A Duel Of Wits With The Rhyming Imp Dream 9-18-25 @ 2:21 AM Shared 9-19-25

I spent all day on this dream, writing it out, praying about it yesterday and today; seeking the Lord Jesus Christ's perfect will in it. Again, the first part is about another dream, the second dream I had, and it relates, my understanding, I've got it saved for me to write it out…indirectly, it's symbolic of the Rapture, His Return. Take it all to Jesus Christ in prayer. I'm not answering any questions on these dreams.

Jesus Christ, my Love. I dreamed two dreams last night. Each has discerned and tested as being from You. The first dream You have instructed me to write down now to share. The second dream, I will write it out later, because You have not told me whether to share it or not. It was about the sudden departure of friends and acquaintances, who were suddenly and unexpectedly moving, which was symbolic of the Rapture. Everybody just were all of a sudden moving, and it was after…and it was AFTER many people had attended a feast with trumpets and cymbals. Music of a symphony orchestra had been played. The feast was over and I saw people were cleaning up the locations it was held at, where it was in many buildings. All the guests had returned to their separate homes. I don't remember how much time passed. I will have to go over the dream where it's saved. But many people, Christians, I knew were moving unexpectedly. They were excited and happy about their moving. I guess I am supposed to write a little about it after all, Jesus Christ. Am I to share this little bit I've written about the second dream or hold it back and only release it, should You tell me to later? "Release it, my Love, My Daughter, for you asked My Holy Spirit and Me to not let you write one word that's not from Me in My Name. Now, Daughter, write out the first dream, then share it." "I will, my Love, my Savior, with Your help." "My help is given, beloved Daughter of Mine."

(I will say this. Dealing with demons, imps, fallen ones is disgusting. But having a rhyming, taunting demon is really disgusting.) When this dream began, I found myself sitting in a known, but unknown room at a roll-top desk. It is open and I'm writing something. My pen in hand is one that has a big, pluming feather at the end. Like what we see used at weddings when people sign the guestbooks or what is shown to be used when America's Declaration was signed by its founding fathers, as recorded in pictures displaying the moments in history. The feathery plume is white and the ink pen itself is gold. Real gold, I knew somehow. The roll-top desk looked antique, but is in excellent shape. I looked down at the papers I have been writing on. They are white, crisp, clean white, but with the translucency of a pearl effect that seems to shimmer and shine. The writing looked like it's written in liquid gold and my handwriting is clear, legible to read, and beautiful. In the dream, none of this seemed out of the ordinary. I began to read some of what I had written. The top of the page said, "The Power of Holy Decrees and Prayers Spoken in Jesus Christ's Name." There were several pages already written.

I heard a slight noise and looked up at the window that had only a small, golden-colored curtain with green scroll-like designs embroidered into it over the top of the double-paned window. The Sun was shining and from the amount of light coming through the window, it is not yet noontime.
I saw a small bird near the window and remembered there was a bird's nest outside of the window at the top. It looked like the mother bird was returning to feed her young. I laid down the feather pen on the desk, pushed back the nice leather cushioned chair, and stood up. I'm dressed

in solid, clean white. Even my tennis shoes and the strings are clean white. I looked around at the beautiful, spacious room, and I knew this was my special place to spend time with my Lovely Jesus Christ, Father God, and sweet Holy Spirit. I call this my prayer closet.

I looked at the mahogany bookcase against the left wall from the desk. Inside it contained other things I had written and prayed about in Jesus Christ's Name. I walked over to look at some of their titles because they are in the form of books. One book's title was “Prayers”. Another reads “Dreams”. While another said “Visions,” and so forth the titles went. I looked down at the bottom shelf of the bookcase and found myself smiling. There are many books here, but the title is on the shelf itself, not the books. It said boldly “Spiritual Warfare Training”. It is divided into three sections. The first section said “The Beginning Years,” which had a few books in the divided section. The second part of the shelf said “Intermediate: The Middle Years”. It had a few more books than the early years section. While the third and last section on the shelf said “Advanced Training,” beginning at the end of the intermediate stage to currently in progress years. There were many, many books in this part, with the first volume being slimmer in size to those that made up the end of the line of books, with room left for more to be placed on the shelf. The last book was very thick, with many pages that reminded me of the very large Webster Dictionary my Mom had when I was growing up. I smiled again while I said, “Thank you, Jesus Christ. You have been faithful in answering my prayer to teach me how to fight, to war spiritually as Psalms 144:1 speaks of.” “You are welcome, My Daughter.” I heard His audible reply from above me.
“I love You,” I told my Lovely Jesus Christ, and His response was quick and filled with warmth and love I could feel. “I love you too, Daughter.”

