WORD
My Testimony
Part 3
Led
by the Spirit
www.notmocked.com
All my work is dedicated to Jesus, and it goes out to His sheep.

Jesus, full of the Holy Spirit... was brought in the Spirit to the wilderness.

*Luke 4:1*

Father, lead the born again by the Spirit into the wilderness to be strengthened by You.

2019

Not for sale.
Jesus says “Freely ye have received, freely give”
—Matthew 10:8, KJV

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Recapping where I left off in part 2 of my testimony, living in Dinky Town, Minneapolis in 1988 with the son of a pastor/a “hireling” men (and women) God says “careth not for the sheep” (John 10:13, KJV), this professing Christian didn’t know enough to explain the Gospel message (neither did his father the so-called Reverend). Therefore, everywhere we went for a week God coordinated things so that I kept finding Christian tracts so that I repeatedly begged Him to take over my life.

**A Repetitive God.** God repeats Himself quite a bit in the Bible, as when He encouraged Joshua to be strong and courageous. He said:

**Be strong and of a good courage:** for unto this people shalt thou divide for an inheritance the land, which I sware unto their fathers to give them. Only **be thou strong and very courageous**, that thou mayest observe to do according to all the law...Have not I commanded thee? **Be strong and of a good courage; be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed:** for the LORD thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest...only **be strong and of a good courage** (Josh. 1:6-18, KJV, my emphasis).

Joshua needed the repetition since there were 31 kingdoms he would have to fight and overcome (see Joshua 12), with *more* after that! We’re told that when “Joshua was old and stricken in years...the LORD said unto him, Thou art old and stricken in years, and there remaineth yet very much land to be possessed” (Josh. 13:1, KJV).

Similarly, God had me repeatedly ask Him to take over my life and be my Savior because He wanted me to be certain that I belonged to Him. Because, the same week of the many tracts, I began hearing voices and seeing things beyond our realm causing me to chase Buddy out of town, my last friend gone.

I’d also just filed for bankruptcy knowing there was no one I could ask for help who wouldn’t hold it over my head, even though I didn’t need that much help. Buddy had also been asking me to marry him, which was a pretty big can a worms. I’d actually told friends years before that I’d *never* marry a Black guy no matter how much I might be in love with him since our society is so racist.
Essentially, I was overloaded with stress, confusion, heartache, and exhaustion, so my attic bulb blew! It was a blowout God had planned on using having worked out “all things...for good to them that...are the called according to his purpose” (Rom. 8:28, KJV). He says, about all of His elect, those who have been “chosen...in him before the foundation of the world” (Eph. 1:4, KJV), “Before I formed thee in the belly I knew thee; and before thou camest forth out of the womb I sanctified thee, and I ordained thee” (Jer. 1:5, KJV). Again, as my testimony reveals, God has coordinated all of our sins and Satan’s schemes into His Master Plan in order to work it out for His glory and the good of those who take Him seriously—people who are among the elect of God.

But I wouldn’t understand even the basics of it for nearly a decade, and not fully until another decade after that! In fact, it has taken three decades from the time I begged God to take over to fully understand how all the pieces fit together! Having walked me through the comatose state of the church over the three decades following my new birth in Christ, along with the resources He’s opened up to me as I’ve worked on the booklets He called me to write starting in 2009 to plug the Hole in the Cup (explained in Sandwiched), which He called me to do in 1998, God enlightened me to His Master Plan.

And I’m not saying I’m FULLY enlightened or more enlightened than anyone else. Clearly, many people—believers and unbelievers alike—are enlightened to different aspects of what’s going on in the world and/or what’s going on in the spiritual realm. What I’m saying is that through my experiences and through the work of other people, God has had me understand the gist of what’s going on in both realms, and done so in order for me to help His people, the elect, during these last days of life on earth as we know it. To echo Paul, it was “to the intent that now unto the principalities and powers in heavenly places [referring to Satan and his demons] might be known by the church [meaning, through born again Christians] the manifold wisdom of God” (Eph. 3:10, KJV).

In short, God is revealing to the spiritual forces of evil that He is actually the One in control since, just like Christians, they like to lie to themselves that they’re the ones in control. In the same way that when humans lie to others we eventually believe our own lies, that seems to happen to Satan and the demons as well! Therefore, God will be revealing to them (along with the rest of the world) in these last days that “he left not himself without [a] witness” (Acts 14:17, KJV).
The Two Realms Come Together
Having asked the Lord to take over my life in 1988, I was suddenly seeing and hearing things of the end times throughout the city that were real, but also which were only in my head (knowing NOTHING of the end times as prophesied in Scripture). Essentially, for a little over a month, the physical and spiritual realm blended together so that it was something like Paul’s experience about which he wrote the following:

I knew a man in Christ above fourteen years ago, (whether in the body, I cannot tell; or whether out of the body, I cannot tell: God knoweth;) such an one caught up to the third heaven (2 Cor. 12:2, KJV).

The difference is that my experience was like Chile after the coup—WW3ish with a very hellish twist to it. It’s like God had Paul head north, heavenward, while He had me head south. Except, unlike some people who testify that they’ve gone to hell and back, that’s not my testimony. God gave me some visions and experiences to give me a feel of hell, which I now know is technically Hades or Sheol.

So my sister and her husband, a pre-med student, lived nearby. And seeing that I wasn’t in my right mind, told me they were taking me to some people who could help me. On hearing that I was relieved and asked “Are you taking me to church?!” Which verifies that I really was out of my mind because they’re not Christian. What they did was have committed to a locked Psych ward.

And looking at it now, from God’s perspective, in the New Testament there were no psychologists or psychiatrists while there was a ton of demonic activity. And our society today is overrun by the psych industry and its meds, even among professing Christians, when all of that activity is demonic. Filling yourself with meds, of any sort, is not God’s will for anyone’s life. All that really does is further open the door for Satan and his demonic friends to invade your life.

