WORD
My Testimony
Part 2
Dead in Sin
www.notmocked.com
All my work is dedicated to Jesus, and it goes out to His sheep.

*She that liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth.*

*1 Timothy 5:6*

Father, make Your church alive in Christ!

2019

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

Pictures not created by me are used under the Fair Use law.
In *Sandwiched* I summed up the calling the Lord has on my life. And in parts 2 to 6 of the booklets on my testimony I provide more detailed spiritual markers in chronological order from my earliest recollection of God’s hand on my life, when I was four, to current day as a 55 year old—as they relate to what God is saying to His people as a group.

When you walk closely with the Lord, no longer willing to sin or to turn a blind eye to the sins of others or to the sins of the church, asking Him to show you how you fit in within His Master Plan, He’ll do that. He says “The Advocate, the Holy Spirit, whom the Father will send in my name, will teach you all things and will remind you of everything I have said to you” (John 14:26, NIV).

**Coming to Him as a Child.** I was born in Santiago, Chile, in 1964. When I was four years old, my mom and I went to a hospital in Santiago to get inoculated for our move to California. I’m sure it was the first time I’d seen an amputee. And since there were so many of them, I remember asking her about them and about the women with funny hats so that she explained something about war and that the ladies with the funny hats thought they worked for God and were helping the hurting people. Having asked her “Who is God?” she explained that they thought He was the One who had created everything and everyone. They thought that by helping His hurting people they worked for Him.

Having heard such an explanation and seeing such obviously hurting people, I remember thinking *I wanna work for God when I grow up!* And what child wouldn’t?!! Missing limbs make quite an impression on the mind, especially that of a *four* year old— *especially* on seeing *many* of them!
God then kept the image of that memory alive in my head, along with the possibility of His existence, by airing a show in the states to which we then moved and which my brother loved, so it’s what I watched—all of which I remembered while perching at Eagle (the only home “church” the Lord ever gave me).

**First Sin, First Crime.** I’ve never told anyone this story before. It turns out that I committed my first crime when I was four years old. And it was a felony! A friend was over at our place and my mother was supposed to be watching us. But, as she constantly reminded me throughout my life, she never wanted to have children. That being the case, this little girl and I spent the afternoon unsupervised going through the mailboxes opening up everyone’s mail! I’m not sure if I knew that what we were doing was wrong at the time. My guess is we did. But I do know for certain that I figured it out without a doubt when I saw all the neighbors out by the mailboxes that evening, with the police! And I didn’t confess—too scared. It’s what most Christians do. While we’re told to “confess your sins to each other and pray for each other so that you may be healed” (James 5:16, KJV), Christians mostly don’t, too afraid of what other people will think of them, fearing man more than God. Therefore God says “How can you believe since you accept glory from one another but do not seek the glory that comes from the only God?” (John 5:44, NIV).

**The Lion’s Words in Red.** After California we moved back to Chile for six months and then to New York. There, in New York, my father took me aside. (My guess is I’d done something naughty—again.) I remember that he had a Book with some words in red from which he was teaching me. Sitting on the floor leaning on the bed, I cuddled up to el Papi, whose name was José Leon, but who everyone called el Leon, as in The Lion—an image which imprinted itself in my attic like a fuzzy throw. My grandmother called him Mi Leonsito, My Little Lion. And I thought of him that way too since he’d lay his head on my lap during TV shows and fall asleep with a quiet purr. But I also thought of him as a Lion, since he could be scary. It was God’s way of introducing me to “the Lion of the tribe of Judah” (Rev. 5:5, KJV) and the fear of Him since Jesus says “Fear him” (Luke 12:5, KJV). So while I’ve
got a decent imagination, it’s obviously not *that* wild. It was through my father that God, my Father, first taught me of the love and fear of God. It’s how He first prepped me for this calling.

**The Advocate.** El Leon was a lawyer, the word in Spanish being *abogado* which comes from the Latin *advocatus*, which is the same origin of the English word *advocate*. And *advocatus* literally means *your calling*. I find that interesting.

In any case, as a lawyer, one who liked to study, he taught me at a fairly young age (six) how to highlight important passages in a book, beginning with the Bible, more specifically with the words in red—except I didn’t know that it was the Bible. However, instead of highlighting with a marker, I highlighted the Golden Rule with a crayon, which would play out again in the future. Anyhow, el Leon taught me that "*Jesus was a very good person, a teacher. We can learn from some of His words and live by them.*" Except el Leon was off Target because he was my father—an unbeliever—and not my Father, who tells us not only to learn from *all* of the words in red, but all of His Word. He says “Set your hearts unto...all the words of this law. For it is not a vain thing for you; because it is your life” (Deut. 32:46-47, KJV).

**God of All Nations.** As a translator for the United Nations, el Leon’s hope was *in* the UN. However, as our Advocate (1 John 2:1 below)—one who does the work of a lawyer, as in the graphic for the Supreme Court—the Lion of Judah is interested in the UN (in the elect who work there) placing their hope and trust *in Him*.

1 John 2:1, KJV *My little children, these things write I unto you, that ye sin not. And if any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous.*
The UN plays a key role in Satan’s New World Order plans. It was founded by occultists and their publication house, the Lucis Trust, was originally called the Lucifer Publishing Company. How clear is that!? The following is a good video for those who are unenlightened. **THE UNITED NATIONS exposed by G. Edward Griffin.** [https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=qA058B7S-Xk](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=qA058B7S-Xk)

And this is where my father worked, because God is proving through this ministry that He really does trump Satan. Therefore, the other two important men in my life—my husband and my brother—also have interesting employers during these last days of life on earth. They work for the Department of Defence (DOD). And if you’re not aware of why and how the DOD is hurting humanity, you really need to do your homework. So I’ve put a bunch of playlists together on my second YouTube channel at this link [https://www.youtube.com/channel/UCqAN4msVFLAV5fIBcUnhTmQ](https://www.youtube.com/channel/UCqAN4msVFLAV5fIBcUnhTmQ)

In the last 1990s, visiting a friend from Eagle (again, the only so-called home ‘church’ the Lord ever gave me), I noticed a picture on the wall which parallels one of El Leon and the UN. God says:

> I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me **(Rev. 3:20, KJV)**.

**God’s World View.** One day in first grade, my view of the world came crashing down like the Towers did during 9/11. Since the UN, the UN school we attended, and the YMCA (where we took swimming lessons) were all in Manhattan, I had skyscrapers growing in my attic. Apparently, my pea brain thought of plane travel as going from one floor of the building to another, like when visiting El Leon at work!

