

### **Black Elevator Dream 4-13-23 @ 6:38am**

I dreamed of a large, large, tall black building many stories high. It started on the bottom floor where I was an observer, and I watched as a lone figure with his back towards me enter this elevator. He had on a black trench coat made out of fabric, like a London Fog type coat, with the man's hat upon his head. It was a dark, charcoal gray with a black band around it. I know it's a man in this dream. (The hat looked like the old Dick Tracy detective hats.) As he walks completely into the elevator, he keeps his head down as he turns to press the elevator button. He never lifts his head up as the black metal type doors closed in front of my eyes. He is the only one in the dark, dark building with its shiny black elevator.

I watch as the elevator begins rising upward. As I'm observing all these things in this dream, I notice that somehow, he exits, and then re-enters the elevator still in his black London Fog style lightweight trench coat. I don't know how many floors we were on until the next time he entered. He was not alone. (He kept going through rooms entering and exiting all the way up this building.) He's now accompanied by a woman, a taller woman than him, who's wearing a wedding veil, carrying black dead roses. She walks arm and arm into the elevator with him. This time his head is held higher, but I still do not see his or her faces. As soon as they enter together into the elevator and the doors began to shut, immediately they moved away from each other, and I perceived this was not a happy union of love, but one of necessity.

The elevator once again makes its way upward to the top. As each scene unfolds and this man makes his way to the top of the building, I watch as people enter the elevator, and some depart, but now he, the man in black never leaves the elevator, nor his wife of necessity, with her short little wedding veil and dead black roses. She is dressed in a solid black dress that hangs down a little past her knees. Again, I notice she is the tallest of the two.

Up, up, up they go in this black elevator as if reaching to the sky. On each floor, the elevator stops and opens, whether anyone comes in or not, or goes out. I now see this man is wearing a crisp white shirt, a dark wine-colored tie with paisley dark blue designs upon it, scattered sparingly, (so the predominant color was wine). He is no longer wearing the London Fog coat or the hat. They had been replaced by an expensive black suit that has a finish sheen to its material. His feet are adorned with shiny black shoes with black strings. He is, I perceived, a man of great power, yet his face I still do not see, or his wife's.

As the door begins closing shut, I say, "Surely there can't be many more floors, for this building seems to reach the sky. It reaches to the very top of our world." I watch this time as the numbers outside the elevator begin flipping faster. The elevator appears to be speeding faster, a whole lot faster. I hear laughter coming from inside this shiny black elevator, horrible laughter, and I know it's coming from the man in black, who is now standing boldly at the elevator doors, instead of standing at the back wall with the woman he married out of necessity. I'm looking into the elevator this time before the doors open. Now I'm looking at the doors as they begin to open.

The scene changes, and now I'm standing on what looks like the curve of the earth (the curve part of the earth), but I'm not alone. The black elevator is here too, as well as a gold throne with a bright, red velvet back and seat. It is in my eyes somewhat gaudy in its appearance. I feel a chill run through me. I recognize this throne. I've seen it before. In this dream apparently, I have

knowledge of prior past visions, dreams and visitations. As I cry out, “Dear Jesus, no,” the elevator doors begin to open. The laughter inside slowly ebbs away. I see the man, still in the shadows, straightening his coat jacket and tie making himself more presentable to the world. A red neon sign pops up inside the elevator flashing these words: “You have fully arrived.” The man steps his shiny black polished shoe out the door then looks up at me. He knows I am here!!!

He lifts his head up and looks me straight in the eyes. It’s antichrist. He has hate and defiance in his blue-black soulless eyes. He says not a word but walks arrogantly and boldly to the throne where he sits down without hesitation. His wife of necessity, of convenience, is no longer carrying the dead black roses, but from out of somewhere, I do not know, she is now carrying in her hands a very large golden crown with the red velvet inset. It puts me in remembrance of the crowns that great monarchs would wear such as in England or France in days gone by. I know this from studying French in high school days so many years ago.

She walks with purposeful strides to the man on the throne and crowns him. I know as soon as the crown touches his head it can only be removed by his death. He looks me straight in the eyes again, then throws his head backwards and laughs a hideous horrible laugh, that feels as if all hell is inside it. I hear myself gasp out softly, “Oh Jesus, help us”. Antichrist immediately threw his head upward to look at me again and said, “No one can help this world. I rule now. It’s ordered by your God, it’s my time.” Suddenly I see a neon sign drop from the sky suspended in mid-space that reads: Coming to your world in - - - - (year). Then I awoke. “Oh Jesus, oh Jesus, help us.”

Scripture

Revelation 13

Daniel 7

Daniel 9:20-27

Daniel 11:36-45

Daniel 12

2 Thessalonians 2:3-9