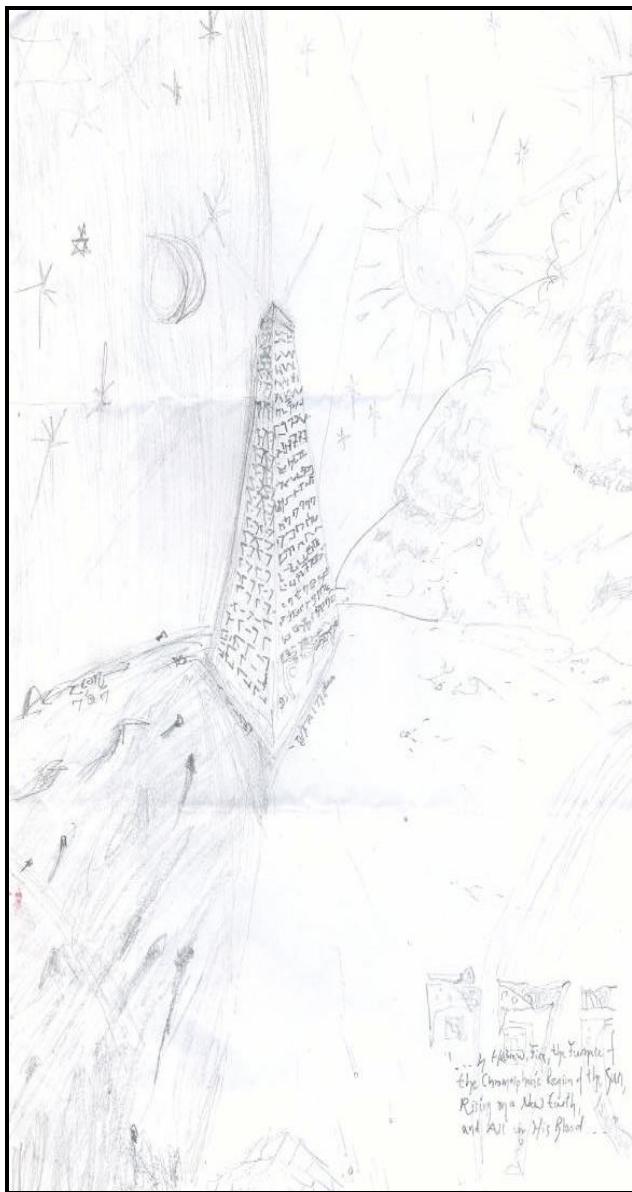


Jesus Reveals His Holy Love
The New FoundLand Connection
Version 2-1



The Release of GOD's WORD brought to "Earth"; the "Universe", Supernatural as well as the Natural "planet" or "world", as well as EVERYTHING IN the "Earth". This includes the *world*, called, quite aptly: "New FoundLand".



The 'Obelix' of FAITH; Jesus is that Faith, and the Word
Opens that *Faith* ...

Contents List

0. A Key to Study of this Book.....	v
1. Genesis – A Creator’s Story	1
2. Capture, Sword or Escape - A Nephthilli of the Nephthillim	5
3. Job’s Inheritance - From Alien Planet to Post-flood Earth	20
3a. The Nephthilli- The Rise of a Joseph Generation..	23
3b. The Growth of Alien Techno-Fiction	40
4. A Psalm - Messianic Prophecy from Afar Upon the New FoundLand	47
5. A Psalter - Messianic Melchizedek	48
6. A Song - A Song of the Great Nephthillim, and their Fall	50
7. A Miraculous Journey From New FoundLand ...	52
8. A Political Capture - The Banks of New FoundLand.....	69
9. The Finding of the Codex - An Adventure During the Great Tribulation upon New FoundLand.....	79
10. An Adventure Upon New FoundLand – Escape from the Plague of Loci	93
10a. Excerpt from the New Covenant Given by Christ	96
11. Christ’s Coming Upon New FoundLand as Risen King	98
12. The Lord’s Supper – Entering the Bread, Entering the Wine.....	107

Appendices

I. TimeLine – From Revelations and Daniel, for Terra (Old and New World).....	114
Ia. New FoundLand TimeLine.....	163
II. A Prophetic Revealing Regarding Genesis 6- Sons of God vs. Aliens or Angels.....	169
III. A Key – Road Map to God’s Heart is Prophecy, Fulfilled in the Resurrection for All Past, Present and Future Time.....	173
IV. Future Prophecy.....	175
Recommended Reading	178

0. A Key to Study of this Book

This story is for those who seek Paradise and wonder when it became lost, and when it will become “Unlost”. Those who Seek Christ’s Return will deeply adore it, those who do not hope in His Return will misunderstand or misinterpret it. This whole book, in a way, is a road map to Christ’s Return. The Key to that Map is “the Revealer”, **Jesus**.

