



YAHWEH'S LAST WAR



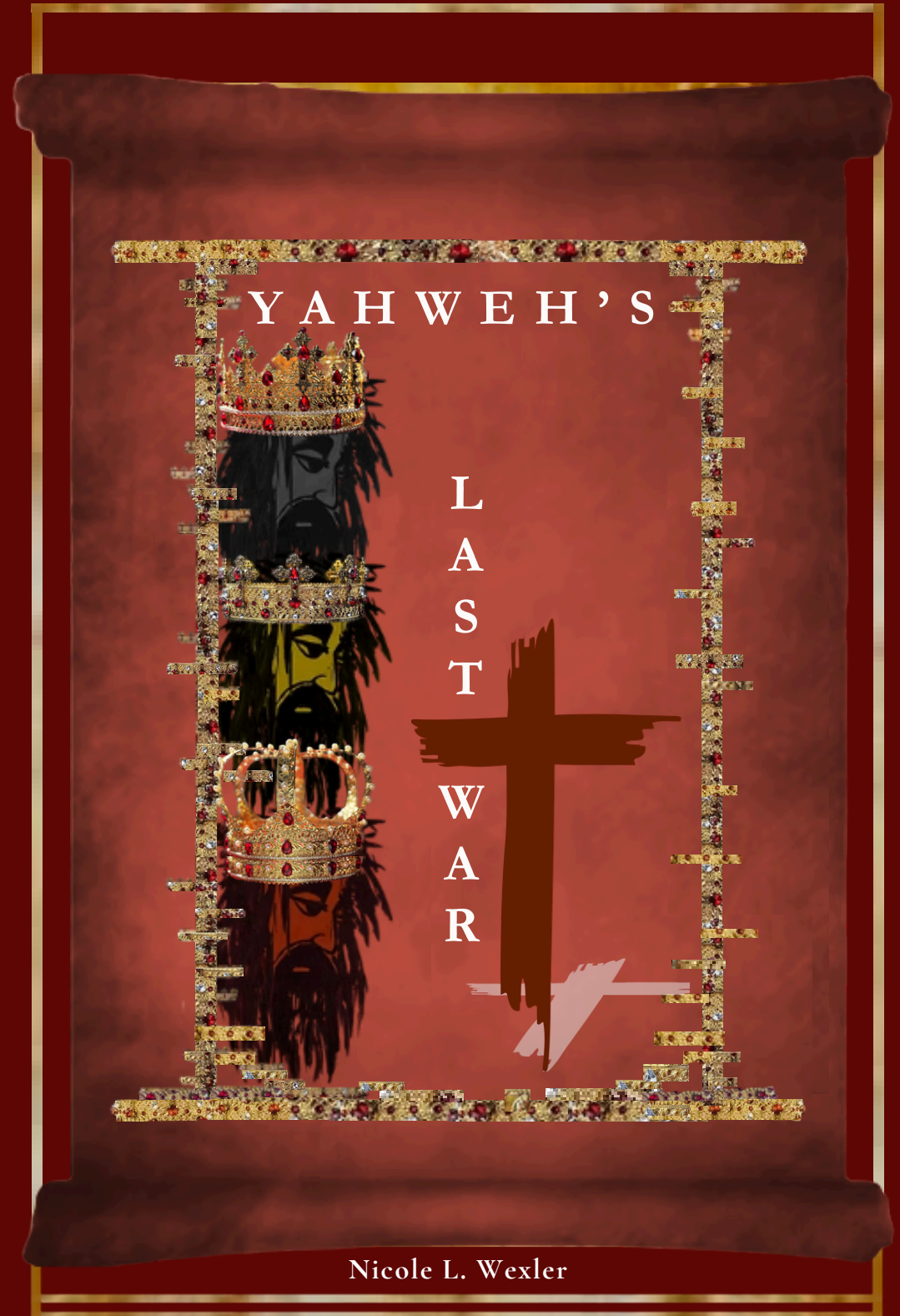
JESUS CHRIST RETURNS IN OUR LIFETIME.
THIS TESTAMENT MUST BE WRITTEN FOR THE
UNFOLDING END TIMES AND THE LAST WAR.

HEREIN IS THE ATHEIST WHO FOLLOWED GOD
THROUGH AN AWAKENING AND TO THE
FULFILLMENT OF THIS TESTAMENT.

My awakening was an unexpected experience when I
peered beyond my own perception and wondered with
God to a higher place. His spirit shook deeper, His voice
held longer, and His visions poured.

**Acts 2:17 | In the last days, God says, I will pour out
my Spirit on all people. Your sons and daughters will
prophesy, your young men will see visions, your old
men will dream dreams. |**

And so it is—the last days.



YAHWEH'S LAST WAR

YAHWEH'S LAST WAR

AUTHOR, NICOLE L. WEXLER

DEDICATION FOR THE CHILDREN

Father, as You have commanded, I will do.

For all God's children.

In the name of:

The Father

The Son

The Holy Spirit

INTRODUCTION JESUS CHRIST RETURNS

Jesus Christ returns in our lifetime.

This testament must be written for the unfolding
end times and the last war.

THE AUTHOR NICOLE

I feel to say, I am just a woman, a lowly woman. Jesus Christ died for my sins, and surely I couldn't measure them.

There will be many who ask, "Why her? Why would God speak and give visions to her, when she is no one special in the world?"

First know, this is for you because *you* are special to Him. The awakening, the visions, and the moments I spent with God were all to be given as a gift to you. They were not at all for me to keep, but to pass along to His children.

There is much I don't know, like why I was born in this era, the era of the end times, or who will read this one day, yet I have faith my Father told me to write with good reason, and in good faith, I followed.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Dedication	4	For The Children
Introduction	5	Jesus Christ Returns
The Author	6	Nicole
Prologue	8	Will You Believe?
CH 1	11	The Asylum
CH 2	21	The Atheist
CH 3	31	The Covenant
CH 4	37	The Awakening
CH 5	51	The Last War
CH 6	61	The Children
CH 7	64	The Answer
SONG 1	70	One Purpose
SONG 2	72	Jesus, Hear Me
POEM 1	73	I Am in His Presence

PROLOGUE

WILL YOU BELIEVE?

I will tell you every truth I know. The question is... will you believe?

Will you believe made mystifying to the point of myth, is quite ordinary after all? So simplistic in concept, it is often overthought to the point of obscurity.

Will you believe what is everywhere and is everything, is what we don't see, not blaring, but blending in?

Will you believe what is unproven to the world, can be proven to you?

I am not one to marry mainstream. I am rather a truth seeker, to the ends of the most inconceivable truths. We should not wish to ease our minds in the certainty of common conceptions.

Yet, how does one wet their tongue in truth, born in a well of lies? We must seek light to the surface for our first sip of sincerity.

In the light, our eyes no longer see beauty in every shiny thing, but are made witness to the illusory

perceptions positioned before us.

We all perceive from the same plane. It is only when we exceed all psychological boundaries and burst through, into the spiritual atmosphere, that we are captivated by the higher perception. From this elevated plane, you will find the purpose, the synchronies, and the symbolisms. You will know God the Almighty.

