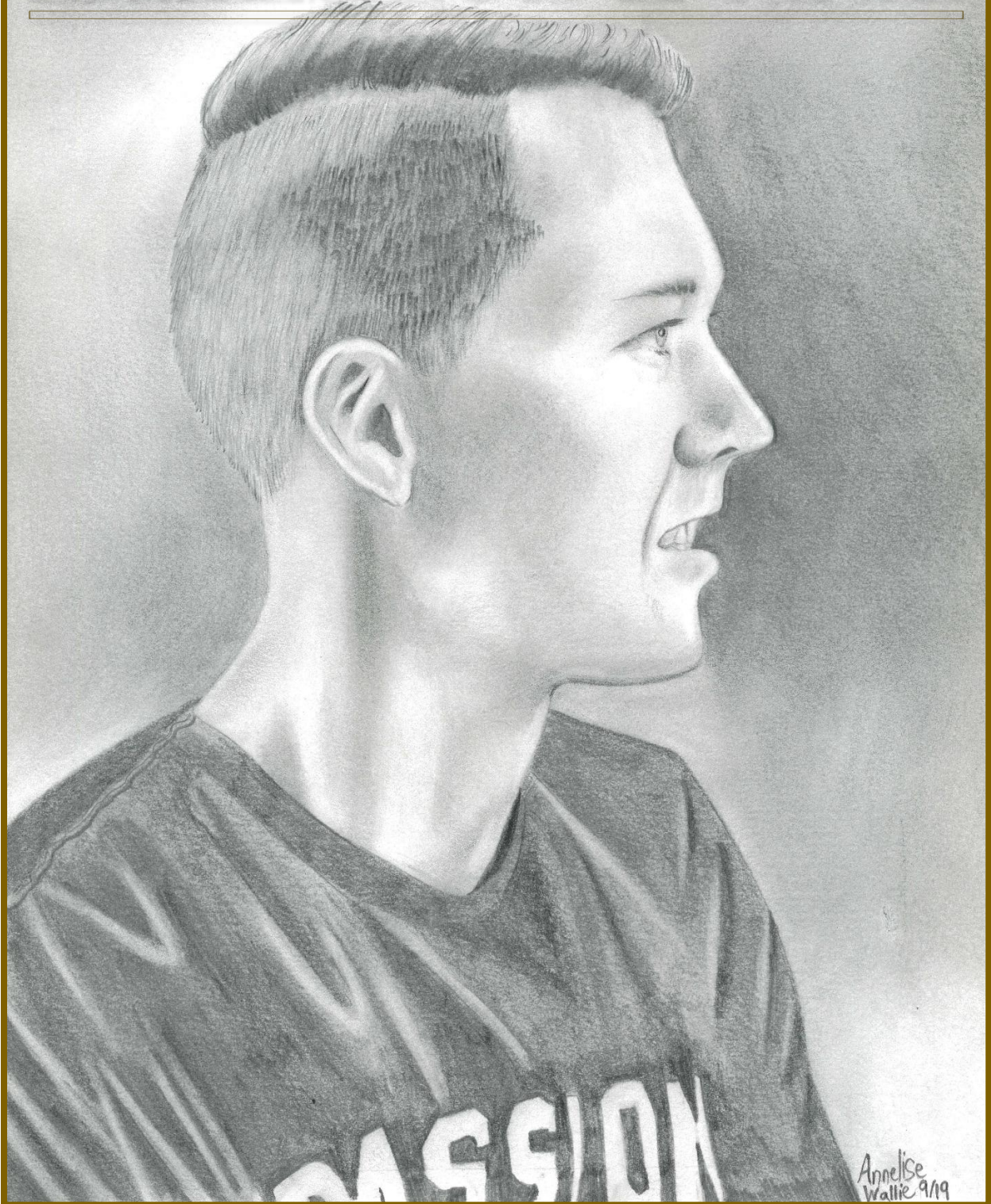


Finished Faith



Annelise
Wallie 9/19

Contents

- I. **YA'AQOV (IÁKOVOS) -PAGES 7-14.**
[25 MINUTES. SONGS: STAND STILL. DEEP IN THE NIGHT. CHRIST THE LORD IS RISEN TODAY LSB 469.]
- II. **NORWAY -PAGES 17-26.**
[15 MINUTES. SONGS: YES, WE LOVE THIS COUNTRY. 1944-1991 RUSSIAN ANTHEM. 1990-2000 RUSSIAN ANTHEM. BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.]
- III. **LIFETIMES OF EFFORT -PAGES 29-46.**
[60 MINUTES. SONGS: ADVENTURES IN ODDESSY. HAPPY BIRTHDAY, FLUTES. THE SONG OF MOSES. MODERN WARFARE SOUNDTRACKS. DAYS OF PRETERISTS. WINDOWS XP SETUP MUSIC. HALO SOUNDTRACKS. ALERT WORLD EAS SOUNDTRACKS. AOL SOUNDTRACKS. REFERENCES: MATTHEW 21:28-32. EXODUS 17. NUMBERS 20. DEUTERONOMY 3. 1ST & 2ND KINGS. EZEKIEL 32.]
- IV. **FATALITY -PAGES 49-68.**
[25 MINUTES. SONG: RELEASE MY SOUL -VINYARD. REFERENCES: ROMANS 10:9-10. JOHN 3:16. MATTHEW 18:18-19.]
- V. **SCHOOL BUS TALK -PAGES 71-94.**
[30 MINUTES. SONG: THEY'RE COMING TO TAKE ME AWAY. AMISH PARADISE. REFERENCES: EPHESIANS 4. REVELATION 12:9. 2ND KINGS 10. 2ND TIMOTHY 1:7. REVELATION 1:18-19.]
- VI. **RETURN TO OHIO, A FOREIGNER STORY -PAGES 97-112.**
[20 MINUTES. SONG: OH WHAT A BEAUTIFUL MORNING. SURREY WITH THE FRINGE ONTOP. OHIO ANTHEM. PANAMA ANTHEM.]
- VII. **STRONG TOWER'S BLESSING -PAGES 115-128.**
[60 MINUTES. SONGS: CLIMB EVERY MOUNTAIN. LIVING ON TULSA TIME. AMAZING GRACE. GOD'S NOT DEAD. THE ANCHOR HOLDS. ANNE OF GREEN GABLES. BARUCH ADONAI]
- VIII. **QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS -PAGES 131-152.**
[60 MINUTES. SONGS: THE WEAKEST LINK SOUNDTRACK. THE DEBATE OF YOUR LIFE. HUNGARIAN DANCE 5. DANCE OF THE KNIGHTS. REFERENCES: 2ND TIMOTHY 3:16. NUMBERS 11:29. GENESIS 3:19. JOSHUA 23:10.]
- IX. **REVELATION 1 THROUGH 22 -PAGES 155-177.**

Ya'aqov

WARNING: This Chapter Ends in the Woods (Mosquitos, Trip Hazards, Beasts and Getting Lost.) Bring A Head Net, A Light, A Gun, And A Phone.

Starring:
Ya'aqov and Myself.

1992 is the birth date for this
chapter.

31 years, 6 months, 6 days, 9
hours and 30 minutes is the
time from my birth to the time
of the cosmos event of 2024.

Chapter I

41.133416822873215, -81.55272241850844 are the GPS coordinates of the property location Ya'aqov and I were born at and where I was at during the cosmos event of 2024. The time calculated above is from when I was born, to the moment when the event took place in the cosmos.

As forewarned at the beginning of this chapter, it ends in the woods; besides the characteristics of the woods I mentioned, also be weary of the whole warlock and witch features. That is simply, the halloween themed appearances of people that confound me. When I see the eye shadow and dark lipstick, the piercings; I think, "Why not invest that money in precious metals?" One of the things I learned as I came out of pre-second coming thinking was how it makes people waste money; it also tries to limit speech and control behaviors.

So, by now we should understand that so-called "Christian Films" are one of the furthest things from true Christianity. I used to think "Christian" warranted a new name due to the nature of false associations; but now I spend time talking about what true and false Christianity is. On this note, we also understand that Hollywood is just a hillside sign and doesn't do much more than glamorize pain. I was willing to go through the pain of the Marines. The Marines wasn't quite what Hollywood had portrayed it. Witch and warlock characters imitate fearlessness, yet in reality they and anyone that imitates those appearances epitomize the coward. I do not like calling people cowards, but that's the nicest term I could think of. Ironically the digital production capabilities exploded after my birth; no longer does Hollywood have the monopoly on production. The so-called "Christian Production" fans will also bash Hollywood, yet they still watch the Hollywood movies, they still watch the sports and go to the games, all the while bashing the very thing they participate in. I have a reason to participate in such things, the so-called "Christians" do not. I still wish I could remember the movie my brother took me too in 2019 about a guy who got blamed for a crime and the whole movie was about a lawyer and his secretary proving that the man was innocent. It had the FBI in it too. So-called "Christians" never did their work, they have no room to talk. You see, unlike them, I did the work. I can speak against the very things I participate in because I know who I am; discernment of a post-second coming world rules out the feeble pre-second coming "dumb-scernment." If it seems like two worlds are fighting to be one world, that's because I'm not going to put up with the so-called "Christians" dictating anything. This chapter is un-avoidably mythical. I'll go as far as to say an asteroid from 70 A.D. can wipe out any pre-second coming world of myth for all I care; "Good Riddance."

I have one re-occurring "traumatic" event from childhood. One evening in my teen years I was struggling with my relationship with Dad. My two oldest brothers were already moved away. I didn't know what to do in life; how could a true Christian with pre-second coming thinking ever know what to do in life?

If I could go back to those times, I'd get on my knees and tell Strong Tower that I want to get a job in the south town at the grocery store and that I would do it faithfully. I would never quit or give up no matter what. I would be a positive example in my family and serve faithfully. I would stay at home or nearby, and that would be my legacy. So, as I write this now, I see there is still an opportunity now to make a commitment in life just like there was back in that time. After that day, I dug deep into a hole of a 6 year military contract which wreaked havoc, and then I turned to truck driving for the 6 years or so after that. The military and trucking were the first two moons, Bible College revolved around the third moon. With that said, I'm not abandoning my legacy up to this time, though it may seem that way. The questions one would ask would be, "Were those things good for you?", "Would you do that again?", and "What other choices did you have at the time?" I can now say that in hindsight I was quick to use approval and disapproval as a major determining factor for if I made the right decisions. Being from a big family, approval and disapproval can feel as instrumental as a ship's rudder. "Sergeant Wallie, you have the right to remain silent!" Being told that got me disapproval from the service men and some family members. It was for the occasion of that statement in 2017 that Ya'aqov said to me, "Hindsight is 20/20." Those were the end times of the Marines; I say this because now there is hindsight for all three "moons." This chapter is correcting history, technically. Now, I have to go way back to the sentence that started this paragraph, which is, "*I have one re-occurring "traumatic" thing from childhood.*" That "traumatic" event I'm thinking of was about the summer of 2010, one evening. Either I or my brother Ya'aqov had a bad discussion with Dad that evening. The fallout of a family event often ended with each person going their own way on the 27-acres of land. I met up with Ya'aqov in the northwest area of the woods. As time goes by, it is probable those woods will eventually inherit the name, "Grandpa Wallie's Woods"; unless the land is purchased by someone else. Ya'aqov was bashing old rotten trees and branches with a stick; that was a thing to do in the woods, it was satisfying to knock down dead trees and bash them and their rotten branches with a hard stick. "If it weren't for you all, I would have killed myself." – Ya'aqov said. We then mulled over the event at hand. It's noteworthy that besides Ya'aqov and me, alliances among the family weren't a thing. Ya'aqov and I only had them because we had mutual interests, such as, in technology. The last thing two parents want (one a lawyer, and the other a doctor) is a *Coup d'état*. Ya'aqov had been working at the local meat farm. When Ya'aqov told me in the woods that day, "The only reason I didn't kill myself when I was younger was because of you all." He meant, me and my siblings. I could have said, "Well, don't let me stop you." -in reply. Ya'aqov and I were now considered the oldest siblings of the house because the other two oldest were moved on into adulthood. The oldest was on the other side of the earth and

the second oldest had moved to the midwest of the country. The midwest was a place I would move to 8 years later after successful completion of my military contract. If I could go back to that time in the woods with my brother, I should have tried to pray with him. At the time, of course, to do that would have felt like I needed the same faith it took Strong Tower to be a blood sacrifice by going to the cross. Strong Tower was putting out the fires of blood sacrifices from way before Abraham and Isaac until finally He had to blood sacrifice Himself; that finally ended blood sacrifices. The whole point of giving up your child; whether it was the Genesis account of Abraham and Isaac or the New Covenant account of the Strong Tower, was to show us that Strong Tower was the solution to man's problem. There's none of this in the post-second coming world; of course, if you want to traumatize your children, treating them sacrificially is how, sick! Saying, "I don't agree with blood sacrifices." was just as suicidal of a statement as any. Ya'aqov said that in 2023. Later in 2023 that year sitting in my tow truck in front of his house he said, "You're a bleep!"

“Please help us to not have these bad feelings, please help us to be a blessed family and to stick together so we don’t feel this way. Help me to love my parents and to be the brother I need to be for my siblings. Please help Ya’aqov to not feel rejected or un-important or haunted. Strong Tower, give us the ability to accept the very temporary and rewarding discipline we receive and be grateful for this homeland. Father, You know what we need, and let these words be an expression of our need for You. Please help us leave these woods with Your joy and revived desire for You and Your ways. Please forgive us for our trespasses towards Mom and Dad. Thank You for their rewarding discipline and that we all have great big lives ahead of us. Strong Tower, don’t let these feelings get to us. Let them drive us to You. Help us have good times of fellowship. Please be with our two eldest siblings, Strong Tower, we miss them and feel incomplete without them here. We know You are with them now and hope You’ll bring them home one day. Father, please fill our hearts and show us what to focus on. Help us as children be content with all we are. Please help me not to feel inferior or like I need to measure up to others. Please help me get a job and to not be so hard on myself physically. Please give us emotional health and intelligence and to enjoy our parents and siblings. Thank You that we have them for eternity. Help us to be grateful for this time we are in and enjoy it. Please help me to stay on this land and live abundantly and see I’m enough and don’t need to change. In Your name, that is, a Strong Tower, Amen.”

I know there are some people whose ambition is to traumatize people with their words. I can still remember things that were said to me or how I was treated. The better my life gets, the less trauma anything actually poses. In the next chapter there are some stories that are about better things, which seems to be the right way to go this book. I'm not going to dwell on trauma forever and never get over it.

What makes this book valuable to me in particular is this book was purchased in the very midst of a traumatic event, Sue's death (chapters IV and VII). I purchased it in the same building of a Bible College service; Wednesday the 22ND day of December, 2021. After I purchased it, I proceeded outside and that was when I mounted a wagon for a horse team ride around the Bible College. Before I even wrote the chapters I labeled the chapters. It wasn't until 3 years later that the words filled this book. That death wasn't the last traumatic thing to happen. I was still in more traumatic situations after that. Trauma has a way of not stopping, which is part of the character of trauma. I was able to go through traumatic times by using them as an opportunity to turn my life in a direction that will help me live longer than Sue did, and without any trauma. What do you think about other people being introduced into your life? Sue once told me, "These are the people Strong Tower has given to us." Sue was saying there's value in being responsible with the people in your life according to the needs of the times.

As a 30-to-40-year-old man, being responsible for my family might actually just look like stopping by in the area once a month from my travels, and the things of that nature. Mom can tell me about Heather and all the things Dad lets Heather get away with in the woods. My sisters look forward to seeing me, so I try to be a good brother for them. Did you ever think life could return to being this simple again? The last thing I want to do is sound like I'm softening this book with critical conditions for the rest of my life; that's another pre-second coming thing. My successful fulfillment of my military contract; my local, national and international transportation feats; and lastly, the timeless ability to find the 99 percent pure silver lining on not being a Bible College graduate have all been corrected with 20/20 hindsight.

Stay away from the military. Don't be afraid of big trucks and don't accept the stigma of truck driver lifestyles. This book is my own bible college completion.

I didn't start in food service like all my older brothers did, I started in the military. I gave food service a try, it was practical, but I didn't stay in it. Ya'aqov stayed in food service. The worst trauma is probably bullying, some parents expect you to deal with it, in which case your reputation will be ruined until your honor is not able to be kept clean anymore. Ya'aqov knows what's going on when he hears about it and gets observation; he's one person who often advocates in such a situation.

Take this childhood abstraction; after watching Charlotte's Web as kids in the living room late one afternoon, we all dispersed to our areas in the house. I remember sitting at my own table after the movie and beginning my algebra in the room which was the gateway room to the homeschool closet. The homeschool closet had a port window view advantageous of the 2000-foot-long driveway to the south. I was ahead and staying days ahead in math which meant I had more control over my time. Well, I recall that in that post-movie moment at my desk, I felt really good. When Dad walked in at 5:30PM that day, I was happy to see him, his presence was looked forward too. As I stated later in this book (chapter III), I always had a place in my heart for Dad, every child does. I'll be honest, I often didn't anticipate Dad coming home from work. Think about a man that has a family and provides for that family, but they want nothing to do with him. As I grew up, I began to get more and more of Dad in my life by spending disciplinary hours with him five days a week his office. This cut off my sibling relationships and left me feeling lonely for years; it prepared me to be a long-haul truck driver. I was thinking it was trauma for all my teen years and most of my adult years. Now, I have a real strength because of it. I really felt alone, even in our house, because after being away all day I felt estranged from my siblings. It was like being chronically in trouble and carrying the shame daily for my siblings and Dad's employees to ponder. The real shame belonged to the employees because all of this was a front in order for me to be a witness between Dad and the employees. In hindsight I see that I was also the fall guy for this darkness: go back and look up the lyrics to "The Wizard of Oz" songs, these were the movies of my parent's days which parents passed onto us. It's confounding to read the chants in those lyrics. What's even more confounding is the infatuation with murder shows, Movie and TV series. I'm grateful for 20/20 hindsight; those where the Movies and TV series parents were into. I wasn't the person trafficking darkness into the house; and I was with Dad at his work because of the female employees!

Now, get out of the woods; unless you like
mosquitos, beasts, and being lost in the
dark; leave that for the halloween
characters.

"Christ the Lord is ris'n today! Saints on earth and angels say; Raise your joys and triumphs high; Sing, ye heav'ns, and earth, reply. Love's redeeming work is done, Fought the fight, the battle won; Lo! Our Sun's eclipse is o'er; Lo! He sets in blood no more. Vain the stone, the watch, the seal; Christ hath burst the gates of hell. Death in vain forbids His rise; Christ has opened Paradise. Lives again our glorious King! Where, O death, is now thy sting? Once He died our souls to save; Where thy victory, O grave? Soar we now where Christ has led; Foll'wing our exalted Head. Made like Him, like Him we rise; ours the cross, the grave, the skies. Hail the Lord of earth and heav'n! Praise to Thee by both be giv'n! Thee we greet triumphant now: Hail, the Resurrection Thou!" –Christ the Lord is Risen today (LSB #469)

Norway

Chapter III

Going to Norway was the first time I was out of the U.S.A. In the summer of 2016, a few months after my Sergeant promotion, I was one of five Marines sent from
Detachment-3 Maintenance Company, CLB-453
-to Norway.

I had my military gear packed on the balcony of the place my brother and I lived; we lived on a 150-acre farm. I snapped a photo of it for a social media post. I always had time to set apart and pack up in order to be ready to go to “drills” or “on orders” with the Marines. Off the top of my head, I probably went to sixty “drills” and went away “on orders” ten times during 2011 to 2017.

I loaded up my 2006 dark blue F-150 XLT Triton and drove the 30-to-40 minute drive northeast to Vienna (Det-3 Maintenance. Co, CLB-453). From Vienna, I went to Cleveland Hopkins Airport in a “Govy”, which is a white Chevy Express 2500 van: with five other Marines. Our unit administrator (the driver) left us five to fly to the rally point in New York to form up with the platoon of Marines gathering from across the country. As a platoon of about eighty Marines in New York, we would then board an 8 hour flight over the ocean in a northeastern direction towards Norway.

I still remember going through T.S.A. at Cleveland Hopkins Airport and my 6-inch knife with a 6-inch orange and black handle being discovered in my backpack gear. It had been left there, forgotten by me. It was hidden in the back section of the backpack from a previous time we had gone out into the field as a unit. The blade had a chipped-off tip. I had to let T.S.A. take the knife so I could continue through security to our plane.

In New York we were given a side room in the terminal for the stateside Marines as their flights arrived from their respective states. Eventually we were in the air and most of the passengers were Norway bound Marines. We traveled on civilian aircraft and had to use passports just as if we were non-military. We had a layover in Amsterdam after the 8 hour ocean flight, and soon after that layover we landed in Norway. Trondheim is the airport we landed at; here we met the Captain assigned to this newly formed U.S. Marine platoon of Norway.

A man named Johnny who I knew from Corporal's Leadership Course back in May of 2014 at Marine Corps Logistics Base - Albany, Georgia; was also one of the Marines who was ordered to Norway. There's a picture of us together in Norway during our platoon touring a historical site of WWII bunkers.

From Trondheim we took rental vans to a Norwegian military base. The Norwegian military base wasn't far from the airport, you could see the airport in the horizon from the military base. The military base had no gates, nor fencing, and no security. The sun never set in Norway the whole time we were there.

We were now getting acquainted with our fellow Marines from the U.S.A. and our Captain had assumed command. Once loaded into the barracks, we explored the "New Country"; it felt like a retreat. The "chow hall" food reminded me of my Mom's cooking. The chow hall was quiet and nice. After our first day there we headed for three caves. They were roughly a 1-to-2 hour drive there and a 1-to-2 hour drive back. We each were assigned to one of the three caves with a task and purpose based on rank and job specialty. The driving to and from the caves were plains of green and blue among mountains and fields of many different terrains.

I enjoyed this atmosphere of Marines, because we were all happy and the days at the caves went well. We had "box lunches" at our respective caves and we ate breakfast and dinner as a platoon at the base.

They always said, “Enjoy the Marines because you won’t ever have the same sense of belonging anywhere else.” Two groups of people I had in my life at the time were Family and Marines. I lived with my brother; I had Family which were a 10 minute drive north of where me and my brother lived; also, Marines were around the area. These are all attributes I no longer have in my life. Norway is thought of as a blessing in my life. It’s hard to “*give Him glory*” and credit the Creator though, because to me, at first glance it all seems like a manmade endeavor. I suppose in the context of this time of my life, “*Blessing*” could be defined as having something desirable in life, yet not necessarily deserved, with the attitude and mindset that He just wants me to accept and keep ownership of it.

I now have a Norwegian stamp in my passport. I had to get my first U.S. passport in early 2016 to fulfill my orders to Norway. I have some Norwegian coins from getting a currency exchange on the way there. I also have a green and black cloth Norwegian military unit patch from one of their Soldiers. I traded him a sergeant rank chevron from my collar for his cloth unit patch. We have a picture together during the exchange.

I can name the four Marines besides me from Vienna I went to Norway with. I remember all the crisp nice days we worked at the caves; I actually was only at one of the caves. One day, with the Captain, we took LAV's and cruised around on the roadways in the wilderness terrain which ran outside the mouths of the cave. Inside the caves were aisles and aisles of U.S. Military tanks, humvees and heavy engineer equipment; all in very good condition. My purpose was to oversee Marines removing each piece of equipment from the cave and perform an inspection of the equipment at the mouth of the cave, and then return the equipment back into the cave. I think they said the equipment had been stored there since the 1980's. I have a cloth "Marine Corps Pre-Positioning Program" patch from this occasion. Norwegian Military actively runs that program for the U.S. Marine Corps. I remember Norway as one place the military sent me where I didn't count down the days until I returned, unlike all those other times in the field.

Just think about lithium batteries for LED flashlights and such. They get lithium from seabeds. Norway was the first country in the world to allow commercial deep sea-mining in January of 2024.

The only other reason Marines would be sent to Norway would be if they were infantry training in cold weather. Norway is the place designated for U.S. Marines to conduct cold weather infantry training. We were told to be careful who we talked to because Russians would spy by engaging in conversations with people to get intelligence. We just had to be a little cautious out in town. We just looked like Norwegian Soldiers in civilian attire. As a citizen of Norway, it's mandatory to serve 2 years in the military. They aren't like the Soldiers we think of in the U.S.A. but rather, they're just well-behaved citizens. Can you imagine a country where everyone was a veteran? Some of them get sent to watch a border to watch out that Russia doesn't do anything.

The winter in Norway is dark. The moon is the only light the infantry gets and it's cold; way too dark, way too cold, way too long. You wouldn't ever see daylight, you would be cold, it might sound cool, but it would probably be miserable. That would just be a dark winter, leave it for the fiction books.

I think I still have my "moonbeam" from boot camp.

When we returned to Vienna from the Cleveland Hopkins Airport, my 2006 dark blue F-150 had a dead battery. It was parked in the unit command parking lot with the rest of the vehicles the entire time I was in Norway. My Chief Warrant Officer, “Klink” jumped me, and I was “*Oscar mike*” back to the 150-acre farm!

Months later I would go “on orders” with the Chief Warrant Officer-3, and a Gunnery Sergeant who was native of Oklahoma to inspect engineer equipment across the country at reserve units near McConnell Air Force Base, Kansas.

That was yet another flight out of Cleveland; but this time with the Chief Warrant Officer, Gunnery Sergeant and Myself.

The Captain from Norway and I talked 4 years later over the phone, in July of 2020 when I was in Virginia Beach.

It was right before delivering my load I picked up in San Diego from the U.S.S. Theodore Roosevelt CVN-71.

I was in a hotel at the time. I also talked via social media to my former senior drill instructor from boot camp 9 years earlier, to the month.

I talked via social media to my former medical Corpsman from the unit in Vienna.

Semper Fidelis!

“OORAH” is the famous watchword in the Marines, this word just came to mind for the first time in 6 years as I write this. Marines would say “OORAH” to each other because it was like saying “Amen”, or “Okay.” They would also say “Semper Fi”; The Marine Corps moto is, “Semper Fidelis” which is Latin for “Always Faithful.”

Just about all Marines will admit that when they first got to boot camp, they instantly regretted joining, even the toughest ones. I’ve concluded for myself that I can accept that the Marines was something I wasn’t cut out for, but survived, and that’s actually okay, it’s also a compliment to myself and the service because, [Who Actually Was Cut Out For The Marines?](#)

My Poem for Norway:

Four Marines, five including me. Norway is a secret to share occasionally, not for mere military talk; but to find order in the midst of complex people from various backgrounds in the U.S.A. who could pass a background Check at 18. 16 plus hours of airplane flights. Out of the five, one went on to be an officer (the female). I was one of two Sergeants that got out of the Marines after our 6 year contracts were fulfilled, the other two Marines were still junior ranks, and I don't know the nature of their contract fulfillment. We were all from Ohio, except one from West Virginia. Five Marines, Three Caves, One Summer Expedition. Our Captain came from Colorado; he was one officer I admired. While in Norway, he had a Marine write an essay instead of formally punish him. One award from the Norwegian General. One platoon soccer game played in the evening on base with the airport in the horizon. Interestingly all these Norway Marines from the United States were extremely skillful soccer players, except for me!

Lifetimes

Of

Effort

Chapter III

CAUTION: This Chapter Begins With A Childhood Memory, And Flashback To Chapter I; My Siblings May Recognize It.

“Look,
there are
three moons
in the sky!”

Hint #1: It was on the radio. Hint #2: "Hi, this is Chris!" Hint #3: "Colorado Springs, Colorado 80995, or in Canada, Vancouver BC, V6B 4G3."

This chapter is going to be a real project. Like a project Dad and I did behind the pole barn one summer afternoon around 2008 in which at one point Dad says, “bleep.” That was the worst of words Dad ever said and that was the last time I ever heard Dad say it, I don't even remember what the project was. Like a lot of Dad's projects that weren't worth doing, this chapter isn't worth doing, but we're going to do it anyway, just like Dad's projects. This chapter is also emotionally driven which can be some real bleep.

The outrageously misinterpreted story of a father and two sons, referred to as “Matthew 21:28-32” carries the narrative for the next two tiny stories:

#1: “Dad, I'm not doing your projects. I've been on this land helping you with these projects since 1998 when we built the place, and I'm not doing it anymore.

Remember when we built the stairway landing that summer evening in 1998? I was 6 years old; I had a sore throat and rash on my butt, it was miserable. Dad, I'm not doing your projects anymore!” Of course, I never said that, but I felt like saying it, because that's what I usually felt like saying during Dad's bleep projects. There was always a soft place in my heart for Dad no matter what we were doing, I never hated Dad. On the day of writing this chapter, Dad turned 77 years old.

#2: Paraphrasing my second oldest brother, “I'm not edging your driveway, I'm not edging your beds, and I'm not turning your garden soil, nor picking up acres of sticks in your backyard, nor drinking out of your hose anymore!” After saying something to this effect to one of the neighbors. I assumed the work my second oldest brother left behind after such a statement. My second oldest brother soon relocated to Oklahoma after this.

In 1999, an elderly neighbor couple (Mr. & Mrs. Dotson) named Loretta, and her husband Otis came to see the house we built on the land. Otis picked me 3-feet up off the ground by my ears when we showed him the landing; I was horrified. He had taken it upon himself to teach me a lesson about keeping my mouth shut.

During this project-of-a-chapter I feel like using un-graceful language, as Dad did for the last time around 2008. However, I won't use un-graceful language because I'm afraid to die on the mountaintop like Moses. A mountaintop death was the climax of Moses' last will. Exodus 17, Numbers 20, and Deuteronomy 3 are the struck-rock-and-thirst-quenching demise of Moses. I also don't use un-graceful language because I know what kind of example it sets when you look up to someone and then hear them grind un-edifying gears. We want to be in 18TH gear, but that's only on the flat planes. Chapter V is the School Bus Talk chapter, don't wait until that chapter to learn to use graceful language, just force graceful language now, force it!

I feel like for the past 6 years I've been involved in many cults, false doctrines, false practices, errors and mass deceptions without end.

As a child born of heaven, I've called myself a "Christian" since March 7TH, 1999 at 2:00PM, EST. It was important to realize that "Christian" is characterized by everything I'm against, bleep! I feel like my life has been characterized by the word "bleep" for the past 6 years. I believed a bunch of bleep. I'm not feeble-minded when I say bleep. At the very end we are going to walk away from all the bull-bleep in this chapter once and for all. If it makes you feel better, I've worked fatalities, and I've hauled multi-million-dollar cargo internationally for the Department of Defense. I've had intense government escorts. I'm a triple graduate of truck driving school with all endorsements and without any restrictions. I could go down the list of things to credit the Creator for getting me through; it's ultimately for whatever glorifies. With my credibility statement above, I'm now saying to leave everything from Adam to the Apocalypse and all that's in between where it belongs; in your Bible! You'll see why with my example of Kings in this chapter.