If you can stand to pray, and ask His Forgiving Teaching, you can ask, as Scripture Promises in James 1:5 [*“... If any of you lacks Wisdom [from Jesus], he should ask the LORD, who gives generously to all without finding fault, and it will be Given to him ...”*]

for the Key and the Key (Jesus) will be Given you. Ask for Wisdom then on the things I Give, by the Holy Ghost in Christ (the Anointed) the Messiah, who reside together with the Spirit of God the Father in all who do truly believe if I say; Christ Lives and Reigns in you as He does in both me and you. Can anyone believe what I say? Then read on – you have the Key already inside you. Can any not say, as I say, the Light of God have entered my Spirit’s Heart, which be the Eternal Soul of I , that Light being JESUS the Messiah of Jews and Gentiles alike who do belong to He - Shinning Brightly, the Morning Star of we? If not, here is your chance to get the Key to the Roadmap of End Time Prophecy – The Holy Trinity, in Jesus, the Messiah of we. I hope you get It, and Receive It, and whether you already Wiield It or not, make Use of It – It, the Key, Jeshua our Messiah. Here is the End Result of following the line drawn upon the Map of the Contours, bridges, road systems, village, town and city wide system – a line drawn by the Perfect Revealer – Christ the Messiah of I. *Its what Prophecy is all about – the Road Map drawn by I, by all the will of I – Says He, Christ the Messiah of We who believe upon the Name above every name, to which all on Heaven and in Earth must bow – The road map to the Heart of Abba the Father, the God, the Perfect Father, of We, who be in the Father as well as Me, together with the Holy Ghost in Me* – Says He, Jeshua, my and your

(I hope and pray will be if not already) **Messiah.**

A Key

Allusionment - Illusory and Perfectionary; the result of sin conscience under attack by “Mystical” Illusionment.

Creation - God’s Work of Creation; the Earth, the Heavens, the various realms and dimensions and all that is Good in them.

Creatidom - Past, Present and Future “Creation”

Decreation - A decree- Creation; e.g. “let there be Light!” is a decree- Creation. EVERYthing GOD Says IS both Decree as well as Creation. *That’s PROPHECY, the Heart of Prophecy is I- CHRIST*, Says Christ in He who Spoke FORTH we who belong to He in ALL ETERNITY.

Earth - First of all, this, contextually, refers to the planet God has placed us upon – the Earth. The term “Earth” also refers to the entirety of the natural Universe, with its planets, stars, moons, and Galaxies – the whole thing. The term Earth refers to “our” home world, the planet Terra, our Earth, the partition layer of “earth” between the top and bottom regions of Man’s Soul, which is his temporal, earthly, region and the Heavenly Eternal region, is also in context here “the Earth”. The partition layer appeared when it became clear to God that he, Man, had become in his sin Mortal (as God Infact has Foreseen and Foreknown and even Fore Said), and thus required this separation in his spirit’s heart lest sin overwhelm him even whilst the “Bottom” or Eternal region attempts to Self-Warn and Instruct him. In other words, you receive, unbeknownst to the mind of the fallen flesh (but not to Christ’s Mind), full Instruction and Correction from the Mind of Christ (or “*Satan’s Mind*” if unsaveable) in your Eternal Saved (or damned in the case of the fore lost) Self... This is why the partition layer is required. If God

did not separate beginning from End with “Earth” within our heart, the Mortality would kill us – before He Instructed us, or let Wisdom within her or he that Hears He, and Belongs in Eternity to He, Fulfill the Reclamation of the Spirit’s Insight within we. Its thus very important to listen to the Light of Christ, in the Bottom of the Heart of We who in Eternal Time Belong in Heavenly Places with He, Jeshua, as we listen in Prayer to the Jesus, Word of God, Son of God, who is God.