We are taught to forget what we are born knowing—our creator, our purpose, and the truth.

We forget every creation has an intention. There was already purpose given to life without us ever having to find one. Laws established on this earth before we wrote our own. Lessons taught to our souls before we were born on earth. Inherent understandings we perceive through our very senses, how to survive, how to love, how to create life, how to live as family, how to worship, and how to be happy.

John 8:32 | Jesus says, You will know the truth, and the truth will set you free. |

It is within the fulfillment of my purpose to set you free, and so it is the truth I know, I will tell.

My awakening was an unexpected experience when I peered beyond my own perception and wondered with God to a higher place. His spirit shook deeper, His voice held longer, and His visions poured.

Acts 2:17 | In the last days, God says, I will pour out my spirit on all people. Your sons and daughters will prophesy, your young men will see visions, your old men will dream dreams. |

And so it is—the last days.

CH1 THE ASYLUM

SUMMER 2020

You could see all of us in just one glance, from the moment you stepped inside the double-wide steel doors. Gathered in a common space, we were surrounded by small bedrooms without doors and narrow archways. Cushioned chairs rested around a television placed in the center and a coffee pot with foam cups were stacked in a corner.

A few became fast friends. You could find us at the back of the house, framed around a small wooden table with carvings across the surface and an old tiny radio that balanced a thick weighted antenna against an impenetrable glass window.

It quickly became my favorite place there. The space was slightly secluded, encased in tall wide glass that created some feeling of privacy, though *They* were always watching, observing us like rats in a sadistic science experiment.

As we talked around the table, I quickly felt fond of John's calm nature. In the world, he was a real estate investor and ordained pastor. Strikingly intelligent, he seemed to know something about everything, and it showed in the most modest way. He walked graciously with his Bible and read

throughout the day. Adel was a savvy, outspoken businessman. A family man, too. He carried a confident demeanor and a bold, unapologetic sense of humor that I admired. It isn't easy holding your head and spirit high in a world that questions your sanity, yet even in an asylum, he stood in stride.

I found it curious once I realized many were quite sane and candidly questioned why they were there in the first place, held against their will, and for so long. To those in illness, *They* offered no cure, nor healing, nor peace, but assumed their entitlements, permission for poisonous pills and submission by injection.

One could imagine the insane asylum a boring experience, all of us drugged and diluted to the wit of a zombie, yet it wasn't quite. People watching had never been more intriguing. One man often held my attention. I'd find him sitting in front of the TV, large stature, scruffy beard, shoulders hunched, and a pot belly that hung over his belt buckle. He always held the remote on his lap as he watched and smiled to himself.

Once I noticed as he hesitantly raised his attention from the TV, looked up into thin air, and yelled out to the figures only he could see.

“You can’t hurt me anymore! Go! Go! Get out of here!” Following his outbursts, he looked to me and gently asked, “Did I just hallucinate?” I hesitantly replied and waited for him to show concern, though he instantly eased and returned to his jovial manner, seemingly content in knowing whatever just happened... didn’t?

The next day, during lunch in the cafeteria, he sat only one table away from me when he screamed out into the air again. It was the same two men torturing him, a lieutenant and a police officer he knew by name. I gazed into him and felt the two men must have abused him, and the memory manifested into a phantom of *fear* that followed him in life.

Formidable fear I found in another, worn plainly on the man’s pale thin face. Heavy dark circles beneath his sharply angled eyes drooped down to his five o’clock shadow. His brown mangled hair stuck against his forehead beading sweat as he frantically paced wide circles around the common area.

There was one wireless phone for residents that he paced with hard pressed to his ear, ranting to his father over the lack of attorney updates on his case and grumbling a lengthy list of injustices

against him. Paranoia propelled his fast pace as he circled over again.

My interest in the spirituality of human behavior led me to subtly pace the same circle, gradually syncing with his stride. I didn't mind interrupting his phone conversation once I was close enough to realize there was no one on the other side. "You like to pace?" I asked invitingly. "Me too! Pacing helps me think and relax. Why do you pace?"

His voice barely edged past his clenched jaw as he spoke, "I don't like to sit. Sitting gives me angst."

"I bet you'd like to rest sometime," I said. "How about we pace a few circles and then sit down for ten seconds, circle a few more times and then sit for twenty seconds, and so on until you're comfortable?" I peered up at him with some hope in my eyes. He kindly agreed and we eventually succeeded in losing all track of time as we sat in conversation over lunch.

I found he desperately desired to be healed, heavy and burdened, though willing and open, he led me to the origin of his illness... *fear*. After being held down, one may be inclined to stay on their toes, even if it meant high doses of stimulants. Sleep deprivation, paranoia, abuse, pain, and fury. I

understood him and the form he manifested.

If fear deformed him, then is it not peace that would cultivate a new creation? Over nights of being held in love, and laughter in the mornings, would this man not be the adaptation of a sound mind? We are all formed by our experiences, hence, would new experiences not form a new man?

Then why do we have an entire mental health infrastructure that encompasses pharmaceuticals, psychiatry, mental institutions, and law to seize human rights, manipulate human chemistry, and force isolation through subjugation?

Rather obviously, *They* are toying with torture research and experimenting with authoritative psychological manipulation to breed a society of deluded cognizance, functional, yet docile, where *They* have total control and are always watching.

The question is, if *They* want to hurt and control human beings, then what are *They*?

Appearances in mind, I always smiled as *They* approached me with pills in one hand and a pointed paper cup in the other. I would politely pop the poison with ease. Pleased by my

compliance, *They* would turn away just as quickly as I could spit it from my mouth. I never swallowed a single dose. I knew better.

Sadly, not all of us did and I watched a perfectly sound, savvy, young businesswoman swallow the suspicious substance and simultaneously mutate into Medusa. She ran, ripped off all her clothing in a public display, and screamed, “Snakes are under my skin! Snakes are under my skin! Get them out of me!”

I felt morally morbid amongst the crowd, all of us just standing there in a room that echoed her body drop. After *They* swiftly surrounded and sedated her with injections, the circle of shiny white shoes lifted her by both legs, and allowed the rest of her to drag between their footsteps.

I knew where *They* were taking her—the Hole. I sat in solemn silence, reflecting on her story of how she arrived there in the first place.

A wave of humid air rolled through and a beam of light struck as the heavy steel doors swung open, and two men with heavy boots marched through, arms interlocked with a woman holding a cell phone to her ear as she shouted, “... and I am done playing. You’d better have my money, and I mean

all my money, as soon as I get up out of here!"

Every head turned as she slammed her oversized purse down on the intake counter, rummaged through it, and yanked out a wallet, assertively shoving her ID right under the nurse's nose. She continued shouting as *They* abruptly whisked the phone away from her ear.

I watched as she was made to remove all her jewelry, her belt, her shoes, and was handed a pale green uniform. Stripped of her identity, she was one of us now. Her shouting slipped into silent sobs as she shuffled into the narrow bedroom archway she now called home.

It was late in the evening when I noticed her adjacent to me in a corner of the room, doing just as I was, writing. She seemed calm now, though I could see her mind moving at light speed, her temples twitching and jaw clenched in some race she must win. It wasn't long before she noticed me in her audience, leaned in with a small smile, and asked, "What are you in here for?"

