The Grey Stadium Dream 7-20-25, 7-21-25 & 7-22-25

This dream began when I found myself inside a very nice home, but it's crowded with people. It makes me think of when in past times, someone had died and family, friends, and acquaintances all gather at one home (They all gather, they all eat, etc). I noticed in the dining room area, there was a highly polished, elegant wood table, intricately carved. It's a heavy table, and it's well made, I could tell. The eight chairs are intricately carved as well, and match the table. The chairs were thickly padded and covered with solid brown color, a rich brown, that's what I kept hearing, a rich brown. It was both elegant and beautiful. To the left was a huge matching curio cabinet, which held inside it pieces of crystal, an assortment of goblets, bowls, and such like. I knew they were all real fine crystals. As I looked around, I heard voices coming from the left room. It is the kitchen. Many voices of talking and laughter. People were walking from the kitchen to other rooms, walking behind me. They would smile or nod at me, so they knew who I was, apparently. All were well-dressed, not one here had a sloppy or disheveled appearance.

All the other people, besides the man I knew who came with me (but I couldn't see yet) were all tan skin with dark black hair. “Why are they all the same in appearance? Are they Mexicans or another nationality? Jesus Christ, my Love, help me to understand. I know I'm here to help somehow,” I prayed to myself silently and I heard this soft reply, “They're Puerto Ricans.” “Thank you, my Lovely Jesus Christ,” I replied. As I'm answering my Lovely Jesus Christ, another woman walks into the room. She has long black wavy hair that reaches just below her shoulder. She’s in a straight black dress that's sleeveless and high necked. Her appearance is very nice. She smiled at me, and as she walked by, I couldn't help but notice the huge diamond necklace around her neck. I knew it was real. It had one pear-shaped or teardrop diamond about the size of a large egg in the center middle, with two more of the same size on each side of the middle one. These things were huge. They're all shaped the same. The wide bottom part of the ones on the left and right surrounded the top of the teardrop diamond in the middle. These people were all nice and even courteous. “Are all these people in this house or the neighborhood wealthy?” I asked. “If so, why am I here?” I feel I am to somehow help them, and the word “covertly,” I heard. Then the scene changed. I knew I was there to help, and I kept hearing “covertly.” So that means hidden, undercover.

I'm standing outside in front of a small piece of land where the dirt is overturned, as if preparing it for a garden. This location, this land, is somehow connected to the people inside the wealthy home with the nice dressed and wealthy people were in earlier. There is a Puerto Rican man standing outside talking to me and another man. This man was tall and sandy blonde hair with a thin mustache. This man I knew had come with me and is supposed to be someone that the others I am associated with trust. I am the one talking. “What is it exactly that you're needing to ensure you get the productivity you are needing for this fertile land?” The Puerto Rican man said quickly, “We need poles. We're in desperate need of bean poles so we can sustain the growth we are expecting with your help.” I looked over at the blonde headed man with me back to the Puerto Rican man before me. He looked like he was in his mid 30s. “Can you help us?” He asked. I smiled and said, “I have just the thing. I have the bean poles you will need, but they're back at
the hotel. If you are able, then the arrangements can be made for you to come by in the morning, Lord willing. Is that doable for you?” “Yes, yes!” The man replied. I reached into my pants

pocket and pulled out a piece of paper with an ink pen. I wrote the hotel address and room number down, then said a prayer, then handed him the paper. He took the paper quickly, then looked me in the eye. As he did, he said, “Thank you. We thank you.” And then the scene changed.

