Babylon's Funeral Day And Suitcase Dream 9-24-25 @ 1:13 AM & 6:56 AM

Note: Now, remember for those of you that don't understand how prophetic things work, when the Lord says “today,” the Lord being Lord Jesus Christ, Father God, it can mean this very day, a day in the past; a day, a specific day, He’s pointing out in the future. You have to seek Him about it. Same as with “tomorrow,” “yesterday”. And when you start studying the actual definitions of these words. God knows all the grammar. He knows all the meanings of these words. It might do some good to research them.

I dreamed again about the 10 hidden nuclear suitcases. It began with me hearing a conversation, although I saw no one. “It's time; we can delay no longer. The sacrifices have been prepared. We must take down the Eagle now. We will cut her throat and let her bleed out. Then nothing shall stand in our way, not even the Nazarene's children. Our signal has been received worldwide through our martyr, Mr. Charlie Kirk. A wound to the neck that brought death to the eyes of the world, so our operatives will know it's time to strike the jugular vein of the Eagle.” I heard another voice speak and I recognize it as belonging to Emmanuel Macron, the man I know is the Antichrist from the Word of God. “Yes, you are right. But this wounding will be real and not like what we did with our first martyr. Although he did die by our hands, a fitting death for his betrayal at a later time.” The other voice, a man's voice replied, “He knew the price he would pay when he switched his Lord from the light bearer to the Nazarene. No one leaves our organization of Masons without the penalty of a death sentence. But if not for the Looking Glass technology we once possessed, we would never have been able, in advance, to be aware of his betrayal.”

(My understanding is that Charlie Kirk at one time was a Freemason. But when he accepted Jesus Christ into his heart as his Lord, they took it as betrayal. Now, I will say again. On a YouTube show, one of his debate shows, my son was watching during the time Trump was running for president when he got reelected this time. And he yelled at me and I didn't know who Charlie Kirk was. My son yelled at me, “Mama, come in here!” I walked into the room. “I want you to hear this,” and he rewound it. And while he's talking, Charlie Kirk said, “Jesus Christ is my Lord.” We both heard it. So this man truly did accept Jesus Christ as Lord and Savior, because nobody can say that, according to the Bible, the Word of God, 1 Corinthians 12:3, except through Jesus Christ, through the Holy Ghost Spirit. And you only have the Holy Ghost Spirit come in you when you truly accept Jesus Christ into your heart. But in the past, he was right there with the rest of them. That's my understanding.)

“I know,” replied Macron, “but after much planning, much maneuvering, much manipulation, much convincing, and so much much more, our plans came together perfectly. I told you that we would be able to manipulate the traitor Kirk to think we were helping him to go into hiding.”I heard Macron laugh. I'm still seeing nothing, just hearing this all being spoken. I heard the other man ask, “Then it's a go? I can give the green light to Project Decapitate the Eagle?” I heard Macron the Antichrist replied, “With the innocent blood and the power we pulled from the heavens, Sun, and Moon, during these last phases, it is enough. It's not as much as I would have preferred, but…” then he cursed explicitly. “The God of Heaven has given orders that we can only access and pull the energy and power from the Sun, Moon, and stars in allotted amounts when He allows it. All because that filthy, cuss, cuss Nazarene and His children, with the prayers

prayed in His Name. We must plan all our actions with precision and accuracy. Failure is not an option. Heaven's orders have removed the restraint of my rise, fully, now. Soon I will no longer have to play the part of an incompetent, unloved politician. I can put aside the facade and let the world see the man of power I really am."

Then he continued, "The sacrifices we've made, that aren't fully apparent to the world, will begin manifesting and that life force shall give our plans the final push to stretch the boundaries of the spirit realm." I heard the other man speak again and ask, "Chosen one, why not just have a mass killing at one time, instead, and the energy be available and the power then? Why, if I may ask, do it this way with the mustard gas so that the deaths are not in one location or easily detected and connected? Wouldn't it make more sense to cause a large number of deaths at one time, so there can be an atmosphere of fear birthed, and the spirit children (demons) of the dark lords can work among the population?" I heard Macron reply, "It would be, if an atmosphere of fear was our goal, our purpose. It is not. Our purpose, this time, is for the body count. With the thousands of thousands when exposed begin dying, because they are not in one location, then the deaths will not be automatically connected to one another. Treatments will be delayed, which will cause, in the end, more deaths. It's befitting that so many should give their life for me, so I can rise to full power and become the savior of the world." Then he laughed a horrible, horrible laugh, I continued to hear until, suddenly, I saw light.

