

The Abyss Dream 1-9-22@3:53 AM

Lord Jesus, precious Savior. I'm here this morning and I dreamed again last night, but I don't understand it all. I have dreamed this more than once and I have hesitated in sharing it. But now I can no longer keep it to myself. I dreamed I was back at one of the underground Fallen Ones/Nephilim hidden facilities, or something like it, but I didn't see myself travel there as I have in past dreams and visions.

It starts with me standing in front of a large, dark, foreboding door with symbols on it. I recognize them. It is the ancient language of the Fallen Ones, the demons. Angels who rebelled against God Jehovah and were cast out of heaven! The Bible tells us they fell from grace because of sin...because of rebellion. I find that once again I can read the symbols, this language, and it reads, "The Abyss!" I don't like the name or the location. Nor do I don't want to be here, but I manage to look around though, and it seems as if I am alone. I somehow managed to get the courage to walk closer to the door and examine it a little further. The door has a lock that has a very large and strange keyhole. At least this is what I will call it, because I have never seen anything like it before! I must say that the name of this door is starting to unnerve me some more. The door itself, if it were possible, looked evil itself. I finally begin looking around at my surroundings, and I see that I am in a network of underground dirt tunnels. There is one behind me and another on each side of me on my left and right. I don't like it here! I don't want to be here! This is not a place that anyone should want to be!

"Jesus! Jesus! Where are you? Why am I here," I asked out loud, but no answer came. I hear a noise in the tunnel to my left. So, I run to the tunnel on the right that is set further back than the one on the left, praying that whatever the noise is, that it will not be entering this tunnel! I know in this dream that I am dreaming, but I am not able to wake myself up, no matter how hard I try. Nor do I know if I can be seen or not. Either way, I am not taking any chances, because apparently, there must be something that my lovely Jesus intends for me to see! I hear voices now, and I flatten myself further against the side of the tunnel wall if that's possible, but I can still see the entrance way from the direction in which the voices are coming from, and now I hear the sound of something being rolled.

I see two figures emerging from the inside of the tunnel. One of them is a very tall giant of a man, if you can call him a man. I say this because he is grotesquely deformed. His head is smaller than that of a normal sized human, and on his giant body it looks so very small. He has no hair, and his skin is pale with a tint of blue to his light gray colored skin. His back is hunched, yet his arms are bulging with strength. He wears nothing more than an animal skin loincloth! As he is speaking, my eyes are drawn somehow to his mouth. He yawns in mid-speech and I see his teeth! "Jesus," I say to myself, "he has two rows of teeth!" This man is a Nephilim! An offspring of a human mother and a demon father. A fallen angel! "This is not good," I thought to myself, "not good at all!" There is another man with this Nephilim giant who is the size of an average male that I know somehow is also a Nephilim. They apparently come in an assortment of colors and sizes. I really don't want to be here, but I am, so I try to observe and take in the details. This one is dark headed with his hair cut short, and his face is clean-shaven.

This one is fully dressed and is wearing light tan, colored slacks, a white, and blue striped, long sleeve shirt that button's up. Over his clothes, he wore a white lab coat, type garment, but the material is of a fabric material that I'm not familiar with even though I have worked in fabric for many years of my life in reality. I notice a patch on the right, front side of his lab coat which I recognize from a prior dream as well too. This patch is of the Fallen Ones language, and it identifies him as a Nephilim and ranking high in bio and medical sciences. The regular size dark haired Nephilim is now speaking. "Come on Ka'al-ez. We have to get these placed in here with the others." This is when I noticed what was making the sound of rolling wheels. They had brought with them a large metal case, a container on wheels. The body of the container is made of some type of silver metal alloy that is about four feet wide and eight feet high and is sitting on four black rubber wheels. I can tell the top opens by the handle I see protruding from it. But I also notice what looks like a digital control locking mechanism and small control panel with push buttons and a large, turn style knob on the front of it.