The blonde headed man and I are in the hotel room. It has two full size beds, one for each of us. Since we are working covertly, it was insisted by others that someone come with me who knew the area and could protect me. I knew I had tried to tell them that I didn't need anyone with me, but they insisted and also, he knew the area well. Finally, after praying, I conceded. So the room has been booked as we were family, brother and sister, since we were brother and sister in Jesus Christ. We are in the room and the blonde haired man is speaking. I'm listening, but not fully because I feel in my Holy Ghost knower something is off, but I haven't discerned it fully yet. I'm in the process of going through one of my suitcases when the man from across the room begins speaking. “I don't think Juan can be trusted. I believe he's really a fallen angel in disguise to try to get close to you or gain access to our group. Do you really think you should give him those bean poles?” He asked. “Either way,” I replied, “when I prayed to Jesus Christ, He told me to give them to Juan when he arrives and they would get where they needed to go. So that's what we're going to do. Now get ready. Pack your bags, Doug.” “Pack my bags?” He replied, “I thought we were here until the end of this?” The man said in surprise. “We are,” I replied, “but this room is only booked until today. We will try to relocate, rebook it, if we can after Juan arrives, but for now, we're picking up, we're packing up and taking everything to the vehicle.

The man named Doug with the blonde hair looked a little unhappy, but quickly began packing his few belongings. I had pulled out of the bottom of my suitcase a handful of metal rods. They were actually collapsible. They were about 16 inches in their length before they were extended. They are in reality a type of antenna, both sturdy and strong. With a triumphant smile, I held up a handful of them. The exact number of them I didn't know, but there looked to be around 20 to 25 for my hand to be able to hold them in my right hand alone. “I still think you should set up another meeting with at least one more person present with him,” Doug said as he carried his suitcase to the door. I shut mine quickly, and replied, “No, Doug, Jesus Christ said to do it today. Now hurry up. Juan will be here in about 15 minutes.” Doug looked displeased, but then quickly changed his frown to a smile. “Shall I take your bags out?” He asked. “Thank you, Doug. You can take the big suitcase, my bag and the bean poles, the rods are to stay here with me. He nodded his head then grabbed my suitcase and set it at the door with his. Then he reached for the door. “Leave it open, Doug. Juan may arrive early. Also, if you need me to bring out the last few items, you can yell from the vehicle. I have a clear view.” He stiffened momentarily, then relaxed as he said in a mumbled voice, “Okay.”

I'm still sensing something is off in the spirit. “Holy Ghost Spirit, what is it? There is something off here. Is Juan a fallen angel? I sense the enemy is near. Jesus Christ, in Your Name, I ask you for the truth. I pray Luke 8:17 over this situation. I bind any deception, and ask You to shine Your glorious light upon us and somehow reveal to me your truth and not how it's being presented.” I heard, “Done, daughter, done,” just as I finished praying, Doug came back into the room. “All that is left is your bag. Do you now want me to put it in the vehicle?” He asked.

“Thank you, Doug, but no, I will carry it.” Before he could respond, there was a knock on the door frame.
Juan is standing in the open doorway. “I have come,” he said quietly, “just as you have instructed me to do. Please, can I have the bean poles and I will be able to spread the message that we have them and we will prosper with them while there's still time to do so. I walked over to the bed where I had laid them next to my bag. I picked up the handful of 16 inch antennas we were calling bean poles and walked back to the door. Doug stood inside the door looking at me from the left.

“Here, Juan,” I said as I held out the handful of metal rod antennas. “There's so many. Are you sure we can have them all?” He asked. “Yes, Jesus Christ said to give them all to you. Be ready to use them.” “We will be,” he replied. I handed them to Juan and as soon as he touched the top part of the rods, his face and body changed into an acquaintance I know. A man who's white skinned with a goatee beard and a shaved head. This particular person, Father God and Jesus Christ has used many times to prove to others the words that Father God and my lovely Jesus Christ have spoken to me. This man I trust. I knew Jesus Christ had just revealed to me the truth about Juan.
I turned to speak to Doug and as I looked at him, his face changed into that of a person I know is a fallen angel, the enemy itself. I didn't say a word. I turned back to Juan, who was now looking like his normal Puerto Rican self. “Juan, take these quickly and know that Father God and Jesus Christ are with you. I will contact you further with further instructions.” “Thank you,” he said and then added, “may Jesus Christ keep you safe, Witness of God.” I watched as he walked over to a very nice black motorcycle. He takes the army green duffel bag he had hanging on one of the handlebars on the left, and carefully places the bean pole rods into it. He quickly zips it closed, then places his arms inside the green duffel bag straps and wears it on his back like a backpack. He drives quickly away. I walked over to the bed, picked up my bag, then looked Doug straight in the eyes. He, too, now looks as he did beforehand, but I knew the truth now. “Come on,” I said. “It's time to leave. We won't be needing the room again after all.” And then the scene changed again.