Enter, the globe.
But since we’ve all been fooled by NASA and her Nazi’s, it’s clear that I’m not the only one with a pea brain. God knows what the actual truth is but there’s tons more evidence revealing that the moon landing was a hoax than that we are actually went there, from the 2001 documentary *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Moon* [https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=xciCJfbTvE4](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=xciCJfbTvE4) to videos like this one where several *Rockets Hit Dome!* [https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=4ZtXkV8jlfs&list=WL&index=17&t=748](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=4ZtXkV8jlfs&list=WL&index=17&t=748)

Since Satan is the “god of this world” ([2 Cor. 4:4, KJV](https://www.biblegateway.com/passage/?v=2cor&v=44)) and “the father of [likes]” ([John 8:44, KJV](https://www.biblegateway.com/passage/?v=john&v=44)), it sure looks like we’ve all been had. And since we’ve all got pea brains we need the “mind of Christ” ([1 Cor. 2:16, KJV](https://www.biblegateway.com/passage/?v=1cor&v=16)) which you get through the Bible and “the Holy Spirit, whom God has given to those who obey him” ([Acts 5:32, NIV](https://www.biblegateway.com/passage/?v=acts&v=32)).

**Racism Nipped in the Bud.** While I was in first grade my father brought a family home for dinner. The husband was a dark African and his wife was a very white Parisian. Their daughter was my age but I wasn’t playing with her. Taken aside, I told el Leon it was because she was *Black*. So he pointed out the obvious: she had two eyes, two ears, two arms, but her skin was just a different *shade* than mine, just like mine was a shade darker than his which revealed more of the Irish. My skin reveals more of my mother’s side, native South American. Seeing his arm next to mine and knowing it made sense, I invited her to my room and we became best of friends. I even named a doll after her, as was my custom. All my *dolls* were of different shades and costumes, representing the international people I knew—so I named them after those people.
And the reason I’d noticed the color difference was because of an incident in Chile. Walking with my grandmother downtown, noticing a Black man across the very busy huge intersection, she’d made a fearful comment and pulled us in closer. That’s all it takes. The Lord hammered down this lesson throughout my life, finishing the job as a handful of children refused to play with my preschoolers, explaining to their peers the reason, “They’re Black.” Racist as we all are, the fact is that God “hath made of one blood all nations of men” (Acts 17:26, KJV). And scientists know this is true having traced humanity down to one man and one woman they’ve called the Y-chromosomal Adam and Mitochondrial Eve.

Moreover, as the three and a half hour documentary Hebrews to Negroes (2017) reveals, the original Israelites were people of color. The narrator follows the migration of the Israelites both before and after Christ, using historical records, DNA, linguistics, and also providing quotes of how the powers that be purposely lied to the people (as they’ve done with everything else). And as you see on this ancient map, the Kingdom of Juda was on the Ivory Coast, ground zero for the salve trade.

However, the challenge from God is for us to be colorblind and to forgive others as He has forgiven us. He clearly says “If ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses” (Matt. 6:15, KJV). “Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord” (Rom. 12:19, KJV). Speaking of Jesus, the Bible says “thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation” (Rev. 5:9, KJV).
And as the Scriptures on the table reveal, Jesus is Israel and the true Israelites are born again Christians. And I discern God made Jesus a Black man to weed out the riff raff, basically. Further, throughout my life and testimony you’ll see how He has used Black men for His purposes. Those who get right with God will see.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>The True Israelites</th>
<th>Old Testament</th>
<th>New Testament</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>A Changed Character</td>
<td>Genesis 32:24-28</td>
<td>Philippians 3:3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>God’s Son</td>
<td>Exodus 4:21-22</td>
<td>Matthew 3:17; Romans 8:17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brought Out of Egypt</td>
<td>Exodus 1:1; Hosea 11:1</td>
<td>Matthew 2:15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Baptized</td>
<td>1 Corinthians 10: 1-2</td>
<td>Matthew 3:16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tempted</td>
<td>Number 32:13</td>
<td>Luke 4:2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Given the Law</td>
<td>Exodus 24:12</td>
<td>Matthew 5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Vine</td>
<td>Psalm 80:8</td>
<td>John 15:1 &amp; 5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Servant</td>
<td>Isaiah 41:8, 42:1-2; Hosea 11:1</td>
<td>Matthew 12:15-18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Carnal Comes First then the Spiritual</td>
<td>1 Corinthians 15:45-48; Galatians 5:16</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

And as the Scriptures on the table reveal, Jesus is Israel and the true Israelites are born again Christians. And I discern God made Jesus a Black man to weed out the riff raff, basically. Further, throughout my life and testimony you’ll see how He has used Black men for His purposes. Those who get right with God will see.

**It’s a Small World.** Living in UN housing (Parkway Village), I was made sensitive to the many cultural and national groups early on since friends and neighbors represented the whole world. Just in our court alone of 12 garden apartments, we represented Chile, Pakistan, Japan, India, the U.S., Africa and Germany, plus the countries of the neighbors I didn't know. And the rest of the neighborhood of about 60 courts (over 700 families) covered the world.
And when I was in first grade we attended a UNICEF children’s conference held in the UN’s General Assembly, all of us decked out in the traditional garb of our native land. I remember the three of us and our friends cracking up as we listened to the speakers on the earphones hearing them in lots of different languages which sounded like babble, not knowing anything of Babel at the time. The Bible says:

Therefore is the name of it called Babel; because the LORD did there confound the language of all the earth: and from thence did the LORD scatter them abroad upon the face of all the earth (Gen. 11:9).

And the theme song for the conference was catchy, which just so happens to be what God is saying to His people today, His church, that the world is a very small place made up of different colored people with different languages, clothing, and customs, who HAVE TO LEARN TO GET ALONG—or suffer the brutal consequences.

It's a Small World

It's a world of laughter,
It's a world of tears.
It's a world of hope,
And a world of fears.
There's so much that we share,
That it's time we're aware,
It's a small world after all.

Chorus:
It's a small world after all.
It's a small world after all.
It's a small world after all.
It's a small, small world.
There is just one moon and one golden sun.
And a smile means friendship to every one.
Though the mountains divide, and the oceans are wide,
It's a small world after all.
The UN School. This was my first grade teacher’s favorite song to play on her guitar at this secular school which is tied to the extremely antichrist United Nations (Josh. 6:20 below). YouTube Elvis Presley *Joshua Fought the Battle of Jericho.*

Joshua 6:20, KJV The people shouted when the priests blew with the trumpets: and it came to pass, when the people heard the sound of the trumpet, and the people shouted with a great shout, that the wall fell down flat, so that the people went up...and they took the city.

The World’s Religions. Tuned in to the different nations, I was also tuned in to many of the world’s religions and beliefs at an early age—sort of. For example, walking to school with my Pakistani neighbors in 2nd grade, they yelled at me for stepping on the grass because “It’s not awake yet!” since Christians aren’t the only ones asleep. God says “You are dead. Wake up!” (Rev. 3:1-2, NIV).

And back then, as now, there was a very wise cat hanging around with answers. The Lion of Judah says:

If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him. But let him ask in faith, nothing wavering. For he that wavereth is like a wave of the sea driven with the wind and tossed. For let not that man think that he shall receive any thing of the Lord (James 1:5-7, KJV).
There was also a family from Uruguay struggling with their son who’d gone orthodox Jew—complete with box and curly cues—again somewhat explained. And there was Adam, who was Jewish, not orthodox, who turned 13, prompting more questions and answers. I walked home from school with an atheist Japanese if not with the long braided brainy Buddhist. There was a Protestant Pole who played piano and a very friendly Muslim who boldly advocated to my father on my behalf so we could work together on our homework, foreshadowing what Christians should be doing, “submitting...one to another in the fear of God” (Eph. 5:21, KJV). The different religions were IN MY FACE, and kids ask questions—and el Leon was really into providing the answers, just like the real Lion who says “Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you” (Matt. 7:7, KJV).

