon it simply said, "Furniture Manufacturing" in black letters on a long white painted rectangular sign. The 2x4s of oak were quickly unloaded at a docking bay. I'm not sure how much time had elapsed, but now I'm watching as some of the 2x4s of the oak tree are now being shaped, cut down, and built into a stunning oak rocking chair.

"Daughter of Zion, what do you see now?" Holy Ghost Spirit asked me. "Once again, I see the part of the oak tree that was cut down into timber, made into 2x4s, then remade and cut down to make this oak rocker before us. "You are correct, Daughter of Zion. No matter what the world calls each stage of the making of the rocking chair before you, whether they call it wood, timber, 2x4s, or an oak rocker, it is still simply the oak tree in a different form or shape. The truth of this matter is, it's all the oak tree and this is an unchangeable fact. It is the truth." And then the scene changed.

I know I'm at a grocery store standing in front of a pile of stacked papaya fruit. I heard sweet Holy Ghost Spirit say to me, "Daughter of Zion, pick one." "Okay," I said, "then looked over the fruit carefully. I reached out and picked out a nice ripe papaya. Then the scene changed. I'm sitting at a kitchen table; there before me is the papaya, a large cutting board, a large knife, two medium sized bowls, and one smaller one. I heard Holy Spirit's voice once again. "Daughter of Zion, prepare the papaya fruit to be placed inside a dehydrator for drying. Do it as you would in

reality.” “Yes, my Friend,” I replied, picking up the long sharp knife without hesitation. I didn’t wash it on the outside, since I knew that it had already been prepared for me to begin cutting. I removed the outer skin, the rind, quickly and then tossed it into one of the medium sized bowls provided for me. I cut the papaya in half, so I could remove the seeds inside. I placed them and the pulp into the smallest bowl, knowing the seeds could be used later. I quickly sliced up the papaya. Suddenly, to the left on the table is a dehydrator. I loaded the fruit quickly into it, and set the temperature for them to dry. I stood up and grabbed the small bowl of seeds and pulp; I turned around to see a sink on my right. I went to it and separated the seeds from the pulp. I looked around for a moment and saw on a nearby counter a flat cardboard box that had paper towels already laid out inside it. It seemed that everything I needed was already prepared for me. I spread the seeds out upon the paper towel, then laid them on a small table beneath the window that the Sun was shining through.

Then, it’s as if time sped up. I’m unloading the dehydrator and placing the dried papaya into a glass jar; I sealed it shut, closing the lid tightly with my hands. Then I walked over to the papaya seeds, which had miraculously dried already. I gathered them up and placed them also into a separate glass jar. I stopped for a moment and sweet Holy Ghost Spirit spoke to me again. “Daughter of Zion, when you picked the papaya fruit in the store, that’s what it was...a papaya. When you removed the rind you changed its appearance, yet it was still a papaya. When you removed the seeds and pulp from the inside, then sliced the fruit in pieces to be dried it was, and still is, a papaya. Daughter of Zion, you dried the seeds to be later crushed and used as a substitute for black pepper. They’re still part of the papaya. Then when the drying of the fruit itself removed the moisture to leave a dried leather type of food that can be stored longer, you changed its consistency. Yet it’s still a papaya. Nothing can change it to be anything other than what it is. The truth is the fruit is a papaya, no matter how you alter its appearance or change its texture. No matter what you might rename it, the truth will always be it’s a papaya. Then the scene changed again.

I’m sitting in the passenger seat of a parked car. I’m looking outside at various people walking down the streets. Some are milling around the front of some of the stores. I heard a voice ask, “Daughter of Zion, what do you see?” I turned to the sound of the voice, one I recognized, to see a shadowy figure of a man. It’s sweet Holy Ghost Spirit. I didn’t seem surprised. I answered Him quickly, “I see people of various skin colors, shapes, and hair color.” “Tell Me, Daughter of Zion, which of these people out here on the streets and in the city prefer to live the role as a transgender?” I was surprised by His question, yet I knew for Him to ask it there had to be some importance to it. “I’m not sure if I can tell just by looking out the car window.” “That is correct, Daughter of Zion. Although some are easily detected, others are not. Having so far as to have their body altered. They will many times have their sexual organs recreated into one of the opposite sex, but in the end it’s a lie.” “What do you mean?” I asked Him. He replied quickly, “No matter how many body parts you alter, no matter how much makeup you wear, or cut your hair like that of a man, for a woman, no matter the clothing you put on to support your chosen lie, the truth shall always be the truth. That cannot be altered. When you check the DNA of the man who is transgendered into a woman, his DNA still tells the truth. He is a man, as he was created by the Great Almighty God of Heaven, Creator of All. The same goes for the woman transgenering into a man. Her DNA bears the truth no matter what alterations have been done on the outside. The Truth shall always be the Truth.”

“You have been shown three examples, all different, of how the truth cannot be altered. The outside appearance and even the texture can be, but the truth of what these things are cannot be changed, such as it is with the Written Word of God given to mankind. With all the little changes that the enemy has been allowed to make for the end of all days, and the many translations with little soundness in them, it is the changing of the wording and the appearance that has been allowed. But the Truth found inside it, the true meaning of every word, every phrase, every parable, cannot be altered or changed. Jesus the Christ, the Son of the Living God, Elohim, the I AM is the Spoken Word placed into a body of flesh, a man and God body, but also written as the Word of God. Jesus Christ, Lord and Savior of your world is also the Truth. So, no matter what kind of paper that’s used, it’s still the Word of God. No matter what type of cover is on it, it’s still the True Word of God. No matter what changes have been allowed to occur for the end time days to continue, there is nothing that can be altered or changed that shall actually cause the truth of what’s inside to be changed. The Truth is, and will always be, the Truth, Daughter of Zion. It cannot be hidden or altered. The Truth is the Truth.”

#### Verses

1 Peter 1:25, Isaiah 40:8, Psalms 119:89, 1 Corinthians 2:14, John 14:6, Colossians 3:16, John 17:17, Psalms 119:9-11, Hebrews 4:12, Isaiah 55:11, 1 John 2:27, John 4:23, Ephesians 4:21, Ephesians 5:9, Psalms 119:142, Psalms 43:3, John 8:31-32, 2 Timothy 2:15, John 1:1, John 14:17, Psalms 119:160