"I don't see why I have to help you to bring them down here to the Abyss. Randolph, you know I don't like being around them! You should have gotten Roster to help," I hear the giant name Ka'al-ez complain loudly. The dark-haired Nephilim named Randolph responded, "And take a chance of one of these escaping while we wait for him! Ka'al-ez you forget that we have part human DNA, and we certainly aren't sealed by God." He spat the name of God out of his mouth as if it had left a vile taste in his mouth. At the mention of whatever was inside, possibly escaping seemed to sober the giant Nephilim immediately and into a more serious attitude, but not before he let out a series of explicit curse words and said, "I understand." "Get the door and I will prepare the case, so we can transfer them without any problems," Randolph instructed him as he pulled out a large odd shape key out of his right pocket. He hands it to Ka'al-ez who takes it grudgingly, then he walks to the control panel on the front of the metal case on wheels.

Ka'al-ez lumbers over to the door and quickly unlocks it with the large, strange looking key. This is when I now notice that the door has a big, thick metal ring for a door handle. The door is heavy! I can tell by the way Ka'al-ez's muscles bulge in his arms as he pulls open the door with both hands on the door ring. As the door is opening, I hear a creaking noise and immediately the tunnels are filled with a horrible, horrible smell. "Jesus, Jesus, get me out of here," I whisper. I don't want to be here. Jesus? What's in the case? Why am I here?" The questions kept tumbling from my lips. Sweat has formed upon my forehead, and my breathing has now become heavy gasps, because as soon as the door opens, I know great evil lurks inside. "Jesus, cover me under your blood. I plead for you to help me. I plead your blood over me now! You said that we are made overcomers by your blood and through our testimony! I'm declaring to you right now, Jesus, that I can't do this without you, and I am asking you to help me in your mighty name. I rebuke this spirit of fear trying to overtake me in your mighty name, Jesus! Instantly I felt a calmness spread over me where panic had just been. Then peace, even though all of my senses are screaming, "Danger!!! Red alert!!! Red alert!!!" I watch as Ka'al-ez walks back to the case and Randolph, and he begins pushing and pulling the big metal cart on wheels to the entrance of the room named "The Abyss!"

"What do I do," I hear myself ask in a whisper? Suddenly, I feel a light touch upon my right shoulder, and I hear the sweetest voice...his voice... as he whispers softly into my ear. "You follow them, daughter!" I turn my head to the right where the voice came from, and I see it's my

lovely Jesus. Relief washes over me and tears begin forming in my eyes. "He's here! He has not abandoned me," I said within myself. "No, I haven't Daughter," he said, reading my very thoughts, then continuing and saying, "You must go inside the room!" "Jesus, that room is the Abyss... the Abyss," I said excitedly. Is this the same Abyss as in the Bible? Do you know what's inside the Abyss? I do!!! I've read it and Revelation chapter 9 tells me all about it." "Yes, Daughter, I know, but you must be brave and come with me," he said softly, yet firmly. Then I realize how foolish I am being. Here's my lovely Jesus who is all powerful and Lord over all...over everything. He has no trouble in keeping me safe, because he's in control of all things, and I'm standing here still hugging a wall. He smiles gently to me, again reading my mind, and then reaches and takes me by my hand and simply says, "Come." I followed. He is my everything. I will go where he leads or sends me. "Forgive me Jesus for hesitating," I whisper. "Daughter," he responds, "you overcame fear by the power of my holy name. You have taken the steps of faith to trust me and to walk in obedience before me. I am pleased. Now come."

