Rocky the Flying Squirrel & Babylon's Burning Dream 9-13-25 @ 1:33 AM & 5:34 AM

Rocky the Flying Squirrel, as in Rocky and Bullwinkle, the old show back in the 60s. Which, by the way, one of the New Beginnings sent this to me, because, I mentioned, I haven't told them anything about the dream. I had them praying and discerning. They know nothing about it, except to one I mentioned Rocky and Bullwinkle, because I said it was strange. In Season 5, Bullwinkle's testimonial dinner, the final season. In that episode, the segments names were "Let's Blow Up New York" or "We Bombed Them at the Palace", "Exploding Population", and "The Bomb in the Cellar." Just to name a few, there's quite a few that's really, you know, quite amazing.

"All right, I dreamed again, my Lovely Jesus Christ, and have discerned it was from You. Twice during my sleep time I dreamed it. Please, Holy Ghost Spirit, don't let me write one word that's not from my Lovely Jesus Christ. In His Name, I pray and ask; for You are the Spirit of Truth." "I won't, Daughter of Zion." "Thank you, my Friend." "You're welcome."

I had recorded this dream first thing upon waking, and now I shall write it down and share it for the glory of Father God, in Jesus Christ's Name. It began when I was arriving by car to a new job, a workplace. As I pulled up to park, I saw about seven or eight people outside already out of their vehicle. One was a person I knew from my past that I hadn't seen in years. As I parked my car, I noticed that everyone noticed, as if they had all been waiting for me to arrive. The person from the past, who is a she, upon noticing it was me, raised her hand and waved at me. I picked up my few belongings I had with me, my purse and cell phone, and quickly exited the car. I don't like being late, especially not on the first day of starting a new job. It's a small location, I could tell from the outside of the building. To the left and in the back, where we are all parked, the building was made out of concrete blocks that were left unpainted. The rest of the building was painted gray and appeared as if it would be somehow open to the public from the large parking lot.

As I started walking to the back door, all the other soon-to-be employees formed a group behind me. The person from my past came up beside me and said, "They won't admit us into the building until we are all here. You're the last to arrive." I replied quickly, "We're still on time." I heard a young, dark-headed man grumble and complain, "Yeah, we're still on time, but some of us got here early because we wanted to see the place first." I kept walking as I asked, "Did you not read all the paperwork emailed to you? We were to arrive on time, but would not be admitted early. So, if you came early and were not let inside, it's because you didn't read all the information sent. Or you did, but decided not to heed the instructions and thought they would let you in early. These people are running a business. If you work for them, then you will have to follow their rules and not your own ways." The young man in his early 20s immediately quit complaining. Not another word was spoken until we arrived at the door, which opened easily for us.

As we entered, I was a little taken aback by the work area. It's a long, narrow room with a long table in the middle. There are computers on one side of the table with mini-sized monitors and keyboards. But each of the keyboards were shaped or covered in something. There are chairs for the work table. There was a black metal desk with a brown faux wood top on it, to our right,

upon entering. I saw on the far end of the opposite wall was another desk similar to this one, only bigger. As we walked further into the room, I noticed the side of the first desk had rust spots showing through the black paint. There was an open doorway in the middle of the back wall located behind the chairs of the very long table. A thin, tall, Asian-looking older woman came through the door. Upon seeing us, she said, “Good, you're right on time. Please take a seat at the table. You can choose a location. I will be right back,” she said as she walked back out of the door she had entered.

We looked around at the odd-shaped mini monitors and keyboards that all seem to be in bits and pieces of some type of cartoon characters. As I'm looking at these pieces, I have a nagging feeling I should know what cartoon these are from, but it doesn't register at this moment. I took the first chair at the end of the table near the desk. The person from my past is on my right. There's an empty space beside her. Next is the young, dark-haired man who had not followed the instructions and was complaining earlier. Then there were about five other people all together at the table, although there appeared to be a total number of ten spaces located here with the mini monitors and mini odd-shaped keyboards.

