Planet X, Fake Aliens & the Sun King Dream 8-13-25 to 8-14-25

I had this dream on 8-13-25 at 2:12 AM, 3:12 AM, 4:33AM, & 7:43 AM. I started journaling it at 7:43 AM. And then again, I woke up this morning, 8-14-25 at 2:08 AM, same dream, and 6:06 AM, same dream.

I found myself in the middle of a room filled with nephilim. Some were giants, very tall giants, of both male and female, while others were deformed and misshapen to where I couldn't tell what gender by looking at them they were. The giants are of varying heights, but even the shortest ones seem to rise in their height several feet above the head of others, yet still not touching the very tall metal ceiling of this room in this building. I realized I am near the wall, away from the majority of the crowd. "Oh Lord Jesus Christ, why have You placed me in a room full of nephilim? Why am I here?" I asked silently to my Lovely Jesus Christ. I heard His sweet reply that came quickly and reassuringly. "Daughter of Mine, to observe. Pay attention." I replied in my mind, "I will my Love. Please cover me with Your blood."

I feel like I have landed in a lion's den, much like Daniel was by all the enemies near me. My eyes scanned the group of nephilim before me. There were so many, with some having the appearance of humans, except for their massive size, while others were deformed with extra fingers, limbs, or found with animalistic features and bodies. The oddity of the scene before me was none of them were talking. They're all facing in one direction, forward, as if watching for something. Then I noticed this room had a large window. Wait…this whole room looks like it's made totally out of metal without any furniture or such like. Finally I heard one of the nephilim speak, whose face looked human, but their body had the shape of a walrus. But where his walrus tail was, there were two short stubby legs beside it with feet on each side of it, allowing him/them to stand in an upright position without difficulty.

The words he spoke were, "Soon, it's got to be soon now." "For what?" I asked myself. I knew I needed to get a glimpse of what they're looking at, because all I could see were glimpses of spaces that appear dark and black, as I took another good look around the big room only moving my head slightly. Because I'm not sure if they could see or sense me to detect my movement somehow. And then, in surprise, I realized this was not a large room inside a building, but indeed is a flying ship…a spaceship. That's why all I could see were little pieces of darkness! This must be a window that looks out to the outer heavens. I thought to myself, "Holy Ghost Spirit, hide me under the barrier of stealth and invisibility. Make me like You did Jesus Christ, my Love, when they tried to push Him toward a cliff to cast Him down to kill Him. He passed through that same bustling, angry crowd, unseen, unfelt, and unhindered. In Jesus Christ's Name, I ask You." "I will, Daughter of Zion." I heard my Sweet Friend, Holy Spirit, reply. "Thank You." I whispered so low it couldn't be heard by anyone but Him. I felt His reassuring presence inside me, and I knew instinctively it was now safe for me to move closer, as I knew I was being led to do.

I slowly inched my way up closer to the front of the room, near the window but still staying close to the wall. As I advanced forward, I was surprised to see how many of the nephilim were packed into the room. I could see now the window is indeed a large observatory window, with the heavens that we call outer space outside. The view they are all looking at is the earth below, as it really is, not as we have been taught to believe. I looked over at the crowd of unholy fallen

angel spawn and realized they were waiting on something. “The earth looks very close to be in outer space,” I thought to myself then continued, “that is if it's as far away as the world's people were taught. Again, from what I’m seeing I can't help but believe deception is in play, with only the
elite of our world, which includes the fallen ones, the Hidden Secret Society, and the Council of 13, knowing the truth after years of reprogramming the minds of people today.

It has to be this way to help establish the great deception that there really are aliens from a place far, far away coming. Then I stopped. Wait…if I'm in a spaceship full of nephilim, that could only mean I’m in their Planet X. They’re not dressed as friendly aliens, but they sure look the part of aliens, or even monsters, from where the fallen ones made it with other species besides mankind or created some of them as their very own test tube hybrid mutated children. “So why are they staring down at the earth?” I wondered; then understanding came to me. They are waiting on some type of signal. They’re supposed to return during the 3 Days of Darkness. “Does that mean the signal they're waiting on is possibly the hidden suitcases that have rogue nuclear devices inside them? That would have to be it.” I thought to myself. “It's possible, because we're very close to the Earth, but it probably wouldn't be very, very large to be seen.”

