The Mustard Gas Delivery System Dream 9-19-25 @ 4:14 AM Shared 9-28-25

"I dreamed again, my Lovely Jesus Christ. I have discerned it is from You again, according to some of the ways Your Word tells us to prove and discern all things. Holy Spirit, help me to read this clear, accurately, in Jesus Christ's Name. And if there is any explanation of anything, help me to do it the way you want it done and help me to be quiet on anything I don't need to say. Thank You. As Your Word tells us to prove and discern all things, Jesus Christ, these things aren't always easy to share. This dream troubles me, yet I know Your judgment is righteous and true, and You can do nothing out of an evil intent, for You are Holy. Please, Holy Ghost Spirit, don't let me write one word that's not from my Lovely Jesus Christ." "I won't, Daughter of Zion, I won't."

This dream began when I found myself being carried through the air by someone holding me securely underneath my arms. I wasn't alarmed as if I'd known already, I would be traveling this way. I looked up to see a pair of arms in white and the chest of a man. I looked further up to the face. It is the Holy Angel, Raphael. His face is focused and determined as he carries me through the night sky. I looked down at the blurry scenes of darkness and mixtures of light that seemed at times to be more like streaks. The wind was blowing in my face, hitting me forcibly. I managed to ask, "Raphael, where are we going?" "Daughter of Zion, it's best for you to keep your mouth shut, so as we travel the air hitting you does not affect your breathing. We still have a bit more to go, but I shall see you arrive safely and unharmed." "Okay," I murmured, trying to speak with my mouth closed. I looked to my right and saw there were two more Holy mighty Angels of God with us. "We have an escort," I thought casually to myself, until I looked to the other side, which was to my left, to see three more Holy Angels with us. "Uh-oh," I thought. "We're headed into enemy territory or there wouldn't be a five Angel escort, more like a security protection detail." So I began praying in my Lovely Jesus Christ's Name fervently to myself.

We traveled over waters and mountains and ocean and land until we arrived on top of a mountain where Raphael, the Holy Archangel of God, gently set me down on my feet. The other Holy Angels landed softly without making any noise. I realized, before landing, that the mountain is covered in snow that we're on, and I instinctively wrapped my arms around myself because of the cold. One of the Angels, I didn't know his name, walks over to a large rock and reaches behind it and pulls out a bundle of something, something that was bulky and tied together by a thin narrow white string of twine. He carried it over to me and said, "Daughter of Zion, please put this on. It shall help protect you against the cold air of the sacred mountain." "Sacred mountain?" I said, questioningly. Raphael, the Archangel, clearly the one in charge, I could tell, among the six Holy Angels, nodded to the dark brown-haired Angel that had handed me the bundle. He had eyes the color of topaz that were filled with intelligence, but also kindness too, I could see. I heard Raphael say, "Secure the perimeter. We don't want the kingdom of darkness utilizing the doorway portal, nor do we need our activity detected."

A blonde-headed Angel with shoulder length hair spoke up. "We will be cutting it close, Raphael.
You know they have already requested use of the portal and their petition was granted by the Holiest of All, the Almighty God of Heaven, Just and True." The Angel Raphael smiled as he said, "That's how they will not know of our activities. The disturbances in the frequencies and

acoustics in the atmosphere they will contribute to their own use of the portal." I listened intently as I untied the string around the bundle. As I did, I felt something heavy drop. I looked down to see it was a pair of ankle-high brown water resistant boots. I looked at the bundle material still in my hands and opened it up to see it was a long winter coat with a hood. It's dark blue in color. "Thank You," I said with a smile of gratitude, as I quickly put the coat on and buttoned it up. It immediately began blocking the cold air from my body. Raphael gave me a small nod of his head as he said, "Please, Daughter of Zion, of Heaven's Court, put the boots on, they will fit you perfectly. We need to be moving." "Okay," I said as I took the boots over with me to a nearby snow-covered rock. I sat down without clearing away the snow, knowing if I had done it, it would leave my hands wet in the cold. The coat, I knew somehow, was water resistant also. As I'm putting the boots on, I asked again, "What sacred mountain, Raphael? Are we on a sacred mountain? Where are we, anyways?"

