

The President Trump dream 10-20-23 @ 12:32 AM, 1:27 AM & 5:40 AM

I had the same dream three times so it is established. I dreamed it and awoke at 12:32 a.m. 1:27 a.m. and now again at 5:40 a.m. 2 Corinthians 13:1 is what I stand on. Now Holy Spirit please bring it to my memory in its completeness in Jesus Christ's name.

It begins with me looking up into an almost most white colored sky. I am in an open field or a plain where the ground appears mostly level without any foliage I can see. Except what looks like a hint of grass that has very little growth. I'm not sure what drew my attention to the sky because there seems to be not any type of noise that I heard. But when I looked up I saw two spaceships in the sky flying side by side. Both are identical in their shape but they are of different colors.

Their shapes are triangular. Triangular with one being the color black and the other the color white. Somehow I knew immediately that President Donald J. Trump was in control of the white triangular ship. I said out loud immediately upon seeing these ships, "They're triangular in shape. They're like the Triangular Powers... (sun, moon and stars. The powers in outer space.)" "President Trump has controlled the skies of space but there's a darker power there too and then the scene changed.

I found myself at a location where my mom is there. My mom is already in heaven in reality. We are standing outside a large building made of concrete blocks and cement. We are by the front door and I noticed the ground is of a red clay mud that the foundation of the building is built upon and it's been freshly bulldozed or grated. I heard my mom say, "The place is full but we were able to manage to build you a small private area. A room of your own." "Thank you," I replied. Not thanks, Mom, like what would have said in reality. "You're welcome," she replied as she led me into the large building through the wellmade, intricately carved, light wooden door with its round knob handle that turned to open the door.

When we entered, with me following after her we immediately entered an open area. It reminded me of how when you go to a large flea market and there are divided cubicles or spaces where each vendor sets their products out. Their areas mostly do not have walls that reach to the ceiling. This is the way the large building was. Upon entering I could see that the top of each building didn't reach to the top of the inside of the ceiling.

I am myself in this dream as I am in reality except I'm not as heavy in my weight as I am now. I realized now I am carrying a duffel bag, white in color over my right shoulder. About 8 to 10 feet from the door we had entered was a row of three rooms. I am taken to the middle one which is the smallest of the three as my mom said, "We were able to build these last three when we knew you were coming but the smallest one is all that's left here in the middle." "It will do," I replied just grateful in this dream for somewhere to rest and in private.

She opened the door and showed me the room. There is a single twin-sized bed against the left wall with blue and white gingham checkered sheets in small print with a rust-colored well-worn

looking comforter on top covering the sheets, one single forlorn looking pillow but the pillowcase though dingy white in color I knew was clean. To the right next to the bed is a small well-worn dark brown wooden nightstand with chips on the top of it. On the right wall is one single dark brown folding type metal chair sitting open. There are no other furnishings or decorations. It was a very tiny room but I am grateful. Grateful for it. "It's great," I said to my mom. She smiled at me a genuine smile of kindness and said, "I will leave you now so you can rest." "Thank you," I said. She shut the door. As she left I laid my bag beside the bed and without turning off the lights I laid down on the bed without even getting under the covers. So tired and weary was my body and then the scene changed again.

I am sitting in the small twin-sized bed with my feet on the floor. I felt I had been praying, thinking and contemplating my next move for something when I heard a knock on my little room's door. "Yes," I called out. Before I could say anything else the person on the other side of the door began entering, taking my "yes" as an invitation to come in unannounced. It wasn't an invitation. Immediately I began praying inside myself in Jesus Christ's name.

In walked Donald J. Trump in a black suit but it's not buttoned up. Nor is he wearing a tie. The top buttons of his shirt collar are undone. His large, tall form seems to dwarf my room making it feel smaller than it already was. "May I come in?" He asked as he walked in and sat down on the dark brown folding metal chair. "You're already in," I said matter of factly in a short voice. It didn't seem to bother him and he immediately began talking.

"You're a hard person to be found," he said. "I am only found where the Lord Jesus Christ wants me to be. Why are you here?" I asked him quickly. "I have no time for foolishness or unrighteous causes. What are your dealings that would have you to seek me out?"

He is sitting with his arms upon his knees and his hands clasped together. "I've got a problem," he said quickly. "One of my people is an agent. A mole! She's been with me for long time and knows too much." "And what is this to me?" I replied quickly to him. It did not matter if he was President, king or pauper. We are all the same in our loving God's eyes.

"Mr President," I said quickly, "you still control the skies. You control this nation. What's left of it. Why have you come to me instead of all your advisors and councilmen when others are looking for me, to harm me?" "Because you know him," President Trump replied quickly. "Him?" I asked. "Which him? I know many hims'," knowing all the while he was referring to my lovely, lovely Jesus Christ.