Instead, God wants us to rely on Him as modeled for us throughout the New Testament, especially in the Gospel. He says, for instance, “Be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess; but be filled with the Spirit” (Eph. 5:18, KJV). Wine alters the mind, as do drugs. And we’re in a spiritual war of the mind as Paul said, “With the mind I myself serve the law of God” (Rom. 7:25, KJV). But you cannot serve the Lord when
you’re mind is under the influence of something else. There is NO WAY to “bring...into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ” (2 Cor. 10:5, KJV) when your mind is foggy—especially if you don’t know God’s Word to begin with, either the printed Word or the Man who is “called The Word of God” (Rev. 19:13, KJV). All drugs, alcohol, and mind altering mechanisms are works of Satan, one who doesn’t want God’s elect to get saved, honor Christ, or help others. And even without the drugs, it’s difficult enough for us to “bring...into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ” (2 Cor. 10:5, KJV).

So, led by the Lord, I wrote Diagnosis (on the next page) shortly after it happened. I talk about some of it in the following pages, but there’s much more to it.

For instance, I remember being out hiking with the Lord (in a vision) and He brought me to a platform (like at a huge outdoor concert) where there was an ocean of people before us. We were way above this MASSIVE crowd and Jesus asked me (telepathically) if I was willing. It was essentially like this passage where the prophet says “I heard the voice of the Lord, saying, Whom shall I send, and who will go for us? Then said I, Here am I; send me” (Isa. 6:8, KJV). But since I’m NOT AT ALL into public speaking, I just looked at Him as He spoke, said nothing while thinking “YOU ARE OUT OF YOUR MIND, and walked away from Him! Because, “As it is written, There is none righteous, no, not one” (Rom. 3:10 below).

So while I’d wanted to work for God when I was four years old, when I was first informed about Him, I’d come a long way in two decades. However, God requires us to have the attitude of that four year old. He says “Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven” (Matt. 18:3, KJV).
Diagnosis: Temporary Acute Psychobabbleosis

They were all talking about me
saying I'd done something good, or bad.
Only part of me knew it wasn't rational,
but it was happening.
Wasn't it?

We're up to no good, a disgrace,
and He's coming back soon;
bad work, we're not ready.

They can hear what's in my head,
all my thoughts, I can't hear theirs.
They hate me. Furiou,
for everything I've done.
What have I done?

Wake up! Had I slept?
"Someone, get her a Bible!" someone said.

You're talking to me? Church?
That made them mad.
An orderly huffs past.
"She's been writing poems!"
So...shoot me.

A room. We talk.
They're mad. We left.
In the car the voices said,
"It's not going to be easy.
I can take it.
Who's voices?

Paint a poem on the wall, The Baby Blues.
He's left with no goodbye.
Not his fault, always mine.

By the river, homeless Indian
grabs my arm.
"You're the one we've all been waiting for!
I don't think so. Pretty sure.
Can I help you?
"My life, it's so hard...
No one cares!
I know.
Hang tight 'til He comes. He cares.

"You must spend the night.
The end is coming.
How can you sleep
when the beds are burning?
"Just take these, you'll sleep.
And burn in bed.

Music. People in the room.
"Go to heaven," they all said.
"Which way?
Am I dead?"

"If everyone cared, it'd be better.
I used to think that way," she said,
"Now I just care about myself
and my husband.
Must be nice not to care.

Raus and survivors. WWII.
If only we'd cared and dared to love.
But that takes two, and...something else.
What else?

"Concentrate on what you're doing.
Don't think about the future.
Stay on today."

Wasn't I?
Her friend, he's Black, takes me for a walk.
Stirs. Quiet. Looks.
"So tell me Maya. What don't you like
about my hallowed place?"
Hallowed? "It's..."
God in costume.
Ashamed, say nothing.

Get in the shower, you're not yourself.
Oh? Who am I?

Trekkies. Kirk's on.
"This is the last time.
No one will ever do this again!
Is he talking to me?
Or about me?
"He's having you committed."
Kirk can do that?

"One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest."
He got a lobotomy. I want a lobotomy.
No more thinking.
No more caring.

Doc behind the desk.
Slides his pad in front of me
shows me what he wrote.
"I am the Devil!"
Why would Doc write that?
Trying to scare me?

Sick joke.
Just play along then get away.
From the Devil.
I'm in trouble.

Screams and people crying.
Men shout angry words.
"You're the worst person
who's ever lived!"
What about Hitler?
"Everyone who's ever walked the earth
will take revenge on you!"
Lots of people.
OK. I'm scared.

It WOULDN'T be easy, they said.

"Here, take these drugs."
I hate drugs.
But must take these.

"Time for revenge."
"We'll tear you apart, limb by limb!"
All take turns!

And you won't die til we're all done!
Not even, you're DEAD already!
Remember?

Thunderous laughter.

Ink blots. "What do they look like?"
"Ink blots."
I wasn't being sarcastic.
Try again.
"A fingerprint, a...black cat?"

Dark. They said they'd come.
Muscular...man? Huge. By the bed.
inkblots were better.

I killed them?
"Condemned them.
You told them to go to hell."
I did!
Why did I?
I KNOW words have power!
"Can you please forgive me?"
"You know I did."
I do?
You did?

Blue Bibles with crayon for highlights.
El Papi. New York!
I made those lines!

Can't speak. Forgot how?
More drugs?
Walking with the group
read the letters on the wall:
PSYCHIATRIC WARD
I'm too deep!
Too tired to climb out.
Where's my lobotomy?

Voices scold, "Worship the Lord!
"What? Like bow down?"
"Worship means to love."
Oh. That's not so hard—
If only I weren't the butt
of God's cruel joke.

"Maya, everyone knows you're Christian."
They do. How? Everyone?

Letters:
"We've been in worse places..."
"Sure, in your nightmares."
"You better get your act together..."
"Oh yeah, like your act?"
"We've done so much with our lives...
Oh please, open your eyes!

I'm scared of scorpions. I wish I could...
"Don't wish!" the voices said, "Pray!"