As I'm processing this in my mind, I noticed the nephilim had all become tensed up in their bodies. I heard a deep, rough, growling voice from a very, very tall nephilim man who looked like his height was twice the height of me say, “There it is, the first signal, and it's right on time!” I turned back to the observatory window to see what looked like a small ball of orange and yellow on the Earth below it had formed. Another shorter nephilim beside him that had two noses on his face and two ears on each side of his head yelled out, “That's it! That's our signal! Let's get everything prepared!” “Wait!” A pale pink woman nephilim yelled out, with straggly black matted hair. “We must wait for the second one, the two in New York State that's closest together in their time of detonation, because the fools down below might have detonated something accidentally, the bumbling irresponsible fools.” “She’s right!” A voice yelled out further from the back. “We need to see both markers to know if it's a go, and we can prepare the ship to descend after the darkness fully settles on the Earth. Then, we will quickly bring this ship in for its final landing.”

“Borash-ge-elle,” the black-headed female nephilim replied, “you know we can only land at the time the God of Heaven has allotted for us; we cannot land this ship on the Earth a second sooner than allowed.” “You're right, Regeneel, but we don't want to miss our window of time, either.” The first nephilim who had spoken said, “If we have everything ready to go after spending years on our planet ship, then there's less chance of missing our allotted time to descend to the Earth below.” The pink-skinned nephilim merely nodded her head in agreement. Then a Nephilim man with long blonde hair, with muscled arms and body but who also had a very large pronounced hunchback, asked to no one in particular in the group, “Hey, did we pick up all the fake alien skins needed for the demons and the fallen ones below?” A very shrill high-pitched voice replied, “We retrieved all those manufactured at the Moon. The word is they will be enough. I couldn't see who the shrill voice belonged to.

Suddenly, the very very tall nephilim man, who had spoken the first time, let out a loud shout. There!" He said, as he pointed his finger in the direction of the window in front of them. I looked and saw there was another fireball of orange and yellow, similar to the first one on the Earth's surface below. Shouts and cheers were yelled out in the nephilim-filled room. "Let's go!" The tall man spoke to the rest of the group. "It's time for the 3 Days of Darkness to fall. With our time reduced by the God of Heaven, we will have to hurry to make it down safely when we are given the go-ahead." Then I heard my Lovely Jesus Christ say to me, "Daughter, did I not say it was the "now" time for these things?" And then the scene changed.

Now, this next part, there's some of it I just had a knowing when I went into this part. I had the sense of knowing that some time had passed since I had been in the nephilim ship and the 3 Days of Darkness had come and lifted. Many people had gone missing, which I knew part of the numbers had been due to Jesus Christ coming for His Bride, and the world had been forever changed. How much time had passed between being inside the spaceship full of nephilim, the 3 Days of Darkness I knew had occurred, and where the world was at now, I don't know. I'm not even sure which country I'm in, but it's a war-torn, desolate-looking place, and I knew the war, the battles being fought, were still continuing in this land and others at times. They had arrived. The fake aliens had come soon after appearing as friendly to our world, as the inhabitants of our world seemed to embrace them and welcome their technology and aid.

As I'm walking down a dirty street, littered with rubble and debris, I knew I was headed to a specific place. I had a purpose. I'm on a mission. I've been called to aid in the missing children to find the location that had begun disappearing after the so-called "friendly aliens" arrived with their superior technology to aid our world, supposedly. These aliens are nothing more than fallen angels, demons, and some nephilim, with their fake alien skins worn so they could all appear as one and the same race. But most of the world inhabitants that were left here on Earth couldn't sense or tell they were really evil, while I and the others like me, those born-again Believers of Jesus Christ knew it.