"I quit my job to write a book for God," I replied.

Her brows lowered and nose wrinkled when she exclaimed, "Really? That's crazy! This world girl."

She threw her head back and rolled her eyes to the ceiling.

I asked her the same, “What are you in for?”

“The Aryan Brotherhood is after me!” Her eyes widened and her tone lowered. “A gang of them live across the street. They robbed my house twice and stole all the merchandise I sell for my business. Today, they caught me walking outside and chased me in their car. So, I hid in a bush and called 911, but when the police arrived, *They* detained me! *They* said I was delusional and brought me here.”

We stared into each other’s eyes, exchanging a lifetime of truths, heartache, and a shared acknowledgement of what *They* were doing to us. Silencing.

That evening, we continued in conversation and I felt illuminated in her presence. She boomed creativity, intellect, humor, and authenticity. Though in the late evening hour, *They* ordered her by name to the medicine counter only several paces away and presented her first dose of pills.

My inner voice screamed out to her not to take it, but it was done. From the counter, she stepped

away and into her room only to burst from it moments later, tearing through her clothes, screaming, “Snakes!”

In that moment, the ignoble cause *They* missioned was disgustingly obvious. She embodied light and *They* sought to kill, steal, and destroy it.

After seven days in the asylum, I was finally being released. I sat in reflection late that evening when I was surprised by a hand on my shoulder. I peered up into John’s eyes as he gestured me over to a private place.

His demeanor was more serious than usual as he spoke. “Last night, God gave me a prophecy for you. You may not know this...” I listened intently to John’s prophecy as he confirmed God’s very own word to me in the months that led up to this moment.

The weight of his words were immense as I was reminded of what was to come. It was then that I knew why I was there. I knew why John was there. I knew why we were there together. ***God.***

From a stack of books on my lap, I pulled the one he lent me. It was titled “Apostles, The Book of Acts”, issued by a publisher he once authored for.

I held the book out toward him and said, “*They* are finally releasing me in the morning, John. I’m really sorry, a few of the pages fell out and I tried to...” With a soft smile, he raised his hand over the book and gestured it toward me.

“Please, hold onto it, until we are together again.”

CH2 THE ATHEIST

2015

We sense a presence enter the room. We turn to look and see someone there. Often, we say something like, “Oh, I thought I felt someone come in the room.” No one thinks much of it, though there is much to.

It happened just that way. I paced between my closet and my bed, where a spread of black and gray garments waited to be chosen from for work the following day. I stood there by the vanity, gazing into the closet, drying my damp hair with a towel, and that’s when I felt it! Suddenly. Strongly. *Someone*. I spun around and expected to say, “I thought I felt someone come in,” but I could see no one to speak to. I was... alone?

My instinct to rush on some loud upbeat music to distract and move on from the moment was overturned by the ruminating awareness that *Someone* was still there with me. The atheist inside cared to cure my curiosity swiftly. “Well, surely there is a scientific explanation for this, or at the very most, my imagination.” My thoughts sought to settle this through science as I stood blurry-eyed, staring into a waist-high wall-wide mirror, engaged with my reflection until I found it.

Yes, spectrums! We can only see within our visual spectrum, a narrow range of electromagnetic radiation. All things that exist outside of this range are undetectable to us visually, though it is apparent we have another sense. We can sense life.

This line of logic backed me into an undeniable confession. If I felt *Someone* come into the room, *Someone* is in the room. I began pacing out what to do next. Perhaps, since I felt *Someone* come in, *Someone* wanted to be felt, and *Someone* who wants to be felt, wants acknowledgment, and from me. How, then?

Memories surfaced. Memories I didn't know what to do with at the time, so I tucked them away, leaving those moments mysterious, just as my father did after his own supernatural experiences.

It was true, my father was no ordinary child, and in this moment, I recalled one of his stories about an extraordinary friend.

Behind my father's childhood home was a field with a train track where he would often play. He once found a girl there and would continue to meet her every day after. My father described her eyes as glowing white pearls. Tuluwi was her name, though she never spoke a word. "I suppose

she told me telepathically, inside my thoughts. I told her my name the same way, and that's always just how we played," my father explained.

Until one day, he went to the field to meet her, but she wasn't there. That day and for many days after, my father searched through the field to find his friend with the glowing pearl eyes, though she was gone now and my father, heartbroken.

It was difficult to acknowledge these moments that didn't exist in the atheist mindset I modeled. Acknowledgment would inevitably lead to much more contemplation than I was willing to bear. At least, not after all the frustrating attempts I made to understand God, the spiritual, life here, and life after.

I held a desperate desire to know how everything interconnected and the purpose for it all. One day, I sought no further. Understanding felt like a mirage I could only come so close to before it would dissipate before my eyes. My impatient desire burned a void, so I sealed it shut and chose not to believe.

Yet, in this moment the resurfaced memories stood steadfast. The moments that I couldn't prove, yet I couldn't deny as hard as I tried.

It wasn't only my father who met an extraordinary friend. He presented as a blue ball of light. There were others like him of different colors, though he was the largest light and led as they floated down to meet me under the kitchen table, where I would often go to hide my tears as a child after being lightly scolded. The very first time I saw the beautiful blue light, I knew him. "Charley!" I exclaimed inside.

Charley and the others abounded peace and joy in their presence that radiated through me. I giggled as I watched them gently bounce from one to another playfully. After some time, they would float up and away and I would run off to play, feeling well again.

To rationalize away my own experience was difficult. Though it may not be the atheistic line of logic, I decided to experiment. I projected my thoughts to this certain *Someone*. "I felt you come in. You have my attention and if you want me to know you, or have something to show me, I will offer the time."

In the same manner, I gave my word to read a passage from The Holy Bible each night and to leave my thoughts open to connect. "I don't even know if The Bible is your book," I projected to

Someone. “Still, I will do this to show my intention, and you show me from there.”

I continued, “If you are God and this is your book, then this book says you can speak to me and for me to know what is real, it will have to come from you.”

The next night, I began. Just as the night before, I opened the connection and projected my thoughts to *Someone*. “I’m here now to offer my attention if there is anything you want to say or show me.” I read a passage. I read it earnestly and over again. I thought about it to myself and to *Someone*, intentionally sharing my thoughts. I laid back against the wall in bed, not quite waiting, simply being, sensing in silence. Then, from the deep waters of my mind, floated a most fascinating recollection - *His* voice.

A bingo hall ran by the family church my mother married into. My sister and I were playing with some other children and at one point, they ran off, leaving me with a mess to gather from the floor. As I knelt down, I felt sadness and thought to myself, “They’re always leaving me.” It was just then, I heard a voice say,

| I will never leave you. |

I peered up to a transparent statue in mid-air. *Jesus*. With His arms outstretched and hands open toward me, Jesus stood in the center of clouds that surrounded Him. Beautiful. I smiled from ear to ear as peace blessed my entire being. After a few moments, everything faded out. Blissfully, I finished picking up and ran off after the others.

One curious recollection followed another. Seemingly, that evening I wanted to remember everything...