I noticed that all the other Holy Angels had walked out of sight, except for one other who had also brown hair. The brown-haired Angel had light cornflower blue eyes. Raphael walked over to me just as I finished tying my last boot shoestring. He held out his hand to help me up and I grabbed it quickly. I knew these Holy Angels of God were somehow concealing the glory of God that surrounds them from being in the presence of Father God, otherwise I would have most likely fallen face forward on the snow-covered ground. Raphael pulled me up quickly then said, "We need to hurry, Daughter of Zion. The King of All Glory, our Captain of the Host wishes for you to see this before it's moved to another location, to grant you a clearer understanding." "About what, Raphael?" I asked, as I shook the back of my coat to remove the snow that had clung to it when I had sat down to put on the boots. Which, by the way, was a perfect fit, just like the coat. Thank You, Jesus Christ my Love." I said softly. "You're welcome," came the quick reply in my mind from my Lord Jesus Christ. The brown-headed, blue-eyed Angel looked at me with a brief smile as if he had somehow heard the exchange between my Lovely Jesus Christ and myself. Then, he began scanning again quickly the surrounding areas with his eyes.

"Daughter of Zion, of Faith and Mercy, you asked to know where we are currently at. We are on the sacred mountain called Mount Hermon. On this mountaintop is a direct portal, a doorway, that runs through and passes the spirit realm to reach Heaven, but also can take one to many other locations. There are many such portals, entranceways, between the two realms. Like the one Jacob saw by dream, that later became known to your world as Jacob's ladder, but there's only a few that can open many locations into your world. This location on this sacred mountain is one such one." "Mount Hermon, that's in the Holy Bible. We're near Syria, aren't we?" "Yes, Daughter of Zion, we are." "Wait, isn't this also the mountaintop where the 200 fallen angels made a pact to take human wives in the book of Enoch?" I asked quickly. "It is, Daughter of Zion," Raphael the Angel replied. "This portal, at times, is allowed by the Holy Great God of Heaven and His Son, Jesus Christ, the Risen Lamb for the kingdom of darkness to use, because they still have their part to play in the fulfilling of end time days," Raphael said quickly and then continued, "now we must go." "Go where?" I asked, as I followed Raphael the Holy Archangel who had begun walking in one direction. I noticed a brown-haired Angel begin walking on Raphael's right flank. Then, from out of nowhere, I could see the remaining four Holy Angels who had been with us earlier reappeared. Three of them are behind me and the other one is on my left. I am in between him and Raphael as we're walking.

As we walked quickly through the snow, the Angels were ever mindful to help me as I walked through the drifts. I began to ask more questions. “Raphael, what's so important that I have come to Mount Hermon to see or get to it? Why the rush and secrecy?” The auburn-haired Angel to my left spoke up and said, “Daughter of Faith, it is necessary to arrive before the enemy proceeds further with their plans. They're soon to move it to another permanent location,” he finished saying. “Move what?” I asked out loud. I heard Raphael say, “The evil mustard gas that has been created, that by Heaven’s standards is both a chemical and biological weapon.” “Where are they moving it? Why do I need to see it now and not after it's moved to that location? Surely Father God in Heaven or my Lovely Jesus Christ could cause an interference or delay until we get there, if I need.” “He could,” Raphael, the Holy Angel replied, “but He won't in this matter. For Hell and Lucifer's kingdom are now working on Heaven’s ordained time for the mustard gas that shall be released on the evil, wicked Babylon. But for those of the Lamb of God's redeemed ones, who are seeking the truth of these things, you are to witness and share what you see here tonight.” “I don't understand fully,” I said. “I've seen the mustard gas in its containers, its canisters. What more is there to see?”

Raphael looked at me briefly and said, “You are to understand the workings of how it is released and works, so that when it is released inside Babylon's walls, you will understand why it appears to you as if the Lamb's words spoken to you about the timing of the mustard gas release are off, when in reality, it shall happen exactly as He’s spoken to you about.” “Okay, Raphael,” I replied, “let’s do this, and thank you.” We walked a little further when I heard Raphael say, “We’ve reached the portal entrance way. We will use it to enter the kingdom of darkness' operating facility.” I nodded my head back. We came into an area with the portal and a partial clearing. I noticed in one area of the trees, there was a slight appearance of haziness, barely perceptible, but I saw it. This I knew was a doorway, the portal entrance. I have seen them before. We started walking towards it when the scene changed.