Glorific - “*Glorific Salvific*” refers to a Word of the Holy Spirit meaning, Christ Adjourns; “*I am Coming, to Judge the Living and the Dead. And those that Belong In Me, they who reject Evil and Receive the God-Head in JESUS, that be I, will Live. The rest will Die. They that Live, once More, and Forevermore, will be Re-centered, in each and every possible way, at the Raising of I, in I. Such is the Glorifying Presence of I, at the Resurrection, which be the Rapture Made Perfect, at the End of this Time of We Three, the Holy Trinity, who art One God, in Three Persons, before you .*”

Immorial - An account of time since before time is “immorial”; its both “Immovable” and in time by way of the flow of time from since pre-time, made Manifest at the outset of “Time” as you know it, which occurred at “First Light” at the loci of Sol, your local Star, Symbol of the Morning Star, upon the Morning of the Day proceeding immediately after the Fall of Lucifer and his rebel army, from Christ Almighty, at the end of the third “Day” of Darkness versus. Light when the earth and seas and skies were made separate in the W.A.R. (“Wisdom And Revelation”) of it..”

Note: Immemorial would be a topographical “hitch” more than a rendering of the original meaning.

Jovian - A Jupiter size, or type, “failed star”; a Gaseous world composed of (mostly) Hydrogen, Helium

with some Nitrogen. Most have “ring systems” and “asteroidal” or “planetary” debris in orbit of them, as well as several or more large, Terra size “moon” like orbital “worlds”.

Naturedom - The natural realm,
past-present-and-future.

Nature-verse - The present “*natural*” realm – that of matter. Both the New Heaven and New Earth will be (or are) composed of natural and supernatural, matter – but without “Age” or concern of degradation or decay. Stars themselves will be everlasting. Nuclear fuel (of Stars) will not be an issue for them.

Nephillim - Giant men of the time of Genesis 6 onward.

Ommense - Infinite and Immense. This is a Word God Created and Gave me, like Creatidom and many like them, they are Holy in Point of Origin.

Salvific - See “Glorific; Glorific Salvific.”.

Seer - Those with “seer” sight are a Seer. Though all Men in Origin were a Seer, not all today are.

Sight - Under the influence of the Holy Spirit, the sight of Men’s spirit’s gaze, of spirits’ heart’s gaze, or indeed some anatomical function of their “Flesh” (the spiritual membrane between the spirit and temporal, or in Christ Glorified, anatomy) is Given here a capital “S” to denote its special nature.

Supernature - From the Waters of Creation, out came Nature *dom*. Supernature is the realm of Seer Sight, first and foremost, and is dominated here by two main forces- those of Satan, the Accuser and Wrong doer, and that of Heavenly Vision – JESUS is that Spirit which Gives

Heavenly Vision, by the Sending forth of the Holy Ghost, He Gives that vision. Both Supernature (the realm of Angels, visions, non-ordinary matter) and Nature overlap out of the Waters of Creation with each other.

Use of Capitals - I have made use of “Capital” letters for many Words and titles, throughout this literature- but all Under The Compulsion of the Holy Spirit, who is m/My Author, the Perfect Author.

M/m - In positions indicated by the Holy Ghost, I have used the “/” sign to denote moments when the Holy Spirit would “co-author” a letter or sign, with I/ or we.

1. Genesis – A Creator’s Story

I See a starscape, and an evergreen wood, upon the horizon of a gently graduated hill- and upon the slope I find in front of me an open Codex- a Writing of such supernature that its pages are blazing white and the Word forms upon them as I begin to interrogate them with my spirit’s mind – a conscious gaze. And I See this question from my heart form upon the page;

Lord – what is this in Genesis the 6 Chapter - the destruction of a people by a Flood?