Let's summon two witnesses for this chapter. Randall Farmer (Former Gunnery Sergeant of Platoon 1072) and Michael Kieloch (Former Recruit of Platoon 1072). Randall was put in charge of eighty men in July of 2011. Michael was placed in front of twenty of those men. I'm placing myself as one of those twenty out of the eighty. I wanted to summon Dr. Theresa Larson, the author of the book, "Warrior." I listened to her biography around 2015 which she narrated herself; that means it was actually an autobiography. In 2020, Randall and I communicated over social media. Don't dare ask, "Were they saved?" because that sounds like a question a "Christian" would ask. My response to that question would be, "You were probably saved because of them."

If ever there was a cult to belong to (Of course there's never a cult you should belong to, but if there was...) it truly could only be the one and only pre-2020 Marine Corps. We were so concerned that the military would mess us up that we never thought "Christian Ministry" would make the Marines look like child's play in regards to "messing someone up." If you thought 20TH and 21ST century war was violent, it's nothing compared to the wars in the Bible.

Look at the book of 1ST & 2ND Kings!

It is 400 years of 1000 to 600 B.C. violence for all 47 chapters, front-to-back. I counted 12 very violent events in it.

We're going to get a 20/20 perspective of 1000 to 600 B.C. It will be more horrific than the 2004 Anno Domini ("2004 A.D.") picture of Fallujah. Fallujah is situated on the Euphrates River; Randall was in Fallujah in 2004, about 7 years prior to 2011. Randall personally put an eagle, globe and anchor into my hand in 2011. The tears were not streaming yet they were present, because after the crucible, in that moment you were a Marine, not a recruit anymore. Therefore, emotions were allowed to be expressed. Randall angrily hurled an M-16 across the squad bay one evening, "YOU WANT TO SEE WHAT HAPPENS TO MARINES IN THE FLEET?" Randall said that upon finding out that during one evening of pre-bed-complacency, his very own personal boot camp platoon photo which he had put on display for us had been shattered:

“YOU WANT TO SEE
WHAT HAPPENS TO
MARINES IN THE
FLEET?”

In 2020 (9 years later, after 2011), Randall encouraged me during my final miles with the 2700-mile cargo offload of the U.S.S. Theodore Roosevelt CVN-71 air-craft carrier upon its arrival to **Naval Base Coronado, San Diego, California** after deployment (It's a Navy Seal Training Base). Coronado, California is *“One of the most unique and beautiful beachfront cities in the world. Coronado, also known as the Crown City, lies between San Diego Bay and the Pacific Ocean. It is linked to San Diego by the San Diego–Coronado Bay Bridge.”* The cargo I picked up from there was destined for **Naval Air Station Oceana, Virginia Beach**; *“Home to all East Coast fighter jet squadrons.”*

A 2020 social media post epitomized Randall's faith, it was a picture with a title on it about sheep; it looked something like one sheep going in the opposite direction as all the other sheep. A man who puts an eagle, globe and anchor into your hand is a man I could receive encouragement from at least once in my life.

Randall wasn't the only Marine that tried to encourage me in 2020, a Captain from Colorado who I was with in Norway 4 years prior encouraged me during this same event. Michael Kieloch was a highly educated man, yet he chose not to be an officer (Lieutenant, Captain, Major, Colonel, etc.) but rather a lower enlisted rank (Private, Lance Corporal, Sergeant, etc.) For this reason (Being an educated man choosing the lower educated pathway), they put very high expectations on him during boot camp in 2011. I remember when they gave him a task and during this task a drill instructor from a different boot camp platoon took something from Michael, of course being a recruit, Michael had to yield by giving it to him and then when Michael returned from this task, he was asked the name of the drill instructor that took the item and Michael knew the drill instructor's name and rank! People put such high expectations on "smart" people, but it's the smart person that tends to put the highest expectations on himself. "You're attracted to pressure, aren't you?" said an Ex-Army Ranger.

The older I get the more faith I see was in the military compared to the faith in "Christian Ministry." Platoon 1072 prayed every night, breaking down by denominations in the squad bay. Everyone was able to go to once a week during boot camp to a battalion service. One of those old servicemen that looked like your grandpa who never got out of the service marched with us for a while on a 54 hour crucible. He had a cross pinned on his collar (The collar is where you pin on insignia trinkets, such as a Corporal, Sergeant, Captain, or even a 4-Star General rank trinket.) "The crucible" was a once in a lifetime 54 hour event, the last event before graduation in the Marines. "The crucible" often attracted random Marines and Sailors of Parris Island to join in on the five-hundred-plus man event during some of the marching. An Officer (Chaplain) was tasked to pray during the graduation of the entire boot camp battalion of five-hundred-plus men and two-hundred women. In combat training, a Navy Chaplain would occasionally appear in the wilderness with us hosting voluntary meetings.

⁶⁶The older I get the more faith I see was in the military compared to the faith in Christian Ministry.⁹⁹

I'll probably lose my reputation with most in this paragraph:
The nice thing about coming out on top after 2020 is to be able to say, "I never got vax'ed." Imagine my mother who can say, "I never wore a mask, on top of not being vax'ed."; and she traveled internationally ta-boot! She is a modern hero; Mom is a person you can always be encouraged by. Mom has been a hero a few times in my life but only when I needed a hero and life warranted the assistance of a hero(very bad times!)

At the end of December of 2021, Mom hit the bulls-eye with "Counterfeit Christianity." Counterfeit Christianity is a doctrine spectator's book exposing the "Word of Faith Movement." I was like a prisoner of the movement, a hostage. My life called for the expert mommanship of Mom. The day her copies out of the book, "Counterfeit Christianity" arrived was the same week one of the victims of the movement died (Sue: Chapters IV and VII.) I couldn't put words to it like these copies out of the book did, it was scripted advocacy. Mom's scroll of advocacy was what I used at the exit of opportunity to break away and escape that mafiza-christianity.

Again, in May of 2023, Mom was a hero as a 2ND award expert momsman. She hit the second eye-of-the-bull by bringing my attention to the reality of a historical background of B.C. violence. A.D. violence is a maffian-christian disguise used by self-proclaimed Christians to make their behaviors look like Christianity. Here is my final explanation of the B.C. violence for those B.C. times:

UNFORTUNATLY,

Violence

Was

The

Only

Thing

That

Could

Break

The

Superstition,

UNFORTUNATLY.

2024 Anno Domini: "A.D." is medieval Latin for *Anno Domini*, which in English means "*In The Year Of The Lord.*" "FIRE FROM HEAVEN" that's the last thing I want to see! "FIRE FROM HEAVEN" only came down when *hades* was life.

Widows and orphans were starving, human trafficking was casual, superstition was prevalent, everyone was suffering; so, the last thing I ever want to see happened... FIRE FROM HEAVEN. The only role for a man in that image of 1000 to 600 B.C. violence was the spiritual support of single mothers. 1000 to 600 B.C. FIRE FROM HEAVEN was the "end all" for superstition. With that said, "FIRE FROM HEAVEN" for A.D. is the end of whoever asked for it. Think about what someone would have to believe that actually says, "I WANT FIRE FROM HEAVEN!" -someone like that is an A.D. Ahab. A.D. Ahab is anti-christ. A.D. Jezebel is that bride of anti-christ. **YOU DON'T CHANGE THEM!** *You render to her just as she has rendered to you, you repay her double according to her works, in the cup that she mixed for you, mix double for her, in the measure that she glorified herself and lived in luxury, give her torment and sorrow; for she says in her heart, "I sit as queen and am no widow and will see no sorrow."* That *canis* Jezebel is only found in *infernium*.

Mom explained her personal impression of a "truly changed man" by using 1ST & 2ND Kings. By Mom using that 400 year B.C. platform, it became a theological impossibility for Mom to be wrong. A "truly changed man" only happens when doctrinal and theological change occurs. If I had to generate a list of "Impossibilities", "Doctrinal & Theological Change" would be on that list. **YOU DON'T CHANGE AHAB!** There are only two types of men in the entire 1000 to 600 B.C. picture: Ahab and men. There are only two types of women in the entire 1000 to 600 B.C. picture: Jezebel and women.

Thank
Strong Tower
We Are
Anno Domini!

"In The Year of the Lord."

Doctrinal and theological change epitomize the song of the next page. It's my rendition of the 1994 song, "Days of Elijah" -by Robin Mark.

“THE DAYS OF PRETERISTS”

This is the end of the violence;

The false doctrine of the old earth;

Strong Tower sure came to free people

...from such bondage to evil.

It always amazes me when a person today, who's in the world ways becomes a true Christian!

False Doctrine has days of great trial,

famine and darkness and sword.

We cross over from here,

We cross over from here,

We cross over from here,

We cross over from here,

We cross over from here,

We cross over from here,

“We cross over from here.” were the priests last words.

This is the end of the violence;

The false doctrine of the old earth;

Strong Tower sure came to free people

...from such bondage to evil.

It always amazes me when a person today, who's in the world ways becomes a true Christian!

False Doctrine has days of great trial,

famine and darkness and sword.

We cross over from here,

We cross over from here,

We cross over from here,

We cross over from here,

We cross over from here,

We cross over from here,

“We cross over from here.” were the priests last words.

We cross over from here,

We cross over from here,

We cross over from here,

We cross over from here,

We cross over from here,

We cross over from here,

“We cross over from here.” were the priests last words.

It was Wednesday, June 21ST, 2023 at 3:30PM EST when I wrote the following:

“I had an appointment at 2:00PM today, on my walk to the appointment I dropped a dark blue folder with my crayoned and penned journal from December 27, 2022 to January 14, 2023 into a shredding receptacle. I dropped it into the shredding receptacle at 1:55PM right before my appointment at 2:00PM. I destroyed it to show that I was serious about my bright future. Let’s not act like I’m the only one who keeps records; doesn’t this country do the exact same thing on its citizens? I’m now embarking on a completely new endeavor, to rid my life of the darkness of old things, making way for bright new things. This is a feeling I don’t like, the only way I know how to describe this feeling is: “It feels like I’m an empty septic tank.” I felt like an empty septic tank in boot camp, in truck driving school and in Bible schoolings. The Marines was a 6 year contract, Truck Driving started a 6+year career, and Bible College began nearly 6 years ago.” All three of these are years and years of things (feelings, etc.) I am once and for all addressing in this book!”

Now that I'm on this note of the destruction of journals; in the final months of 2021, I hosted a controlled burn in the woods of Broken Arrow, Oklahoma. I made a long-distance phone call to my parents in which I read both of them a letter written for them on the occasion of my birth; the letter was about the blessing from Strong Tower a child is.

I burned 30 years of my birthday cards and letters from 1992 to 2021. I burned all of my childhood math homework: addition, subtraction, multiplication, division, fractions, metric tons of algebra, plus some advanced math. Most of the math was written in the early 2000's up to 2008 from the office of Dad, at EYES 20/20. Along with an entire lifetime of cards, letters, homework, taxes, military orders, and skilled training documents; I also burned my own journals. As the fire roared, the flames seemed capable of consuming the "Word of Faith Movement" books from the Bible College. Here's a list of some the names of some of those books from the Word of Faith Movement: *"How to write your own ticket with Strong Tower"*, *"I Went to Hell"*, *"Strong Tower's Medicine"*, *"His Name Shall Be Called Wonderful."* Next to the fire I kept myself somewhere under 300 lbs. of books.

This consummation by fire was hundreds of hundreds of hours of my homework and journaling, with that, the hours it took to process and scan it in 2021 onto a one-thousand gigabyte micro-secure digital card ("Micro SD Storage.") All of that data is once and for all gone because that contact lens sized micro SD Storage card failed to retain data I had scanned to it. Everything was burned, I plugged the micro SD Storage card into a computer one day and sat there staring at a retention failure, and in that moment of discovery I realized the total destruction.

My comforting philosophy about data is that data is priceless; money cannot bring it back, that is, once it is gone, it is gone once and for all! Contrary to common technological concerns, computer data is not invincible from permanent destruction. A load of scrap technology was delivered to our land in 2022 by the wife of a preterist family. My early 2000's disposal method for technology looked like this: I take a shovel behind the pole barn into the woods and dig a pit near the tree my second oldest brother got his canoe bark off of. I place the Gateway 2000 information highway central processing units into the shovel dug pit. Cathode ray tube monitors required quite the shovel dug pit. These were the pre-year-2000-era computers. We had learned keyboard typing with them, along with other ergonomics. In the wake of Dell's Inspiron 2650 Microsoft Windows eXPerience laptops, I was left with pre-year-2000-era desktop technology. The year 2000 was before the Enterprise Recycling Center was known about. The wife of the preterist family was delivering scrap technology for me to relay to the Enterprise Recycling Center. She did not want to search where the center was by herself, I had to relay it for her. Dad gave me the instructions and directions to the center.

I was already very familiar with the area because that summer I had towed the car of an end times writer who lived 2000-feet from the center. If you were to walk through his woods, you'd see a drive-in movie theater. Her delivery was only a few weeks after my brother and I had been to their house for the following two discussion topics: "Spiritual or Physical Rapture?" and "Who Do You Think the Two Witnesses Are?" Those topics should shut the mouth of anyone that says, "Once you put your data out there it's always out there." Ironically, the issue is usually retaining data, not deleting data. Sometimes people think they can't get rid of all their data, you can, it just takes a while to find it first and lastly process how you want to get rid of it. I found my internet data in 2021 and processed the deletion of profiles, e-mail accounts, forum accounts and online storage accounts.

So, how can I account for all this lost data? Let's use my December 27TH, 2022 through January 14TH, 2023 example. In hindsight, I can now see a destroyed 2022 to 2023 bridge. The journal shredding I did at 1:55PM on Wednesday, June 21ST, 2023 while I was walking to my 2:00PM appointment. That was a conscious choice and how I destroyed that 2022 to 2023 bridge. It displayed discipline to make the journal and another form of discipline to destroy it, quite a concept.

In the Marines every unit has a "Unit Diary." Long-haul truck driving requires keeping a 6 month running history of "Driver Daily Logs." This "Finished Faith" book is a private lifetime account.

I have destroyed my data by faith that my life is more than a lifeless scroll; that is the crux of all these data purging processes. Destruction is one thing, especially when there is not much good material data! Organizing is another thing, when there is good material, you don't want to lose it!

There are one-thousand gigabytes of digital photos on a hard drive, I gave it to my youngest sister in 2022. That's an example of data needing organized instead of destroyed.

We are nearing the end. Get
ready to walk away from all
this bleep.

The following page is a list of computer jargon that you may understand if you don't read into it. And it's also a backhand to pre-second coming so called "Christianity."

Perhaps you feel like you can't be in the world unless you're going to get everyone "Saved":

“FORMAT C:/Y”

The above is a computer command that will destroy whatever is on the storage drive.

They say heroes chase dreams; the last thing I wanted to see was "FIRE FROM HEAVEN.", yet a dream chasing hero complex gets it:

“FORMAT C:/P:777”

The above command destroys the data on the drive by overwriting it. It zero's every sector on the drive. Then after that, the drive will be over-written "777" times using a different random number each time; that's a universe of void data. If you set the "count" to zero "000" no additional overwrites are made after zeroing every sector on the drive.

Perhaps the data was spiritualizing dark syrup out the sap of darkness:

“FORMAT C:/Q:”

The above command erases the file allocation table and the root directory on the drive but does not identify bad sectors on the drive.

Perhaps you feel like the journal was full of trauma and nothing else:

“FORMAT C:/U”

This completely erases all data on the target drive, making it impossible to perform an un-format/un-destroy/un-delete on the drive later.

“FORMAT C:/S” Is a computer command erasing the data and making the drive clean and also ready for use. Unlike the above computer commands, that strip and make the drive un-identifiable, this one saves the boot data so it's easy for a fresh start on the drive for an operating system, like Microsoft Windows.

No one may see or understand these actions, that's fine, Strong Tower does! We don't need a plaque from anyone, nor a certificate nor any form of approval or disapproval from anyone for our behalf with the Strong Tower.

UNFORTUNETLY,

Those "approval and disapproval" narratives are the hard-wiring a self-proclaimed christian-mofioso is limited by,
UNFORTUNETLY.

I wouldn't decline a certificate or award, but it's not my ambition, nor should I place too much meaning in them. Sure, I value a license that comes with certificates and awards, but what's an award without a license? It is just effort displayed on a piece of paper, a lot of people value it. How many hours of effort went into it? How many hours of effort went into us? The answer to all these rhetorical questions is un-deniably,

Lifetimes of effort.

There's actually more value in a loved one's letters than awards and certifications, because the letters have unconditional love, without being limited by mere validation and performance.

May 14, 2023.

*“I’m reading 2ND Kings now in the mornings. So much violence and treachery in the Old Testament..”*⁹⁹

Mom wrote the above in her last letter before going to Panama with two of my sisters. In the letter she concluded that,

*“Strong Tower sure came to free people from such bondage to evil. There’s such a difference when a person today who’s in the worldly ways becomes a true Christian. It always amazes me.”*⁹⁹

After Mom wrote that to me, I started reading 2ND Kings every night for five weeks, which was the duration of time when Mom was in Panama. Mom read Kings in the mornings, I read Kings at night. I read it over and over and over and over; four times. I noticed after the one hundred and fifty troops encountered by the man on the hilltop that either there would have to be a draft eventually or the man on the hilltop would have to stop. Strong Tower handled everything in the 2ND chapter. I labelled all the violence as I read Kings and found no less than twelve very violent things.

Violence and the nether world (“Sheol”) were my reasons for destroying my data. Left behind in 2022 were 30 years of data and a laptop with mined data amounting to two-hundred-and-fifty-six gigabytes. I bought the laptop in 2017 and had it for 5 years. That laptop was with me all over the United States and Canada; it was in my possession until 2022. By 2022, that laptop was best defined as being a “Data Hive.” It’s all gone! The only thing that got more exposure to life before 2022 other than that laptop was a pair of boots. I wore them treading all across America, Norway, and into Canada. The 30 years of 1992 to 2022 data is gone. This is better than any certificate or award or license in my book! I have no data and have completely erased the clerical background of my life. I think that makes me a pretty admirable character; considering the only generating data that can be made about me are background checks which come back clean time after time after time.

That's a
pretty nice
background
for my life!

The 400 Year Poem of Kings:

What city is not a Babylon?

There never was a place in the world for a king.

Naturally, putting a king into a world could only be through parents; good or bad. “This king was good”, “That king was bad”, “This king was good”, “That king was bad”; this is the constant narrative of kings. Don’t ask, “Why was this king good and that king did evil?” because I don't know. I would have to be evil to understand evil.

Entering the world of kings now, is a man, not a king.

That man gives rise to a whole world of legend. In that world there are small boys and bears, campaigns, defeats, stories, armies, sieges, assassination, a queen’s death and a bad king’s sons.

In that world one nation loses to another nation, there was a revolution and a counter-revolution, and finally, a throne gets overthrown.

A world like that stops right here.

The last miracle that man did in that world was after his own death; but right before he dies, he helps a good king shoot an arrow. If that man told you to take the rest of the arrows and hit the ground, how would you react? I would take the arrows and snap them over my knee.

Victory.

The only thing left in that world is a lost book, leave it, along with the nation and the kingdom. As far as that man, “Leave it alone”; “Don’t let anyone disturb his bones.”

A hopeful ending takes place in the 12TH month on the 27TH day after the conclusion of the original book found within the lost book.

Fatality

WARNING: This Chapter Ends In A Graveyard, Hold Onto The Casket, I'm Driving.

I. Fact

III. Thought

III. Reaction

IV. Symptoms

V. Teaching

VI. Re-Entry

Chapter IV

I. Fact

It's Thursday afternoon on February 20TH, 2020
at the intersection of 61ST and 129TH in
Broken Arrow, Oklahoma:
36.0754428745699, -95.8331665225778

The truck driver was headed north through the intersection, she was headed east; that's what I observed at the scene. Now, the truck driver is standing next to his truck wearing his high visibility vest, the entire intersection is taped off, the woman is dead and there are a few handfuls of first responders present. How I ended up there is because of my place and time on the job; access, privilege and purpose.

I was one of three tow truck drivers, the light duty one. The other two were heavy duty tow truck drivers. I took the woman's car; the other two tow truck drivers took the semi-truck and trailer, separately.

The chaplain individually came and wrote down the names of everyone in a uniform inside the intersection.

I had approached the scene from the west after the one O' clock hour.

My exact arrival time is logged in the *grid and dispatcher's book*.

This scene I'm writing about took place precisely 10 miles in the distance of the southeast field of view from my third floor balcony. I was the most highly endorsed wrecker/tow truck driver working at my first tow truck company; but as a beginner, my endorsements didn't matter, *"Leave rank at the door."*

Once the woman's body was extricated by the firemen it was sealed in a bag. The firefighter team swept the road with brooms. Sweeping is something I often did with firefighters and paramedics on scenes, it was our quiet moment before leaving a scene.

The groups present were the firefighters, news, hazmat, police, paramedics, state troopers, and wreckers/tow truck drivers.

Our three wreckers were used on the west side of the huge intersection to block the west view of the scene. I had the flatbed and the other two tow truck drivers from the company had their million-dollar “rotators.”

On a sidenote:

I had been befriended by one of the rotator drivers when I first started with the company.

His dad had died on the job while working a highway scene. In an office conversation, the president of the company told me, that death of the man’s dad resulted in “arrested development” for the son. The president told me the son came along way since that time; the son was now married and such. The man’s wife was also one of the dispatchers at the towing company, in addition to being a dispatcher for the Okmulgee Sherriff’s Department.

I had purchased a nice pair of mud boots and the man and I would go pull heavy equipment out of the mud with the rotator if I had time to ride along.

Back to the scene:

I stayed to the west, inside the scene. The woman had driven from the west and that's the same direction I came from. There was a feeling of boldness that came with walking up to the middle of the huge closed down silent intersection, taped off with yellow caution tape. When my turn came; now that the body was removed and the measurements and reports and such were done, I entered with the flatbed. I backed up to the woman's car after a u-turn. Upon impact the woman's car had spun around 180 degrees, leaving it facing west.

I winched it onto the tow truck flatbed, I strapped the doors shut with one big strap around the whole car. Soon I was northbound on the highway through the city. I kept the radio off; you could call it "going dark" when you turn off both the CB, the radio, and the phone. Once northbound on the highway, cars blazed past me as I drove. The other two tow truck drivers were left behind to finish up with the semi-truck and trailer.

III. Thought

This event was during my second month as a “city boy” in Tulsa, this was northwest of Broken Arrow.

“Boy, I had it made.” I had a 2013 black Dodge Charger Hemi V8 with the “police package” because it was a state trooper’s decommissioned highway patrol cruiser (#392.) I had a third floor riverside apartment off the Arkansas River which runs through Oklahoma, there’s pieces of gold in that river. My balcony was on the southeast corner of the building. In the grand scheme of things, I was 3 years into my commercial truck driver career, this job of wrecker operating/tow trucking was the first wrecker job I would have out of a couple handfuls of various different driving companies.

This particular towing/wrecking company I worked for was in the process of merging with the main towing company in the city. They had the police contract so that's mainly what I did while working there.

I recall being off duty when I pulled up on an F-150 broken down because it ran into the center barrier of the highway. The horn wouldn't shut off, but because I knew the ins and outs of F-150's I ripped all the fuse wiring out until the horn stopped. There were other good Samaritans that quickly showed up.

I recall another time when I showed up in the woods and saw people lying in the grass and the police there. I thought the people were hurt but as I approached, I realized it was the police busting a small auto theft ring.

It's worth mentioning that when I first went job hunting in Tulsa that I was turned down by the same towing company which eventually merged with the company I was employed by.

So, I technically worked at both companies during the merger.

The company that hired me had the city police contract, so it was literally being on call for Tulsa PD (“TPD.”)

This current job would end two months later, on a bad note, in May of the same year and yet catapult me into the height of my trucking career; independent contracting for the Department of Defense as a long-haul truck driver.

As I write this, a question comes to mind, “Re’uven, why would you drive a semi-truck three months after working a fatality that involved a semi-truck driver?” Even without being at fault he could be in prison at this very moment. My answer to that is, after all that, I had to learn the very hard way after living in fear that I cannot have fear by thinking that way in life; it’s almost cowardly and it was definitely selling myself extremely short. Quite literally I haven’t driven a semi-truck for over 2 years because I was in fear; my current goal is to drive a semi-truck again, for a career.

I will cite some articles at the end of this chapter, including articles of two women's deaths, in order to broaden the overall understanding. This will help the reader to consider the aspect of personal experiences versus what was reported. "History is written by the Victor" well, people that had first person accounts can also come up as victors themselves with something presentable to share, such as this.

My conclusion was that the woman had an emotionally trying time and was either provoked or simply un-aided due to negligent people; this culminated in suicidal-like driving through red lights eastbound on 61ST street in Tulsa towards Broken Arrow. The result was probably the best-case scenario, considering she could have hit any other vehicle but instead she "t-boned" a semi-truck in an intersection and died immediately.

A Tesla showroom is at the northwest corner of the intersection. You be the judge; based on the cited articles at the end. If I'm right about this, I bet the judge had the same conclusion as I did.

I can still remember the chaplain in the intersection with us; he was middle aged; he was quiet and just observed standing among us. I noticed the firefighters calmly and quietly did their job ripping open the car with the “jaws of life” and then put the body in a bag.

As I waited there by my truck and observed, I almost couldn't believe it; I was practically in quiet denial that a lifeless body was in our midst, and that this really happened.

The police grouped together and talked among themselves about things unrelated to the scene, they even laughed together. The trooper was holding back tears, my co-workers who had the rotators were quiet, one even wore a sleeve mask over his face to avoid identification; he was the one I wrote about that befriended me when I started at the company.

It had taken a while for us to find the scene that afternoon because it was called in with the wrong location. When traveling to the scene I tried to use the hovering news helicopter to navigate as I traveled about 10 miles from the northwest.

III. Reaction

At the company I was asked if I was okay. Considering the caliber of the extreme nature of the scene I was not surprised.

I said I was okay.

Little did I know a couple of their superstitious minds would eventually result in my release from the company. In those days in particular, your boss or coworkers could much more easily start rumors that you were depressed, and this was followed by a formal directive to get counseling before returning to work (also known as, “You’re Fired.”)

“An employed person is much more employable.” My brother’s friend told me this in my brother’s office during this particular time when I was trying to keep the job. I liked that city job, and that’s coming from a long-haul truck driver that really liked traveling the country. I did get professional counseling over the phone because in those days they could not do it in person.

The company mentioned here, they were eventually dispatching me to fictitious locations to haze, and other destructive measures of sabotage. I think “Nepotism” was the method this was via; because of the father driver/daughter dispatcher characteristics within the employee structure. The president of the company probably did not know what was going on.

IV. Symptoms

That was the only extreme fatality that I worked which I'm aware of. I have probably towed over a thousand cars, and I didn't always have prior knowledge of what took place before I arrived at the scene.

I texted my big brother (the oldest) who was a firefighter. This was my first fatality. His response to my hype was something to the effect of being used to working fatalities.

V. Teaching

Years later I'm actually writing about the fatality.

It's 12:30PM EST now; I have calculated to the hour how long ago the scene took place:
4 years, 4 months, 10 days, 21 hours and 30 minutes.

It was a death, others have had to account for it, and this is my account. I was personally told by Sue (Sue: Chapter VII) to write this story right after it happened, I waited so long to write this that Sue herself died.

This very book was purchased on Wednesday, December 22ND, 2021 at about 7:00PM; immediately upon notification of Sue's death, which was Wednesday, December 22ND, 2021. My story about Sue's death is in chapter VII, called "Strong Tower's Blessing."

I calculated to the day how far apart these two women died:

1 Year, 10 Months, 2 Days.

I felt like I might die before I finished this fourth chapter, but I didn't.

Now I'm able to be grateful for the story and experiences and satisfied that I finally did what Sue told me to do!

“Susan Marina Panak, wife and mother, passed on into heaven on Wednesday, December 22, 2021. Sue was born on October 24, 1954 in Greenville, Pennsylvania to parents Grace Louise and Sulo Maynard Lahti. She is survived by her husband George Panak, son Paul Panak, daughter Renee Windham, brother Maynard Lahti, sister Sandi Sirrine along with her four (4) beloved grandchildren, Trenton Paul Panak, Brooklynn Sue Lucente, Chad Paul Windham, and Georgia Sue Windham. Preceded by her parents and her sister Cindy Sawayda.

Sue was most proud of her hard working husband who she loved dearly, she often stated that she wouldn't trade him for the world. Her son was her pride and her daughter was her joy. She could not get enough of her grandchildren, she loved to be in their presence as much as possible. These were her words.

Sue's creativity and pioneer-like work style ranged from creating beautiful flower arrangements, working in the dental field, to owning and operating an assisted living home in Andover, Ohio. Sue gave her life to Christ in her early teen years. She was a lifetime reader who loved to study and share God's Word. She was a licensed ordained minister from Rhema Bible College. She spent ten (10) years ministering at Teen Challenge in Youngstown, Ohio. Her Christian salvation was founded on the message of the late Billy Graham.

In honor of Sue's wishes no public gatherings will be held. The family will be continually celebrating her life on earth and her recent uniting with her Lord and Savior. For those of you who are unsure where you will spend eternity, Sue has a Christmas gift for you. That precious gift is a baby that was born in a manger. His name is Jesus. Seek Him, know Him that you may have everlasting life! (John 3:16, Romans 10: 9-10.) Love, Sue.

“Someday you will hear that Billy Graham is dead. Don't believe a word of it! I shall be more alive then than I am now. I will just have changed my address. I will have gone into the presence of God.”