I sat down and looked at the mini screen of the monitor. It was very, very tiny. Really, it was about the tiniest one there. It looked to be, when I glanced down, the row of monitors, the tiniest of them all. I looked down at the tiny keyboard and saw it looked like the top part was made into a light blue aviator's hat, the kind with the goggles you can pull down over your eyes, but the whole thing is solid blue in color. I looked at the tiny mini screen again and thought to myself, I'm going to need a bigger monitor screen.

I noticed the person from my past was stroking the keyboard in front of her as if she really loved it. I couldn't see clearly what it was shaped as, because of her hands, but I saw what looked like two large white front teeth was part of its design. I rolled my chair back on the concrete unpainted floor. As I did, she looked up at me. I simply said, “I think I would prefer the other monitor on the right of you. I'm going to move there.” She nodded her head, but never moved her hands off the keyboard at all. “Wow, she must really love her work, and we haven't even started yet,” I thought to myself as I sat down between the young dark-haired man and her. The older Asian looking woman walked in at that moment and went to her desk and stood behind it. We all turned to face her direction.

“Good morning, everyone. We are excited to have you here at our top secret location. You have all been handpicked for your individual skills, even though none are aware of what the job is, except typing and programming skills are needed. As you may have noticed, each keyboard is created by special design. How many of you ever remember watching the old cartoon Rocky and Bullwinkle, which later became a movie for the newest generations?” She didn't give us time to respond, but kept on talking full speed ahead. “This is our Rocky the Flying Squirrel’s secret location, although some of you may still have a Bullwinkle keyboard. This is because we could only get six of the Rocky ones here undetected. Why such secrecy? It's always in your best interest in any business venture to keep as many details as secret as possible. Now, before we begin our actual programming, let's get familiar with the equipment. Please turn on your computer. You will see on your monitor screen an icon of Rocky’s face with the word “Test”. Please click on it and try out your keyboards. Everything needs to be smoothly done. Mr.

Douglas, the overseer, shall be in shortly to welcome you to the location. Please start now, she said." Then she walked to the middle door behind us and said, "I will be back with Mr. Douglas."

We all turned to our mini computers and turned them on. I noticed then my keyboard actually looked like a brown foot. It had to be Bullwinkle's big brown moose foot. But it's like it's a rubber mask of a foot, making it very difficult to even press the power button on, but I managed finally to turn it on. I'm really beginning to feel like I'm not supposed to be here and take this job. When the computer comes on, there on the monitor screen are the words, "Holy Smoke," on a gray background. "Holy smoke," I said, then remembered this was Rocky the Flying Squirrel's famous phrase. I looked to my left and then to my right and could tell all of the monitor screens had the same gray background, with the bold white letters, the words written, "Holy Smoke". I saw now that the keyboard of the person from my past has right above it a face of Rocky the Flying Squirrel and his white two front teeth are now clearly seen above the keys of the top row of her keyboard. All the other keyboards in use besides mine were of Rocky. As I looked at the mini monitor screen, I saw the tiny face of Rocky with the word "TEST" written in bold red letters. I clicked on the icon and immediately a typing program appeared. At the top it said "Phase One of the Test". Before I could begin, we heard the woman re-enter. "Your attention please, everyone." We all turned to the sound of her voice to see she had returned with the man beside her. He is a white Caucasian male in tan khaki pants and a pullover solid gray shirt except for a small emblem design on his shirt on the left. The man had a smile plastered on his face.

