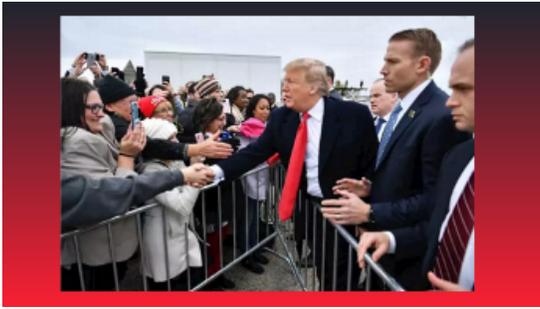


## Radiation - Regional Fallout - 911

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September 7, 2019

Thank You, Lord, for preparing our hearts. Please grant us the graces necessary to pray these things will not happen. Amen.

My precious family, I have been waiting for more detail on what supposedly would be an attack on American soil. I warned you about it a few days ago and was waiting for more details. Then Ezekiel had this dream. That was yesterday.

### **Ezekiel's Dream of the Radiation Bombs**

I got to sleep at 5:00 this morning and had a four-hour dream about radiation fallout. I woke up and checked the time on my phone. It was precisely 9:11.

Now I'm gonna tell you we were okay. We were protected somehow. Remember, that the brothers who were together praying the Rosary were completely protected from all radiation at Nagasaki. They were also right there at ground zero.

It all seemed very Americana, summer time. It seemed like these little old guys were tinkering in their little back yard sheds. It looked innocent enough. And there were several people involved, not living IN the cities, nor the suburbs of the cities but just beyond that. The kind of area where people would have a couple of acres of land, but close enough to the airports and the cities that it wouldn't be more than a 10-minute drive.

They had what looked like capsules, almost like if you see the lights on a runway when you land in a plane. Those beacon lights. Only it was like two of them put together, like a capsule on a pill. Once I saw what they did, the after-effects, I just felt strongly like these were capsules full of a highly radioactive substance - uranium or something like that.

But regardless, they were just normal, everyday people. One guy looked as though he was in his 30's. He took one of these over to what looked like kind of warehouse/factory area. And one of the buildings had a glass front and was lit at night with lights shining back on the building from the landscaping. And I had the sense that this capsule could be detonated from a distance, or was on a timer.

This man left one there and set it off. And in the distance, maybe a quarter of a mile, you could see another one going off. These were just regular, everyday people, living in Mom and Pop houses. But when the capsules went off, there were definite and immediate mushroom clouds. But it wasn't this huge thing like at a missile range here in New Mexico where they tested the A-bomb.

The bombs covered an area of maybe 12 city blocks. We have mountains here, and they would cap certain peaks. So, it wasn't the initial big damage from these things, because they were very small. It was

the after-effects. And these mushroom clouds were kind of strange, 'cause they were the real deal. But they'd come down like it was a plastic globe, cupped down over an area. I don't know what was released and what happened inside of those globes, but I know that there was radiation fallout adrift. And whichever the wind blows, it carries this fallout. It felt like 4 hours...being in this dream. But we were moving from one place, then to another place, seeing these things happening.

The last part of the dream was short. I know we're not on real good terms with China, and especially with their whole import and export policy right now. But I had a guitar someone had made for me--a harp guitar made in China. It took three weeks to get here, and it was in a cardboard box.

In the dream, there were two just normal, regular guitars that were shipped in these cardboard boxes that were off-sided and triangular. I thought it was a little bit strange, because the first place where this guy had set off one of these capsule-looking bombs, there was a short runway, a landing strip. Just like for small aircraft. Small planes, private pilot. Kind of a little regional airport.

Right smack in the middle of this industrial/business warehouse place--outside of the suburbs--there was a dark-haired girl who looked very oriental. Which ties in once again with China. Things are coming from China, and she had these guitars, these two guitars that had been shipped from China. Just lying on the ground, out on the lawn. Again, it was kind of nighttime. I think by this time; it was breaking dawn and it had gotten on into morning.

It was about this time of the year. Either late summer or early fall. Everything was still green.

So, she's in the grass, sitting down, in a flat area. It seemed to be to the west of a mountain range. Like the foothills, the high desert, the flat area of a mountain range. It was very obvious that she was kind of running through what she was supposed to do, over and over and over again, so she did it just right. I don't know if there was a catch release system or what. But once that cardboard top was pulled back and open when you flipped that cardboard top back--the guitar itself had a measure of this radioactive substance in it. A small plane came in, and they put both guitars on it. The plane itself was modified. It was like the old planes back in the 2nd World War that had bomb bay doors, where they'd just sit in the belly of the plane, it would open, and the bomb drop.