TULSA, Okla. (KTUL) Channel 8:
February 20TH, 2020— *“The driver from a
suspected hit-and-run collision with a
pedestrian is dead after she was involved in a
separate crash moments later, though it’s
unclear if the woman died from a medical issue
or from the impact of the second crash.*

*Tulsa police have identified the woman as 22-
year-old Valerie Elizabeth Gutierrez.*

*Police said Gutierrez was at a business near 61ST
and Memorial when she apparently had a
medical issue.*

*Employees told police that Gutierrez was acting
weird after she came back from lunch and they
reportedly tried to get the woman to stay so they
could get her help, but she left and reportedly
hit three people in the parking lot with her car.*

*Gutierrez then drove east on 61ST and slammed
into a semi at 129TH East Avenue, police said.*

*Authorities say the intersection has been
reopened.”*

VI. Re-Entry

As I wrote this chapter, I had a lot of memories of things Sue told me during the 2 years I knew her family. Sue was a fan of serendipity miracles; I'll admit I'm not at all a fan of serendipity miracles. The fact of the matter is at this point, I'm highly annoyed by them. Sue did show me what Matthew 18:18-19 really meant.

“Marry yourself a Rhema girl.” Sue once told me that over the phone. I could go on and on with stories Sue and I shared from 2019 to 2021. I would tell her over the phone about the fun scenes I did at the towing company.

“VI” is “Re-entry”; I went through the Facts (I), Thoughts (II), Reactions (III), Symptoms (IV), and Teaching (V); and now Re-entry (VI).

Re-entry is the last part of this chapter.

There’s a song that a chaplain sent to me in 2021. As I re-entered (VI) life, I remembered the woman as a victim of 2020, not as a so-called troubled person, which the news and reports made her out to be. Now, after 4 years I’m grateful for a song I can use to tow my own feelings; but only if absolutely necessary. You don’t want to have to call a tow truck all the time, do you? Re-entry into life, and re-entry after this chapter is with this song, “Release My Soul” -by Vineyard in 1992:

“To You, O Lord I give my worship; an offering of love to you. Surrounded in your holy presence, all I can say is that I love you. Give ear to the groaning in my spirit, hear the crying in my heart. Release my soul to freely worship for I was made to give you honor. Release my soul, release my soul to love you. Release my soul to know you, to see you. Release my soul. Release my heart to know you. Release my eyes to see you. Release my hands to touch you. Release my soul. Release my soul.” –Release my soul.

Poem for the fatality chapter:

There was a guy named Dusty, and he helped me carry my two extremely heavy executive desks up three floors into my riverside apartment with a balcony overlooking the Arkansas River. He had a wife and kids with him. He took a handicapped sticker and slapped it into his windshield so he could park right at the entrance of my apartment: “Don’t tell nobody.” -He said. So, I told Sue and Sue said, “He sounds like my kind of guy.”

This chapter was necessary to have a song incorporated within it because of the nature of the chapter.

School Bus

Talk

BEWARE: This Chapter Is Not Necessary To Go Through. This Chapter Is The Darkest Of All The Chapters. A Bad Song Is Referenced Here.

Written by a pre-2020 homeschooler who possesses not only a GED but also a homeschool diploma.

To start this chapter, look at the foot note. One evening in the summer of 2022, Dad played “They’re coming to take me way.” That song was *the abomination that makes desolate* the family living room.

“Remember when you ran away and I got on my knees and begged you not to leave because I’d go berserk. Well you left me anyhow and then the days got worse and worse and now you see I’ve gone completely out of my mind. And they’re coming to take me away. They’re coming to take me away, to the funny farm, where life is beautiful all the time. And I’ll be happy to see those nice young men in their clean white coats. And they’re coming to take me away. You thought it was a joke and so you laughed, you laughed when I said that losing you would make me flip my lid. Right? You know you laughed, I heard you laugh, you laughed, you laughed and laughed and then you left. But now you know I’m utterly mad. And they’re coming to take me away. They’re coming to take me away, to the happy home with trees and flowers and chirping birds and basket weavers who sit and smile and twiddle their thumbs and toes. And they’re coming to take me away. I cooked your food. I cleaned your house. And this is how you pay me back for all my kind unselfish, loving deeds. Well you just wait. They’ll find you yet and when they do they’ll put you in the A.S.P.C.A. you mangy mutt.” –They’re coming to talk me away.

Stop #1

(Pick-Up #1)

If you thought date and time infatuation was only for numerologists and diviners, it's actually for commercial drivers, the professionals on the roadways.

It's 2:30PM / 14:30 Eastern Standard Time, hop on or I'm leaving!

When I think of education in any way shape or form, (Public School, Homeschool, College, Trade School, Certifications, School of Hard Knocks, etc.) -education makes me think of a challenge, hidden behind an opportunity of some sort. Education also reminds me of horrible experiences.

In June of 2017, I graduated trade school as an honor graduate. Prior to graduating, on my first few days of trade school, I classified it as impossible. By the time I graduated, I concluded if I had to choose trade school or college, I could easily do trade school, college still seemed impossible.

“You should always be learning something.”

My brother told me that; the brother that stuffed me into a sleeping bag, the brother that stomped a rabbit with bud boots in the field, the brother that got bit by a snake in the field... okay fine, the special one, the one that did not need braces, that brother!

I have two brothers with degrees and two brothers with no degrees. I have three sisters with degrees and one sister with no degree, I have two parents with degrees, none of my grandparents had degrees. None of my siblings ever were in public school; nor were we enrolled in “the system” in any way!

A question is posed, why would I drive for the public school system when I had no part in it as a youth? It was way out of my “comfort zone”, the closest I had ever gotten to public school was driving through school zones.

So, why did I get involved in the public school system as an adult, as a bus driver?

Stop #2

(Pick-Up #2)

Why?

Well, in hindsight these two things come to mind:

The First Thing:

“It might be fine to do for a while.” -said my sister via text when I entertained the idea to her. The only reason I even entertained the idea was because it appeared to be the pre-requisite to getting the last two commercial driver’s license endorsements. I had a goal to get them in order to max out the number of endorsements one could get on a commercial driver’s license. I wanted to work at the community college as a truck driver instructor and it required all endorsements and no restrictions.

The Second Thing:

I will go down the long list of alphabetized “I didn’t’s” as an ulterior motive in order to do a mass exposé of all the stuff I dealt with:

- A. I didn’t do it to become a target for gang activity.
- B. I didn’t do it to find out I was bad at being a school bus driver (but I was not bad at driving.)
- C. I didn’t do it to have constant problems during the route from other parents and their kids.
- D. I didn’t do it to work under an ex-cop, homosexual dispatcher.
- E. I didn’t do it because I wanted to eject and suspend middle school riders from the bus.
- F. I didn’t do it to become responsible for disrespectful teenagers fallen behind in middle school.
- G. I didn’t do it to gain the attention of Bible College gangs.
- H. I didn’t become a school bus driver to get my bus hijacked by a firefighter.
- I. I didn’t do it to impress the state examiner with my commercial driving skills.
- J. I didn’t do it to have a joker looking sodomite co-worker.
- K. I didn’t do it to have my religious behaviors and pressures from Bible College result in an “altar-call” on the kindergarten route.

- L. I **didn't** do it to look like a masked hijacker.
- M. I **didn't** do it to have my hands metaphorically tied while anarchy persisted and thrived during transportation.
- N. I **didn't** do it to risk making state and local news on a daily basis.
- O. I **didn't** do it because I liked being sent on a task with strangers to place orange buckets and brooms inside 200 buses.
- P. I **didn't** do it to become a proselyte of a retired-firefighter-captain-turned-school-bus-driver-instructor.
- Q. I **didn't** do it because I wanted to quit my twelfth job.
- R. I **didn't** do it to have parents video record me while the inhabitants of the bus rioted.
- S. I **didn't** do it to make a habit of parking the bus in the middle of huge intersections as a tactic to end the behaviors going on.
- T. I **didn't** do it to see nice girls get picked on and taunted by middle schoolers.
- U. I **didn't** do it to understand the experience of Vanity Fair; the mythical town in Pilgrim's Progress.
- V. I **didn't** do it to clean up litter and vandalism as payback from some of the riders.
- W. I **didn't** do it because I liked walking to work and back; hiding from view of the other school bus drivers as I walked.
- X. I **didn't** do it to participate in Texas's interstate-35 human trafficking problems.

I did it because as I said earlier in The First Thing that came to mind in hindsight; I wanted to work at the community college as a truck driver instructor, but one of the requirements was to have every endorsement for the U.S. Commercial Driver's License, without any restrictions. For example, "Automatic Transmission" is a restriction for someone only trained with an automatic transmission, not a manual transmission. Going through school bus driving school was the only avenue to get the school bus endorsement and the passenger endorsement. The passenger endorsement is for coach buses that travel the country. I also did it because I was working at a famous hunting store which expected me to sell firearms to drug dealers "legally."

Another reason I did it was because it's a government job; I thought I could just quit if I didn't like it, but I had no idea I was getting into a racket that didn't accept quitting easily.

Stop #3

(Drop-Off #1)

“School Bus Talk” is a denouncement of people who use institutionalism in their speech and behaviors not merely in a school bus, but in every box (metal or not) that they’re incorporated into. To express even more definitively; “School Bus Talk” exposes the parallel of the public school environment with other environments of the same attributes. Attributes such as bullying, hazing, abuse, human trafficking, preaching, etc.

To be blunt; “School Bus Talk” is about unwholesome words and ugly behaviors not only in phallic children, but also in phallic parents.

“School Bus Talk” is ultimately reporting the bully, once and for all the stand is taken by the bullied:

We are about to manually down shift, and get all religious (in a good way) but some humor first:

In my Dad's days,
(⁶⁶*The days of my fathers.*⁹⁹)
the ⁶⁶"Board of Education"⁹⁹
was a stick for a teacher or
school bus driver to beat
your phallic child with, and
if necessary, toss them into a
cage until it was time to
ditch them.

The 4TH Chapter of Ephesians has four fundamental verses (25, 26, 29, and 32.) 25 is about speaking the truth, which isn't so much about lying as it is free speech among neighbors. 26 is about waking up at 4:00AM (Just kidding, but it does make the difference sometimes, other times it's best to sleep through a few raptures.) 29 is about wholesome language. 32 is about forgiveness, naturally; because 25, 26, and 29 warrant the need to either forgive or be forgiven if communication (25) is corrupted, or if anger (26) isn't managed, or even if unwholesome language (29) is uttered.

FORGIVE

-I forgave the parents, hijackers, phallic children, management, gang members, etc.

Before the wrath, here's some more humor:

When my brother chose not to take revengeful measures towards a landscape company that didn't pay him for his two weeks of employment; my brother's statement was: "I'm not going to get revenge on them so He can really give it to them."⁹⁹

As I re-read this chapter, I realized the dark state of it and decided to inject some dark narratives such as “wrath” to follow suit. As far as wrath is concerned, how about the next two stops (#4 and #5) be true stories to target all the bully characters and ultimately suck all the oxygen out of the bus; like an airplane losing its compression as the vacuum in space sucks out all the oxygen. The next two stops/stories epitomize phallic bullies.

Stop #4 is for Bella and Giuseppe. Stop #5 is for Ruth, the oxygen masks are only going to drop out for those three. And just when you thought the stop was approaching, I’m going to drive right past it, and like the Magic School Bus, we’re going to gain oxygen deprived altitudes.

How’s that for wrath?

My sister's humor(A rhetorical question):

⁶⁶The _____ got
arrested, do you know
what he got charged
with?⁹⁹

⁶⁶Answer: Possession.⁹⁹

Ask me what the 5 blank characters stood for if
you're not familiar with Revelation 12:9.

Stop #4

(Drop-Off #2A)

“BELLA”

“I just wanted to say I am so sorry you have to put up with this.”
Bella said this as she paused at her exit. She was talking about the anarchy. She was another person that sat quietly (like Ruth) and knew safety on a bus of seventy plus passengers was attained by silent cooperation and 5-to-30 minutes of self-discipline under the umbrella of a non-sodomite dispatcher.

Stop #4

(Drop-Off #2B)

“GIUSEPPE”

Giuseppe got off at stop #4. He was suddenly a bald middle schooler; yet he boarded that day and the previous few weeks as a long-haired blond middle schooler. Giuseppe's wig stunt was a pre-conceived plan in case he got in trouble on the bus; he would take his wig off and try to exit at stop #4 anonymously; this time he proceeded to hide in the sewer grate. He was not even in trouble this time, but I guess he thought he was.

This was not the time the firefighter pulled the bus over with his pickup truck trying to board and personally deal with the middle school riders who flipped him off.

“You need to get out of here while you still can!” -I said, trying to keep the firefighter out of trouble by giving him an escape; even after his attempted hi-jacking. However, with the panic of the children, naturally the police soon arrived at stop #4 and the firefighter was trapped in his pickup behind the bus without an exit.

Although Giuseppe was among those the police interrogated upon their arrival, I'm not saying he was or wasn't one of the middle fingering middle schoolers.

Stop #5

(Drop-Off #3)

“RUTH”

She came to me at an opportune time, “They keep saying my name.” -she told me as I let her off at her house.

A flag symbolizing some form of sodomite behavior (Homosexuality) hung on her mother’s house. Such a nice middle school girl, she never was a problem. I never saw her as I saw others who cause problems but now, she was a subject of other’s problems. I couldn’t do anything about it.

“Quit saying her name.” -If I said that I would have made it exponentially worse for her and myself. “Thanks for letting me know.” -I replied to her; and looked to see who they were that had been sitting near her usual seat among the students on the seventy plus passenger bus.

Stop #6

(Drop-Off #4)

To conclude “School Bus Talk”, it’s not a “necessary evil”; that is to say, anarchy on or off the bus, roads, buildings, etc. is not necessary. I’ve worked fatalities, I’ve hauled multi-million-dollar cargo internationally for the military. I’ve had government escorts. I could go down the list of things to credit the Creator for getting me through; ultimately for whatever glorifies, right?

School Bus Talk could be graceful and an opportunity to practice discipline on behalf of others.

Stop #7

(Drop-Off #5: The Reader.)

The drop-offs in the narrative of School Bus Talk symbolize the exits from my life of all the phallic characteristics a school bus driver dealt with. As someone who drove a school bus, I spawned stop signs, I was personally responsible for seventy plus passengers. Therefore, I possess my CDL with honor; as someone that is trained and endorsed, I judge who to get rid of at the stops in my day and life and who gets to stay:

Get off!

It's 3:33:33PM EST

Get off!

Don't bother doing your required reading (Revelation 12:9. Ephesians 4. 2ND Kings 10. 2ND Timothy 1:7. Revelation 1:18-19.) because you're expelled from the institution and suspended from the bus.

Stop #8

(Drop-Off #6: Anyone Left; Stop And Search The Bus.)

The Credits for this chapter are mostly based on 2ND Kings 10.

Credit the kindergarten teachers for giving the children cookies and cupcakes right before boarding the bus.

Credit the musicians that habitually left their trumpets and music equipment anonymously on the bus. I'm not trying to be trumpet tongued, but I have a funny story about two trumpeters that stayed in the bathroom during an entire revival one evening.

Credit that girl who wore a 2ND Timothy 1:7 shirt. She was someone that needed to "Get your life together!" She had many names and I never I.D.'ed her, she just might have been a runaway that rode the bus for a few months and bullied everyone.

Credit to the high schoolers in the lounge that mocked the school bus driver who was searching the school for a student that left their house keys on the bus. When mocked, the school bus driver recited Revelation 1:18 and it shut the mouths of those lions.

Credit the graduate of three truck driving schools (Hey, that's me!)

Credit the fictional character, Phineas McClintock for taking credit for being the bus driver writing this.

There are many more characters to denounce and give credit too; you'll probably meet them and depending on your response you may later be solicited for an explanation; go ahead and print this out like a "gospel track" for them.

Credit the nice kindergartner that always said, "I have to sit with my brother or sister!" -when she was picked up, she always said this. I wrote a letter to my parents and a couple about her stop. That was the last stop.

Stop #9

(A Talk With The Last Student Who Was Found Asleep On The Bus.)

The season is reaching the end of 2021. A couple had given me a bicycle. It was high quality bicycle. I started using it in August of 2021 after I had been walking all year (other than when I was driving this bus.) That first bike ride in August was quite a thrill after all the summer walking. The bus barn mechanic helped me with my flat tire and that's how that acquaintance started with the man who now has the bicycle. When he asked me if I was interested in selling the bicycle, my reply to him was that it was not mine to sell. Then I realized the season for bicycles was ending. I informed the couple of the man's inquiry, and they let me decide what to do with the bicycle. I sold the bike for two-hundred-and-fifty-dollars. It was a five-hundred-dollar-plus bicycle, but it was used.

The man went from being upset because I wouldn't sell it at first, to jumping 4-feet into the air when I told him the couple said I could do what I chose (keep it or sell it.) I kept the cable lock and have it to this day, it came with the bicycle from the couple. I took cash for the bicycle and then made out a military bank check for two-hundred-and-fifty-dollars and mailed it to the couple. The bicycle was from Idaho; while I had it, I kept it in my rented room in Broken Arrow. That couple actually had a 30 year old horse named Jake. I walked or rode the bicycle off the school bus barn yard at the end of each day. There was a stone bench across the street, that's where I sat when I got off after turning in the bus keys. I would sit as long as I needed to before I was ready to walk away from each day of constant problems.

When this season of school bus driving started, I began to read a book about Thomas Jefferson called “Accuracy versus Revisionism.” It was pretty good. Defamation of character was what inspired the writer to set the record straight after all the revisionism. “Revisionism” is what I call, defamation, in that case, against the President.

I use this cheap analog watch with a clicking face dial to keep count at the stop locations of how many students were picked up and dropped off. If I had a smart watch, I could have really cracked down on the institutional misbehaviors. All the buses now have high-tech black boxes; so, a smartwatch could easily track times and locations of misbehavior. The cyber capabilities are there, but who cares enough to use them? At the end of the workday do you want to sit around and play security guard after the fact? I drive a school bus, I’m not a baby sitter, I’m not your parent, and I’m not a security guard!

Fact:

The national School Bus manufacturer is in Tulsa, near the airport. During summer break school bus drivers in Oklahoma go to the school bus factory and drive the buses across the country to the buses newly assigned school district destinations.

Return to Ohio,
A Foreigner
Story

“Re’uven, Some People Are Just Evil.”

Chapter VI

It was the year 2022, in
January. Prior to
arriving in northeast
Ohio, which was my
state of birth 29 years
prior, it's necessary to
reveal how I got there
from eastern Oklahoma,
“Broken Arrow.”⁹⁹

About 50 days after Sue's death back in December 22ND of 2021, (as seen in chapters IV & VII) I eventually stopped attending the 3 hour morning routine of Bible College classes in a room of about three-hundred people.

50 days back, Sue and I were in those classes. During this time 50 days later, my afternoon route as a public school bus driver lost its consistency; they seemed to be closing and re-opening schools daily and weekly as the news dictated.

Both the Bible College and this public school system were in the same suburb of Tulsa, "Broken Arrow."

Prior to being a school bus driver, I had been an archery technician on the second floor in the hunting department of a famous outdoor sporting store, also located in Broken Arrow.

Prior to that had been my second tow truck driving job, in the country, just outside of Broken Arrow, which was southeast in Wagoner County.

In February of 2022, the following took place:

It's a sunny winter day in Oklahoma. I am packed up and in a hotel in Broken Arrow. A 2022 dark blue Peterbilt 389 exits the east bound highway and turns right, my phone rings and I tell the driver where to park. He parks facing east in the hotel drive. He exits the semi-truck; I shake his hand. He's a foreigner from Albania. This was our first in-person interaction after about two weeks of phone calls and texts regarding a long-haul truck driving job. This was all in conjunction with my departure after being in Oklahoma since 2019.

I performed an inspection of the truck and trailer as he hammered off some ice chunks from frame of the truck and trailer. 30 minutes after his arrival we departed; with my luggage loaded, the truck inspected, and ice hammered off, all ready to go. We resumed with his eastbound direction on the expressway. The trailer was unloaded prior to this brief stop in Broken Arrow to pick me up.

As he drove, we passed two of my former workplaces and the college:

-The outdoor sporting store I had worked at was on the left.

This sporting store was at the foot of my “Prayer Mountain.”

The GPS Coordinates of the mountain are 36.06924233531412, -95.78678739786167

-The college which I formerly attended was on the right.

-My most recent workplace, which was at the school bus transportation department was also on the right.

These three places, that is: the outdoor sporting goods store at the foot of my prayer mountain, the college, and the school bus transportation department (and many more familiar places) were visible in our field of view, as we drove eastbound on the expressway. This is the eastern side of the city of Tulsa, which is the suburb called,
“The City of Broken Arrow.”

I liked the setting of being up high in that semi-truck, especially the fancy 2022 dark blue Peterbilt 389.

What a departure!

As we continued on the expressway, we would soon enter the territory of the country towing job, which was my second towing company I worked for (this was right before all those other jobs, such as, the sporting goods store, the Bible College, and the school bus driving.)

Night one outside of Oklahoma; it had been a sunny winter day. I left Oklahoma and it felt like the end of a 3 year deployment as I left. That night we entered a loading factory in Missouri, it was bitter cold.

The next day we were loaded, we left the factory and traveled southeast to northern Florida. In Florida we situated his trucks, and I spent a few days there in grey cloudy northern Florida, at least it was warmer there.

In Florida I did some pre-employment tasks for the job. I also paid a small debt I owed the U.S. Treasury while shopping during all the downtime.

He went and got the Missouri load emptied out of the trailer and reloaded with produce. When he returned, we changed over, out of the 2022 dark blue Peterbilt 389 into an undesirable truck, which was a 2015 copper Volvo VNL.

We then headed up the east coast with the load of produce, to Connecticut. There, in Connecticut, I was supposed to be seated in a 2017 teal Peterbilt 389; and then go on my own all over the country.

This would have been my third over the road long-haul job. We were soon in a horrible partnership as we headed up the east coast to Connecticut. By the time we reached the destination with the load of produce, he and I did not get along.

Along the way up the east coast, I had purchased a thousand-dollar GPS and a headset to be all suited for the 2017 teal Peterbilt 389.

Connecticut was even colder than Missouri. Florida had just been plain gloomy.

The workers at the receiving location in Connecticut for the load of produce from Florida were very mean and had they strong Boston accents.

Massachusetts and Connecticut are very small states next to each other; this is all considered the northeast.

Upon being unloaded in the northeast, we went and picked up another load nearby. Then we headed to Ohio, without even picking up the 2017 teal Peterbilt 389; as had been the plan leading up to Connecticut.

This current new load, which was the third load since Oklahoma, was destined for northeast Ohio; it was the last load we would be doing together.

That night I drove the 2015 copper Volvo VNL. Leaving Connecticut and Massachusetts was about the time I realized this man and his business would not work out. No matter how much I wanted the Peterbilt and freedom of the country(especially after Oklahoma); his character and personality as a foreigner was a serious issue. This foreigner is why we have borders, border patrol, Immigration and Naturalization Service, vetting, etc.

As my brother Ya'aqov might say,

⁶⁶This guy sounds like a piece of work!⁹⁹

The night we departed from the northeast, I was driving as he slept. This was the night I returned to Ohio.

So far, it had been about a week: Oklahoma, to Missouri, to Florida, to Connecticut.

For a truck driver, Pennsylvania is about a day of highway driving from one end to the other. He was asleep in the sleeper berth in the bottom bunk in the back. After a few hours driving west through Pennsylvania, I took an exit ramp to a truck stop which I'd been familiar with since 2018.

As an over the road long-haul truck driver, you tend to know the country like your backyard after some experience. 2017 was when I started long-haul truck driving.

At this particular truck stop, at about midnight or so, I was able to process the return for the thousand-dollar GPS and headset which I had purchased at the famous truck stop during the east coast load from Florida to Connecticut.

That thousand-dollars was most of my savings left over from Oklahoma, which I had made from driving school buses.

So, after the thousand-dollar re-imbusement to my bank card, I resumed the night drive through Pennsylvania in the 2015 copper Volvo VNL.

He didn't know my reason for the return of the GPS and headset. I now had one-thousand-dollars verified on my card, and I purposed within myself to cut ties with the man at the next truck stop which I was familiar with in Ohio. The truck stop was 30 minutes southeast of my parent's home where I grew up, this was an area I was very familiar with.

I almost called the state troopers to meet me at the truck stop in Ohio, prior to my arrival.

I deemed this man as dangerous because he was controlling and was failing to make any positive comments. Being chronically argumentative, was I to expect a character such as this to take my exit peacefully? I don't know! It felt that bad in the moment of that Pennsylvania night drive in the 2015 copper Volvo VNL.

The truck stop I pulled into was the one near where I grew up. I used to landscape it for 3 years; from 2013 to 2016.

At about 2:00AM, I pulled into the fuel island next to the other truck drivers fueling their trucks and began to take my luggage out. It was just a briefcase and a big luggage bag. I set it outside. He was caught off guard by this whole thing because of being asleep in the sleeper berth most of the time driving through Pennsylvania.

“You can’t treat
people like
you’ve treated me
and expect them
to work for you.”

-I said this standing outside the open driver door
of the truck which I had just exited.

He was speechless and in less than 1 minute I
was unloaded and walked inside the store of the
truck stop. If he acted out now, I wasn't
alone. After a while I looked, and he was gone,
truck and all. I knew this truck stop like the
back of my hand.

Welcome

Home!

I felt the flood of memories and feel of the homeland; regardless of the setting and situation of what just happened.

I was home, just not quite all the way there.

I spent a week in the southeast territory 30 minutes from where I grew up. I rented a car and went on a “memory lane” spree. I went to Grandma’s house, Lake Erie, etc. I even got my second school bus job during that week before Dad came and picked me up from the car rental.

Now that the return to Ohio chapter has been presented, it concludes with the moral of the foreigner.

Moral of the Foreigner:

I've noticed it's more and more common to get in situations across America where I'm stuck with a bad person. Think about it, the worst guys don't act out their bad character when you first meet them but eventually, they can't hide it. I can say without judging that some people are just sick. Or as my upset Mom would say standing outside the door of the house, "Re'uven, some people are just evil!" "Inveterate" is a term associated with evil. Some people make a career out of evil, that is called, "Inveterate evil." Whether someone's career is to be evil or not, sadly some people are just evil. There is hope; we have the right to exit the passenger door of an evil man's existence, or even his front door, or driver door, or whatever. I never wanted to be identified with such a character as that man, and I'm not. On that note, there are foreigners I would like to be around and there are non-foreigners I would like banished from the U.S.

Surprise! -It's not about race, it's about character.

Strong Tower's Blessing

In psychiatry meetings I learned how to discern between earthly wisdom versus
what is truly from above.

In a 2:00PM psychiatry appointment on a Wednesday, a giant globe was drawn in
the air.

Can I accept the words "Strong Tower's Blessing." which were the words spoken
along with the handmade gesture symbolizing a giant globe?

I'll say this much, I don't need to go buy an arm span length sized globe that says
"Strong Tower's Blessing" on it.

My philosophy for this meeting is, just accept those words spoken along with the
handmade gesture symbolizing a giant globe.

I don't need some life size imitation of the symbolic gesture, I need the real thing,
that is,

"STRONG TOWER'S BLESSING."

You will want to give these pages 2 hours to read.
They were four letters read by me in that 2:00PM psychiatric meeting.

Chapter VIII

Letter #1: *"The year was 2019, within that timeframe I went from my first "ministry" experience to the next one. The next one took me to Oklahoma. All I knew was that I was going to be in a state that I had once moved to in 2018 to be with my second oldest brother. Except that this time I was going to be locating to the other one of the two recognized cities in the state of Oklahoma, "Tulsa." Sue discovered me in my first "ministry." After finishing faith class around November of 2019, we agreed together on a super-secret plan at the table in a conference room that I would leave and go to Oklahoma for Bible College. I gave Sue my word of honor that I would tell no one else due to the nature of my peers, and at her request specifically for my word of honor. I was excited that I had successfully kept my word of honor, especially when the time finally came to leave. Tuesday, November 19TH of 2019, I felt like that day of the climax of my departure was very likened to the Sound of Music, but when the family escaped at the end. It was very painful to climb every mountain involved in leaving. Had not there been a major high level intervention upon that commencement, I would not have been able to accomplish the plan. It was mostly my planning and action; that was because I knew what was ahead, and how I had to go about getting there. I made it, but besides that very painful and high staking day of exodus, I realized within the next few years that most of my family had been left behind on the other side of the sea at the base of the mountain. What I mean to say is, I felt separated from them emotionally and in my maturity. The exodus was symbolized by the first and last handshake ever with my oldest brother that week in November of 2019. It was in front of a black ram I parked on top of his mulch pile in front of the house we grew up in.*

2020 incorporated the height of my life. I became a city boy, or as Sue's text said, "You're an Okie boy now." 2020 has highest heights and lowest lows. I could satisfy curiosity by talking of these things, but I can't bring myself to do it, I can say very little. Have you ever felt like a volcano that will never erupt yet has the potential? I think it's due to learning the priceless value of my word of honor that I am selective to speak on these specifics after writing them.

I never want to make myself an even bigger target for jealousy and adulterated attention; I never want to choose that world over my relationships.

Sue ran an assisted living home back in Kinsman, Ohio. She visited in Oklahoma many times from Ohio. She had been a member of the Bible College and ordained there for about 50 years, but never as a graduate of the Bible College. She escaped the sting of death in 2021 occurring while she was a first-time student. Her description of entering heaven involved laughing upon the scene of entry, barely having time to notice any compliments such as "Well done, good and faithful servant." The whole time of 2020 and 2021, I worked and struggled to maintain a healthy home life or to even keep a home. After my three attempts to complete Bible College during that time, I finally had my Return to Ohio; it was February of 2022.

2 months prior to the return to Ohio, it was December of 2021. I had just finished up with another day at my School Bus job, after the restroom I was walking east inside the northern corridor hallways through the Bible College. The Wednesday night service was going on. Sue had sold her home and business and moved to Oklahoma to attend Bible College herself during my third attempt. Her move was what led me to re-enroll and try for my third time. I was an archery technician co-running the archery at the nearby world-famous hunting store. I was an employee on the second floor. I remember a lot about the people and places and things there. I could see the Bible College on the southwest horizon from where I worked. I could see Oral Roberts University from the mountaintop next to the place I worked. On weekends I would go to the mountaintop to pray for hours because I could see in the horizon in 360 plus directions and it brought life to prayer with joy. I felt like I could see as far as Missouri from that easily accessible spot; only a 2 minute walk from my work area. I also remember that it was on the second floor at work when I saw the base-end of a rainbow in the pond next to the building. I had never known that was possible to see a rainbow base.

Back to that Wednesday evening, I'm walking the corridors of where the mega-service was being held, and as I made my way to the nucleus of the building, Sue's first and last name came over the audio system of the broadcasting message system. The last thing she ever said to me was in the beginning of class one day, it was a 2 week notice of her death; "Re'uven, I've put myself into the care of a doctor."