T.V. room filled with games:
"Scrabble! Your favorite!
"Sorry!" Me too.
Changed by this Wicked World. Twenty years of life on earth had drastically *changed* me from the little girl who had *wanted* to work for God having seen the amputees. And I’m not alone. It’s how most elect, even born again, change. For example, Rochunga Pudaite had made a solemn vow to God in his youth and then got worldly. But he finally came around and served the Lord, a book made into the movie *Beyond the Next Mountain* (2004) 
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=sikIusHuqfE

But since Christianity is *royally* unbiblical and has been so for centuries, Mr. Pudaite had no problem marrying a Catholic so that God blessed his service within *limits*, as He’s done with the rest of Christianity. (Catholicism *denies* Jesus His lordship since “Christ is the head of the church” (Eph. 5:23, KJV)—not the pope!)

**In Limbo.** If I hadn’t had that experience as part of my testimony, would Eagle church—my first and only home church—have treated me differently? Christians would like to think so. However, except for Eagle and Charles Ware, another hireling, God never again had me make mention of that experience, and they’ve *all* reacted the same, as with the rest of so-called lay Christians. Today’s harlot leaders simply *aren’t* interested in the truth. The web is loaded with testimonies of souls God has been using to hold these men accountable on different points, and the response is always the same: *NOT* interested. And it is because it’s just as Jesus says “The hireling...careth not for the sheep” (John 10:13, KJV). And if they don’t care for God’s sheep, they don’t care for God.

In any case, there are several reasons why God had me go through that experience but it all boils down to this verse, “My grace is sufficient for you, for my power is made perfect in weakness” (2 Cor. 12:9, KJV). It’s when we KNOW that “apart from [Him we] can do nothing” (John 15:5, KJV) AND that He *is* a “consuming fire” (Heb. 12:29, KJV) that we actually let Him Lord over our lives.

So by faith I know the Lord was there walking me through it all since He has said “I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee”(Heb. 13:5, KJV), as with my sister’s friend who took me on a walk and wanted me to explain my gripe, and I couldn’t. I suddenly felt like those whom Jesus asked to
throw the first stone, who couldn't (John 8:7-9 below). I have no idea how that walk played out in reality, but I have no doubt of how God walked me through it. That man talking to me was Jesus. (Did my sister’s friend even take me for a walk?! God knows.) The experience also helped me understand how after His resurrection they didn’t recognize Him, as with these examples:

Jesus saith unto her, Woman...whom seekest thou? She, supposing him to be the gardener, saith unto him, Sir, if thou have borne him hence, tell me where thou hast laid him, and I will take him away. Jesus saith unto her, Mary (John 20:15).

Now that same day two of them were going to a village called Emmaus, about seven miles[a] from Jerusalem. 14 They were talking with each other about everything that had happened. 15 As they talked and discussed these things with each other, Jesus himself came up and walked along with them; 16 but they were kept from recognizing him (Luke 24:13-16, NIV).

John 8:7-9, KJV He lifted up himself, and said unto them, He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her. And again he stooped down, and wrote on the ground. And they which heard it, being convicted by their own conscience, went out one by one, beginning at the eldest, even unto the last: and Jesus was left alone, and the woman standing in the midst.

They couldn’t recognize Him because He can look like anyone or anything. As we’re told, “he appeared in another form unto two of them” (Mark 16:12, KJV). It’s a little perk of being God.

For instance, driving home in tears from a major bashing having been led by God, since “for [His] sake...we are accounted as sheep for the slaughter” (Rom. 8:36, KJV), stopped at the light, a nearby truck had a huge Dalmatian graphic. And this dog—this picture of a dog—is looking at me giving me that look. It’s the look Jesus gave the main character in Ben Hur (1959). Chained up, totally discouraged, Jesus gives him water refreshing his soul. I discern it’s the same look He gave Mary when she was distraught thinking He was dead and that she was talking to the gardener (John 20:15-16 above). It's also the look Jesus
gave Peter after he had disowned Him (Luke 22:59-62 below). It’s a look of deep compassion and conviction that overwhelms your soul. And it’s the look the Dalmation was giving me.

**Luke 22:59-62, KJV** Of a truth this fellow also was with him: for he is a Galilaean. And Peter said, Man, I know not what thou sayest. And immediately, while he yet spake, the cock crew. And the Lord turned, and looked upon Peter. And Peter remembered the word of the Lord, how he had said unto him, Before the cock crow, thou shalt deny me thrice. And Peter went out, and wept bitterly.

In any case, after Buddy left my sister’s husband, a med student, gave me some drug since I wasn’t in my right mind. That night I remember lying on a cot hearing people outside running for end times cover—a continuation of what had been going on *without* drugs during the day. I was somewhat awake (I think) and heard people walking around me, whispering, telling me to go to heaven. Then I realized this was my wake! “Dead, at last!” I was relieved. Until scenes from a Hitchcock flick I suddenly remembered got me going in the right direction. It turns out the movie I remembered was **Alfred Hitchcock Presents (1985) Final Escape.** [http://www.dailymotion.com/video/xvk2ap_alfred-hitchcock-presents-1985-final-escape_creation](http://www.dailymotion.com/video/xvk2ap_alfred-hitchcock-presents-1985-final-escape_creation).

When I was 24 the Lord “brought me up also out of an horrible pit, out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings” (Ps. 40:2, KJV). But before ‘establishing my goings’ He took me for a **Ride** giving me a visionary Tour of hades while I was safe inside His Tour Bus. Except I didn’t know I was safe or that it was His Bus. And that **Joy Ride** included a Tour of what it might look like right before, during, and after WW3—like some cities look today (especially in California)—which was followed by and overlapped with a 30 day vacation in a Psych Ward. So God provided me with visions of “hell” complete with voices and very creepy looking *people* (who looked part animal) threatening me with what they were going to do to me, along with real people and places with names and conversations touching on His realm—though twisted. It was a **MAJOR MAJOR** Head Game!
Hanging Out in the Wilderness. Two patients in the Psych Ward were coincidentally named David and Moses, men very familiar with the wilderness, though I didn’t know that at the time. (Neither did I know that according to the Bible there are no coincidences.) David and Moses talked to me about the meaning of life and the Law, except David was focused on the Law and Moses on the meaning of life. That’s twisted.