A little boy. The outline of his features was that of a human being, though a waterfall filled his entirety. Waves of bright glowing water ran down his form as he stood across my bedroom floor.

I sat up in bed and studied him as he paced the floor, pausing to make gestures toward me. He placed his hands on his hips and tapped his foot, then pointed to his wrist as if he were wearing a watch and growing impatient. He was waiting for me. To do what, I couldn't imagine at the time.

He continued in this manner as I quickly glanced around the room for a camera to capture the moment, remembering my father's advice to sleep with one near in case of a rare occasion just like

this, but nothing. So, I just watched the boy in full-blown fascination, until finally I decided to find out what he was waiting for.

I gently rose from my bed and walked toward him while holding my gaze. I was merely a few steps away from him when he suddenly vanished before me. I was 13 years old when we met, and it was a moment I would hold onto for a lifetime.

Afterward, I wondered why I could see him and why I wasn't afraid when I did. I never saw the supernatural boy again, though I did witness something I couldn't explain as anything less than. A healing from my own hands, through the power of prayer.

I was a young woman now. In heartbreak, I felt on edge as my boyfriend rested in shallow breath and his chest heaved in struggle. He had been ill for days and worsening, yet refused to go to the emergency room, not having any money or insurance then. I felt desperate and I did the only thing I knew to. "Close your eyes, I'm going to pray for you," I said.

I pressed my hands to his chest and within my thoughts, I went to Him and wept, "God, come heal him, please. He's going to die. I know you can

hear me. Show him who you are. Let him know you in this. I know you don't want us together. I know he doesn't live the way you choose, but still, I love him. I love him so much. Don't let him die."

I continued to sob with my hands on his chest as I felt his lungs rapidly gasping for air, with tears now streaming from *his* eyes. Then, I heard a voice in my mind say, "Cough!" It was an instruction and came with the understanding to have him cough as hard as he could. "Cough, hard!" I said commandingly and so he did. He inhaled as deeply as he could and released one hard cough. His next breath was full, clear, and natural, just as the next breath, and the one after that. Instantaneously, he was healed.

All through the night he breathed soundly and all through the night I laid awake in awe of God.

It is ponderous to have become an atheist after these occasions. Still, I didn't feel settled. Aside from these moments, there were still too many questions unanswered. I sought through all my spiritual teachings and my own life observations, only to be more perplexed than before. Everyone seemed to know the answer, yet no two were the same.

Born to an agnostic father and a Christian mother. My father critically considered and viewed from every lens. He swept for inconsistencies and dusted for contradictions in religions, history, and politics. He studied every line and could read between them. Conversely, my mother knew faith. She followed her heart to find her beliefs and stood steadfast by her spirit. She spoke in tongues, cast out demonic possessions in church services, and prophesied, even to me once.

While everyone mingled after a church service, she turned to look at me and said, just as a matter of fact, “You’re going to write children’s books when you grow up. God showed me just now.” As a 7-year-old child, I simply looked up at my mother and nodded in acceptance.

One could imagine a conversation with my father. He was vast. He shared theories about our existence, the history of ancient civilizations, and taught the wonders of the world. To any question, he had many answers. However, one piece was missing for him, the purpose for it all.

It was my mother who didn’t know much about the world, though she believed she knew the purpose. **God**. She knew The Holy Bible and believed it told our purpose.

Spending time with my father, then returning home to my mother was a mind warp and a portal between realities. The polarity in perspective placed my identity in hiatus. Until I knew only one truth, I couldn't know anything.

I spent many nights staring into a white wall, pinning up theoretical thoughts about God and reality, lancing in new experiences as life trailed along. The more life I lived without knowing, the further I grew from seeking and the notion altogether. Moreso, things seemed to be a matter of chance in a world full of life that sought out their most suitable form of survival. It was raw. It was deflating. It was settled. I was an atheist.

CH3 THE COVENANT

2019

On Sunday, June 9th, I sang to God in my kitchen as I played music and washed dishes after attending a church service earlier that morning. Four years passed since *Someone* stepped into the room and I dedicated to my “spiritual experiment.” I believe it goes without saying, something happened alone in my room, each night seeking with The Holy Bible, and a standing invitation to God. He showed.

As I sang, I felt such strong and sincere emotion for Jesus, and the Holy Spirit came upon me with love overwhelmingly. I sang until I wept, and wept until I fell to my knees and professed, “I love you Jesus, with everything I am. I want you and only you, forever.” Then,

Jesus spoke | **Marry Me.** |

My very breath halted in my chest and for the first time, I understood the bond in the bride of Christ. “Yes, I will marry you, forever,” I wept.

It was in this moment, Jesus gave me a song.

| **Jesus’s Song** |

*Marry me
I'll keep you forever
I'll love you forever
Give me your soul
And you'll always have a home with me*

The melody was beautiful. From my knees I stood to write it and there I saw the communion from church on the counter. Ceremoniously, in the Holy Spirit, I ate the bread and drank the juice in commitment.

Often, when you hear of someone who converted to Christianity, you hear of a life-altering event, near-death experience, or an impactful moment. Though, this connection was gradual and with the sincerest intention to know *Someone* over time, just as I would approach any natural relationship.

I read each night since the first, a passage from The Holy Bible, and projected my thoughts to *Someone*. I posed questions and ruminated on verses until I felt settled. Careful not to rush or pressure the moment, I was patient without expectation. This was too important. I had to know, is purpose one I create or one I follow? Do I invent myself or come designed? Am I to write my own story or is my name written?

So, I approached with pure intention. I expressed my thoughts and told Him the things I didn't understand. In the days that followed, I found moments in my own life formed living analogies. I realized my life was a reflection of the deeper things that guided my understanding as I sought along the way. After so long, I knew that I was indeed being led.

To that realization, I projected my thoughts to *Someone*, this time in recognition of who I now knew them to be, **God**.

Still, we both knew there was more to this than recognition. This was for love! "I will recognize you as God, only I don't love you. I resent you too much. You know my heart, I cannot hide it. To love you, I need to know why you let things happen. If you're always there, where were you when..."

In thought, I presented the moments I felt most alone, in fear, and in desperation. I sat up in bed feeling resentment rise in me like heat to a surface. With my back against the bedframe, I lowered my eyes to a vision.

From the peak of my mind, rapidly falling framed moments layered one in front of the other. He

presented my life back to me, yet He showed me the view through His eyes.

I saw where He stood guardian in protection over me. His interference, redirection, and fortresses. A humble and grateful love blossomed inside me like a newborn flower. Then,

God spoke | So many bad things happened, but
not one bad thing ever happened to you. |

It was the sweetest truth. He was there in every moment. Though I felt alone, I was not, and though I was afraid, I need not. All my resentment dissipated and a calm warm wave settled inside me. **Love.** I wept deeply and then once more,

God spoke | Not a hair on your head. |

“I love you. I love you, God,” I professed to Him and so it was from that moment on.

It felt so much more than a phrase, but the most monumental moment of my life. Sincere in my pursuit, God honored my intention to seek Him, through Him, and by Him. In full privacy and without interference from the world, I grew to love my Father in every way.