With another smile on my face and His joy in my heart, for His joy is my strength, I turned toward the door that I knew would lead out of this room, my prayer closet. As I did, I heard a noise like someone was throwing a pebble at the window as if trying to get my attention. “Should I investigate?”I asked out loud. “Or is it just that loser, Lu lu, Lucifer, the devil trying to distract me from my time with Father God and my Lord Jesus Christ?”Even though our time in my prayer closet was already ending for now. “Jesus Christ, my Love, sweet Holy Ghost Spirit, do I need to go outside and have a look around?” This time I recognized my dear sweet Friend, Holy Ghost Spirit's swift reply. “Yes, Daughter of Zion, you have no reason to fear. You are prayed up and armored up in the Holy God of Heaven's armor, and you're now ready to face anything that comes your way through the Blood of the Holy Lamb of God, Jesus Christ, through His Name and authority that's now found inside of you.” “Okay, then,” I said, “Let’s go see what's making that noise.” As I exited the room and entered another, my clothes changed from white to that of blue jeans and a t-shirt. My white tennis shoes are still white, but a little dirty and scuffed from everyday wearing. Then the scene changed.

I found myself outside of a normal size house. It's white in color with a screened-in porch on its front side. I walked around to the side of the house. The grass is neatly mowed with the edges of the white picket fence trimmed, as well. Behind the backyard's fence, I saw a wooded area. To the right was a neighbor's field that looked like it hadn't been cut, mowed for weeks, possibly even months. The grass was very high. I stood outside with both hands on my hips. I saw nothing, yet I sensed there was an unseen presence. One that I've encountered before, yet I couldn't identify it fully as of yet. I turned to look at the side of the house, which was the side

with the window that had the bird's nest built above it. This is the window of my prayer closet. I still saw nothing. Then I felt something hit me on my back. Though small in size, it stung when it hit. It felt like a rock or a pebble having thrown at me. I turned around quickly as I asked, “Holy Ghost Spirit, what is it? Where is it?”

I heard His firm but gentle, authoritative voice respond, “Inside the neighbor's field of high grass. You have a visitor, allowed by the Holy Most High God of Heaven and His Son, Jesus the Christ, Yeshua Ha’ Mashiach, because you still have answers you have sought for from them, answers to questions that will bring more clarity to what you have been shown and already know.” “Oh,” I said, then quickly asked, “who is it? Who is this visitor?” His reply came softly, “That, Daughter of Zion, is for you to find out. Remember your authority found in Jesus Christ that's enforced by all of Heaven as you proceed. Do not forget how you have been taught.” Then after these words, He went silent in His speaking. “Uh-oh,” I said, then went into battle mode. “Jesus Christ, in Your Name, I ask You to cover me in Your Blood. I plead Your Blood of protection over me. I ask for Your mind, the mind of Christ, to rise up in me as I bind my own thoughts and flesh that would try to rise up and interfere as I interact with this unknown visitor. Guard my lips, be the source of all I speak or ask, in Your Name I pray. Whatever I need to know in Jesus Christ, in Your Name, my Love, I decree it shall come forth and not be hidden any longer. I send this prayer out in Your Name, asking Your Holy Angels to help me on 1 Peter 3:22, Luke 8:17, Luke 10:19, Mark 4:22, John 14:13-14, Jeremiah 33:3, Matthew 28:18, and Isaiah 55:11. In Your unstoppable, Almighty, invincible Name, Jesus Christ, my Love, I pray and ask. Amen.” I
said as I finished my prayer.

I then focused my gaze upon the field of tall grass. I shouted out, “You there, inside the grass, show yourself and stop with the childish games!” I heard a sound as if someone was snickering. Then I heard a mischievous laugh, a familiar one. I saw the grass begin moving to my right as I heard these words within a childlike, but evil, voice. “Ignorant one you are.

Come, come, see again
what I hide from thee,
for to all my rhymes,
I alone hold the key.”

I couldn't help but let out a small groan. It's the evil rhyming imp, the green goblin-looking demon that taunted me before, running off as he quoted rhymes and riddles about the mustard seeds, the mustard gas to be used upon America's people, and at an appointed time allowed by Father God and Jesus Christ. Why? Because America is Babylon of old and new. Because America is wicked and evil to the core as a whole nation. This doesn't include the good and godly who love Jesus Christ and call Him their Lord. This is part of the holy judgment against this nation. I heard the mischievous imp giggle as he yelled out from the grass,

“I've come to pay a visit
By my own command
in which this time you will not learn the secrets in my rhymes

spoken at hand."