Nearing the end of my stay (though I didn’t know at the time how long I’d be there. I think I was thinking FOREVER!), David—representing the one who fervently sought God with fasting (2 Sam. 12:16 below)—brought me up to speed on the benefits of it. And I wouldn’t remember that conversation except a scale appeared outside my door the next day. In my twenties, overly conscious about my outward appearance being that I was a worldly young woman, I stepped on. I remember being shocked and delighted that I’d dropped 30 pounds without having made the slightest bit of effort! I’d gotten up to 125 pounds by then at 5’2” so not a big deal to my health, but a HUGE deal to my basement mirror! I just remember sitting at the lunch table staring at my food through my tears, not interested in the red wine sauce it was swimming in, not knowing it was the classic 828 (Rom. 8:28 below). And two decades later, God would have me write a culinary parable and about a decade after that give me the Maya Makes a Mess book to interpret, tying it all together.

2 Samuel 12:16, KJV  David fasted, and went in, and lay all night upon the earth.

Romans 8:28, KJV  All things work together for good to...the called according to his purpose.

So while the doctor had the scale placed there to encourage me to eat, the Lord, One known as the Great Physician and Wonderful Counselor, placed it there to help me cheer up, knowing precisely which button to push (John 16:33 below)—the one labeled VANITY.

John 16:33, KJV  In the world ye shall have tribulation: but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world.
At the time I had no clue as to why this Sauce (828) was used. I wouldn’t even hear the term *spiritual war* until Eagle eight years into the future! Yet there were CLEARLY two sides at the hospital. A few were *for* me but most were against me. It was like I was the rope in a game of tug of war, making me think I’d done something horrible, but no one said I had—at least nothing *rational*. However, I knew I *had* been a very ungodly young woman, so I must deserve the hatred coming at me—though it was a bit much.

And that’s just it. All we have to do to *deserve* God’s wrath is deny Jesus’ lordship, as Jesus says, “Ye shall die in your sins...if ye believe not that I am he” (John 8:24, KJV).

But since I *had* believed on Him and had *repeatedly* begged Him to take over—and had cleaned up my life, for the most part, which is necessary to become born again since “the Holy Spirit...God has given to those who obey him” (Acts 5:32, NIV), I was being tugged at back and forth by both teams and both captains. Because, if you don’t know—and I didn’t—there are really only two teams, elect and non-elect, and only two captains as I’ve summed up with God’s Master Plan.
**On Bears and Demons.** I’d been staring at my soggy plate of food when a really huge guy got up in my face growling hellish words, spitting and cursing at me—like a demon in real time, and hirelings. And he wasn’t just in my head because two not as huge HUGE cops jumped him and wrestled him down making chairs fly. So while they worked him over, cuffing him, Moses came up to me all excited wondering why I hadn’t been afraid of him. I had been. *Play dead and demons leave, right?* (Now I know I could have told him to take a hike in Jesus’ name—and he would have had to do it. Praise God!)

Another time, reading in the same main room, this monstrous guy was walking towards me talking to no one and to everyone, describing the terrifying things he and his pals would be doing to me. Then he says “Yeah, Maya’s gonna be seeing a lot *these* where she’s going.” *These* were very creepy bright red scorpions like he had on his very black T-shirt. This guy was MASSIVE and had a very deep voice. Bent on scaring the hell out me, he was doing a decent job of it—especially with all the other stuff going on that wasn’t in this realm.

And again, God’s merciful hand was on it because I’d dated pretty big guys, often a foot taller than me and muscular. If I hadn’t been used to big guys, this guy would have been *really* scary. And harlot pastors, like Saul and presidents, tend to be pretty tall as well (*1 Sam. 9:2* below), because we *all* go for the outward appearance when “the LORD looketh on the heart” (*1 Sam. 16:7*, KJV).

*1 Samuel 9:2, KJV* Saul, a choice young man...was higher than any.

Then one night I sensed someone by the side of my bed and I knew it was the devil. My guess is it had been a patient, a black woman with her braids looking like horns in the dark. But I know God wanted me to *feel* the devil’s presence, which I did. And when I was being admitted the doctor had passed me a piece of paper on which he’d written something. Looking down, I read “I’m the devil.”

And considering that Satan is the “god of this world” (*2 Cor. 4:4, KJV*) and that most people are serving him, *especially* in the psych industry, I wouldn’t be surprised if doctors actually do stuff like that. But even if they don’t, it was God at work using Satan and his servants. “For Satan himself is transformed into an angel of light. Therefore it is no
great thing if his ministers also be transformed as the ministers of righteousness” (2 Cor. 11:14-15, KJV).

There were also little druggy squirts *constantly* harassing me acting like they were going to rape me—making it a very *long* month. They harassed me so much in the hospital pool that I hit my head really hard against the wall. I can *still* feel it.

And God made my experience all the more visual since the California fires were constantly on the news, which would then reappear, though twisted, in my dreams. It was as if God kept me mindful of hell in every way, watching these flames while men endlessly taunted me with visions of hell, treating me like hell, with visions of hell in my head and in my dreams, and threats of hell... So while I had given hell some thought before, *never LIKE THIS!* Because, God was hanging a *HUGE* painting in my attic resembling today’s hellish movies, like 3D art, just add scratch and sniff (Matt. 13:49-50 below)—doing it, scaring the mess out of me, so that I could fulfill this calling. But now I know that these visions weren’t actually of hell but of what will be taking place on earth—and is already happening in places like California. **EXCLUSIVE FOOTAGE Shows MYSTERIOUS PROJECTILE Starting DEADLY CA Fire** [https://www.youtube.com/watch?time_continue=824&v=O6ApDoKSUEO](https://www.youtube.com/watch?time_continue=824&v=O6ApDoKSUEO)

**Matthew 13:49-50, YLT** So shall it be in the full end of the age, the messengers [angels] shall come forth and separate the evil out of the midst of the righteous, and shall cast them to the furnace of the fire, there shall be the weeping and the gnashing of the teeth.

