Project Dethrone The Eagle Dream 8-5-24 @ 2:10 AM

I dreamed again my Lovely Jesus Christ. Once again I have prayed, tried, and discerned it in Your Holy Name, and it's from You. Holy Ghost, my Friend, please bring this back to my memory in full. It is a vivid dream. “I will, Daughter of Zion.”

I'm observing. The whole time I'm observing in this dream. I'm observing what looks like the inside of a spaceship, a rocket-type one. There is a fair-skinned man who is wearing an astronaut-type suit inside. It is white in color with some parts of black on it, yet he is not wearing the astronaut's clear helmet. He is inside the ship walking freely around. So I determined wherever he's at, the air is breathable. I know somehow he is supposed to be inside an actual spaceship. He has light brown hair that's cut short in a military style. I know, somehow, he's a foreigner. He's not an American by nationality. But now I see a patch of an American flag on his left arm. Besides this, the astronaut suit is still solid white with black (in little places). There is a look of concern, a worry, upon his face, and now he's pacing around inside the spaceship's room. Finally, his demeanor changes and the worry is replaced with determination. He walks over to a computerized control panel and begins speaking.

“Cosmos, are you there?” A woman's voice responded, “Cosmos is here.” The man seemed relieved to hear the response. He begins speaking again. “The package delivery is a go. I say it is a go on my end, although it's hot and radioactive. There's no other way. I've checked all the routes from here. When the delivery is made, I will be affected. There's no other way to be clear of the radius of the blast. Did you get that, Cosmos?”The man asked. “Understood,” came the woman's reply. There was a short pause of silence and the woman's voice spoke again. "Have you mapped the trajectory paths of the others?” “"I have,” the man responded that's wearing the astronaut's suit and then continued, “the enemy must be taken out. Our plan must not fail. I will not be in the direct path of the blast, but close enough for it to absorb into my skin. Radiation sickness will be imminent. There's no other way, lest our actions reveal our plans and locations. Orders have already been received to proceed,” he finished. “Affirmative,” the woman replied.

The man moved to his right and I saw a woman's face on the small screen I hadn't noticed before. She is also light-skinned with long, straight brown hair, with only a small amount of makeup on her face. Only her face is seeable with a blue background behind her. Finally, the man called her by name. “Sarah, I have checked the trajectory path for each of us. With the delay, the packages have become hot, though still undetectable. It's not just the payload I am to deliver.” The woman on the screen cast her eyes away for a moment, as if the news was not what she wanted to hear. Then she looked back into the camera's view on her side, and she spoke these words, “For the mission to be accomplished there has to be sacrifices made. We can no longer delay or hesitate, or it will come to light to the ears of the public. Our people's identities are still unknown, so the plan shall still succeed. We have cleared every path that's available for you,” she finished saying. “As I have for you,” the man replied.

He looked around the spaceship's white room, which had nothing in it, but him and all the control panels, computers, and gadgets. Then he spoke again. "I have been poisoned already by the package. When it detonates, I may not be able to make further contact." "Understood," came the reply from the brown-headed woman on the screen. "You do realize it is the same for most of

these packages?" The man asked. "I do," the woman replied. “But even in the worthiest of causes, some heroes have to make sacrifices which may even result in the loss of their lives.” “Ah,” the man replied, “but no one will know I am the hero. I will be just one among many who will be counted as suffering this type of radiation sickness. I will be called one of the lucky ones who survived with none being the wiser that I detonated it,” he finished saying. The woman replied, “We will know.” “Yes, yes,” the man said thoughtfully and then continued, “to give one's life for the cause is the greatest honor and sacrifice one can give.” “Agreed,” the woman replied.

The man spoke again, “The tightened security, because of some public awareness, has shortened the time for us to clear the blast radius undetected. We cannot afford to delay any longer. The payload is a go for its delivery. Please advise the others it has to be now for it to be successful and effective. We cannot afford to have those giving the orders above us to have a moment of remorse or have fear of them being discovered. We're the ones taking the chances of being detected and discovered, not them.” “You are correct,” the woman replied, with a look of determination now upon her face, too. “I shall alert the others that Project Dethrone the Eagle is a go. They are still in place with the new sophisticated equipment from our friends below. The devices with the payload still remain undetected, but if the others are hot as well, it must proceed now,” she finished.