All the Holy Angels and I were in an area that made me think of a hospital. The feel in the air is like the sterile environment, you know how a hospital is, like the sterile environment of these types of places. I am being led down a corridor with the Holy Angel Raphael leading the way with one of the auburn-hair Angels that was with us on Mount Hermon, the sacred mountain, but hadn't spoken to me, with us. There are two Angels behind me and one on each side of me. (So this is one I didn’t mention at first. There's two dark-headed ones. There’s an auburn hair, I mentioned, and a blonde head. That’s all I was told to describe.) Suddenly Raphael stopped. Then the two Angels behind me and beside me quickly detached themselves from our group. As they left, I saw each had pulled out an elegant bow out of nowhere, and were headed in a different direction. I knew somehow the Archangel Raphael had spoken to them without me hearing them. The auburn-haired Angel quickly moved behind me as if to guard me from behind. I started to speak while we had stopped, but Raphael held his finger up to his lips so I immediately kept quiet. He motioned for the Angel and me behind him to follow him. As we began passing through the hallway, the corridor, I realized this doesn't appear to be a hospital, but a research facility. We walked down the corridor until it came to a split. You had to either go left, right, or take the elevator with the double doors that's directly in front of you. The elevator only has arrows pointing upward. To my surprise, it looks like we're taking the elevator.

Raphael walked to the elevator, waved his hands in front of the side panel, on the side door panel, and the door immediately opened. I realized, then, this elevator had been locked. We walked into the elevator and the door quickly shut in front of us. Instead of pressing one of the buttons for the upper floors, he reached over and pushed the red elevator alarm button, the one you're supposed to push if you get stuck in the elevator. Immediately below the button, a little door popped open. Inside are down arrow buttons. There are three of them. It looks like we'll be taking the elevator down after all, I thought to myself. Raphael, the Holy Angel of God, pushed the down arrow for the hidden floor number 2. As the elevator started its trip down, Raphael looked at me intensely as he said, "You must remain silent from your questions and speaking until I hear from Michael if it's clear for you to speak." I nodded my head, not daring to say a word. He continued again. "In the facility, the enemy has been granted through legal petitioning for them to have a complete control of this area without Heaven's interference because what they currently are doing will be fulfilling a judgment that was handed down from Heaven's Courts." I wanted to speak. I had so many questions to ask, but dare not speak a word out loud. But inside my mind, I began praying again and pleading the blood of Jesus Christ over me and the whole situation.

The elevator came to a smooth stop. Instead of Raphael exiting first, the auburn-haired Angel did. As Raphael stood in front of me, I knew he was blocking me, shielding me somehow from being seen, should someone unexpected be passing by, but the area was empty. Raphael, the Archangel, reached and grabbed my left hand and led me out of the elevator and into the opening behind the auburn-haired Angel. The Holy Angel of God knew exactly where they were heading. "Thank you, Jesus Christ," was all I could say in my mind because it seemed like the underground building was like a grand labyrinth. Soon, we arrived at our destination, it's a laboratory. We are standing outside looking through a large glass window. It put me in mind of, in America, the nursery, like when somebody has a baby and they have this big, huge window and you see all the newborn babies. That kind of window. There are people inside.

Raphael turned to me and drew out a small orb from out of a small pouch he was wearing, that has now become visible to my eyes. He laid it in front of me and it formed around me like a bubble. It has a yellow tint of a glow to it. It's an Angel Barrier, I recognize it from seeing and being protected by them in prior times. Once the barrier is around me fully, Raphael speaks in a low voice, "Daughter of Zion of Heaven's Court, this whole facility has been created, infused with demonic essence, through witchcraft sorcery, so that if any unauthorized person enters or their voice is heard, even if it was a sneeze of your nose, it will alert and notify the whole kingdom of darkness. This is why, in part, you were not allowed to speak. Now inside the Angel Barrier, you may speak freely." "Oh," I said, "thank you. May I ask why you didn't place an Angel Barrier around me sooner, then?" The auburn-hair Angel glanced at me with a quick smile as if he knew that me, being human, would ask that question, but then he turned back to watching the surrounding areas.