By this time, Ka'al-ez and Randolph are entering the doorway. I hear Ka'al-ez yell at Randolph, "Hey, I only opened the first door. We'll have to open the elevator door when we get to it. Randolph nodded his head in understanding. They pass quickly through the entrance way, then Jesus gently pulls me away from the entrance of the right tunnel, where I had been hiding from the Nephilim's view. "Come Daughter," he said and began leading the way to the door leading to the Abyss. As we are walking, I can't keep from asking him, "Can they see us?" "And what if they can," he replies quickly, answering my question with a question of his own. Then he smiled at me again and said, "All power and authority is given to me from my Father, Daughter. What would they be able to do to you? All of hell's combined forces cannot stop me!" "You're right," I told him, feeling slightly foolish now for asking the question. "Little daughter, never be afraid to ask your questions, but know this. I shall only answer with truth." I smiled back at him, for his words have caused me to feel much better. When Randolph and Ka'al-ez had passed through the Abyss' door, they hadn't shut the ancient door behind them and with Jesus leading the way, we walked boldly into the room. It's not what I expected it to be, but then again, I really had no idea what would be behind an ancient door with the name "The Abyss" on it.

As soon as I fully entered, I felt cold, like the coldness of death just before a soul passes to their eternity. Yet, I feel heat, horrible, terrible heat at the same time. The odorous smell inside is foul, yet strange. I shook my head, not liking the foul odor or the combination of heat and cold at the same time. I see another dirt tunnel, but this one is larger than the others prior ones and leads downward in a deep slope. "I bet Ka'al-ez and Randolph had a difficult time trying to get that cart down this very deep slope without it tilting it," I thought to myself with a small smile. "They did, Daughter, that is why there are two of them needed to handle the cart," my Jesus spoke to me in a knowing voice. He did it again! He read my mind without me saying anything out loud. "Where are we going, Jesus?" "Down, Daughter, straight down into the abyss," he responded! "Do we have to Jesus," I asked, hoping he would change his mind or that I had heard him incorrectly? "Remember, Jesus, I've read the whole Bible, including Revelation. I know what's inside the abyss," I said nervously. "Daughter, you know only what I have revealed to my servants, the prophets of old. There are some mysteries that have not unfolded until now." Immediately, I knew there's still more, much more that we have not heard of yet. I took one more look at the steep, steep path, then finally looked at the rest of my surroundings. To my right, I notice a large metal door that is inset directly into the wall of the tunnel. To the left of it is a

small square electrical panel. They both look so out of place with the dirt and the charring on the floors and ceiling of this tunnel.

This has to be an elevator, I deduced and must be how Randolph and Ka'al-ez are getting the big metal case on wheels to the lower levels of the abyss without traveling down the steep, steep path that lies ahead, because I realize there is no way their metal case is going to make it straight down this sloping path leading to the abyss. I heard Jesus say, "Yes, Daughter, they took the elevator! Again, he read my mind! "The elevator looks so out of place from the dirt and charring of this tunnel," I said. "The Abyss has been here since ancient days, Daughter of faith, but the need grew for its modernization of a delivery system to gain access to the pit, the abyss." "Why is the abyss also called the pit," I asked my lovely Jesus? "Because it is the deepest, lowest part of Sheoul and locked away inside of it are beings that are not to be released until their appointed time" he said seriously! "Beings, Jesus," I asked? "Are they demons," I asked, not really wanting to go any further or to hear his response. "Daughter, the beings inside the abyss have been reserved for the time of trouble upon your world! This time is now. Soon what lies inside this pit shall be unleashed upon your world." "But, Jesus, you are talking about chapter nine in Revelation in the Bible, your holy word," I replied. "Yes, Daughter, I am," he said softly. I didn't respond, but I began walking faster to close up the slight distance between us. I want to be as close to him as I can get! We walked in comfortable silence, for I was at total peace even though I knew I was in what I call the heart, the pit of hell! Jesus is with me! I do not have fear or panic, no longer inside my heart.

