

The Patriarch Lady Dream 3-16-23@3:36am (Shared 1-20-24)

I awoke to these resounding words I had prayed for a very vivid dream I had. "Father, give her a drink of living water."

A demon possessed white, chubby boy I have been chasing but his dark hair, dark tanned and was running after me to protect her nephew from being set free. We had stopped and I was not out of breath. Neither was the 12-year-old boy or his aunt the woman.

But the boy turned in shock and wonderment that I had been able to keep up with his supernatural speed. Then the lady, his aunt caught up with us. As she reached out lunging toward me, I yelled out in authority and power saying, "Father, give her a drink of living water. Let her taste Jesus Christ's goodness."

Immediately the lady begins gagging and reached for her throat, and she froze. I saw wonderment come across her face, then tears of joy, but then the woman changed into a solid white doll... Stuffed that I am now holding in my hands. It's about the size of a rag doll whose face has also changed.

At first it had two X's for its eyes with its tongue sticking out. Then it changed to where the left eye was still an X and the right eye is like a circle, a black button eye. The mouth is now a straight black line where its tongue once was hanging out. Then I watched as it transformed into a smiling white doll with hair with two black button eyes.

The young boy was screaming, "What'd you do? What'd do you do?" I looked him straight in the eye and said in Holy Ghost boldness. "I gave her a taste of Jesus Christ's love. A taste of the living waters given to us from heaven, from Father God above."

I woke up realizing we are dealing with voodoo type magic, but even so Jesus Christ is still more than enough to defeat it all. I immediately prayed all voodoo type dolls of any sort and such like and hair because I felt they had collected scraps of my hair and other things, be instantaneously burned up with the fire of the Holy Spirit without any more being reconstructed in Your beautiful, wonderful Name Jesus Christ in all existence known to God that you live in Father God.

There's more to this dream though. Prior to this point I found myself in an old sewing machine factory and before this in an old type of mansion. At the mansion I am with other people. I knew here there was an ancient patriarch she was called in this dream, the lady of the house.

I was here with a man who was supposed to be a holy teacher and we were there to clear the place of evil, demon spirits. This man was a cross mix between two different men I know in reality who profess themselves to be wise in the Holy Word of God. Yet both like us all are in desperate need of prayer for none of us are perfect. But those who walk close to Jesus Christ are making our way into perfection in You Jesus. You will perfect all that concerns us if we will trust You and walk in bold, humble, obedience in You. It's all You

Jesus Christ and it's all about You. You are my everything! The love of my life and lover of my soul.

But this man was causing me concern for him. We had arrived at the mansion with around six to eight other people. Strange happenings would occur all through the house and I would go throughout my day and night praying. Then when something demonic would happen I would take care of business in Jesus Christ's name and with His Holy Word. I would get rid of the spirits and demons in Jesus Christ's name.

Your name my lovely Jesus Christ is all powerful and the enemy would run fleeing in stark terror when I invoked Your Name in authority as Your child, but it's all because of You Jesus Christ and what You have done for Your children.

In this dream I would also walk the grounds praying over it with some of the other people. It was a beautiful place as far as the land was concerned, but the mansion, though painted white, was still dark and foreboding. Evil was here I knew. I'm not sure how long we had been here cleansing the mansion out of evil spirits, yet not once during this whole time did we see the patriarch lady at first. As we walked over the grounds together praying the scene changed.

Our group is now sitting on the upper story's long porch that runs the length of the front of the mansion. The teacher man is sitting in a white painted wooden rocker that has weathered in age, fading the paint from it being outside. He is casually rocking with his cowboy hat on top of his head and holding a glass of lemonade that is sitting on the right arm of the rocker. I saw four large ice cubes in his almost full glass of lemonade.

He's in a man's white sleeveless undershirt that I call a tank top for men made with the ribbed looking cotton fabric. I thought this strange because I knew in this dream, we had a strict moral code of ethics and keeping oneself fully covered especially among people you are not married to was a adhered to very strictly. We are here on the Lord's business. He is also wearing a pair of light khaki pants, but I don't see his shoes.