I'm standing, looking outside a window, in a small living room area. It's daytime, but it's raining. Normally, I love the rain and find great joy and beauty in it, as I do in everything Father God has created and does for our world, but this time, the rain looks and feels depressing. Like how it seems to always rain when someone dies or you're attending a funeral. This is how it feels. It feels like it's a funeral day. The very air feels solemn, and still, with no sign of life moving outside except for the rain. I mentally shook off the depressing feelings that's lingering in the air, even inside of this house I'm in. "Nope, not happening," I said, "in Jesus Christ's Name, I bind the spirits of depression, death, and such like, in Jesus Christ's Name. I praise You and thank You, my Lovely Jesus Christ, because I don't walk in victory by allowing my feelings or emotions to be manipulated. You are my joy and peace in every situation, so I give You praise. But I also know you have drawn my attention to the funeral-type atmosphere. What is it You want me to know? Is this just the enemy, ole loser Lu lu, the devil, trying to spread this depression and death-like atmosphere again? Or are You allowing me to sense it in our world?"

I heard His sweet reply, my Lovely Jesus Christ say to me softly, "It is both, Daughter. It's a Funeral Day for so many today." In surprise, I replied, "It's a funeral day and for many. What does that mean?" I asked. "It means, Daughter, it's time for many to die today. This will be the time of both their death and funeral." "Oh, no!" I cried out. "Why? How? For who?" I heard His solemn yet firm reply, "For many in Babylon-America. She is wicked to the core. I would have saved her, forgiven her, and redeemed her back to Me as I had Hosea do for Gomer, his unfaithful wife. But she refused. Now I give her double for all the trouble she has caused to the inhabitants of this Earth and for her harming the Earth itself, in her vile and evil quest to be the ruling power over all nations, choosing the fallen ones, their "dark lords" they like to be called, and their sinful ways, she has fallen. Babylon has fallen and I give her double; for her sins and iniquities are great. If she had returned to Me, her God and Creator, I would have restored her

back to a beautiful, healthy, thriving nation of people, whose God would have brought truth, peace and safety to her borders."

"Oh, Jesus Christ, my Love, I'm sorry," I said softly. "I know, Daughter." He replied, and then continued, "so many of My own screamed to the heavens in objection, crying foul, when I granted mercy to the Russians and Ukrainian people who cried out to me, their God and Savior, Jesus Christ, to please spare them from having to endure a nuclear attack by Putin's hands when he released the Sarmat-2 on Ukraine, to then only have to endure next, the 3 Days of Darkness. Which I granted mercy to them, and it now comes after the Darkness lifts, and being now the fourth and final event in the 4 Link Chain Suddenlies I have often warned about. But then I refused to do the same for Babylon-America. They do not search out My Scripture, because it is written that Babylon shall receive a double portion. This double portion to her is the burning by nuclear fire, from the detonating of the hidden ten suitcases inside of Babylon-America's walls. But it's also the 3 Days of Darkness and her fall from grace to disgrace, as she is destroyed as a nation of power, who shall finish dying when the last remnant of My children are removed out of her borders, either by death or with the aid of My 144,000, My Two End Time Witnesses, and Myself. Things are not how the world supposes it would be, nor is My Scripture of Truth being played out as the scholars, teachers, and historians have declared its interpretation to be. This is because many mysteries have been hidden until this time arrived on your Earth. In addition, it has to be spiritually discerned for its truth to be revealed, which can only be done through My Holy Spirit of Truth," He finished saying.

