

A Dream of Nuclear War 12-6-23@ 12:09am, 1:15am & 6:42am

I found myself in a very large well-known home. Its appearance was that of a white plantation looking home with white columns in the front of the house with more than one level. I know this going into the dream. Although I am inside, I am in the upstairs bedroom, and I am vigorously going through a hard-shell rollable silver suitcase that's laid open upon the made-up bed. I'm in a hurry! My mindset is "What is the best clothes for the journey ahead." We're going to have to travel on foot from here.

I'll leave the room before choosing any clothes and enter into a room near mine. And another bedroom. Sitting in a straight back chair as my mother. She looks frail and fragile to me, yet she's still keeping up. "Mom, we've got to be ready to move quickly. Are you going to be able to make it?" She looked at me with tired eyes that still had a spark of fight in her and she said softly. "Yes, I can do all things through him," quoting I knew Philippians 4:3.

"Mom," I said with a smile as I rushed over and hugged her to me quickly, "I love you." "I love you too," she replied back. I pulled back from her slowly then said, "Mom, we've got to make it. We've got to get this word out." "I know," she replied, and I saw a spark of passion momentarily fill her eyes. "Jesus will help us," she then said, a small but weary smile upon her tired face. "Okay, Mom please put your protective coat on, and I will be right back" "Okay," she replies, and I headed toward the open door I had left open upon entering. I looked back as I was closing the door and I noticed she hadn't moved yet. "God, Father God, help us! In Jesus Christ name help us," I whispered as I shut the door.

I leaned against the door for a moment feeling the enormous way to upon my shoulders. "We've got to get this warning out, but it's

been so hard and Mom's strength has been failing.” I collected my thoughts quickly as I straightened myself up and walked to my room. “Jesus Christ, you have gotten us this far. You will not abandon us but will help us to get this done.”

Instead of entering my room I felt a strong urge to go look outside. “Holy Spirit,” I ask quickly, “do I need to look outside?” I heard the sweet gentle voice of my dear friend whisper, “Yes, you do,” but his voice was urgent. It spun me into action and the adrenaline began flowing through my veins. I ran to the nearby window and flung it wide open, leaned outside and looked to my right.

“Oh no! We're too late!” I cried out. I could see missiles in the sky. As I looked at them even though it was but a few seconds, it's like they became enlarged so I could see them more clearly. I had the understanding they're called ICBM. Intercontinental ballistic missiles. There are four of them in my view and one is closer than the others. It will hit this area.

“Jesus help us,” I cried. “Jesus Christ..... No,” I cried out as I pulled myself back inside the window and ran into my room. I grabbed a white puffy looking coat that I knew was made with some kind of protection in it against the oncoming attacks. I put it quickly on while running into my mother's room. She has not moved. “Mom, we're too late! Get your coat on.”

She managed to get up as I ran to the closet, flung open the door and grabbed her coat much like mine but it's longer and black in color. I heard a whistling sound coming near. I heard sweet Holy Spirit's voice again. “Lay down and cover her. The missile is here.”

“Jesus help me, help us in your name Jesus Christ,” I yelled out as I hurriedly but gently laid my mom on the floor. She didn't protest. She is praying. I laid her protective coat over her body covering

almost all of her but her face. I hurried to the bed and somehow was able to pull the large heavy mattress partway off the bed and cover my mom's body. I lay down beside her and pulled the mattress down more. My physical mind is saying, "What good is a mattress going to do against what is coming?" But my spiritual mind is praying, "Blood of Jesus Christ cover this mattress and shield us." I pulled the mattress over my mom, but my back is left partly uncovered with the white coat still hanging out. This is because I had leaned over to shield my mom's face with my body to give her more protection to come.

"Impact," I heard Holy Spirit's voice say but only now it's loud and urgent. The earth began shaking and there's a roaring sound. I heard things begin falling and breaking. It shakes so violently that parts of the great White House are falling down. The electricity has gone out. I can hear water running from somewhere.

My mom is crying. I am crying. Not so much because of what is occurring because we knew it would not be stopped after praying and Jesus Christ telling us both this judgment was sure to come, but because we had come with our warning to this city with this beautiful White House with its columns of power. Yet they have refused to hear our warnings. Now war has come. It had begun. How many people have died because instead of letting us give the warning to all they put us in rooms as "guests?"

The room quit shaking, but we laid still for a little bit longer. I felt a burning in my back and immediately realized I didn't ask for Jesus Christ to cover it in his blood. I've got to wash my back somehow with water I know and do it quickly. That is if it's from a radiation burn as I feel it is. But my main concern is my mother.

“Mom,” I say looking down upon her frail face. She has her eyes closed. “Mom! Mom!” I said almost frantically. She slowly responds without opening her eyes. “I'm still here,” she said then smiled gently. She opened her tired blue eyes and then said, “Job’s not done. We've got to keep on moving.” Oh, how I love my mom's fighting spirit. Her determination to do all that our lovely Jesus has called us to do. I smiled at her in genuine love but then quickly said, “Mom, that was a nuclear missile. The only reason we're alive is because Jesus Christ protected us.” “I know,” she replied.