Then his laughter erupted as he began insulting me. "You child of the Lamb, you are stupid. I am too smart for you, for I have existed for a very long time, even before you were born. This time you shall not get the best of me! I present to you a challenging duel, a matching of wits, so you can learn how mine shall outsmart yours." Then he began laughing in a deep demonic laugh. I didn't respond immediately. A good soldier contacts HQ (HQ means headquarters) before advancing to know how to proceed. "Jesus Christ, sweet Holy Ghost Spirit, how do I proceed? Your Word says we're not to contend, to debate Your Holy Word, and I don't know what this demon from Hell, this mischievous, but evil imp wants to have a challenging match of wits about. Nor do I know yet if this is a trap. Show me, lead me how I am to proceed as Proverbs 3:5-6 and Psalms 37:23 says You will do. Because I myself would rather bind him as Matthew 18:18 says I can do in Your Name. And cast him right down to the Abyss than to spend time engaging in a duel of wits and conversation with him. Nevertheless, let Your perfect will be done through me. I will proceed however You instruct me to do." Then, I paused from speaking and waited patiently for my answer to come. Which it did and did so quickly.

I heard my lovely Jesus Christ's swift answer, "You are to engage, Daughter, in this duel of wits. Remember My mind lies within you because I dwell in your heart. This mischievous rhyming imp, as you call him, this demon has petitioned for a right to a rematch after you forced him to speak last time because you bound him in My Name and demanded it. This time he will state in the duel rules that you cannot physically bind him as you did. You are to agree to his terms, but with your own stipulations, which are these: You will not bind him in My Name, Jesus Christ, as long as he answers your questions and also that he does not try to run off. If he does, then he will have broken the agreement and you will no longer be legally bound to them in the eyes of Father God and Me." "I understand." I replied. "Thank you, Jesus Christ, my Love." "You are welcome." He answered back.

"Holy Spirit, please help me to add my part of the rules for the matching of wits, this duel, so there aren't any legal loopholes this filthy demon can maneuver through. I ask You in Jesus Christ's Name." "I will, Daughter of Zion," Holy Ghost Spirit answered me, just as I heard the goblin-like demon imp yell out to me in his childlike voice and ask, "Hey, stupid, are you deaf, too? Then he laughed a horrible, evil laugh. I do not enjoy this demon. I finally spoke, "No, I hear you loud and clear. Show yourself." "No," came his petulant, but angry reply. "If I do, you will bind me and hold me in one place. That's not fair, nor is it how it's going to be this time." His voice took on a dark, menacing sound as he said the last few words to me. "You foul, evil spirit!" I shouted out. "Don't you realize I could bind you now in Jesus Christ's Name and you would not be able to move? I don't have to see you. Only Jesus Christ, my Love, and His Holy Angels do. Now, who's not so smart?" I added.

I heard a string of filthy curse words directed at me and my Lovely Jesus Christ and all Heaven, but still he didn't show himself in full to my eyes. I could see the grass moving some, as my eyes focused on the spot. I spoke again, "My God said you wanted to challenge me in a duel of wits. Are you too much of a coward to face a true child of God who knows her place and authority in her God's kingdom, even though you petitioned and asked for this opportunity?" My words only angered the evil, rhyming demon as he bellowed in rage. This visit clearly wasn't going as he

wanted or planned it to go. All of a sudden, I felt the presence of fear trying to come at me. I began to laugh, as I said, “Not happening. I bind you, demon spirit of fear, in Jesus Christ's Name in everlasting chains. I cancel and break this assignment. I cut all cords and cast you into the Abyss as I request grievous torment and heavy burdens during your confinement, which I pray and ask it be until you be thrown into the Lake of Fire, in Jesus Christ's Name.” Immediately, the fear feeling left as if it had recoiled at my words. I saw now before my eyes a Holy Angel of God had appeared for me to see. In his hands was a scrawny-sized black spirit that was wrapped in chains. The Holy Angel looked at me, smiled and, POOF, both he and the demon spirit of fear in chains were gone. “That's awesome,” I said, and then whispered, “thank You, Jesus Christ, for letting me see that.” I felt as if I was being hugged by Him, but no answer came, nor was it needed. I know He hears me and loves me. He loves all His children.

I refocused on the hiding demon imp who loves to rhyme and yelled out, “Your buddy Fear has been removed! I will do the same to you if you don't show yourself.” I heard the rhyming imp make a growling noise that in times past would have caused me to become frightened. Not anymore, because I know Jesus Christ is invincible. He defeated the demons in Lucifer's whole kingdom already. So I have nothing to fear because Jesus Christ lives inside of me. “That's not working either,” I said to him out loud. I heard a “hum” sound. Then finally he said, “I will show myself if you agree to the rules of my duel. A matching of wits, one on one.” I answered, “And just what are your rules, nasty little imp?” My name calling didn't seem to bother him, but why should it when they are spoken truths about him? My response seemed to put him in a better mood as if he were thinking, “She’s finally taken the bait.”

“The rules to be betwixt you and me
are simple, can't you see?
No binding me, physically,
through the Lamb you serve authority.”