Other people were sitting in various locations. I am sitting on a porch swing, but it's not painted, and it looks like new wood because it's still bright and clean to the sight. I'm sitting on the right edge of it with my feet firmly planted on the porch talking to the man claiming to be a holy teacher. He's speaking.

“Yeah, I believe it's time we talked to the patriarch lady.” I replied, “Yes, we need to I agree, but not until we've sought the Lord in prayer and fasting. We should talk with her together. It's best for two to walk together.” I felt at this moment the mansion was located deep in the South. It's like an old timey plantation house/mansion in which southern Belles were raised but slaves were kept. This place I felt is in Louisiana. I realized in this dream the only way to gain access to pray over the house was by taking my group with the man professing to be the holy teacher. Then the scene changes.

I am sleeping, but somewhat restless and praying too while I slept. This is not my normal in reality, because I rest in Jesus Christ loving arms each night. I felt a hand gently touched my right shoulder and I immediately awake. There standing by my bed is a shadowy shape, a form of a man, yet I felt no alarm or fear.

“Holy Spirit my friend,” I cried out immediately recognizing this was Him. “What is it?” I asked. “Pray daughter faith in the Risen Lamb’s Name, in Jesus Christ’s Name and prepare for battle. The man you came with who was supposed to aid and teach these people has fallen into folly’s trap. He has approached the patriarch lady on his own.

But daughter of heaven bought by the Blood of Jesus the Lamb, she is no lady, but an entity of strong power. Arm yourself because it’s time to fight the real battle you have been called into here.” “Okay, Holy Spirit my sweet friend, do I wake the others?”

“No, daughter of faith, beloved friend of Heaven, I have already moved upon those who will fight in prayer in My Heavenly language and they’re already storming Heaven for the situation though some do not understand fully the battle at hand.” “And I fully ready Holy Spirit?” I asked knowing if there’s anything in my life that’s not right and is between my lovely Jesus Christ and me, it would be a weakness and an advantage to the enemy at hand.

“Daughter of faith, of Heaven’s Court you are a friend to Me as well as to Heaven. I would not allow you to enter battle if you had anything that could be used against you by the enemy. She is a high-ranking spirit and knows easily if you’re free indeed in Jesus the Risen Lamb,” Holy Spirit said then continued. “The prayers you prayed together last night in authority led by Me remove the last traces of any hold that the enemy Lucifer, Satan could access your life with.”

“The ancestral plantations of witchcraft began here for you in this house. This mansion with many of your ancestors whose descendants carried the wicked seeds as doors and access points to your life. These must be removed as you did last night. They are not just curses, but seeds that had to be dug up, burned, and then removed. You were successful last night in doing so in the Risen Lamb’s Name.”

“You said this is a house it began in. Do you mean the very house of my ancestors or the house from which the seeds were sent forth into my family line?” “The latter daughter of Heaven. Part of your ancestral line contains superstitious beliefs and witchcraft practices that many did not realize they were performing as these things and customs, their traditions had been passed down from generation to generation.”

“But it goes further, your ancestors’ owned slaves. No one should own another man and treat them the way your ancestors did. When you repented three days ago for every ancestor of yours to the very beginning of your line, your seed line, this was so the enemy could rightfully be exposed and I could lead you and the others in this deliverance.”

“But daughter, beloved of Heaven repentance always comes first. Now arm up, suit up for the battle at hand for you now walk in the boldness of our glorious God, the Great I Am unhindered. I am His Spirit. The Spirit of love, of truth, of holy boldness. I shall be inside you empowering you all the way as you go forth in the Name of Yeshua, Jesus the Risen Lamb. Now you are ready to step out into the world as Witness.”

At these words the Holy Spirit in the shadowy man's form that I could feel the glory of God from, with the force of raging volcanoes emitting from Him wraps me in His arms and melds into my body. I felt His holy fire and presence inside me. I fell to my knees and began praying and interceding in the beautiful, unknown language of tongues, a gift from my dear friend Holy Spirit. I'm not sure how long I've prayed but suddenly I stopped praying and I heard my sweet friend Holy Spirit say, “it's time daughter of heaven, it's time.” Immediately I came to my feet filled with the fresh fire the Holy Spirit coursing through me with boldness, great boldness, and strength. Lead the way my friend in Jesus Christ Name and let's get this done that all we do glorify our God, the God of Heaven. Then the scene changed

I'm standing at a door that I know belongs to the patriarch's room. Holy Spirit led me through the labyrinth of rooms and yes, sneaky secret passages. As I reached for the door, I heard a lady's voice say from inside, “Come in, we've been expecting you.”