My Father’s House. My father’s house in Chile was a two-story white stucco with red shingles situated at the corner of the block on a square lot. The property was enclosed by a white cement wall gated on the front and side, and it was lined with flowers running along much of the inside eastern wall. The front gate opened to a short walkway ending at a red door bordered with flowers that attracted hummingbirds. The front yard had a huge weeping willow foreshadowing my life (Ps. 126:5-6 below) and representing what Christians have historically done, which is to have made the Lord weep (Eph. 4:30 below).

Psalm 126:5-6, KJV They that sow in tears shall reap in joy. He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.

Ephesians 4:30, KJV Grieve not the holy Spirit of God, whereby ye are sealed unto the day of redemption.
Fruit trees along the western side (the other side of the picture) gave the place a great aroma while three giant Alamos ‘watched over us’ (as my mom said) separating a grassy area from a small cabin stuffed with books, pictures, a couch, and a piano. The cabin window overlooked a small cement wading pool behind the garage. My father’s house wasn’t fancy—it was homey. This was the one place of the many in which I’ve lived which actually felt like home since it was all about extended family, friends, nature, and an overall great time. And God “determined...the bounds of [my] habitation” (Acts 17:26, KJV). There’s not a place any of us have lived which wasn’t ordained by God.

9/11 & the Rock of Gibraltar. My father’s house, our home, was ruined (for us) because of the September 11th 1973 military coup, an event which made my father so mad at God that he threw his mother’s crucifix across the room while vising in 1973 shortly after the coup. Located on Gibraltar Street, our house was overpowered by Pinochet’s coup. But my Father’s House, our forever Home, built on the Rock of Gibraltar, has overcome Satan’s coup. David cried out to God “Thou art my rock and my fortress; therefore for thy name's sake lead me, and guide me” (Ps. 31:3, KJV).
And in *The Treasury of David*, Charles Spurgeon says the following in relation to this verse:

Here the tried soul avows yet again its full confidence in God....The words before us appear to embrace and fasten upon the Lord with a fiducial grip which is not to be relaxed. The two personal pronouns, like sure nails, lay hold upon the faithfulness of the Lord. O for grace to have our heart fixed in firm staggering belief in God! The figure of a rock and a fortress may be illustrated to us in these times by the vast fortress of Gibraltar.

This is the faith in God He has built in me, as relayed in the material He’s had me provide. He is my rock and my fortress and the One who guides me. And who had my first and best home represent what He’s done.

God says:

He will destroy in this mountain the face of the covering cast over all people, and the vail that is spread over all nations. He will swallow up death in victory; and the Lord God will wipe away tears from off all faces; and the rebuke of his people shall he take away from off all the earth: for the Lord hath spoken it. And it shall be said in that day, Lo, this is our God; we have waited for him, and he will save us: this is the Lord; we have waited for him, we will be glad and rejoice in his salvation (Isa. 25:7-9, KJV).

And “that Rock [i]s Christ” (1 Cor. 10:4, KJV).
The U.S. version of September 11 had the same effect on my brother as the Chilean one had on my father. And my brother’s real name is also a wordplay on my Brother’s name, as it is on my father’s name, and therefore on my Father’s name. It’s another Head Game. My father was Leon, like the Lion of the tribe of Judah. And my brother’s name is my father’s name backwards, like the fake version of the Lion—like Christ and antichrist. On top of the heartache my brother grew up with, his friends—the whole family—were killed during 9/11. And to seer the event into his brain, God had him work in one of the top floors of the towers the year before and near the Pentagon on the day of, so that he had a four-hour ordeal getting home whereupon he was informed of the family’s demise. The whole family had been killed, people for whom they had just thrown a party. Again, it was all coordinated by God and carried out by Slime, His servant, Satan, aka the “serpent” (Rev. 12:9, KJV). God’s tough. THERE’S NO DENYING THAT. It’s the reason we’ve been repeatedly warned that He is “to be feared” (Ps. 76:7, KJV). He says “I form the light, and create darkness: I make peace, and create evil: I the LORD do all these things” (Isa. 45:7, KJV). Satan is not the one in control, God is, who uses Satan as His tool.

But since Christians haven’t taken God seriously, they haven’t had very much discernment. So right after the 9/11 attacks those of us who spoke up saying that God was trying to get our attention, were laughed at. But if God isn’t the One in control, that only leaves Satan!

However, God’s Word tells us that Satan is a created being. God says about him “Thou wast perfect in thy ways from the day that thou wast created, till iniquity was found in thee” (Ezek. 28:15, KJV). Was God surprised that Satan fell? NO! He created him and is in control of all! He programmed him to fall. We’re told the following, for instance:

God, willing to shew his wrath, and to make his power known, endured with much longsuffering the vessels of wrath fitted to destruction...that he might make known the riches of his glory on the vessels of mercy, which he had afore prepared unto glory (Rom. 9:22-23, KJV).

Clearly, Satan, the fallen angels, and the human vessels of wrath (the non-elect) were created by God to serve as His tools in order to fulfill His Master Plan.
And how can Christians expect the lost to take God seriously when they don’t take Him seriously?

The Queen of Queens. My father’s house was in the town of La Reina, The Queen, as in Bride of the King. God says “Thy Maker is thine husband; the LORD of hosts is his name; and thy Redeemer the Holy One of Israel; The God of the whole earth shall he be called” (Isa. 54:5, KJV). However, the Bride is made up of many queens since the born again are “a chosen generation, a royal priesthood, an holy nation, a peculiar people” (1 Pet. 2:9, KJV). And Queens is the city where we made our home in New York. In any case, at a swim meet in Chile in 1970, my brother and I held the sign leading and representing our team, La Reina, as if to say, WE ARE THE QUEEN!

And God has raised up a brother in Christ to stand with me to do just that, lead our Team (the queens, the born again) in this competition, the “race” (1 Cor. 9:24, KJV).

My brother and I got to hold the sign since we were the youngest and smallest. It’s what God does:

The LORD looked upon [Gideon], and said, Go in this thy might, and thou shalt save Israel...have not I sent thee? And he said unto him, Oh my Lord, wherewith shall I save Israel? behold, my family is poor...and I am the least in my father's house (Judg. 6:14-15, KJV).

God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; And base things of the world, and things which are despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things that are: That no flesh should glory in his presence (1 Cor. 1:27-29, KJV).

And my father’s children were the only ones on the team who wore the same Speedo uniform. Everyone else wore their regular swimsuits but we had ours from the swim team in California, an important state says the Spirit in the song Hotel California—a song for His Queen which the Lord has had me interpret. And, according to Scripture, our Team needs
to wear the same ‘uniform.’ We are to be “of one mind” (Phil. 2:2, KJV) and that mind is “the mind of Christ” (1 Cor. 2:16, KJV). Because, as everyone knows, “a house divided...cannot stand” (Mark 3:25, KJV).