Raphael smiled a faint smile also, but then said in a very serious tone of voice, "Because of the legal agreement that the kingdom of darkness has while performing the operation with Heaven's permission, in which Heaven has limited the time you will be able to remain inside the Angel Barrier." (Because of their petition and circumstances around it, there's only a certain amount of time I could be inside that barrier. I don't understand it all, but that's what my understanding was

in this part.) “It has limited the time you will be able to remain inside the Angel Barrier undetected. You would call this in your understanding “a Heavenly loophole” the enemy didn't cover, which granted us access to bring you here, but only for a short time before their agreement with Heaven goes fully into effect.” (So they petitioned Heaven’s Court legally, they're doing something that's going to fulfill a judgment for the Lord, so He has granted them this legal, no interference right now, but before it's actually fully into effect, we show up. That's my understanding.) “You can speak with Jesus Christ, Yeshua Ha' Mashiach, the Great Lion of Judah at a later time for more details about this, but for now you must see this we have brought you here to see as we have been instructed to bring you here and to answer and to ensure no harm comes to you,” the Angel Raphael finished saying. “Thank you,” I said, and then asked, “what is it I'm supposed to see and why such a hurry?”

“Because, Daughter of Zion, they're changing the gas over from its crystallized state to liquid. You are to see how they plan to disperse it during the martyr's memorial time of mourning.” “The gas!” I exclaimed, “Raphael, you're talking about the mustard gas, aren't you?” “I am, Daughter of Zion, come with me,” he said, as he took my hand again, even though it's inside the Angel Barrier with me. This is something I've been seeking the Lord, trying to understand. The Lord Jesus Christ and none other. He leads me through the doors without opening it. We pass right through it. Immediately, I noticed people wearing biohazard suits, only they are white and not yellow in color. There are several work areas that's made of steel, it looks like, with various equipment and a few workers present. I can't really see what these people are doing, so I asked, “Raphael, what am I seeing? What are they doing and how does it relate to the mustard gas no longer being in a crystallized form? Does that mean it's no longer in the canisters?” “It does,” Raphael replied. What you are witnessing is the fabrication of little bots, nanobots being produced with the mustard gas inside. The mustard gas payload is incorporated into it as the nanoparticle structure is being formed.” “I don't understand, Raphael, why they would take it out of the canisters and put it inside these nanobots, unless…” And then I stopped. It’s horror filled my mind, then I continued, “unless they're going to release it, then somehow trigger the nanobots to release the mustard gas at a later time, like they already do in some treatments of cancer and other diseases.”

“This, Daughter of Zion, is what is being done for all three of the locations where the mustard gas is to be released.” “But how do they get them inside a person?” I asked. “By dispersing it like a fog or mist, or even under cover of smoke? You already know, Daughter of Faith, of Heaven's Court, that mustard gas, before it's been altered and enhanced in the original state, has the appearance that it can be a brown, yellow, or unseen color to the eyes. It can be odorless or have a faint odor to it, so it can easily be hidden and delivered, unseen, or undercover. You know how the enemy likes to do things to be seen, seen by all, but cloaked in a disguise or a veil of deception.” “I do, Raphael,” I replied and then continued, “if they're using nanobots, then there must be a trigger, a sound frequency or something like that to trigger nanobots to release their payload of mustard gas into each person. Even as a mist or spray, even as smoke, the nanobots will enter into a person through their body orifices (nose, mouth, ears) and wait there until the signal is received. Oh, this is so evil!” I cried out passionately. “Yes, Daughter of Zion,” Raphael replied, but it is also holy judgment against a cruel, heartless, evil nation that has done great harm to the people of the world and the Earth itself. This is holy and just for the crimes committed and for the refusal to repent and to turn from their evil, wicked ways.”

