

12/16/21@8:58PM Dream #2 Exposing the Agenda Behind the Chemtrails with Mr. Zeb Dream

I dreamed again, Lord Jesus, for the second time this night. In this dream, it started with me finding myself standing outside, and the ground has a blanket of pure, white snow that comes almost up to my ankles. The snow is still falling fast and hard. I shudder a little from the cold air outside, even though I can tell I am wearing a heavy coat, as well as boots that come up to my mid-calves of my legs.

I look down at my hands and this is when I noticed I am wearing gray gloves. But they are well-worn, with even a hole that I can see at the top of my right pointer finger sticking out of the material. My breathing causes my breath to become visible from the cold. I am wearing a bulky, white toboggan with a pattern of black diamond shapes forming a row around the hat. From beneath the bottom of the white hat, I see red hair with golden hues.

Apparently, I am not myself in this dream, but someone else. Then I see my face, and it's the face of young Sadie that I have dreamed about in two other prior dreams. The first was the dream on 7/25/21-7/26/21 called "The Hidden Things Revealed Dream" and the second was on 8/26/21@4:29AM and titled "Mr. Zeb and the Nanobots Dream!"

I look around to get my bearing and see that I am standing in a town or even possibly a city in its outer skirts. Dusk is starting to fall, and I feel in this dream that I am waiting on something or someone.

I am seeing myself standing by the side of a building, almost in the shadows of the streetlight's glow. My actions are careful, as if I am trying not to be seen, although the cold seems to have driven most people inside. The snow is really coming down hard and fast, more so than before.

Now the wind has started to blow, making the cold somewhat more bitter, if that is possible. "Where are they," I heard myself asking myself out loud in a low voice. I can feel the anxiety start to rise, so I begin praying for Jesus to help us. I heard myself say, "If they do not arrive soon, then I will have to go back inside and bar the door." Chief had given strict orders that as soon as darkness sets in, then I am to do this! I'm to let no one in, no matter who it might be! Papa and Mr. Zeb had both agreed, so I grudgingly accepted, because once again it seems I am outnumbered.

"Jesus, please keep them safe. Show me what to do," I said in a desperate whispered prayer. I look around again, and I shudder from the cold that feels as if it's penetrating now through my heavy coat. Inside the building that Chief has managed to acquire for me to stay at until they return is full of warmth and safety. But I am not a coward! Hard times, it seems, has made me tough, and my love for Jesus has made me strong. I will stay here a few more minutes until he, Jesus, tells me to go back inside.

I stand outside in the shadow of the building for about another fifteen minutes, and night has now fallen. "Jesus, what do I do?" I hear him respond softly, "You go inside, Sadie!" I sighed deeply in defeat because I know there is no sense in arguing with him! I start to move slowly to the front of the building and I see the lights of a car start passing by, so, I flatten myself against the side of the building. As it is passing, I realize my toes are numb. So are my hands and face! I have to go in now! It's a matter of survival!

As soon as the car passes by, I walk to the front of the building. Chief has chosen this part of town because he has trusted friends who has worked with him in the past during his time in Special Ops. But he never spoke much about his past. It was on a need-to-know basis! All this I knew in this dream!

I reached into my front right pocket of my jeans and pull out the key to the front door. As I arrive at the front door, I find I have to remove my holy gray glove to unlock the door, and the bitter cold bites at my fingers. I shudder again and fumbled with the lock because I can't feel anything with my fingers from the frigid coldness from the outside.

I finally manage to get the door open, and I notice that there are no lights on inside. Chief had cautioned me to only turn the back room lights on to draw less attention to my presence in the building. I enter the warm room and let out a sigh and whispered, "Oh, Jesus, please let them be safe!"

I turn and look one more time at the falling snow that I could see from the overhead streetlights, then I dropped my head and start slowly closing the door. Just as it is almost closed shut, I see an arm as it's being shoved between the door and the frame. I let out a small cry of fear and try to push the door closed. "I'm caught," is my first thought! But then I hear a familiar voice cry out and say in a low audible voice, "No, wait Sadie, we're here!" It was Papa's voice!

