

**Luke 8:17 & The Fallen Angel Dream 8-28-23 @
4:23am, 5:17am & 7:31am**

Luke 8:17 For nothing is secret, that shall not be made manifest; neither any thing hid, that shall not be known and come abroad.

I dreamed the same dream again, my lovely Jesus of a fallen angel walking in the woods somewhere with his demon-like dog beside him. Jesus this is a 2 Corinthians 13:1 dream which says, "In the mouth of 2 or 3 witnesses shall every word be established. So sweet Jesus, Holy Spirit please bring it all back into my mind's eye and let me record it in this journal. Then help me to gain the full understanding in Jesus' name of what part, if any, that I need to do.

It begins again in a thickly covered forest area. I could tell the sun was still shining by the lightness of the day that somehow managed to lighten the forest thicket I am seeing. I hear the sound of falling footsteps upon the forest ground. They are making a slight crunching sound upon the ground caused by the twigs, sticks and brown pine needles that are covering this area of the forest. Yet at the same time each footstep sounds like it has a booming impact on the Earth's soil.

I turned to the sound of the noise to see a lone figure of a man emerging into this open area of the forest so heavily covered by the tree branches above his head.

This figure is massive in size. Very tall in comparison to the size of the rocks and trees in this area.

This man is wearing a dark green cape that reaches to his feet. As he emerges more into the opening I see it's more like a cloak instead of a cape. The cloak has a hood that is now covering most of the lone figure's face. He has a wooden staff or walking stick in his right hand that has a bent or crook in it near the top of its otherwise straight form. Even though it looks like a walking stick, when I see it I hear, "Wizard's staff."

I heard more noises and I saw emerging from the darkness of the forest of this lighted thicket a very pale, very ugly, very horrifying dog-like creature. But it's not like any kind I have seen before that I can recall for myself.

It's greyish in color, even almost white. It's huge. It's tall. It's hairless. It's skinny looking, yet, I know somehow in this dream it possesses great strength in its sickly, diseased body!

I am praying to myself, covering myself in the precious blood of my lovely Jesus, but also daring not to say anything out loud in case it's possible for these things, the cloaked man and devil dog...the evil hound to see or hear me.

I heard my lovely Jesus say softly in a whisper. "It's okay. I've got you. Now watch and listen little daughter

and behold the fallen one who has been your enemy since your conception in your mother's womb who has been sent not only to destroy you but your seeds of promise. Your children and their children!"

I heard myself let out a small gasp. I will Jesus, I said then continued. But I can't do this alone. Please help me. "I am little one. You are covered in "My" blood. No harm shall come to you. Now look, watch and listen to all you are shown." "Yes, my love, " I heard myself respond softly in my mind's eye.

My eyes are drawn back to the cloaked figure and I watch as he pushes back the hood of his cloak back from his face. I noticed that his hand is a very pale color that resembles somewhat of that of the demon dog or hound it may be called by some.

His face is drawn up as if it is of a great age. It's not wrinkles, yet his face has the appearance of...great age. "Ancient," is the word I heard as I looked at the monster of a man. It's around the mouth and the eyes where the flesh looks like it's drawing in around these facial features. Yet the sickly colored skin appeared to look smooth.

His eyebrows are black but his hair is white that seems to hold no semblance of order to the wildness of it upon his head. His nose is wide with nostrils that flare out when he takes a breath. Protruding out of the inner nose bone looks like a baby's femur leg bone. It looks

unbroken so I am not sure how he managed to put it in his nose without one end being broken. But it's not.

When I looked at his eye area of his face, at first I saw empty sockets filled with blackness that chilled my spine. It's evil! If this man-thing has a soul, then it's not like mine, I feel, because this is black with a void that's of evilness where it's eyeballs should be.

As I am watching I see eyeballs begin forming inside these holes of evil, wicked darkness. I saw the whiteness of the eyeball as the eyes are forming, but it's only the outer part. The inner part where a normal eye's iris and pupil would be is solid black. A deep blackness that I know is filled with pure evil. Now within them I see malignant hatred and loathing.

He takes off his cloak in a quick, sweeping angry movement and casts it to the ground. It hits with a thudding sound which made me realize it's made of a heavy type material, after throwing the staff-like rod to the ground beforehand.

All these actions I perceived were done in cruel hatred and I feel it is directed at me somehow. Can he see me? Does he know I'm here Jesus? "Stay still in me little daughter. Stand strong. I've got you, but you must continue to watch, look and listen to all I show you this night which is now your day," Jesus said. Yes, my love, I say in my mind and again turn to observe the angry giant of a man.

I saw now that he is dressed in a green tunic-type overshirt of green with a wide 2 inch trim of silver grey that adorns the edges of the square hem. He had matching green pants. Solid in their color with a long sleeve undershirt of the same color of silver grey that's on the tunics edges.

Upon his head and shoulder is a covering that has the look of what knights would wear under their armor and now his white hair I can no longer see. It's all tucked inside this head and shoulder covering.

I have the "sense" or "feel" it is some type of chain mail unknown to man that is spiritually enhanced to protect his head. More importantly his mind and thoughts. As well as his chest and heart area from any attacks. It went to where his arms began their movement and left them unhindered in their movement.

After throwing down the staff-like stick, the wizard staff, I keep hearing, "I know this man had the power of ancient magic." It seemed to flow from him. He is a fallen one! A fallen angel that fell from Heaven and is now evil.