I looked up into the rainy, dull gray sky and said, "Jesus Christ, my Love, I know You speak the truth for You are the Truth, truth itself. So what happens today, in the world of man, that causes so much death and destruction? What happens for you to declare today is funeral day for Babylon-America? What event is to occur for it to be a death and a funeral at the same time, my Love, I ask in Your Great Name. That is, if it be Your will for me to know." There was a pause and all was silent, except for the continuous sound of the pouring rain. I focused on the raindrops hitting one right after another on the front porch railing. It was still raining hard. Then I heard my lovely Jesus Christ speak audibly to me from the heavens once again in a clear, firm, audible voice, a voice that sounded this time like that of a Judge handing down a verdict. "It's through the burning of many people in many cities in Babylon-America, by nuclear fire that the 10 hidden suitcases containing the rogue nuclear devices within them; there will be a flash, an eruption, a ball of fire, as flesh is consumed on the very bodies of many of the inhabitants inside of evil, wicked Babylon's walls. It will be, in some cases, almost an instant death, with no remains left to bury. It is, for these, that it's both their death and burial. This is just and fair, but even merciful for those who die quickly. Even for Mine who will perish, as well. But for the wicked, who die in their sins, it's just the beginning of the burning. They will be tormented by Hell's flames until the Judgment Day, wherein after the final verdict and rewarding of both good and bad, the righteous and unrighteous, Hell and Death, and all not found with their names in My Book of Life, shall be thrown into the ever-burning, tormenting Lake of Fire, never to be released from it from its agony. This is a reward for their final choice and decision to reject My love and forgiveness and to accept Me into their hearts as their Lord and Savior. I have warned this fate for the wicked, ungodly, and the compromising in their faith, through My given Written Word and the voice of My children as time passed by after My Resurrection. There is no excuse and no forgiveness of sins after one has already died, still in them."

As I listened to His words of truth spoken to me, I knew His actions were righteous and just, but I couldn't help from the tears forming in my eyes as I thought of all the people who will miss Heaven and being with Father God and my Lovely Jesus Christ, because they rejected Him. But also of their fate, ever-burning forever in darkness, tormented by the flames and with the forever absence of love of Father God and Jesus Christ. My understanding is that they will know they are there because of the rejection of Jesus Christ's gift of salvation. I heard my Savior's reply, and this time His voice was still firm; with caring at the same time. He said, "Daughter, beloved Daughter of Mine, you cannot focus on those who chose unwisely. Focus on those who still have breath in their lungs and I place in your path. If you dwell on these things long enough, you could open yourself up to the enemy attack, by manipulation of your feelings and emotions by the enemy's various ways. Just as they tried to do earlier, as you stared at the rain while feeling its oppressive and depressiveness the enemy sent out with it." "You're right, my Love," I replied to Him as I straightened my shoulders and looked at the continuing rain that had turned into a dreary drizzle. Yet my heart was full of joy because my Savior, Jesus Christ, was here with me.

My thoughts were interrupted when I heard my Lovely Jesus Christ speak once again, "Daughter, your petition has been granted by the Courts of Heaven concerning the 10 hidden suitcases with the rogue nuclear devices." "It has," I replied and then asked, "which one, my Love? For I have petitioned many. Because Your Word says, "Ask and you shall receive," in Matthew 7:7 and "Call unto Me and I will answer thee and show you great and mighty things, thou knowest not," in Jeremiah 33:3." I heard a slight laugh, as if He was pleased that I answered Him with verses from His very own Written Word, then replied, "The petition to know and to share more of the locations in which these devices are hidden, I show this to you now." And then the scene immediately changed.

I found myself looking at one of the black suitcases containing one of the nuclear devices. It's open and, yes, it's mostly the same, with a few variations, like the one seen before. I heard my Lovely Jesus Christ speak these words into my mind, "Daughter, this is occurring before Babylon's funeral day of today has arrived." "Okay, I understand," I replied back in my mind to Him. I realized I'm observing these happenings and not a participant in them. The open suitcase is laying on a made-up bed. The top cover, the comforter on the bed, looked like what you see at hotels, inns or motels. I saw there was another made-up bed to the left of the first bed with the same bed covering. There was a generic, abstract desert-like scene enhanced with gold, on a large painting that hung on the wall in the middle between the two beds. I saw a small square table with two chairs. Sitting in one is a man with tan skin, but I could only see from halfway down his chest. On the table before him was another open black suitcase, with a nuclear device inside, that looked much like the first one I saw. The man at the table has a type of remote in his hand. As he does something to it, I saw on the device where there was a little digital display. The word "On" became displayed. This time the color of the digital word was red, not like the green one I saw the first time the devices were shown to me by my Lovely Jesus Christ, by vision. (This was The Open Suitcase Vision from 9-16-24 at 3:05PM).