I flung open the door and threw myself into my Papa's arms. He quickly herded me back inside the door, followed by Mr. Zeb! I look out the door, but I don't see anyone else! "Papa, where's Chief," I asked?

Mr. Zeb and Papa look at one another with a look of concern, and then Papa said, "he's been delayed." "Delayed! How," I asked? Is he okay? Mr. Zeb with great sorrow on his face replied, "honestly, Sadie, we don't know yet!" Papa walked to the door and began turning the locks and dropping the deadbolt into its place. Then he said, "let's go into the other room, Sadie girl, and we will talk!"

As we enter the small living room area, we began removing our outerwear. There are only a few pieces of sparsely placed furniture. I see a couch, two plug-in electric heaters, two cloth covered mismatched chairs with one being a solid olive green in color and the other a navy blue with tiny oblong shapes with a different color dot in its center! All the furniture had seen better days, yet, we were grateful to have them!

The eating area where a simple wooden table sat with two straight back wooden chairs is actually part of the living room. It has a small refrigerator and a large, portable electric stove eye for us to cook on sitting on a small, narrow counter nearby. On the right as you enter from the front room is a very simple bathroom. On the opposite side of the room are two small size bedrooms. Papa and I share the first one with two small cots set up inside it, while Mr. Zeb and Chief has the next room! Their room also has two cots set up for them to sleep in. This is all knowledge I seem to have in this dream.

"Okay Papa," I said then asked, "what happened to Chief?" "We were in the process, Sadie, of completing the transaction for the information we had come to receive, but just moments after Chief had received the hard drive, we heard a ruckus. It turned out to be two men who had entered the building, the abandoned warehouse we were meeting in!"

"Our contact was as surprised as we were, and he took off running further into the warehouse. Chief ran quickly to where Zeb and I were hiding while he was acquiring the

information, and he shoved the hard drive quickly into Zeb's hands, saying, "stay out of sight until I draw them away. Then you run and don't look back! You know the drill! You know the protocol. If I can, I will meet up with you at checkpoint two!" Then he took off running towards the back of the warehouse, making sure the two-armed men who had just come into our full sight would see and follow him, and they did!"

"So, where's he at, Papa? Is he okay," I asked in a trembly voice? Papa dropped his head and Mr. Zeb interjected. "We don't know Sadie!" I dropped my head, fighting back the tears. We all knew the risks involved, but so far, we had all made it back safely after each trip by God's merciful grace. I drew in a deep breath, then let it out.

"Okay," I said. Okay! Did you get the hard drive? Is it still intact," I asked them in a hopeful voice, praying that Chief's sacrifice isn't in vain. "We did," Papa said. I look and see Mr. Zeb pulling out a portable hard drive that's small enough to fit inside the zipper pouch he wore around his waist that had been hidden beneath his thick wool sweater.

"What's on it," I asked Mr. Zeb? "I'm not sure," he replied, "but my contact Jeff assured me it needed to be sent out to the public as we did the information about the nanobots, 5G towers, the AI system and the government's fake cure, their vaccine for the Covid-19 virus still plaguing our world today!

"Sadie, girl," Papa said. "Yes Papa!" "Please go get the laptop for Zeb!" I hurry into the room that Papa and I are sharing. I had moved all our meager belongings we had brought into this room, so it would be close on hand should I needed to make a fast exit.

Quickly, I return with the bag containing the laptop with all its accessories contained inside and found Mr. Zeb now sitting at the table. Papa is sitting on the dirty beige couch. After handing Mr. Zeb the computer bag, I sit down beside Papa on the dilapidated couch.

We sit in silence, while Mr. Zeb begins booting up the laptop and connecting the small hard drive to it! I watch intently for a moment, then glance at Papa. He has his head bowed, his eyes closed, and his lips are moving! He is praying! In this dream we all know it is Chief who has encrypted all the files that came and went, but just this last month he had begun teaching Mr. Zeb some of the process. Chief is not here though! We need to access the hard drive! Now I understand why Papa is praying, and now I am praying too!