“Mom,” I continued, “before I try to move this mattress, I feel we need to pray against any radiation in the air so we don't breathe it into our bodies or that our bodies don't take any in.” “You're right,” she responded, “or what we might have absorbed already be nullified.” “Right,” I agreed, still feeling a sensation of burning on my back. “I'm going to try to move the mattress now Mom.” “Okay, Vicki,” she replied in a calm, but weary voice. After we had prayed, I managed to turn my body onto its left side beside my mom's body while raising my right arm and shoulder up trying to move the mattress’ weight as I do. It doesn't move. It doesn't even budge a little.

Despair tries to fill my mind. “In Jesus Christ name I rebuke you,” I said to that evil spirit in my mind not wanting my mom to know I can't move the mattress. But my mom has always been smart and attuned to the spiritual things, having been a warrior for Jesus Christ even before I became one. “It won't move, will it?” She asked quickly her voice a little stronger than before. “Not yet,” I replied, “but in Jesus Christ’s name it will.”

I tried again to move the heavy mattress but to no avail. I heard my mom say. “Did you even ask him to help us?” I looked at my mom in love yet feeling so like an amateur in warfare next to her. I

grinned slightly and said sheepishly. "Not yet I haven't." "I know," she replied back, "but the word of God says ask and ye shall receive. It also says that anything you ask in my name Jesus, I will do it." Oh, I love my mom. I wish in reality I could still talk with her some but I would never want her to leave heaven so I could be with her again.

"You didn't ask him yet," she continued. "You're right mom, I didn't. Jesus Christ, I ask in your name for help to get this mattress and whatever else may be upon it off of us. Please either give me supernatural strength or send your angels down to help us. Oh, and please heal my back too. Again, I ask this in your all-powerful name Jesus Christ." "What's wrong with your back?" My mom asked in a serious tone of voice "Oh it hurts a little, but Jesus will heal me." "Your back was exposed wasn't it, Vicki?" "Yes, it was." I couldn't lie to her. I will not lie. Not intentionally and with Jesus Christ's help not ever.

"Mom, I've asked Jesus Christ to help me. I need though, to find water to wash it in." "Vicki, all the water around here will be contaminated with radiation unless you find some that's bottled." You're right mom. I hadn't gotten that far in my thinking." "It hurts, doesn't it she asked?" "Yes, it does, but Jesus Christ is faithful, and he will heal it. I'm going to try lifting the mattress again," I said. "Okay, she said, "I'm praying in agreement in Jesus Christ's name." "Me too," I said.

I looked up at the mattress and said, "Okay, now mattress, this time in Jesus Christ's name you're going to be moved." In my mind I was thinking, "Will he give me supernatural strength? That would be totally awesome!" I braced my right arm and shoulder under the mattress' weight and shouted out, "In Jesus Christ name move!" It moved!!! And it moved easily. It even flew into the air. "Yay, it's

supernatural strength,” I thought in joy until I saw a very powerful looking holy angel tossing the mattress further away. “Oh,” I said, “this is even better.”

The Angel is dark headed with the top part of his long hair pulled back and clasped somehow behind his head. I can tell by the way it looks. He's dressed in white with a gold breastplate of armor upon his chest. He has gold arm guards that run from his wrist to almost his elbows. His white garment comes to right at his knees where I can see he has shin guards or leg armor on.

He holds out his right hand without saying a word. I grabbed his hand, and he pulled me up. As soon as he sees I can stand on my own he reaches his hand out to my mom who takes it eagerly. She is pulled gently but quickly to her feet by his strength. As he is pulling her up, I can tell he is somehow also strengthening my mom in her body. She's standing on her own. “Thank you,” I said to the heavenly angel.

“You're welcome,” he said. “You must continue your journey. The Lamb of God has sent his healing to you as well. Turn around daughter of faith and of Zion.” Immediately I complied. I felt the Angel place his hand upon my back and the searing pain was replaced by a coolness that consumed my whole body.

“All traces of the radiation from the nuclear weapons have been removed from your body. You must continue on your journey alone now from here.” “Alone!” I exclaimed. “What about my mother?” I turned quickly to look at the Angel of God then to my mother who now had a beautiful smile upon her face. “I am to take her home. Her work on earth has been completed. Jesus Christ the Lamb has sent me to take her home.” “When?” I asked. “Before the night's out. You have been given these last few moments to spend together.

Most do not even get this gift.” “Thank you,” I said. “You are to give your thanks to the Lamb of God, Jesus Christ. This gift is from him to the both of you.”

Now I see in his hand a large Navy backpack and I can tell it's filled with supplies. “Food and drink for the journey. You will need these as time goes by. There are still more souls to reach, to help, to share the gospel salvation's gift of the Lamb given to your world. The proud of your nation have been brought low. Your nation of America has fallen. Now it's time for you to rise up into your full calling of the Lamb.” “I'm humbled and grateful for Jesus Christ, my love's help. Jesus, thank you.” but no reply came from him at this time.