We go deeper. Down ...down ...down, and Jesus has taken me by the hand now, because the path has gotten so very steep. This place stinks! I have no words to describe the foulness of the odor, and the air itself looks dark with the presence of great evil. Yet, around Jesus and me is a yellowish glow, and I know in this dream that this is his glory that is covering us. All of a sudden, the path opens up into one humongous cavern. There are pools of liquid flames and black smoke billowing everywhere. I see what looks like miles and miles of charred dirt on the ground and cavern walls. I don't like it here, nor do I don't want to be here, but Jesus is with me, so I will be okay. The ground seems to crack with every step we take as we advance further into the abyss, so I stopped. Jesus looked at me with a raised eyebrow and a questioning look, even though I knew he was reading my very thoughts. I blurted out in a low voice, "I don't want Ka'al-ez and Randolph to hear us. The ground crunches so loud," I said. I noticed I was feeling great heat from the flaming pools of fire, and the billowing black smoke. "Daughter of faith, they cannot hear you, but if they could, what do you think they would do to you," Jesus said to me softly then continued, "I am all powerful!" I looked at him, feeling convicted by my lack of trust. "Forgive me Jesus. Forgive me. You are right," I said with a repented heart. "All is forgiven, little one. Now, please let us continue. I have something to show you," he said to me softly, yet with great authority. We enter further into this large cavern and the heat is oppressive and stifling. But I know my lovely Jesus is protecting me from the full force of the fire's heat.

I look around and let out a loud gasp. Here in the middle of this pit, this abyss, is a very, very large container that reaches to the ceiling of this great cavern. This container in this dream, I know, is made out of some type of indestructible material that we don't possess on the top side of the earth. It looks like both plastic, glass and metal at the same time, and it's clear! I can see through it. There inside it looks like swarming locust. It looks like there are millions of them

inside it. There standing in front of this massive, giant container is Randolph and Ka'al-ez with their metal case on wheels. I see attached to the front of this huge container with the swarming locust is a silver, crinkly hose. The other end is attached to the metal case that the Nephilim rolled in here. Apparently, the top of the rollable metal case lifts up and this is where the crinkly hose attaches to it. I recognize this crinkly hose as the bendable metal I have seen one other time in one of the hidden, underground Nephilim facilities that Jesus has also taken me to at a different time. The side of the metal case is opened revealing, inside it, also a clear container made of this indestructible material too I know somehow in this dream. I watched as the Nephilim man named Randolph activated the control panel on the silver metal case, and I began hearing a noise like the sound of a blower. I can see the clear container inside the metal case has locust swarming inside it too. Furthermore, I watch as they are being sucked from the metal case's container and into the crinkly, silver hose. Then suddenly, when all are inside the hose, I hear a clicking noise that activates a piece of metal that drops behind the locust to where they can no longer reenter the metal cases' container. The funny thing is, I don't see them exiting into the large humongous container either. But how can they with many locusts swarming all around in the inside of this container? Now I realize somehow in this dream that there is a piece of a mesh screen that is covering the end of the hose attached to the massive container with the millions of swarming locusts. I watch as Randolph then turns to a small control panel on the right of the hose attachment location that I hadn't noticed before, because his body had been blocking my view of it. He then pressed some buttons as Ka'al-ez walked over to the control panel on the metal cases' container where he turned, to the right, a half dollar size knob.

By the sound of the blower's noise, the force of the wind has increased. Now I hear what sounds like screams of hatred coming from the locust inside, the crinkly hose still trapped inside. The increased force of the blower's wind has cleared the locust inside the large container that had been blocking the entrance to the massive container. I see Randolph press a green button, and a clicking noise is heard. About fifty of these locusts are shot out of the crinkly hose, then quickly it clicks again, trapping the angry locust inside with the others. Then Randolph presses a red button, and a piece of this indestructible, metal, place plastic drops into place behind them sealing the humongous container once again and trapping all the millions of swarming locusts inside. Ka'al-ez lets out a string of foul curse words and yells as he asks, "Randolph, did you see how many were in the case? They keep multiplying!" "Yes, I know, Ka'al-ez. We have been unable to control their dividing into another by fission. They are out of our control. That's why our sixteen is now forty-nine according to the digital counter built into our case that counts how many goes in, then how many goes out." Ka'al-ez curses again and then says, "I think this is one experiment they should leave alone! If one of them gets out, it will attack those of us who are not full Nephilim...those of us who have more human DNA than demon. Did you see what happened to Carldrezo when one got out and stung him repeatedly, while biting him with those razor-sharp teeth? You would think, since we have part of the same demon DNA, that they would leave us alone!"