I hear Papa speak and ask Mr. Zeb gruffly, "Well, Zeb, can you access it?" "I'm trying, Ted," Mr. Zeb replied. It seems odd to hear Papa called by his first name, Ted, even after all this time. "If I can just remember and figure the algorithm, he used, then I think I can get it," Mr. Zeb continued!

"Chief was smart when it came to codes and encryption," I mused to myself, and then I began thinking about all the things that has brought us to this point in time. I know normal isn't coming back! "Papa," I ask suddenly, "who were the two gunmen at the warehouse? Are they military?" "We don't think so, Sadie. We think they are possibly bounty hunters. It would seem that Mr. Zeb, Chief and I, all have a bounty on our heads, and we think they were trying to catch us for the money, to collect the bounty!" "A bounty," I exclaim, "for how much? Is it for dead or alive...or what?" I have become agitated and upset with this new turn of events.

"We think it is for our capture," Papa said. Then Mr. Zeb spoke, looking momentarily away from the computer screen. "Chief said the chatter was for capture because they want to find

out who our contacts are inside their facilities and how we keep managing to upload and share critical secret information.”

“Well, that’s easy. Jesus helps us,” said! “Yes, Sadie, he does,” Mr. Zeb replied. “How about we all say a prayer together, and then I will try once again to engage the encryption program?” I nodded my head in agreement as Papa immediately got up and then kneels in front of the dirty couch. I then follow suit while Mr. Zeb kneels by the table.

We began calling on God in Jesus name fervently. These are desperate times, and we have learned early on that if we are going to survive it will only be possible through humble, earnest prayer to our God in whom we trust for everything! We pray for about fifteen to twenty minutes, then said our “amens.”

We all get up and sit back into our original places, but feeling a whole lot better and more at peace. Mr. Zeb begins immediately working on the encryption program again. I speak up and ask, “Would you like me to put on a pot of coffee?”

Both men look at me with grateful eyes, so, I go and collect the aluminum kettle that we have brought with us. Living in hiding in the woods as we have been doing for months now made acquiring items like coffee hard to come by, that is if you could find it because food shortages are reaching nationwide now. I know because Chief’s contacts keep him informed on things still happening in our nation and world. They are the ones who brought the coffee for us as well as the other food supplies. I know all this somehow in this dream.

Quickly, I push thoughts of Chief away as I say a whispered prayer to myself for his safety. Then I walk to the small bathroom and draw water out of the sink for the coffee and sit the kettle on the single burner electric eye. I then sit out three of the Styrofoam cups they have also provided. While I wait, I walk over to one of the small portable, electric heaters because I find that my toes are still burning from the bitter cold from where I had stood so long outside while waiting for Papa and Mr. Zeb to return safely back from the warehouse.

“Anything Zeb,” I hear Papa ask hopefully? “Not yet, Ted, he replies, “but I feel I am getting closer.” I walk back to where the water is warming, and I began scooping out the instant coffee into our cups. I carry one over to Mr. Zeb who takes it eagerly while saying, “Thanks, Sadie!” I gave him a warm smile then returned and handed Papa his cup, which he takes with a weary, but grateful smile.

I head back to get my cup I have left on the edge of the small counter top and as I do, I find myself once again saying to myself, “Lord, I wish Chief were here. He would have already had the encryption removed because he has the encryption key.

The key,” I thought to myself the let out a gasp. “Mr. Zeb,” I asked excitedly, “are you using the encryption key that Chief said he would be supplying for you?” “Encryption key,” Mr. Zeb says out loud with a look on his face that says, “how could I have been so dumb to forget the key?”

He immediately reaches into the black computer bag and pulls out a small notebook which is divided into sections by pocket folders. Out of the last pocket in the notebook, Mr. Zeb pulls out a single folded slip of paper. This I know is the encryption key needed for Chief’s encryption program!

“Way to go Sadie girl,” Papa exclaims! “It has to be Jesus, Papa, because it just dropped into my thoughts,” I say back to him. Praise God for that,” Papa replies as I hear an “Amen” from Mr. Zeb also who has now attacked the encryption program with renewed gusto!