I looked around for a moment thinking `how'? And Holy Spirit immediately responded. “They picked up My strong presence in your life. Do not let this rattle you. It's a mind game it will try to play on you.” I replied, “I have the mind of Christ. I put it on daily and now in Jesus Christ's Name I asked for a God lock upon it against any spirits of doubt, disbelief, unbelief, fear, negativity, alarm, or alert. Let this mind in me as well as the rest of my body be fortified and enclosed in the glorified, fortified Blood of Jesus Christ who I love and serve.” “Amen,” Holy Spirit replied. Then I open the door boldly.

The room was elaborately furnished with furniture from past times of history. There on a luxurious Queen Anne style, red velvet sofa sat a regal looking lady, dark skinned, dark eyed and with dark hair. She is dressed in layers of material with really no shape I can discerned in her garment. She has ruby red lips that are shiny, and she is heavily made-up with makeup.

What did take me by surprise though was seeing the holy teacher man beside her on the floor with his head laid upon her lap. She is stroking his head like one would stroke a pet with her heavily ringed fingers. Before I could say anything as I'm in shock of what I am seeing, I hear Holy Spirit warn, “Say not a word. You have been warned to always expect the unexpected by the Risen Lamb.” I bit my lip and said not a word.

The patriarch lady's eyes narrowed and squinted into slits momentarily then she opened them back up. I could see my response was not the one she had counted on. “Thank you, sweet Holy Spirit,” I whispered inside my mind. “You are welcome,” He replied, “now

proceed with caution and let me lead. The enemy has laid many of traps, but I shall lead you safely through them all if you follow me as I lead the way.” “In Jesus Christ name I will and can,” I replied under my breath. “What did you say?” The patriarch lady asked her eyes squinting again like a snake. “Oh,” I replied, “I was thanking my dear friend Holy Spirit for being here with me and leading me. I don't go anywhere without him.”

The lady responded. “Yes, so it seems. That is the report I keep getting. Sit down,” the lady said sharply. “Stand still!” Holy Spirit spoke quickly to me. “No, I will stand,” I said. This seemed to perturb the patriarch lady who I knew was used to her every command being followed and not questioned. “Hmm,” she said out loud. “You follow Him in obedience well. This was not a myth. Nonetheless we have dealt with your kind before.”

My attention was drawn by the movement of the pitiful looking man who had originally came with me in the group as Christians here to remove the demon presence from this mansion we had thought. I see now around his neck is a black leather strap that turns immediately into a wide thick, metal shackle around his neck yet he didn't even seem to notice it. He moved his arm and I saw clear puppet strings now attached to him. “Oh, Jesus how did he end up in so much bondage after once having professed to know and love you?” I asked under my breath. “Oh, him,” she said then laughed. Many like him I have under my control. Always learning, studying the word but never obtaining the full knowledge of it because they think they know and understand the Scriptures of Truth, the Holy Word from Heaven. Thereby they refused to be teachable by the Holy God of Heaven.”

“You though, are different! You are a problem and I have brought you here to be dealt with and handled,” she said with a smile that was more like a sneer. “It is you who shall be dealt with for I come in the name of Jesus Christ who owns my soul and I do not come alone or fight alone. I have Angel armies that accompany me wherever I go. As I'm sure you know of their presence already here with me, but greater still I have Jesus Himself. His royal Blood is flowing and coursing in my veins. His Holy Spirit, my friend, resides inside my body too. I am a holy terror to your master's kingdom, and I am holy witness, and end time witness voice of Almighty God your creator and mine,” I declared almost in a voice that sounded like a battle cry.