After the spirit and physical realms had become one during the 3 Days of Darkness, the evil did not hide in the shadows as much, but could be seen and felt almost at every turn. Even this after the arrival of the fake aliens and all the world had gone through, this, too, was now being accepted as the now normal everyday life occurrences. But I knew the truth, as well as others of my brothers and sisters in Jesus Christ. I looked up at the sky and could tell dark was falling fast. The days are a lot shorter now with the daylight ending earlier than before all this had occurred. I heard a noise to the left of me, so I quickly glanced over my shoulder as I continued to walk at a brisk pace. No one walked around slowly or casually anymore in this place, I knew, because you had a high probability of being assaulted, killed, kidnapped, made to serve in the ongoing war, or to avoid being taken into captivity by invaders. The noise had come from a couple of people who had begun digging through the rubble. I knew they most likely were looking for anything that would be considered valuable to possibly trade for their basic needs for survival. This location that I'm currently walking through now sees very little traffic by vehicles, yet there are some places I knew that they are still used.

I picked up the pace and began walking faster. "Jesus Christ," I prayed, "help me get to my destination in time. Help me gain the needed information from the man in question. But Jesus

Christ, please, oh please, help me find the missing children from across our world. The aliens had taken as slaves, but also to torture, to experiment on them, and then to kill. The world's people
still don't realize the aliens are behind more of our people, our children, having begun to go missing, vanishing it appears, without a trace. Help me, Jesus Christ, to do all You're calling me to do." I prayed fervently. I heard His sweet reply, "I am, beloved Daughter of Mine and it's by My strength, by My help, you shall accomplish these things. I am with you, My Daughter. I have sent you help, as I always do. I give you My courage and My strength. You shall arrive in time," He finished saying. "Thank you," I whispered softly, and then the scene changed.

I found myself inside a building. There were large machines in a factory-type setting. I heard the words, 'Machine Foundry". I knew I had arrived at my destination and I'm looking for someone. He goes by the name "Ace," but I know that's not his real name. I also knew I'm not the only one looking for him. So are the fake aliens and our New World Government. I knew they worked hand in hand in so many things since they arrived. "Where is he at, Holy Ghost Spirit?" I asked in a whisper. He replied in my mind's eye, my mind, "Straight forward, Daughter of Zion. He's in the cluster of machine aisles three rows back, and then to your left. He will be there." "Thank You, my Friend," I replied to Him. "You're welcome," He said as I made my way forward into the machine aisles. "1…2…3," I counted, and then turned to the left to see a man standing in the middle of the aisle. He's dressed in a light brown wool coat that's buttoned fully up, with jeans I could see beneath his coat, with tan loafer stock type shoes. His hair was brown and I saw curls curling up from under the rim of his hat. He had gold rim round lens glasses. I knew from his appearance he was considered as one who had the privilege of still being employed, even during times like these. He looked startled to see me, but quickly regained his composure.

"What do you want?" He demanded quickly in a not-so-friendly voice. "I've come to seek your help, but also to warn you, Ace," I said in a strong voice. "My help," he said in disbelief, and then laughed harshly. "Warn me," he said. "No one helps anyone any more! Nor do they give warnings. Get out of here," he said in a voice of disdain. I looked at him, and with a determined voice I said, "The government and aliens have learned your real name. They are aware that you have seen and deciphered the ancient text and codes that reveals the aliens' technology of their ship and how it operates. You understand their language and technology. You understand their narrative of how the aliens supposedly had come here before, leaving this ancient text. Yet you deciphered the text and codes further than man was intended and now you know the plans are not from a friendly alien race, but the fallen ones, the angels that fell that go by many names throughout history. They know you have this information, this knowledge, and they're coming for you." Shock filled his face, followed by fear. "How do you know this? How do I know you're not really the enemy?" He said fearfully.

I called him by his real name and then said, "The God of Heaven and Creator of All and His Son, Jesus Christ, have sent me to you. Jesus Christ is my Lord and He has spoken much to me about the information you have obtained and learned, as well as who you really are, yet I have told no one. This information needs to get out to those who have ears to hear. You have in your possession a copy of the ancient text with the translation which proves these aliens are the angels that fell from Heaven when they rebelled against our Holy God and Creator. This proves they are lying and have come to us by deceptive means, and our new government and leader have openly

embraced them. What do you think this means for our people and our world?" I asked him. He looked around quickly, still visibly shaken, and then managed to speak and ask, "Why should I believe you?" I heard suddenly the voice of Sweet Holy Ghost Spirit speak to me in an urgent, but calm voice, "Daughter of Zion, they have found him. The aliens and government forces are here." I looked at the man who calls himself Ace and said quickly, "Because they found you. They're here, the government and their friendly alien enforcers." "What!" He exclaimed. "Did you bring them with you?" He yelled at me. I looked at him and said, "No. If I was with them, I would have simply arrested you or detained you for questioning, or simply made you disappear like the children are being done."