Why am I seeing this? I asked Jesus to myself, careful not to speak out loud. The fallen angel turned and looked me straight in the eyes. They filled with pure hatred and malice as his face and mouth contorted and twisted in an unnatural way for a human person.

I was stunned to know that he saw me and knew I was observing him!

He screams out in a horrible screeching voice that made me recoil slightly from all the evil and hatred I heard within it.

Because you have prayed for all the hidden things to be revealed in unwavering faith in the Lamb of God's name, he spat out. And I could physically see his words go out from him that were drenched somehow in salvia and venom. But as they almost reached me I watched as they came in contact with an invisible barrier I hadn't seen myself until that moment.

The venom drenched words crumbled then evaporated upon the ground causing a burning-like effect on the pine needles and twigs that seemed to melt and sizzle as slight traces of vapor and smoke arose from the spots where they had fallen.

It seemed to enrage him further that his word couldn't get to him.. I'm stunned by all I am seeing and hearing. "LUKE 8:17! LUKE 8:17!" He screamed in rage, "YOU HAD CONTINUALLY PRAYED. Now the God of Heaven said I have to reveal myself to you and others since you have uncovered me by the power of the written word! Which "me" do you want to see next?" He sneered in maliciousness and changed into the form of a man I have known for a very long time!

My stomach lurched inside me and the fallen one began to laugh until I felt a hand, a gentle hand of peace touch me upon my right shoulder. I felt love, peace and

strength begin filling my body. The shock of him turning into a man I knew had caused me to become weak in my fleshly body in addition to the feeling of wanting to vomit. I looked over quickly to see who it was, yet knowing all the time it was my lovely Jesus. And it was!!!

He's standing close beside me, His left nail pierced hand upon my shoulder. He's in a beautiful loose fitting, white robe-like tunic of holiness. That's the only way I know how to describe it in human words.

Jesus' eyes are full of love and compassion for me. But as He turned toward the fallen angel taunting me with the deception he had played in my life, Jesus' eyes filled with firm authority. He spoke with a voice that echoed through the whole forest it seemed!

"That's enough! Now show her your final form so she knows them all. Show her how you were once created, Jesus said firmly while His hand still rested protectively upon my shoulder filling me with comfort and His love for me.

I had thought the hatred the fallen one had shown me was its deepest level. I was wrong! I can see his hatred for my lovely Jesus is so much deeper than his hatred for me. Yet this brings me no comfort in this knowledge.

"Alright." the fallen one spat out slinging saliva and venom from his mouth once more. I see now he has a

serpent-like forked tongue as he's speaking. "Now!" Jesus commanded.

The fallen one yelled, "Ugghhh." Then changed his appearance into a beautiful looking man. He has dark hair that somehow has a golden sparkle effect within it. He is fair skinned and his eyes are of the color of light brown. His skin is flawless and I am drawn to his beauty, yet my spirit feels repelled by it somehow at the same time.

He is dressed in a flowing garment of white and palest blue. I watched as wings began expanding and unfolding from his back. The span of them is so wide and they are beautiful. "Oh," I said, not knowing what else to say by all I am seeing. Suddenly he turned back into the first form I had seen him as. "What happened Jesus? Why did he change back so suddenly?"

"Little daughter, you have learned many things in this world that few would dare to comprehend. The fallen ones can no longer maintain the original form of holy angel they were created in for long periods of your time anymore. The evilness of sin overshadows and overcomes this form after a period of time. But even in this small amount of time they will use this form to appear to My creation of people to appear as angels of light to deceive all they can." he said to me softly.

I looked over at the fallen one with his pale, sullen colored skin and hate filled eyes that were glaring at us.

He was standing almost defiantly as if daring my lovely Jesus to have him do more.

Jesus smiled and said, again, in great authority, “Not today Tamar. Only what is written, the hidden things have you been made to reveal. She now sees you for who you really are. Deception’s veil has been replaced by spiritual holy sight of truth. Not only for her, but many others involved.

You have lost this war! My witness stands firm in me. Go tell your master you have failed in the destruction of her life and that of her family. Your chances are now removed permanently from you.

Know this! The very children she was given became purified and holy the moment My blood coursed through the babies’ veins. Her seed, her righteous seed in me and through me shall destroy you! They shall plow through your kingdom and that of satan’s like no others have before.

My witnesses, My 144,000 are on the move. Go tell that ole serpent he’s lost and My feet have touched down for the marching of My Heavenly Warriors of Light.”

Almost instantly the fallen angel and his now not so scary demon hound were gone in a flash. Tears had filled my eyes at my love’s words. I am nothing without Him. I love Him so much.

He turns to me and takes both my hands in His. He looks me directly in the eyes with so much love I become weak with the force of it entering me. I began crying more. Jesus. Oh, how I love you.

“Vicki, I love you too, My warrior bride and witness. The time has come for you to leave this life behind and to walk in where I have called you to walk in the fulness of Me.

It’s time to go. Come take My hand. It’s going home time.” I reached up and wiped the tears of joy and love from my eyes. He extends His right hand to me. I look at it almost in awe, then grab it firmly. “Let’s go,” I heard myself say, then I awoke.

Three times in one night/morning I dreamed the same dream. Three times! This dream is established in you Jesus and in Heaven.

Hebrews 13:2

Hebrews 4:12-13

Hosea 12:10

Matthew 24: 37-39

Ecclesiastes 1:9

2 Corinthians 11:12-15

Luke 8:17