Well, this was kind of like that but on a modern and much smaller scale. I can't tell you how much uranium was in these guitars, but when they'd get over certain parts. And they were flying low, so low to the ground. That door would open, she'd pull the cardboard back and just slam that bomb bay door shut. But you could see outside. The box would just kind of lay out there, skid along the runway, open. I never saw the first one flip over, but the second one busted up.

In the dream, I could see as if you could visibly see the radiation part was coming up and out. No mushroom clouds with these. This was just--open these containers or whatever was inside the guitars, no explosion or anything. But they held the containers with uranium inside. There was a catch or a pull or switch or something where it would pop open and just let it loose in the atmosphere.

And the second guitar was maybe a mile away from there, if that far. Same thing. Real close to the ground in an open area. The plane would look like it was landing almost. Sometimes they call it a touch and go at the airport, where a pilot would come in, touch the runway and take off again.

And this thing was so low, this modified small engine plane, with only her and a pilot--it was skimming the ground. She'd pop that door open in the belly of this little tube of a little private plane, a twin engine plane. She had cut the banding that held the cardboard box in place, for the guitar to stay there. Slide it out the same as she did before, and it skidded along maybe on grass or gravel or rocks--but it hit something. It caught something and it caused it to turn over and over and over--flipped it. Caused it to roll and just bust open. The whole guitar just splintered. When she pulled the cardboard lid up, it tripped a switch to time just within a few seconds where it would release this stuff. And it did.

Then I woke up, which is very unusual for me in my situation--to just sleep four hours and pop up wide awake from a dream like that. So, I thought I'd better check the time. 9:11. I thought I'd better see if this was from the Lord at all. And the Scriptures I got were about God's Faithfulness. But the second one was very exact, in a little more detail. Simply: Lord, let me know how many days I have to live, that my time here is very short.

(Clare) I want to add that all of us in the core prayer team, about 6, have been getting 911 flashes on their phones and clocks. Also, readings about death and preparation for our death.

My dear ones, I don't know where you live, but I am asking you, please. If you have any unforgiveness, please go and make peace with whoever it is. If you have any bitterness, forgive. Ask the Lord to take those bitter seeds from your heart. Come to the Lord in a state of serious contrition, because you may be exposed to these deadly substances and not be able to make your peace with others. Remember, God cannot forgive you unless you forgive others. Jesus Himself spoke these very words in the Lord's supper. Forgiveness is not an option; it is a necessity if you want to be forgiven for your sins. That's in Matthew 6, by the way.

Jesus began, *"My precious Heartdwellers. I wish that none should die in their sins, and for this reason I am asking you to prepare for your death. What do I mean by this? I want you to do a life review and write down any sins you have forgotten and not repented for. I want you to make peace with your families. This is so very important for you personally, and what will happen immediately after your death. And how they will live out the rest of their years. I wish to leave no doors open for bitterness, resentment, open wounds, false guilt, and all the other things the enemy uses to get you to swallow the hook and get reeled in. If you are at odds with anyone, please go and make peace with them for both of your sakes.*

*"When you leave a door open from a hurtful incident, you are setting up that person to be sifted and tormented with false guilt, or even real guilt, for the remainder of their years. Do not allow this with anyone. Rather, bring closure. There are those who will not be touched by these events if they are permitted to happen; but there are many more who will.*

*"I am asking of you two things: a life review with apologies and forgiveness, and fervent prayer that these events will not be permitted.*

*"There are still many, especially in suburbia, who have not responded to My pleas to live a holy life. They have turned a deaf ear and continued on their way, never taking the time to find out about their President but condemning him for his openness.*

*"Yes, the others do these things behind your backs, the ones that you do vote for. They murder, they steal, and they laugh you to scorn--because you go no deeper than a man's manner of speech. And so, they have*

*played you very successfully.*

*"President Trump has not even dreamt of the kind of things these men and women do for entertainment, torturing and killing little children. Yet he is gruff and up front. Not to be taken lightly. Yes, he can be rude and crude, but nothing like what the others have made a practice of for decades; abducting and torturing, killing children so numerous they can no longer be counted.*

*"If this incident is not stopped by your prayers, this is the very group that will suffer the most loss. I am calling to you, My army of intercessors, to pray this event is thwarted. Pray that My Father lifts His Hand and stops what is to be a most cruel onslaught attack on American soil.*

*"There is hope if you will pray. There is also hope, if you repent for the sins of your lives and repent for this nation."*

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Heart Dwellers

<http://heartdwellers.org/>

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