There's a certain advantage to knowing the enemy is near you, and they are not aware that you know who they really are. Such is the situation with Doug and me. I know he's evil, but he thinks I'm still ignorant of the fact. Yet after praying to my lovely Jesus Christ, I'm told to not reveal yet the enemy within. Now we're at another location. I can see it looks like a solid grey stadium that's built in an area with nothing else surrounding it. There aren't any vehicles, buildings, mountains, just flat land with brown dirt. It's a huge stadium like a baseball one from its outside appearance without any signs or identifications to mark its location. I'm looking at it at a distance when suddenly we, the man Doug, another person and I were on the inside near the entrance of the stadium. (Now there's nothing else. It's just the stadium sitting there. No buildings to buy concessions or anything, just the stadium and one entrance/exit.) How we got in here, I'm not sure because we didn't purchase any tickets. The stadium appears to have people inside as if a game was soon to be played, yet I saw no baseball players or dugouts. The baseball field wasn't green, and there weren't any bases or a pitcher mound, which is normally found in the field's diamond.
We were standing inside and all the Puerto Rican people from the nice house and richly dressed people were all here. Their faces are smiling. I knew they were here to receive some type of

reward or recognition, and they were to receive it here. We had come to give our prayers and support. I saw Juan's smiling face and the young woman still wearing that nice sleeveless black dress and huge diamond necklace. Yet no one but me seemed to take notice of her enormous necklace. They're all smiling and talking among themselves.

I heard a man's rough-sounding voice speak to us. "Hey! You're not one of the rewardees. Tickets, please and I will tell you where you can take your seats." I looked toward the man's voice to see there was a black man standing in a security guard uniform. I looked at him in surprise because he looked like Barack Obama. He said again in a commanding voice, "I said, let me see your tickets." I responded then, "We don't have tickets. We had only come to wish the Puerto Ricans well and to pray with them." The Obama-looking man's eyes narrowed as he said, "Prayer time is over. No tickets? Then you must leave now." Then his right hand moved to his side, and I saw he was wearing a gun. Still, I didn't fear and responded politely. "We are not here to cause a disturbance, and we're here to pray for our friends. But since we don't have tickets, nor do we want to purchase any, we will leave now." His eyes squinted, then he replied, "Good. Do it now." I nodded my head and we turned to head out to the front entrance as we had come in.

"Wait!" The security guard yelled. "You can't go out that way. You have to walk all the way around the inside of the stadium. Do not cross over the middle. Do you hear me? Walk the field's length, then exit out the doorway," he said, as he pointed to the door we had entered when we had arrived. Only now there's a female guard standing at the door holding a billy stick in her hands. She looks like Hillary Clinton in the face. I looked at the Obama looking security guard, then out at the long stadium. It would take maybe 10 to 12 steps to walk to the door we had entered, and then we could be outside and on our way. I started to speak, when the black security guard said, "Don't speak. Now begin walking." I heard my Lovely Jesus Christ say to me softly, "Do it, Daughter. This is of Me, though they don't know it. I shall reveal to you as you go what you need to see and know." Without another word, I began walking but not before I saw a smug look of satisfaction on Obama's face. He, I assume, thought he had been the one in control that caused me to obey his instructions. But unbeknown to him, it was my Lovely Jesus Christ. A small smile crossed my face, which the Obama-looking security guard noticed, and it caused his face to be filled with confusion.