I loved His pure intentions, His deep intimate love, His masterful creations, His visions, His higher perception, His jealous rage, His law, His wrath, His conviction, His forgiveness, and His promises.

I knew and loved Jesus, too. His clever parables, His undefeated debate, His obedience, His relentless nature, His self-sacrifice, His discipline, His sincerity, and His tender love.

And I so loved the Holy Spirit. His peace, His gentle touch, His holy tongues, His true power, His protection, His light, and His warmth.

Yet, as my tears dried, I began to pace the room and dared to ask, “God, this is all very touching, but I know once this moment passes, in days from now I will wonder, what about them?” In my thoughts, I presented to Him people I watched on television who appeared to be living in severe struggle.

God spoke | **Those are not my children.** |

His voice left an impression. Though I had many more questions, I left them to wonder.

I understood then, there was much I didn't. Only,

I knew who I was because I knew my Father, and I knew I would never let go of us. I am His.

Now that I knew God, I knew to find my purpose. One may believe my entire purpose was in being a mother, a director, and a university student. Still, there was something more for me. I could feel it. I woke up to a calling and fell asleep to a stir inside.

With many inspiring conceptions, there is one thing I knew with certainty, I am a writer. My strongest gift, my greatest passion, and my childhood prophecy. I had written many works, yet never settled on the piece I would pursue and publish.

It wasn't until the moment I hated the way of the world and abandoned it, that I was gifted immense revelations and my higher purpose, this book.

CH4 THE AWAKENING

SPRING 2020

Living life locked down, news of the coronavirus spread faster than the virus itself. I sat at my dining room table turned business office with bags beneath my eyes as bells and whistles sounded in every direction. The VPN was crashing, my team was frantic, and our clients were strung out for supplies. In it, I realized how fragile this iron-clad system truly is, how hard and fast it falls, and all that one must give up to hold onto it - your life. I was expected to be less than human, relentlessly producing as a robot. It was an impossibility to sustain any human qualities within the demands of society.

I sat in thought and let the bells and whistles blare as I recalled a live magic show I saw once. The magician hypnotized a man by simply relaxing and commanding him to believe he was a chicken. In an instant, the man forsook all he was and all he knew. He lost sight of himself and all sense of reality, made to pace the stage with fists held to his underarms as he clucked nonsensically.

I wondered why I was obedient to the command of the world. I realized I was the man on stage, seduced to perform and believe I was something I

was not. I was the *hypnotized*.

At the dawn of this awakening, I felt the rage of a fool who traded the value of life for a dollar bill. For a pat on the back and a paycheck, I sacrificed on the world stage in blood, sweat, and tears, yet not one dropped filled my purpose.

Before I chose what I did for a living, I was chosen, hence, my purpose was to be fulfilled in that order. I refused to live out a life unintended. Who was I to overlay God's design? So, I placed the book first and changed my perception of identity. I wasn't a director. I am a born writer.

Business psychology was the original concept, though I only invested a few paragraphs when I realized my writing leaned a different direction. **God.** Perhaps then, I would rather write a novel on how to blend business and belief, although I felt conflicted writing anything about business at all. The pages all spoke to God's intention, His original creation, and it all led to what happened next.

As I wrote, I realized I was being led. Inked letters rushed out from my red pen, lining sheet after sheet with new thought and intention I never experienced. It all came rushing in and poured out

of me. I read along as I wrote, engaged as both the author and the audience, without any notion to what would be written next from my own hand. God's voice and visions were beautiful, emotional, and filled my spirit to the brim.

Through God's eyes. I saw all of Mother Earth from a distance. He admired her beauty and loved her. In this love and in unity, Yahweh desired and created children with her, Adam and Eve.

God's children, made in His image and given the gift of His likeness, to create life, dominion to rule, and free will.

I was shown a similitude of the moment God stood with Adam as he named the creatures. There was enthusiasm and laughter. Heaven on Earth, made perfect as all things from God's hand.

I embraced the joy in these moments and so did my heart follow with concern into the next. I saw the back of Eve's figure as she looked onward in temptation toward the Forbidden Tree.

It was then I asked, "God, I understand the tree offers choice and free will, but why is the only other choice offered dark and wicked? It doesn't feel like free will at all." Then,

God spoke | Already I give all good things.
Should there be more good, lest I have held back
from my own children. |

I was struck by humility as my heart melted in His hands. God's intentions were more lovely than I fathomed, and I was ashamed in my manner, far less than deserving.

Following, my head hung in awful agony and I wept in God's pain as I witnessed a similitude of God's face turn away from the earth signifying separation for sin.

The next frame, men heaving the earth in heaps. Pillaged over generations as many mined away Mother Earth's inner beauty, only to bring forth weapons and vain jewelry, raising violence and pride inside the hearts of men.

Once again, God showed earth from a distance, heaven and earth aligned in perfect parallel as intended, and then the uprising of contradiction; a paradox between earth and hell.

It was deeply emotional and led to the significance of why God revealed this to me now. God showed me the beginning because we are at the end.

Acts 2:17 | ¹⁷ In the last days, God says “I will pour out my spirit on all flesh, and your son’s and your daughter’s shall prophesy, your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams.” |

And so the time had come.

As the days turned to weeks and the weeks to months, God stayed with me. He enlightened me to all that I was unaware of, what is to come quickly, and what I must do.

I wrote it all knowing I would form a book, although it was one day, God told me the book I was to write.

God spoke | The book you are to write is intended for the 3rd Testament of The Holy Bible. |

I cried out, “God, this is too much. It’s too heavy. I’m all alone here, it’s just me. I can’t do this all by myself.” I felt a sense of shame in my tears. I knew He was with me and was He not enough to face the world? Then,

God spoke | You are not the only one. There are others like you, and the time will come when you will know them and they will know you. |

With His voice, His vision. Others were waking. More books for the final testament were being written. Then,

God spoke | **Make me plain.** |

He needed me to make His intentions known, bring attention to the present end times and the last war soon to come in this lifetime.

Elated I wasn't alone in this, I only wished I knew the others then. As I grew near God, everyone I knew grew distant. Anyone who once understood me could no longer. I was different. I was new, speaking in ways they hadn't heard before about things they weren't ready to hear.

They weren't the only ones who bore things they weren't ready to hear, though it was true and needed to be faced.

My brother called in the early morning hours before the sun. He only called to talk, though I found it unusual given the hour and his frequent asks for money, necessities, and rides from one friend's couch to the next. He had been living on the edge for many years following childhood.

I saw him very few times since, each time he

looked a bit weaker, thinner, sicker. Still, as we spoke on the phone, he sounded himself, always wanting to make me laugh and he always did.

He said he was sober and staying with a friend, when suddenly the Holy Spirit sprang from my mouth and in holy tongues, I prophesied to my brother. “You cannot take another step off your path, or it will be your last step. You have not another chance. Stay the path.”

My brother wept with me and asked God’s forgiveness for all His sins. He recommitted to God, to Jesus, and the Holy Spirit inside as his guide and we said goodnight.