Years later, right after God delivered us from Eagle church, He had me see something on Christian T.V. I had the set on in the background while working on something when Buddy came into the room and was speaking to me. But my eyes kept getting drawn to the screen until I interrupted him to say how grateful I was that God had been so mild with me in comparison. The movie, *M 10.28 (1999)*, was of some wicked teen that had died and gone to hell so that she was chained up and had a mask on. Therefore, while creatures crawled all around her—and on her—she couldn’t even scream because of the mask keeping her mouth clamped. But since the paramedics had been working on her, she suddenly came back to life and let out a bloodcurdling scream shocking
them. Stunned, they say “WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT?” The movie is very low quality but it sums up the Scared Straight Program God had me go through which I also refer to as Hell Week (Matt. 10:28 below). Except I remember that scene in the movie much more vividly. I was shocked at how mild it was watching it again years later. (Apparently time does heal some wounds.)

Matthew 10:28, YLT Be not afraid of those killing the body, and are not able to kill the soul, but fear rather Him who is able both soul and body to destroy in gehenna.

What God was doing was teaching me a genuine “fear of the LORD [because that’s] the beginning of wisdom” (Prov. 9:10, KJV) and Christians have historically lacked it which is why we haven’t obeyed Him as a group. So, in order to fulfill the calling He knew He had on my life to help His people as we come into the darkest period of all of history, God gave me some visions backed up with twisted reality to give me the fear level needed to take Him seriously for the time coming upon the earth—a time of wrath (Rev. 8 below).

Revelation 8:5-11, KJV The angel took the censer, and filled it with fire of the altar, and cast it into the earth...and there followed hail and fire mingled with blood, and they were cast upon the earth: and the third part of trees was burnt up, and all green grass was burnt up. And the second angel sounded, and as it were a great mountain burning with fire was cast into the sea: and the third part of the sea became blood; And the third part of the creatures which were in the sea, and had life, died; and the third part of the ships were destroyed...and there fell a great star from heaven, burning as it were a lamp, and it fell upon the third part of the rivers, and upon the fountains of waters; And the name of the star is called Wormwood: and the third part of the waters became wormwood; and many men died of the waters.

And up until 2005 I’d have these dreams where I’d wake up with a bloodcurdling scream because it had felt like a freight train was coming at me (the future coming in fast and horrible), making me think of this verse, “When the sun was going down, a deep sleep fell upon Abram; and, lo, an horror of great darkness fell upon him” (Gen. 15:12, KJV).
**Only Christians Pray God’s Word.** Since God is in control and working out His Plan, there was a Gideon’s Bible by my bed at this public hospital in this *very* liberal city, reminding me of both my Father and of my father. So I wrote my prayers on the bed sheets with my red *Sharpie*. New sheets, new prayers. I’d wondered for years—two decades—how everyone had known I was a Christian even though I hadn’t been secure on it myself, not until Eagle a decade later, especially since this was a key verse by which He had drawn me through the tracts:

> Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light (*Matt. 11:28-30*, KJV).

Hell Week, the Scared Straight Program, wasn’t exactly easy or light! Neither were the following years, nor since. But while writing the original book, *Wake Up!*—as the Lord walked me through stuff—20 years after the Psych Ward I finally understood that passage and connected the dots. God thinks Big Picture, while I had to work up to that view, as we all do for lacking faith. Everyone in the Psych Ward knew I was a Christian because I prayed God’s Word on the bed sheets. That had given me away. Unlike today’s so-called pastors and professing Christians, *psychos* know that only Christians pray God’s Word! Again, that’s pretty twisted!

**Deep Darkness.** Those who don’t walk closely with Jesus get used mostly by Satan. As Jesus says “He that is not with me is against me” (*Matt. 12:30*, KJV). That’s why the Psych Ward was more full of darkness than light, just like the harlot churches. Because, “if thine eye be evil, thy whole body shall be full of darkness. [And] if...the light that is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness!” (*Matt. 6:23*, KJV).

For example, playing *Für Elise* on the piano in the Psych Ward I was *barraged* by hostile comments from patients and nurses. Apparently, I had no right to be depressed. I guess they meant because I’d had piano lessons. I’d known I’d been privileged ever since the cardboard houses on that trip through South America, and that I’d abused those privileges. But I’d known of no way of coping—like most kids. Even there at the hospital, they were *so* mean that I didn’t touch the piano again. And Christians are just like those nurses—mean.
**PingPonging with Moses.** We’d had a ping pong table in Queens and at grad housing, and playing with Moses was the safest thing to do while the Taunters taunted being that “we wrestle against...spiritual wickedness in high places” (Eph. 6:12, KJV). This man had a great personality. He was like the token Black ‘wise man’ in the movies—very down to earth—so that he gave me much needed relief. I’m grateful God provided me this version of Moses rather than the somber one I envision from the Old Testament. Because, “a merry heart doeth good like medicine” (Prov. 17:22, KJV). And it’s as He says in the following new covenant passage:

> Ye are not come unto the mount that might be touched, and that burned with fire, nor unto blackness, and darkness, and tempest...But ye are come unto mount Sion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels, To the general assembly and church of the firstborn, which are written in heaven, and to God the Judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect, And to Jesus the mediator of the new covenant, and to the blood of sprinkling, that speaketh better things than that of Abel (Heb. 12:18-24, KJV).

While the old covenant focused on the Law, the new covenant is about grace. It’s a covenant of love and truth. If only we had walked in it.