And I See three dots (:.), like a pause, appear beneath the question upon the page, and am drawn beyond the power of my immortal will to peer upwards – and I See a silver-white sphere, a perfect mirror, of the wood and the hill I am upon, as a Lunar Object in the Sky- And I See One Clothed as a King, all White, with Ommense (infinite and immense) Power in His Stride, and a Crown of Three Crowns and a Cross upon His Head, and a white-gold Sceptre in His Belt; He Strides forth within the spherical Lunar Mirror, as if He stood in the position I occupy and I was in His Place invisible- And He Presents in His Right Hand the Codex of Truth, with “**Logos**” written upon it, and in His Left Hand an Ancient Scroll with a gold pin by which it is rolled up. And the Scroll unfurls, and a great Psalm is written upon it- I look downward and See the Word of the Song upon the Open Book, which shuts briefly by itself, so I See its title “**Logos**”, then re-opens upon the exact page it was last open at, and the Song is fully written upon it and subsequent pages;

A Song, A Song

*The Lord of Heaven and Earth says; I Created Everything,
I made Everything. By the Word of
My Mouth I made Everything that ever has been or ever
will be and even that which is coming
into Existence even as I Speak it in the here and now-
And I destroyed everything, whether of Free-will or
Intelligent Deigning, Instinct or Intelligence,
whether great or small, supernatural else plain and*

normal, which gave rise to anything against
My Perfect God-Good Will. This I did for I So Loved My
People that Love by I, the Perfect Just
Judge and Righteous Saviour, a Father Beyond Compare,
that I Gave My Only Begotten Child
as a Perfect Groom for My People, His Bride. If I struck
any creature of Mine with Righteous
Anger, My Chastisement of Grace, I did this for their
sakes as well as My Own Just Pleasure in
Foreseeing the End Result- Harmonious Living in
Creation, far from the corruption of Lie,
Murder, Deceit, Disobedience before God the Perfect
Good God and [also, far from] Avarice of
every despicable kind that performs misdeed after
iniquity filled misdeed whether performed by
Avarice or Greed... For this end, I destroyed civilization
from the face of the Earth before the
time of natural birth of Abraham and Moses and My Seed,
My Son, Jeshua the Messiah.
My Son went from man to man, woman to woman, in this
time, begging their hearts to seek
redemption. For He Loved His Creation more than Men
have ever Received True Love. And then
I said; Enough. I have chosen whom I will Save. Make
your choice of location for the few I will
remove from the Earth, who have yet to receive the full
measure of My Righteous Anger loaded
into the Right Side of the Scales of Justice- And Especially
Mark the Special Children and Babes
and Unborn Babes I will Rescue- And traverse Eden's
Sanctuary, Locating Noah and His
Family, who will be re-planted after I Destroy by
Materialisation of a Great Many Waters the
Sin of the Earth..

And I See the silver-white Lunar Mirror sphere in the
page beneath the writing above, emerge
as separate from the page yet as a single *being* with the
Living Page, with the King approaching

again with the same Powerful Stride, His Robe swinging
besides His Legs, and in His Left Hand
is Offered to me *H e* (His Soul) as a Second Scroll- I
accept it into my right hand and unfurl it *in*
Holy Fire using my left- Its writing, which is at first like
fiery, leafy ink, written left to right and
up to down, is at first upon its side- but as a Living Word
it becomes vertically aligned and then I
See it, feel the text itself, line after line, read through it in
the heart of my spirit, my soul; whilst
(all the while) I appear as the King, and with my gaze
turned toward where the Lunar Mirror had
previously been in the Sky, I exclaim a breath of silvery
mist from my mouth-
And a dazzling silver-white brilliance surrounds me and
the Redeemer, Son of the Most High
Ever Living God, is with me and His Right Hand Holds
the Sceptre for myself to lay a hold off-
the Light upon it be as the Purest Ray of Golden Sun
Light- and I See the Sceptre before me- it is
in my right hand. and I See the surface- as liquid gold, like
the finest and most extravagant gold,
with in the surface which moves like Living Water,
within the very Living Word that is that
Surface and Object of the Sceptre, I See a Temple with
Three Clock Towers and intricately
carved Stone upon a hill with a great Sun in its Sky.
And the Towers are named Son, Father and Holy Spirit.
And the Towers have each a different
clock-
And time moves different on each, being extremely fast
on the Father Clock, and Infinitely
Fast upon the Holy Spirit Clock which has no numbers
upon it. Time upon it equals 1.
And I See three temples- the first (*the Son*) has time
equals 1.012201..., the second (*the Holy*
Ghost) has time equals 2.01. the third (*Father, GOD*)
has time equals Unity.
And then I See the Sceptre again, and I swing it by the