"Welcome, welcome," he said jovially. "Welcome to our secret location. As Rocky the Flying Squirrel so often says,"We shall make holy smoke together. Your jobs are simple, your programming skills invaluable. We want to ensure when we open and release our campaign at our targeted locations for high end yield results, we will be successful in all our endeavors. Why such secrecy? Because competition is tough. I know Miss Ying Lang has not revealed to you the nature of your full job description or even what this company, this business is all about. This is going to be a chain of 10 locations which is to be named Rocky the Flying Squirrel Place. It's a high end restaurant. Our recipes you will be programming are secret. The programming you will be doing shall be into handheld devices so that no one, no company, can intercept through the internet our secret recipes. Yes, competition is that fierce. We pride ourselves in cooking the finest meats, burning them in some recipes by smoke. Holy smoke, as Rocky the Squirrel said so often. Our specialty is in the different ways we cook our meat. Some are rare, some well done, some charred, and some is blackened meat. These last two are what you will be programming into these devices. You will have to sign a non-disclosure agreement which Miss Ling Yang shall bring around shortly for you to sign. But right now proceed with the test program in which your skills will be evaluated. Each one of you comes highly recommended." Then he dismissed himself and walked back out of the room.

Miss Ling Yang spoke and said, "After you are evaluated by your test scores, I will bring around the NDA (that's short for the non- disclosure agreement) forms for each to sign. Please continue with the test program." Then she exited the same door as Mr. Douglas. I refocused on the task at hand. I tried to use the keyboard, but was unable to hit the correct keys with the BullWinkle's foot mask over it. It didn't fit snugly, but loose around it. Finally I picked up the mini keyboard and removed the mask of Bullwinkle's foot. The keyboard was shockingly small and would be difficult for any size fingers to hit the keys accurately. Actually I was thinking it would be more

like tweezers is what you would need. I looked at the tiny monitor screen. There on top of the still running program, were the words “Holy Smoke: Let's make some holy smoke together.” I tried to type on the keyboard, but to no avail. I stood up just as Miss Ying Lang returned with a stack of papers in her hands she was holding to her chest. She looked at me and asked, “What’s wrong?”

I replied, “I'm unable to type properly on the keyboard.” “Oh,” she said then continued, “Maybe you are not a programmer for burning smoke and charred meat, charred flesh. See Mr. Douglas, he's in the next room.” “Thank you,” I said as I picked up my purse. My cell phone I had placed inside it earlier when I had switched seats at the table. I walked through the open doorway into the next room. To my surprise it looked like a restaurant, but it also had an arcade, but the arcade games all look high-tech to me for some reason. I noticed flight simulators, racing and high speed chase games and such like, but I didn't see anything like grapple machines with their claws you lower to grab a prize or sports-related, not even shooter games. Strange, I thought. The arcade is on the left of the building and is open and not enclosed.

I saw Mr. Douglas a few feet away talking to a man. He’s pointing to a suspended TV screen. As I walked closer I heard him speak to the dark-headed tan-skinned foreign looking man. “Abdul-Ali,” Douglas said, “let’s check the TV’s performance. We all know how the American people are fickle and prefer to be entertained while they eat instead of enjoying a decent conversation with someone.” Abdul Ali bowed his head slightly to Mr. Douglas. “That's peculiar,” I said to myself, just as Mr. Douglas spotted me walking toward him. “Come, come,” he said to me as Abdul-Ali made his way to the TV screen a few feet away. I made it to where Mr. Douglas was standing. He looked at me and he said, “This will only take a moment with Abdul-Ali. We're making final preparations before opening day at all 10 locations. We were aiming for 12, but it will only be 10 now due to circumstances beyond our control.”

“When are you opening?” I asked. “This weekend, actually. It’s like a sneak preview on Sunday, but the grand opening, the grand event is on Monday in America, but in ancient cultures it would be Sunday as the night started each day. I'm a big ancient history and ancient culture buff. I spend much of my spare time studying the past and ancient relics and ruins left for mankind to wonder about.” “I see,” I replied, feeling uneasiness in my spirit for some unknown reason. He spoke again. “I like to do things different than others. The preview will be at night in the grand opening here in this location and one other will be before the sun sets. After all, in this location and a few others of the 10, these cities never sleep. Fall is the best time to open a restaurant chain. It's right before the holidays.”