His eyes bulged in fear behind his round gold rimmed glasses. He started to almost hyperventilate. I raised my hands and said softly, "In the Name of Jesus Christ, let His peace rest upon you and calm you down." Almost instantly, he stopped breathing heavily and the fear that had been displayed on his face dissolved away into calmness. "How did you do that?" He asked. "I didn't do it. Jesus Christ did. It's through Him, His Name, this was done unto you." "He's real," the man said in awe. "If He's really real and all that's written in the ancient texts are true, including about Him, well, that changes everything." I nodded my head in agreement. Suddenly, we heard a noise coming from the roof of the building. "They've landed one of the small hovercrafts on the roof," I said. "They will enter from the ground and roof. We can't be caught together. I've got to get out of here." "You leave now!" He yelled, as he turned and ran past me and into the main aisle. I started after him when Holy Ghost stopped me before I fully came out of the left aisle we had been in. "Wait, go no further," he said.

I stopped immediately, but I could see from where I was standing the roof had been ripped open as if it was with a great claw, and the gray-like, bug-eyed aliens were dropping down from the ceiling and they landed behind him, which was between me and Ace. From the door leading into this part of the machine foundry, came bursting forth fully black-dressed armed soldiers with weapons drawn. Ace was surrounded. He cried out in fear, "I've done nothing wrong!" One of the black-clad officers called his real name. "…You will come with us; you will not resist." I heard the man named Ace cry out, "Why? What have I done?" "This information will be supplied to you once we arrive at the Unified World's Government offices," the same black-dressed soldier replied. "But I've done nothing wrong. I've been a model citizen of our New World," Ace replied. Finally, one of the fake aliens spoke up and said, "The crimes you are charged with are from the past, before the darkness came." "What?"Ace replied and then continued, "all past wrongs were supposed to be wiped out for all the citizens of our New World. This is illegal!" The black-clad soldiers leveled their guns at him, and they seemed to energize their guns with power
somehow. Fear filled his face.

"Jesus Christ, what do I do?" I asked. "Remain quiet and still, Daughter," came a swift reply. I could tell Ace knew now what I had told him was true and there would be no returning from this trip. Very few ever returned, when picked up, to public life. Two of the soldiers lowered their guns and walked to him and grabbed each of his arms. "You will come with us." He remained motionless for a moment, then looked straight up and yelled out, "God of Heaven, if You are real, if Jesus Christ, Your Son is real, let me speak with only the one you sent being able to hear!" His outcry seemed to cause the aliens and soldiers to momentarily be confused. Then they

all seemed to be frozen in place, but with the two soldiers' hands still clasped firmly around his arm, so Ace could not escape. He looked around in astonishment, but then yelled quickly. "Are you still here?" I stepped out from the aisle way where he could see me. That's all it took. "The information you seek, all you need is hidden in the canisters, in the cavern, the ravine, I call it. If your God is this powerful, He can lead you where this place is." "Thank you," I said, and then stepped back into the aisle as Sweet Holy Ghost Spirit was telling me to do.

As soon as I was fully out of sight, the fake aliens and soldiers became unfrozen, never the wiser to what had happened. Ace began struggling, fighting hard to get away. Another soldier came up to him and hit him hard on the head, knocking Ace out. His body sagged between the two soldiers. One of the two spoke up and said, "You could have used the device and knocked him out instead of the butt of your weapon." The soldier who had knocked out Ace with his weapon replied, "I know, but what's the fun in that?" They all laughed, except the fake aliens. They seemed more perturbed by all that was happening. I heard one ask out loud, "Should we sweep the perimeter?" Another one spoke up, "I feel no other presence and he was working at his station alone. 'Let's go." I knew in that moment, sweet Holy Ghost Spirit had hidden my presence once again as He had done when I was earlier inside the nephilim ship. Then the scene changed again.