She jumped up, wild hatred in her eyes flashing almost knocking the shackled man to the floor sideways as she did so. “I own ancestral rights to you,” she screamed. “Not anymore,” I replied “those were burned up by the fire of God and fully dealt with last night. Or did you not get the memo?” I asked in Holy Ghost boldness. “I refuse to let go of your bloodline!” She screamed, her eyes now bulging in the sockets. Her visage was beginning to change into something far less attractive. She was revealing her true evil identity. “My seeds have been planted into your seed line, your bloodline for centuries. You could not have removed them!”

“Wrong!!!” I cried out in triumph. “I did in Jesus Christ's Name. It was declared, and decreed and is already done!” The patriarch lady made horrible shrieking noises as she

yelled out, "I will destroy you then if I cannot access your life!" As she spoke, rows of horrible demons appeared on each side of her. The shackled man seemed unaware of what was happening and was trying to get the patriarch lady's attention for more petting. It made me sick to see this.

Suddenly, I saw brilliant flashes of light on each side of me. Angels, I saw heavenly, warring angels surrounding me with swords and weapons made ready. "Michael's forces! You have Michael's army forces surrounding you! Then it's true, you are one of the two witnesses foretold in scripture." She throws her head back and laughs wickedly. "What a reward I shall receive for bringing you down," she cried out in bitter hatred. "I assure you in Jesus Christ's Name I will not be going anywhere but forward in Jesus' name." I said Jesus' Name twice because I could feel the tremors that went through the enemies ranks at His precious all-powerful Name. I continued, "Now you have said enough! In Jesus Christ name I commend you and all your buddies, these other filthy demons' mouths to be shut and not speak unless you're answering truthfully a question I ask."

Immediately I saw muzzles lowered from Heaven and attached themselves to every evil entity's face over in the area that must be their face and mouth, although some were actually in strange locations. Murderous hatred was in all their eyes, especially the patriarch's. I hear Holy Spirit say to me gently, "Ask her who she is. You need to gather the information to aid you in further battles." "Yes, thank you Holy Spirit." "Patriarch lady who are you?" The ladies squirmed and tried to resist. I then added, "In Jesus Christ's Name you will answer me only with truth." "Argh," she said and spat out. "I am the mother of all ill-gotten seeds. I am the plantation owner of this region." She tried to resist but then continued. "I am the power over the region called the southern hemisphere. I am the mother of all. You cannot remove me. I rise to greater power as antichrist, satan's beloved son rises to power."

"Jesus," I said, "so I can't cast this entity into outer darkness bound until the day of its judgment, can I?" "No, you cannot but you are not powerless," I heard my lovely Jesus say to me. "She is a plantation owner. The power in this region of the seeds of witchcraft and controls the planting into people's lives down through each generation until that line dies out or deliverance has been given in my name." "But Jesus I can hinder her abilities somehow can I not? Can I burn up with your holy fire all her plantation fields so no new ones can be planted leaving her only the ones already in a person seed line? Their bloodline?" "Daughter every person is a descendant from the first man Adam and his wife Eve. It was one such entity from another region of the earth that planted sin's seed once Eve and Adam partook of the fruit. The actual plantation fields of sin's seeds cannot be destroyed but the plantations of witchcraft can be," Jesus said to me softly. "Oh, I understand. Only the witchcraft plantations can be destroyed when praying for someone in Your Name." "You're correct my daughter."

As I'm talking with my lovely Jesus the patriarch's eyes are bulging as if it's trying to speak but cannot. "Holy Spirit lead me what to do next." Immediately I knew, for he had dropped it directly into my mind. "Patriarch entity why have you chosen this location to inhabit?" She squirmed a small bit then spat out, "Because the people have embraced me for centuries and performs still today the witchcraft magic, I taught to their forefathers." "Which is what type?" "The witchcraft of voodoo the world calls it," she spat out.

"Holy Spirit what now?" "You bind the entity, but you get rid of the armies. They can be dealt with immediately." "Lead me Holy Spirit," I said then boldly began to speak these words. "In..... the Name...of Jesus Christ I bind every one of you demons and satanic forces from your dark kingdom's hierarchy with everlasting chains dipped in the glorified, fortified Blood of my Savior Jesus Christ."