Suddenly the TV screen picture came on in full color and this caught Mr. Douglas’ attention. “Abdul-Ali, there’s no volume, no sound,” he said out loud! Abdul-Ali began making adjustments by remote in his hand trying to get the sound to be heard. I'm looking at the picture on the TV screen. There was a crowd of people standing outside in bleachers as if at a ball game. Some of the men had their hats held by their chest in a respectful manner. Suddenly, the sound came through very loud and clear. The people were singing the words to our national anthem, The Star Spangled Banner. They were singing these words, “…and the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air…” Mr. Douglas had to shout for Abdul-Ali to hear him. “Turn it down! Turn it down, Abdul-Ali!” He quickly lowered the volume to the TV for it to a normal volume

that could still be heard by those sitting near it when the restaurant was full of people. “That's good, Abdul Ali. Thank you,” he said. “Now go get the programmable devices ready for our programmers.” Abdul-Ali again bowed his head slightly to Mr. Douglas, as if in respect for his position of authority over him. Then he exited out of the front door.

I noticed the walls were painted the same gray as the work area. There are decorations at each table of different forms of Rocky the Flying Squirrel. The words “Holy Smoke” were painted in bold white letters on the gray wall. I noticed a red sign with white writing that read, “Welcome to Holy Smoke Rocky the Flying Squirrel Restaurant, where we cook your meat however you like it: undercooked, well done, smoked, burnt, or even charred to a crisp. You place the order and we'll see it's done to your liking.” Mr. Douglas interrupted my observation of the inside of the restaurant by these words. “Now that's done, how can I help you? I didn't want our conversation to be interrupted by Abdul-Ali's work on the TV for me.” “Thank you,” I replied. “Miss Ying Lang sent me in here to talk with you. I'm having difficulties with the Bullwinkle's foot keyboard.” “Ah, I see,” he replied. “We knew when the order of the original eight locations were reduced by two, after four more had been added, that two of our programmers may not be needed or the Bullwinkle keyboards not be made like the Rocky’s wouldn't be able to be used. I'm sorry,” he then said and continued, “but there's no longer a job available for you.” And then the scene changed.

“I'm at a hotel here to meet my family who had arrived before me. My mother who has already passed in reality is one of them. I called her on my cell phone to let her know I was checking in. I knew she had arrived a few days earlier. When she answered my call she seemed upset. “What is it, Mom?” I asked. She replied through the phone, “I'm separated from the rest of the family. I'm booked in a separate room on a separate floor by myself.” “Mom, why did they do that?” “I don't know,” came the reply. “What floor are the others on?” I asked. “They're on the second floor in room 219. I'm on the first floor. I'm in room 107, room 107,” she said again. “Did you get that?” She asked, then replied, "room 107.” “I got it, Mom,” I replied. “Mom, I'm coming to your room. I can check in later.” “Okay,” she said, “I'll be standing outside my door.” “Okay, Mom. I'm on my way.” And then the scene changed.

I'm in the hallway standing near my mom, who is still in her upper years, but she's more slender than before she passed away. She is standing in front of a black rollable table. On top of it were pairs of folded black shorts. There was a sign posted on a wall above the table which read “Free for use for our senior women.” I saw my mom and another older woman looking at the shorts. The woman has white grayish hair with some traces of dark hair showing in a few strands. She is wearing glasses. I know her face. She is a woman who posted a video several years back about the 3 Days of Darkness, and the first name if I remember correctly was Linda. The other lady was holding up a pair of black shorts her size. I watched as my mom picked up a pair, too, and she said quickly, “These will do nicely if I decide to go into the pool.” My mom still hadn't noticed I had arrived. “I agree,” the other woman said. I walked up to the table and asked my mom, “Mom, why are you picking out a pair of shorts to wear swimming when you only wear dresses and skirts?”