I know some time has passed again, and I have acquired the information that Ace had revealed to me, its location, and had released through the underground church's information system. And just like Father God planned, the information had spread doubt on our alien guests, as well as the sincerity of our New World Government system. I'm on my way to a hidden location, a church more precisely, that had become a distribution source through a system our God had provided through bartering or even at times, the use of precious metals, coins, and other valuable items. Food and other necessities were gathered here, and I would come and collect it and distribute it where needed. With Jesus Christ's help, I was able to go from place to place, delivering the food and necessities undetected, which was done, I knew, with the aid of other Heavenly Forces (The Angels and the 144,000). I'm in an area where vehicles are still in use, so I can carry the food and deliver it using the vehicle. I know I'm also diligently searching for the missing children that are still being taken by the aliens, but also the government.

I arrived at the disguised building and knocked at the door. A young girl around 12 to15 in years cracked open the door. She saw my face and a smile came across hers. She opened the door quickly. "You've come!" She said. "Yes," I replied warmly but then said, "Tyitia, you must always remember to not open the door fully to anyone until they give you the code." "Oh," she said as her face dropped, and then she looked at me and said, "The code, please." I replied, "Jesus Christ is my Lord." And she replied back, "Jesus Christ is my Lord, too." I quickly shut the door behind us and walked further into the room. It was a little shop, a seamstress and shoe repair place, because these things were still very much needed by all, so the shop was allowed to stay in operation. This in part, too, was how bartered items, or traded items, for services were gathered.

I heard someone come through a door to see a man and a woman enter. The woman had yellow blonde hair that was curly and was shoulder length. This, I knew, are the shop owners, but more importantly the pastor and his wife of the hidden church. The woman came over to me and grabbed my hands as she said, "You came! We have what we've gathered ready. We really

thought things would get better in our world and that food and supplies would become more readily available. But it hasn't," she said, as sorrow filled her face. I knew they were just young Believers of Jesus Christ, babies and children, learning all they could in the bare minimum of ways. The pastor spoke up, "We know you can't stay long. The less time here, the less chance of detection. Let's go down below."

He called to the young girl which I knew they had taken in and treated her as if she was their own daughter. "Stay up here and keep watch. No one should be coming to this store. We're closed today. You know the drill. Don't open the door, but come and get me should anyone knock on it."
The young girl nodded her head and took a seat in one of the wooden chairs behind the counter. The pastor looked at me and asked, "Where'd you park?" I replied, "Near the hidden second exit." "Come with us," he then said, as he and his wife headed through the door they had earlier come out of. I followed then and we entered a passage of narrow steps that led downward. From here we entered a room that was really a church. The floors had a piece of well-worn red carpet that covered most of the middle of the room, where two rows of pews were set up. Only a few of the pews matched each other.

There are actually a few people inside this church, those that are trusted and aided in the gathering of the food into bags. I noticed a black old man sitting in the corner of a pew by himself. He gave me a small smile. I smiled back at him in a little knowing smile. Then I walked up to the front of the church to where the food was bagged up. I looked at the food in shock. There, inside gallon freezer bags, were slabs of raw beef. Somehow they had received a side of beef, but they didn't cook it. I looked at the raw meat again. Meat was scarce and very expensive to come by. "Where did you get the meat, the beef?" I asked the pastor. His face beamed with innocent pride, and said, "It took some doing, but it's genuine beef. It's not fake meat made from a duplicator machine." "I can see that," I replied. My Holy Ghost alarms are going off in my spirit. I looked intently at the pastor and his wife and asked, "Did you pray before you made the deal? Did you try, test, and discern if this was a gift from Jesus Christ or a trap from the enemy?"

I saw a look of momentary confusion come across their faces as if they were struggling to understand why I didn't seem pleased. Finally, I said, "You must pray about everything in Jesus Christ's Name; then discern your answer. This is one of the first lessons you've been taught. If the meat is from the enemy, it could be poisoned or it could be injected with trackers."

