

The Flying Scroll Dream 5-26-23 @ 12:08; 2:35 & 7:42am

I dreamed the dream again that I woke up at 12:08 a.m. this morning. The second time I awoke it was 2:35 a.m.. And then 7:42 a.m.. It was journaled after the second time at 3:41 a.m. I've been spending time with you Jesus, in prayer, but also tending some ministry business as you have led me to do. Now I feel Holy Spirit's sweet tug to journal the dream that I have had. Holy Spirit, dear friend of mine, please bring all to my memory as John 14:26 tells me you will. This dream is established because I have had it twice, actually three times now.

In 2 Corinthians 13:1 says in part, "in the mouth of two or three witnesses shall every word be established." Now this is also found in Matthew 18:16, Deuteronomy 17:6, 19:15, John 8:17 and Hebrews 10:28. This dream is established because "established" means by the dictionary: to make permanent. This is the dream you gave me.

I see a lone figure, and it's me. Then I found myself walking on a dirt road that appeared to be wide enough for a mid-sized vehicle to drive easily upon. There seemed to be nothing but medium-brown dirt, with the usual amount of rocks throughout it. One thing I noticed is that the rocks and dirt were of the same color, like when the ground is tilled for a garden place, and the dirt and rocks are turned over by the tiller from underneath the ground, where everything is all the same color. Only thing is the ground wasn't loose dirt, because with each footstep I made there were no footprints left, as usually is found in freshly tilled ground.

I'm now seeing on each side of the dirt road, are very tall, massive walls built to look like as if out of concrete with both curving to the right. I looked up at the left huge, tall walls and I see, made inside the smooth surface of the concrete wall to my great surprise, are people's faces and hands. The concrete wall is gray in color, so they are very noticeable (the people's faces and hands) and their various skin colors, which causes colorful spots to appear in the smooth face of the wall. "Oh Jesus." I cried out as I saw clearly the faces and hands of these people, that seemed as if they were made a part of the massive concrete wall that forever trapped them inside its tight grip that was surrounding them.

Their faces are twisted and contorted in pain, anger, torment and great sorrow. The palms of their hands are facing me as if they're pressing flat from inside the concrete wall itself. My heart breaks at all I see in this curving concrete wall of horror. But I never stopped walking. I keep a steady pace, bracing myself in prayer to my lovely Jesus for whatever else I may see.

I then turned hesitantly to the right curving wall, not quite sure if I wanted to see if it was also filled with people's hands and faces. I recall now that some of the hands I saw in the first left curving walls were covered in dried blood. I feel myself shudder. "Holy Spirit, please lead me." I heard myself say out loud, but no answer came. That's okay though, because I feel His sweet presence surrounds me like a warm but cool hug.

I finally muster up enough courage to look fully up the right wall. Shock filled me as I realized it appears to be a normal smooth concrete wall, yet still massively tall. "What does it mean?" I hear myself ask out loud in wonder. This right wall is smooth with no faces or hands, while the left one is filled with so many, that counting each one would be difficult to do without a calculator. "Keep walking." I heard a voice from the heavens speak, as if it thundered, yet also as soft and gentle as a whisper. "Yes." I replied, and I began walking once again.

Now I notice I have a walking stick in my right hand. Some call them staffs, but I'm using it to aid me as I walk, because now upon my back is an army green-colored large backpack. From the looks of it, it's tightly packed with little or no room to spare for anything else. I continued walking forward with nothing but two walls, the ground beneath my feet, and the blue skies with an occasional fluffy white cloud slowly drifting by.

"That's strange," I heard myself comment, "I actually see the clear sky without all the fake clouds formed by the airplane's chemtrails, or jet streams as they used to be called, creating their fake cloud coverage. These are real clouds I'm seeing, and they're all fluffy and pretty, not the stretched out wispy ones made by man, containing so much hidden ingredients. Jesus, thank you for the beautiful clouds and sky. No matter how much men and women try to play at being you, at being God, they fail miserably. Their ways and talents are inferior to your holy, majestic power. I praise you Jesus! I praise you!"

I pause for a moment to take a deep breath of air, then I begin walking straight forward, never once looking back. The dirt road with its massive walls continues to curve, yet it never formed a circle. I know in this dream I am covering great distances although it's difficult to see how much with the road unchanging. There have been no other people so far, as I continue my journey to wherever I seem bound to go.

All of a sudden, I notice movement upon the right wall that has now become as if it's a large movie screen. "What's this?" I say as I stop for a minute to observe this great wonder in awe of all I am seeing. I see the words "TIME OF WARNING OF JUDGMENT'S HAND" written in bold, red block type letters. It covers a great expanse of the wall. Suddenly, I am watching as there upon the wall being displayed are warnings that have been shared of things coming upon our world. Warnings of natural and man-made disasters, sickness and pestilences, tragedy upon tragedy, plague upon plague, scenes of war, scenes of darkness, scenes of antichrist sitting on his throne of power, warnings by warnings, visions and words given by God to His children.

To the right of the bold, red words is a timer that has started counting down from the moment the warnings were displayed on the wall. I feel compelled to continue walking, so I do, but slowly. Still keeping my eyes on the right wall now, it turned into the biggest movie screen I have ever seen. I see people. Those who I recognize as true prophetic children of God, that I recognized the Holy Spirit of the living God Jehova inside them. I even see myself in some pictures in the form of videos and words.