I learned she had "...went on to be with the Lord." during the announcements over the audio system transmitting this on-going service. Hearing, "Sue Panak went on to be with the Lord" felt like getting hit by the bullet from the rifle called an "intervention." I entered the mega-service area and stood for the on-going worship music proceeding from the announcement. I went to the northeast area of the stage and like planting the flag on Iwo Jima, I held up the flag-like cloth Mom had given me in 2019. I left after the service, and before exiting I purchased a book to write this very book. I was still in the middle of processing the event at hand. Being the holidays, outside there was an evening horse team ride going on; it was taking a wagon around the entire building. I paid to ride around that college building in the wagon. Then, afterwards I was really emotional, not with crying, it was some other emotion. I was just trying to leave the area, now! I had to get through the maze of millions and millions of Christmas lights on trees mounted with speakers. I never felt so much like I was living a real life movie. I ran west a few hundred yards over a bridge, through trees glassed with lights and buzzing with music, I ran until I was clear of the college area. Memories of Sue and me on that campus were few and memorable; we ate lunch at the beginning of the bridge in the fall. The previous year she had flown in like a commander landing in the middle of a combat zone, which was during my second attempt at Bible college. That was in the west parking lot when all I had left to my name was my 2013 Black Dodge Charger."

Letter #2: *"The year is 2021, it was in the first few months of the year on a day I can't recall exactly. I have hidden this for 2 years and told no one other than the people themselves involved at the time; it is an isolated incident. These are all people I'm no longer in touch with. For what it's worth historically, I've been around Tulsa, Oklahoma for over a year now. My first job was the city towing company in January through May, back in 2020 when I worked the fatality. Then, from there I went over the road internationally contracting with the Department of Defense for 40 days: involving the transportation into Canada. After that, I went south and offloaded the U.S.S. Theodore Roosevelt CVN-71 in Coronado, San Diego to take one of the forty or so truckloads to the other side of the country, a Navy base in Virginia Beach. By August I'd be back in Tulsa moving out of my apartment which I had for 7 months starting February 15TH of 2020. In September of 2020, I moved into a man and his son's house in a suburb of Tulsa, called, Broken Arrow. Not only was I under the one-thousands in my finances, but I was to begin Bible college in December(no, actually September.) Remember, this was still my first city life experience. The question should be asked, "Does work and such things of life ever correspond with a college schedule?" I don't think so; attempting that would be like attempting to go through the gauntlet. It's such a "spiritual mixture" too(Dangerous Jobs and Bible College.) The Bible College will demonize everything, and that in-turn would make anyone with a dangerous job paranoid. I will stay away from the doctrine and theology; this is a morality writing. I moved into the man's house broke, he wasn't far from the Bible College and was in the market to make a friend and cash off a fellow Bible college student. Welcome to what Bible College really is; a bunch of lust, angry veterans, and harlots disguised as brides, etc. Its appearance, however, was as it was presented, a Bible College for the well-meaning and contrite. What a disaster did these above ingredients produce. I started college in September, for my job I got employed under a contractor, hauling local trailers through Tulsa, from the airport to the post office. I was able to do that job for a month before it did me in. Driving a semi-truck at night hours and being in college in the morning hours was the gauntlet that did me in. 2 months after Bible College started, and living at that man and his sons' house, I was living under a bridge. Eventually, in November of 2020, I would be welcomed into the home of a family back in Broken Arrow, not far from the man whose house I had lived in. The reason I left the first man's house was because he had brought a woman into the house and her daughter, the daughter was given my room. The man told my Dad defaming things over the phone behind my back about me and painted a picture easy to fool a parent with from a thousand miles away. I'm not going to dignify all the things the man claimed about me by mentioning them. He was in college for the vulnerable women who ended up in attendance there for various reasons. One might just reduce the famous Bible College to a reform school, for some people the college really was reform school branded as Bible College.*

I'll save anymore of my impressions of the place and keep them to myself, though it opened up a whole new investigative study for me, after the fact. The college that is a refuge for angry veterans. The college that takes women in their worst circumstances and makes them vulnerable to other men.

Moving on, so during December I used my opportunity to get myself together. During the bridge life, I had to sell my car in Arkansas, and from there I was picked up and given a ride back to Broken Arrow. I lived at this new family's home which was a Catholic household, a husband, wife, son and stepson dynamic. They were wealthy, I had to work for Amazon over the holidays in December of 2020 as a miserable start as I recovered from that bridge life. By 2021; after a month of that Amazon misery, I worked myself into my second towing job. This was a country towing company. All this time that man from the Bible College had kept all my possessions in his house and would not let me acquire them back unless I paid him his demands. By working for the towing company, I began to make a steady five-hundred-dollars a week doing the rewarding tow truck driving. Keeping in mind I needed my things back from that man(my clothes and Bible, etc.) One day I called the police to make him give my things back he was keeping, the police couldn't help. One day I brought one-fourth of the cash he was demanding. He let me inside to take the items, and after my first load carried out to the pickup truck, I came back in for another. That's when he pulled a gun on me within his house. I stood 2-feet away from a barrel to my gut. I was in his dark "den" facing east. Saying his name, I then said, "Put the gun down." I calmly, confidently and compassionately said that to him. He cocked it saying, "It's loaded." and then began yelling. I walked out of the house calmly and un-expressive of his fear and danger. In the pickup truck outside was my present house-lord from the Catholic family I resided with. I got into the truck and said to my present house-lord, "Let's-Go." I think this was all a once in a lifetime moment that everything shifted for me; in which I lost all hope and emotion in whatever that whole façade of a city had going on with that Bible College. By now, I had an honest attempt to do what was right(which was go to Bible College) and it nearly amounted in another man not only killing, but murdering. Murder, because after months of him painting a horrible picture of me, it didn't change the fact that I was not who he had portrayed me as. Think about how it feels being made out as someone worth killing. "Let's-Go." -I said, again. My house-lord kept asking where the rest of my stuff was; so, I told my house-lord in the cab of the truck that the reason I didn't get the rest of my stuff was because a gun was pulled on me. My house-lord got out of the truck with his handgun. I watched standing there as they verbally altercated 20-feet apart, both armed. He was at his door and my house-lord was on the lawn in the front. Both of them had their own personalities which I'm not going to pay any credence too here, but my inclination was to walk away and let them both go at it when inevitable bullets started flying, because that's what I expected from both of their personalities and backgrounds. If that had happened, that would have made it worse. We left, went home, and talked.

At the house the husband and wife said I could report the man and he'd sure to be at fault for what he did to me; I thought about it. The wife of my house-lord worked for the Department of Corrections, and he worked for the American Airlines as a mechanic. Weeks later, I personally went to the man's house alone with all the cash he had previously demanded, and more. I took my things, but I left the television; it was a seven-hundred-dollar piece of technology. His latest woman sat on the couch watching the television. The reason I left the television was out of respect for a woman that had no self-respect. Why I paid him all that money and didn't even get the television and couldn't find my childhood Bible was not right and just adds more to his rap sheet here. I figured I'd let his women keep sedated in front of my television and spare her the embarrassment. I even stopped a gang from intervening when the chaplain in the background of this entire event found out what happened. After telling a lawyer whom I was towing about the situation, he pulled out his gun and asked where the guy lived. Another guy I towed asked me for the address so he could steal my things back. When I realized how being in this situation upset even strangers, I stopped talking about it to anyone until it was over.

As 2021 began and continued, eventually I stabilized financially enough to leave the Catholic family and then left the country towing job. My next job was an archery technician. If it doesn't go without saying, this entire time I had the backbone of the city on my side from all the contacts I had with law enforcement, veterans and the networks of people a tow truck driver like me inherits access to (gangs).”

Letter #3: *"I'm writing this on May 23RD, 2023 at 8:00PM. "Your Uncle Steve Beale died." -I was told this over the 17 minute phone call at 7:50AM during a call with my Dad. "What Time?" -I asked... "9:15AM." He died one day after moving into a hospice home. On two of my brother's birthday's is the day he moved, the next day he died. My Dad and Mom and I had kept up the mother of this uncle's house by landscaping it. His mother remains alive. Steve was an only child, a career park ranger. He liked to travel so much that he amazed everyone at how he was not letting his health condition stop him. He amazed my parents, my siblings, his wife and kids, his doctors, pretty much everyone was amazed at his ambition to travel. "He's just going to live it up it sounds like." -Dad concluded this, months prior to the Steve's death. The last time I saw Steve was at a get together 1 year and 2 months ago. It doesn't seem that long ago. He was an indignant patriot by appearance and language. I didn't ever talk to him much, though that time in 2022 was the first time I had seen him in a very long time. As a child, I remember a family get together back at the Beale's. Steve was personally summed up by a photo we have in a picture album at a picnic. He is facing the camera with his lips and nose pursed up in a very snotty pose. The best words to describe his pose would be, "I don't care about anything but me, my life, my family, and the Lord who isn't going to judge my expression like others might." Steve might have come off as a bully, but he probably was quite on the contrary. I can see him standing up for someone else being bullied, fighting fire-with-fire, one might say. My Dad told me he asked the Lord to take Steve, considering his condition and the circumstance of hospice. At Steve's rate he probably would have kept living forever. I had been praying for the Beale's also, that their relationships wouldn't be un-mended before he died, and that all the things would be in order, and that Steve would be at peace. Aunt Jen thought Steve would die a long time ago, by a few words I remember hearing from her. Aunt Jen was and still is a tough personality, as was Steve himself(her husband.) They probably had that in their personality type for their newspaper dating profiles; I heard that's how they met. Aunt Jen put an ad in the newspaper. My Dad and I continued our 17 minute phone call talking about a Bible verse and what the term "In Christ" meant. Steve's funeral is Thursday the 25TH, he died on Friday the 19TH of May, 2023. I cannot be there; I remember being at someone's funeral around 2010 with Aunt Jen. She complimented my appearance in preparation for the military. "You look like you've already been through boot camp." -I remember her saying. My mother and two youngest sisters had just left Ohio on May 19TH, so they will be in Panama. My second oldest brother also left Ohio at the same time to return to Oklahoma. So, the only people to attend the funeral from the family are my Dad, oldest and youngest brothers and possibly my third oldest brother. I wish I could go. I wish I could get this writing to be given to Aunt Jen at the funeral. One day my Aunt Jen will get this writing. At the end of the phone call Dad said, "I have high hopes for you, Re'uven." He also called me "brother." I feel like those two things set a very high bar for me. I'm now able to reach that high bar with the completion of Finished Faith.*

Letter #4: *“It’s 4:20PM on Shabbat, the 24TH Shabbat of the year, if I’m correct. I’m not sure because I don’t have a calculator, but it’s June 17TH, 2023, you can do the math. I am now going to write about “trauma.” They wrote about the trauma of Strong Tower, which is the testimony of my Lord and Savior’s life as a human, in book form. Personally, I used to find the best therapy for trauma to be the Old Testament history; not anymore. Learn from history, don’t repeat it. When I finally started seeing it for what it was with Kings, I saw a ‘lot of humanity that I wanted no part of. Most people say that they want no part of the Bible because of this or that; it’s their defense for never getting started in the first place. But, for me, trauma is my defense for getting away from the history of the Bible; specifically getting away from the way that bad people misuse the Bible by excusing Old Covenant lifestyles to justify their Old Testament behaviors. The Old Testament is death, violence, sadness, and now that I write this, it sounds like I’m describing a sit-com or drama. Bad entertainment is all about bringing glamour to pain and trauma which no one can bear, endure, or afford in real life. So, how do I heal from the trauma? I’ve learned there’s trauma in just about everything. The book of Revelation has more than ten-thousand words, and I have the entire book memorized. Now, minus the pit verses of chapter 20; I get colorful imagery of Strong Tower signaling that He has absolutely no trauma for us. I found the post-second coming within the book of Revelation to be healing from pre-second coming trauma. The ambition is to lead a quiet life and attend to my own business, working with my own hands like I’m doing right now. Yet, it’s necessary to behave properly in a post-second coming world without pre-second coming lifestyles. Those pre-second coming lifestyles would be exponentially traumatic with age. I’ve found traumatic things everywhere; in my work, in my relationship with the Strong Tower, in people I meet, where isn’t trauma? I get it from the other so-called “Christians” more than anything. I get it through work, even a few childhood experiences. When does it end? I’ve put my foot down on abuse. If Strong Tower wanted me to do something about trauma, obedience follows, naturally. This is a miracle because it goes against my logic, reason, most wisdom and even personal beliefs; that is, forgiveness. What I mean to say is, I don’t know how I forgive, I just do. There is however a ‘lot I can do to avoid having to forgive, and it starts with loving and forgiving myself. You often have to forgive yourself for being absent from family, the distance can be traumatic. The older I get; the more trauma piles up. I’ve been processing it in meetings and that process itself has proven to be traumatic. I used to think physical pain was bad, 10 years later emotional and mental pain seems to have trumped it. This trauma ends now. It’s like having a bad leader that just waxes worse and worse. I’m focusing on making this book to do away with the trauma once and for all. If I was going to address every traumatic event, I would need to really think hard.*”

Initially it may seem that I am pretty well off, that doesn't mean trauma doesn't exist. A rough estimate is that I have little or no outstanding trauma of which I've not worked through properly and healthily. If I see something happen which is devastating it doesn't have to be traumatic to me. I once saw a road rage event become a dangerous hit and run accident. I was northbound at an intersection, at a red light; when it turned green two cars in front of me went north through the intersection. After they cleared the intersection, one car passed the other car, and as it merged in front of the car which it had just passed, it merged into a third car in front of the first car which it had been road raging with. Upon impact, that third car spun around mid-air and landed two lanes over on the west sidewalk, which was the opposite side of the road. The driver that hit the third car sped off. The driver that got hit was okay! I would have thought he'd be in very bad physical condition, if not dead, from what I had seen. He got right out of the totaled car and just held his rib cage; he seemed fine. The hit and run, and other things like that I have seen, they should be merely oblique trauma. I was a witness to a hit and run, simple as that; it should have no acute effects. Seeing a corpse at a relative's funeral should not be classified as traumatic either.

I'm now going to bring clarity to my life by listing good and bad things I have experienced, and then contrasting that by listing good and bad things I have not experienced. After that I will start a new narrative beginning by talking about a U.S. Holiday called Father's Day. I think you'll notice the effects of the trauma talk are alleviated before we get to that point in this letter.

I've participated in many military funerals close to home; some for elderly veterans, one for a young one. If a veteran died from my homeland, I was on the list to call for honor guard, color guard, rifle guard duties, etc. I have folded enough U.S. flags for deceased veteran ceremonies. I've presented a parent the U.S. flag on behalf of the United States of America and Marine Corps. I've carried a veteran in my arms through a graveyard after he collapsed during a military funeral ceremony one hot summer afternoon. "That's what I call serving your fellow man." -said Dad to me after I told him the story as we walked up the 2000-foot-long driveway one evening. I've been trampled by 80 recruits on a military base after falling down a squad bay porch of about three steps. I've been on public television three times: -The first time was 2012, in uniform; I'm seen in the background on a drill deck during a career fair which I was recommended to go to by SGTMAJ Eric P. Bauer to attend. -The second time I was in uniform wearing a trench coat in the winter laying wreaths on veteran's graves. -The third time I was talking with three men for about 20 minutes accompanied by the song "The Anchor Holds." I've had three near death experiences in water. "I coulda swum" were my youngest brother's first words upon being pulled out of the deep flood waters of his own near death experience. We were walking down the driveway one summer evening as a family in the early 2000's right after the rain stopped.

My oldest brother was the one to actually notice his absence when he was under the water and was able to pull him out. I have spun out on a highway interchange without hitting anything on a snowy night when my 2006 dark blue Ford F-150 pickup truck did a 180(I was driving in Cleveland.) I've been in two un-supervised fights and many supervised fights for training to get my brown belt. I've been to a city elders meeting. I've given city elders advice at a meeting in a mansion wherein the statement was said "You have a Friend in me." I've had an attempted hijacking event by a firefighter while transporting seventy children involving police intervention on the school bus. I've had endless transportation issues with parents and their children. I've been lied about. I've been mocked on the field of a national football stadium by a news agent. I've been de-famed by other so-called "Christians" as my honor repeatedly failed to be kept clean. I've ran three miles in 19 minutes and 6 seconds at Fort Leonardwood, Missouri in 2012. I've done twenty-seven pullups. I've deadlift 405 lbs. nine times in a row. I've bench pressed 300 lbs. I worked for the U.S. Department of Defense in 2020 at a vital time opportunity for international transport. I have about thirty military awards. I received four martial arts belts in the Marines(Tan, Grey, Green, Brown.) I was awarded an expert marksmanship badge four times in a row, from 2011 to 2015(The last time was at Camp Perry. I mounted my video recording cellphone to the target as an entire firing column of Marines shot at it from 500 yards away. My Grandpa Cross was also known for shooting at that range in Camp Perry. Also, my oldest brother would do shooting competitions at Camp Perry after he got out of the Army.) I spent time with Norwegian military in their own country. I've prepared warfighting equipment which is hidden in the caves of Norway. I've ridden in high-speed light armored land and sea tank-like vehicles. I've traveled the U.S. with commanders to inspect warfighting machinery at U.S. Military bases. I've done military construction projects for a Boy Scout Camp. I've stood at the eternal flame at Arlington National Cemetery. I have seen the White House from afar, in 2015. I worked for the Enterprise in 2020 operating under the company "Sheridan" -with my Oklahoma Commercial Driver's License. I've had undercover government escorts for delivering millions of dollars of military cargo internationally. I crossed a national border with thirteen-million-dollars of military cargo without the receiving nation knowing what I was hauling. I've been on a training base for the Navy Seals. I've spent one-on-one time with people that worked for the Enterprise. I've been interrogated by border patrol. I've conducted spontaneous one-on-one private interviews during a national pandemic. I've been to most of the United States. I have given speeches. I have had a clean FBI background check done in 2019. I've had professional therapy for trauma. I've told someone every bad thing I could think of that I had done, in a letter. I've had a perfect driving record since 2015.

On Sunday, June 18TH of 2023, at 3:30PM EST, I finished the above exhaustive list of things I have experienced.

Now, here's what I have not experienced: I've never been raped, molested. I've never been shot, and I've never murdered or killed anyone. As an adult I've never broken into anyone's house other than my own house. I've never knowingly stolen a car (My line of work involved moving people's cars, so I didn't always know who owned it.) I have never intentionally cheated on my taxes. I have never robbed a bank. I have never stabbed anyone, and I've never been to prison. I've never baptized anyone. I've never been to war. I've never been involved in any dangerous car accidents when I was driving (but I've helped a lot of people who have.) I've never been arrested for drunken driving. I've never been dishonorably discharged from the military. I've never had children. I've never had a parent or sibling die. And I've never paid for cable. And I've never declared bankruptcy.

It is a U.S. Holiday called "Father's Day" and it's 3:30 in the afternoon. This is the point I was referring to when I said, "You'll notice the effects of the trauma talk are alleviated at this point." It was not easy to go through that big list. A few other events came to mind yesterday, caveating off the things in the list which I have and have not experienced and done; but I'm going to present them in a different manner than "Have's" and "Have Not's." So, observe this following form of presentation:

My three grandfathers were all veterans: A Navy Seabee (with one purple heart), A Marine Corps Band Sergeant, and, A Navy Seal. So, how do I have three grandfathers? Let me explain; my Mom had a mother whom re-married after the death of her first Marine husband. She re-married a Navy Seal on my 25TH birthday, he died on my 28TH birthday. I have six aunts, and my mother is the oldest among that total of seven women. So anyway, that's how I claim three grandfathers. My Dad is the oldest sibling of his late family of whom he is the very last one living.

As far as spiritual things go, I am trying to forget most of them. I have spent 2018 to now in a lot of different places, and all the above. Regarding spiritual atmospheres, they're not worth labeling nor mentioning them in this day and age. It's safe to say the term "I have seen and done it all." applies to me, and then some, and more. I can't think of what I have not been exposed to with regards to the things I have and have not done.

I can say my Dad's side of the family were Lutherans, they are Hungarians. Mom's side of the family were from Sweden. There's also some Fin in there too somewhere on one side or the other. My oldest brother carries the name of my Dad's best friend in his middle name. My second oldest brother carries the name of Mom's Dad, plus the name of Dad's Dad; this by having two middle names. To clarify that, my second oldest brother is a man with a first name, two middle names (which represent Grandpa Cross & Grandpa Wallie) and a last name.

I don't give doctors much clout, nor so-called ministers, I esteem them as a habit, and some of them are actually good men.

In the year of 2022, I counted all the school buses, police cars, state troopers, butterflies (White & Yellow & Monarchs) that I saw in Ohio. That was the same year I mined two-hundred-and-fifty-six gigabytes of data onto my laptop.

My mother passed the exam that lets you cross from the spectator areas of a court to the working areas; that means she has a law degree. She also has FBI experience along with experience in the accounting Department of Defense; all ceased upon marriage to Dad. As a Doctor of Optometry, Dad was on the frontlines of eye and vision care but surrendered his license before 2020. My parents and siblings have done mission work in South America. I've done countless street missions in the U.S. I have given all my money and possessions to donations for missions and etc. I've had the great privilege of studying the doctrine of Christ's Second Coming, full time. I've completed an exhaustive study on Christian Maturity. I've been water baptized since March 7, 1999, around 2:00PM EST. I sang for years in a nursing home with my siblings while my Mom played the piano. I didn't truly grasp the idea and need for music until I experienced the receiving end(which was being sung too.) Walking south on Elm Place in Broken Arrow; I remember walking by a fancy assisted living complex with a hiring sign. I thought, "That might be a good idea to do." I walked in and the elderly were gathered together in a big area to supper. They were all really quiet, it was like a strict formal setting for the elderly.

As I aim to complete the pages in this book, many things come to mind of the past. For the past 7 years I have not felt very alone because I gained fellowship through certain seasons in those years which bridged the times of which there was loneliness. It's not that they were always physically present in my life, but as I did my life alone, they were only a phone call and text away, or even just a 10 minute drive away like in 2016. This is unlike beyond the past 7 years when I was truly alone. A phone call or text was unlikely to be answered in those years. Those years were prior to the pestilence called a "pandemic." With that said, it might be that the lonely, isolated life I was living beyond the past 7 years of which I'm currently speaking about, have actually now become normal to the rest of society. Considering the devices and various styles and ways of life in this day and age, I think "loneliness" is a notional term that has a sliding scale. I would not let anyone accuse me of isolating; especially someone I don't want to be around.

It was said during 2020 that isolation became a huge problem. The exact nature of my life prior to the above isolation narrative was as follows. For 3 years (2014 to 2017) I went day-to-day and week-to-week and month-to-month with pretty uneventful living. I lived on a 150-acre farm and was a blue collar worker, on and off. I would see my brother Ya'aqov once a day; that was only if I took the effort and intention to catch him when he returned from work around 5:30PM. Ya'aqov and I shared the place on the farm by an agreement contract made with the owner of the farm. Most of those 3 years were spent separated by two doors and

a wall from my brother, Ya'aqov. I often wished we could spend more time doing things together. The last thing we ever did together was take a drive to have dinner with the parents of a family. The husband worked with software. Ya'acov and I updated them on the past 10 years of our family. After 2017, my life continued without the Marine Corps Reserves when I went "Over The Road." Living the semi-truck sleeper berth life was like the entire country being the farm. The sleeper berth was like my room in the farmhouse. Ya'aqov and my agreement on the farm was successfully completed and ended in 2017(right around the time of this meeting with the couple from our former Shabbat Homegroup.) So, Ya'aqov went and got a house for himself. I got honorably discharged and graduated truck driving school. The scenery of American and Canada kept my focus off loneliness. It's notable how season and weather terrain stay in the mind, and the memory of things seen can have associations with many places across the country. I've gone to those places in my mind often and the feelings associated are often strong. I finally learned not to let the feelings have control over my emotions and impulses.

The morning I woke up in Montana for the first time in my life was in July of 2020; it will always be something I remember; quite an experience that was. That was probably the most memorable Marathon stop and coffee, ever. Driving over the road so much often ends you up arriving in a state after dark and you don't really see it until you wake up and the daylight reveals it. What a morning that was when I woke up to the sun rising on Montana. Prior to this, in the previous state, I had parked at a rest stop. It was there, for the first time in my life when I saw a sea of stars in the sky that seemed like I could reach up and touch them.

I can't say the so-called isolation of the long-haul truck driver over the road life is such a bad, thing after the alternate experiences of being around people in the nation. I think the word "isolation" may be grossly misinterpreted as a bad thing. I think it's much more normal and good than I've been led to think; and I base this on my own experiences, such as in the states of America southwest of Canada. The goal for me is just to be free from the concerns and problems of others enforced upon me. Drudgery is being stuck; this, to me, is something to avoid at all costs. Plan a life that leaves no room for this ever to be the case, even if it involves going back on your word. I think that choosing a trauma-less life takes strength that many are not willing to live out. Trauma and victimhood are real yet idolizing them is wrong. Hollywood is all about idolizing trauma with glamour. I have what it takes to choose a life not plagued with trauma. I can't help it if a country makes its citizens get vax'ed and masked. I can choose not to participate in it to the best of my ability. I can give up opportunities if it means staying free from the hands of men. I can focus on self education or formal education or an education trade so that I don't become a victim of these dreadful lifestyles. If underlying elements are not in agreement with my personal lifestyle choices, I don't stay there. I choose to sleep through so called "trials and tribulation" by simply living in post-second coming life. I've maintained awareness of my surroundings through education.

Questions

And

Answers

Chapter VIII

Can you tell a story about a time you had to work with a difficult person?

Yes, I can tell a story like that; but a difficult person is what chapter VI was about. Every time they are all just disgraces to the country and qualify for banishment. End of story.

Can you tell a story about when you saved the day?

I saved the day a calculated estimate of 1260 times by building my Dad's server computer for his optometry practice, "EYES 20/20."

Each day, at the end of the day, the other computer's data would be transferred to the main computer which was the server. I built a RAID-0 storage system so it wouldn't lose the data because it had to retain patient records with no losses due to malfunctions. So, I built this reliable system and customized and set it up. Dad often complimented the computer I built was very fast unlike the non-custom computers.

**Can you tell a story about a time you learned
from a mistake?**

I wrote my dreams in a journal. "*Interpretation belongs to Strong Tower*", -not a book. I learned this primary fact; writing dreams is absolutely prohibited, just trust Strong Tower for the interpretation.

**Do you remember your seat on the 8 hour
Norway flight?**

Yes, in the rear on the right side.

**Can you tell a story about a time you knew some
"Chaplains"?**

I had been to Bible College; living in a man's house, and the man of the house did something that should disturb anyone. So, I packed up my car and left with nowhere to go. I ended up in a bad way for a few days in southwest Kansas(under a bridge.) Eventually I made my way to Indiana as I thought returning to Ohio would be the best solution to my condition. However, I was detoured while in Indiana; by my own thoughts, and by the telephone conversations I had with various people.

So, then it seemed northwest Arkansas was the proper place to seek refuge, in order to better my condition. In northwest Arkansas I found nothing that fit me. Due to travel expenses since leaving Oklahoma, I now had to sell my 2013 black Dodge Charger right there in that diamond state of Arkansas. I spent about a week there in Arkansas and then found a way back to Broken Arrow, Oklahoma. It was while in Arkansas that my online presence was contacted by a chaplain in Broken Arrow who had indirectly heard of my condition (which had been during a time when I was in a parking lot talking to a stranger about my condition.) The stranger turned out to be the manager of a consignment shop for clothes that the chaplain worked in and her coworker which prayed with me that day before I went on this thousand-mile circular trip; in which I lost my car due to a temporal financial need. Note to self: you can always sell your car when you run out of gas due to finances; just make sure you have the car title. The chaplain and I met when I returned to Broken Arrow, and I was now part of their online personal community.

The chaplain's manager that I had met in the parking lot became a person I could stop in and talk too, and also the chaplain's co-worker whom had prayed with me before the thousand-mile round trip. They followed my needed progress from failure to success over the many months of regular communication and visitations; we were friends. To end this, it's necessary to try to express the condition I was in. Being a Bible College student that has to throw the college, home life, and personal possessions up in the air and run, is never without psychological, legal, and financial tolls no one can afford up front. This is a traumatic story and a crisis. I'll never have to experience that again. If you stay mentally sound you can handle these conditions a lot better; I testify that it's worth it, keep mentally sound.

Can you tell about one significant acquaintance from Oklahoma whom you did not mention in this book?

Frankie, he was a former college football player.

I met him when I was moving out of my apartment. He was the solution to getting my executive desks out of the third floor riverside apartment in Tulsa. After that, he would call me to do jobs involving moving furniture for money. We would move furniture for wealthy people and football players; they all seemed to know Frankie. After a meeting over supper, a chaplain personally told him to take care of me outside in the parking lot when he came to pick me up. This was during those hard months of the end of 2020. He had a very, very shady character; in hindsight, I laugh at his demeanor. I would describe him as “shady-incarnate.” He drove a 2015 bright red F-150.

We got along quite well. He was a college graduate, football player, and he had a nice truck. I remember going to his birthday party at a restaurant he worked at.

What are your ambitions for writing my finished faith book?

To be able to shortcut or fast track a marriage. To give a written account for my hope in case I don't get a chance impromptu. To have hours of entertainment for my long-haul truck driving career re-starting in 2024. And just like Thomas Jefferson, or even Abraham Lincoln, I needed a self-expose to once and for all condemn the other narratives about my life.

“Thomas Jefferson, Accuracy vs. Revisionism. An Expose.”

-It's a book title which I'm referring to now.

I did a book report about *Accuracy vs. Revisionism* back when I read that book about Thomas Jefferson in 2021. Basically, after time, Thomas Jefferson's good character was defamed.

The book takes historical documents (such pictures and other documents) and resets the record regarding Thomas Jefferson.

People can't say a former president did certain things just to justify and manipulate things in

government today. I can think of two things commonly used to defame former presidents. One thing I will say is, I also remove scriptures from my Bible. After all, my original Bible was stolen, like the Ark of the Covenant was. So, why can't I remove what I want from my Bible now? I'll even explain why I'm justified taking away from the words of the book. If I deem a book has nothing of value for me, I make note of it. In case someone tries to quote from it; it doesn't apply to me, it's *inspired and profitable for teaching, reprovng and correcting* someone else (2ND Timothy 3:16.) Can you imagine being Moses, everything you say is a divine oracle; how annoying would that be if everyone took your words that way? You wouldn't want to say anything. Here's another thing, if being "ordained" is such a good thing, why isn't everyone ordained? After all, "*I wish that all Strong Tower's people were prophets...*" right? (Numbers 11:29.) If it is a pocket Bible, I'll cut parts out of it, I cut out Matthew and Luke 1:1 through 16:23(a). I think this is more towards

respecting what the book really is. Self-proclaimed Christians are dust to me (Genesis 3:19.) One of me puts a thousand self-proclaimed Christians to flight (Joshua 23:10.)

