

Dream by Emily Hobbs Miller
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I was in an open area and could see a vehicle in the distance. The vehicle was still at first but then slowly began moving towards a tall gate. I was also walking towards the gate, but not beside the vehicle. I saw "Uncle Sam" and an unidentified woman beside the vehicle. Uncle Sam and the unidentified woman began to speak to me, specifically about the vehicle and how nice it was. The vehicle was a green sedan and clearly quite nice. I stated, more than once, things along the lines of "I'll have one of those one day" "I am going to get one of those!" Uncle Sam told me that if I wanted one I should come closer to make sure I wrote down the vehicle model. I told him it was okay, I wasn't worried about it- my husband would let me get whatever type of vehicle I want. In my mind, I knew something that this woman and Uncle Sam did not- we would soon be able to purchase whatever we wanted. Uncle Sam told me, again, that I should come over and take a look at the vehicle. It was now at the gate. I walked over and saw that it had a stand-up hood emblem in the shape of a leaf. The vehicle was called a "Gardener". Immediately, a balloon was in my hand. I looked up and saw that Donald Trump's face was on the balloon. Once I saw Donald Trump's face, a tree shot out from the ground. It was a palmetto tree - I could not see the top, but I knew it to be a palmetto tree because of the trunk of the tree- the crisscross, pointy patterns. A crowd was now gathered around. The balloon's string started to wrap around the trunk of the tree. As it did, it caught my finger, cutting off circulation. My mother (whom I believe to be a representation of Holy Spirit in my dreams) was on the phone with me and told me to tell the string to release. It did. The tree started going higher. The balloon string started wrapping again and caught my finger again, pulling it tighter against the tree trunk. Again, my "mother"/Holy Spirit instructed me to tell the balloon to release. This occurred at least three times, with each time causing more pressure against my finger and hand- each time that I told the balloon to release it did. The crowd was chuckling at this repeated issue. Right before I woke up I told my mother/Holy Spirit that someone needed to tell my husband to come and help me control this balloon before either my finger or the string snapped. I knew that I couldn't let go of the balloon and of course didn't want to lose a finger or my hand.