The Angel continued speaking. “You are to continue on your journey for your allotted time, but you will not be alone. You shall be joined by another for the King of all glory, Jesus Christ sends his children out in pairs.” He hands me the backpack of food and I take it graciously. So thankful I am for my lovely Jesus Christ’s help. “Now I must go. Daughter of faith, you are protected from the effects of man's evil radiation. You can go without fear, trying to attack your mind in this area. Go in the Risen Lamb's name and power. Then the scene changed.

I'm walking through devastated cities and land. My heart breaks as I go from place to place with my backpack that never seems to empty upon my back. I'm reaching all I can for Jesus Christ. So many were warned yet so many refused to believe and so many refused to come to Jesus Christ and repent of their sins. As I begin to enter a city that's still standing, I sense another presence beside me. It is a man carrying a backpack much like mine. We are to walk this part together as two instead of one and witnesses to all we can in Jesus Christ’s name.

I looked over and gave him a smile and then said, "Brother," acknowledging him as my brother and fellow worker in Jesus Christ. He smiled back and with a nod of his head said, "Sister. After this we're off to Jerusalem." "I understand," I replied then I awoke.

Upon waking all three times I began praying and asking Jesus Christ what does this all mean? Even as I am now. My mother has been in heaven for several years now. Jesus Christ, I'm asking you in your holy name once again what does this mean? Why is my mother in this dream and why do we end up in the middle of the coming nuclear attacks upon our land? This dream I received three times. It is established as 2 Corinthians 13:1 state as well as Matthew 18:16.

I know by many dreams and visions where I have seen bombs falling from the sky as you call your children, your bride up to you in the rapture that this is symbolic. That before the weapons hit from the sky you will come for your children. The weapons, meaning the missiles and others that strike my nation of America. If the weapons are to hit our soil from the skies after you come for your bride, why am I with my mom who's already passed here during the strikes of missiles and weapons?

"Daughter, you have been put into this position by dream so you can have an understanding somewhat of what your people will go through. But those who are here unless they have repented in my name Jesus Christ and call on me for help, or prayers from other of my children for their sake are involved, they will not have the supernatural aid of my angels. Not yet until they learn to call on me for every situation, but then I shall send them to aid quickly. I have angels already on assignment prepared to minister during this time of your nation's fall. As prayers go up from those of mine still praying now in advance for their people.

But the nation as a whole little daughter, this nation is known as Babylon to me. Not America. She is no longer the home of the brave and free. Nor the proud... once she is destroyed utterly within one hour's time period. This is to come. It is to come soon. By placing you in a possible scenario then as you share this dream it shall open up the eyes of some of my children on how they can further pray for those they love and others who shall endure the horrors of nuclear war on your shores and others. "Then this dream is to be shared?" "Yes, little one, it is."

"What if my mother? Why was she in this dream?" "Your mother's prayers prayed over you have not been forgotten. They are ever held in remembrance before the throne of my father and all of heaven. "But she was so weak in her body." "Yes, little daughter but her prayers were still strong until the end. Your mother is in heaven with me now but before she passed she was struck in her body by the spirit of dementia. You did not fully understand how to war in the spirit for her or the full power found within my name. Even though it seemed as if her mind was no longer functioning properly, her inner mind, because she was my child, was still praying and talking to me. Her prayers continued until I brought her home to be with me."

"Oh.....Oh.... Jesus, I didn't know!" "No daughter, you didn't. "But her prayers ended because she died in this dream." "Oh, little daughter you misunderstand. Her prayers prayed earnestly to me in my name on your behalf has helped carry you through until you have arrived at your full calling. Her prayers have been fulfilled." "Does this mean her prayers she prayed for me are over?" "No little one, prayers prayed by my righteous children never lose their powerful effects of my name. It means her prayers of power have now become part of who you are now in me today. A holy witness, a

voice to the end time days, but even in this you are joined by another.

By two is how I send my children out most of the time. You will reach together the souls remaining in my end time days of all who are called to be mine. You will at times be accompanied by my Army of Light but remember little daughter every single soul is precious to me. You may be sent after one or it may be a hundred. Either way the reward is the same. A soul rescued from lucifer, from the devil and satan's hands to spend their eternity with me in heaven.”

“Amen Jesus. Thank you Jesus Christ my love for sharing with me the understanding. I went to sleep the first two times after dreaming this dream praying for the understanding and meaning. You are a good, good God and Savior and I love you with every fiber of my being.” “I know this little one.”

“Jesus, my love, do I need to share this last part too? Where you have given me the explanation of this dream you have given me.”
“You do, daughter.” “I will then. I ask you to anoint me to speak these words and if I have written anything down incorrectly you show me so I can correct it now in your name I pray and ask. I have already tried the spirits about this dream each time I've had it and each time it was confirmed it was from you.” “Done little daughter, done.”

Verses:

Philippians 4:13

John 14:14

Matthew 7:7-8

1 Peter 3:12

1 Samuel 2:9

Psalms 37:28

Revelation 5:8; 8:3-4; 14:4; 18:2; 10; 21

Isaiah 13:19; 14:22-23; 21:9

Zechariah 14:12