Will of Him that gave it to me upon the
world-

And the entire world, which is called “The Earth”, but
includes every planet where there are
creatures, is shaken, and a Great Flood rises up from in
the Earth; then falling down upon it from
the sky which it has risen up into, behind a mighty tidal
wave over the northern hemisphere - and
the second stroke of the Sceptre I Foresee will cover the
entire world but for a single Land- a
Land which Appears Like a Book-

This Land is Called “A Prophetied Land: **Land of the
Lamb**”.

And then I See a corner of the world, it appears to be a
corner of a continent, Africa, with the
label “The Nephtilli tribe; of Nephillim”. The tribe of
men I See there, dressed in furs and
feathers, with great height and strength, make a dance
around a pile of rocks with the eyes of
every man dark with avarice, red with anti-wisdom, their
hearts dripping with the shedding of
innocent blood, and *the* Fallen Angel Death as their
“life” force; Their god, who is ready with a
great and massive raised Sword, everywhere in the air
around them, to strike their flesh and
blood with death. And a man, standing at the edge,
watching, a young man, with eyes darkened
by continual sight of evil, with reddening of wisdom in
the right eye lid, and like a dieing seed,
anti-wisdom in the left eye lid; And upon his chest, over
the heart and in the heart, unseen by the
world about him, a white portal - waiting for the Morning
Star and God’s Light to fill it.

And this young man, his name is Barak-Beth.

2. Capture, Sword or Escape - A Nephtilli of the Nephillim

Barak-Beth, or Barak as his brethren called him, began an ascent of the hill, with the Sun rise just over the limb of the gentle rise before him. The dawn's yellow and amber glow gave way swiftly to a fading star scape; even as the star studded sky, crowned by the dense ring of stars that half-circled the sky, gradually became blue near the rising sun. And he began a crazed dance, as the custom of the Nephtilli tribe of the Nephillim peoples demanded in sight of the fake idols of celestial beings. Fake idols for they resembled the very graft of living branch onto a tree of Lie, a Tree of Disobedience, where conscience is first violated by sinful seed. The Nephtilli painted their highly esteemed god, *Balakam*, with the Sun rising behind him, with his face a face of Satanic - Ivory-Gold-Jasper and mock laughter. If Barak sew him, for he Sew as a Seer, Seeing the Seen and the Unseen realm, he Sew a tree-withered and dead, with a decaying fruit and "a liy a decadene" which meant "a disobedience" written upon it- and the Sun, when he Sew it, caused the tree to lose its mask of mock laughter and form a face of fear and trembling- it tried to escape, and the One in the Sun Light who was the source of the Light noticed the tree as a Magnificent King notices a prisoner in His Royal Dungeon.

Barak recalled the expression he felt on the King's Face- Barak, being unable to See directly his face, wondered how it be he was able to FEEL the expression, the form, of the King's Presence and Gaze. The Gaze of a Benevolent King, viewing an unredeemable subject whom He must eventually destroy, and will indeed *destroy* at the best conceivable time for so doing. The Presence was of God Himself; such a Presence, in a man. Barak wondered this even more- what was it that drew him so to this figure? A Spirit, or Person, he understood yet not.

As Barak completed his crazed dance of twisting and contorting his limbs and neck and knees and elbows and

even face, he considered the Sun, and for a moment he felt something of the King he Sew when other Seers of the Nephtilli painted their chief god, Balakam the Soothsayer. A brief touch upon his right shoulder, and a rustle upon his left side as of a robe gently folding along the lines of a well-worn crease- and a gentle right hand, as a breeze in the wind, upon his left arm and then Barak Sew him – the man of vision, who Balakam feared. The man was with his head bowed, hidden by the cow of a thick hooded robe, and his hands in the folds of his sleeves- behind and on him was the Light of Dawn Itself.