**No Wimping Out!** During my first swim meet, first race, when I was five, it was just me and one other little girl. At the end I remember my father being so proud of me as he told me how the other little girl had started crying in the middle of the pool! Poor thing. Christians need to do like I did and “press on toward the goal to win the prize for which God has called [us] heavenward in Christ Jesus” (Phil. 3:14, NIV). God says “If any man draw back, my soul shall have no pleasure in him” (Heb. 10:38, KJV).

So while loads of Christians have drawn back, we serve a God of seventy times seven second chances. When Peter asked Him, “Lord, how oft shall my brother sin against me, and I forgive him? till seven times? Jesus saith unto him, I say not unto thee, Until seven times: but, Until seventy times seven” (Matt. 18:21-22, KJV). If God expects that from us, He’s clearly willing to do the same—and more. However, we are at our last chance. and the following video makes the point and God is confirming it in many ways through this ministry. 5G Apocalypse The Extinction Event Uploaded by StoptheCrime.Net New https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=riq5698ncvY&t=1s

**Sunday’s Loving Services.** In Queens, my father and I would walk together to get the Sunday New York Times, stopping at The Deli, where he always encouraged me to try something new. Likewise, the born again are to “walk in the Spirit” (Gal. 5:25, KJV) with God, our Father, who says “Sing unto the LORD a new song; for he hath done marvellous things: his right hand, and his holy arm, hath gotten him the victory” (Ps. 98:1, KJV).

And el Leon loved to point out the man’s missing fingers making me look very carefully through our goodies in case his pinky was in there, or something—messin’ with my head. Because, Father God was using my father (a man who loved head games) to train me for future Head Games since “all things work together for good to them...who are the called according to his purpose” (Rom. 8:28, KJV). If you know the Bible, you
KNOW God loves head games. Think of all those riddles, words with multiple meaning, and parables, for instance. Or like how after Jesus rose again and met the two on the road to Emmaus for the following conversation:

**Two Disciples:** Are you the only one visiting Jerusalem who does not know the things that have happened there in these days?

**Jesus:** What things? (Luke 24:18-19, NIV)

As if He didn’t know! Jesus LOVES Head Games! And He’s played quite a few on me as revealed in the books. So He prepped me, trained me, through my Father, el Leon.

For example, he invited a friend from the UN over for dinner and her husband who none of us had ever met. And he had my mother make a traditional Chilean dish, *Bistec a lo Pobre*, Poor Man’s Steak. But it wasn’t because he wanted to share a traditional meal. He wanted to play a good prank. He’d seen plastic eggs at the store and bought them so he could put them on the man’s plate. And it turned out that this man from India had never ever eaten a sunny side up egg before. So...it was pretty funny. And they turned out to be our best family friends.

And my brother and I grew up messing with each other’s head, and bodies. We wrestled, mentally and physically, all the way through college. Basically, until Jesus came into my life. And Jesus represents both my Father and my Brother since it’s as He says “I and my Father are one.” (John 10:3, KJV). And He’s into wrestling, like He did with Jacob “until the breaking of the day” (Gen. 32:24, KJV) and with the woman who spoke of the crumbs that fell from the Master’s table:

A woman...cried unto him, saying, Have mercy on me, O Lord, thou son of David; my daughter is grievously vexed with a devil. But he...answered and said, I am not sent but unto the lost sheep of the house of Israel. Then came she and worshipped him,
saying, Lord, help me. But he...said, It is not meet to take the children's bread, and to cast it to dogs. And she said, Truth, Lord: yet the dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from their masters' table. Then Jesus answered and said unto her, O woman, great is thy faith: be it unto thee even as thou wilt. And her daughter was made whole from that very hour (Matt. 15:22-28, KJV).

And since the distance to The Deli and “corner” store made for a decent walk, we’d have lapses of silence between a ritual he enjoyed. He’d ask me how much I loved him, always getting a kick out of my answer. I would spread my arms out as far as they could go in each direction and say “As much as eternity! To infinity! More even!” They were Scrabble words—his favorite game. It’s what our Father says to us, having demonstrated what more means, not only by extending Jesus’ arms for us on the Cross, but by extending that grace to cover our historical mountain range of sins. That’s what real Love does and “God is love” (1 John 4:8) who has called us to “love each other deeply, because love covers over a multitude of sins” (1 Peter 4:8, KJV).

**Cardboard Houses.** We made two trips from New York to Chile. First when I was eight and then when I was ten. However, the first trip included many other countries in South America. That’s when I first saw, from our very nice hotel windows, how much of the world lives. Then, in Chile, we went to the town where my grandfather’s remains were, Valparaiso, which means Paradise Valley. There, el Leon—to whom everyone was a cousin or aunt in the same way that the Lion views all
saints are “brethren” (Matt. 23:8, KJV)—hunting down one of them an aunt in a very nice home told us where to find this cousin. Having found him in a cardboard box, before leaving, my father hugged him tight, squeezing ‘something’ into his hands. It was surreal—that so many people actually lived in boxes, us in one, because a cousin LIVED there! Like amputations, that scene made a decent impression, especially for a pea brain growing up in the U.S. so that this is what Father God says:

They that will be rich fall into temptation and a snare (1 Tim. 6:9, KJV).

Ye have lived in pleasure on the earth, and been wanton; ye have nourished your hearts, as in a day of slaughter (James 5:5, KJV).

Therefore, nowadays you don’t need to travel far to see the same thing. Homeless People in Anaheim, California or Third World Country? Uploaded by ElmSTREETnasty https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=04Z3RdorD_I

Ironically, while Valparaiso means Paradise Valley, it’s very dark! My brother just went there and was disgusted. And I just came across a video that’s got this cover. And it is very dark. It’s satanic. https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Sa7B_gxt73k

While we could have created a representation of heaven on earth since Jesus told us to pray to God “Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven” (Matt. 6:10, KJV), not having obeyed Him, Christian history has created on earth as it is in hell all around the world! Because, “God heareth not sinners” (John 9:31, KJV).

The Light Bulb. I remember looking out the window of our very nice hotel room seeing a shanty town. And then my father pointed out the wire running across these dwellings from which one light bulb hung. He said the people under that light probably thought they were so special compared to all the others because they had light. And that’s how it is. People look at one thing they have or someone they know or something they can do...and they think they’re so special compared to everyone else.
Yet Scripture says “What do you have that you did not receive? And if you did receive it, why do you boast as though you did not?” (1 Cor. 4:7, KJV) and “every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father” (James 1:17, KJV). Everything about us that’s positive comes from God. “Where is boasting then? It is excluded” (Rom. 3:27, KJV). NONE of us have any reason whatsoever to be proud. But since we are, God is humbling the whole lot.

**A Loving Welcome.** At the airport in Santiago, security nudged my father to look up at some very happy ladies holding up an enormous banner which said Bienvenidos a la Patria! as in Welcome to the Fatherland! And we certainly felt it. Everyone treated us like we were part of ‘the family.’ More than that, like we were special members of the family since we were Los Americanos!