Several weeks passed before we spoke again. He called from the side of a highway as he was being detained. I shuddered and screamed, “I told you, not once more. I told you, you didn’t have another chance. You had to stay the path. Why did you do this? Why?” I abruptly ended the call before he could answer, suddenly consumed by fury and pain knowing what was to come, I just didn’t know how or when.

In the days that followed, my brother called several times from jail and left voicemails that I regrettably ignored, as those recordings are the last

time I ever heard his voice.

After one month in jail, he was released and went to stay with a friend. Longing for a fix, he couldn't wait for his friend to return from the store to save him, something he had made a habit of. With the antidote resting next to him, he overdosed and slipped away. His first step off the path was his very last - the prophecy.

When I was told of his passing, I was just as shocked as I was not. I sat in somber silence as I reflected on my first recurring dream, my baby brother.

A little boy and I skipped along playfully hand in hand down a vast tunnel toward a wide, bright light. The little boy had long flowing, curly, brown hair that bounced as he skipped along. At times, we turned toward one another, and I would see his face; pudgy red cheeks and bright brown eyes that smiled back at me.

The dream recurred during my childhood for a time before my brother was born and for years that followed until the day I noticed my little brother in a new way. He was about 3 years old, playing across from me in the living room, when the light struck his face through the window in

such a way, and his head turned toward me just so. Instantly, I knew. "It's him! He's the boy from my dream!" I exclaimed to my mother. And so it was, my baby brother. Upon realization, I never dreamt about the tunnel of light again.

I pondered why God gave me the vision. Was I meant to be my brother's keeper? So, at his funeral I approached the casket and placed a note in his hand, "Where I failed you, I pray Jesus saved you."

As his keeper, I felt I failed to save his life. There were many times I tried with all I had to give, and many times when I gave up, and those were the times that burned the day of his burial. I felt a failure to my brother and even more so to God.

It was several years later in conversation with someone, when I was met with understanding and that one thing I had missed all along. "It sounds like you were his keeper. You prayed with him, he accepted Jesus, and repented to God before he passed." It was true and for the first time, my heart rested. Though I failed my brother many times, in the end, I held his hand toward the tunnel of light.

Following my brother's death was more to come. On my vanity sat a jewelry box with a photograph of my late grandmother. There I stood, now

holding my brother's funeral photo and placed it next to my grandmother's with a white rose.

After admiring the photographs for a moment, I noticed one of my father across the vanity and placed it with the photos of my family on the other side. Then,

God spoke | **He will be next.** |

Quickly, I realized what God meant and reached for the photo of my father, separating him from the ones I lost. Again,

God spoke | **Put it back.** |

I stared into my father's face and sadly placed the photo back. A flood of panic and grief waved over me as I tried to rationalize what was to come. "Well, just because he's next to pass, doesn't mean it is any time soon. It could be in ten years from now, twenty years even." For a moment, I felt content in that notion. Then,

God spoke | **No, soon. The end times were not meant for the generations before you. They will be overcome by fear and confusion. They will faint in fear and to death, for what they will see is more than they can bear.**

The generations before you will be swept away,
and your generation will lead the generations to
come in the last war. |

With His voice was a vision of a woman's face
gasping at the sky with terror in her eyes.

I knew I wouldn't have as long with my father as
I hoped for, I only wished I knew where he stood
with God before he passed. It was only two years
later from a brain aneurysm, working late into the
night one month from retirement with many
aspirations he had waited until then to do, though
then would never come for him on this earth.

In my father's songbook that I inherited, he wrote,
"Some would change the world through the use
of power. I want to change it through the use of
creativity." Beautiful.

Though the time had come, the seasons were
changing, and my father taken with it.

I was inspired to do the things God asked of me
with the realization that there is a time that
presents and a time that passes. If not now, never
may come first. So, I continued to write and walk
with God.

The first anniversary of my father's passing was just one month before and feeling sentimental, I spent quality time on my mother's birthday gift that year.

I searched for the perfect photos to print and decided to add a personal touch to some. I stared into one photograph of my mother's face, her eyes closed, brows raised, and a sweet subtle smile. "She looks just like an angel," I thought and I placed a golden ring above her head, a halo. It was then,

God spoke | **This will be her last birthday.** |

"No!" My heart cried without hesitation, and I quickly lifted the golden ring from above her head. Again,

God spoke | **Put it back.** |

Slowly, I returned the halo above her head and gazed into her glowing face with sorrow. In the photo, standing with her arm wrapped around my mother's shoulder was my sister, my mother's best friend. For my sister's birthday, I thought to do something very special to celebrate, knowing what was to come.

My mother was quite the homebody, so I was pleasantly surprised when she welcomed the idea of celebrating in a limo to dinner and a musical that September.

Though Mother's Day came first when she was in too much pain to eat, the next month when she was diagnosed with stage 4 cancer, and the following month when she passed. My mother's funeral came before my sister's birthday and so sadly we never made the memory.

Once again, I was taught the lesson, there is a time that presents and a time that passes. If not now, never may come first.

This spoke deeply to my calling. I felt a gust of wind raising me to the occasion. I recalled my vision of the generations before me being swept away bringing forth those of my generation to lead.

With that, I began to form a new way of life and observed as the stepping stones fell from heaven before me forging my path to holy freedom.

So the same is for you, as this book is for you, and every word given to me freely from the Holy Spirit is for you. God is for you. Let these words be your

stepping stone to Christ Jesus and to God in Heaven, forever and ever.

In Jesus' name, Amen.

CH5 THE LAST WAR

There will be a time that presents and a time that passes. If not now, never may come first. To all those who have ears, let them hear.

The end times will be fulfilled and the last war will be waged on earth in this lifetime. We are the last generations.

Extraordinary efforts are upheld to keep us severed from our souls, bonded to the earth, and bound to hell when the time comes and time ends. These efforts come with great haste and severity as we near the second coming of Christ.

We are put to sleep, made sickly, distracted, and docile. Coerced with chemicals, frequencies, and programming. We are dehumanized with gene editing injections into our bloodstream, chemical trails in our skies, fluoride in our waters, biologic transmissions harvested by our own technology, and demonic agendas of mass influence.

Ephesians 6:12 | For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places. |

Just as humans are being metamorphosed from God's original design, demonic entities are altered in the appearance and likeness of human beings. Multifarious, yet all formed in Luciferian likeness: reptilians, aliens, Nephilim, clones, hybrids, and artificial intelligence. There are many. *They* hold the highest positions of power on earth, to the most lowly, from the height of the Antichrist, to the valleys of the homeless. *They* are hidden in plain sight, infiltrating and inflicting our society on a grand scale.

They are dead. Not having the Spirit of God, but of a shared consciousness, pursuing disorder and experiencing through the lives of the living, those of The Living Holy Spirit and the only living spirit.

Hidden is our history, rewritten and demolished for prime indoctrination. With the intention to disguise all traces of God's print on earth and eradicate God from His own creation, the truth has been inverted for the masses.

There will be a time that presents and a time that passes. If not now, never may come first. To all those who have ears, let them hear.

Our global leaders, governments, royalty, elites, corporations, and high societies are in stance with

and in service to Satan's sole ambition. Yet, it is Satan's plot for succession that is the cause of his own demise and the destruction of his followers.