**David the Nutcase.** At first David was closer to the act put on by the future king of the Old Testament, though *hardly* that bad (1 Sam. 21:13 below). Like the king, the Psych Ward David was really into the Law (Ps. 40:8 below), but he thought *he* wrote it. And I was sane enough to know he hadn’t.

1 Samuel 21:13, KJV He changed his behaviour before them, and feigned himself mad in their hands, and scrabbled on the doors of the gate, and let his spittle fall down upon his beard.

Psalm 40:8, KJV I delight to do thy will, O my God: yea, thy law is within my heart.
A Suitcase Packed by Grace. My sister—whose name resembles Grace so that people would even call her that—dumped off a suitcase for me at the hospital full of clothing along with some of her books. In it, there was a Far Side T-shirt on which two scientists are at the blackboard working out a complicated equation. The blackboard is covered with the formula they’re sweating bullets over, heads enlarged and ready to burst. Then at the bottom of the blackboard at the end of this outrageously complicated equation, there’s an equal sign next to the word “Miracle!” I understood God was telling me to chill out and just accept all the things I didn’t understand and simply trust Him.

Then years ago I read a forum where they argued that the Far Side didn’t do this cartoon. However, one guy remembered what I do, so it wasn’t just in my head. But I could never find the cartoon online.

And one of the books in the suitcase reminded me of the routine walks with my father to get the New York Times. Through it God was saying to me what I would say to my father when I spread out my arms. “I have loved thee with an everlasting love: therefore with lovingkindness have I drawn thee” (Jer. 31:3, KJV). The book said something like this:

Image you’re at a beach and it’s your job to move every grain of sand over to another beach, one grain at a time. Then imagine that, once you finally finished that task, you’d have to move it all back one grain at a time. Then imagine that you have to keep doing that over and over again. That’s how long eternity will be.

When you hate your life, which I did, eternal life doesn’t sound that great. But it helped me when I thought of the tracts. Eternal life in a beautiful righteous, loving kingdom, does sound good. And that’s what the Lord was trying to get me to focus on. But, mostly, this passage in the book scared me since “they” were telling me what they were going to do to me—so I prayed on the sheets—which was also part of His Plan since we’re supposed to “pray without ceasing” (1 Thess. 5:17, KJV).

At that time, and until very recently, I’d believed the lie that hell is eternal torment. But the literal translations of the Bible reveal that hell isn’t even in the Bible, just like the word pastor. The bottom line is that sinners in the form of Bible translators incorporated into their translations of the Bible their pagan ideas. I go over it in the booklet and playlist The Good News!
God’s Children Have Rights. Reading the Patient Bill of Rights on the wall one day, I complained of being held illegally. Next thing I know I’m out on a walk with other patients, not having been allowed outside of that ward before. Back at the hospital entrance an angry woman punched a pamphlet into my hand cursing me out, which led to more sheet praying. Because, a year earlier a girlfriend from Ghana had asked me to take her for an abortion since she had no one else to help her. Not crazy about abortion, nor educated about them, I knew that if I’d needed one, I probably would have had one, so I helped her just as I would have wanted someone to have helped me. Having done so, the pamphlet made me ill.

And twice, while editing this section in the original book, God took me on an Abortion Ride. The first one was to the county fair where I got hooked by some little pins, realizing what they were after closer inspection—the exact size and shape of a 10-week unborn baby’s feet. They were Pro-Life Precious Feet lapel pins. God says “Children are an heritage of the LORD: and the fruit of the womb is his reward” (Ps. 127:3, KJV). The second time was for a program I never typically listened to—though popular with so-called Christians, Focus on the Family. As always, focus was more on people than on God, selling both short (Mark 12:30-31 & Matt. 12:37 below).

Mark 12:30-31, KJV Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength: this is the first commandment. And the second is like, namely this, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself. There is none other commandment greater than these.

Matthew 12:37, KJV By thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned.
Business—As Usual. Every day an orderly would pass out cigarettes. (I’d just quit, having smoked mostly to go with the flow and because my father had admonished my brother not to smoke and hadn’t even bothered to say goodbye to me.) Everyone knows cigarettes cause cancer, yet the hospital doled them out. And they did because it’s not about healthcare but money, the more healthcare we need the more money they get, which all know, but who really cares—apparently. However, God says “The love of money is the root of all evil” (1 Tim. 6:10, KJV). And “he does not leave the guilty unpunished” (Ex. 34:7, NIV).

In fact, everything about the Psych Ward was highly questionable. But if you’re in there you’re in no position to question or to be taken seriously, plus you’re kept doped up. At best, they spoke about you in front of you as if your attic had no windows by which to see or hear what was being said in the great outdoors. Like today’s churches, it made you sick. It’s as God says “Because of the increase of wickedness, the love of most [has] grow[n] cold” (Matt. 24:12, NIV). So here’s an interesting documentary, Psychiatry: An Industry of Death. https://youtu.be/_5dSZnbugpc.

A Funny Story. About two decades after the Psych Ward God had me watch this movie which ties in to both the Psych Ward and what He’s saying to Christianity in the U.S., It’s a Kind of Funny Story (2010). The BRAT is played by Cool Craig—only he’s much nicer. And the movie is really funny.

Counseling U.S. Required to attend group counseling, the woman asked us who we’d like to be if we could switch places with anyone. I remember being shocked because every single person in the group of about a dozen people had some idol with whom they’d like to trade places. So I remember what I said. “Everyone has problems and I already know all mine. If I traded my life for someone else’s, I’d have to figure it out all over again. NO THANKS!”
Then, after writing that in the original book, I heard a different question in a dream. “If you could go back and do anything differently, what would it be?” I answered “Get to know the Chihuahua!” Suddenly awake, I had a question mark smoking up out of my attic chimney, and immediately remembered an expression my father and his friends had used which I hadn’t heard since. *Ay Chihuahua!* It means something like *Hot Dog! What a Blunder!* or *Oh Baby!* depending on the context. Then God confirmed that He wanted me to include it in here cuz...He's just like that.