Within minutes Mr. Zeb was able to access the files from the hard drive! Excitement fills the air, because now we will find out if it is worth Chief’s missing presence in our small group. Mr. Zeb lets out a sharp, low whistle and Papa and I hurry over to where he is at. “What’s it say, Zeb,” Papa asked excitedly.

He responds immediately. “It would appear that apparently the nanobots, the nanotechnology that I help create and program are being used in more ways than I thought. But that’s not all! It seems that we now have more plans for our world from the Nephilim, the fallen ones and the hidden society that secretly rule our world together.”

“You mean there’s more,” I ask in disbelief? We have already learned so much that I didn’t think anything more could be done. So evil are their plans with the nanobots and fake mRNA vaccines that change the DNA of a person. This change will eventually turn them into something not human if not healed and delivered by Jesus.

“Let’s hear it Zeb,” Papa says in a manner as if he’s bracing himself for the news we are about to hear. “Alright,” Mr. Zeb says then asks, “do you both know what a chemtrail is?” ‘A chemtrail,’ I ask questioningly? “Yes, Sadie, a chemtrail. It’s the trail a plane leaves when it drops a load from it in the sky.” “You mean a jet stream,” Papa asks? “Yes,” Mr. Zeb replies, “but now they are called by most as chemtrails.” “Okay, but what does they have to do with nanobots or nanotechnology,” Papa asks Mr. Zeb?

“Ted, you’re not going to believe this. They are dropping the nanobots out of the planes onto the population. But that’s not all! It says here that they are dumping more, so much more including graphene or the black goo as some call it,” Mr. Zeb says as he continues reading from off the laptop’s screen.

“Oh, that’s not good,” I say out loud. We have learned recently from Mr. Zeb’s contacts the graphene changes the DNA in a person’s blood once inside of a human body or anything else alive, and causes a mutation in them. The graphene begins inside the bloodstream which somehow works with the nanobot’s programming controlled by the AI programming, the AI system!

“These things are not all that’s inside these chemtrails,” Mr. Zeb says excitedly. He always gets excited when God provides us with new information to share and warn people about. I could see the files he was looking at from where I am standing and I can see this proof was in the form of documents with official seals on them.

“What else Zeb,” Papa asks seriously? You’re really not going to believe this Ted, but then again knowing it is the one world government’s agenda and the push for antichrist’s rise to power behind all this, then yes, you probably will.” “Okay Zeb, spell it out for us. What are they doing that’s so evil this time,” Papa asks but with a little hesitancy as if not sure he really wants to hear it?

“These evil people are deliberately destroying the earth’s soil!” “What! How,” came Papa and my replies?” Mr. Zeb continues. “They are dropping toxins and carcinogens on the soil and in the waters so they will go deep into the soil, travelling far and spreading across many areas in just one dumping of these loads alone!”

“What kind of toxins,” I ask? I didn’t like what I am hearing and I can tell that neither does Papa! “Let me see if I can explain it to you Sadie in simple terms without all the scientific terms,” Mr. Zeb replies.

He looks back at the laptop’s screen and I can see him scrolling down the files on the screen and then he speaks. “The carcinogens and toxins, when they enter the soil and waters are designed to cause diseases to the roots and of plants and vegetation causing many, if not all, to intentionally not be able to grow well in the tainted soil. Also, it’s causing diseases in the trees and other plant life to where they are unable to bear fruit and can often be seen many times on leaves, branches and even the bark in some cases.”

“But why,” Papa asks somewhat dumbfounded. “I’m not sure,” Mr. Zeb replies, “unless it’s to gain control of our food supplies. When you take a look at the whole picture, we know and see the nanobots and the graphene, once inside a body, changes it from its original state. It changes our DNA from the way our God created us into something that is created by men and women of our world. This will make it to where the changed DNA can now be patented by the creators of your new strand.”

“How is that possible? How can someone claim that they own another person when it’s not slavery,” I ask trying to understand all this stuff! “Sadie if your DNA is changed inside your body and the new DNA has been patented by a company or a person then legally you are no longer a free person, but considered a sub human and now owned by the owner of the patent.”