The adults called each other Comadre and Compadre, as in comrade/neighbor/friend, always greeting each other with a kiss. They did what Father has told the saints to do. “Salute one another with an holy kiss” (Rom. 16:16, KJV). So while many Americans, at least where I live, have gotten in the habit of greeting each other with a kiss, a “holy” kiss is not phony. But that’s how many are “welcomed” by
the Beloved BRAT in most institutional churches and among Christians in general. Following the Lord through the harlot daughters of the Vatican, it often felt like we had crashed someone’s private party—apparently, Satan’s.
For example, following the Lord’s leading I reached out to a brother in Christ who is more enlightened and yet not fully enlightened about the harlot daughters, still thinking there’s some good in that system. And I received the same condescending proud response. He said that to even look at what I’d written would mean for him to get off track. Christians are so proud! How can you “test the spirits” (1 John 4:1, NIV) if you don’t even listen to what’s being said?! You can’t! You are self-deceived. So he signed his e-mail “Eyes on Him.” However, the One he thinks his eyes are on says “Anyone who runs ahead and does not continue in the teaching of Christ does not have God; whoever continues in the teaching has both the Father and the Son” (2 John 1:9, NIV, my emphasis).

My Name. During that first trip we went through South America and visited the pyramids and ruins where I learned all about my name. It turns out that my parents admired the Maya for their achievements in the same way many people admire pagan ways. And, like God, the Maya were into living sacrifices. Jesus says “Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends” (John 15:13, KJV).

And Hebrew has an interesting meaning for the name Maya, “water.” It’s interesting because God says “He that believeth on me...out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water” (John 7:38, KJV)—which is what He’s doing through this Maya as revealed throughout the series especially with the biblical interpretations—for those who can see.

Scared Straight. During that trip we went out on a row boat with a motor in back. It was us and this man who had fun taking tourists to the edge of Iguazu Falls so that we could practically LOOK DOWN! I
remember the ‘captain’ reassuring my father as I clung to my brother for dear life in the same way that my Father reassures me as the Captain (Heb. 2:10 below) takes me for Rides to the Edge (Matt. 4:19 below) and I cling to my Brother (Mark 3:34 below) for dear life (Ps. 3:4 below).

**Hebrews 2:10, KJV** The captain of their salvation.

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

**Mark 3:34, KJV** Behold...my brethren!

**Psalm 3:4, KJV** I cried unto the Lord...and he heard me.

**Come Lord Jesus!** At a national theater, the crowd went nuts before the show, clapping, stomping, hooting and howling for the longest time, so that I don’t even remember the show, but them! El Leon said they were expressing their love for those we were about to see. It was the Lion of Judah providing a preview of the eager expectation He’s building up for Himself. He says:

Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all the earth: make a loud noise, and rejoice...for he cometh to judge the earth: with righteousness shall he judge the world, and the people with equity (Ps. 98:4-9, KJV).

While Jesus said “When the Son of man cometh, shall he find faith on the earth?” (Luke 18:8, KJV), implying He wouldn’t, because of how He’s using some of us, He will find faith on the earth as He said He would in this passage:

The Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first: Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord (1 Thess. 4:15-17, KJV).
Christians joke about it, and God is proving that if Jesus was here we would crucify Him all over again! Only this time it would be born again Christians doing it. But since He promised to build His church (Matt. 16:18 below) and to send prophets to help His people (Matt. 23:34 below), He will find faith, even though He didn’t. It’s another Head Game.

Matthew 16:18, KJV I will build my church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.

Matthew 23:34, KJV Behold, I send unto you prophets, and wise men, and scribes: and some of them ye shall kill and crucify; and some of them shall ye scourge in your synagogues, and persecute them from city to city.

Murphy—Servant of Satan. Over a four year period Murphy’s Law went into full effect, for a slower version of what Job experienced and less intense. It’s as if “the LORD said unto Satan, Behold, [they’re] in thine hand” (Job 2:6, KJV), they being my family.

A Plane Crash: My parents had bought furniture and many items on the trip through South America to furnish their American Dream Home. But the plane crashed, killing the crew, and for which we received pesos, making that home nothing but a dream.

The Break-in: Our apartment in New York was broken into twice and all the better things were stolen.

Hit by a Car: Another day my brother got hit by a car. It may have been a hit and run, leaving him legally blind. I can’t remember and he and I don’t talk any more, can’t talk, so...

The Break: I broke my arm and after two months and two tries they decided on surgery, fearing it might not grow right. But by God’s grace it did.

The Car: One day we couldn’t find the car anywhere. Stolen.

The Oven: The oven ‘blew up’ in my mother’s face.
The Coup: There was the CIA sponsored coup in Chile so that friends burned the books in the house and cabin before dispersing to other countries—if they could find the means. My father helped two cousins escape to live with us in New York, leaving behind their family, not knowing for a year if their mother was dead or alive.

The Fall: My father fell, slipping a disc at which time the doctor found more than the slipped disc.

The Fight, Divorce & Death. My mother discovered el Leon had had an affair so that she asked for a divorce. In turn, he beat her up. But since it turned out that he had lung cancer, instead of getting divorced she helped him die.

Murphy is Satan, “our adversary the devil, [who] as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour” (1 Pet. 5:8, KJV). And the more God aims to use you, the more Satan goes after you.

Training Ground Ice Bath. I used to get really bad earaches until I was 24, the summer I begged God to take over. As a four year old in California, there had been a season when I was scared to go to sleep because I’d fall into a pit and everyone would taunt me from the top—like Joseph when “they took him, and cast him into a pit” (Gen. 37:24). It turns out I’d broken my eardrum. And a little over 30 years later God used several people and sermons to tell me I’d be having a “Joseph Experience” which I’ve been having for the past two decades.

So I must have been eight or nine when my class was on a field trip to the UN when I felt the wave coming over me. Standing in the lobby, I remember staring at the phones on the counter by which I could dial my father upstairs for help. I knew the extension and had used the phones many times. But I didn’t make the call for not wanting to bother him or disrupt the class.

So after school my sister and ‘cousins’ were in a panic with the doctor on the phone, who had them place me in the tub filled with cold water and ice cubes to get my temperature down from 105. When I finally came out of it days later, my mom asked about my delirium. I remember that all my dolls had been attacking my toy kitten mercilessly, their own little friend, and for some reason there was nothing I could do to stop them. It was a preview because “all things work together for good...to them who
are the called according to his purpose” (Rom. 8:28, KJV, my emphasis). It’s exactly how this calling has been. While we’re facing a brutal enemy, Christians, rather than help their own so-called friends, have mercilessly attacked. And there’s been nothing I’ve been able to do about it, other than wait on the Lord for His “appointed time” (Hab. 2:2, KJV).

But if I’d just called on my father it wouldn’t have gotten that bad. Likewise, Father God says “He will be very gracious unto thee at the voice of thy cry; when he shall hear it, he will answer thee” (Isa. 30:19, KJV).

However, if you continue to harden your heart to Him He says the following:

Because I have called, and ye refused; I have stretched out my hand, and no man regarded; But ye have set at nought all my counsel, and would none of my reproof: I also will laugh at your calamity; I will mock when your fear cometh (Prov. 1:24-26, KJV).