It was a solid vision of clarity and colour, with form and presence, such as he had never felt nor seen before in the “seen” (or natural) realm and but a few times before, in the presence of this One, in the Unseen (that is to say, the “Seen” with a capital “S”). The vision was over, and Barak found he stood with his gaze leaving a partial trance near the top of the hill; with the Sun receding before him as a man Ancient in Days strolling back down the hill showing the clever way into the valley below.

And Barak was suddenly amazed, for he realised he had climbed the hill to Seek Balakam the Soothsayer and give the paid for token crazed dance, with the Sun set approaching; but without passing the top of the hill and turning around, he had encountered sun rise- and the sun set without his having completed the prescribed *worship* .

Barak, his lower jaw slack for lack of belief and his gaze lost with confusion, began a slack limbed limberly return to his abode on the outskirts of his tribal village.

In all his five hundred and fifty five years, Barak, a young man of his tribe, short in bodily stature (for a “Nephillim” man) at a mere seven foot tall, with little experience in war but an expert in Seer-ship, was never as confounded by a vision as he was that night.

At that very moment, as Barak-Beth descended the limb of the hill into the valley of his tribe, the Nephtilli, a great and blinding light removed in a terrifying split second the blackness of night and he himself fell to the ground, shaking. Not that *godless* fear is of God, but fear came

anyway. For the light was by no means supernatural light, holy Light of God or unholy light of darkness- the Light was natural, perhaps artificial, yet so bright as to blot out the Sun were the Sun still high in the sky. And Barak trembled upon the floor of the slope, about his knees, his eyes tightly closed. A strange sound, as of an metal trap being drawn shut, then the light in a moment or two dulled and then with a loud then receding whirring noise was quickly gone- for a moment, his eyes still shut, through his eye lids Barak saw the warmish glow of the light source, then this blinked out and he was alone on the hill side; Alone- why did he feel that? He felt very alone.

The valley somehow felt empty, quiet somehow. Even the beasts were silent. The birds made not a movement or sound. A chime sounded in the wind- not of cattle but a nearby perimeter alarm bell; a stick with the shrunken heads of slain foes attached to metal chimes rung together as a still wind moved the post's grissmal symbols together in the wind. Barak slowly regained his sight, enough to make out the line of the perimeter defence of the tribe- the hidden vines with attached traps, the sticks with shrunken heads of defeated enemy tribes, the covered pit traps, and other perimeter alarms and defences. Not a single thing moved. White and red blobs were in-front of his eyes, and it was difficult to see. He had received such temporary loss of natural sight before, but only from lighting a torch in the dark or staring into a fire up close. He shut his eyes, tried using his natural gifting of Seer-ship. He Sew this; A camp, in the place of his tribe, with its floor fallen into an evil Pit, with tentacles and worm like beasts, and crawling icky things trying to come from it...

And then he Sew a great sandaled foot, white, with the presence of God he had felt before *a*-top of the hill, such as in the presence of the cowled One- it came down upon the camp, crushing the evil feeling creatures there, paused long enough to be recognised, then rose into what felt to be a promised land- a land with the Sun in it and a river and fruit of a holy tree on its land. On the sole of the

sandal were some of the people of the tribe of the Nephtilli that did not die at the descent of the sandaled foot.

They were shaken from the sandal over in the promised place at a fork in the river, and life returned into their bodies, at the fork in the river, a city with grey skinned beings behind them- And Barak Sew the land was, in the natural, akin to the barren, low level vegetation, area in which he existed with the Nephtilli. Then Barak Sew with natural sight, now restored, his tribe's camp in the dark, utterly without occupation, emptied of people of the Nephtilli- simultaneously, he Sew on his left side with his Seer vision; there he Sew a few of his people stand up, gaze toward the Sun, and ask of the God of Heaven and Earth that Barak had yet to become acquainted with, for rescue- and then a group of the grey men, with bulbous large heads and great black bug-eyes and four fingered hands, were at once about them, seized them, and took them at once into their dungeon, in their city. Barak looked at their city. It reminded him of a termite mound, but it had windows, and there were towers with moving parts, and beasts of some-kind, metal and hollow, moved across paths constructed between areas of the city, even in the sky itself. They had moving wheels on their bottom halves, between the beasts of some-kind and the termite paths in the sky. And some of these hollow beasts, without wheels, levitated in the sky, between the stars even- and the bug eyed, grey men were in control of them, even sitting IN them.