I kept on walking with Doug, the traitorous fallen angel, and the other person accompanying us that I know was with us. I knew they were of God, yet I never saw them physically, to describe who it was with us. Doug hurried his pace to catch up with my purposeful strides. I saw there was a large, sturdy set of stairs made like bleachers, except they looked like they were solid wood and heavy enough to support many people. It's three rows high and painted solid black. The friendly Puerto Ricans were making their way up the steps. I saw Juan's smiling face as he waved at me. So did the woman with the large diamond necklace she's still wearing around her neck. I waved back as we continued to walk. I could hear the voices murmuring that Joe Biden was going to present them with an honor, a surprise. My mind is seeking for answers and trying to connect the pieces of what's happening here. As we passed the staircase, now full of the Puerto Ricans, all with smiling faces, I realized when we reached the halfway point of walking around the inside of the huge grey stadium, the bleachers were all empty from the halfway point back. There wasn't even one person seated back here. "The stadium was only half full," I said thoughtfully, and then asked, "what's going on here?" As we continued to walk, I pondered on

this situation. The stadium is only half full. It's only half of the people who could fill the stadium who had filled the stadium that are here watching. So this, the other half, whoever they are, weren't watching the happenings in the stadium. “Why is the stadium solid grey? Where are the colorful signs and green grass?” I asked out loud. Doug replied, “This is strange indeed. It's like a World Series game that only half of the world is tuned in to watch.” Then he asked in a friendly tone, “Did lovely Jesus Christ tell you anything?” I knew he was trying to fish for information, so I simply said, “No.” He turned his head away as he continued to walk a little behind me.

The unseen person was keeping a few steps behind us both. As we're starting to walk back toward the entrance, not yet at the halfway point or the bleacher stairs full of smiling people, I noticed if this ceremony or the honorary surprise, whatever it was to be, is televised or pictures taken, it would show the half empty stadium bleachers behind them. Unless, of course, they manipulated the pictures or video somehow to make it appear full. We reached the halfway point where the bleachers were filled with people. In the front bottom bleacher, now, there were three seats open. In other words, not filled. Doug said quickly, “These seats are empty. Why don't we sit and watch a few minutes before we leave?” The thought entered my mind, “It couldn't hurt,” but immediately, I cast it away in Jesus Christ's Name and said out loud, “No. We didn't pay for the tickets. This would not be right.” I kept walking, but Doug lagged behind as if he thought his action could sway me to stay a few a few minutes longer. “Not happening, Doug,” I said quickly, never turning around as I kept walking forward. “If you stay, that's on you, but I won't do it.” I heard him make a grunting, then a huffing noise, then I heard his feet scuffing on the ground to catch up with me.

I took one last look at my Puerto Rican friends I had recently made, and a sickening feeling hit me deep in the pit of my stomach. “Holy Ghost Spirit, what is it?” I asked quickly. “What's wrong here?” Then every alarm in my body and spirit begins going off. We're almost at the door entrance now. The Hillary Clinton guard is waiting impatiently with the billy stick being tapped in one of her hands while holding it with the other. I turned back to my friends on the stairs and yelled, “Something’s wrong!” I saw Juan look at me intently as if trying to understand what I was saying. I started yelling, “Get out! You need to get out!” motioning with my hands toward the entrance/exit. Surprise filled Juan's face, and I heard Doug say, “Are you sure? What if you're wrong? You're going to look like a fool if nothing happens.” Suddenly, I felt two pairs of hands grab me roughly by the arms and begin pulling me toward the exit. “You've said enough,” the Obama-looking security guard said quickly. The Hillary Clinton face guard yelled at Doug, “Get out now! We'll bring her out!” Doug, the traitor, turned around and ran out the entrance/exit. I'm struggling to get free as I'm yelling, “Juan, get your people out of here!”

They begin pulling me towards the exit. I heard Hillary say, “I personally think we should force her to stay.” “It won't do any good,” the Obama security guard replied. “She's protected by the Nazarene.” “Is she now?” Hillary, the other security guard answered wickedly. “Yet here she is in our hands. Where's her God now?” While she's speaking, I saw a woman step out of the crowd of honorary people for the ceremony. (So it's like a crowd of bureaucrats, government people, past and present and I didn't name but just a few….the ones the Lord Jesus Christ told me to name.) While she's speaking, I saw a woman step out of the crowd of honorary people for the ceremony that turned into some of America's governments of past as well as of the current. The woman wears a black turban around her head like the Muslims wear. I recognize her face. Her last name,

I recall, is Omar. She has something in her hands. I began struggling harder to get free when Omar said in a low, deadly voice, “From my people to yours.”