Their confusion turned to horror as they realized their costly mistake. "Oh, Jesus Christ, forgive us," the blonde-headed woman said softly and began to cry. Suddenly, I heard Holy Ghost Spirit speak to me. "Daughter of Zion, go outside immediately. Use the hidden exit door." I looked around and then said, "I'm going outside for a moment. Something is off," I said, and then went quickly outside through the exit door. When I stepped out into the sunlight, I walked right into a black clad soldier. Only he didn't have the solid black helmet and face covering on. I froze immediately, stunned, because I knew Holy Ghost, my Friend, would never lead me into a trap. The man spoke up quickly, "I knew you would come out. They're on their way, and they're almost here. You cannot get caught. You must run. Run, I say! And when these children of God, of Yeshua Ha'Mashiach, are picked up and go missing, like the rest of the missing children, you

will finally be able to find where the missing children are held. You cannot prevent them from being detained. So go, Witness of God! You have more to fulfill. Go, run, run!" He said.

I heard Holy Ghost Spirit then say, "Run, Daughter of Zion." So I took off running. But I didn't go too far before I heard Holy Ghost Spirit speak again. "Stop now, Daughter of Zion. Stay hidden until you see all the soldiers go inside. Then climb up the bars on the back of the soldier's vehicle that warned you." I turned to look back and there was a black truck, a large one that had behind it a structure of sorts made out of large silver bars welded together very thick and round and high. And each one was the same size. It was also very tall with very little places to get a good handhold. "Oh, Jesus Christ, please help me," I said, just as the little shoe and seamstress shop was surrounded by the vehicles of the black-clad soldiers. They looked more like open-type jeep vehicles, but only modified. When all the soldiers had entered into the building, I quickly made my way to the black truck. I began trying to make my way up the large silver bars. It's very difficult. I began quoting Philippians 4:13. "I can do all things through Christ Jesus who strengthens me." Knowing this could be the only chance now until a later time to discover where all the missing children, the children of God, had been taken, I continued to try to reach the top bars but was unsuccessful. "Jesus Christ, help me," I whispered. Suddenly, I felt myself picked up by unseen hands and then gently deposited on the top bar. A voice said, "Hold the bar." I did immediately.

So I'm now laying on the top highest bar with my arms and legs wrapped firmly around it. "Will I be seen, Holy Ghost?" I asked. "No, Daughter of Zion, not by the enemy, but yes, to those who belong to Jesus Christ, Yeshua Ha'Mashiach." Before I could say anything else, I heard a commotion as the soldiers began bringing out the people from inside the building and church area. The beef did have a locator injected into it, I knew, and that's how they had found the once secure location. The jeep-like vehicles immediately behind the truck and the silver bars I'm hiding on were being loaded up with prisoners. They were the pastor, his wife, and the young girl. They took the other people from inside to the other vehicles. All that is except for the lone, old, black man who had been sitting in the pew by himself. He wasn't among them. I smiled a knowing smile to myself, but it quickly vanished as the vehicles began turning on, including the one I'm clinging to the top bar of.

"Jesus Christ, don't let me fall," I whispered. "Never," came His swift reply, and then I felt a holy presence wrap around me, holding me securely on the bar. I heard a voice say to me, "Daughter of Zion, of Faith, and of Heaven's Court, I shall prevent you from falling." Then I saw a pair of arms and hands wrapped around me, holding me securely to the bar. It would seem my guardian Angel, Morneesha, has made his presence physically known to me again. "Thank you," was all I could whisper as the vehicle began taking off. As we're trucking down the road, I looked back to the vehicle directly behind the truck I'm hiding on. I saw the young girl point in my direction. I could read her lips. "Look, it's the Witness. She's going with us undetected. She will know where we're at." The pastor looked up and his face was still filled with sorrow at his mistake, but also now with hope because I had repeatedly told them, "There's always hope when you have Jesus Christ in your heart." And I knew somehow he was remembering this when the scene changed again.