"The locusts," Randolph said, "are loyal to no one! They hate all! Even our master Lucifer. We have created a genetically modified creature of the combined DNA of a human male, the stinging scorpion, and of our fathers the Fallen Ones who fell to earth after the uprising in heaven's gates." "But why did they have to add the graphene, Randolph? You're the brainy one! Why add that into the mixture, because now their bodies have become like armor. It's almost like the

exoskeleton suits we made for the loyal humans of ours. Oh, yea, and tell me why if they are uncontrollable, then why continue to experiment more on them? They're already indestructible! They won't die!" "That's not quite true," Randolph replied. I don't like it either, but we have to keep experimenting on them until we can repair their one weakness!" "And what is that," Ka'al ez asked? "When exposed to the upper ground's air, their life span only lasts for five months. Exactly five months to the day when they're exposed! We can find no explanation for it, except God (and he spat the name of God out as if it was leaving a vile taste in his mouth) is not allowing us to correct this flaw in our hybrid, genetically altered and modified locust." "But Randolph, we can't even control their dividing! They had been in this metal case for how long? Two days?" "No, Kra'al-ez, it was four," Randolph replied. Four days and they went from sixteen to forty-nine!" "Come on, Randolph," Kra'al-ez said angrily, then continued and asked, "why aren't they trying to stop them from their dividing?" Randolph looked at the container thoughtfully, his brilliant mind searching for answers but finding none. I knew this in my dream somehow that he is very smart. Then I heard Randolph say to Kra'al-ez. "We can't! We are not able to control the fission process either. It appears that God, and again he spat God's name with hatred, wants them to multiply."

"But why," Ka'al-ez asked in horror? He did not like these locusts, and the thought of God being in control and not his master Satan left him unnerved. Quite frankly, though, I don't like these locusts either! I continue to watch and listen with Jesus standing on my right side. Randolph shifted uncomfortably, as if what he was going to say was not to his liking. "Kra'al-ez, the scriptures of truth from the halls of heaven, tells of such locusts located in the abyss that will be opened and used by God at his appointed time!" "What," yelled Kra'al-ez followed by another string of foul curse words! Why in the --- ---- ---- did Satan command us to create these things if Jehovah God is going to take control of them?" "Lucifer... Satan says he can change this prophecy. The demon locust had to be manufactured, because they are found written in the scripture of truth, but he has every intention of being able to control them with the aid of the AI programming and has already worked also on the topside of the earth," Randolph said matter-of-factly." I can't help but notice that all those who serve Satan are deceived in so many ways. Here they know the scriptures of truth, the word of God must come to pass and that God is in control. Yet, they have been convinced by Satan that he is powerful enough to change part of the very scriptures that they can't keep from coming into existence. I shook my head and then glanced up at my lovely Jesus who smiled a knowing smile at me having just read my thoughts again. I hear Randolph speaking again, so I turn my attention back toward the two Nephilim. "Once Lucifer gains control of the locust through the AI programming, then they will be added to his army he is procuring and making for the battle of Armageddon still to come where we will defeat that vile Nazarene!!!"

"So," Ka'al-ez said, his mind beginning to finally understand, "we keep experimenting on them, so we can control them when they are released! Hey Randolph," Ka'al-ez said then laughed a horrendous, evil laugh. "That ole Nazarene doesn't even have the key. We do," and he held up the key to the abyss for Randolph to see. Randolph looked at him with loathing and said, "Really Ka'al-ez, you should study the scriptures of truth, so you can understand our enemy better! "What do you mean? You know I don't like putting that holy trash into my mind," Ka'al-ez answered back hatefully. "I'm just saying Ka'al ez, if you would read the scriptures then you would know that when it comes to keys, that the Nazarene has a way of retrieving them from