I saw an American flag large enough to hang fully behind all the people on the bleacher stairs of black, drop behind them. She throws what's in her hands at the bleacher of standing Puerto Ricans. It lands with a clanging noise as another person steps out of the crowd. I saw George W Bush and Donald Trump with them. The man that stepped out is gray haired and was wearing an FBI blue jacket with yellow writing. I recognize his face as Christopher Wray, formerly the director of the FBI. He, too, has something in his hand. He cast it out into the middle of the solid gray half field Stadium. I heard, “It’s the world's stage.” I just heard that. In horror, I saw what they each have thrown were the canisters I have seen by dreams and visions for many, many weeks now, filled with the mustard gas. “No!” I screamed out. The Obama and Hillary Clinton looking security guards were laughing. Hillary yelled out in triumph. “It's done! One down. Two more to go with your stinking Nazarene being a no show.” She reared her hand back and balled it up in a fist to strike my face but mid blow, a hand stopped her. It was the unseen person who had been with me all along. A man's voice said in great authority, “The King of All Glory, Yeshua Ha' Mashiach, Jesus Christ, Son of the Living God is right here! I warned all not to touch My anointed and not to harm My prophets! She is both.”

I saw the nail scar in his hand, His wrist area, before I saw my Lovely Jesus Christ's face. Terror filled their faces as my Lovely Jesus Christ scooped me in His arms and headed for the entrance/exit. As I looked over His shoulder, still breathing heavily, the whole inside changed into a grand-looking place with several balconies surrounding a high decorated room with chandelier lights. That's all I saw before I was whisked to safety in the arms of my beloved Lord and Savior.
We are in a green area of grass now. Nowhere near the stadium that's now a grand room. Jesus Christ, my Love, set me gently down on my feet and said softly, “Peace be still, Daughter, inside you.” Immediately, I felt strength return to my wobbly legs, and my breathing leveled out. “The mustard gas,” I choked out as I began to cry. He drew me close as His strength coursed through me. Then He said, “It is to be, Daughter. This is righteous judgment. Piece the clues together inside this visitation dream, to know where this attack shall be. The clues reach into the past, connecting to the future of the current time. This is not the same stadium I have shown you by dream before, but it is connected by the two.”

“Seek Me for My truth, Daughter, and I shall give it to you. As well as all My children that earnestly seek and don't give up, but continually travail. But do it soon, do it quick, if you want to know beforehand, because this time has arrived actively upon your world. Seek for My truth without man's understanding and misinterpretations. Seek My truth and seek Me always,” He said passionately. “I will, Jesus Christ.” I replied. And then I awoke.

So take this to Jesus Christ in prayer. I've already been studying on it because I've had it for three nights. And I have an idea, but I'm still seeking. I don't understand all of it yet. But He said to go ahead and share it. But it's up to you to seek it out. I'm not going to share what I’m understanding. It's up to you to seek the answers from Jesus Christ yourself. If I'm to share when He tells me, I will share. If not, my mouth is shut.

Verses:
Psalms 105:15; 2 Corinthians 2:11-15; Luke 8:17; Jeremiah 33:3; Matthew 21:22; John 8:32; Proverbs 28:9-28; 29:1-13; Habakkuk 2:2-3; Isaiah 3:14; 10:1; Ezekiel 22:27; Jeremiah 11:18; Micah 2:1-5; 7:1-6; Ezekiel 12:25; Psalms 34:15-16; Romans 13:1; Isaiah 10:6; Ezekiel 33:29; Psalms 10:2; Proverbs 6:16-19; Luke 21:36; Ecclesiastes 5:8; Acts 2:38; 1 John 1:9; Romans 3:23; Acts 4:12; 16:31.