

Roadmap Dream 4-23-23@ 2:48am

I am with my sister, my middle sister, traveling down an unfamiliar road. We went riding, but I was searching for something. We drove into a small town in a mountainous region. We get out to go into an old-timey looking five and dime store like in the days I was growing up found in a nearby city. (A five and dime store was a store where everything was five cents or a dime).

I am looking intently for something while my sister seems to just be walking the aisles with no purpose, even aimlessly. I scanned the shelves intently knowing something is drawing me into this store. Finally, as I near the back of the store, I am drawn to an array of laminated Tri folded brochures.

I notice there's also a counter back here, an old well-worn wood one with an elderly man, bald-headed, portly in his build but kindly in his actions, that is watching me intently I feel, even though his head is kept down as if he's reading the papers upon his counter.

My attention is drawn back to the laminated tri-folded brochures. I reach for one that is white with black writing, I spread it open and the writing covers the whole pages. From left to right it reads: "Community guidelines for the One World Government." I knew now in this dream we had been given a pass to drive here today.

I read further on this brochure, and it reads: "Coming to your world in the year ---- "(a year I haven't been instructed to give out). "Oh!" I gasped out loud. The kind old man at the counter raised his head to look at me momentarily and asked questioningly, "Ma'am?" "Oh nothing!" I replied. And the man slowly lowered his head again even though I knew in this dream he was watching closely my every move.

"Now this can't be?" I said to myself under my breath, "What is it? Where is it?" I asked myself. I begin rummaging through the brochures for there were many, until my hands touched a smaller one that was almost hidden among the others. My fingers begin to burn, and I felt like this brochure contained fire somehow.

I pulled it out ever so gently. I was surprised to see it is a roadmap, a brochure of maps amongst all these things. If I hadn't have made a diligent search, then most likely I wouldn't have found it. I opened it up to see a large map on the inside with many roads listed and highlighted. This brochure was titled, "The Road Map of Life".

On the front of the brochure was a picture of antichrist. Below him, the new world's church. To the left of the church picture was displayed the new world's finest military, including their robots, hybrids and giant counterparts. I shuddered when I saw this.

I look into the inside again, wondering why I was so drawn to it, and it felt like fire to my hands. I begin examining the map intently, when I was drawn to a small location amidst this map, that even though it's covered by many, many roads, there's only one road is seen to this one location.

The road leading to the location is called "Way of Truth". It led to a place called "John's Place" at 3rd street, 16th house on Hope Avenue. "John's Place!" I said out loud with my heart leaping inside my chest. John's place and 3rd street, 16th house.

John. ...John 3:16. I remember this from the Bible. This is real hope. There's still hope found in a world gone mad. I clutch the brochure to my heart and whispered a prayer of thanks to the heavens, then walked over to the man at the counter who was very intently staring at me now.

"I'll take this!" I said joyfully. "You will now, missy? What makes you so interested in a roadmap, when traveling is controlled by the state government?" the kind man asked with a surprisingly strong voice for his age. I looked down at the brochure

and smiled, and I replied, "Hidden among all this information, I found words of hope, even in times like these." The man smiled at me and said, "Yes, yes you have. But do you know the hope found at John's place?" "I do," I responded, "it is Jesus. Jesus Christ, the true hope for our world."

I've been asking him how in a world like ours in which soon speaking His name will be a death sentence, how one could still find Him, but now I see He can be hidden among the obvious, and those diligently seeking His presence can find Him, no matter what this world is like, or who is in power.

The old man's eyes shine with love, and he replied, "Yes ma'am, you have spoken the truth. Jesus can still be found even in this darkest time upon our world that we have entered into." He pointed at the front of the brochure at the antichrist's smiling face and said, "Even when this man, this evil rises to rule fully over our world, he will never be able to stop lost souls from reaching out to Jesus until everyone given to Him by the Holy Father God in heaven has come to Him."

"How much, how much for this priceless treasure?" I asked and continued. "I have not been able to touch any physical part of His precious Holy Word until now, and this brochure is reminder, His Word cannot be fully eliminated as hate speech, no matter how they try."

"Little lady, It's free. But if you're getting the roadmap, then you will need the map key to read it properly." He said. "I don't understand" I said, "what do you mean I need a key?". "Here." the old man said, handing me a large golden key. It says: "The Key of Life" on it. I reached out to take it from the man, wondering as I did, only to find it changed into a Holy Bible.

"Oh! Oh!" I said as tears filled my eyes. "You take this key now lady, and never forget there's always hope in Jesus, and you are not alone." I hear my sister call

out to me. The kind man touches the Bible and the cover changes to a book on rules and regulations for citizens of your glorious new world. He says quickly, "You mustn't let anyone see the inside contents unless led by the Holy Spirit, including your sister, or it could mean your death. Now place it inside your purse young lady." I immediately place the brochure and Bible into my oversized purse and then asked, "How did you know it's my sister with me?". He smiled and said, "The Spirit of God knows all things, for He is God, and He is My friend." Before I could ask any more questions, I see my sister coming near.

"Where were you? Why didn't you answer me?" I called my sister by name and said, "Because I was talking to this man about roads in this area." She replied, "Well that's a waste of time! You know we can only travel on the roads designated on our pass." "Yes, I do," I replied, "but it was interesting to hear." She rolled her eyes at me and then smiled blandly at the kind old man. She pushed her glasses back upon her nose, and then said, "Let's go. I don't like the smell in this place. It's messing with my sinuses."

I looked at the old man, the kind man, with a trace of sadness in my eyes on how my sister had acted, and that I would have to leave the presence of this very kind man. "Thank you so much for your time and knowledge." I said to him quickly, as my sister began tapping her right foot impatiently, "Okay sis, let's go." And then I awoke.

I've been praying for a while now asking my lovely Jesus how will people still be able to still find Him as we go deeper into tribulation days. How, after the bride is caught away with Him, could the word still be found? And once again by dream, He has placed me in such a scenario to bring me understanding. "Thank you, Jesus, my lovely Jesus." "You are welcome, little daughter."

Verses

John 3:16

John 14:6

Romans 8:14

1 Corinthians 2:10

Psalms 130:5

Psalms 119:11