our master Lucifer with no problem,” Randolph replied. “What do you mean, Randolph?” “Ka’al-ez..... Calvary...the Nazarene’s last trip here concerning the master’s keys, Randolph said with loathing. “Oh,” he said as he let out another line of vulgar and explicit curse words then said, “you mean when he made our master hand over the keys to death and hell?” Then Ka’al-ez lets out another string of curses then asks, “Do you think he will do such an underhanded, dirty trick again, Randolph?” “Ka’al-ez, the Nazarene, does not operate in deceit. If you study the scriptures of truth, then you would realize this. It is his right, if he so chooses, to do so at any moment in time. If orders come from heaven, then Lucifer will have to obey and give the key to whomever he sends.” Ka’al-ez lets out more cursing then asks, “How is it that there are some things our master doesn’t have control over when he is the one who tells us he is all powerful and just lets God think he is?”

“Our master Lucifer is cunning and wise. He has a plan to change the words of some of the prophecies! He will defeat the filthy (cuss cuss) Nazarene at the battle of Megiddo because this battle is written in the scriptures so, it must be fought. This is where our master says we will have the upper hand,” Randolph said hastily. He continues and said, “Lucifer is creating a massive army through his DNA altering fake vaccines, genetic modifications and by other means, so, when it comes to those who choose his mark, also called the mark of the beast by our enemies, the last inoculation will finish the mutating of the people. Then they will no longer even resemble the humans that the God in heaven created and loves so much. But will be Lucifer’s own altered creation he will now control.” “Ha! Ha! Ha,” Ka’al-ez laughed wickedly then said, “I can hardly wait!” “Enough,” Randolph said sharply. We need to get back to the labs. Lucifer demands results.” “Okay,” Ka’al-ez said sulkily. He apparently did not like being reprimanded by Randolph who he was looking at with hate filled eyes.

This is when I realized there is loyalty among Satan’s people to one another! Only to oneself, or to their master Satan who demands it from them! I watch them disconnect the crinkly silver hose, shut the doors on the metal case then together, they roll it into the large waiting elevator. As the door closed behind them, I turned toward Jesus and asked. “Why did you allow them to talk about you this way, Jesus?” I was angry in my spirit that they would talk about my lovely Jesus that way, but I had held quiet until now. He looked at me with a look of great sadness that shook me to my core, and then he softly spoke these words. “It’s an everyday occurrence below the earth’s crust and above as well as above ground, for people are given free choice.” “But you’re holy, Jesus.” “Yes, Daughter, and they are not! They are affected by the evilness of sin.” I looked down at the burnt charred ground with its fire pools all around, billowing with black smoke all around, because these words my Jesus has spoken have brought tears to my eyes. I feel his tender hand under my chin and he lifts my head up. When my eyes lock with his crystal blue, fiery eyes, I see in their depths both pain and love inside, and the tears begin streaming down my face. “Daughter of faith,” he said gently to me. “It’s only for a season. Time is at its end, and soon after my thousand-year reign, a new heaven, a new earth shall be brought down. Then there will be no need for this to be remembered anymore.” He then reaches over and with his right hand, gently wipes the tears from my eyes. I smiled wanly at him. “It’s okay, my Daughter of Faith,” he said softly. “It’s okay! Now I want you to take a closer look at the locust in this container. They are the one’s foretold in ancient writings in my holy scriptures, your holy Bible.”