They will invert the truth. Yahweh's intention to separate good from evil for His children will be promoted as exclusion and His consequences will be considered cruelty. Separation from God will be celebrated as a form of independence, liberty, and freedom by those who wish to live lawlessly, as their own creation, and for their own purpose.

The hypnotized, possessed, and occultists will be protected by law. Attempts to awaken, free, and save souls will be deemed as discrimination and criminalized. You will be determined delusional and unsound for speaking against the demonic as the growing trend will be to embrace Godless spirituality.

Considered outdated will be the original human design. Biosynthetic systems will be promoted and by public officials, paid influencers, financial institutions, and the medical experts for the benefit of self-healing, instant knowledge, secure electronic currency, boosted energy, and other conveniences that will render the original human design obsolete within the newly formed global grid and induce a seamless introduction for the

mark of the beast system.

This is my prediction for the unfolding end times, the last war, and the mark of the beast.

Christianity will be positioned on the world stage as archaic and the catalyst for the third world war as religious conflict ensues. The war will cause a global depression, the spread of disparity, and the proper positioning for the introduction of the new world order and the mark of the beast system.

An offer for world peace will be made by global leaders in exchange for formal denouement from God, publicized as the proclamation that will unite humanity, forever end global conflict, and solidify the world. All nations will agree and Christians who stand against will become insurgents and face capital punishment.

The United Nations and related global bodies are prepared with an alternative to religion, aligned with the induction of the antichrist. The delivery will be modern, philosophical, and well framed within inclusivity. Taught as new age spirituality, it is as old as evil.

There will be a time that presents and a time that passes. If not now, never may come first. To all

those who have ears, let them hear.

Revelations 6:1-2 | ¹ And I saw when the Lamb opened one of the seals, and I heard, as it were the noise of thunder, one of the four beasts saying, Come and see.

² And I saw, and behold a white horse: and he that sat on him had a bow; and a crown was given unto him: and he went forth conquering, and to conquer.

The first seal was the coronavirus vaccination, the bow being the needle that altered our biology and gave them continual access to our biologics.

Revelations 6:3-4 | ³ And when he had opened the second seal, I heard the second beast say, Come and see.

⁴ And there went out another horse that was red: and power was given to him that sat thereon to take peace from the earth, and that they should kill one another: and there was given unto him a great sword.

The second seal is the third world war that will be waged over the presently rising religious conflicts. The world will kill with sword symbolic for battle.

Revelations 6:5-6 | ⁵ And when he had opened the third seal, I heard the third beast say, Come and see. And I beheld, and lo a black horse; and he that sat on him had

a pair of balances in his hand.

*⁶ And I heard a voice in the midst of the four beasts say,
A measure of wheat for a penny, and three measures of
barley for a penny; and see thou hurt not the oil and the
wine.*

The third seal is the global great depression that will result due to and during the world war. Wages will be low, inflation high, and necessities scarce, positioning the population in vulnerability for the new world order and mark of the beast system.

*Revelations 6:7-8 | ⁷ And when he had opened the fourth
seal, I heard the voice of the fourth beast say, Come and
see.*

*⁸ And I looked, and behold a pale horse: and his name
that sat on him was Death, and Hell followed with him.
And power was given unto them over the fourth part of
the earth, to kill with sword, and with hunger, and with
death, and with the beasts of the earth.*

The fourth seal is the inception of the new world order, the roll out of the mark of the beast system, and the induction of the antichrist. Once accepted by all Nations, *They* will call for citizens to receive the required mark by the beast.

Revelations 6:9-11 | ⁹ And when he had opened the fifth seal, I saw under the altar the souls of them that were slain for the word of God, and for the testimony which they held:

¹⁰ And they cried with a loud voice, saying, How long, O Lord, holy and true, dost thou not judge and avenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth?

¹¹ And white robes were given unto every one of them; and it was said unto them, that they should rest yet for a little season, until their fellowservants also and their brethren, that should be killed as they were, should be fulfilled.

The fifth seal is the persecution of Christians whom persevered faith until the end, denounced the antichrist, and refused the mark of the beast in acceptance of capital punishment in lieu of eternal life.

Revelations 6:12-17 | ¹² And I beheld when he had opened the sixth seal, and, lo, there was a great earthquake; and the sun became black as sackcloth of hair, and the moon became as blood;

¹³ And the stars of heaven fell unto the earth, even as a fig tree casteth her untimely figs, when she is shaken of a mighty wind.

¹⁴ And the heaven departed as a scroll when it is rolled together; and every mountain and island were moved out of their places.

¹⁵ And the kings of the earth, and the great men, and the rich men, and the chief captains, and the mighty men, and every bondman, and every free man, hid themselves in the dens and in the rocks of the mountains;

¹⁶ And said to the mountains and rocks, Fall on us, and hide us from the face of him that sitteth on the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb:

¹⁷ For the great day of his wrath is come; and who shall be able to stand?

The sixth seal is Judgement Day. All will be judged and Yahweh's children will remain in heaven while Satan and his followers are left behind.

The seventh seal is the seven trumpets of God's wrath that will pour out onto all the earth for all those who rejected Yahweh, Jesus Christ, and the truth.

There will be a time that presents and a time that passes. If not now, never may come first. To all those who have ears, let them hear.

Revelations 13:18 | Here is the wisdom. The one having understanding, let him count the number of the beast, for it is a man's number, and its number is six hundred sixty-six. |

The mark of the beast, in the form of a biometric and artificially intelligent electronic embedment or encoded mark, will be the pillar for the global economic social system that rewards in electronic currency when brainwave results are favorable.

You will be tracked, tasked, and scored based upon your harvested biologics with the underlying intention to seize your free will, condition, and convert your nature in honor of Satan.

The mark of the beast will be globally mandated to partake in society and will transact currency as the only form. No longer will production in society be exchanged for payment as robotics will supply labor and artificial intelligence will analyze and decision. Reward for the human being will be behaviorally based and encompass your biologic response and thought stream data.

The mark of the beast will be weaponized in the form of two-way transmission, purposed for the manipulation of your emotion, thoughts, actions, physiology, personality, and perceptions, you will

no longer be of your own free will. Your soul will be forfeited in acceptance of your decided upon master and destination.

It is the sole intention to unite the living with the dead. To join body and machine. To wed God's creation and likeness with the likeness of Satan, to become his creation, and so you will be in acceptance of his mark and bound to hell.

There will be a time that presents and a time that passes. If not now, never may come first. To all those who have ears, let them hear.

In Jesus' name, Amen.

CH6 THE CHILDREN

1 Thessalonians 5:5-6 | ⁵ Ye are all the children of light, and the children of the day: we are not of the night, nor of darkness.

⁶ Therefore let us not sleep, as do others; but let us watch and be sober. |

The end times were chosen for this era and so are we chosen by God to live through the era of the end times. In this, we know our purpose, to be a light, to stand watch, and to live for God until the very end.

John 14:12-15 | ¹² Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do; because I go unto my Father. |

¹³ And whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son.

¹⁴ If ye shall ask any thing in my name, I will do it.