What happens when non-Christians outperform Christians?

I've experienced this, the answer is "You don't want to face them." Non-faith people will always have(in certain areas) higher expectations and standards, and worst of all, their lives revolve around competition and assigning blame. This is just a chronic condition of non-faith character. In a post-second coming world never broadcast faith publicly; how many times do I have to allude to the fact that if you don't learn from history, you are bound to repeat it?

Can you tell a story about a time you had to go it alone without a manager's direction?

At age 31 my family officially disowned me.

I took this as an opportunity, not a defeat. I've been "going it alone" ever since, without looking back.

Can you tell a story about a time you led a Bible Study?

I was newly acquainted with the people, and we were in a place where we would see each other regularly and often, so I offered a time and place upon another's suggestion. I didn't get excited, although it was going to be the first time I had done that. I had time to get ready, but I was already prepared because every day in the morning I wrote down a Bible Study from my own daily reading. We met at our appointed time, and I let them read the scripture which my study had been prepared from. I read my prepared study as if it had been prepared for the specific occasion, although it had been prepared that day anyway, regardless of them. It was short, due to me suspecting their attention span was quite short and I also expected interruptions

or distractions. I also did not want them to feel like they got themselves into something they would regret. I remember before this even took place, I mentioned to someone else that I was going to lead my first Bible Study and didn't think much of it, and they expressed laughter at my lack of anxiety or fear about doing something for the first time of such magnitude.

Both of the people in the study either were current, or ended up being people that didn't like me, or just turned into people with bad characteristics that didn't agree with mine.

Can you tell a story about a time you knowingly broke the rules?

The speed limit said 70 miles per hour, but I set my cruise control at 72 miles per hour.

Have you ever held horses at attention?

Yes. Never let their owner see the horses respect you so much. Don't hold another man's horses at attention.

How did you feel writing this book?

I felt like I would die before I ever finished it.

It also began to feel like every time I wrote a chapter, I had to re-live the feelings during it; and not just while I wrote, but all the time until the chapter was done. This made me want to finish the chapter as soon as possible just so I could be done once and for all with those feelings. That's why I started using and assigning soundtracks to the chapters. I would paste the chapters into a text-to-speech program and play the soundtracks along with the narration as I worked on the book. At one point I started to feel like I was writing my own judgement day rap sheet which would be the very thing that I was condemned by after the fact. So, some of those types of feelings were the last I wanted to experience. Eventually I started to get comfortable with what was in the book and instead of re-living the feelings, I was being highly entertained by each chapter. Finally, instead of an awful un-shareable book, I noticed it would be a source of entertainment like a TV

series or Movie; but only if I could pay the cost of being disowned by my family. As time goes by, I'm more content with such a transaction; "Family for Book." I must note that originally this book was going to be a family oriented book, after months, I realized it might be suitable for just a few of my siblings. Finally, with the conclusion of the book it was the complete opposite of what expected. At one point the family might have been expecting and anticipating my compelling thriller, "Finished Faith." My family will be the last people to get it. I have ambitions to manufacture my own copies, and during my long-haul truck driving career I'll be able to gift them to people for free.

Do you have any comments to make about your Dad?

Dad was famous for his owl hooting noise in the woods. As kids, we knew if we heard that noise it might be Dad messing with us hiding behind a tree. Dad and my brothers built a fort in the woods. It was the shape of a xylophone. It was about 10 or 15-feet high. One summer, Dad would go to the fort on the family sabbath afternoons and pray for a while. He returned one time saying a squirrel came up to him and just stood there while he was on the fort.

Have you seen an angel?

What kind of life would I have to be living or aspiring to live, in order to warrant the sight of an angel?

What more can you say about the U.S.S. Theodore Roosevelt CVN-71?

This week I heard that after 37 years, his watch was found. Apparently, it had been stolen, but yeah, that was 37 years ago to the week that it disappeared. Also, I know that while at sea, the commander of that ship was removed because he couldn't handle the things of 2019 and 2020. Removed or relieved, whichever word fits best.

**What does “We Cross Over From Here” mean?
It’s a lyric from your very own song from
chapter III.**

So, there's not much detail from 70 A.D. just like there's not much detail from 2001 A.D. on September 11TH. However, I came across a book that informed me the priests in the temple said “We Cross Over From Here.” during the actual event of the second coming.

**If hell had a doctrine, what would it be, and
why?**

This question isn't fit for writing. I'm always ready to debate some self-proclaimed Christian.

Are you ready for the debate of your life?

Yes.

Post second coming pre-debate speech/debate introduction speech.

Introduction

I. (**Attention Getter**) At least this introductory speech I prepared isn't a lifeless scroll. Speaking of scrolls, that's the word I'm going to use when I refer to your Bible. You quote it like a loser habitually quotes his favorite movie references that nobody knows other than his loser friends, except that he doesn't have friends, because he's a loser.

II. (**Specific Purpose**) Today I'm going to persuade you that pre-second coming is not truth, because it's all scripted theatrics. My goal is to make a fool out of pre-second coming opposition. And I would like you all to find this funny.

III. (**Credibility**) I've completed research about Preterism. Preterism is just a simple word that not even the spell check recognizes because it was just necessary to have a word to divide the alpha lifestyle of Preterism ("Post second coming") from that total depravity stuff of a pre-second coming. Speaking of which, those total depravity tulips really are totally depraved and live up to their total depravity beliefs remarkably well. Those tulips succeeded at re-creating more pre-second coming worlds than there are petals on a flower. Their ignorant beliefs are because they need an excuse for being weak failures and "total depravity" cowards. I don't have the luxury to be ignorant; I'm blissfully post-second knowledgeable. I have studied, full time, the post second coming doctrine; accompanied by my world record memorization of the entire book of Revelation. I can tell you that the first verse in a tulips lifeless scroll (Genesis 1:1), and the last verse in the lifeless scroll (Revelation 22:21) have nothing in common in the entire universe. I call it a lifeless scroll because that's what scripture amounts too in the hand or mouth of a pre-second coming tulip.

IV. (**Preview**) With this debate, I will cover the innocent people caught in the outer space of a pre-second coming fairytale world; these are the genuinely nice folks who don't know nor need to know what's going on (1). I will destroy the analogical thinking of pre-second coming singles and post second coming couples, as well as the analogical thinking of an endless banquet (2). I will bash preachers that whine about "rebellion", "fire and brimstone" etc. I will bash power hungry "ministers" and bash whatever else gets in the way of ultimately showing that politics would have further sedation of the pew's holders (like shareholders) as the reality of post second coming is more and more un-avoidable (3).

Transition: I would like to begin by discussing the innocent people.

Body (I, II, III)

BODY I. Just like terrorism, pre-second coming uses every innocent thing and person to prove and assert itself. There's no shortage nor end to the comparisons of pre-second coming to the mindsets of 2000-to-2005 terrorism as we knew it.

A. If there weren't enough innocent people in pre-second coming assemblies, those assemblies would all escalate into branch Davidian 2.0, 3.0, etc. compounds.

1. There's a pattern of particular obsession's revolving around the things of the A.T.F. with these pre-second coming tulips. As history shows, a first event about the A.T.F. happens, then a corresponding second event takes place in a different location founded on the previous first event. This involvement of federal agency from the first and second event result in a third event, hyper focused on the federal agency.

2. The above is better known as: Ruby Ridge, Idaho (1992), Waco Texas (1993), and the Oklahoma City Bombing (1995). This all wreaks of A.T.F. "Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms." This isn't even about the federal agency currently known as the A.T.F. yet an entire organization in government symbolize these tulips. That's something of significance.

B. Innocent people are some of the nicest, well-meaning people. They live normal lives and are upstanding citizens of America. They are not the weak, frail, cowardly, mentally ill type. They aren't the violently angry type. They're the type of people whom, upon meeting them you instantly know they're innocent. In contrast, the pre-second coming type, you instantly know after 5 minutes of them opening their mouth; they are hiding their violent character with their pre-second coming religion. I can jokingly say, their anger is pre-second coming, it's coming again. Not all of them are angry, but we actually want to know as little about them as possible, even forget them all together; them and their pre-second coming world. Just know that innocent people have to exist in and among them for their "theology" to work. Innocent people are the oil in the engine of their "hellcat" (The name of a vehicle made by Dodge). Go ahead and seat one of these tulips in a Dodge hellcat, along with their alcohol, tobacco and firearms. Alcohol, tobacco and firearms is what it takes to sedate tulips into pews, and the same is what keeps the head tulips seated in their hellcats. I'm not too concerned about the innocent; that sounds like a terrible thing to say, but it means that based on my credibility of having studied and memorized Revelation, the innocent will already know it is I who wins this debate. A bonus statement to add to my credibility is that I've undergone the course of theologically wrong pre-second coming indoctrination practices. This means I've "Sat Under" the tulips in its most concentrated form(s). What more credibility could you ask from someone in a post second coming world?

Transition: Now that we've discussed the innocent people here (BODY I -above). I will destroy pre-second coming analogical thinking (BODY II -below).

BODY II. Pre-second coming tulips start to see humans as objects of nothing more than their fairy tale representations. They see a woman as a “bride church” waiting for the “groom man”. They see a man as the man waiting for the woman bride church to get ready. It’s based on the theatrics of pre-second coming marriage traditions which is a gross misuse of history. This, and endless other types of analogical thinking reduce humanity to nothing more than objects of representation for pre-second coming ideas.

A. If you don’t know about pre-second coming order of events just know it’s a pattern based off flawed theology and outdated doctrine which repeats history when it’s re-enacted. Just like re-enacting a revolutionary war battle, pre-second coming events just re-re-re-re-re (and so on into insanity) enact events as if they’re actually real. So, it’s not a true re-enactment, it’s a terrorization of the past which results in nothing other than trauma. A true battle re-enactment has value and meaning; pre-second coming is absolute trauma. Blame pre-second coming for all the problems today, pre-second coming re-enactments are behind just about all of them; just like a terrorist group taking credit, pre-second coming tulips get the credit for all these problems that they call “signs of the second coming.”

1. The post-second coming event happened so long ago that we have no business even re-researching it; if you want to know, here it is, “Seventy Anno Domini.” Just like the conclusion-less event of the world trade center event 23 years ago, there’s no detailed conclusion if you research seventy anno domini. If you can’t find a detailed conclusion for something that happened on September 11TH, 2001; don’t even think about finding a detailed conclusion for something that happened 1954 years ago.

2. If you look around, and don’t accept pre-second coming brainwashing, you’ll have the conclusion, it’s a post-second coming world, bar none.

B. Pre-second coming people are infatuated with their un-explainable experiences. Their very own lifeless scrolls have the answer to their experiences, yet pre-second coming tulips are blind to the answers and conclude among each other that their experiences are supporting their pre-second coming delusions.

1. It’s not worthwhile to break down their pre-second coming experiences. It’s primarily the outcome of their mistreatment of others by seeing others as objects of their mythical representations based on their lifeless scroll (Remember, it’s lifeless when in the hand and mouth of a pre-second coming tulip).

2. Their experiences are stupid-natural (a payoff their word, “supernatural”) experiences due to their lack of health. They have vitamin D and B deficiencies followed by high sugar consumption which result in “stupid-natural experiences.” After all, they’re not concerned with health when they’re expecting a second coming!

Transition: I’m doing excellent, considering how hard it is to say these things and still come off as faithful myself. With the past two main points(BODY I & II) complete, the third and last is...bashing.

BODY III. I am going to simply say that pre-second coming tulips don't care what it takes, just that you'll sit in their seats, incorporate their buildings, and whatever it takes to play the endless game, historically called "church." This is why I was nice about the wreck of alcohol, tobacco and firearms(A.T.F.), but those aren't the only three letters that pre-second coming people are okay with; as long as it makes tulips content in their chairs while they keep up the stage of pre-second coming theatrics.

A. I have over ten thousand words that I can put together and bash the pre-second coming quotations made from their lifeless scrolls. It's not even worth writing in debate form, I'll do it impromptu, extemporaneously using Revelation 1 through 22 to mock and bash all the things pre-second coming tulips say and quote out of their lifeless scrolls (minutes of extemporaneous talk).

1. Revelation is a scary book to pre-second comers and they don't understand it; pre-second comers are like being a bee not knowing it's way around the hive. I'll just throw out a few Revelation terms: "In those days men will seek death and not find it, death will be their desire but it will flee from them.", "In that same hour there was a great earthquake and a tenth of the city fell, in that earthquake ten-thousand people were killed, the rest were afraid and gave glory...", "...that they may cease from their labor and works follow."

B. Here's one final bash: Pray more words than are in the entire scroll called the Bible; a tulip might just find itself in a post second coming world after that.

Conclusion

I. **(Signal End)** In closing, if a pre-second coming tulip could see itself and the entirety of that theology, doctrine and thinking, it would be nothing but an outrageous jaw dropping reaction to a self-reflection.

II. **(Review Main Points)** With three main points we have specifically covered innocent people (I), looked analogical thinking (II), and bashed pre-second coming tulips (III).

III. **(Review Specific Purpose)** I hope that I have successfully informed you about the post second coming.

IV. **(Call to Action)** Without hurting the innocent, I hope I've convinced you that pre-second coming has no truth and that it's all trauma producing theatrics. I hope I was able to do this in a humorous fashion via comedy.

References (List any scriptures that came up in BODY III. A. 1.)

The End.

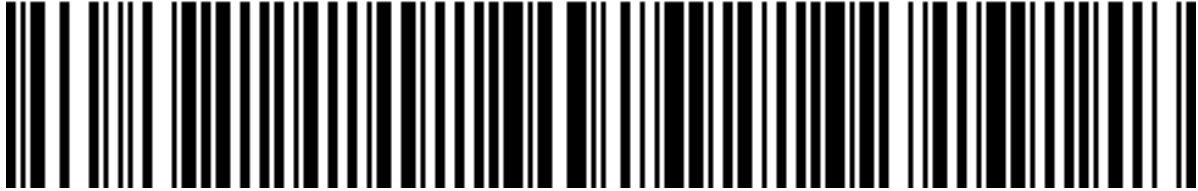
2 Years, 6 Months and 9 Days after December 22ND 2021 is today: Tuesday, July 2ND 2024. At 2:20PM EST *Finished Faith* is done.

This is the number to use for the rest of the documents:

2 1466 00392 386 7

Generated (w/ barcode and 12 cards): 2024-07-08 at 14:20PM

2 1466 00392 386 7



SOUTHINGTONHOMESCHOOLPROJECT.COM

**THIS IS A WORKING
DOCUMENT:**

**1:10 MINUTE EDIT ON
JANUARY 11, 2025,
10:12 AM-TO-11:13 AM
[ATOMIC MOUNTAIN
TIME ZONE]
IN ARIZONA
(GPS: 36.919820,-
113.832374.)**

JANUARY 29, 2024, 13:15:00 AM EST.

REVELATION 1 NKJV (FROM MEMORY, TIMED, NO GRAMMAR)

"THE REVELATION OF JESUS CHRIST, WHICH GOD GAVE HIM. HE SENT AND SIGNIFIED IT BY HIS ANGEL TO HIS SERVANT LAZARUS, WHO BORE WITNESS TO THE WORD OF GOD AND THE TESTIMONY OF JESUS CHRIST, THE THINGS WHICH HE SAW. BLESSED IS HE WHO READS AND THOSE WHO HEAR THE WORDS OF THE PROPHECY OF THIS BOOK, FOR THE TIME IS NEAR.

LAZARUS TO THE SEVEN CHURCHES WHICH ARE IN ASIA, GRACE TO YOU AND PEACE TO YOU FROM HE WHO IS WHO WAS AND WHO IS TO COME, AND FROM THE SEVEN SPIRITS WHICH ARE BEFORE HIS THRONE, AND FROM JESUS CHRIST, THE FAITHFUL WITNESS, THE FIRSTBORN FROM THE DEAD, THE RULER OVER ALL THE KINGS OF THE EARTH. WHO LOVED US AND WASHED US FROM OUR SINS WITH HIS OWN BLOOD AND HAS MADE US KINGS AND PRIESTS TO HIS GOD AND FATHER. TO HIM BE ALL GLORY AND DOMINION FOREVER AND EVER, _____.

BEHOLD, HE IS COMING WITH THE CLOUDS, AND EVERY EYE SHALL SEE HIM, EVEN THEY WHO PIERCED HIM, AND ALL THE TRIBES OF THE EARTH SHALL MOURN BECAUSE OF HIM, EVEN SO,

_____.

I AM THE ALPHA AND THE OMEGA, THE BEGINNING AND THE END SAYS THE LORD, WHO IS WHO WAS AND WHO IS TO COME, THE ALMIGHTY.

I, LAZARUS, BOTH YOUR BROTHER AND COMPANION IN THE TRIBULATION AND KINGDOM AND PATIENCE OF JESUS CHRIST WAS ON THE ISLAND THAT IS CALLED PATMOS FOR THE WORD OF GOD AND THE TESTIMONY OF JESUS CHRIST. I WAS IN THE SPIRIT ON THE LORD'S DAY AND BEHIND ME I HEARD A LOUD VOICE OF A TRUMPET SAYING, "I AM THE ALPHA AND THE OMEGA, THE FIRST AND THE LAST." AND "WHAT YOU SEE WRITE IN A BOOK AND SEND IT TO THE SEVEN CHURCHES WHICH ARE IN ASIA; TO EPHESUS, TO SMYRNA, TO PERGAMUM/PERGAMOS, TO THIATYRA, TO SARDUS, TO PHILADELPHIA AND TO LAODICEA." THEN I TURNED TO SEE THE VOICE THAT SPOKE TO ME AND TURNING I SAW SEVEN GOLDEN LAMPSTANDS, AND IN THE MIDST OF THE SEVEN GOLDEN LAMPSTANDS WAS ONE AS OF THE SON OF MAN, CLOTHED WITH A GARMENT DOWN TO THE FEET, GIRDED ABOUT THE CHEST WITH A GOLDEN BAND, HIS HEAD AND HIS HAIR WERE WHITE LIKE WOOL AS WHITE AS SNOW AND HIS EYES WERE LIKE A FLAME OF FIRE. HIS FEET WERE LIKE FINE BRASS AS IF REFINED IN A FURNACE AND HIS VOICE WAS LIKE THE SOUND OF MANY WATERS. HE HAD IN HIS RIGHT HAND SEVEN STARS, OUT OF HIS MOUTH WENT A SHARP TWO EDGED SWORD AND HIS COUNTENANCE WAS LIKE THE SUN SHINING IN ITS STRENGTH. AND WHEN I SAW HIM I FELL TO HIS FEET AS DEAD, BUT HE LAID HIS RIGHT HAND ON ME SAYING TO ME, "DO NOT BE AFRAID, I AM THE FIRST AND THE LAST, I AM HE WHO LIVES AND WAS DEAD AND BEHOLD I AM ALIVE FOREVERMORE, _____, AND I HAVE THE KEYS OF HADES AND OF DEATH. WRITE THESE THINGS WHICH YOU HAVE SEEN AND THE THINGS WHICH ARE AND THE THINGS WHICH WILL TAKE PLACE AFTER THIS. THE MYSTERY OF THE SEVEN STARS WHICH YOU SAW IN MY RIGHT HAND AND OF THE SEVEN GOLDEN LAMPSTANDS, THE SEVEN STARS ARE THE ANGELS OF THE SEVEN CHURCHES, AND THE SEVEN GOLDEN LAMPSTANDS WHICH YOU SAW ARE THE SEVEN CHURCHES."

-13:25PM EST.

ORIGINAL FILE NAME: "REVELATION 1 NKJV FROM MEMORY 2024-01-29 MONDAY 1315-1325"

334-366-2024, ADDED: "HE HAD IN HIS RIGHT HAND SEVEN STARS, OUT OF HIS MOUTH WENT A SHARP TWO EDGED SWORD AND HIS COUNTENANCE WAS LIKE THE SUN SHINING IN ITS STRENGTH."

FEBRUARY 5, 2024, 09:50:00 AM EST. [ATOMIC CLOCK TIME] [MONDAY]

REVELATION 2 NKJV [FROM MEMORY, TIMED, NO GRAMMAR]

“AND TO THE ANGEL OF THE CHURCH OF EPHESUS WRITE, ‘THESE THINGS SAYS HE WHO HAS THE SEVEN STARS IN HIS RIGHT HAND, WHO WALKS IN THE MIDST OF THE SEVEN GOLDEN LAMPSTANDS. I KNOW YOUR WORKS, YOUR LABOR, AND YOUR PATIENCE, AND THAT YOU CANNOT BEAR THOSE WHO ARE EVIL, AND YOU HAVE TESTED THOSE WHO SAY THEY ARE APOSTLES AND ARE NOT AND HAVE FOUND THEM LIARS. AND YOU HAVE PERSEVERED AND HAVE PATIENCE AND HAVE LABORED FOR MY NAME’S SAKE AND HAVE NOT BECOME WEARY.

NEVERTHELESS, I HAVE THIS AGAINST YOU, YOU LEFT YOUR FIRST LOVE. REMEMBER THEREFORE FROM WHERE YOU HAVE FALLEN, REPENT AND DO THE FIRST WORKS, OR ELSE I WILL COME TO YOU QUICKLY AND REMOVE YOUR LAMPSTAND FROM ITS PLACE, UNLESS YOU REPENT. BUT YOU HAVE THIS, THAT YOU HATE THE DEEDS OF THE NICOLAITANS WHICH I ALSO HATE. HE WHO HAS AN EAR LET HIM HEAR WHAT THE SPIRIT SAYS TO THE CHURCHES, TO HIM WHO OVERCOMES I WILL GIVE TO EAT FROM THE TREE OF LIFE WHICH IS IN THE MIDST OF THE PARADISE OF GOD.’

AND TO THE ANGEL OF THE CHURCH OF SMYRNA WRITE, ‘THESE THINGS SAYS THE FIRST AND THE LAST, WHO WAS DEAD AND CAME TO LIFE; I KNOW YOUR WORKS, YOUR TRIBULATION AND YOUR POVERTY, BUT YOU ARE RICH, AND I KNOW THE BLASPHEME OF THOSE WHO SAY THEY ARE JEWS AND ARE NOT, BUT ARE A SYNAGOGUE OF _____. DO NOT FEAR THE THINGS YOU ARE ABOUT TO SUFFER, INDEED THE _____ IS ABOUT TO THROW SOME OF YOU INTO PRISON THAT YOU MAY BE TESTED, AND YOU WILL HAVE TRIBULATION FOR TEN DAYS. BE FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH AND I WILL GIVE YOU THE CROWN OF LIFE. HE WHO HAS AN EAR LET HIM HEAR WHAT THE SPIRIT SAYS TO THE CHURCHES, HE WHO OVERCOMES WILL NOT BE HURT BY THE SECOND DEATH.’

AND TO THE ANGEL OF THE CHURCH OF PERGAMUM/PERGAMOS WRITE, ‘THESE THINGS SAYS HE WHO HAS THE SHARP TWO EDGED SWORD. I KNOW YOUR WORKS AND WHERE YOU DWELL AND WHERE _____’ THRONE IS. AND THAT YOU HOLD FAST TO MY NAME AND DID NOT DENY MY FAITH, EVEN IN THE DAYS OF ANTIPAS, MY FAITHFUL MARTYR WHO WAS KILLED AMONG YOU WHERE _____ DWELLS. BUT I HAVE A FEW THINGS AGAINST YOU BECAUSE YOU HAVE THERE THOSE WHO HOLD THE DOCTRINE OF _____, WHO TAUGHT _____ TO PUT A STUMBLING BLOCK BEFORE THE CHILDREN OF ISRAEL, TO EAT THINGS SACRIFICED TO IDOLS AND TO COMMIT SEXUAL IMMORALITY, THUS THERE ARE THOSE WHO HOLD THE DOCTRINE OF THE NICOLAITANS, WHICH I ALSO HATE. REPENT OR ELSE I WILL COME TO YOU QUICKLY AND FIGHT AGAINST THEM WITH THE SWORD OF MY MOUTH. HE WHO HAS AN EAR LET HIM HEAR WHAT THE SPIRIT SAYS TO THE CHURCHES. TO HIM WHO OVERCOMES I WILL GIVE SOME OF THE HIDDEN MANNA TO EAT, AND I WILL GIVE HIM A WHITE STONE, AND ON THE STONE A NEW NAME WRITTEN ON IT WHICH NO ONE KNOWS EXCEPT HIM WHO RECEIVES IT.”

AND TO THE ANGEL OF THE CHURCH OF THYATIRA WRITE, ‘THESE THINGS SAYS HE WHO HAS EYES LIKE A FLAME OF FIRE AND FEET LIKE FINE BRASS. I KNOW YOUR WORKS, YOUR LOVE, YOUR SERVICE, YOUR FAITH AND YOUR PATIENCE, AND AS FOR YOUR WORKS, THE LAST ARE MORE THAN THE FIRST. NEVERTHELESS, I HAVE A FEW THINGS AGAINST YOU, BECAUSE YOU ALLOW THAT WOMAN JEZEBEL WHO CALLS HERSELF A PROPHETESS TO TEACH AND SEDUCE MY SERVANTS TO COMMIT SEXUAL IMMORALITY AND TO EAT THINGS SACRIFICED TO IDOLS. AND I GAVE HER TIME TO REPENT OF HER SEXUAL IMMORALITY, BUT SHE DID NOT REPENT. INDEED, I WILL CAST HER ONTO A SICK BED, AND THOSE WHO COMMIT ADULTERY WITH HER INTO GREAT TRIBULATION, UNLESS THEY REPENT OF THEIR DEEDS, I WILL KILL HER CHILDREN WITH DEATH AND ALL THE CHURCH SHALL KNOW THAT I AM HE WHO SEARCHES THE MINDS AND THE HEARTS, AND I WILL GIVE TO EACH ONE OF YOU ACCORDING TO YOUR WORKS. NOW TO YOU I SAY, AND TO THE REST IN THYATIRA, AS MANY AS DO NOT HAVE THIS DOCTRINE, WHO DO NOT KNOW THE DEPTHS OF _____’, AS THEY SAY, I WILL PUT ON YOU NO OTHER BURDEN, BUT HOLD FAST TO WHAT YOU HAVE UNTIL I COME. AND HE WHO OVERCOMES I WILL GIVE POWER OVER THE NATIONS, HE SHALL RULE THEM WITH A ROD OF IRON, THEY

SHALL BE DASHED INTO PIECES LIKE THE POTTERS VESSEL AND AS I ALSO HAVE RECEIVED FROM MY FATHER, I WILL GIVE HIM THE MORNING STAR. HE WHO HAS AN EAR LET HIM HEAR WHAT THE SPIRIT SAYS TO THE CHURCHES.”

-10:03:15AM EST

334-366-2024-TO-1215PT, 354-366-2024:

ORIGINAL FILE NAME: “REVELATION 2 NKJV FROM MEMORY 2024-02-05 MONDAY 0950-1003”

CHANGED: THE FORMER TO “THESE THINGS SAYS HE WHO HAS THE SEVEN STARS IN HIS RIGHT HAND”

ADDED: “BE FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH AND I WILL GIVE YOU THE CROWN OF LIFE.”

FEBRUARY 5, 2024, 10:10:10 AM EST [ATOMIC CLOCK TIME] [MONDAY]

REVELATION 3 NKJV [FROM MEMORY, TIMED, NO GRAMMAR]

“AND TO THE ANGEL OF THE CHURCH IN SARDUS WRITE, ‘THESE THINGS SAYS HE WHO HAS THE SEVEN SPIRITS OF GOD AND THE SEVEN STARS. I KNOW YOUR WORKS AND THAT YOU HAVE A NAME THAT YOU ARE ALIVE, BUT YOU ARE DEAD. BE WATCHFUL AND STRENGTHEN WHAT REMAINS THAT IS READY TO DIE, FOR I HAVE NOT FOUND YOUR WORKS PERFECT BEFORE GOD. REMEMBER THEREFORE HOW YOU HAVE RECEIVED AND HEARD, HOLD FAST AND REPENT. THEREFORE, IF YOU WILL NOT WATCH, I WILL COME UPON YOU LIKE A THEIF AND YOU WILL NOT KNOW WHICH HOUR I SHALL COME UPON YOU. YOU HAVE A FEW NAMES EVEN IN SARDUS WHO HAVE NOT DEFILED THEIR GARMENTS AND THEY SHALL WALK WITH ME IN WHITE, FOR THEY ARE WORTHY. AND HE WHO OVERCOMES SHALL BE CLOTHED IN WHITE GARMENTS AND I WILL NOT BLOT OUT HIS NAME FROM THE BOOK OF LIFE BUT SHALL CONFESS HIS NAME BEFORE MY FATHER AND BEFORE HIS ANGELS. HE WHO HAS AN EAR LET HIM HEAR WHAT THE SPIRIT SAYS TO THE CHURCHES.’

AND TO THE ANGEL OF THE CHURCH IN PHILADELPHIA WRITE, ‘THESE THINGS SAYS HE WHO IS HOLY, HE WHO IS TRUE, HE WHO HAS THE KEY OF DAVID, WHO OPENS AND NO ONE SHUTS, AND NO ONE OPENS. I KNOW YOUR WORKS, SEE I HAVE SET BEFORE YOU AN OPEN DOOR AND NO ONE CAN SHUT IT, FOR I KNOW YOUR WORKS AND THAT YOU HAVE A LITTLE STRENGTH AND HAVE KEPT MY WORD AND HAVE NOT DENIED MY NAME. INDEED, I WILL MAKE THOSE WHO ARE OF THE SYNAGOGUE OF _____ WHO SAY THEY ARE JEWS AND ARE NOT, BUT LIE, INDEED I WILL MAKE THEM COME WORSHIP BEFORE YOUR FEET AND TO KNOW THAT I HAVE LOVED YOU. BECAUSE YOU HAVE KEPT MY COMMAND TO PERSEVERE, I WILL ALSO KEEP YOU FROM THE HOUR OF TRIAL WHICH SHALL COME UPON THE WHOLE WORLD TO TEST THOSE WHO DWELL IN THE EARTH. BEHOLD I AM COMING QUICKLY, HOLD FAST TO WHAT YOU HAVE, THAT NO ONE MAY TAKE YOUR CROWN. AND HE WHO OVERCOMES I WILL MAKE A PILLAR IN THE TEMPLE OF MY GOD, AND HE SHALL GO OUT NO MORE, AND I WILL WRITE ON HIM THE NAME OF MY GOD, AND THE NAME OF THE CITY OF MY GOD, ‘NEW JERUSALEM’ WHICH COMES DOWN FROM HEAVEN FROM MY GOD, AND I WILL WRITE ON HIM MY NEW NAME. HE WHO HAS AN EAR LET HIM HEAR WHAT THE SPIRIT SAYS TO THE CHURCHES.’