The man replied, “Now you understand.” “Yes, I do. The sleepers are awake and on standby, waiting for your cue,” the woman said. “It will be an explosive one,” he replied and then continued, “it shall be seen by all. Then the Eagle shall not fly high anymore. It's time now for me to go. The payload shall remain mobile, with me, until the chosen moment arrives.” “Understood,” the woman replied and then continued, “all other payloads are mobile, as well, except for those in place already.” Then she called the man by name, “Alec, you will always be remembered, you and the others among the elite of our world, as heroes that forge the final peace to usher in our New Order of life and government. We have the names of all our sleepers from every country. Our Iranian brothers have always requested to be part of any plan to remove the Eagle from power. Yet their names, too, will not be known publicly either…not the real ones. So there are needed sacrifices among all for our plan to succeed. Because we are united in our cause, we will be successful.”

“Yes, Sarah, we will. Now, I send you my latest coordinates, so if I should be detained or discovered, one of the other standbys can finish the activation of the delivered payload." "Understood," she replied. "Your messages are heavily encrypted with the frequencies and airwaves scrambled. The world will think it's simply solar activity, again, causing the loss of so many signals,” she said with a slight smile and then continued, "not even the God of Heaven would be able to identify or trace our communications.” The man replied, "'Be careful, Sarah, with your words, lest you draw His attention to us.” The man walked away from in front of the screen and pressed some buttons upon a computer control panel and then walked back to the screen with Sarah's face. “The counter has been set,” he said. "The countdown has begun for this day. There's no going backward. Sarah, tell them I deliver the payload now.” “I have set my counter, as well, and have sent the activation codes for all the others. They shall receive them simultaneously. It's a go. Alec, it has been an honor to serve with you,” she finished saying. “The same honor is felt here, Sarah. To the New World to come!” He said and then finished by saying, “Mission is a go. Alec out.”

The screen went blank and the astronaut man named Alec turned around with a look of even greater determination now on his face. “Finally,” he said! “Today we take down the Eagle.” Then he began walking into another room. The door before him opened with the sound of pressurized air being released. In the center of the room, he entered into is a long, sleek missile. It’s an ICBM, that's an Intercontinental Ballistic Missile, I know somehow. These types of missiles have nuclear capabilities. The man in the astronaut suit walks over to the missile and laid his right hand upon its smooth, cold white surface. He rubbed his hand back and forth over its smooth surface several times in a gesture that seemed almost in a loving fashion. He bent down and hugged the missile as he said out loud, "When the clock strikes zero, you shall detonate inside the Eagle’s heart." As he raised himself back up into a standing position, his astronaut suit changed into a radiation protective suit that covers the whole body and face. He didn't seem to notice the change, but I did.

He looked down at the sleek missile, then said, "It won't be long now. The final piece to bring about the death of the Eagle is in place." Then the ICBM missile changed its shape to a black suitcase that's sitting on a solid white, square pedestal in the center of a room. The room has changed, too. The suitcase is under a square shaped glass, more like a block or cube design, in its appearance. The man is now dressed in blue jeans and a white shirt with navy white stripes placed roughly four inches apart, running horizontally across it. He has a denim overshirt he's wearing on top of the white and blue striped shirt. He walks over to the suitcase on the pedestal, with the clear cube over it, and places his hand on its front-facing side. The cube lights up with a red color that covers the whole cube; then surrounds and traces his hand pattern.

After a few moments, a slight humming noise I could hear. When he heard the sound, he quickly lifted his hand away from the cube, which began to disappear. When it fully disappeared, the man named Alec reached out and picked up the solid black suitcase. I hear him say out loud, “It's time to mobilize again. It's time to move. We have a job to do and a mission to complete. Today we unite and strike the Eagle. Today we gain our victory.” And then I awoke.

Again, “today” can mean this very day or it can mean an appointed day, in the past or future, being spoken of.

Verses:
Amos 3:7; Jeremiah 17:9-10; Isaiah 57:15-21; Psalms 44:21; Proverbs 27:19-20; Luke 12:2-3; Isaiah 55:6-7; Proverbs 29:2 Daniel 4:34-35; Proverbs 13:21; Micah 6:8; 7:10; 16-18; Psalms chapter 2; Psalms 86:5

Take this to Jesus Christ in prayer. Try, test and discern it. Lay it before Jesus Christ in prayer. Ask Him for understanding. When all these things are said and done, there's a lot of things we're going to find out is exactly how He said it, just not the way we understood.