"You know! "Him" the big dog." He replied. "If you cannot even say the name of "him" then we have nothing else to discuss." I said sternly. "Okay," he replied, almost in an aggravated voice. "Jesus Christ! You know him and I need his help. Only he won't help me directly," he finally said quickly. "If you know he will not help you directly then why are you coming to me? If Jesus the king of all will not help you, what makes you think I can change his mind or even try to? I will not go against his perfect will! I think you had better leave." I said briskly.

"No, wait! Hear me out," he cried out almost desperately. "I was able to find you when others cannot. It's been prophesied and even shown in dreams of my return to power by servants of the Most High God Jehovah and his son Jesus Christ and this has come to pass as foretold by those who are truly their servants and children. But your dreams, your visions you have kept to yourself except for a few people you have told of more." "Yes I know," I responded, "and those few friends were not true friends but plants placed in my life by people like you to try to destroy me... of the governments. As well as those my enemies of the kingdom of darkness. Get your information from them Mr President."

"I have," he replied, "all they can say is that I am necessary for America to still be standing and to offer some resistance against The Invasion to give our people a chance to fight back. Chances to return to repent and come back to your God. If this woman in my cabinet is a mole then the likelihood of our nation being able to fight off any oncoming invasions would be very limited," he said passionately trying to sway me into doing what he is requesting.

"Mr President you have rejected Jesus Christ as your personal Savior so many times. The world is hunting those who love Jesus Christ and are looking them up. Some have been killed even before Putin's first strike of nuclear weapons that fell upon this nation suddenly when all eyes were focused more on China and the US. Why would I help you now?"

"So that prophecy can be fulfilled from your God," he said. I know he is the Seer and Hearer of all things. The future is held within his hands," the president replied. "Then why do you not serve him?" I asked him questioningly. He looked down at the ground momentarily then looked back up and said to me with his eyes upon the wall directly in front of him and not at me. "We all have our parts, are roles to play in life. I have been raised to rule in power like pharaoh of old. I am fulfilling what I have been raised up by your God to do." "Yes," I replied, "you are, but you had the choice to either walk in this position holding hands with Jesus Christ or with the devil, with lucifer. So far you have chosen to walk in lucifer's kingdom. I will not help you unless Jesus Christ leads me to Mr President."

"But you have to!" He replied passionately, "or the prophecy of me launching offensive attacks against our invaders will not come to pass." "How so Mr President?" I ask. "Because if my God has declared it, then it will come to pass and will not be stopped by any person, place or thing, known or unknown in our existence or God's." "Please!" He cried out. "Then please just discern from me if she is really the enemy. She is in a position of power and has access to all vital information of our remaining and still working defenses. If she is a traitor, in taking any of them out, there will be no form of defending ourselves except for hand to hand combat."

Immediately I felt a nudge in my spirit. My Holy Ghost knower as I call it. I became silent to listen to Sweet Holy Spirit speak. President Trump started to speak again, but I raised my hand for him to be silent as I spoke with my sweet lovely Jesus. "Jesus," I said in my mind and then asked, "what is your will in this matter?"

“Go discern for him the truth of this matter. Be a witness of my true power to him, to your nation while you are here as witness in America. In Babylon. In Babylon's remains, for soon you must return to Israel to reach my lost sheep there. Discern the woman's intent and heart and then reveal them to the president. So he will know beyond all doubt it is I who sits on the Righteous Throne of Judgment and I am the one who brings judgment to this world. Your president Trump has rejected me repeatedly. He has one more chance before his life is taken. Go now my witness and do this in my name Jesus Christ.”

I looked over at the president who was sitting with his head down. His hands, he now has each fingertip touching each other but his hands are still clasped together. “Mr President,” I said out loud, getting his attention focused back upon our conversation. “I shall discern for you through the Holy Spirit of Jesus Christ this woman's nature and intent so you will know that Jesus Christ is the one true Savior of this world. His sacrifice alone is all that can truly save the people. Your actions ordained by the God in Heaven is to ensure people have all the opportunities that've been prayed for and granted yet to be given. For such people to be able to hear the Gospel of Jesus Christ unhindered. Then they will make their own choice on who to serve. Him or the kingdom of darkness. But know this: if you try to retain me afterwards, I shall be removed by Angelic Heavenly forces and transported to safety. You will then suffer Judgment at the hands of the one true, righteous Judge and King Jesus Christ. Do you understand me Mr President?” “I do. Fair enough,” he replied and then the scene changed.

I found myself in a large complex type building. I know somehow we are underground. I realize at this time this is because the bombings of our nation America have already taken place above ground. So the government has relocated below the surface inside the earth. Although I am still myself in this dream and my face somehow is well known by many people and governments through Holy Spirit's power I am able to walk around in this complex unknown. Except for president Trump. I realize it's just like when Jesus walked with the two men on the road to Emmaus that should have known Jesus but didn't until he let himself be known as they took communion. The breaking of the bread, it is called in the Bible.