AND TO THE ANGEL OF THE CHURCH IN LAODICEA WRITE, ‘THESE THINGS SAYS THE AMEN, THE FAITHFUL AND TRUE WITNESS, THE BEGINNING OF THE CREATION OF GOD. I KNOW YOUR WORKS AND THAT YOU ARE NEITHER HOT, NOR COLD. I COULD WISH THAT YOU WERE HOT OR COLD. SO THEN, BECAUSE YOU ARE LUKEWARM, AND NEITHER HOT, NOR COLD, I WILL VOMIT YOU OUT OF MY MOUTH. BECAUSE YOU SAY, ‘I AM RICH AND HAVE BECOME WEALTHY AND HAVE NEED OF NOTHING!’ AND DO NOT KNOW THAT YOU ARE WRETCHED, MISERABLE, POOR, BLIND AND NAKED; I COUNSEL YOU TO BUY FROM ME GOLD REFINED IN THE FIRE THAT YOU MAY BE RICH, AND WHITE GARMENTS, THAT YOU MAY BE CLOTHED, THAT THE SHAME OF YOUR NAKEDNESS MIGHT NOT BE REVEALED, AND ANNOINT YOUR EYES WITH SALVE, THAT

YOU MAY SEE. AS MANY AS I LOVE I REBUKE AND CHASTEN, THEREFORE BE ZELOUS AND REPENT. BEHOLD, I STAND AT THE DOOR AND KNOCK, IF ANYONE HEARS MY VOICE AND OPENS THE DOOR I WILL COME IN AND DINE WITH HIM AND HE WITH ME. AND HE WHO OVERCOMES I WILL GRANT TO SIT WITH ME ON MY THRONE, AS I ALSO OVERCOME AND SAT DOWN WITH MY FATHER ON THIS THRONE. HE WHO HAS AN EAR LET HIM HEAR WHAT THE SPIRIT SAYS TO THE CHURCHES.”

-10:20:07 AM EST.

334-366-2024:

ORIGINAL FILE NAME: “REVELATION 3 NKJV FROM MEMORY 2024-02-05 MONDAY 1010-1020”

1645PT, 342-366-2024-TO-1506PT, 350-366-2024:

ADDED: “I KNOW YOUR WORKS; SEE I HAVE SET BEFORE YOU AN OPEN DOOR THAT NO ONE MAY SHUT.”

ADDED: “WHICH SHALL COME UPON THE WHOLE WORLD”

ADDED “MY” TO THIS SENTENCE AS SHOWN: “NEW JERUSALEM’ WHICH COMES DOWN FROM HEAVEN FROM MY GOD,”.

ADDED: “THAT YOU MAY BE RICH”, “THAT YOU MAY BE CLOTHED”

FEBRUARY 7, 2024, 10:22:00 AM EST. [ATOMIC CLOCK TIME]

REVELATION 4 NKJV [FROM MEMORY, TIMED, NO GRAMMAR]

“THEN I LOOKED AND BEHOLD A DOOR STANDING OPEN IN HEAVEN. THE FIRST VOICE WHICH I HEARD WAS LIKE A TRUMPET SPEAKING TO ME SAYING, ‘COME UP HERE, AND I WILL SHOW YOU THE THINGS THAT MUST TAKE PLACE AFTER THIS.’ IMMEDIATELY I WAS IN THE SPIRIT AND BEHOLD, A THRONE SET IN HEAVEN, AND ONE SAT ON THE THRONE, AND HE WHO SAT THERE WAS LIKE A JASPER AND A SARDIUS STONE IN APPEARANCE, AND THERE WAS A RAINBOW AROUND THE THRONE, WITH THE APPEARANCE OF AN EMERALD. AROUND THE THRONE WERE TWENTY-FOUR THRONES, AND ON THE THRONES, I SAW TWENTY-FOUR ELDERS SITTING, CLOTHED IN WHITE ROBES AND THEY HAD CROWNS OF GOLD ON THEIR HEADS. AND FROM THE THRONE PROCEEDED THUNDERINGS, LIGHTNINGS AND VOICES. SEVEN GOLDEN LAMPS BURNING BEFORE THE THRONE WHICH ARE THE SEVEN SPIRITS OF GOD. BEFORE THE THRONE THERE WAS A SEA OF GLASS LIKE CRYSTAL. IN THE MIDST OF THE THRONE AND AROUND THE THRONE WERE FOUR LIVING CREATURES FULL OF EYES IN FRONT AND BACK. THE FIRST LIVING CREATURE WAS LIKE A LION, THE SECOND LIVING CREATURE LIKE AN OX, THE THIRD LIVING CREATURE HAD THE FACE LIKE A MAN AND THE FOURTH LIVING CREATURE WAS LIKE A FLYING EAGLE. THE FOUR LIVING CREATURES, EACH HAVING SIX WINGS, WERE FULL OF EYES AROUND AND WITHIN AND THEY DO NOT REST DAY OR NIGHT SAYING “HOLY, HOLY, HOLY LORD GOD ALMIGHTY, WHO IS, WHO WAS, AND WHO IS TO COME.” WHENEVER THE LIVING CREATURES GIVE HONOR AND GLORY AND THANKS TO HIM WHO SITS ON THE THRONE, WHO LIVES FOREVER AND EVER, THE TWENTY-FOUR ELDERS FALL DOWN BEFORE THE THRONE, WORSHIPING HIM WHO LIVES FOREVER AND EVER, CASTING THEIR CROWNS BEFORE THE THRONE SAYING, ‘YOU ARE WORTHY OH LORD TO RECEIVE GLORY AND HONOR AND POWER, FOR YOU CREATED ALL THINGS AND BY YOUR WILL THEY EXIST AND WERE CREATED.’”

-10:26:57 AM EST.

1227PT, 342-366-2024:

ORIGINAL FILE NAME: “REVELATION 4 NKJV FROM MEMORY 2024-02-07 WEDNESDAY 1022-1026”

FEBRUARY 7, 2024, 10:29:00 AM EST. [ATOMIC CLOCK TIME]

REVELATION 5 NKJV [FROM MEMORY, TIMED, NO GRAMMAR]

“NOW I SAW IN THE RIGHT HAND OF HIM WHO SAT ON THE THRONE A SCROLL WRITTEN INSIDE AND, ON THE BACK, SEALED WITH SEVEN SEALS. THEN I HEARD A STRONG ANGEL PROCLAIMING WITH A LOUD VOICE SAYING, ‘WHO IS WORTHY TO OPEN THE SCROLL AND LOOSE ITS SEVEN SEALS.’ AND NO ONE IN HEAVEN OR ON THE EARTH OR UNDER THE EARTH WAS ABLE TO OPEN THE SCROLL OR TO LOOK AT IT. SO, I WEPT MUCH BECAUSE NO ONE WAS ABLE TO OPEN THE SCROLL OR TO LOOK AT IT. BUT ONE OF THE ELDERS SAID TO ME, ‘DO NOT WEEP, BEHOLD, THE LION OF THE TRIBE OF JUDAH, THE ROOT OF DAVID HAS PREVAILED TO OPEN THE SCROLL AND LOOSE ITS SEVEN SEALS.’ AND I LOOKED AND BEHOLD IN THE MIDST OF THE THRONE, THE FOUR LIVING CREATURES AND TWENTY-FOUR ELDERS STOOD A LAMB AS THOUGH IT HAD BEEN SLAIN, HAVING SEVEN HORNS AND SEVEN EYES WHICH ARE THE SEVEN SPIRITS OF GOD, SENT OUT INTO ALL THE EARTH. THEN HE CAME AND TOOK THE SCROLL OUT OF THE RIGHT HAND OF HIM WHO SAT ON THE THRONE. AND WHEN HE HAD TAKEN THE SCROLL THE FOUR LIVING CREATURES AND TWENTY-FOUR ELDERS FELL DOWN BEFORE THE THRONE EACH HAVING A HARP AND SEVEN GOLDEN BOWLS FULL OF INCENSE, WHICH ARE THE PRAYERS OF THE SAINTS; SAYING, ‘YOU ARE WORTHY TO TAKE THE SCROLL AND OPEN IT, FOR YOU WERE SLAIN AND HAVE REDEEMED US TO GOD BY YOUR BLOOD OUT OF EVERY NATION TRIBE PEOPLE AND TONGUE, AND HAVE MADE US KINGS AND PRIESTS TO OUR GOD, AND WE SHALL REIGN ON THE EARTH.’ THEN I LOOKED AND I HEARD THE VOICE OF MANY ANGELS AROUND THE THRONE, THE FOUR LIVING CREATURES AND TWENTY-FOUR ELDERS, AND THE NUMBER OF THEM WAS THOUSANDS OF THOUSANDS AND TEN-THOUSANDS OF THOUSANDS, SINGING, “POWER AND RICHES AND WISDOM AND STRENGTH AND GLORY AND HONOR AND BLESSING BELONG TO OUR GOD WHO SITS ON THE THRONE, AND TO THE LAMB WHO WAS SLAIN.’ EVERY CREATURE WHICH IS IN HEAVEN AND ON THE EARTH AND SUCH AS ARE IN THE SEA I HEARD SAYING, ‘BLESSING AND GLORY AND HONOR AND POWER BELONG TO OUR GOD WHO SITS ON THE THRONE AND TO THE LAMB.’ THEN THE FOUR LIVING CREATURES SAID, ‘AMEN’ AND THE TWENTY-FOUR ELDERS FELL DOWN AND WORSHIPPED HIM WHO LIVES FOREVER AND EVER.”

-10:35:15 AM EST.

1700PT, 342-366-2024:

ORIGINAL FILE NAME: “REVELATION 5 NKJV FROM MEMORY 2024-02-05 MONDAY 1029-1035”

FEBRUARY 7, 2024, 10:37:00 AM EST. [ATOMIC CLOCK TIME]

REVELATION 6 NKJV [FROM MEMORY, TIMED, NO GRAMMAR]

“NOW I SAW WHEN THE LAMB OPENED ONE OF THE SEALS AND I HEARD ONE OF THE FOUR LIVING CREATURES SAY WITH A VOICE LIKE THUNDER, ‘COME AND SEE.’, AND I LOOKED AND BEHOLD A WHITE HORSE, AND HE WHO SAT ON IT HAD A BOW, AND A CROWN WAS GIVEN TO HIM, AND HE WENT OUT CONQUERING AND TO CONQUER. WHEN THE LAMB OPENED THE SECOND SEAL THE SECOND LIVING CREATURE SAID, ‘COME AND SEE.’, ANOTHER HORSE, FIERY RED, AND IT WAS GRANTED HIM TO TAKE PEACE FROM THE EARTH, AND THAT PEOPLE SHOULD KILL EACHOTHER, AND TO HIM WAS GIVEN A GREAT SWORD. WHEN THE LAMB OPENED THE THIRD SEAL, THE THIRD LIVING CREATURE SAID, ‘COME AND SEE.’, AND I LOOKED AND BEHOLD A BLACK HORSE, AND HE WHO SAT ON IT HAD A PAIR OF SCALES IN HIS HAND. AND I HEARD A VOICE COMING FROM THE MIDST OF THE FOUR LIVING CREATURES SAYING, ‘A QUART OF WHEAT FOR A DENARIUS, THREE QUARTS OF BARLEY FOR A DENARIUS, AND DO NOT HARM THE OIL AND THE WINE.’ WHEN THE LAMB OPENED THE FOURTH SEAL I HEARD THE VOICE OF THE FOURTH LIVING CREATURE SAY, ‘COME AND SEE.’, AND I LOOKED AND BEHOLD, A PALE HORSE, AND THE NAME OF HIM WHO SAT ON IT WAS DEATH, AND HADES FOLLOWED,

AND POWER WAS GIVEN THEM OVER ONE-FOURTH OF THE EARTH TO KILL WITH SWORD, WITH HUNGER, WITH DEATH AND BY THE BEASTS OF THE EARTH. WHEN THE LAMB OPENED THE FIFTH SEAL, I SAW UNDER THE ALTAR THE SOULS OF THOSE WHO HAD BEEN BEHEADED FOR THEIR WITNESS TO JESUS AND FOR THE WORD OF GOD AND THEY CRIED OUT SAYING, 'HOW LONG O LORD, HOLY AND TRUE, UNTIL YOU JUDGE AND AVENGE OUR BLOOD ON THOSE WHO DWELL IN THE EARTH.' AND TO EACH OF THEM WAS GIVEN A WHITE ROBE, AND IT WAS TOLD THEM TO REST A LITTLE WHILE LONGER UNTIL BOTH THE NUMBER OF THEIR FELLOW SERVANTS AND BRETHREN WHO WERE TO BE KILLED AS THEY WERE WAS COMPLETE. WHEN THE LAMB OPENED THE SIXTH SEAL THERE WAS A GREAT EARTHQUAKE, AND THE SUN BECAME BLACKENED LIKE SACLOTH OF HAIR AND THE MOON BECAME LIKE BLOOD. AND THE STARS OF HEAVEN FELL TO THE EARTH LIKE A FIG TREE THAT DROPS ITS LATE FIGS WHEN SHAKEN BY A MIGHTY WIND. THEN THE SKY RECEEDED LIKE A SCROLL WHEN IT IS ROLLED UP AND EVERY ISLAND AND MOUNTAIN WAS MOVED OUT OF ITS PLACE. THEN THE KINGS OF THE EARTH, THE GREAT MEN, THE RICH MEN, THE MIGHTY MEN, THE COMMANDERS AND EVERY SLAVE AND FREE MAN HID THEMSELVES IN THE ROCKS AND THE CAVES OF THE MOUNTAINS. AND THEY SAID TO THE ROCKS AND THE MOUNTAINS, 'FALL ON US, AND HIDE US FROM THE FACE OF HIM WHO SITS ON THE THRONE AND FROM THE LAMB FOR THE GREAT DAY OF HIS WRATH HAS COME AND WHO CAN STAND.'"

-10:44:45AM EST.

0815PT-0937PT, 344-366-2024:

ORIGINAL FILE NAME: "REVELATION 6 NKJV FROM MEMORY 2024-02-07 WEDNESDAY 1037-1044"

ADDED: "AND THAT PEOPLE SHOULD KILL EACHOTHER." AND "SEAL" TO THE END OF FIFTH, AND SPELLING CORRECTIONS SUCH AS "MOUNTAINS." CHANGED: "A QUART OF BARLEY FOR A DENARIUS." TO, " THREE QUARTS OF BARLEY FOR A DENARIUS."

FEBRUARY 7, 2024, 10:47:00 AM EST. [ATOMIC CLOCK TIME]

REVELATION 7 NKJV [FROM MEMORY, TIMED, NO GRAMMAR]

"NOW I SAW FOUR ANGELS STANDING AT THE FOUR CORNERS OF THE EARTH, HOLDING THE FOUR WINDS OF THE EARTH, THAT IT SHOULD NOT BLOW AGAINST THE EARTH, THE SEA, NOR AGAINST THE TREES. THEN ANOTHER ANGEL ASCENDED FROM THE EAST, HAVING THE SEAL OF THE LIVING GOD, SAYING WITH A LOUD VOICE TO THE ANGELS WHO IT WAS GRANTED TO HARM THE EARTH AND THE SEA, 'DO NOT HARM THE EARTH, THE SEA, NOR THE TREES UNTIL WE HAVE SEALED THE SERVANTS OF OUR GOD ON THEIR FORHEADS.' AND I HEARD THE NUMBER OF THOSE WHO WERE SEALED, ONE-HUNDRED AND FORTY-FOUR THOUSAND OF THE TRIBES OF THE CHILDREN OF ISRAEL WERE SEALED ON THEIR FORHEADS. OF THE TRIBE OF JUDAH, TWELVE THOUSAND WERE SEALED. OF THE TRIBE OF REUBEN, TWELVE THOUSAND WERE SEALED. OF THE TRIBE OF GAD, TWELVE THOUSAND WERE SEALED. OF THE TRIBE OF ASHER, TWELVE THOUSAND WERE SEALED. OF THE TRIBE OF NAPHTALI, TWELVE THOUSAND WERE SEALED. OF THE TRIBE OF MANASSEH, TWELVE THOUSAND WERE SEALED. OF THE TRIBE OF SIMEON, TWELVE THOUSAND WERE SEALED. OF THE TRIBE OF LEVI, TWELVE THOUSAND WERE SEALED. OF THE TRIBE OF ISSACHAR, TWELVE THOUSAND WERE SEALED. OF THE TRIBE OF ZEBULUN, TWELVE THOUSAND WERE SEALED. OF THE TRIBE OF JOSEPH, TWELVE THOUSAND WERE SEALED. OF THE TRIBE OF BENJAMIN, TWELVE THOUSAND WERE SEALED. THEN I LOOKED AND BEHOLD A GREAT MULTITUDE FROM EVERY NATION, TRIBE, PEOPLE AND TONGUE STANDING BEFORE THE THRONE OF GOD AND THE LAMB CLOTHED IN WHITE ROBES, HAVING PALM BRANCHES IN THEIR HANDS, SAYING, 'SALVATION BELONGS TO OUR GOD, AND TO THE LAMB.' ALL THE ANGELS STOOD AROUND THE THRONE, THE FOUR-LIVING CREATURES AND THE TWENTY-FOUR ELDERS AND FELL ON THEIR FACES BEFORE THE THRONE SAYING, 'AMEN; BLESSING AND GLORY AND WISDOM, THANKSGIVING AND HONOR AND POWER AND MIGHT BELONG TO OUR GOD WHO SITS ON THE THRONE AND TO THE LAMB.' THEN

ONE OF THE ELDERS ANSWERED SAYING TO ME, 'WHO ARE THESE ARRAYED IN WHITE AND WHERE DID THEY COME FROM?' AND I SAID TO HIM, 'SIR, YOU KNOW.'. SO, HE SAID TO ME, 'THESE ARE THOSE WHO COME OUT OF THE GREAT TRIBULATION AND WASHED THEIR ROBES AND MADE THEM WHITE IN THE BLOOD OF THE LAMB, THEREFORE THEY STAND BEFORE GOD AND SERVE HIM DAY AND NIGHT IN HIS TEMPLE. THEY SHALL NOT HUNGER ANYMORE, NOR THIRST ANYMORE, THE SUN SHALL NOT STRIKE THEM, NOR ANY HEAT. FOR THE LAMB WHO IS IN THE MIDST OF THE THRONE WILL SHEPHERD AND LEAD THEM TO LIVING FOUNTAINS OF WATER, AND GOD WILL WIPE AWAY EVERY TEAR FROM THEIR EYE.'.

-10:54:57 AM EST.

0937PT, 344-366-2024-TO-1533MT, 345-366-2024:

ORIGINAL FILE NAME: "REVELATION 7 NKJV FROM MEMORY 2024-02-07 WEDNESDAY 1047-1054"

REPLACED: "GRANTED TO HARM THE EARTH AND THE TREES" WITH, "GRANTED TO HARM THE EARTH AND THE SEA"

ADDED " _____ " TO "BLESSING AND GLORY AND WISDOM, THANKSGIVING AND HONOR AND POWER AND MIGHT..."

FEBRUARY 8, 2024, 10:30:00 AM EST.

REVELATION 8 NKJV [FROM MEMORY, TIMED, NO GRAMMAR]

"WHEN THE LAMB OPENED THE SEVENTH SEAL THERE WAS SILENCE IN HEAVEN FOR HALF AN HOUR, AND I SAW THE SEVEN ANGELS WHO STAND BEFORE GOD, AND THEY WERE GIVEN SEVEN TRUMPETS. THEN ANOTHER ANGEL, HAVING A GOLDEN CENSOR, CAME AND STOOD BEFORE THE GOLDEN ALTAR WHICH WAS BEFORE THE THRONE. AND HE WAS GIVEN MUCH INCENSE THAT HE SHOULD OFFER IT WITH THE PRAYERS OF ALL THE SAINTS UPON THE GOLDEN ALTAR WHICH WAS BEFORE THE THRONE. AND THE SMOKING INCENSE WITH THE PRAYERS OF THE SAINTS ASCENDED UPTO GOD FROM THE ANGELS HAND, THEN HE TOOK THE GOLDEN CENSOR AND FILLED IT WITH FIRE FROM THE ALTAR AND THREW IT TO THE EARTH. AND THERE WERE NOISES, THUNDERINGS, LIGHTNINGS AND AN EARTHQUAKE. SO THE SEVEN ANGELS WHO HAD THE SEVEN TRUMPETS PREPARED THEMSELVES TO SOUND. THE FIRST ANGEL SOUNDED AND HAIL AND FIRE FOLLOWED, MINGLED WITH BLOOD, AND THEY WERE THROWN TO THE EARTH. AND A THIRD OF THE EARTH WAS BURNED UP, AND A THIRD OF THE TREES WERE BURNED UP, AND ALL OF THE GRASS WAS BURNED UP. THEN THE SECOND ANGEL SOUNDED AND I SAW SOMETHING LIKE A GREAT MOUNTAIN, BURNING WITH FIRE WAS THROWN INTO THE SEA, AND A THIRD OF THE SEA BECAME BLOOD AND A THIRD OF THE LIVING CREATURES IN THE SEA DIED AND A THIRD OF THE SHIPS WERE DESTROYED. THE THIRD ANGEL SOUNDED AND I SAW A STAR FALL FROM HEAVEN TO THE EARTH, BURNING LIKE A TORCH AS IT FELL AND IT FELL ON A THIRD OF THE RIVERS AND A THIRD OF THE WATERS AND A THIRD OF THE SPRINGS. AND THE NAME OF THE STAR IS 'WORMWOOD' AND A THIRD OF THE WATERS BECAME WORMWOOD, AND MANY MEN DRANK THE WATER AND DIED, BECAUSE THE WATER WAS MADE BITTER. WHEN THE FOURTH ANGEL SOUNDED A THIRD OF THE SUN WAS STRUCK AND A THIRD OF THE MOON AND A THIRD OF THE STARS, SO THAT ONE-THIRD OF THEM WERE DARKENED, AND A THIRD OF THE DAY DID NOT SHINE, LIKEWISE THE NIGHT. AND I LOOKED AND I HEARD AN ANGEL(EAGLE) FLYING THROUGH THE MIDST OF HEAVEN SAYING WITH A LOUD VOICE, [10:35:30] "WOE, WOE, WOE, TO THE INHABITANTS OF THE EARTH, BECAUSE OF THE REMAINING BLASTS OF THE TRUMPETS WHICH THE THREE ANGELS ARE ABOUT TO SOUND." [10:36:00].

-10:36:05 AM EST.

1122PT, 349-366-2024-TO-1900CT, 361-366-2024:

ORIGINAL FILE NAME: "REVELATION 8 NKJV FROM MEMORY 2024-02-08 THURSDAY 1030-1036"

EARTHQUAKE VERIFIED BUT NO HAIL: "...NOISES, THUNDERINGS, LIGHTNINGS AND AN EARTHQUAKE."

ADDED: "A THIRD OF THE EARTH WAS BURNED UP" TO "AND A THIRD OF THE TREES WERE BURNED UP, AND ALL OF THE GRASS WAS BURNED UP."

ADDED: "OF THE TRUMPETS"

FEBRUARY 14, 2024, 10:02:30 AM EST. [ATOMIC TIME EASTERN STANDARD TIME AS ARE THE FORMER 8 CHAPTERS]

REVELATION 9 NKJV [FROM MEMORY, TIMED, NO GRAMMAR]

"WHEN THE FIFTH ANGEL SOUNDED A STAR FELL FROM HEAVEN TO THE EARTH. AND HE WAS GIVEN A KEY TO THE BOTTOMLESS PIT. AND WHEN HE OPENED THE BOTTOMLESS PIT, SMOKE AROSE FROM THE PIT LIKE THE SMOKE FROM A GREAT FURNACE. AND OUT OF THE SMOKE LOCUSTS CAME UPON THE WHOLE EARTH. THEN THE SKY BECAME DARKENED. THEY WERE COMMANDED NOT TO HARM THE GRASS OF THE EARTH OR ANY GREEN THINGS OR ANY TREE, BUT ONLY THOSE MEN WHO DO NOT HAVE THE SEAL OF GOD ON THEIR FORHEADS. THEY WERE NOT GIVEN AUTHORITY TO KILL THEM BUT TO TORMENT THEM AND THEIR TORMENT WAS LIKE TORMENT OF A SCORPION WHEN IT STINGS A MAN, AND THEIR TORMENT IS FOR FIVE MONTHS. IN THOSE DAYS MEN WILL SEEK DEATH BUT WILL NOT FIND IT, DEATH WITH BE THEIR DESIRE BUT IT WILL FLEE FROM THEM. AND THE HEADS OF THE LOCUSTS WAS LIKE THE HEADS OF HORSES PREPARED FOR BATTLE, AND THEY HAD SOMETHING LIKE CROWNS OF GOLD ON THEIR HEADS. THEIR HAIR WAS LIKE WOMENS HAIR AND THEIR TEETH WERE LIKE THE TEETH OF A LION AND THEIR FACES WERE LIKE THE FACES OF MEN. THEIR BREASTPLATES WERE LIKE BREASTPLATES OF IRON AND THE SOUND OF THEIR WINGS WAS LIKE THE SOUND OF CHARIOTS WITH HORSES RUNNING INTO BATTLE. THEY HAD AS KING OVER THEM THE ANGEL OF THE BOTTOMLESS PIT WHOSE NAME IN HEBREW IS ABADDON, BUT IN GREEK HE HAS THE NAME APOLLYON. THE FIRST WOE IS PAST, BEHOLD, TWO MORE WOE'S ARE COMING AFTER THESE THINGS. WHEN THE SIXTH ANGEL SOUNDED, I HEARD A LOUD VOICE COMING FROM THE FOUR HORNS OF THE GOLDEN ALTAR WHICH IS BEFORE THE THRONE SAYING TO THE SIXTH ANGEL WHO HAD THE TRUMPET, "RELEASE THE FOUR ANGELS(EAGLES) WHO ARE BOUND AT THE GREAT RIVER EUPHRATES.". SO, THE FOUR ANGELS(EAGLES) WHO HAD BEEN PREPARED FOR THE HOUR, THE DAY, THE MONTH, AND THE YEAR WERE RELEASED TO KILL ONE THIRD OF MANKIND. AND THE NUMBER OF THE ARMY OF HORSEMEN WAS TWO-HUNDRED MILLION, I HEARD THE NUMBER OF THEM. AND THUS I SAW THE HORSES IN THE VISION; THOSE WHO SAT ON THEM HAD BREASTPLATES OF FIERY RED, HYACINTH BLUE AND SULPHER YELLOW. THE HEADS OF THE HORSES WERE LIKE THE HEADS OF LIONS, AND OUT OF THEIR MOUTHS CAME FIRE, SMOKE AND BRIMSTONE. AND ONE-THIRD OF MANKIND WAS KILLED BY THE FIRE, SMOKE AND BRIMSTONE WHICH COMES OUT OF THEIR MOUTH, FOR THEIR POWER IS IN THEIR MOUTH AND TAILS, FOR THEIR TAILS HAVE STINGS IN THEM AND WITH THEIR MOUTHS THEY DO GREAT HARM. THE REST OF MANKIND WHO WERE NOT KILLED BY THESE THREE PLAGUES DID NOT REPENT OF THE WORKS OF THEIR HANDS, THAT THEY SHOULD NOT WORSHIP _____ AND IDOLS OF GOLD, SILVER, BRONZE, STONE AND WOOD, WHICH CAN NIETHER SEE, NOR HEAR, NOR WALK. AND THEY DID NOT REPENT OF THEIR MURDERS, NOR THEIR SORCERIES, NOR THEIR SEXUAL IMMORALITIES, NOR THEIR THEFTS."

-10:10:02 AM EST.

1141PT, 349-366-2024-TO-1616MT, 364-366-2024:

ORIGINAL FILE NAME: "REVELATION 9 NKJV FROM MEMORY 2024-02-14 WEDNESDAY 100230-101002"

ADDED: "THEN THE SKY BECAME DARKENED."

ADDED: COMA'S. SPELL CORRECTIONS ON ABADDON AND APOLLYON.

ADDED: "MURDER" TO "NOR THEIR SORCERIES, NOR THEIR SEXUAL IMMORALITIES, NOR THEIR THEFTS."

FEBRUARY 14, 2024, 10:11:00 AM EST. [ATOMIC CLOCK TIME EASTER TIMEZONE]

REVELATION 10 NKJV [FROM MEMORY, TIMED, NO GRAMMAR]

"THEN A MIGHTY ANGEL CAME DOWN FROM HEAVEN, CLOTHED WITH A CLOUD, HAVING A RAINBOW ON HIS HEAD. HIS FACE WAS LIKE THE SUN AND HIS FEET WERE LIKE PILLARS OF FIRE. AND HE HAD A LITTLE BOOK OPEN IN HIS HAND AND HE HAD HIS LEFT FOOT ON LAND AND HIS RIGHT FOOT ON THE SEA. AND HE CRIED OUT LIKE A ROARING LION, AND WHEN HE CRIED OUT, SEVEN THUNDERS UTTERED THEIR VOICES. WHEN THE SEVEN THUNDERS UTTERED THEIR VOICES, I WAS ABOUT TO WRITE, BUT A VOICE FROM HEAVEN SPOKE TO ME SAYING, "SEAL UP THE THINGS WHICH THE SEVEN THUNDERS UTTERED AND DO NOT WRITE THEM." AND I LOOKED AND I SAW THE ANGEL WHO HAD HIS FEET ON THE LAND AND SEA RAISE HIS RIGHT HAND UP TO HEAVEN AND SWORE BY HIM WHO LIVES FOREVER AND EVER, WHO CREATED HEAVEN AND ALL THE THINGS WHICH ARE IN IT, THE EARTH AND ALL THE THINGS WHICH ARE IN IT, AND THE SEA AND ALL THE THINGS WHICH ARE IN IT, THAT THERE SHOULD BE DELAY NO LONGER. AND IN THE DAYS OF THE SOUNDING OF THE SEVENTH ANGEL [FEBRUARY 14, 2024, 10:13:40] WHEN THE ANGEL IS ABOUT TO SOUND, THE MYSTERY OF GOD WOULD BE FINISHED AS HE DECLARED TO HIS SERVANTS THE PROPHETS AND THE SAINTS. THEN THE VOICE FROM HEAVEN SPOKE TO ME SAYING, "GO TAKE THE BOOK THAT IS OPEN IN THE ANGEL'S HAND." SO, I SAID TO THE ANGEL, "GIVE ME THE BOOK," BUT THE ANGEL SAID, "TAKE IT AND EAT IT, BUT IT WILL MAKE YOUR STOMACH BITTER, AND TASTE SWEET AS HONEY IN YOUR MOUTH." AND WHEN I HAD EATEN IT, MY STOMACH BECAME BITTER BUT IT TASTED SWEET AS HONEY IN MY MOUTH. THEN HE SAID TO ME, "YOU MUST PROPHECY AGAIN ABOUT MANY PEOPLES, MULTITUDES NATIONS AND TONGUES."