Of course, he answered in a rhyming poem, I thought. I replied, “I shall agree to your terms only if my additional rules are added and honored by both of us.” The rhyming imp demon responded, “What might those be, incompetent one?” Then he laughed grotesquely until he wheezed a little at the end. (Let me explain something. All these insults are trying to tear down my confidence. Trying to make me double think. These are attacks of the enemy. So please understand, you can't let that faze you. It may be a person the demon's speaking through doing this.) “I will not physically bind you into one place as long as you answer me and do not try to run away.” “Fair enough, I agree,” he answered almost gleefully. Then I saw the top of his green head, barely above the tall grass, as he began walking toward me. His pointy green ears and bald head were the same as I remembered from my first encounter with this evil, green, rhyming goblin-type imp, this demon spirit. He cleared the grass and stood defiantly before me. His childlike face still bears upon it the look of cruelty and hatred. I saw loathing in his eyes. “He really doesn't like me, nor I him,” I said to myself.

Before I could speak, he spoke first. “Remember your agreement not to bind me. That is legal and binding before the God of Heaven.” I replied, “As your agreement is also before Father God in Heaven.” His eyes narrowed and his pointy green ears twitched a little, but he did not have a response for my statement this time. Finally, he spoke. “In our first meeting, I presented you a

riddle concerning the mustard seeds I am caretaker over in the world of man. But in the end, you bound me when the fun was just beginning. Have you solved my riddles? I think not," he said as he laughed. "For I am a genius, while you are not." Before I could speak, he continued.

"Match me in a game of wits, if you dare,
and I will give you the answer you seek
for location number three in my mustard seeds.
For my rhyme was meant to be solved
by no one but thee.
Just as Heaven declared and decreed."

He said, and then again began to laugh as he said,

"But I think you are too dumb to figure out my rhymes and riddles, I believe.
For I'm the master of giving them, as you soon shall see.
I'm the smartest of all of those of my kind,
and I'm birthed from a royalty line.
Born of an angel prince, you cannot outthink me,
nor can you outrank my royal pedigree."

He said and laughed jubilantly, as he asked, "How do you answer me?"

I smiled at him as I said, "You might be born of an angel prince, meaning a fallen angel, and considered royalty in the kingdom of darkness. But I am a daughter of one of not only the earth, but of Heaven. I belong to the Kingdom of Heaven. I was reborn a new creation through Jesus Christ. I have His royal Blood, His Name, and His Father is my Father. Your father may be a prince, but mine is KING of Kings, because Father God and Jesus Christ are One, as you very well know. So know this, you green goblin demon, a King outranks a prince in Heaven. What's your next question or rhyme?" I asked and then continued, "…or do you not have anything else to say?" He didn't seem upset, and I understood he was testing my knowledge of my Holy Lineage through my new birth in Christ. "Very well," he replied, "I shall proceed.

In our last visit, I spoke to thee of three
locations I was going to hide my mustard seeds.
One of the first, quite obviously,
was near your nation's Statue of Liberty.

The other, a building that makes laws and decrees.
I know Heaven has helped you in the locations of these.
Information of a grey stadium given to you by dream,
did your God step in, but also by various other means.

I could not prevent it
because you petitioned Heaven legally
for this information be granted
so it was given to thee.

Then he stopped speaking and rhyming and said, “You have become to me and my work like a deep thorn that's unable to be removed. Then he spat on the ground, only his spit was black and hideous, and sizzled on the ground as if poisoning and burning it. I've seen demons do this before. “Demons are disgusting,” I thought to myself. Then I replied to his words, “Good. All for the glory of Father God and the furthering of His Kingdom. Hate filled his eyes and I could tell he loathed me. Still, it didn't affect me, because I'm loved and loved greatly by the Ones that matter, Father God and Jesus Christ. Hallelujah, we all are that have accepted Jesus Christ into our hearts! Hallelujah! I spoke again before he could. “Rhyming demon, continue, for I don't have time to spend all day conversing with you when there's still souls to reach for Jesus Christ and more Kingdom work to do. If you're finished, you can leave.”

No, no, no!” He shouted angrily in his childlike voice. “It's MY duel and I will be in charge!” I replied, “It takes two to duel, to participate, so please continue or you can leave now.” I said in the voice of authority. “This time was legally granted to me!” The rhyming imp replied acidly. “It’s my right to duel, to have this answer and question match.” “I have already answered your first question. Therefore, this obligation has been filled and meets all legal requirements in the Courts of Heaven. Proceed now or leave, in Jesus Christ's Name,” I said firmly. He stiffened momentarily as he realized two things I could tell by his face. First, I was right. I had already answered his question. Second, I was not someone who was ignorant of how Heaven’s legal jurisdictions or the legalities it operates inside the spirit realm and physical realms.

“Fine!” He shouted at me, followed by a string of nasty, vulgar insults directed at all of Heaven, God's children, and myself. I saw this action for what it really was. He had been taken by surprise by my knowledge of the legal workings inside the spirit realm of God. He composed himself slightly and spoke. “I shall continue,” he said, and then he smiled slyly as if he was thinking, “…if you're not too stupid or slow to follow my words.” Before I could answer, he began his rhyming riddle speech once again.