I've been brought in as some type of liaison. An expert in the field of communications and that of our enemies. In this dream through Jesus Christ alone I am able to understand all languages when I'm spoken to and even when reading it so the abilities I have are true. Or I would not have allowed him to give such a title for this position President Trump had created for me. And I knew to bring me into this secured complex.

The woman whose intentions I was there to spiritually discern was of middle or late age around the 50 to 60 range I guessed. She was smart and intelligent. In the dream we were actually above ground looking at windmills that were in the process of being built in hopes the wind would be sufficient to run them to create energy for some of the nation's people that had survived, as well as for the hidden government military bases. What few we still had.

As I listened to her talk to some of the workers about the construction of each windmill and where they should go I sensed trickery within her words. “Jesus?” I asked. “What is it?”

“Although she is doing her job to the obvious, the windmills are not being built on the best spots for the greatest generated amount of power. Nor is she having them built to generate the most amount of power either.” I see,” I replied inside myself to Jesus, just as a lady turned to me and smiled then the scene changed.

We are inside the complex at a very large conference table. There is an important meeting taking place. Because of the fact some of the officers here speak different languages I was allowed in as an interpreter of sorts. It is a military meeting to prepare for the invasion that we know is to come. I am seated next to the woman I'm here to discern. I already know she is of an evil heart. Most are who don't know the love of Jesus Christ as their Savior.

But I'm here for the Holy Spirit to show me how far her treachery goes in Jesus Christ's name. I do this as the meeting progresses. Things appear to be going normally until the high Military Officers are speaking to president Trump about the remaining secure locations of our missiles and control centers that have been found still operational during this time. I sensed the woman somehow on her electronic tablet. Her electronic Note Tablet she was supposed to be taking her notes on was sending out short bursts of information outside of this meeting. I knew as soon as the military meeting was over the proof would be gone.

“Jesus what do you want me to do?” “Take the tablet and stand boldly in my name. Then give it to your president Trump. No harm shall come to you. Let my Holy Spirit lead you.” “Thank you Jesus Christ, my love. I will.” I felt the fire of the Sweet Holy Spirit rise up inside me. I reached over with a mighty force and removed the tablet from her hands. “Give that back,” she yelled as she came up out of her seat, ready to kill me from the looks in her eyes.

“Not today,” I replied to her and said, “in Jesus Christ's name I bind you. You cannot move.” Immediately she was frozen into place. Hate filled her eyes. The whole room came alive with activity. The military men and others pulled their guns out and pointed them at me. My hands began to glow red as with holy fire. President Trump yelled out, “Leave her alone. She is under my command and protection. Put down your weapons.”

One of the soldiers replied, “But she spoke in the name of Jesus Christ and assaulted a member of this meeting!” “I suspect,” Mr Trump said, “she has found the proof of our traitor. Our hidden mole within. “Yes I have,” I said, “and in Jesus Christ's name you will be able to see unhidden how she has been sending information outside of this meeting room of vital locations for this country's remaining safety. What little is left. I said quickly.

I held the tablet out before me as a lady began to make snarling noises. President Trump looked and pointed at his head officer and said, “Go get the tablet.” He came to me and retrieved the tablet. As he does I heard myself say, “And by the way Mr President, it is Jesus Christ who protects me. Not you! As holy witness of God I tell you now you have been raised into this position of power to rule over this nation of broken people. Broken because they have refused to repent of their evil, wicked sins and lifestyles. I am here to remind you this day you have been

given one more opportunity through God's grace to either choose or reject Jesus Christ as your Lord and Savior. I bid you to choose wisely.”

The officer man with the tablet spoke suddenly to president Trump. “She's correct. Madam has been sending by code information to someone outside this room. The evidence would have disappeared as soon as she closed her tablet notebook. Then he showed it to president Trump. He looked at it then looked back at me.

“I thank you,” he said quickly. Mr President don't thank me but Jesus Christ. If he hadn't told me to come then you would have never laid eyes upon me.” “I know,” he replied but prophecy from Heaven must be fulfilled. “Yes it must be.” “Who is this lady?” One officer asked out loud. President Trump looked at his officers and ordered, “Lock up the traitor. We will deal with her treachery quickly. Then it was as if the people's understanding was open of who I am.

“What about the witness of Jesus Christ? Do we let her go?” An officer asked. “She's wanted by all. Along with the other one preaching Jesus Christ to the Jewish people and others. “It would not be wise to try to retain her,” he replied. “No,” I responded. “Now I shall leave.” Suddenly there is a great whooshing sound and I see an angel with great wings has rushed through the ceiling. He grabs me from underneath the arms and he carries me safely through the ceiling, the dirt and into the sky we go. “Thank you my friend,” I cried out, “You're welcome,” the angel replied. “Where are we going?” I asked. “To safety,” he . And then I woke up.

Here are the verses.

Amos 3:7

Job 22:28

Luke 12:2-3

2 Corinthians 13:1

Revelation 14:7-10; 18

Daniel 2:21

Psalms 75:67

Proverbs 29:2