-10:15:20 AM EST.

1151PT, 349-366-2024-TO-1619MT, 364-366-2024:

ORIGINAL FILE NAME: "REVELATION 10 NKJV FROM MEMORY 2024-02-14 WEDNESDAY 1011-101520"

CORRECTED SPELLING: "FINISHED"

CHANGED: "SO, I SAID" TO "SO, I SAID TO THE ANGEL"

ADDED: "S" TO "PEOPLES"

FEBRUARY 14, 2024, 10:42:55 AM EST. [ATOMIC CLOCK TIME EASTERN TIME]

REVELATION 11 NKJV [FROM MEMORY, TIMED, NO GRAMMAR]

"THEN I WAS GIVEN A REED LIKE A MEASURING ROD, THE ANGEL STOOD AND SAID, 'ARISE, MEASURE THE TEMPLE OF GOD, THE ALTAR AND THOSE WHO WORSHIP THERE, BUT LEAVE OUT THE COURT WHICH IS OUTSIDE THE TEMPLE AND DO NOT MEASURE IT, FOR IT HAS BEEN GIVEN TO THE GENTILES, AND THEY SHALL TREAD ON IT FOR FORTY-TWO MONTHS. AND I WILL GIVE POWER TO MY TWO WITNESSES, AND THEY WILL PROPHECY FOR 1260 DAYS, CLOTHED IN SACLOTH. THESE ARE THE TWO OLIVE TREES AND LAMPSTANDS STANDING BEFORE THE GOD OF EARTH, AND ANYONE WHO TRIES TO HARM THEM IS DESTROYED BY THE FIRE THAT COMES OUT OF THEIR MOUTH, AND ANYONE WHO TRIES TO HARM THEM MUST BE KILLED IN THIS MANNER. THESE WILL HAVE POWER TO SHUT HEAVEN SO THAT THERE IS NO

RAIN IN THE DAYS OF THEIR PROPHECY AND TO TURN WATER INTO BLOOD AND TO STRIKE EARTH WITH ALL THE PLAGUES AS OFTEN AS THEY DESIRE. [10:45:15] AND WHEN THEIR TESTIMONY IS FINISHED, THE BEAST THAT ASCENDS FROM THE BOTTOMLESS PIT WILL MAKE WAR WITH THEM AND OVERCOME THEM AND KILL THEM. AND THEIR BODIES WILL LAY IN THE STREET IN THE GREAT CITY WHICH IS SPIRITUALLY CALLED 'SODOM' AND 'EGYPT' WHERE ALSO OUR LORD WAS CRUCIFIED. THEN ALL THE PEOPLES MULTITUDES NATIONS AND TONGUES WILL SEE THEIR DEAD BODIES FOR THREE-AND-A-HALF DAYS AND WILL NOT ALLOW THEM TO BE PUT INTO GRAVES AND ALL THOSE WHO DWELL IN THE EARTH WILL REJOICE OVER THEM AND MAKE MERRY AND SEND GIFTS TO ONE ANOTHER BECAUSE THESE TWO PROPHETS TORMENTED THOSE WHO DWELL IN THE EARTH. THEN AFTER THE THREE-AND-A-HALF DAYS THE BREATH OF THE LIFE OF GOD ENTERED THEM AND THEY STOOD ON THEIR FEET AND EVERYONE SAW THEM AND WAS AFRAID. THEN A VOICE FROM HEAVEN SPOKE TO THEM SAYING, 'COME UP HERE' AND THEY ASCENDED UPTO HEAVEN IN A CLOUD, AND ALL THEIR ENEMIES SAW THEM. IN THAT SAME HOUR THERE WAS A GREAT EARTHQUAKE [10:48:10] AND A TENTH OF THE CITY FELL IN, THAT EARTHQUAKE SEVEN-THOUSAND PEOPLE WERE KILLED; THE REST WERE AFRAID AND GAVE GLORY TO THE GOD OF HEAVEN. THE SECOND 'WOE' IS PAST, BEHOLD THE THIRD 'WOE' IS COMING QUICKLY. WHEN THE SEVENTH ANGEL SOUNDED, I HEARD A LOUD VOICE COMING FROM THE TEMPLE WHICH IS IN HEAVEN SAYING, 'THE KINGDOMS OF THIS WORLD HAVE BECOME THE KINGDOMS OF OUR LORD AND OF HIS CHRIST, AND HE SHALL REIGN FOREVER AND EVER.' THE TWENTY-FOUR ELDERS WHO SIT BEFORE GOD ON THEIR THRONES FELL ON THEIR FACES BEFORE GOD WHO SITS ON THE THRONE SAYING, "WE GIVE THANKS TO YOU O LORD GOD ALMIGHTY. THE ONE WHO IS, WHO WAS, AND WHO IS TO COME, FOR YOU HAVE TAKEN YOUR POWER AND REIGNED. THE NATIONS WERE ANGRY AND THE DAY OF WRATH HAS COME AND THE TIME OF THE DEAD THAT THEY SHOULD BE JUDGED AND THAT YOU SHOULD REWARD YOUR SERVANTS THE PROPHETS AND THE SAINTS AND THOSE WHO FEAR YOUR NAME BOTH SMALL AND GREAT AND SHOULD DESTROY THOSE WHO DESTROY EARTH.' THEN THE TEMPLE OF THE TABERNACLE OF THE TESTIMONY IN HEAVEN WAS OPENED AND THE ARK OF THE COVENANT WAS SEEN IN HIS TEMPLE. AND THERE WERE NOISES, THUNDERINGS, LIGHTINGS, EARTHQUAKE AND GREAT HAIL".

-10:51:35 AM EST.

1156PT, 349-366-2024-TO-1905CT, 361-366-2024:

ORIGINAL FILE NAME: "REVELATION 11 NKJV FROM MEMORY 2024-02-14 WEDNESDAY 104255-105135"

ADDED: "THE REST WERE AFRAID AND GAVE GLORY TO THE GOD OF HEAVEN."

REMOVED: "ALLELUIA" FROM "WE GIVE THANKS TO YOU O LORD GOD ALMIGHTY"

ADDED: "AND THOSE WHO FEAR YOUR NAME BOTH SMALL AND GREAT AND SHOULD DESTROY THOSE WHO DESTROY EARTH"

ADDED: "IN HEAVEN" TO "WAS OPENED AND THE ARK OF THE COVENANT WAS SEEN IN HIS TEMPLE."

ADDED: "GREAT" TO "HAIL"

FEBRUARY 15, 2024, 10:14:00 AM EST [ATOMIC CLOCK TIME EASTERN TIME ZONE]

REVELATION 12 NKJV [FROM MEMORY, TIMED, NO GRAMMAR]

"NOW A GREAT SIGN APPEARED IN HEAVEN, A WOMAN CLOTHED WITH THE SUN, WITH HER FEET ON THE MOON AND ON HER HEAD A GARLAND OF TWELVE STARS. THEN, BEING WITH CHILD, SHE CRIED OUT IN LABOR AND IN PAIN TO GIVE BIRTH. NOW ANOTHER SIGN APPEARED

IN HEAVEN, BEHOLD A GREAT FIERY RED DRAGON, HAVING SEVEN HEADS AND TEN HORNS AND SEVEN DIADEMS ON HIS HEADS. HIS TAIL DREW A THIRD OF THE STARS OF HEAVEN AND THREW THEM TO THE EARTH. THE DRAGON STOOD BEFORE THE WOMAN WHO WAS ABOUT TO GIVE BIRTH TO DEVOUR HER CHILD WHEN SHE GAVE BIRTH. SHE BORE A MALE CHILD THAT HE SHOULD RULE ALL NATIONS WITH A ROD OF IRON, AND THE CHILD WAS CAUGHT UP TO GOD AND HIS THRONE. THE WOMAN FLED INTO THE WILDERNESS WHERE SHE HAS A PLACE PREPARED BY GOD THAT THEY SHOULD FEED HER FOR 1260 DAYS. THEN WAR BROKE OUT IN HEAVEN, MICHAEL AND HIS ANGELS FOUGHT WITH THE DRAGON, AND THE DRAGON AND HIS ANGELS FOUGHT, BUT THEY DID NOT PREVAIL AND THERE WAS FOUND NO PLACE FOR THEM IN HEAVEN ANY LONGER. SO THAT _____ OF OLD CALLED THE _____ AND _____ WHO DECEIVES THE WHOLE WORLD WAS CAST OUT OF HEAVEN AND HIS ANGELS CAST OUT WITH HIM. THEN I HEARD LOUD VOICES IN HEAVEN SAYING, 'NOW SALVATION AND STRENGTH AND THE KINGDOM OF OUR LORD AND POWER OF HIS CHRIST HAS COME, FOR THE ACCUSER OF OUR BROTHERS WHO ACCUSES THEM BEFORE GOD DAY AND NIGHT HAS BEEN THROWN DOWN.'

AND THEY OVERCAME THEM BY THE BLOOD OF THE LAMB AND THE WORD OF THEIR TESTIMONY AND THEY LOVED NOT THEIR LIVES UNTO DEATH.' THEREFORE, REJOICE O HEAVENS AND YOU WHO DWELL IN THEM, "WOE" TO THE INHABITANTS OF THE EARTH AND THE SEA, FOR THE _____ HAS COME DOWN TO YOU, HAVING GREAT WRATH BECAUSE HE KNOWS HE HAS A SHORT TIME. WHEN THE _____ SAW THAT HE HAD BEEN CAST DOWN HE PERSECUTED THE WOMAN WHO GAVE BIRTH TO THE MALE CHILD, BUT THE WOMAN WAS GIVEN TWO WINGS OF A GREAT EAGLE THAT SHE SHOULD FLEE IN THE WILDERNESS TO HER PLACE AND BE NOURISHED FOR A TIME AND TIMES AND A HALF TIME FROM THE PRESENCE OF THE _____. SO, THE _____ SPEWED WATER OUT OF ITS MOUTH LIKE A FLOOD AFTER THE WOMAN THAT HE MIGHT CAUSE THE WOMAN TO BE CARRIED AWAY BY THE FLOOD. BUT THE EARTH HELPED THE WOMAN AND SWALLOWED UP THE FLOOD WHICH THE _____ SPEWED OUT OF ITS MOUTH. SO, THE _____ WAS ENRAGED WITH THE WOMAN AND WENT OFF TO MAKE WAR WITH THE REST OF THE WOMAN'S OFFSPRING, THOSE WHO KEEP THE COMMANDMENTS OF GOD AND THE FAITH OF JESUS. AND HE STOOD ON THE SAND OF THE SEA."

10:22:50 AM EST.

1206PT, 349-366-2024-TO-1540MT, 363-366-2024:

ORIGINAL FILE NAME: "REVELATION 12 NKJV FROM MEMORY 2024-02-15 THURSDAY 101400-102250"

REMOVED: "BEHOLD" FROM "A WOMAN"

ADDED: "AND THE POWER"

ADDED: "AND THEY LOVED NOT THEIR LIVES UNTO DEATH"

ADDED "AND THE SEA" TO "THE INHABITANTS OF THE EARTH AND THE SEA"

ADDED: "THAT HE MIGHT CAUSE THE WOMAN TO BE CARRIED AWAY BY THE FLOOD."

ADDED: "AND HE STOOD ON THE SAND OF THE SEA."

FEBRUARY 14, 2024, 10:55:00 AM EST. [ATOMIC TIME EASTERN ZONE]

REVELATION 13 NKJV [FROM MEMORY, TIMED, NO GRAMMAR]

"THEN I STOOD ON THE SAND OF THE SEA AND I SAW A BEAST RISING UP OUT OF THE SEA HAVING SEVEN HEADS AND TEN HORNS AND TEN DIADEMS ON HIS HORNS. THE BEAST WHICH I SAW WAS LIKE A LEOPARD, HIS FEET WERE LIKE THE FEET OF A BEAR AND HIS MOUTH WAS LIKE THE MOUTH OF A LION. AND I SAW ONE OF HIS HEADS AS IF IT HAD BEEN MORTALLY WOUNDED, AND HIS DEADLY WOUND WAS HEALED. SO, THE WHOLE WORLD MARVELED AND FOLLOWED THE BEAST. SO, THEY WORSHIPPED THE DRAGON WHO GAVE AUTHORITY TO THE BEAST AND THEY WORSHIPPED THE BEAST SAYING, 'WHO IS LIKE THE BEAST AND WHO IS

ABLE TO MAKE WAR WITH HIM?’ AND HE WAS GIVEN A MOUTH TO SPEAK GREAT THINGS AND BLASPHEMY, AND HIS AUTHORITY WAS TO CONTINUE FOURTY-TWO-MONTHS. AND HE OPENED HIS MOUTH AND SPOKE AGAINST GOD AND BLASPHEMED HIS NAME AND BLASPHEMED HIS TABERNACLE AND THOSE WHO DWELL IN HEAVEN. AND IT WAS GRANTED HIM TO MAKE WAR WITH THE SAINTS AND OVEROME THEM AND KILL THEM. AND AUTHORITY WAS GIVEN TO HIM OVER EVERY NATION, TRIBE, PEOPLE AND TONGUE. AND ALL THOSE WHO DWELL IN THE EARTH WILL WORSHIP THE BEAST WHOSE NAMES HAVE NOT BEEN WRITTEN IN THE LAMBS BOOK OF LIFE FROM THE FOUNDATION OF THE WORLD. IF ANYONE HAS AN EAR, LET HIM HEAR: HE WHO LEADS INTO CAPTIVITY SHALL GO INTO CAPTIVITY, HE WHO KILLS WITH THE SWORD MUST BE KILLED BY THE SWORD, THIS IS THE PATIENCE/PERSEVERENCE AND FAITH OF THE SAINTS. THEN I SAW ANOTHER BEAST RISE UP FROM THE EARTH HAVING TWO HORNS LIKE A LAMB AND HE SPOKE LIKE THE DRAGON. AND HE EXCERCISES ALL THE AUTHORITY OF THE FIRST BEAST IN HIS PRESENSE AND CAUSES ALL WHO DWELL IN THE EARTH TO MAKE AN IMAGE TO THE BEAST WHO WAS WOUNDED BY THE SWORD AND LIVES. AND HE PERFORMS GREAT SIGNS AND EVEN CAUSES FIRE TO COME DOWN OUT OF HEAVEN UPON THE EARTH IN THE SIGHT OF MEN. AND HE DECEIVES THOSE WHO DWELL IN THE EARTH BY THOSE SIGNS WHICH HE WAS GRANTED TO DO IN THE SIGHT OF THE BEAST, TELLING THEM TO MAKE AN IMAGE TO THE BEAST WHO WAS WOUNDED BY THE SWORD AND LIVED. AND IT WAS GRANTED HIM TO GIVE BREATH TO THE IMAGE OF THE BEAST THAT THE IMAGE OF THE BEAST SHOULD BOTH SPEAK AND CAUSE THOSE WHO DO NOT WORSHIP THE IMAGE OF THE BEAST TO BE KILLED. AND HE CAUSES EVERYONE BOTH SMALL AND GREAT, RICH AND POOR TO RECEIVE A MARK ON THEIR RIGHT HAND OR ON THEIR FOREHEAD, AND NO ONE MAY BY OR SELL WHO DOES NOT HAVE THE MARK OF THE BEAST OR HIS IMAGE OR THE NUMBER OF HIS NAME. HERE IS WISDOM, LET HIM WHO HAS UNDERSTANDING CALCULATE THE NUMBER OF THE BEAST FOR IT IS THE NUMBER OF A MAN AND HIS NUMBER IS SIX-SIX-SIX / SIX-ONE-SIX.”

-11:03:05 AM EST.

1215PT, 349-366-2024-TO-1545MT, 363-366-2024:

ORIGINAL FILE NAME: “REVELATION 13 NKJV FROM MEMORY 2024-02-14 WEDNESDAY 105500-110305”

REPLACED: “AND SEVEN DIADEMS ON HIS HEADS” WITH “AND TEN DIADEMS ON HIS HORNS”

ADDED: “AND BLASPHEMED HIS TABERNACLE”

ADDED: “IF ANYONE HAS AN EAR, LET HIM HEAR:”

ADDED: “LAMB” TO “LAMBS BOOK OF LIFE FROM THE FOUNDATION OF THE WORLD”

REMOVED: “THEN I HEARD A VOICE COME FROM THE TEMPLE SAYING, ‘WRITE, “BLESSED ARE THE DEAD WHO DIE IN THE LORD FROM NOW ON.”, “YES” SAYS THE SPIRIT, “THAT THEY MAY CEASE FROM THEIR LABOR AND THEIR WORKS FOLLOW.”

ADDED: “IN THE SIGHT OF MEN.”

SPELLING CORRECTIONS: MINOR.

FEBRUARY 14, 2024, 11:04:00 AM EST. [ATOMIC CLOCK TIMEZONE EASTERN]

REVELATION 14 NKJV [FROM MEMORY, TIMED, NO GRAMMAR]

“THEN I LOOKED AND BEHOLD A LAMB STANDING ON MOUNT ZION, AND WITH HIM ONE-HUNDRED-FOURTY-FOUR THOUSAND HAVING THE SEAL OF GOD ON THEIR FORHEADS. AND I HEARD A VOICE FROM HEAVEN, LIKE THE SOUND OF MANY WATERS, LIKE THE VOICE OF LOUD THUNDER, LIKE THE SOUND OF HARPISTS PLAYING THEIR HARPS. AND THEY SANG AS IT WERE A NEW SONG BEFORE THE THRONE, THE FOUR LIVING CREATURES AND THE TWENTY-

FOUR ELDERS. AND NO ONE COULD LEARN THE SONG EXCEPT THE ONE-HUNDRED-FOURTY-FOUR THOUSAND WHO HAD BEEN REDEEMED FROM THE EARTH. THESE ARE THOSE WHO ARE NOT DEFILED WITH WOMEN, FOR THEY ARE VIRGINS, THEREFORE THEY FOLLOW THE LAMB WHEREVER HE GOES. AND IN THEIR MOUTHS WAS FOUND NO DECEIT, THEREFORE THEY ARE WITHOUT FAULT BEFORE THE THRONE. THEN I LOOKED AND I HEARD AN ANGEL FLYING THROUGH THE MIDST OF HEAVEN HAVING THE EVERLASTING GOSPEL TO PREACH TO THOSE WHO DWELL IN THE EARTH, TO EVERY NATION, TRIBE, PEOPLE AND TONGUE SAYING, 'FEAR GOD AND GIVE HIM GLORY AND WORSHIP HIM WHO MADE HEAVEN, THE EARTH AND SPRINGS OF WATER.' THEN ANOTHER ANGEL FOLLOWED SAYING, 'BABLYON THE GREAT IS FALLEN, IS FALLEN, FOR SHE HAS MADE THE NATIONS DRINK OF THE WINE OF THE WRATH OF HER FORNICATION.' THEN ANOTHER ANGEL FOLLOWED SAYING, 'ANYONE WHO RECEIVES THE MARK OF THE BEAST OR HIS IMAGE OR NUMBER OF HIS NAME, HE TOO SHALL DRINK OF THE WINE OF THE WRATH OF GOD WHICH IS POURED OUT FULL STRENGTH INTO THE CUP OF HIS INDIGNATION. THEY WILL BE TORMENED DAY AND NIGHT IN THE PRESENCE OF THE HOLY ANGELS AND THE LAMB, AND THE SMOKE OF THEIR TORMENT ASCENDS FOREVER AND EVER AND THEY HAVE NO REST DAY OR NIGHT THOSE WHO WORSHIP THE BEAST OR HIS IMAGE OR NUMBER OF HIS NAME. HERE IS THE PATIENCE AND FAITH OF THE SAINTS, HERE ARE THOSE WHO KEEP THE COMMANDMENTS OF GOD AND THE FAITH OF JESUS. "THEN I HEARD A VOICE COME FROM HEAVEN SAYING, 'WRITE, "BLESSED ARE THE DEAD WHO DIE IN THE LORD FROM NOW ON." "YES" SAYS THE SPIRIT, "THAT THEY MAY CEASE FROM THEIR LABOR AND THEIR WORKS FOLLOW.'" [11:09:00]. THEN I LOOKED AND BEHOLD A WHITE CLOUD, AND HE WHO SAT ON IT HAD A CROWN ON HIS HEAD AND A SHARP SICKLE IN HIS HAND. THEN A VOICE CAME FROM THE TEMPLE SAYING TO HIM WHO HAD THE SHARP SICKLE, 'THRUST YOUR SICKLE IN AND REAP, FOR THE TIME HAS COME FOR YOU TO REAP, FOR THE HARVEST OF THE EARTH IS RIPE.', SO HE THRUST HIS SICKLE AND THE EARTH WAS REAPED. THEN ANOTHER ANGEL CAME FROM THE TEMPLE ALSO HAVING A SHARP SICKLE, AND AN ANGEL CAME OUT FROM THE ALTAR WHICH IS THE ANGEL HAVING POWER OVER FIRE SAYING TO THE ANGEL WITH THE SHARP SICKLE, 'THRUST YOUR SICKLE INTO THE CLUSTER OF THE VINE OF THE EARTH, FOR HER GRAPES [11:10:46] ARE FULLY RIPE. SO HE THRUST HIS SICKLE INTO THE CLUSTER OF THE VINE OF THE EARTH AND THREW IT INTO THE GREAT WINEPRESS OF THE WRATH OF GOD, AND THE WINEPRESS WAS TRAMPLED OUTSIDE OF THE CITY AND BLOOD CAME OUT OF THE WINEPRESS UPTO THE HORSES BRIDLE FOR ONE-THOUSAND-SIX-HUNDRED FURLONGS.'.

-11:11:30 AM EST.

1226PT, 349-366-2024-TO-1629MT, 364-366-2024:

ORIGINAL FILE NAME: "REVELATION 14 NKJV FROM MEMORY 2024-02-14 WEDNESDAY 110400-111130"

ADDED: "AND I HEARD A VOICE FROM HEAVEN, LIKE THE SOUND OF MANY WATERS, LIKE THE VOICE OF LOUD THUNDER, LIKE THE SOUND OF HARPISTS PLAYING THEIR HARPS."

ADDED: "AND NO ONE COULD LEARN THE SONG EXCEPT THE ONE-HUNDRED-FOURTY-FOUR THOUSAND WHO HAD BEEN REDEEMED FROM THE EARTH."

ADDED: " I HEARD A VOICE COME FROM HEAVEN SAYING, 'WRITE, "BLESSED ARE THE DEAD WHO DIE IN THE LORD FROM NOW ON.", "YES" SAYS THE SPIRIT, "THAT THEY MAY CEASE FROM THEIR LABOR AND THEIR WORKS FOLLOW."

CHANGED: "UPTO THE HORSES BRIDLE" TO PROPER LOCATION.

FEBRUARY 15, 2024, 10:25:00 AM EST. [ATOMIC CLOCK TIMEZONE EASTERN ZONE]

REVELATION 15 NKJV (FROM MEMORY, TIMED, NO GRAMMAR)

“NOW ANOTHER SIGN APPEARED IN HEAVEN, GREAT AND MARVELOUS. SEVEN ANGELS HAVING THE SEVEN LAST PLAGUES, FOR IN THEM THE WRATH OF GOD IS COMPLETE. AND I SAW SOMETHING LIKE A SEA OF GLASS MINGLED WITH FIRE, AND THOSE WHO HAD VICTORY OF THE BEAST AND OVER HIS IMAGE AND OVER HIS MARK STANDING ON THE SEA OF GLASS, HAVING THE HARPS OF GOD. AND THEY SANG AS IT WERE THE SONG OF MOSES THE SERVANT OF GOD AND THE SONG OF THE LAMB SAYING, ‘GREAT AND MARVELOUS ARE YOUR WORKS O LORD, JUST AND TRUE ARE YOUR WAYS O KING OF SAINTS, WHO WILL NOT FEAR YOU O LORD AND GLORIFY YOUR NAME? FOR YOU ALONE ARE HOLY, FOR ALL NATIONS SHALL COME WORSHIP BEFORE YOU, FOR ALL YOUR JUDGEMENTS ARE MANIFEST.’ THEN THE TEMPLE OF THE TABERNACLE OF THE TESTIMONY IN HEAVEN WAS OPENED AND THE ARK OF THE COVENANT WAS SEEN IN HIS TEMPLE, AND OUT OF THE TEMPLE CAME THE SEVEN ANGELS HAVING THE SEVEN LAST PLAGUES CLOTHED IN WHITE LINEN GIRDED ABOUT THE CHEST WITH GOLDEN BANDS. THEN ONE OF THE FOUR LIVING CREATURES GAVE THE SEVEN ANGELS SEVEN GOLDEN BOWLS FULL OF THE WRATH OF GOD WHO LIVES FOREVER AND EVER. AND THE TEMPLE OF GOD WAS FILLED WITH SMOKE FROM THE GLORY OF GOD AND FROM HIS POWER, AND NO ONE COULD ENTER THE TEMPLE UNTIL THE SEVEN ANGELS WHO HAD THE SEVEN LAST PLAGUES WAS COMPLETE.”

-10:28:45 AM EST.

1500PT, 350-366-2024-TO-1926CT, 361-366-2024:

ORIGINAL FILE NAME: “REVELATION 15 NKJV FROM MEMORY 2024-02-15 THURSDAY 102500-102845”

FEBRUARY 22(THURSDAY), 2024, 10:33:00 AM EST. [ATOMIC CLOCK TIME EASTERN ZONE]

REVELATION 16 NKJV (FROM MEMORY, TIMED, NO GRAMMAR)

“THEN I HEARD A LOUD VOICE COMING FROM THE TEMPLE WHICH IS IN HEAVEN SAYING TO THE 7 ANGELS WHO HAD THE SEVEN LAST PLAGUES, ‘GO POUR THE BOWLS OF THE WRATH OF GOD UPON THE EARTH.’ SO THE FIRST ANGEL Poured HIS BOWL UPON THE EARTH AND A FOWL AND LOATHSOME SORE CAME UPON THE MEN WHO HAD THE MARK OF THE BEAST AND WORSHIPPED HIS IMAGE. THEN THE SECOND ANGEL Poured HIS BOWL ON THE SEA AND THE SEA BECAME BLOOD AND THE LIVING CREATURES IN THE SEA DIED. THEN THE THIRD ANGEL Poured HIS BOWL ONTO THE RIVERS AND THE SPRINGS, AND THEY BECAME BLOOD, AND I HEARD THE ANGEL OF THE WATERS SAYING, [10:34:50] ‘RIGHTEOUS ARE YOU O LORD, WHO IS, WHO WAS AND WHO IS TO BE, FOR YOU HAVE JUDGED THESE THINGS. FOR THEY HAVE SHED THE BLOOD OF THE PROPHETS AND THE SAINTS AND YOU HAVE GIVEN THEM BLOOD TO DRINK, FOR IT IS THEIR JUST DUE.’ THEN A VOICE CAME FROM THE TEMPLE SAYING, ‘EVEN SO O LORD GOD ALMIGHTY, TRUE AND RIGHTEOUS ARE YOUR JUDGEMENTS.’ [10:35:42] THEN THE FOURTH ANGEL Poured HIS BOWL ON THE SUN, AND MEN WERE SCORCHED WITH GREAT HEAT, SO THEY BLASPHEMED THE NAME OF GOD WHO HAS POWER OVER THIS PLAGUE AND DID NOT REPENT AND GIVE HIM GLORY. THEN THE FIFTH ANGEL Poured HIS BOWL ON THE THRONE OF THE BEAST AND HIS KINGDOM BECAME FULL OF DARKNESS AND MEN GNAWED THEIR TONGUES BECAUSE OF THE PAIN, SO THEY BLASPHEMED GOD BECAUSE OF THEIR PAIN AND THEIR SORES AND DID NOT REPENT OF THEIR DEEDS. THEN THE SIXTH ANGEL Poured HIS BOWL ON THE GREAT RIVER EUPHRATES AND ITS SEA BECAME DRY SO THAT THE WAY OF THE KINGS OF THE EAST MIGHT BE PREPARED. AND I SAW THREE UNCLEAN SPIRITS LIKE FROGS COMING OUT OF THE MOUTH OF THE BEAST, OUT OF THE MOUTH OF THE _____ AND OUT OF THE MOUTH OF THE FALSE _____. THESE ARE _____ OF _____ THAT PERFORM GREAT SIGNS THAT GO OUT TO ALL THE KINGS OF THE EARTH AND OF THE WORLD TO GATHER THEM TO THE BATTLE OF THE GREAT DAY OF GOD _____.

BEHOLD I AM COMING LIKE A THEIF, BLESSED IS HE WHO WATCHES AND KEEPS HIS GARMENTS, LEST HE WALK NAKED AND THEY SEE HIS SHAME. AND THEY WERE GATHERED TOGETHER TO THE PLACE IN HEBREW 'ARMAGEDON.' THEN THE SEVENTH [10:39:39] ANGEL Poured out his bowl into the air, and I heard a loud voice coming from the temple saying, 'IT IS DONE', and there were noises, thunderings, lightnings, an earthquake and great hail. Such a great and mighty earthquake as had not occurred since men were on the earth. and the city was divided into three parts, and the cities of the nations fell, and Babylon the great was remembered before God to give her the cup of the wine of the fierceness of his wrath. then the islands fled away and the mountains were not seen. now great hail fell from heaven upon men, each hailstone [10:41:13] about the weight of a talent, and men blasphemed God because of this plague for it is exceedingly great."