“I still don’t see how that’s possible. Ain’t there laws that protects us from such things,” Papa asks while shaking his head. “It’s allowed by our own Supreme Court here in America when they ruled and decided to allow manipulated or mutated DNA such as is done to a person who takes these lethal, fake Covid-19 vaccines to become patented! This is because the altered DNA sequence is no longer found in nature. It’s called complimentary DNA and was specifically addressed by the Supreme Court. So, then anyone who willingly takes their DNA altering mRNA inoculations are no longer considered human anymore because their DNA is no longer natural and they are now property of the patent holders!”

I look at Papa’s stunned face, but then I realize my mouth is hanging open. Before we can recover ourselves and speak, Mr. Zeb continues. “So, you have the altered or mutated DNA, due in this case from the graphene, plus the nanobots, but now we also have them being dropped from these airplanes in their chemtrails that gets into the water and food supplies, which when consumed gets into the population.”

“But when we pray in Jesus’ name over our food and drink, then we are safe,” Papa says assuredly. “Yes, Mr. Zeb answers, “because Mark 16:18 tells us if we drink, or as I like to translate, put into our body unknowingly, any deadly thing it shall not hurt us. The name of Jesus is all powerful and we as his children must believe unwavering in what his word tells us.” “I agree,” I hear Papa say.

Mr. Zeb continues speaking and says, “So now we see another way in how they are getting the graphene and the nanobots inside the bodies of the population. The nanobots contain the AI’s programming inside your body which can now manipulate your thoughts and even actions as more and more are accumulated in the body. Plus, let’s not forget these mutations in the body are to prevent the rejection of antichrist’s mark for those who choose to take it. And this time we know is almost here already.”

“But how does it all tie in together,” I ask still struggling to assimilate all the information we have already acquired in the past and now there’s all this too! “Let me take a further look,” Mr. Zeb replies. Papa and I once again sit ourselves onto the once beige, dilapidated couch where we remain silent as Mr. Zeb flips through pages after pages of documents. Once again, he lets out another low whistle and I know immediately in my heart this cannot be good news.

“Well, Zeb, what did you find out, Papa asks wearily. “I have here an inside, official document detailing a plan to not only control our country’s food supply, but the whole world’s.” “How can they do that,” I ask in surprise by his words. This is not what I am expecting to hear and neither is Papa by the look on his face.

“Sadie, these are very powerful and evil people who are running our world in secrecy! The hidden, secret society as it is called is made up of a few very powerful families and blood lines from many generations back. Their activities can be linked indirectly to groups such as the freemasons and the illuminati and these groups tie directly to the Nephilim and the Fallen Ones, the demons or fallen angels they are also called where they only worship Satan or Lucifer, the light bearer as he is known by many of them.”

“Okay,” Zeb, what are they planning on doing,” Papa asks now with determination in his voice. “In a nutshell, Ted, they are planning on removing the people’s ability to produce their own food. A desperate hungry people can be more easily controlled and with some of the known side effects of their killer Covid-19 vaccines being spontaneous abortions and sterilization they are also reducing the population. This way they will be able to meet the demands of food and water needed for the remaining population,” Mr. Zeb says in a deeply troubled voice.

“That’s not right! We have a right to grow our own food,” Papa declares angrily! “In a diseased earth, Ted,” Mr. Zeb replies then continues. “Think about it! Take away the people’s abilities to be self-sufficient, then they will have to depend on their government. Their very governments that we all know are pushing for the new order of one government, religion and money. It’s also as if they are changing the earth itself into something different than God created it so Satan as Antichrist can reign freely upon it. They are pushing this so he can come forth and rise to full power!”

“Remember,” Mr. Zeb continues, “most of your higher ups in society as we commonly say, worship Satan and not Jesus, our Savior. Antichrist is how Satan will finally be able to rule our world even though it’s only for a very short time. “Anytime is too much for him to reign,” I hear myself say in disgust!

“You’re right Sadie girl, but it’s written in the Bible, the holy scriptures. It has to come to pass because God’s word is infallible and this is an unconditional prophecy,” Papa responds gruffly as if not liking what he has just said. “Well, I don’t have to like it,” I say begrudgingly. “No, and nor do I,” he replies. Then Papa begins speaking again. “Okay, so, they are placing the carcinogens and toxins into the earth’s soil and water supplies. What happens next?” “Well, there’s more, Ted. It says here they have plans to mutate the DNA of the animals to where they become sterile or unable to bear offspring unless they have the aid of the scientific and medical community.”