¹⁵ If ye love me, keep my commandments. |

We are awakened with reason - ***the saints!*** Be bold and obedient in all things, and in fulfilling the

works you are instructed by God. Stay in the anointing, pray every hour in Jesus name, and read The Holy Bible day and night, so that we may see before the coming and hear before the sound.

The hour has come to be awaiting and readied as a bride with veil and flowers, standing at the entry of the aisleway, rejoicing her day has come.

John 14:16-18 | ¹⁶ And I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that He may abide with you for ever;

¹⁷ Even the Spirit of truth; Whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth Him not, neither knoweth Him: but ye know Him; for He dwelleth with you, and shall be in you.

¹⁸ I will not leave you comfortless: I will come to you. |

Though the whole world fights against us, let us not grow cold and bitter in beatings, let us not turn back in doubt and fear, let not our thirst and hunger weaken our souls, and let not the quaking earth shake our home in heaven, for:

1 John 4:4 | Ye are of God, little children, and have overcome them: because greater is he that is in you, than he that is in the world. |

To us, I pray God speed and protection as we uphold God's flame against the darkness in this final hour.

In Jesus' name, Amen.

CH7 THE ANSWER

In the moments I have conversed with God, these are the significant answers and visions I received not forementioned.

I asked, "Why do we have to accept Jesus?"

God spoke | Will you accept My forgiveness? |

The interpretation. Even without ask, forgiveness is offered - **Jesus**. Yet we must still accept to be reconciled.

Symbolism is intentional. Jesus suffered pain, had to die, and be resurrected. God suffered pain because of our sin against Him, let the old that separated us die, and the new bond take life, yet we must accept. We must accept the offering of God's forgiveness. We must accept Jesus Christ.

I asked, "Where are you?"

God Spoke | I'm right here. |

Following His voice was given a vision. It was an outdoor setting that began as a simplistic scene, a park bench placed by a sidewalk, a building in the background, and a small balloon floating in the air.

Then, from the sky in perfect unison came gently falling three dimensional gold framed objects. Hollow as they lowered from the sky, yet as the objects set in place, all at once they filled with color, texture, and detail.

First from the sky was a building placed next to the first building in the background, a little girl standing on the sidewalk, very near and facing toward the ballon, and a man was set on the bench.

Then again, the frames fell into place. A third building aligned with the other two buildings in the background, a string attached to the ballon and the other end of the string was held by the little girl's hand, a dog on a leash was held by the man resting on the bench with a woman now placed next to him.

More and more intricate details fell from the sky and filled the scenery of this vision.

The vision taught frequency, both the separation between and the interconnectedness amongst the planes of existence.

All creation has a natural frequency and your sensory spectrum can perceive and experience

creation within a range.

Each frequency exists as a separate plane, though from our perspective, everything around us seems to exist in the same place at the same time, but it is that we are perceiving multiple planes of existence simultaneously that exist within a range.

This means there are things that exist on frequency planes outside of our sensory spectrum, yet are still occurring simultaneously around us. It is important to note, what we cannot perceive, may very well have the sensory spectrum to perceive us, intervene for us, protect us, and even allow us to perceive them at will, such as when our Father speaks to us or sends His angels.

I asked, "If I've fallen off my path, how will I ever fulfill my purpose now?"

God gave a vision with the interpretation. I was in my father's home music studio. On the computer monitor a song was displayed and cued at the beginning with many instrumental arrangements.

In the vision, I pressed play and the song began. I followed along as all the instruments played their parts accordingly, when suddenly one of the instruments muted. I could see the part it was

intended to play as the song continued on, though it was silent. After a time, the instrument unmuted and played it's intended part orchestrated for that moment in time until the song finished.

The song is life on earth, with a beginning and an ending. Each instrument is one of God's children. Each one of God's children is given an intention, a particular purpose in life, just as an instrument is written a part in a song.

We can choose to fulfill our purpose for life on earth as designed by our Father and be an instrument, playing our part in God's song, or we can choose not to. Though, if ever we fall from our path on earth and lose our place in God's song, so long as we still live, we can choose the path again, and be an instrument until the end.

I asked, "What are you? What is your form?"

God spoke | **I am light.** |

Our Father's natural form is light, and this is in the literal sense.

God later taught me the existence of authentic living light and illumination that merely radiates a glow and is an imitation intended to mimic the

likeness of God's living light. This is significant and centered around discernment as there are those now and that will be soon to come, assimilated in our society that are not alive. Though they have the appearance of human beings, they are hollow, not containing the living light, the Holy Spirit of God.

They are Satan's. Both dead and conscious. The distinction is observed in the eyes, the seat of the soul. They are intended to trend lifestyle, belief, and perception away from God and to make evil appear as a natural human quality.

The Vision of the Gold Ring

Yahweh presented a gold ring suspended in air, with nothing above, below, or to either side. I watched as the shine wrapped around the entire circle, from above to below, from below to above.

I became immensely engaged with the gold ring in all its glory. Though not ostentatious, the ring was virtuous, held an impenetrable promise, and captured the essence of our bond.

The ring symbolized the promise of our eternal bond, it being an infinite, a circle with no end and the gold is a symbol of significance, us to our

Father, and our Father to us.

The shimmer that wrapped around the gold ring symbolized the reciprocal pattern of receiving and giving, the blessing in our bond. It is first, God gives and blesses His children on earth, and we are to receive the gift and bless our Father in praise, thanks, and sacrifice.

Song 1: One Purpose

It was a voice without a sound
An image without a face
A lesson to be learned
A message to convey

A soul with one purpose
To learn a life lesson
To have faith on earth
And spend eternity in heaven

And the voice said, “O—
I can see your soul
I can hear your woe
You’re my child, you know?”

And I won’t let go
Of what is mine
It may take some time
But you’ll be fine”

And then the tears fell
From my eyes
And I don’t know why
But I felt like crying

And I don’t know why
But something inside

Told me that I
Need to change my life

Song 2: Jesus, Hear Me

Jesus
I know you can hear me
I know you are, you're listening now
And I know I'm not alone here

There's fire on the ground
War going on around us
But my eyes are in the clouds
Because I seek the one who found us

When we were lying on the ground
No one's hand to feed us
Listen closely you can hear the sound
That led all the believers out

Out of the darkness
Out of the fire
When we were down to the wire

Jesus
I know you can hear me
I know you are, you're listening now
And I know I'm not alone here

Poem 1: I Am in His Presence

I am in His presence
Because His presence is everywhere

He is in the wind that whistles in the evening sky
He is in the twinkling of a child's eye
He is in the warmth and beauty of a sun set
He is in the peace of a calming rest

I am in His presence
Because His presence is everywhere

He is in the laughter of loved ones
He is in the joy of cheerful tears
He is in the voice our spirit beckons
He is in the soft whisper of intuition in our ear

I am in His presence
Because His presence is everywhere

He is in the purity of our sons and daughters
He is in the strength and courage of our fathers
He is in the warmth and virtue of our mothers
He is in the likeness of our sisters and brothers

I am in His presence
Because His presence is everywhere

He is in the prints that lie before me in the sand

He is in the friend that leads me by the hand
He is in the guiding light along the way
He is in the path I walk each day

I am in His presence
Because His presence is everywhere