I heard the man with the remote say in English, though it was in a heavily foreign accented voice, "Good." He turns the display off, by the remote, then places the remote inside a separate little black case that resembles, or could pass as, an eyeglass carrier. Then he reached over and

closed the lid to the suitcase. It locked immediately, I could tell. It had the old roll-a-number type lock, where you had to input the correct number in each row for it to unlock. (It's where the lock had several rows and you had to click/dial it up to different numbers. I hadn't seen one of them in a while.) There are six rows, so it's a six number combination to the lock. “Strange,” I mused, “why such low technology for such a device, unless it is to ensure it could be opened without any kind of signal jammers or interruption through the internet,” I thought to myself. Then I saw, to the side of it, was a place that looked like a thumbprint. This way you have to have the correct thumbprint, as well as the combination, to open the suitcase with the nuclear rogue device. I wonder if they are all like this and if the fingerprint analyzer has its own little mini computer and battery source, so it doesn't have to be linked to the internet in any way. Before I could ponder on this anymore, as I watched the scenes before me, I heard a knock on the door.

The man picked up a gun that looked like it had a silencer. I hadn’t noticed it because it had been hidden from view by the suitcase on the table. He gets up from the table, walks over to the open suitcase on the bed and quickly shuts it. Then he paused until he heard the person knock again three more times. That's three the first time and three the second time. For some reason the amount of each knock stood out to my mind. The man relaxed a little, but still walked to the locked door with his gun raised, in readiness, should he need to use it. Now my thinking was, “Why don't he peep through the peephole?” But when I was questioning the Lord, the Lord said, “Because they could get shot through the eye if it's the enemy.” For some reason the amount of each knock stuck out to me. The man relaxed a little, but still walked to the locked door with his gun raised up in readiness should he need to use it. He cautiously yells out, “Who is it? I'm not to be disturbed.” I still couldn't see his face, but it seemed to be covered with a thick dark shadow. “You called for a pickup from our laundry service. I'm here to oblige you with our complimentary service, free with your paid stay at our hotel,” a man's voice said. “You did request a pickup at room 33, did you not? Room 33, I said. Room 33,” he repeated.

When he repeated, “Room 33, I said room 33,” the man at the door with a gun, whose face is still blocked from my view, visibly relaxed. He quickly unlocked the door with his gun still in hand. He opened the door, stuck his head out, and looked in both directions. Then he said out loud, which I knew was in case someone should overhear, “Yes, please come in.” Then he stood to the side as the other man came into the room wearing a hotel uniform. The man is a white Caucasian. He is pushing a small canvas top laundry cart, on wheels, in front of him. His face seems familiar. His hair is cut short, like the military wear. And then it came to me. He reminds me of one of the Secret Service men that were captured in the pictures, taken in the pictures, when Trump had his ear grazed, supposedly, by a bullet. Yet I think I might have seen him more recently, but with very dark glasses every time. The man with a gun, whose face was still hidden from me, quickly shut the door behind the man with the laundry cart. As soon as he did, the man in the laundry uniform stood up and had the appearance of the one who was used to being in charge. He's had that air of authority.

The tan skin man spoke first. “The devices are ready. I have run the final check. The one on the bed has been programmed already to receive your thumbprint when you're ready to leave.” The man nodded his head without speaking. “I have been ordered to give you the coordinates to the location in Mendocino. I will travel the rest of the journey to the L.A. site. Is that understood?”

“Affirmative,” the man replied, and then asked, “Do you have the coordinates for both with you?” I noticed he seemed to be reaching for his back. The tan skin man's voice changed slightly as he spoke with an edge to it, “Mr. Curran. No. I don't,” he said sharply, “because then you would take me out, and continue with the hiding of these devices yourself.” Then he called him again by his last name and said, “This hit on America is to include us. We will not allow you to strip us of the glory of taking this infidel dog of a country down. Allah shall get the praise that's deserved him, for he is a real god.”