That should scare the mess out of you and move you to bow down low immediately before God and beg Him for mercy. If you don’t feel the need, you are NOT awake.

My Mother. Just months after my father died, when I was 11, my mom asked me “What would have been better, that he had died or that we’d gotten divorced?”

Stunned. A Red Flag went up in my attic about my mom. But during one of the editing phases of these books (so in my late forties) I realized the first one had actually gone up when she’d dealt with a pedophile in first grade. She hadn’t. Not dealing with stuff turned out to be her custom in the same way that ‘mother’ church doesn’t deal with important issues but, instead, walks in secrecy and lies when “God is light, and in him is no darkness at all” (1 John 1:5, KJV) and Christians are supposed to be like Him as His “ambassadors” (2 Cor. 5:20, KJV).

And the main lesson God has had with my mom as it relates to the church is that it’s really hard for us to see our mom as she really is—since she’s our Mom. Concerning my biological mom, I didn’t admit it to myself until I was in my thirties! And it’s been the same with Christians.
The church is NOT who She should be and most of Her children haven’t been able to admit it.

My mom was typically very sweet. But she wasn’t very smart. And she was very proud, and lost, a combination that led to many poor choices and many thoughtless words. On the positive side, she was an extremely hard worker.

In fact, she is very much her name, Marta, as in Martha whom Jesus rebuked. The New Testament says:

[Martha] had a sister called Mary, which also sat at Jesus' feet, and heard his word. But Martha was cumbered about much serving, and came to him, and said, Lord, dost thou not care that my sister hath left me to serve alone? bid her therefore that she help me. And Jesus answered and said unto her, Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things: But one thing is needful: and Mary hath chosen that good part, which shall not be taken away from her (Luke 10:39-42, KJV).

While I’ve played the role of Mary, sitting at the Lord’s feet learning from Him, Christians/Martha have consistently gotten on my case for it and rebuked me “in Jesus’ name,” just like Martha who went to Jesus so that He would rebuke Mary. But, like Mary, what I have chosen will not be taken away from me. Thank you Jesus! And, in the same way that He defended Mary to Martha God is/will be defending me to so-called Christianity.

Boy Soldiers. Knowing he was dying of cancer, my father wanted to go home to say goodbye to his family and friends, and country, so we took another trip to Chile just a few months after the military coup. So while the first trip had been amazing, this one was like a black and white war movie. I discern God was giving me both a feel and concern for what’s coming down on planet earth as a whole—only much worse “for then shall be great tribulation, such as was not since the beginning of the world to this time, no, nor ever shall be” (Matt. 24:21, KJV).

So one the dark points I remember was when I was out with my mom one day. There were soldiers behind sacks piled up on the street corners. I remember looking at them in awe when one notices me staring so he
points his rifle at me and starts acting out—while my mom dragged me down the street. I was staring because they were my age. I was ten.

**Casualties of War.** My father spent much of his time at *Mount Sinai*, hospital in Manhattan. So I spent many weekends at Mount Sinai, the hospital, either by myself or with my brother, sitting in the waiting room adjacent to the entrance.

And you *should* know the importance of that mount:

Mount Sinai was covered with smoke, because the LORD descended on it in fire. The smoke billowed up from it like smoke from a furnace, and the whole mountain trembled violently. As the sound of the trumpet grew louder and louder, Moses spoke and the voice of God answered him (Ex. 19:18-19, NIV).

And since my father died the last year of the Vietnam War, one day a family stood in the lobby when a gasp suddenly erupted from them and the mother’s grip on her little boy tightened in the same way that my grandmother’s had at the intersection for fear of the Black man. Tears rolled down her face as a nurse pushed a young man in a wheelchair. Dead silence. His head, wasn’t right, like part of it was missing. A big part *was* missing! Staring at him, now standing, feeling the tension, not moving, not breathing, the little boy pulled away in a running blur, plastering his face between his brother’s legs. Many were crying. But it wasn’t until I was serving the Lord two decades later that I realized the man wasn’t his brother at all. It was his *father*.

*Soldiers today* are coming home likewise—worldwide—with only the lost and the BRAT to minister to them, when they shouldn’t even have been at war in the first place since our fight is “not against flesh and blood, but against...wickedness in high places” (Eph. 6:12, KJV). God’s elect were supposed to unite as one, with Christ, in order to fight off Satan and his demons, along with the human vessels of wrath,
the goats. And that fight isn’t with carnal weapons but with the Word of the God “the sword of the spirit” (Eph. 6:17, KJV). He says “Submit yourselves therefore to God. Resist the devil, and he will flee from you” (James 4:7, KJV) “for the weapons of our warfare are not carnal, but mighty through God to the pulling down of strong holds” (2 Cor. 10:4, KJV). And with everything going on around the world, Christians STILL aren’t submitting to the Lord!

**Letters to Children.** Knowing he was dying, my father dictated a list he’d called *Letter to My Children,* which my mother typed up for him. He spoke of Christians asking themselves what Jesus would do when in a difficult situation, suggesting that we consider what he would do in our place since we weren’t Christian and he was our father. It’s what he had done since his father had also died prematurely.

However, my father had treated my mother shamefully as well as my grandmother, and had revealed himself to me as being less than reasonable and in a way that really hurt my feelings—and turned out to impact my whole life! Our teacher was Mrs. Winchell who they called Mrs. Witchell since she was physically and verbally abusive. So I’d gotten an A on my report card for Math. But as the bell rang signaling time for us to go home, The Witch asked me a math problem which I couldn’t answer not having heard the question because of all the commotion. So she pulled out my report card and changed my A to an F. And my father, el Leon, was ready to eat me alive! And never once did he question the teacher’s judgment. Again, it was more training because
that’s exactly how Christians behave, hirelings playing the role of The Witch (John 10:11-13 below).

John 10:11-13, KJV I am the good shepherd: the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep. But he that is an hireling, and not the shepherd, whose own the sheep are not, seeth the wolf coming, and leaveth the sheep, and fleeth: and the wolf catcheth them, and scattereth the sheep. The hireling fleeth, because he is an hireling, and careth not for the sheep.

Like my father, the dumb sheep blindly believe those in “authority” when many of those people are lying to them as revealed with their occult hand signs and the Jesuit Oath, for instance:

“Christian” Leaders Using Occult/Satanic Hand Signs Revealing their True Allegiance

Excerpt from the Jesuit Oath: Be a spy...among other Protestants...obtaining their confidence, to seek even to preach from their pulpits, and to denounce with all the vehemence in your nature our Holy Religion and the Pope; and...plant the seeds of jealousy and hatred between communities, provinces, states that were at peace, and incite them to deeds of blood, involving them in war with each other...take sides with the combatants and to act secretly with your brother Jesuit, who might be engaged on the other side, but openly opposed to that with which you might be connected (my emphasis).
And that incident set me up for the rest of my life in my family’s eyes because no one got an F—mostly As. And it seriously messed with my head since I’d gotten an F, and was treated (overall) like an F. It’s like a self-fulfilling prophecy. Treat people like the scum you think they are and that’s most often what they’ll become. And it’s not like we need that help from others since our hearts are already “desperately wicked” (Jer. 17:9, KJV). So between my own wicked heart and all the garbage in my young life, in a family that didn’t actually openly talk about things—and there were some pretty serious things going on—I was a pretty messed up kid. And that’s a big point God is making. ALL of our words and actions have a massive ripple effect that goes out in all directions through time. It’s the reason “Every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment” (Matt. 12:36, KJV).