If that question were asked of of the elect—If you could go back and do anything differently, what would it be?”—we should all answer the way I did in the dream. Because, while God is in control of all things, there’s no one to blame but ourselves for the state of the world, the state of the church, the state of the nation, or the state of much of our own lives. God revealed Himself clearly enough, not only through His Word which was “made flesh, and dwelt among us” (John 1:14, KJV), but through the world (Rom. 1:20 below), and through our own life experiences (Acts 17:26-27 below). Yet NONE OF US stopped earnestly long enough to give the Chihuahua the attention He deserves even though He’s the hottest little Dog there is! (Acts 4:12 below). And the biggest Blunder we’ve all made! (1 Cor. 1:23 below). So cute too (Ps. 27:4 below), *Oh Baby!*

**Romans 1:20, KJV** For the invisible things of him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even his eternal power and Godhead; so that [we] are without excuse.

**Acts 17:26-27, KJV** [God] hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth, and hath determined the times before appointed, and the bounds of their habitation; That they should seek the Lord, if haply they might feel after him, and find him, though he be not far from every one of us.

**Acts 4:12, KJV** For there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved.

**1 Corinthians 1:23, KJV** Unto the Jews a stumblingblock, and unto the Greeks foolishness.

**Psalm 27:4, KJV** One thing have I desired of the LORD, that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the LORD all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the LORD.
In any case, exactly 30 days into it, I was booted out of the Psych Ward as if miraculously healed, though everyone still thinks I’m a twisted noodle. I’m sure once God fully opens up this ministry psychobabblizers will be arguing about how screwed up I really am, not realizing God has better things for them to do (John 21:22 below) or not (Rom. 9:22 below). YouTube **Crazy Enough** MercyMe. https://youtu.be/clqJpKgG6Fk.

**John 21:22, KJV** Follow thou me.

**Romans 9:22, KJV** God, willing to shew his wrath, and to make his power known, endured with much longsuffering the vessels of wrath fitted to destruction.

**My Hot Chihuahua Makes a Point.** After writing about the Lord as the Chihuahua, I was sitting in a waiting room trying to read but kept getting drawn in by the huge TV in this adult medical practice. There was a cute white Chihuahua wearing what looked like a tiara. *Huh.*

Refocusing back on my book, I then heard her being asked if she came from heaven—and thought to myself, *OK, here we go.*

She says she’s from Beverly Hills and I think, *Yup, like being on the Paved Road instead of the Dirt Road—or the Wrong Road* as a “child of the devil” (*Acts 13:10, KJV*)—referring to my graphic for the narrow way.

![The Narrow Way Graphic](https://example.com/narrow-way.png)
Back on my book, I then hear her ask a German Shepherd named Delgado, which means Skinny, as in narrow (Matt 7:14 below), “Why is el Diablo after me?” I’m not sure what He answered her—trying NOT to get drawn in—I then hear her ask Him “Are you some kind of police officer?” And I thought He said “Something like that,” and thought to myself, Of course He is. He’s THE LAW! (And everyone knows el Diablo means the Devil, right?)

Matthew 7:14, KJV Strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.

Annoyed, chuckling to myself, back on my book, I then get a call from my girl saying something’s happened. Too pumped on adrenaline, I let her go and contact her sister on the same campus. Sure enough, Skinny had been giving me a heads up (Isa. 30:21 below), since He’s something of a cop—High Security Defense (Deut. 33:29 below)—for this war we’re in (Eph. 6:12 below) with the Terminator (1 Pet. 5:8 below), so that He wants us to intercede with Him for situations like this one where a carload of college kids were rammed by another car for broken ribs, legs, hips, and ruptured spleens (Heb. 7:25; Rom. 8:26 & James 5:16 below).

Isaiah 30:21, KJV Thine ears shall hear a word behind thee, saying, This is the way, walk ye in it.

Deuteronomy 33:29, KJV Happy art thou, O Israel: who is like unto thee, O people saved by the LORD, the shield of thy help.

Ephesians 6:12, KJV For we wrestle...against spiritual wickedness in high places.

1 Peter 5:8, KJV The devil [is] a roaring lion.

Hebrews 7:25, KJV Wherefore he is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them.

Romans 8:26, KJV The Spirit also helpeth our infirmities: for we know not what we should pray.

James 5:16, KJV The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much.
At home, looking into *Beverly Hills Chihuahua (2008)*, I found a picture on Google Images of the little dog on a straight and narrow path (railroad tracks) with the mighty Delgado, to whom she’d confided in the movie, ‘I’ve never had a friend like you before,’ to which I thought to myself, *That’s right Pups, cuz there ain’t none like Him, and only the blessed few get to have a Friend like Him* (John 15:14 below). What a great picture of this little Chihuahua, all pearly white (Rev. 7:14 below), with the gigantic mighty Delgado as they walk down the straight and narrow path together (Matt. 4:19 below).

**John 15:14, KJV** Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you.

**Revelation 7:14, KJV** These...have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

**Matthew 4:19, KJV** Follow me, and I will make you fishers of men.

**Lobotomies & God’s People.** A big part of the reason I ended up in the Psych Ward was because there was no solid ground on which to stand. All I had were family members who weren’t supportive, though not entirely unsupportive, and a spiritual Family which was just like my family—not really there for me, yet there. That’s understandable for my family, since they were “officially” without God, but not for my spiritual Family who professes to know Him! (Rev. 3:16-19 below).