“I really would rather not Jesus,” I said, “because they already sound like a mighty roaring army with a low, metal ringing noise. But I will Jesus, because you have asked me.” He smiled lovingly at me and then took me by my right hand. We walk together, hand in hand the few feet to this huge massive container filled with these horrible demon locusts. When I look inside, I can’t help but gasp out loud and say, “There’s so many! There must be millions of them.” “No, Daughter of faith, the correct numerical value would be in the billions,” my lovely Jesus said in a firm voice. “Billions, Jesus, why so many?” I asked, stunned by all I was seeing inside this container. “Because my daughter, at their soon coming appointed time they will be released upon your world, and any man, any person who is found without my seal, the seal of my Father God upon their foreheads will be attacked by them! This is why their numbers are so great and still increasing,” Jesus replied. “Locust attacks in swarms don’t they Jesus,” I asked tentatively? “So, it’s not going to be a single strike from these demon, hybrid locusts’ tails, but many swarming them at one time, isn’t it Lord?” “This is a fair assessment,” he said to me. “But Jesus,” I asked, “if they are uncontrollable, then how will they know to only strike those unsealed by Father God?” “There is one who’s called Abaddon who will control them at the appointed time, and he will not be able to do anything but what Father God ordains. Yet, even with all that’s at stake, Abaddon, or Apollyon as he is also named, will take great joy and pleasure leading these locusts onto the population, for he is a demon, a fallen angel who has no compassion or love! He will do this task gleefully, yet with hatred for me, because he can only do what Father God has allowed and found written in the holy word, my scriptures of truth, your Holy Bible. The Holy Scripture that is found unaltered and not laced with false truths.”

“Look closer Daughter,” Jesus said to me. “They’re swarming Jesus. It’s hard to see them individually,” I said. “Be still,” he simply said and immediately they every one settled down to where I could see each one individually. “They’re horrible!” I exclaimed. I see that each locust has the same face which is the face of a man, yet, their eyes are red and yellow with no white pupils! They appear to be identical in all ways! They each have long hair like a woman’s, with the color almost that of a dirty blonde shade with rust running through it. I can’t help but look in amazement at what looks like some type of gold helmet with antennas that gives it the appearance of a crown on each locusts’ head. I immediately realized in this dream, that these helmet crowns are how they are attempting to control these locusts and that means they are somehow connected to the AI system! But they will fail in this I know, because the locust will only be allowed to do what my God tells them to do. The roaring noise I had heard earlier must have been made from their wings, and the metal sound appears to be upon closer observation what looks like some kind of metal exoskeleton that covers the chest of each locust. As I looked closer, all of a sudden, they all bared their teeth at me. I was startled but stood my ground. I noticed that their teeth were all razor sharp like that of lion’s teeth. “Jesus,” I cried out, “with all these modifications they are like a massive army already prepared for the upcoming battle.” “Yes, Daughter, they are.”

I backed away from the container, having decided I had seen enough. “I don’t want to be here on the earth when they are released, Jesus,” I said shakily. “I don’t want to have to witness people getting attacked with having no means of helping them! Please, Jesus, please come get your bride and take us home now,” I pleaded with him. He looked at me with love and longing then said softly, “You know Daughter of Faith, the appointed time for me to return is only known by the Father. All those who will be attacked by these locusts will be so by their own choice when

they fail to accept me as their Savior, for their failure to repent of their sins. It will be their own decisions that place them into this position to be attacked.” “Then why are you showing me this Jesus,” I asked then continued, “what’s the reason?” “So dear daughter, you will keep warning my people that these things are still coming! All that is found written in my holy scriptures shall all come to pass. Pray for your lost...all the lost, so, they will be the ones to receive me and escape such torments that are still coming upon your world.”

“My returning is not an escape exit for my church, my bride only, but a joyous occasion when we are finally together forever. No more to be separated ever again! But you should be praying for my return in eagerness of being with me and not only to escape such things. I have warned you that you would have to endure some things, that persecution shall fall heavily upon my children. But he or she who endures until the end shall be saved.” At these last words spoken to me from my lovely Jesus, I awoke instantly! I’ve struggled within myself and have been in much prayer and fasting on whether to share this dream or not! I have delayed writing it down until this journal date entry. But the Holy Spirit warned me that this information is needed to be shared, no matter what some people will say or think. So, here I am again, Jesus Christ ... sounding the alarm once again for what’s coming and asking my fellow brothers and sisters in Christ to join with me in prayer for the truth of all these things to be revealed and received in your name Jesus! Also, that it will instill in us an all-consuming desire to reach the lost...all the lost, no matter the cost to ourselves. May we never forget sweet Jesus, that in all things, you are good.

Verses

2 Timothy 3:16, Matthew 5:18, Revelation 1:18; 9: 1-11; 22:18-20