So while I loved my father, I knew I didn’t want to be entirely like him. Though I didn’t know it, he was a sinner like me, and like The Witch since “there is none righteous, no, not one” (Rom. 3:10, KJV). She used to take the same kid, repeatedly, and slam him up against the blackboard because he didn’t know the answers. I’m sure his terrified little mind when blank just as soon as she glanced at him. And this was the teacher given to the “gifted” students.

However, the Good News is that my heavenly Father also left His children a ‘letter’ He dictated to people representing His Wife (Jer. 3:14 below), with similar instructions. He says “Love one another; as I have loved you” (John 13:34, KJV). What’s more, He’s willing to give us the power to be able to fulfill His instructions (Acts 5:32 & 1:8 below).

Jeremiah 3:14 Turn, Obacksliding children, saith the Lord; for I am married unto you.

Acts 5:32, NIV The Holy Spirit, whom God has given to those who obey him.

Acts 1:8, NIV You will receive power when the Holy Spirit comes on you.
So while both letters speak of love being a behavior (1 John 3:18 below), and both admonish their children to love each other deeply and help each other as much as possible (Gal. 6:10 below), the bad news is that both sets of children have done the exact opposite, causing sorrow upon sorrow for generations of children.

1 John 3:18, KJV My little children, let us not love in word, neither in tongue; but in deed and in truth.

Galatians 6:10, KJV As we have therefore opportunity, let us do good unto all men, especially unto them who are of the household of faith.

However, my Father’s letter trumps my father’s letter. Praise the Lord!

**A Poetic Tour of Duty.**

During junior high our family went to a psych counselor. It was a joke! I went again by myself during my First College Tour—even worse!

However, during that same semester I had my poetry writing class where the first assignment had been to write about our father, which I couldn’t do for all I tried. So instead I wrote about my mother. Then, having gotten that industrial sized can of worms out of my system, I was able to do the required Papi assignment.

I remember some woman read *Papi* and was disgusted by it, missing the whole point of poetry, in my view. It’s about being real. The fact is reality sucks. If you don’t think so you’re living in La La Land. But Jesus overcame it. Hallelujah!
God used those poems to heal many wounds just by having me download it because He is our “Wonderful Counselor” (Isa. 9:6, NIV).

My mom was like today’s so-called Christians. She would say things that were outrageously hurtful for being extremely thoughtless. Christians do it for being so proud and not being in the habit of taking their thoughts captive to Christ (2 Cor. 10:5 below). Not such big deal concerning my mom since she was lost, but a very big deal concerning the church lady who professes to know the Lord (John 13:35 below).

2 Corinthians 10:5, KJV Casting down imaginations, and every high thing that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God, and bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ.

John 13:35, KJV By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another.

Concerning both my my and the church lady, the fact is that “she that liveth in pleasure is dead while she liveth” (1 Tim. 5:6, KJV).

Smiley Turned Upside Down. One of the boys had nicknamed me Smiley. But later he said it didn’t fit me anymore so he gave it to another girl, whose name, ironically, stemmed from felicity. He was right. Smiley didn’t fit me anymore. I don’t remember telling anyone that my father was sick. In fact, I found out he was dying by snooping around looking for information and finding his will. Apparently I was smart enough to know that bringing up ‘my father’s dying’ would kill conversation like telling the lost “I believe the Bible” or professing Christians “I don’t go to church,” even though that whole system is a lie.
Since my father hadn’t wanted a funeral, no service whatsoever, my mother took us on an outing the day after he died—a tour of Teddy Roosevelt’s house! No good-bye, no...nothing...but a ‘field’ trip. We were supposed to continue as if he hadn’t even existed?!

Unlike me and my sister, my brother chose to go school, and he made it a point to tell me how eager I was to dishonor my father by skipping school. Yeah, I’d skipped school before, but only lunch break to join friends since they kept me on such a tight leash, being that I was the youngest, a female, and an F.

However, I was a bad kid—lying, cheating, stealing. But it’s not as if he was perfect. Every kid, every one, has their set of sins. And if you don’t think you’re a very bad sinner, you are BLIND. As God says “If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us” (1 John 1:8, KJV). If Christians were as good as they think they are we wouldn’t have landed the world in Agenda 21!
So while I’d been touring Roosevelt’s house, my teacher had everyone make me a sympathy card, giving the big envelope to my brother to bring home for me. Eagerly dumping them on the bed—about 30 of them—we took turns reading. They said how sorry they were, how hard life would be, how lonely we must feel, so sad... Each card felt like a brick getting dumped in our back packs, weighing us down heavily.

But then we read ‘Red’s.’ This kid was very much like my brother (loud and obnoxious, though hardly as bad as my brother), and he looked like Howdy Doody. He’d wanted to be a comedian and someone had given him the marionette which he brought to class, and I’d sat straight across from him the year before for my own private shows. So when I ripped open his card tons of little confetti went flying everywhere. (How thoughtful!) I saved that card for years. Packed with pictures and poems, this one still makes me Smiley:

Maya! Maya! Don’t feel blue!
Frankenstein was ugly too!

**Higher Education Falls Flat.** After my father died we moved to Minnesota where my mom went to grad school and we lived in grad housing. And since the adults were sinning like crazy—just like they are today—that’s what the kids were doing. That’s how it works. “We are all as an unclean thing, and all our righteousnesses are as filthy rags; and we all do fade as a leaf; and our iniquities, like the wind, have taken us away” (Isa. 64:6, KJV). Born as sinners that’s what we model. The difference is that by God’s grace I stopped sinning on purpose when I was in my 20s.

In contrast, the majority have kept at it because Christianity has modeled extreme hypocrisy. However, God is “a consuming fire” (Heb. 12:29, KJV) and “does not leave the guilty unpunished” (Ex. 34:7, KJV)—which explains the state of the world, why everything we were taught is a lie, and why the entire educational system is one of indoctrination. Here’s a good video if you think I’m delusional. [Education Is a System of Indoctrination of the Young - Noam Chomsky](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=JVqMA1gAnlo)
The Storm, The Joke. My friend ‘Sandy,’ was a rebellious brain who talked me into skipping class one afternoon, no need to twist my arm. Caught in a blizzard on our way back to school, fighting bitterly piercing Minnesota wind, **FREEZING**, walking in front of me, she suddenly turns around and points up cracking up “He knows! He knows!”

God was a joke.

The kids from Grad Housing spent a ton of our time in the community center where we had free reign over both party rooms with a ping pong table, foosball table, several couches, a fireplace, and a piano, like a parallel to the small cabin at the house in La Reina, in Chile—and in New York we’d also had a ping pong table. And our discussions often turned to God in one way or another, or made me think of God in one way or another.

So a few years ago, late one night out with the dog, I overhead the people in the Jacuzzi on the other side of the fence having one of ‘our’ discussions, discussions **everyone** has while the royal BRAT snoozes, “dead” asleep (**Rev. 3:1, KJV**).