“This is part of my great riddle I had spoken to thee
when this opportunity to speak with you was granted to me.” (Talking about the past, the first one.)

“Mustard seed, mustard seeds,
where shall I plant thee?
I think I shall plant you in places of three.
I shall plant some near a woman who stands for liberty
and more in a building birthing laws and decrees.

The final resting place for you,
last of my mustard seeds,
being the third place of three,
shall be a gathering of people
of greatness and prestige
in that evil location of Washington DC.”

(That's from the first dream. That's part of the first riddle he gave me. Again, that's The Mustard Seeds And The Rhyming Imp Dream 7-12-25.)

“Now hear me speak more of the riddle
I have hidden from thee,
for death and destruction is
what all soon shall see.

If you do not have an opportunity,
then create one to be.
It's our kingdom's motto,
which we have done already
for the whole world to see.

A martyr, a time of mourning,
a final resting place, it is and shall be,
this last place I've hidden my beautiful,
but deadly mustard seeds.
This last location, I did not say it would actually be
released in that evil city of Washington DC…”

Then he paused from his riddle long enough to say, “DC is my kind of city, evil to the core.” He then laughed as he continued with his rhyming riddle about the last location of the hidden mustard seeds, the mustard gas.

“only that its final resting place would be
inside the city with no eyes to see.
But that which is hidden can travel secretly.
If you create the right situation,
that's needed to be
with the final resting place,
but not for my mustard seeds.

A martyr's death shall bring more deaths,
but by my mustard seeds,
by taking out another goody two shoes,
which we've already done to proceed.
So now I can release my glorious mustard seeds
without any hitches and set them free.”

Then the Imp demon stopped, as if he realized he might have said too much. Instantly, I thought to myself, “Let the enemy speak long enough and in their puffed up self-pride, they would reveal more than they intended. Just as this green skin gobblin-looking demon Imp had just done by the look on his face.” But he recovered quickly and then belligerently said,

“Answer my riddle, if you can,

you dumb stupid human
born of man.
Where is my third location?
I revealed to thee
only in words spoken
in hidden secrecy."

Then he crossed his arms in triumph, so sure I wouldn't be able to solve his present riddle to me. He is right. I can't. But through Jesus Christ, I can do all things. I asked in my mind, "Jesus Christ, reveal the answer to me." Then I began to speak out loud. "Mark 4:22 says, For there is nothing hid, which should not be manifested, neither was anything kept secret that it should come abroad. Luke 8:17 says, For nothing is secret that shall not be manifest, neither anything hid that shall not be known and come to light." "Stop, stop!" The demon imp shouted. "You're breaking the rules! You're supposed to face me with your own wit, your own mind!" "Demon, that wasn't in the established rules and you know it. As a child of God who has accepted Jesus Christ into my heart as my Lord, I have the mind of Christ because He lives within me. So, therefore, His mind is my mind, as 1 Corinthians 2:16 says. Now hush and let me answer you."

He looked at me with hateful eyes again, as he cursed lowly trying to distract me. It didn't work. "I ask you, Jesus Christ, to give me Your understanding and knowledge about these things, their happenings, and the answers to this evil demons riddles for the glory of Father God and His Kingdom. In Your Name, I pray. Amen." Immediately, it was like information and divine revelation began downloading into my mind and understanding came, but not all at one time where it would overwhelm me. He's so good. I started speaking, and as I answered one part of the rhyming imp's demon riddle, another piece would drop into place that was needed next. "I praise you and thank You, my Lovely Jesus Christ," I said to Him right before I begin to answer the riddle in this dueling match of wits.

"First, I will present you with the answer to the part of the riddle concerning the third location." I said unhesitantly. It made the short green bald-headed, pointy eared demon stiffen and try to stand taller. He's still short, shorter than me. "Your poem, your rhyming riddle from before about the three locations went like this:

"The final resting place for you
last of my mustard seeds
being the third place of three,
shall be a gathering of people of greatness and prestige
in the evil location of Washington, D.C.'

This location is worded differently than the others. The terminology of the words, "the final resting place" means this is the last place the mustard seeds will be when it's hidden. But taking a second look at these words, these are commonly and often used in reference to a death or a graveyard, a burial, or even during a funeral, a vigil; a wake, I had already determined. I was seeking my Lovely Jesus Christ if the meaning I needed was this. The last mustard seed's location is related to a death, a wake, a funeral, a burial in D.C. In which at some time in the place, the mustard seeds, the mustard gas, would be hidden for the last time. Thanks to the rest of

your riddle you spoke to me today, I know this part is correct, but there's more to it. The rhyming demon imp stamped his foot angrily as if protesting. No longer was his voice childlike. Instead, it's harsh and cruel. “You're a clever one, Daughter of the Nazarene,” he then said, but in a mocking voice. “Very few made that connection. But you cannot solve the rest of my riddle. Even with the Lamb’s help,” he sneered then said quickly, “I'm more clever than you are! I'm wise and crafty.” He spat out defiantly.