She looked up at me and said, “Oh! Hi Vicki,” and she turned to the Linda lady and said, “this is my daughter, the one I mentioned to you.” The woman told me “Hello,” and I replied “Hi,” to

her. Then my mom said in her mother-like tone, “I'm picking out a pair of shorts because if I do go into the water I need the shorts to wear beneath my skirt or dress. Otherwise, when the skirt rises, as they do many times when swimming, this way I'm still modestly covered as a woman should be.” The other woman nodded her head in agreement. I had to smile at my mom, and that's my mom, modest all the way. I asked her then, “Mom, which room is yours?” “The one right behind me,” she replied. “You seem to have forgotten about the 107. It's 107. See,” as she pointed her hand to the room behind her. There on the door in gold was the number 107. “How could I have missed it,” I thought. Then, everything froze in place, but for me.

I heard a voice speak to me from behind, “Daughter, My Daughter, I have given you by words, by visions, by dreams like this one, the answers to what you have been seeking. I have given you the season in which these things are set to come to visit America-Babylon and your world…the season of Purim, Second Purim. Also the season of the year, which is Fall. I have shown you the month, pinpointing the week by day of tragedy known to your nation and world. I've even pinpointed for you a designated time, a weekend for the burning of your nation to take place, your Labor Day. The day of birthing of all these things is the start, the beginning, for these things are to be hidden first and not openly seen. You have sought diligently through prayer and fasting in My Name for these truths.”

I turned around to see who was speaking, even though my spirit and soul within me knew already. Standing there in normal clothes like I'm wearing, in a public place, was my Lovely Jesus Christ. His dark brown hair, with slight highlights of natural rust red, I could see under the lighting of the room. He has a matching beard and mustache, and there's great compassion in His piercing blue eyes. “Daughter,” He said softly, “I told you there would be many scoffers and mockers, those of Mine accusing you of being false, although it's plainly seen by those with eyes seeing in truth, your heart is to reach the lost and to rescue them from Satan, Lucifer's, evil grasp. I warned you, My Beloved Daughter, that the enemy would rise up fiercely against all I have shown you and have you share in My Name, Yeshua Ha'Mashiach, and Jesus Christ, as you so lovingly know Me by. This persecution few know the full extent, except for you and Me.”

“But Daughter, oh Daughter of Mine,” He said passionately as His eyes flashed holy fire. “There is a reckoning day coming for all. Many are My own, who have stepped into the role as the Accuser of the Brethren, leaving the enemy very little to do, but pull the strings on My children's back, like puppets they have become. You know this, and yet you still forgive them as I have taught you to do. Now I recompense them for their own actions and words that judge and condemn these things in holy righteousness and justice. Did I not have it recorded and written in My Holy Word given to man, judgment begins in My own house? Reaping day has come for these actions.”

“Now, Beloved Daughter of Mine, every piece of information I have given you, but one, you have diligently searched out its truth. The 107 number given to you for the second time, this time by dream; the first time in the dream where Antichrist, the Man of Sin, was shown whistling "It's A Small World," and the time of 7:01 was reversed to your eyes. It appeared as 1:07. This is as I have shown you, Daughter, as a reversal of time. Yes, because My Beloved Land of Israel is the time piece for all, including these parables, riddles, and clues I have left you as you sought My meanings.”

“You asked to know My heart. My heart and mind are connected, much like yours, so to know one is to know the other. I reveal to you each piece, each step, in Heaven and in Earth’s timeline and now it's through its fruition inside your Earth’s created time. The 1:07 is also a confirmation of the set established day for the burnings to begin in your nation of America, but still Babylon to Me, because she's the evilest of all nations ever to exist thus far. Her sins are grievous. Her actions… wicked and evil, committed by most of the inhabitants that live inside her walls.”