I found myself standing back in the church and I saw the old black man was now sitting in the front pew, still alone and undisturbed. In his lap was a family size Holy Bible, one that looked very old. I noticed his eyes looked as if they were white-scaled over, with white scales over them, that covered his pupil, making them look white and cloudy. Yet I also knew this man could see and wasn't blind, although to the world he appeared to be an old, blind man. The back door to the church burst open, and in walked some of the black-clad guards. One of them yelled, “All clear!” Next entered a fair-skinned, like light olive-colored-skinned man, who was dressed in a two piece solid gold outfit. The pants were puffy and had white lace on the edges, as well as around the hems of the sleeves. He's dressed as if he lived during the times of the French Revolution I had studied about years ago in high school.

His appearance speaks of royalty. His hair is long and dark. It’s curly, and is worn without bangs. He has white stockings that reach to his knees with heeled closed toed shoes. Beside him and behind him were more of the black-clad soldiers. As he walked, so they did, not missing a step. One of the soldiers spoke out loud, “Make way for Louis XIV, the glorious sun king!” And then I knew I had recognized him correctly. I stood in the back corner, watching all that transpired, unnoticed. “Acknowledge your ruler and king,” one of the soldiers spoke out loud to the old black man who had his head down when they had all entered. The old man looked up in the direction and said in a slow, easy voice, “I see no one before me.” The soldier started to head toward the old man, raising his weapon when the sun king said sharply, “Put your weapon down. Can you not see this old man is blind?”

A large Bible similar to what the black man held in his lap now appeared suddenly in the sun king’s arms. He walked over to the black man and said, “Tell me, old man, what day is it?” The man lifted his head toward the direction of the sun king, Louis XIV's voice and said, “Don't you know? It's Communion Day. It's Communion Day! It's the real Communion Day! The remembrance of the Cross and the Lord Jesus Christ's sacrifice!” The sun king’s face twisted for a moment in distaste at the old man's words, but then he said in a low, soothing voice, “Old man, tell me where it is. Show me,” he said as he held out the large Bible in his hands. The old black man looked up at the sun king and his eyes began clearing as he spoke. “You won't find it in your Bible Man of Sin. Only in the truth. Then he held up the Holy Bible that had been in his lap. The church building suddenly changed into a glorious temple, and I knew we were in Jerusalem at that moment now.

The black man's appearance began changing into a different man, one of a different hair and skin color. Instead of old clothes, he now wore a blue cape, a mantle. As he began speaking, fire came out of his mouth, the fire of holiness and truth. “Man of Sin, it is Communion Day. You have come to not only declare yourself king, but as god of all.” Then Louis XIV's appearance changed into that of the French President Emmanuel Macron, the man I know is the Man of Sin, who is the Antichrist. I found myself walking up to the front. I now see I'm wearing a mantle much like the other Witness, but mine was red. I begin speaking, “The reason you cannot find the truth in the book you hold in your hand is because your copy is a fake! An altered bunch of books to fit your One World religion. That's why it says Bible and not Holy Bible.”

Macron, still dressed in the gold sun king's apparel, threw down the large Bible he was holding and yelled, “I have been given power to rule in this time over all the earth, even over the dark

lords, so this makes me god! No, it makes me THE god! Worship me! Worship me!!" He began yelling like a madman. When the soldiers with him didn't immediately comply, he grabbed one of the weapons of the nearest soldiers and aimed it at one of them. He said in a deadly lethal voice, "Worship me. You will worship me!" The soldiers immediately complied, but my fellow Witness and I remained standing.

The other Witness spoke up, "Lawless One, there is only One True God and you will see His Son, Jesus Christ, face to face when you meet at Megiddo for the great Battle of Armageddon. For it is written in the God of Heaven's Holy Word, and what is written shall come to pass." Then I spoke up and said, "And there you and your False Prophet's reign shall be put to an end, as you are cast into the Lake of Fire. But until that moment in time and until our demise, you have to contend with us." And then I awoke.

Verses:
Revelation 19:11-21; Revelation 16:16; Daniel 8:23-26; 11:21-39; Zechariah 12:10-14; Daniel 9:26-27; Matthew 24:15-24; 1 Corinthians 12:3; Daniel chapter 6; Philippians 4:13.

Now it's up to you to take this to Jesus Christ in prayer as you're called to do. Try, test and discern it.