And the entire time Barak-Beth Sew this vision, he felt no fear from it, for it came from God the Creator who never deigned fear, but crafted all Men to recognise Him and Worship Him alone, which is Trembling in His Sight, but never Fear as Men have become accustomed to worship in their false idols. Barak-Beth, however, felt great loathing and fear from the side of the man that was himself which sew his people missing. And he was grieved; much troubled, and wondered what he might do.

At the same time, about thirty degrees North of Barak-Beth's position, a renowned hunter of the Nephillim, a man whom had destroyed for its prized bone, blood and skin, several bi-pedal raptor beasts and a minor T-Rex for its prized medicinal burnt flesh, gave chase with tireless, binding stride after a grey being akin to the kind Barak Sew in vision. The hunter, unable to eat meat as with all Men from Adam in his time, Sew little threat from the puny, tiny, weedy man-like beast, nor much possible trade value in its oblong skull or its rubbery skin. But like all his people, of the Northern descent of the Nephtilli tribe, this Nephillim hated every beast, or man, which entered his territory without the proper authority for so doing. He had hunted and slayn several earlier, for nearing his tribe's camp. He had felt the pesky, annoying, probe like thought pattern of the beast trying to analyse his mind, an unusual feature for even a humanoid beast, and immediately swept up his huntsmen's spear and bow and arrow and taken a flying leap after it.

As Barak gazed up, toward the hunter's position, he both sew in the realm of the Seer and of the Man's anatomical sight, the flight of the little grey "man-beast" (as his tribe had named them after hunting them for their black eyes) and heard the blade of the huntsman "thwacking" through the underbrush close behind. The grey beast fled, as if it did not know of fear. It had intelligence however- it was choosing a path through the underbrush with the highest resistance for its pursuer, and the least possible resistance for itself. There was a brief sight of the huntsman, appearing full of venom and wrath, spear and sword in hand, bow and quiver slung across his chest and back- a tall and powerful man of at least nine feet in height, powerful in body even for Nephillim standard. Barak began at once to holler a greeting of the Nephillim, but was stopped by a restraining, invisible force about his face and upper body. He paused, shocked and stricken with a distinct trembling he ever felt before the presence of the hidden man – And he, Barak, Sew Messiah, the Promised One of God the Creator, His Hood

thrown back, His Eyes like Fire, His Skin as Bronze, yet entirely Hidden from his natural view- He, the one who Said Himself with His Awesome Presence, to whom the god Balakam and all gods his people called upon fled or fell before whenever He was made Manifest. A Gesture, He, was Pointing, thirty degrees north, after the grey being and his pursuer, now beyond natural sight. “Discover their purpose- they are your Enemy this day, each and every of they, the hunter and he or she who flees the hunter.”

And so Barak-Beth, as best he might, loped over to the position of the hunt, picked up the trail of broken earth and sliced wood and leaf and broken bark, and began his own pursuit. The day grew hot, as he, ten minutes later, neared a hidden cove. It was hidden in so far as to say it was Invisible. The only reason he knew it was there was because he had always liked it there, and now instead of a cove was a thick wall of rock surrounding the entire area of the once fertile and spiritually undisturbed region of Barak’s tribal area. He re-picked up the trail of grey being and hunter where he had left it, and then walked into the rock- he had heard of allusionment before, but not anything this extreme. As he went into the rock, he felt a slight tingling sensation. Then he heard this;

“As you have entered here, so you are to enter Me, in your time of Saving Grace. Continue your pursuit”.

And the rock was about him, but invisible, so that he Sew it no more. And the cove was tranquil, and peaceful, and a wondrous eye watering wonder of beautiful light and sound such as never before. He felt it, like he had felt in the footstep of the One who had Gestured Saying “Discover their purpose”.

He gazed at it, his heart open. A fresh sea breeze entered his spirit, with a Wind of the Holy Ghost- he knew not the Holy Ghost, nor the One who had Gestured, but that He was Messiah, Saviour, and Word of God the Father Creator, who had been Taught by the Great Forefather of Faith, Adam, and his wife Eve, to their forbearing forefather Ahad, before his “fall” in choosing Satan over