“But why,” I ask in disbelief because this information was not sinking fully into my troubled mind! “Because Sadie,” Mr. Zeb continues, “if you control the capability of the births of the animals, you maintain ultimate control of the food supply. It says they are already attempting

to alter the DNA in cows under the guise of making them to be able to withstand severe heat and harsher weather. But in actuality it says it is to mutate the cow's DNA, so they will no longer be able to produce milk. This is just one of the many experiments they're carrying out under the guise of the good for all mankind!"

"This is horrible," I exclaim! "How is a person going to be able to survive?" "For the unsaved, I believe they will have to depend on the corrupt and wicked leaders if they don't have people who will help them. But for us, those who believe and trust in Jesus, it is a time to walk in faith and to believe he is everything he tells and shows us he is," I hear Mr. Zeb say.

"Do not forget Sadie, we worship and serve the Creator of all. Our God with one command can rain down Manna from the heavens to feed your belly. Even cause quails to come down where you can have meat, as he did the children of Israel after they complained about the heavenly Manna." "Yea, but what I heard you saying earlier, Mr. Zeb, tells me there will be no quails left for God to send for us to eat," I reply despondently.

Papa interjected emphatically, saying, "Sadie, stop limiting God! You are forgetting that he created the quails in the first place. He is the Creator. He can create more to feed you if the need arises, but we have to trust him in all things! We are not to look at the outward appearances of our circumstances, but we look up to Jesus, our saving hope, because it is he who supplies our every need."

I drop my head in shame for my moment of doubt. "I'm sorry Jesus," I whisper, then I raise my head up and say, "You're right Papa. I am wrong. Forgive me for my words of doubt, I spoke hastily." I may still be young, but living in hiding, and living on the run in many instances has taught me the truth of his words he has spoken. "Sadie girl," Papa says, we all have our moments, but we keep running to Jesus, and he will continue to help us!" "Amen," I hear Mr. Zeb exclaim in total agreement!

Papa looks down at his well-worn wristwatch and says, "It's late, Zeb. We might as well call it a night." "Okay Ted. That's fine with me, came his reply. "Let me first place the encryption back onto these files, and we can all get some much-needed sleep. We'll need to head out at first light."

"But what about Chief," I ask? Papa responds solemnly. "Sadie, if Chief is able, he will meet us a checkpoint two. Either way, we have to get this information to our contacts so, it can go out to the people everywhere!" I drop my head, so they wouldn't see the tears forming in my eyes. I know they are right, but it still hurt my heart badly. As I enter the entrance to the room Papa and I are sharing, the scene changes.

NEXT SCENE:

Papa, Mr. Zeb and I are traveling in an all-terrain type vehicle, and although we are traveling slowly, the vehicle runs smoothly in the snow. There is another man driving, and I feel in this dream that he is one of Chief's contacts. He's one of Chief's friends from his Special Ops days, and he has a military presence about him. His face has a grim and determined look upon it. The news of Chief not arriving with Papa and Mr. Zeb has caused a stir of activity, as well as an increased urgency to get this information out to the people as soon as possible. We know we have to move fast, because someone found them at the abandoned warehouse.

Mr. Zeb is sitting in the front with the driver who I feel is definitely ex-military like Chief. Papa and I are in the back seat. I hear Mr. Zeb ask the man if there has been any news on

Chief's whereabouts? The man shakes his head no in a curt nod, and my heart sinks once again. I spent the night praying for Jesus to keep Chief safe.

It seems like we drove for about two hours across the snow terrain in this dream before we enter a small, obscured town in the middle of nowhere. My heart immediately begins pounding fiercely in my chest. I know that checkpoint 2 is located on the outskirts of this town by the old bridge that few people travelled on these days. Most choose rather to travel the extra mile to use the newer, more modern one that has been built a few years prior. The bridge location is on the back roads of this town, and we know it is the safest place to meet when needed in this region of land for us.