The white man in the hotel uniform moved his hand further up his back and began scratching it as if he had an itch. He finally spoke, “Raoul, we're in this together, working as a team, our people with yours. My orders are to obtain the first suitcase and see that it's protected, once hidden in place, where it shall not be discovered or detonated prematurely. We already have, in our control, the cameras and the needed officials paid to look the other way for each location, even though most have not been told the true nature of our doings.” “Good, the man named Raoul replied with a crisp-sounding, heavily accented voice. Then he continued, “The biometric computer inside the thumbprint analyzer, once it's set to your thumbprint, can only be reprogrammed one time, by you, for their operative that shall actually be the one that sets and detonates the nuclear device. You have the exact coordinates for Mendocino inside the suitcase itself.” “Good,” Mr. Curran replied as he reached for the black suitcase on the bed. “Mr. Curran, I have not programmed your thumbprint into the suitcase computer system yet. You will need me to do this before you take it, unless you want it to detonate if you try to open it without the biometric information added.”

The man in the hotel uniform quickly straightened himself up and said, “Please proceed. There's not much time.” Raul replied, “There will be plenty of time for you to arrive in Mendocino County and for me to get to LA. Remember, if something unforeseen were to occur in our paths, or the paths of the others, our people that control the world will ensure we are given the opportunity needed, with the right amount of time for all detonations to be successful and within the projected window of time.” Then the tan-skinned man walked over to a black, non descriptive leather bag, unzipped it and pulled out what looked like a handheld mini-computer. He turned it on, and within a minute or two, it had come to life and a 3D holographic screen appeared.
The man knew the computer system so well, I had no time to see the information being displayed before us. Apparently, neither did Mr. Curran, who seemed a little frustrated by this fact until Raoul said, “All right, Mr. Curran, place your right thumb onto the thumbprint scanner.

Mr. Curran complied and then it looked as if his thumb was being scanned by a light underneath it. When the light stopped, Raoul said quickly, “You can remove your thumb now. No one can open this suitcase except you, Mr. Curran.” He nodded his head as Raoul quickly turned off his mini-computer and the 3D-type screen disappeared also. Mr. Curran reached for the black suitcase and picked it up carefully, then placed it inside the rolling laundry bag. Raoul said quickly, “In the closet are the new unworn clothes that you are to use to cover up the suitcase with. That way, there isn't any traceable DNA that can be discovered, unless it's yours.” The man smiled a wicked smile as he pulled out a pair of gloves. He quickly put them on and went to the closet that's next to the bathroom door, and quickly removed the hanging clothes from their

hangers. While he was doing this, I saw Raoul reach by the black closed suitcase, still sitting on the table, and he brought out a folded slip of paper.
Mr. Curran was closing the closet door shut when the tan-skinned Raoul said, “Here on this slip of paper is the combination number for the mechanical lock on the suitcase that's now in your possession. I have been informed, you know, clearly, already, to memorize it, then destroy the paper.” Mr. Curran replied, “That’s standard protocol.” “Yes, it is,” Raul replied, “but not every day does it apply to a nuclear weapon in your possession.” “Agreed,” the man in the hotel uniform replied and then asked, “is there anything else you need? Do I need to send a cleanup crew to wipe down the place when you depart?” Raoul responded, “There’s one on the way already. As soon as you leave, I shall leave for L.A. My double will be in place to receive the clothes from the hotel's laundry department, then he will check out as me. The cleaning personnel that come in to clean this room will really be our own professionals that shall wipe down the room. Those of us that have been living in this loathsome nation, in hiding, while we waited to be activated are called upon from time to time by your government, Mr. Curran, to do these little favors for you. but enough chatting. You must be on your way. Your travel is farther than mine.”
Without responding, Mr. Curran, in the hotel uniform, turned with the rolling laundry cart toward the door. Just as he reached for the door's handle, I heard Raoul speak these words, “Give your President Trump our warmest regards.” And then I awoke.

Again, take this to Jesus Christ in prayer. Try, test, and discern it, as we're called to do.This is a dream I've had; I had it twice. Now, it's up to you to take it to Jesus Christ in prayer.

Verses:
Matthew 7:7; Amos 3:7; Jeremiah 33:3; Psalms chapter 33; 96:13; Hosea chapter 3; 4:2-14; 5:6-8; Romans 6:16; John 8:34; Job 11:6-11; Jeremiah 16:17-18; 17:18; Hosea 5:15; Genesis 41:32; John 15:26; Revelation 18:4-6; John 14:6 and 13-14.

Again, take this to Jesus Christ in prayer. Try, test, and discern it. 1 Thessalonians 5:21. Prove all things. Hold fast to that which is good.