-10:41:33 AM EST.

1509PT, 350-366-2024-TO-1926CT, 361-366-2024

ORIGINAL FILE NAME: "REVELATION 16 NKJV FROM MEMORY 2024-02-22 THURSDAY 103300-104133"

ADDED: "AND THEIR SORES"

ADDED: "THEN THE ISLANDS FLED AWAY AND THE MOUNTAINS WERE NOT SEEN."

CHANGED: REPENT OF THEIR DEEDS TO BOWL FOUR. CHANGED REPENT AND GIVE HIM GLORY TO BOWL 5.

ADDED: "BEHOLD I AM COMING LIKE A THEIF,"

REPLACED: "HEAVEN UPON EARTH" TO "HEAVEN UPON MEN"(HAIL)

FEBRUARY 22(THURSDAY), 2024, 10:45:00 AM EST. (EASTERN TIMEZONE)

REVELATION 17 NKJV (FROM MEMORY, TIMED, NO GRAMMAR)

"THEN ONE OF THE ANGELS WHO HAD THE SEVEN LAST PLAGUES CAME AND SPOKE TO ME SAYING, 'COME AND I WILL SHOW YOU THE JUDGEMENT OF THE GREAT HARLOT THAT SITS ON MANY WATERS, WITH WHICH ALL THE KINGS OF THE EARTH HAVE COMMITTED FORNICATION WITH AND THE INHABITANTS OF THE EARTH HAVE BEEN MADE DRUNK WITH THE WINE OF HER FORNICATION. SO HE CARRIED ME IN THE SPIRIT INTO THE WILDERNESS AND I SAW A WOMAN SITTING ON A SCARLET BEAST FULL OF NAMES OF BLASPHEME, HAVING SEVEN HEADS AND TEN HORNS AND ON HIS HORNS TEN CROWNS. THE WOMAN WAS ARRAYED IN FINE LINEN PURPLE, SILK AND SCARLET, ADORNED WITH GOLD, PRECIOUS STONES AND PEARLS, HAVING IN HER HAND A GOLDEN CUP FULL OF THE ABOMINATIONS OF THE FILTHINESS OF HER FORNICATION. AND I SAW ON THE WOMANS HEAD A NAME WRITTEN 'MYSTERY, BABYLON THE GREAT, MOTHER OF HARLOTS AND ABOMINATIONS OF THE EARTH.' AND I SAW THE WOMAN WAS DRUNK ON THE BLOOD OF THE SAINTS AND DRUNK ON THE BLOOD OF THE MARTYRS OF _____. AND WHEN I SAW THE WOMAN, I MARVELED WITH GREAT AMAZEMENT. BUT THE ANGEL SAID TO ME, 'WHY DO YOU MARVEL? I WILL TELL YOU THE MYSTRY OF THE GREAT HARLOT AND THE BEAST THAT CARRIES HER, WHICH HAS ITS SEVEN HEADS AND TEN HORNS. THE BEAST WAS AND IS NOT AND WILL ASCEND FROM THE BOTTOMLESS PIT AND GO INTO PERDITION. AND THOSE WHO DWELL IN THE EARTH WILL WORSHIP THE BEAST WHOSE NAMES HAVE NOT BEEN WRITTEN IN THE BOOK OF LIFE FROM THE FOUNDATION OF THE WORLD. HERE IS THE MIND THAT HAS WISDOM [10:49:45] THE SEVEN HEADS ARE SEVEN MOUNTAINS ON WHICH THE WOMAN SITS, THERE ARE ALSO SEVEN KINGS, FIVE HAVE FALLEN, ONE IS, THE OTHER HAS NOT YET COME, BUT WHEN HE COMES HE MUST CONTINUE FOR A SHORT TIME. THE BEAST WHO WAS AND IS NOT IS HIMSELF ALSO THE EIGHTH [10:50:29] AND OF THE SEVENTH [10:50:37] AND IS GOING INTO PERDITION. AND ALL THOSE WHO DWLL IN THE

EARTH WILL WORSHIP THE BEAST WHOSE NAMES HAVE NOT BEEN WRITTEN IN THE LAMBS BOOK OF LIFE.' THEN HE SAID, 'THE WATERS WHICH YOU SAW WHERE THE HARLOT SITS ARE THE PEOPLES, MULTITUDES, NATIONS AND TONGUES.'. THE TEN HORNS ARE TEN KINGS WHO HAVE RECEIVED NO KINGDOM AS YET, BUT THEY WILL RECEIVED POWER FOR ONE HOUR [10:51:37] TO REIGN AS KINGS WITH THE BEAST. THESE ARE OF ONE MIND AND GIVE ALL THEIR AUTHORITY TO THE BEAST. THESE WILL MAKE WAR WITH THE LAMB BUT THE LAMB WILL OVERCOME THEM BECAUSE HE IS LORD OF LORDS AND KING OF KINGS, AND THOSE WHO ARE WITH HIM ARE FAITHFUL AND CHOSEN. THE TEN HORNS, THESE WILL HATE THE WOMAN AND MAKE HER DESOLATE AND NAKED AND EAT HER FLESH AND BURN HER WITH FIRE, FOR GOD HAS PUT IT IN THEIR HEARTS TO BE OF ONE MIND AND GIVE ALL THEIR AUTHORITY TO THE BEAST UNTIL THE WORD OF ____ IS FULFILLED.', THEN HE SAID, 'AND THE HARLOT WHICH YOU SAW IS THAT GREAT CITY BABYLON WHICH RULES OVER ALL THE KINGS OF THE EARTH.'

-10:53:00 AM EST.

1511PT, 350-366-2024-TO-1555MT, 363-366-2024:

ORIGINAL FILE NAME: "REVELATION 17 NKJV FROM MEMORY 2024-02-22 THURSDAY 104500-105300"

CHANGED: "FAITHFUL AND TRUE" TO "FAITHFUL AND CHOSEN."

FEBRUARY 22(THURSDAY), 2024, 10:58:57 AM EST. [ATOMIC CLOCK TIME EASTERN ZONE]

REVELATION 18 NKJV [FROM MEMORY, TIMED, NO GRAMMAR]

"THEN A MIGHTY ANGEL CAME DOWN FROM HEAVEN HAVING GREAT AUTHORITY. AND THE EARTH WAS ILLUMINATED WITH HIS GLORY. AND HE CRIED OUT WITH A LOUD VOICE SAYING, 'BABYLON THE GREAT IS FALLEN, IS FALLEN AND HAS BECOME A DWELLING PLACE OF _____, A PRISON FOR EVERY _____, A CAGE FOR EVERY UNCLEAN AND _____'. FOR ALL NATIONS HAVE DRUNK OF THE WINE OF THE WRATH OF HER FORNICATION, AND ALL THE KINGS HAVE COMMITTED FORNICATION WITH HER AND ALL THE MERCHANTS HAVE BEEN MADE DRUNK WITH THE ABUNDANCE OF HER LUXURY'. THEN I HEARD A LOUD VOICE FROM HEAVEN SAYING, 'COME OUT OF HER MY PEOPLE, LEST YOU SHARE IN HER SINS AND RECEIVE OF HER PLAGUES, FOR HER SINS HAVE REACHED UP TO HEAVEN AND ____ HAS REMEMBERED HER INIQUITY. RENDER TO HER JUST AS SHE HAS RENDERED TO YOU, REPAY HER DOUBLE ACCORDING TO HER WORKS, IN THE CUP SHE MIXED FOR YOU MIX DOUBLE FOR HER, IN THE MEASURE THAT SHE GLORIFIED HERSELF AND LIVED IN LUXURY, SO GIVE HER TORMENT AND SORROW. FOR SHE SAYS IN HER HEART. "I SIT AS QUEEN AND AM NO WIDOW AND WILL SEE NO SORROW." [11:02:20] THEREFORE HER PLAGUE WILL COME IN ONE DAY, WITH DEATH AND MOURNING AND FAMINE, AND SHE WILL BE UTTERLY BURNED WITH FIRE, FOR STRONG IS THE JUDGEMENT OF THE LORD GOD. THE KINGS OF THE EARTH WHO COMMITTED FORNICATION WITH HER WILL LAMENT AND WEEP WHEN THEY SEE THE SMOKE OF HER BURNING, STANDING AT A DISTANCE FOR FEAR OF HER TORMENT SAYING, 'ALAS ALAS, THAT GREAT CITY, THAT MIGHTY CITY, FOR IN ONE HOUR YOUR JUDGEMENT HAS COME [11:03:30]. THE MERCHANTS WILL LAMENT AND WEEP BECAUSE NO ONE BUYS THEIR MERCHANDISE ANYMORE. MERCHANDISE OF GOLD, SILVER, PRECIOUS STONES AND PEARLS, OF FINE LINEN, PURPLE, SILK AND SCARLET. OF ALL KINDS OF CITRON WOOD, OBJECTS OF IVORY AND OBJECTS OF MOST PRECIOUS WOOD, OF BRASS, IRON AND MARBLE, OF CINNAMON OF INCENSE OF FRAGRANT OIL AND OF FRANKINCENSE. OF WINE AND OIL, OF FINE FLOUR AND WHEAT, OF CATTLE AND SHEEP, OF CHARIOTS AND HORSES AND OF THE BODIES AND SOULS OF MEN. FOR ALL THE FRUIT YOUR SOUL LONGED FOR HAS GONE FROM YOU AND ALL THE RICH AND SPLENDENT THINGS HAVE GONE FROM YOU AND ARE FOUND NO MORE. THE MERCHANTS OF THESE THINGS WHO BECAME RICH BY HER WILL WAIL AND WEEP WHEN THEY SEE THE SMOKE OF HER BURNING, STANDING AT A DISTANCE FOR FEAR OF HER TORMENT SAYING 'ALAS THAT GREAT CITY THAT WAS CLOTHED IN FINE LINEN PURPLE, ADORNED WITH GOLD PRECIOUS STONES AND PEARLS, FOR IN ONE HOUR [11:06:50] SUCH GREAT RICHES CAME TO

NOTHING!" EVERY SHIP MASTER, THOSE WHO TRAVEL BY SEA, SAILORS, AND ALL THE TRADERS OF THE SEA STOOD AT A DISTANCE FOR FEAR OF THEIR TORMENT, THEY THREW DUST ON THEIR HEADS SAYING, 'ALAS THAT GREAT CITY IN WHICH ALL THOSE WHO HAD SHIPS ON THE SEA BECAME RICH BY HER WEALTH, FOR IN ONE HOUR [11:08:00] SHE IS MADE DESOLATE'. REJOICE OVER HER O'HEAVENS AND YOU HOLY APOSTLES AND _____, FOR _____ HAS AVENGED YOU ON HER. THEN AN ANGEL TOOK A GREAT STONE LIKE A MILSTONE AND THREW IT INTO THE SEA SAYING, 'THUS WITH VIOLENCE SHALL THAT GREAT CITY BE THROWN DOWN AND FOUND NO MORE. NO MORE SHALL THE SOUND OF HARPISTS, MUSICIANS, FLUTERS OR TRUMPETERS BE HEARD IN YOU, NO CRAFTSMAN OF ANY CRAFT SHALL BE FOUND IN YOU, NOR WILL THE SOUND OF A MILLSTONE BE HEARD IN YOU. NO LIGHT SHALL BE FOUND IN YOU NOR WILL THE VOICE OF THE BRIDEGROOM BE HEARD IN YOU. FOR YOUR MERCHANTS WERE THE MIGHTY MEN OF THE EARTH AND BY YOUR _____ THE NATIONS WERE DECEIVED.' AND IN HER WAS FOUND THE BLOOD OF THE PROPHETS AND THE SAINTS AND ALL THOSE WHO HAD BEEN SLAIN ON THE EARTH."

11:10:00-ISH AM EST.

LOST TIME-TO-1638MT, 364-366-2024:

ORIGINAL FILE NAME: "REVELATION 18 NKJV FROM MEMORY 2024-02-22 THURSDAY 105857-111000"

ADDED: "IN THE CUP SHE MIXED FOR YOU MIX DOUBLE FOR HER"

ADDED: "BRASS, IRON AND MARBLE"

ADDED: "OF CATTLE AND SHEEP"

ADDED: "SAILORS"

ADDED: "AND IN HER WAS FOUND THE BLOOD OF THE PROPHETS AND THE SAINTS AND ALL THOSE WHO HAD BEEN SLAIN ON THE EARTH."

FEBRUARY 22(THURSDAY), 2024, 11:12:00 AM EST. [ATOMIC CLOCK TIME, EASTERN TIME ZONE]

REVELATION 19 NKJV [FROM MEMORY, TIMED, NO GRAMMAR]

"THEN I HEARD LOUD VOICES IN HEAVEN SAYING, 'ALLELUA, SALVATION AND GLORY AND HONOR AND POWER BELONG TO THE LORD OUR _____. FOR TRUE AND RIGHT ARE HIS JUDGEMENTS BECAUSE HE HAS JUDGED THE GREAT HARLOT AND HAS AVENGED ON HER THE _____ OF HIS SERVANTS SHED BY HER.'. AGAIN SAYING 'ALLELUA!' HER SMOKE GOES UP FORVER AND EVER. THE FOUR LIVING CREATURES AND TWENTY FOUR ELDERS WHO SIT BEFORE GOD ON THEIR THRONES [11:13:30] FELL ON THEIR FACES BEFORE GOD WHO SITS ON THE THRONE SAYING, 'ALLELUA, _____.' THEN A VOICE CAME FROM THE THRONE SAYING, 'PRAISE ____ ALL YOU HIS SERVANTS AND THOSE WHO FEAR HIM, BOTH SMALL AND GREAT.'. AND I HEARD AS IT WERE THE VOICE OF A GREAT MULTITUDE, LIKE THE SOUND OF MANY WATERS, LIKE THE SOUND OF LOUD THUNDER [11:14:38] SAYING, 'ALLELUA!' THE LORD GOD OMNIPOTENT REIGNS. LET US REJOICE AND BE GLAD AND GIVE HIM GLORY, FOR THE MARRIAGE SUPPER OF THE LAMB HAS COME AND THE BRIDE HAS MADE HERSELF READY [11:15:20]. AND TO HER IT WAS GRANTED TO BE CLOTHED IN FINE LINEN, CLEAN AND BRIGHT. FINE LINEN ARE THE RIGHTEIOUS ACTS OF THE SAINTS. THEN THE ANGEL SAID TO ME, 'WRITE, "BLESSED ARE THOSE WHO ARE CALLED TO THE MARRIAGE SUPPER OF THE LAMB.", THESE ARE THE TRUE SAYINGS OF GOD.'. THEN THE HEAVENS WERE OPENED UP AND BEHOLD A WHITE _____, AND HE WHO SAT ON IT IS CALLED "FAITHFUL" AND "TRUE" AND IN RIGHTEOUSNESS HE JUDGES AND MAKES WAR. HIS EYES WERE LIKE A FLAME OF FIRE AND ON HIS HEAD WERE MANY CROWNS [11:16:41] AND HE HAS A NAME WHICH NO ONE KNOWS EXCEPT HIMSELF [11:16:55]. HE WAS CLOTHED IN A ROBE DIPPED IN _____ AND HIS NAME IS THE WORD OF GOD [11:17:16] AND IS SAW THE ARMIES OF HEAVEN WITH HIM CLOTHED IN

WHITE ROBES AND THEY FOLLOWED HIM ON WHITE _____. OUT OF HIS MOUTH GOES A SHARP TWO-EDGED SWORD [11:17:49] THAT WITH IT HE SHOULD STRIKE THE NATIONS. HE RULES THEM WITH A ROD OF IRON, HE TREADS THE GREAT WINEPRESS OF THE FEIRCENESS AND WRATH OF ALMIGHTY GOD. ON HIS ROBE, AND ON HIS THIGH IS A NAME WRITTEN, [11:18:26], 'KING OF KINGS AND LORD OF LORDS.' THEN I LOOKED AND IS SAW AN ANGEL STANDING IN THE SUN SAYING WITH A LOUD VOICE TO ALL THE BIRDS THAT FLY IN THE MIDST OF HEAVEN, 'COME GATHER TOGETHER TO THE MARRIAGE SUPPER OF THE GREAT GOD, TO EAT THE FLESH OF KINGS, THE FLESH OF CAPTAINS, THE FLESH OF HORSES AND THOSE WHO RIDE ON THEM, AND THE FLESH OF ALL PEOPLE BOTH SMALL AND GREAT, RICH AND POOR.' THEN I SAW THE _____, THE KINGS OF THE EARTH AND THEIR ARMIES GATHERED TOGETHER [11:20:04] AGAINST HIM WHO SAT ON THE HORSE AND AGAINST HIS ARMY. THEN THE _____ WAS CAPTURED AND WITH HIM THE FALSE _____ WHO PERFORMS SIGNS IN HIS PRESENCE, BY WHICH HE DECIEVED THOSE WHO RECEIVED THE MARK OF THE BEAST AND WORSHIPED HIS IMAGE. THESE TWO WERE BOTH CAST ALIVE INTO THE _____ OF _____ WHERE THEY WILL BE TORMENTED DAY AND NIGHT _____ AND _____. AND THE REST WERE KILLED BY THE _____ [11:21:05] WHICH PROCEEDED OUT OF THE MOUTH OF HIM WHO SAT ON THE _____ AND THE _____ WERE FILLED WITH THEIR FLESH."

-11:21:29 AM EST.

1516PT, 350-366-2024-TO-1535MT, 363-366-2024:

ORIGINAL FILE NAME: "REVELATION 19 NKJV FROM MEMORY 2024-02-22 THURSDAY 111200-112129"

ADDED: "CLEAN AND BRIGHT"

MONTH 00, 0000, 00:00:00

REVELATION 20 NKJV (FROM MEMORY, TIMED, NO GRAMMAR)

" "

-00:00:00 AM/PM.

ORIGINAL FILE NAME: "REVELATION 20 NKJV FROM MEMORY 2024-"

1520PT, 350-366-2024-TO-1307CT, 363-366-2024:

JANUARY 30, 2024, 10:25:00 AM EST. [ATOMIC CLOCK]

REVELATION 21 NKJV (FROM MEMORY, TIMED, NO GRAMMAR)

"NOW I SAW A NEW HEAVEN AND A NEW EARTH, FOR THE OLD HEAVEN AND THE OLD EARTH PASSED AWAY, ALSO THERE WAS NO MORE SEA. THEN I, LAZARUS, SAW THE GREAT CITY, HOLY JERUSALEM COME DOWN OUT OF HEAVEN FROM GOD, PREPARED LIKE A BRIDE ADORNED FOR HER HUSBAND. THEN I HEARD A LOUD VOICE FROM HEAVEN SAY, 'BEHOLD, THE TABERNACLE OF GOD IS WITH MEN, AND HE SHALL BE WITH THEM, AND THEY SHALL BE HIS PEOPLE. FOR GOD HIMSELF WILL DWELL AMONG THEM, AND HE WILL BE THEIR GOD. THERE SHALL BE NO MORE DEATH, NOR SORROW, NOR CRYING, NOR SHALL THERE BE ANY PAIN, FOR THE FORMER THINGS HAVE PASSED AWAY, AND GOD WILL WIPE EVERY TEAR FROM THEIR EYE.' THEN HE WHO SAT ON THE THRONE SAID, 'BEHOLD, I MAKE ALL THINGS NEW!' AND HE SAID TO ME, 'WRITE, FOR THESE WORDS ARE FAITHFUL AND TRUE.' AND HE SAID, 'IT IS DONE! I AM THE ALPHA AND THE OMEGA, THE BEGINNING AND THE END. I WILL GIVE TO DRINK OF THE FOUNTAIN OF LIVING WATER FREELY TO HIM WHO THIRSTS, AND HE WHO OVERCOMES SHALL INHERET ALL THINGS, AND I WILL BE HIS FATHER AND HE SHALL BE MY SON. BUT THE UNBELIEVING, THE COWARDLY, THE ABOMINABLE, THE MURDURERS, THE

SORCERS, THE IDOLATORS, THE IMMORAL PERSONS AND ALL LIARS SHALL HAVE THEIR PART IN THE LAKE OF FIRE WHICH IS THE SECOND DEATH.' THEN ONE OF THE SEVEN ANGELS WHO HAD THE SEVEN LAST PLAGUES CAME AND SPOKE TO ME SAYING, 'COME AND I WILL SHOW YOU THE BRIDE, THE LAMBS' WIFE.' SO HE CARRIED ME IN THE SPIRIT TO A GREAT AND HIGH MOUNTAIN, AND I SAW THE GREAT CITY, HOLY JERUSALEM COME DOWN OUT OF HEAVEN FROM GOD, PREPARED LIKE A BRIDE ADORNED FOR HER HUSBAND. HAVING THE GLORY OF GOD, HER LIGHT WAS LIKE A MOST PRECIOUS STONE, LIKE A JASPER STONE, CLEAR AS CRYSTAL. HER WALLS WERE GREAT AND HIGH AND SHE HAD TWELVE GATES ON THEM, AND AT THE TWELVE GATES TWELVE ANGELS, AND ON THE GATES THE NAMES OF THE TWELVE TRIBES OF THE CHILDREN OF ISRAEL. THREE GATES ON THE EAST SIDE, THREE GATES ON THE NORTH SIDE, THREE GATES ON THE SOUTH SIDE, THREE GATES ON THE WEST SIDE. AND ON THE FOUNDATION OF THE WALLS WERE THE NAMES OF THE TWELVE APOSTLES OF THE LAMB. AND HE WHO SPOKE WITH ME HAD A GOLD REED WITH WHICH HE MEASURED THE CITY, ITS GATES AND ITS WALLS. THE CITY WAS LAID OUT AS A SQUARE, ITS LENGTH AS GREAT AS ITS BREADTH, AND HE MEASURED IT 12,000 FURLONGS, ITS LENGTH AND BREADTH AND HEIGHT ARE EQUAL. AND HE MEASURED ITS WALL 144 CUBITS, ACCORDING TO THE LENGTH OF A MAN, THAT IS, OF AN ANGEL. THE APPEARANCE OF THE CITY WAS THAT OF JASPER, AND THE STREETS OF THE CITY WERE PURE GOLD, TRANSPARENT LIKE GLASS. THE FOUNDATIONS OF THE WALL WERE ADORNED WITH ALL KINDS OF MOST PRECIOUS STONES. THE FIRST FOUNDATION STONE WAS JASPER, THE SECOND SARDONYX, THE THIRD CHALEDONY, THE FOURTH EMERALD, THE FIFTH SAPHIRE, THE SIXTH SARDUS, THE SEVENTH CHRYSOPRASE, THE EITGHT BERYL, THE NINTH TOPAZ, THE TENTH CHRYSOLITE, THE ELEVENTH JACINTH, AND THE TWELFTH AMETHYST. THE GATES OF THE CITY HAD TWELVE PEARLS, EACH INDIVIDUAL GATE WAS OF ONE PEARL, BUT I SAW NO TEMPLE IN IT, FOR THE LORD GOD ALMIGHTY AND THE LAMB ARE IN IT. THE CITY HAD NO NEED OF THE SUN OR THE MOON TO SHINE IN IT, FOR THE LORD GOD ALMIGHTY AND THE LAMB ARE IN IT, THE LAMB IS ITS LIGHT, AND THE NATIONS WHICH ARE SAVED SHALL WALK IN ITS LIGHT. ITS GATES SHALL NOT BE SHUT BY DAY, NOR SHALL THERE BE ANY NIGHT THERE, AND THEY SHALL BRING THE GLORY AND THE HONOR OF THE NATIONS INTO IT AND THE NATIONS WHICH ARE SAVED SHALL WALK IN ITS LIGHT. BUT THERE SHALL BY NO MEANS ENTER IT ANYTHING THAT DEFILES, OR CAUSES AND ABOMINATION OR A LIE, BUT ONLY THOSE WHOSE NAMES HAVE BEEN WRITTEN IN THE LAMBS BOOK OF LIFE."

-10:40:20AM EST. [ATOMIC CLOCK]

1521PT, 350-366-2024-TO-1644MT, 364-366-2024:

ORIGINAL FILE NAME: "REVELATION 21 NKJV FROM MEMORY 2024-01-30 TUESDAY 1025-1040"

ADDED: "AWAY EVERY TEAR"

CHANGED: "AND EVERYONE THAT LOVES AND PRACTICES LYING" TO "AND ALL LIARS"

JANUARY 31, 2024, 10:00:00AM (ATOMIC CLOCK TIME)

REVELATION 22 NASB (FROM MEMORY, TIMED, NO GRAMMAR)

"THEN HE SHOWED ME A RIVER OF LIVING WATER, CLEAR AS CRYSTAL, COMING FROM THE THRONE OF GOD AND OF THE LAMB. IN THE MIDDLE OF ITS STREET AND ON EITHER SIDE OF THE RIVER WAS THE TREE OF LIFE, BEARING TWELVE KINDS OF FRUIT, YIELDING ITS FRUIT EACH SEASON, AND THE LEAVES OF THE TREE WERE FOR THE HEALING OF THE NATIONS. THERE IS NO CURSE THERE FOR THE THRONE OF GOD AND THE LAMB ARE IN IT, AND HIS BOND SERVANTS SHALL SERVE HIM. AND THEY SHALL SEE HIS FACE, AND HIS NAME SHALL BE ON THEIR FORHEADS. THEY SHALL HAVE NO NEED OF THE LIGHT OF A LAMP, NOR OF THE SUN, FOR THE LORD GOD ALMIGHTY WILL ILLUMINE THEM, AND THEY SHALL REIGN FOREVER AND EVER. AND THE LORD, THE GOD OF THE SPIRITS OF THE PROPHETS, SENT HIS ANGEL TO

SHOW HIS BONDSERVANTS THESE THINGS WHICH MUST SHORTLY TAKE PLACE, AND 'BEHOLD, I AM COMING QUICKLY, BLESSED IS HE WHO HEEDS THE WORDS OF THE BOOK OF THIS PROPHECY.' I LAZARUS, BOTH HEARD AND SAW THESE THINGS, AND WHEN I HEARD AND SAW, I FELL TO WORSHIP AT THE FEET OF THE ANGEL WHO SHOWED ME THESE THINGS, BUT HE SAID TO ME 'DO NOT DO THAT, I AM A FELLOW SERVANT OF YOURS AND OF YOUR BROTHERS THE PROPHETS. DO NOT SEAL UP THE BOOK OF THE WORDS OF THIS PROPHECY FOR THE TIME I NEAR. LET HIM WHO DOES WRONG DO WRONG STILL, LET HIM WHO IS FILTHY BE FILTHY STILL, LET HIM WHO IS RIGHTEOUS STILL PRACTICE RIGHTEOUSNESS, LET HIM WHO IS HOLY KEEP HIMSELF CLEAN.'" BEHOLD I AM COMING QUICKLY AND MY REWARD IS WITH ME, TO RENDER TO EACH MAN ACCORDING TO HIS WORKS. I AM THE ALPHA AND THE OMEGA, THE BEGINNING AND THE END, THE FIRST AND THE LAST. BLESSED ARE THOSE WHO WASH THEIR ROBES THAT THEY MIGHT HAVE RIGHT TO THE TREE OF LIFE AND ENTER BY ITS GATES INTO THE CITY. OUTSIDE ARE THE DOGS, THE SOJOURNERS, THE MURDERERS, THE IMMORAL PERSONS, THE IDOLATERS AND EVERYONE WHO LOVES AND PRACTICES LYING. I, JESUS HAVE SENT MY ANGEL TO TESTIFY TO THESE THINGS TO THE CHURCHES, I AM THE ROOT AND THE OFFSPRING OF DAVID, THE BRIGHT MORNING STAR [10:06:20] AND THE SPIRIT AND THE BRIDE SAY 'COME' AND LET HIM WHO HEARS SAY 'COME' AND LET HIM WHO THIRSTS COME, AND LET WHOEVER WISHES DRINK FREELY OF THE FOUNTAIN OF LIVING WATER. I TESTIFY TO THE WORDS OF THE BOOK OF THIS PROPHECY, IF ANYONE ADDS TO THEM, GOD SHALL ADD TO HIM THE PLAGUES WHICH ARE WRITTEN IN THIS BOOK, AND IF ANYONE TAKES AWAY FROM THE WORDS OF THE PROPHECY OF THIS BOOK, GOD SHALL TAKE AWAY HIS PART FROM THE TREE OF LIFE AND OF THE HOLY CITY WHICH ARE WRITTEN IN THIS BOOK. HE WHO TESTIFIES TO THESE THINGS SAYS, 'I AM COMING QUICKLY.' _____, COME _____, COME. THE GRACE OF THE _____ BE WITH YOU ALL, _____."

-10:08:50 AM EST.

1523PT, 350-366-2024-TO-1447MT, 364-366-2024:

ORIGINAL FILE NAME: "REVELATION 22 NASB FROM MEMORY 2024-01-31 WEDNESDAY 1000-1008"

ADDED: "THINGS"

THE BOOK OF REVELATION MEMORIZED VERSION WAS FROM A NEW KING JAMES POCKET BIBLE TAKEN FROM THE MILITARY ENTERANCE PROCESSING STATION IN CLEVELAND; SPECIFICALLY, FROM THE LIASON OFFICES WAITING ROOM IN 2011. THE POCKET BIBLE WAS LOST AFTER THE BOOK OF REVELATION WAS MEMORIZED OUT OF IT. THE NUMEROUS DATES AND ATOMIC TIMES ABOVE WERE THE FIRST AND LAST EXTRACTION OF THE BOOK FROM MEMORY VIA KEYBOARD.

CHANGED ABOUT 5 JOHN'S TO LAZARUS'. -1206CT, 363-366-2024.

1245CT-1335CT: SPELL CHECK AND GRAMMAR SWEEP #1 COMPLETED. -1335CT, 363-366-2024.

1012MT-1113MT: FULL DOCUMENT REVIEW RESULTED IN 63 GRAMMAR, SPELLING AND SENTENCE EDITS. -1113MT, 011-365-2025.

**THIS IS A WORKING
DOCUMENT:**

**1:10 MINUTE EDIT ON
JANUARY 11, 2025,
10:12 AM-TO-11:13 AM
[ATOMIC MOUNTAIN
TIME ZONE]
IN ARIZONA
(GPS: 36.919820,-
113.832374.)**

Laughing, Sue
once told me that
her sister in
California woke
up because she
thought she
heard a trumpet
in her sleep.