We pull the vehicle off to the side of the road behind some snow-covered trees. All of us inside the vehicle understand we had to be quick, because someone is looking for us, and our tire tracks are visible in the freshly fallen snow from last night. Our driver told us in a commanding voice to stay put, and he would see if Chief was near the bridge. He leaves quickly and heads down the slope of the embankment and then is out of sight.

It seems like we wait forever, until we finally see him returning alone. A dark look is upon his serious face. He gets quickly into the vehicle and says, "there's no trace of him!" This time, the tears begin streaming down my face. I can't help it. Papa pats my knee with his gruff hand, but I can see the tears in the corner of his eyes as well. I hear the man speak to Mr. Zeb. "Sir, he knows the protocol, the drill. We have to leave or take a chance of getting caught, and then his sacrifice would be for nothing!" Mr. Zeb nods his head sadly in understanding, and then says softly, "yes, I know!"

"Jesus," I cry out silently in my head, "where are you? Please help us!" I look outside my window trying to keep my tears from being seen by the others, and when I do, I see movement in the woods. "Something's moving in the woods," I cry out in alarm, afraid that we are found.

The ex-military man, our driver, asks me urgently, "Where Sadie. Point to me the direction." I point in the direction up the hillside to a little snow-covered alcove of trees and say, "there!" "Are you sure Sadie" Papa asks in a concerned voice? "Yes, Papa, I am!"

The ex-military man tells us to stay put and if he is not back in three minutes to drive away and don't look back. He looks at Papa and asks, "Can you drive, sir?" "Yes," Papa answers. "Then get in the driver's seat and be prepared to drive away if I don't return in this amount of time," the man says forcibly.

Papa nodded and he and the ex-military man both exit the vehicle, and then Papa climbs into the driver's seat. I see the man pull a revolver out of the waistband of his pants that his shirt had been covering, and then he darts in the direction of the alcove of trees I had pointed to. All three of us are praying fervently, yet silently.

We watch. We pray, and then I hear Papa say briskly, "two minutes are up!" "Jesus, Jesus, please help us," I scream inside of my mind. "Three minutes," I hear Papa say. We have to go," and then he starts the vehicle. In this moment, I look out my window one more time and I see, making his way from the alcove of snow-covered trees, the ex-military man. But he is not alone!!! There, leaning heavily on his left side, is our very badly beaten, but wonderfully beautiful friend Chief. "Stop the car, Papa! Stop! He's got Chief," I scream in joy! As Papa turns off the engine of the vehicle, I then awake.

Verses

Luke 8:17

¹⁷ For nothing is secret, that shall not be made manifest; neither anything hid, that shall not be known and come abroad.

Mark 16:18

¹⁸ They shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover.

2 Corinthians 2:11

¹¹ Lest Satan should get an advantage of us: for we are not ignorant of his devices.

Philippians 4:19

¹⁹ But my God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus.

Examples in the Bible of God supplying the need of people

Exodus Chapter 16

Exodus 17:1-7

¹ And all the congregation of the children of Israel journeyed from the wilderness of Sin, after their journeys, according to the commandment of the LORD, and pitched in Rephidim: and there was no water for the people to drink.

² Wherefore the people did chide with Moses, and said, Give us water that we may drink. And Moses said unto them, Why chide ye with me? wherefore do ye tempt the LORD?

³ And the people thirsted there for water; and the people murmured against Moses, and said, Wherefore is this that thou hast brought us up out of Egypt, to kill us and our children and our cattle with thirst?

⁴ And Moses cried unto the LORD, saying, What shall I do unto this people? they be almost ready to stone me.

⁵ And the LORD said unto Moses, Go on before the people, and take with thee of the elders of Israel; and thy rod, wherewith thou smotest the river, take in thine hand, and go.

⁶ Behold, I will stand before thee there upon the rock in Horeb; and thou shalt smite the rock, and there shall come water out of it, that the people may drink. And Moses did so in the sight of the elders of Israel.

⁷ And he called the name of the place Massah, and Meribah, because of the chiding of the children of Israel, and because they tempted the LORD, saying, Is the LORD among us, or not?