“You're right, Raphael,” I said soberly. “So this is the way they're releasing the mustard gas. This is their delivery system.” “In part,” he replied to me. “There’s more, Raphael!” I responded in surprise and then said, “please tell me. Wait! How did they actually disperse the mustard gas-filled nanobots?” He replied, “The nanobots are put in an aerosolized form, so they can be dispersed easily and undetected. (A spray, an aerosol spray, that can be released unseen. It can be released inside of something and it was. While in the canisters, the mustard gas was kept at a 45 degree Fahrenheit temperature although you didn't know this in all the times you were shown them, Daughter of Zion, of Heaven’s Court. This kept the gas in the solid crystallized form as a safety measure. Once it was warmed up, it returned to a liquid state. It is this liquid state they're building the nanobots with, so it can then be put into its final aerosolized form and transported that way and then released.” “Raphael, why tell me this?” He looked at me solemnly and said, “Because the Martyr’s Day is soon. Although travel is faster underground in the enemy's transportation systems, it still takes time to travel from place to place. In addition, preparing the aerosolized nanobots, hiding them so they can be transported in a way that's not discerned or detected, discovered by local searches should for some reason, the enemy draw unwanted attention to their schemes. But with the escort, the martyr shall have for the one location, the enemy does not foresee there being any problems.”

“Raphael,” I said quickly, “they have tunnel ways connecting every state and almost every nation beneath the ground and waters. If they wanted to hide something without anyone suspecting, they could go to that place through these underground tunnels, or even take something to another location like Washington, DC. My Lovely Jesus Christ has shown me and other of His children, they are involved, the government, or vice versa with most of the world unaware.” Raphael replied, “As they have done, Daughter of Zion, of Heaven’s Court, you must warn all that the mustard gas will be released on Martyr’s Day, but will be released by magnetic, sound, and frequency waves at the proper time the kingdom of darkness calls for death to rise forth. The trigger will be initiated after all three locations of mustard gas is released and before the first hidden suitcase with the rogue nuclear device detonates.” “When is that?” I asked Raphael.

Before he could respond, the auburn-haired Angel returned. He spoke quickly, “We must go. The sands of the hourglass for the visit has almost expired in its entirety.” Raphael, the Archangel looked at me firmly and said, “All your other questions you must seek directly from the Holy Lamb of God, for now I return you home.” “Wait!” I cried out, but it was too late. I found myself standing in my room. The Angel Barrier is no longer faintly seen around me and I'm in my night clothes. “Oh Jesus, oh Jesus Christ,” was all I could say.

I did look up aerosolized nanobots. Now this was from eight years ago, but just showing how it is possible. I didn't, I had not a clue. Made in the form of an aerosol, aerosolized nanobots, an aerosol spray containing colloids and the nanosensor, which is a complex circuit containing a chemical detector built with a two- dimensional material such as graphene. This was from MIT research by Thomas Major eight years ago is what it said.

Take all this to Jesus Christ in prayer. Okay, this dream was before the Charlie Kirk dream. And you see, I'm not going to say yay or nay, but I'm going to say take it to Jesus Christ in prayer. My

understanding, it was released on Martyr's Day. I don't know if all three locations were, and that's what the Lord keeps calling it, Martyr's Day.

Try, test, and discern, ask the Lord Jesus Christ exactly what He means. It's pretty plain, but I'm not being told to discuss it, to say any more on that. It was released in an aerosol form and it was breathed in because it has to enter the body, but it will not be released until the trigger is given. And that's what they call it, a trigger. Magnetic, sound, frequency, all waves. I don't understand all of it, but this is not the first thing the Lord has shown me where there were things put in the “C10+9” things that go in the arms that will be activated later from the use of the towers.

Take all this to Jesus Christ in prayer. Try, test, and discern it.

I knew I would be releasing this, but I thought it was still going to be a little bit later because He didn't have me release it before the other Charlie Kirk dream, which talks also about some of the mustard gas. Take all this to Jesus Christ in prayer.

I know the kingdom of darkness is evil, and I know these things are judgment, they have to come. But there's times when you think they can't get any eviler, you find out more. Makes Heaven look so much better, doesn't it? But in all these things, we're not to fear. We're to trust Jesus Christ. Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him, Job 13:15.

God bless. Stay under the blood of Jesus Christ always.