“You are currently living in the last second, the last moment of this prophesied date that has now come to its final ending…” then he paused speaking for a moment. (And He’s talking about the day that His days, His day, is many of our days). I looked at my Lovely Jesus Christ unable to move. He’s right, the onslaught of persecution and wagging tongues by those who refuse to seek and search out His hidden truths, who won't even look up a simple definition to a word to gain a better understanding, but demand all things to mean what they understand and assume His words to mean, has been brutal at times. Because their venom-soaked words has caused others to turn and walk away, not from this ministry, but from our Lovely Jesus Christ, that is the most painfullest part for me to deal with. But He’s also right when He said I have forgiven them. I forgave them, for He can speak no lie. I have forgiven them, everyone. I have learned to focus on the true enemy manipulating them, which are evil demon spirits, and not on the person themselves unless they are deserved as the unsavable inhabitants of our world. My thoughts are interrupted, even though my eyes have never left the face of my Lovely Jesus Christ, who is my Lord, my God, my everything, when I heard Him speak again.

“Daughter, hear these words again: My days run forward, as when I created the beginning of all things inside your firmament when Father spoke, I created. Your 1:07 time, your 107 number, also refers to one out of seven. The first out of seven. Seven days. Remember, My days run forward, always forward. It’s within a quarter, which the Moon has four distinct ones to mark the season. It’s before the Moon is in a parade, this time with the star Antares. I've pinpointed the week, the moment to look for those things to begin on a calendar marking a day of terror for your nation. I gave you the Labor Day weekend burning, with more than one meaning for labor, to ensure understanding of My intentions.”

“Plus, I warned you of the 10 hidden suitcases detonating before evening shades fully falling before your seventh ends, which was mentioned in the Challenge Of The Timing Dream I revealed to you, though you didn't understand it fully at the moment what August 7th in relation to Amos 8:8 and Amos 8:9 meant. It’s connected not as the actual date of August 7th, but in the number of days and their connection to the 3 Days of Darkness. I have shown you how before the seventh ends refers to not one meaning, but several, including the beginning day of your week pinpointed by these things. My seventh day of the week, which covers two days as one, joining the two together and giving you, on your Gregorian calendar, a starting point. I showed you on Facebook, affirming this is a time for sorrows to begin.”

“Daughter, you now have the complete pieces. Now brace for the destruction of your once great nation. Many will be poisoned, some dying while others shall die instantly, or endure burning of the flesh. The 3 Days of Darkness, with only hours between its descent to have the dancing aurora lights seen by all. I’ll not delay this judgment. Nor is it late. It’s right on time. You just

didn't have all the pieces directly connected. This is the final day, the ending second, as man prepares to enter the Tribulation foretold in My Holy Word, as well as My Great Day of Wrath." At these words, I felt myself being pulled away from His holy presence. "Noooo!" I cried out but found myself fully awake in my bed each time. And I found myself saying, "The burning of New York and other places by the suitcase nukes will cause smoke, holy smoke, from holy judgment."

Verses:
1 Timothy 1:13-14; 2:3-4; 3:1-9; Proverbs 11:18; Matthew 7:1-6; Ephesians 4:15; Galatians 6:7-8; Proverbs 22:8; 1 Peter 3:15; Romans 8:17; Matthew 7:7-8; 16-23; Matthew 12:36-37; 13:34-35; 1 Peter 4:13-14; John 12:43; 13:35; Revelation 12:10; 1 Peter 4:17; Matthew 18:22; 1 Timothy 4:1-2; 9-10; 5:24-25; 6:3-16; 17-19.

Now take this to Jesus Christ in prayer, all of every bit of it. Try, test, and discern it as you're called to do. 1 Thessalonians 5:21, prove all things, hold fast to that which is good. Beloved, believe not every spirit, but try the spirits whether they be of God, for many false prophets have gone out into the world. (1 John 4:1) Beloved, that's brothers and sisters in Jesus Christ. Try the spirits. Test, prove them. Why? To see if they're of God; that's what it's meaning.