Immediately I saw shackles and chains envelope every unclean spirit and beings including the patriarch. I saw in actuality now, it's the holy angels restraining the enemy for me. "I may not be able to get rid of you patriarch right now, but I can keep you bound until my God says otherwise. Now for those of you I can get rid of in Jesus Christ's Name I gouge out your eyes with Arrows of the Lord dipped in His glory. I cutout your tongues and cut off your ears with my Blood dipped Sword of the Spirit in Jesus' name. Also, I run it through your brains and minds so the Blood sears you with acid-like pain through now until judgment."

The holy angels were quick to respond to my prayers. I saw pure hatred in all the enemies' eyes, but I don't care. "Now I Pike you everyone and leave you skewered. I take my sword and again still dip in Jesus' Blood and I cur out your hearts." I am still seeing too the holy angels of God make quick work of the enemy and it's happening to every evil spirit of the patriarch's army except for herself. She is still gagged and bound. "Now I sing Jesus is the Lord and you shall forever hear from now until judgment and it shall reverberate through lucifer's pipes forever." I watch as they all begin to tremble and convulse and fear and terror as the song plays continuously through their minds. "Good!" I heard myself say. "Now I cast each one of you still skewered and piked into everlasting outer darkness. Let it be known this day in Heaven, on the earth, and in hell that this witness of God is alive, active, and fully functioning in the power of her Savior Jesus Christ. Woosh! One by one I watched as a piked entities leave carried away by mighty Angels of God.

The patriarch is furious. I looked at a warring Angel to my right with my eyebrow raised questioningly. He in all seriousness responded. "You just took out the patriarch's most seasoned and advanced soldiers. Well done. All praises to our God in Heaven and His Son the Risen Lamb who has given the power of His Name to His true believers to aid them and aid us in the tearing down of the enemies kingdom of darkness." A chorus of praises went up in the room to Father God in Jesus my love. I too joined in.

Then my attention fell upon the still shackled, pitiful man. "You will release him," I told the patriarch lady spirit. "No, he's mine. He came willing to me." "But he loves Jesus," I

responded. "Not as much as she should. I have many access points into his life, and he likes my presence around him. Cast me out and I will return stronger for he does not seek deliverance, neither does he realize he needs it. Such is the way of the religious who profess to love your Savior." The patriarch spirit lady spat at me. "She's right," Holy Spirit said softly, "the information is what you needed and are confirming to your soul that the enemy no longer has control on your life." Then the scene changed

I am a worker in a concrete block style building of a sewing factory. My machine is sitting next to a lady's who is known to be the fastest and best sewer for the company. She is dark haired, dark eyed, and tan skinned. She is favored by all, but in this dream, I know there's a spirit inside her that gives her this ability. Sometime during this dream we are both sewing and I look over and she has turned into my cousin who is about three to four years older than me. I look again and she's back into the form of the first dark headed lady.

The chubby 12-year-old white boy from the 1st of this dream comes bursting into the building. He has light medium brown hair parted to the right when looking at him. He has freckles upon his nose and face and his front teeth are crooked with the right front one overlapping the left. This boy is cursing, raging with vile, vulgar words issuing out of his mouth. He falls to the floor rolling and groaning. I stood up and he jumped back up, throws his head back and laughs wickedly. "Sit down!" The dark headed lady says to me sharply. "Leave the boy alone for he is chosen."

"Chosen by what?" I yelled out as I jumped up and pushed the sewing items out of the way. "This boy needs Jesus' help." "Leave him alone!" The lady said again and kept on sewing not missing a stitch. "I can't!" I replied then headed for the boy. The boy takes off running and I follow. The black headed lady begins chasing after me. Then what I have written at the beginning occurs except right after I had prayed, "Father give her a taste of living water of Jesus," and the lady turned into a smiley rag doll, the boy also screamed out, "What have you done to my protector?" Then the dream ended.

### Verses

John 4:1; 7:38; 14; 14:26

1 Thessalonians 5:12

Ephesians 6:12

Colossians 1:15-17

2 Timothy 3:5-9

James 2:19; 4:7

Ecclesiastes 4:9-12

Philippians 2:9-11

1 Corinthians 12:13

Isaiah 44:3

Psalms 37:12-13