I continue walking, when I stop abruptly, for I see a video by a person that I have prayed about asking my lovely Jesus, is this person one of His, or not, because many of their words would confirm much of what He had been showing me, but then the message or word from them would veer of slightly, sending my Holy Spirit alarms go off and then sent me to my knees once again. I discern by prayer and the word of God that they are false prophets. I see more than one now that He's identified to me. I said, "What is this?" I asked, "for I have been shown these are not yours, but wolves in sheep's clothing to deceive as many as they can? Why are they on this wall?"

I heard from the heavens once again, “Yes, they are sent to deceive, and many of My own have been so deceived, but My children know to seek Me in all things, but do not fret. They are displayed here as well, because I can use a braying donkey to speak to disobedient backslidden prophets such as Balaam, then I can use the very words of evil and turn them into a warning for My children, causing good for them, and using satan’s very own devices against his own kingdom. But know that I shall soon shut the false prophet’s mouths until a later moment in time, so that the confusion of mixed messages to My true children will be stopped, even though it is in disobedience that My children chase after every person who professes to speak in My name.”

I begin walking further until I notice the time counter has sped up, with time now counting down, now a whole lot quicker. Suddenly upon the length of the whole right wall that I could see, the words, “Repent” is displayed (no longer the other). It covers the whole wall as far as I could see, from right to left. The letters began forming, underneath the bottom of each letter, what looks like blood that begins dropping a little at a time. Now the letters of this word “Repent” began to shrink in size upon the screen. As it gets smaller, the blood drops turn into streams of blood, covering the whole right wall beneath the word, but not one drop reaches the ground.

As the word “Repent” shrinks away, I let out a gasp, because as soon as the word shrinks until it’s no longer there, the whole screen goes blank. “Oh, Jesus, what just happened?” I asked out loud. I look up at the clock time counter, I know this is what it was, and what it was for in this dream, and the countdown has reached “0”. “What does it mean, Jesus? Oh what does this all mean?”

“It means this.” I heard the voice from the heavens say. I saw nothing at first until I sensed a movement to the right of me. I turned to see what it was, and there to my surprise, was a scroll. A scroll in mid-air. It’s flying. “The time of warnings of all that is coming is now passed.” the voice of heaven declared loudly, like thunder. “The last few warnings from Me to My people shall finish playing out, then no more shall I give. Your world has been warned out of love. My warnings and judgment I send to My own first, My own people and churches, then to the rest of the world. All have been judged. My people. MY people, the church, the false prophets, pastors, the cruel shepherds who fleece my sheep all in the guise of serving Me. The sinner man, the godless nations, all judged by My

holy standards. This is not My great Day of Judgement to determine your eternity's fate, but it is a time of reaping for your evil wicked deeds you have sown, as nations and individuals, and I begin with My church, My own first.

The flying scroll shown to Zechariah My prophet has now been opened." I watched as before me coming down from heaven are two nail scarred hands. I know them. These are the hands of my beloved Jesus, my Savior. He grabs hold of the flying scroll, then quickly breaks the black seal holding it closed. I hear a whooshing sound, as if something forceful has just been released when the seal was opened. The open scroll is turned so I can see its insides, it reads: GUILTY, in bold, bold red letters. I hear myself gasp out loud as I see the words behind the red displayed, the word of guilty, I see a number "1"- with the words "My own house", and number "2" - "the rest of the world".

"The time for warning has passed My daughter, in the phase of your journey, and for some their time is ending. Look closer at the flying scroll's contents." I hear a voice from heaven instruct me. "Okay." I reply with no fear of the flying scroll or voice from heaven speaking to me. I look closer at the inside of the scroll and I read these words out loud: "Your guilty sentence begins now, oh church, oh body of Mine, upon the opening of this scroll. Oh world, your time to serve your sentence for your guilty verdict has come as well. I have opened the great flying scroll, your sentence of guilty you will serve now according to your judgment. Warning time is now over."

I hear thunder and I see lightning flashing and the sky turns black and ominous. The wind begins picking up. "Follow the road to its end, daughter, and there you will find the perfect peace that no man, woman or child can fully understand until they know Me as Lord, Master, and Savior." I see suddenly a huge sign made up of the letters saying "Warning time is over. Judgment time for all is now here, and unrestrained."

I looked ahead in front of me expecting to see more of the same massive, tall walls and brown dirt roads, but instead I now see an end at the road and of the curved walls. I see a bright, brilliant light ahead of me. I exclaimed "It's heaven!" and I began running towards the light. As I entered the light, I woke from this dream.

Verses Mentioned at the beginning: John 14:26 2 Corinthians 13:1 Matthew 18:16
Deuteronomy 17:6, 19:15 John 8:17 Hebrews 10:28

Concerning this word:

Jeremiah 5:12-13

Isaiah 28:13, 17-18

Ezekiel 2:9-10, 3:1-3

Isaiah 26:20-21

Zechariah 5

Zechariah 4:11-14

Leviticus 18:12

Malachi 3:5-7, 4:1-3

Jeremiah 5:29-31

John 9:39

1 Peter 4:17

Ezekiel 3:17, 26

Isaiah 9:13-16

Peace Scriptures: Philippians 4:7 Isaiah 26:3