“We'll see,” I replied and then continued. “You said this rhyme had been meant to be solved by me by decree in Heaven. Then solve it I shall in Jesus Christ's Name, because I can do all things through Christ Jesus. The rest of your riddle started like this, that pertains directly to the third location.

“In our last visit, I spoke to thee of three
locations I was going to hide my mustard seeds.”

Again, this confirms you are speaking of the location you're hiding them at, but it doesn't necessarily state this is where the mustard seeds, the gas, will be released, if the hiding place is somehow moved. Holy Ghost Spirit has taught me to look at something for all its possibilities and not the obvious one.” The demon then folded his hands in disgust, but only continued to curse and swear under his breath. The corner of my mouth lifted up in a small, knowing smile as I began speaking again. “I shall only repeat the parts of your riddle directly relating to the third place, its location.

“Now hear me speak more of the riddle I had hidden from thee,
for death and destruction is what all shall soon see.”

This tells me the mustard seeds, which really are the mustard gas, will be released and it shall kill and destroy lives, and your plans are for it to be done very soon. Next, you said in your rhyme,

“if you do not have an opportunity, then create one to be.
It's our kingdom's motto, which we have done for the whole world to see.”

This revealed your black heart. If there wasn't an opportune moment or place to hide and release the third set of mustard seeds, the gas, where you wanted it to be released, then you will create that opportunity. Then you said,

“which we have done for the whole world to see.”

So you caused something to happen that would allow you to hide and release the mustard seeds, but in a way that would grab the whole world's attention, if all the world is going to see it.” Before he could say anything, I continued again. “The next part of your evil riddle rhyme said,

“A martyr, a time of mourning, a final resting place it is and shall be.
This last place I've hidden my beautiful, but deadly mustard seeds.”

A martyr is someone who's been killed, murdered, assassinated, however you want to say it. And most times it's in reference to a Christian. A time of mourning again connects the death of the martyr to the place of the riddle and also a funeral, burial, or such like. The original part of the riddle where it stated in the first line about the third location, “the final resting place for you”, referring to your evil mustard seeds, is a direct connection to the mourning of the martyr. I shall go further,” I said confidently in my Lord Jesus Christ's ability to help me. After all, it's all him, not me. “You confirmed for me where I had determined the final resting place. The place where the mustard seeds are hidden doesn't necessarily mean that is where they, the seeds, the mustard gas, will be released. “A final resting place it is and shall be.” This can mean many things.”

“First, the last hidden location is its final resting place, referring to the seeds. But it says “and shall be,” meaning it has another resting place to come. But still inside the last place or spot they were hidden. So they’re somehow hidden in the last spot and the hidden location is movable. It's going to be moved to another location, while still hidden inside of the third and final original location they were hidden inside of. But also it can mean, too, where it said “a final resting place it is and shall be,” that it's relating to the martyr in question's final resting place. That could be a funeral home, a burial, a casket, the graveyard, or such like. There's many possibilities. So there's more than one layer of meaning, which is common with your dark kingdom that loves to hide things in plain sight with deception.”

The rhyming imp threw up his hands and yelled, “Be silent, dog! That's enough. I'm out of here! Wake her up! She shan't have my riddle solved.” Then he turned to run. As he did, he ran straight into a Holy Angel of God, dressed totally in white except for a gold belt across his chest. It's like a wide band around his chest. He had a magnificent flaming sword extended in his right hand. “Demon of rhyme,” the Holy Angel said, “your petition was granted in Heaven’s Court. In your request, you specified you wanted the duel of wits to be ensured it would continue in its entirety. Although in your evil thoughts, the purpose was so this Daughter of the Lamb, of Heaven’s Court could be embarrassed, humiliated, and her confidence destroyed by your brilliant riddle you felt she could in no wise figure out. Now that she's holding her own in the battle of wits, you want it ended and for her to be awakened from this dream state, so she will not have the divine revelation and answers she will obtain by solving your rhyme. This is because she is the one chosen to solve this riddle. Your request to end this duel of wits is denied. It shall proceed until the end, as ordered by Heaven’s Court.” The demon shrank back in fear from the mighty Angel. And then he said, “Okay. Okay.” Next, the green bald imp turned back to look at me. I noticed the Holy Angel didn't move from behind the demon. The demon knew this, too. The Holy Angel spoke to me and said, “Daughter of Faith, Love, and Mercy and of Heaven’s Court, please proceed. Proceed with your answers, as all things are being recorded in the books of Heaven.” “Thank you,” I replied, “I will.”

I begin speaking once again. “In the riddle parts given today, the rhyme, you indirectly confirmed for me the third location for these mustard seeds that will be moved. It's going to travel to another location somehow in the first lines of the start of it. I began quoting this riddle out loud.