**Revelation 3:16-19, KJV** So then because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spue thee out of my mouth. Because thou sayest, I am rich, and increased with goods, and have need of nothing; and knowest not that thou art wretched, and miserable, and poor, and blind, and naked: I counsel thee to buy of me gold tried in the fire, that thou mayest be rich; and white raiment, that thou mayest be clothed, and that the shame of thy nakedness do not appear; and anoint thine eyes with eyesalve, that thou mayest see. As many as I love, I rebuke and chasten: be zealous therefore, and repent.
But because that was (and is) the state of the church, and I had experienced what I had—having no solid ground on which to stand—fearing God yet not understanding what had taken place and scared of being **INSANE**, I too became neither here nor there, self-lobotomized. I was actually more scared of being nuts than I was of God or of the dark forces of evil! (It’s amazing to me.) But here’s why that was the case. Since the world is more legitimate—more applicable **FOR THE MOMENT**—I purposely (semi consciously) put much of what I knew to be true as far back on the back burner as I possibly could, like *everybody* does. It’s called *denial or cognitive dissonance*. Yet I hungered for the God who was safe, who I figured could be found in the Christians and churches, *knowing* better. The problem is that lobotomies are EXTREMELY powerful things!

In a twisted way, I take comfort that I’m not the only one who’s given herself a lobotomy. *Everybody* has!

For example, my brother, who’s lost, gave himself a major one. I got a glimpse of it during my First College Tour as I was reminiscing about days in New York and he didn’t remember, so that one day it finally dawned on me that he *NEVER* remembered. He had conveniently blanked out chunks and hunks of his inconvenient memory! And Christians do the same thing. Knowing the truth, they blank most of it out. They know that what they see playing out in the churches, and act out themselves, *doesn’t* line up with God’s Word concerning the new covenant. But with no solid ground on which to stand since Christians have been lying to themselves *historically* (*Phil. 2:21 & Rev. 13:3 below*), the rest have also quickly lobotomized themselves to one degree or another. So instead of being used by God the whole lot primarily gets used by Satan, God having spewed everyone out (*Rev. 3:15-16 below*).

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**Philippians 2:21, KJV** For all seek their own, not the things which are Jesus Christ’s.

**Revelation 13:3, KJV** All the world wondered after the beast.

**Revelation 3:15-16, KJV** I know thy works, that thou art neither cold nor hot: I would thou wert cold or hot. So then because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I [have] spue[d] thee out of my mouth.
Out to Kill. God more recently showed me another angle on the BRAT’s lobotomy to help you see the consequences of having one. He first moved a couple I’m calling the Malcolm Xs near to us on the east coast. Then He moved us to the Midwest. Then He moved them to the Midwest where He connected us years after we’d first met. Then He moved us next door to them, none of it planned by us. Then, when my brother’s family came to visit, He had the Xs meet them. A year or so after that, God moved the Xs back to the east coast into the same neighborhood as my brother and his family—again unplanned. Then about a year later, God moved us back to Maryland 20 minutes east of them though I’d looked at houses in five different counties. So now we all live nearby, yet we’re no longer connected because of sin and Satan having gotten his big fat foot between us. And since Satan takes a mile when we give him an inch, both couples are now divorced, and all of our children (those who knew the Lord) have lobotomized themselves to a SUPREMELY high degree NO SOLID GROUND ON WHICH TO STAND. And those who have never gotten to know Him are WAY out in Satan’s turf, as with homosexuality.

So one day (years ago), through Facebook, my girls reconnected with Malcolm X Junior and wanted to go hear him and his band. But since I’m no longer lobotomized, I Googled Junior’s name and found his club along with his band’s name. So I then YouTubed the band’s name along with Junior’s name and found him and his band and sat here watching and listening to this now grown, bright, professing Christian teen, singing the
words that were first rammed down my throat days after having surrendered to the Lord—Satan’s words—Seek and Destroy—which had spiritually immobilized me for eight years with their echoes that resurrect every time the Lord’s on the move because “the dragon [i]s wroth with the woman, and [goes] to make war with the remnant of her seed, which keep the commandments of God, and have the testimony of Jesus Christ” (Rev. 12:17, KJV). Only this time the words were coming from a professing Christian youth. You should be able to hear the voice of Slime.

And since I’d been discerning the Lord was taking the original book public, I finally told my girls about the Psych Ward with a very brief version of it focusing on the spiritual angle since they understood that and still had some faith in God at the time. Therefore, having connected the dots with Slime and X Junior, the girls chose to not go to the club since it’s such no-brainer stuff.

You should understand why I lobotomized myself for eight years. There is a WAR RAGING (Eph. 6:12 below), and some of us didn’t even know it, or that we’d been drafted and placed against THE BIG BOYS on the Frontline. Christians know all about this war but don’t take it seriously, including the best Christians around! And that’s been true for most of Christian history!

Ephesians 6:12, KJV For we wrestle...against spiritual wickedness in high places.

So while Satan will keep at seeking to destroy, the war has already been won, as Jesus said “It is finished” (John 19:30, KJV). PRAISE GOD FOR JESUS CHRIST! Yeah, Satan has Christ’s church right now, along with this boy, X Jr., and the rest of his family and mine, as well as
generations of elect souls, especially juniors—but they’re only on loan because God chose His elect “before the foundation of the world” (Eph. 1:4) and has prophesied of a great reformation in these very last days. He says “I will give power unto my two witnessed [meaning born again Jews and Gentiles]” (Rev. 11:3, KJV). Hallelujah! Glory to the Lamb! Satan is ultimately the most delusional one of all as he thinks he’s got this boy, my friends, my family, and God’s Family. But not for much longer!

In fact, Junior’s real name means “salvation of God,” a name he didn’t get by accident because God says about all of us “Before I formed thee in the belly I knew thee” (Jer. 1:5, KJV). Mrs. X’s real name means a heavenly body; the Xs last name is as if to say the military police. Their child who died as a baby had a name meaning gift from God, and the name of their youngest means victory—and that sums it up, which God has confirmed in many ways including the song from Queen, *We are the Champions*. [YouTube Victory Is Mine Gospel Legends Dorothy Norwood](https://youtu.be/h938-oJ7y-o). And Mr. X’s name means manly, as in a real man, what the world DESPERATELY needs. I also found this about his name:

**Numerical Analysis:** Represents decent people with a sense of justice, lovers of justice and honesty.

Again, it’s what we desperately need.