“This last location, I did not say it would actually be

released in the evil city of Washington, D.C."

"See?" I said, "This proves the final resting place will travel to another location." I continued with the rhyme.

"Only that its final resting place would be inside the city with no eyes to see.
But that which is hidden can travel, secretly,
if you create the right situation that's needed to be.
With a final resting place, but not for my mustard seeds.

A martyr's death shall bring more deaths, but by my mustard seeds.
By taking out another goody two shoes, which we've already done, to proceed.
So now I can release my glorious mustard seeds without any hitches and set them free."

This is where you stopped because you realized in your great pride in your rhyming ability, you revealed more than you intended. What this is saying is the third location is connected to a resting place of a martyr, which appears somehow to be involving the situation you have already created. So you could hide the mustard seeds of gas in its final resting place. Its final hidden spot. The final spot where you've hidden the mustard seed is movable, and will travel hidden inside, by the words of your very own rhyme. Let me quote them to you again. Before he could object, I boldly began speaking with Sweet Holy Ghost's continued help. First I said, "Remember, we're talking about the final resting place is in Washington, D.C., and that your rhyme didn't say that's where it would be released, followed by these words,

"Only that its final resting place would be inside the city with no eyes to see.
But that which is hidden can travel secretly
if you created the right situation that's needed to be
with the final resting place. But not for my mustard seed."

"Again, connecting the final resting place to a movable, hidden location. When you add all the information to the last stanza of your evil wicked riddle, you're rhyme, foul little demon, it becomes clear. Especially when I also add the information from the first time we met and you spewed out your evil rhyming poem to me then." The demon imp's eyes showed he was full of rage and, if not for the Holy Angel still behind him, holding his still drawn flaming sword, I knew he would have tried to kill me. "Oh, well," I said to myself, "I'm protected by Jesus Christ and Father God. They can't pass or pierce the Blood of my Lovely Jesus Christ." So I then finished my deduction from the last stanza of the rhyming riddle with Jesus Christ's help. I begin speaking again. "The last part again said this, "A martyr's death shall bring more deaths, but by my mustard seeds." This reveals that through the martyr's death, the mustard seeds, the mustard gas, will be released. This means your arranged, or created situation, was the murder of someone, most likely a Christian, since you called them a martyr. So the person, it appears, has been murdered so you could hide your mustard seeds in D.C. and they could travel to your targeted location, so many people can die from your evil, wicked schemes.
The martyr's body had to be in Washington, D.C. at some time, so the mustard seeds could be hidden…or."

“Shut up! Shut up!” The rhyming, bulging-eyed, enraged demon screamed out as he made a lunge for me, only to be held forcefully back by the strong left arm of the Holy Angel of God. “Demon of rhyme, that is enough!” The Angel said. I saw another Holy Angel appear from out of
nowhere, carrying what looked like heavy shackles and chains. Immediately the demon froze. A whimper escaped out of his lips. Then he whispered, “No.” “Then refrain yourself, for she belongs to the Kingdom of Light. You requested this meeting and duel and it was granted to you. You shall not harm this child of the Most High God while here. It is forbidden,” came the words from the first Holy Angel who had appeared with his flaming sword, and was still holding it in his right hand. The squirming green demon was still being held with his left one. At his words, the rhyming demon went still, but his eyes were filled with raging hatred for me, as well as these two mighty Angels of God on each side of him. The first Angel that came then looked at me and said, “You may proceed, Daughter of Heaven’s Court and of the Earth.” I didn't hesitate and then began speaking again. “The end of the last stanza of the rhyme said this,

“by taking out another goody two shoes”.

You are definitely now pinpointing the martyr was a Christian,” I said. “I say this because the next line reveals at this time, the person had already been killed, murdered, by those loyal to your dark kingdom for you. The rhyme said,

“which we've already done to proceed.”

Again, this refers to the “goody two shoes” or the martyr in question. So someone has died, been murdered, killed, however you want to say it. So the end result could be a created occurrence you wanted and needed. Meaning, by your actions, the end result would be the location where you want the mustard seeds, the mustard gas to be released. My guess it’s someone well known that's been killed, and it's related somehow to their wake, funeral, prayer vigil, burial, any such like thing. After all, a casket would be a final resting place for the martyred person and a body in a casket could be transported and travel almost anywhere. Because your dark kingdom has operatives everywhere, the mustard seeds hidden inside could travel possibly undetected. All this was done, prearranged, so you could plant your mustard seeds, the mustard gas, in a hidden location, while that location, the hiding spot was in Washington, D.C. And then you had it moved to its actual targeted prepared location for the release of the gas, your evil mustard seeds. The martyr would have to be a high-profile person to have the needed effect your kingdom would want, and also by the first part of your evil riddle, when you first spoke it to me,” I said to the rhyming demon imp and the Holy Angels of God standing beside him. I said boldly now with a smile, “Let me repeat that part to you also again.”

“The final resting place for you, last of my mustard seeds,
being the third location of three,
shall be a gathering of people of greatness and prestige
in that evil location of Washington, D.C.”

For the martyr, the person that's killed, to be first in D.C. long enough for the mustard seeds to be hidden, in addition to the mentioning of the gathering of people of greatness and prestige, it

sounds like there might be two viewings or two funerals, or such like, for this high-profile martyr, at least something of this nature." I looked at the foul little green imp and asked, "How am I doing at solving your riddle so far? When I was growing up, I was an excellent player at the game called Clue." Then I smiled as I said, "Rhyming demon imp, you said I was too stupid and slow for your rhymes and riddles. You belligerently asked me to solve your riddle if I could. I believe I have done this with Jesus Christ's help. I have answered all that you presented to me, have I not?"

The rhyming imp refused to speak until the Angel with the chains moved slightly toward him. Finally, the demon spat out,

"Yes, you have
all but one.
If you cannot answer it,
then I still have won!

Where is the final resting place of my mustard seeds? Speak it if you dare. I demand you answer me!"

I looked him straight in the eyes without fear and said, "I will answer you. They're with the martyr's body. They both had the same final resting place. The seeds are hidden in the first location, which is also the final resting place of the martyr. They're one and the same, yet different." "Arg!" the demon screamed out and then started yelling, "You filthy curse, curse, cuss, cuss…" I saw the Holy Angel with the heavy chains and shackles, walk over and place them around the angry, shaking demon who's still screaming obscenities at me, my God, and anyone else he could, until the Holy Angel wrapped the heavy chain also around his mouth. The Holy Angel said firmly, "Demon of rhyme, that's enough. You need a time out."

Suddenly, I saw another Holy Angel fly down from the sky. In his hands was a scroll tied with a gold ribbon. He handed it to the first Holy Angel that had appeared and who had finally put away his flaming sword. He takes the scroll and untied the gold ribbon. He opened it and I could tell he was quickly scanning the contents. Then he rolled it back up and returned it to the Angel who had flown down from Heaven with it. This first Holy Angel began speaking that had read the scroll. "The duel of wits has ended. The granted time given to the demon of rhyme has now expired. He is ordered back to Hell where he will remain, never to return to this Daughter of Heaven's Court and of Faith. If he should attempt to return, he will be immediately bound and banished to the Bottomless Pit until the time of judgment begins."

"Daughter of Faith and of Heaven's Court, you have filled your legal obligation in this duel and have kept your word not to bind the rhyming demon unless he broke the rules first. This he attempted to do and would have done if Heaven had not intervened. This information has been provided to you upon your request when in prayer, you have sought these answers to what the Great I Am and His Son, Jesus the Christ, speaks to you. You have your answers, Daughter of Heaven's Court. You now have your promised clues of who, what, when and where." Then the Angels turned to leave with the still heavily chained rhyming demon imp. "Wait!" I yelled out and then said.,"but I don't know the "who" you're speaking about." The First Angel who

appeared with the flaming sword replied, “Yes, you do, Daughter of Zion and of Heaven’s Court. There's only one person in the world of man who has been murdered, called a martyr, his body was in Washington, D.C., then traveled to another location that shall cause the gathering of the prestigious and great people from Washington, D.C.” “Oh,” I said as the color drained from my face, “you're talking about him.”

And then I woke suddenly, abruptly out of my sleep, and was wide awake. “Oh, Jesus Christ,” was all I could say or think. So I began to pray until I fell back to sleep after spending time with my Lovely Jesus Christ. And from there, that's when the second dream came. Again, these are answers I've been seeking. Here are the verses. These first few verses refer to the little part of the first dream. This is what He’s connected to me. But take that to Jesus Christ in prayer.

Verses:
Leviticus 23:1-3 and 23-25; Numbers 10:10; Deuteronomy 7:9; Psalms 144:1; John 15:11; Nehemiah 8:10; Psalms 16:11; Ephesians 2:5-6; 6:10-18; Hebrews 10:19-22; Matthew 6:6; John 5:15; Ephesians 2:10; 3:20; Colossians 3:17; Psalms 139:1-4; Isaiah 55:11; Psalms 56:8; 1 Peter 3:22; John 14:13-14; Luke 8:17; 10:19; Matthew 28:18; 1 Timothy 2:23-24; 6:4; Titus 3:9; Matthew 18:18; Proverbs 3:5-6; Psalms 37:23; Mark 4:11; Philippians 4:13; Amos 3:7; 1 Corinthians 2:16; Ephesians 1:17-19; 2 Timothy 1:7; Acts 2:7; Numbers 12:6.

Now again, I ask you take this to Jesus Christ in prayer. You try, test, and discern this dream. Do as you're called to do.