“If He exists, things wouldn’t be this way…”

“As long as you don’t hurt anyone…”

“I’m really no **worse** than anyone else…”

“I think all religions are the same…”

I would have loved to jump over the fence and enlighten them, but it’s not even remotely possible with the BRAT playing the Whore. God says to Christians “Thou hadst a whore's forehead, thou refusedst to be ashamed” (**Jer. 3:3, KJV**)—which is my 20-year testimony. While so-called pastors tell you to “go find a good Bible believing church,” since all Protestant denominations ignore the truth of the **one** Gospel, and house churches are only really into what God can do for them, what exactly constitutes a good Bible believing church? They currently don’t seem to exist. And it’s **not** as if a lost soul is going to believe that you’re the one person among millions who’s got it figured out! Moreover, it’s **not** the way God set it up to work. Read the New Testament.
And not much time in any existing church—institutional or house fellowship—reinforces to the engaged mind the ‘reality’ that God is a joke. Only He’s not! Just as it was for Sandy and me, the Joke is on us, as is the Storm, which will keep getting worse until we get our brains in gear and repent! God never meant for the lost to have to figure it all out on their own! How do I know that? Because, it’s only the Great Commission, our working orders (Matt. 28:19-20 in the graphic).

**Confronted by the Master.** My sister invited me and some friends to see Jean-Pierre Rampal at her college since we played flute. So two of us were sneaking around before the concert, and who should we run into in an empty stairwell but the Master himself. Then my girl suddenly turns groupie like on the Beatles. She could barely speak—nearly collapsed! There she is *melting* on the steps and blubbery about how much she LOVES him while Jean Pierre Rampal is staring at me.

*Is she hurt?*

So I’m stuck there stumbling through my little itty bitty bit of French explaining to him what was wrong with the girl since Rampal didn’t speak English—or was, MORE THAN LIKELY, messing with my head. (What famous European *doesn’t* speak English?!)
“Eh...hmmm...Mon amie, elle...elle...elle est...elle est...elle est une... (How do you say nut?)"

Both of us were looking back and forth at each other and at her while she’s blubbering, drooling. Gasping. Eyes watering!

“Elle...Elle vous aimez BEACOUP!”

So I tried telling him why she loved him so much, by way of mime a la Franglais. And knowing he’s THE MASTER, I suddenly looked down—and confessed. (I was last chair!)

“Pratiquez-vous?”

NAILED!

*Facing* the Master (*Ps. 95:7-8 below*), I said all I could say—the truth. “No!”

**Psalm 95:7-8, KJV** To day if ye will hear his voice, Harden not your heart.

It works the same way spiritually. If you don’t take Jesus seriously, you’ll be last chair for a really long time, eons, and that’s *if* you’re actually born again. The Concordant literal translation says “whoever should be blaspheming against the holy spirit is having no pardon for the eon, but is liable to the eonian penalty for the sin” (*Mark 3:29, CLT*).
The Unitarian Way. After my father died, while we were still in New York, my mom had us all go to a Catholic church where we were TOTALLY OUT OF PLACE. We refused to go there again!

Then in the Twin Cities she hooked up with the Unitarians. So while she seldom had a rule for me, one day she laid down The Law—I had to go to “church” with her. My mom was doing what all adults do when they feel the need for God, they return to what they had known growing up. Then when that fails, they turn to what feels good. I didn’t know anything about Unitarianism and wouldn’t grasp it until Eagle days two decades into the future. But I was a good evangelist and convinced friends to join me, at which time we ditched the place for a field trip downtown.

So while the Unitarian way didn’t become mine, as long as Christians keep snoozing, it will continue to become many of the elect’s way because it satisfies sinful man’s emptiness for God (Eccl. 3:11 below)—the fake version of satisfaction since it allows you to do as you will and as Satan so loves since Jesus is rejected (John 3:19 below). Unitarians can pat themselves on the back for “going to church” and get the country club to go with it. Marketed for those “intelligently” seeking the truth, it’s a really ‘great’ set up—by Satan (2 Cor. 11:14 below). So I see God used my sinful ways to keep me from Satan’s stronger grip (Rom. 8:28 below). THANK YOU JESUS!

Ecclesiastes. 3:11, NIV He has...set eternity in the human heart.

John 3:19, NIV This is the verdict: Light has come into the world, but people loved darkness instead of light because their deeds were evil.

2 Corinthians 11:14, KJV And no marvel; for Satan himself is transformed into an angel of light.

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

Elect vs Non-Elect: Since I mentioned it, I’ll go over this somewhat. Most Christians today seem to think that the elect are professing Christians. However, according to Scripture the elect are those whom God has given the opportunity to become
Christian, more specifically, born again. The clearest passage on it is the following one which I’ve made into a graphic.

And since the Bible teaches that *all* will eventually submit to God (below), it’s NOT as if God condemned anyone to eternal hell, a concept which doesn’t even exist since it’s not in the literal translations and is pagan in origin. I cover it on the booklet and playlist *The Good News!*

1 Corinthians 15:22, CLT For even as, in Adam, all are dying, thus also, in Christ, shall all be vivified.

Romans 11:32, KJV For God hath concluded them all in unbelief, that he might have mercy upon all.

John 1:29, KJV Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.

John 12:32, KJV And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me.

Romans 5:18, KJV Therefore as by the offence of one judgment came upon all men to condemnation; even so by the
righteousness of one the free gift came upon all men unto justification of life.

1 Timothy 2:3-4, KJV God our Saviour; Who will have all men to be saved, and to come unto the knowledge of the truth.

What God has done is put in motion a Plan whereby He has coordinated our sins and Satan’s schemes and His purposes to prove to everyone, spiritual and human, what we’re really like and what He’s really like. We’re “desperately wicked” (Jer. 17:9, KJV) and “God is love” (1 John 4:8, KJV).

I Had a Dream. I had a dream which shook my ground when I was fourteen or so. I was flying through the air as were my friends. Then I realized that everyone was flying up to meet with a group to which they belonged. But every time I flew to a group of friends, they gave me the cold shoulder and I’d hear a voice saying I didn’t belong to that group. So I’d fly to another group and hear the same—a voice with a deep echo. Finally, I heard many voices scolding me saying that I had to find the group to which I belonged. But they didn’t just scold. They had a tone of...direction? Decades later I realized it had been God’s voice since it has “the sound of rushing waters” (Rev. 1:15, NIV). That dream shook my ground for years because I knew I had to find the right group and that none I’d known or came across were it. But no one was explaining Him to me.

It wasn’t til nearly 20 years later, when I was a devoted follower of Christ, that I was reminded of the dream and given peace about it. Then shortly after giving me the verses to go with the dream (1 Thess. 4:15-18 & 1 Cor. 15:52 below), the Lord gave me a confirmation about it.

1 Thessalonians 4:16-18, KJV The Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first: Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air.

1 Corinthians 15:52, KJV For the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed.
I’d prepared a craft I’d for the preschool Sunday school lesson on the New Jerusalem using gummy drops, a very bright yellow plate, and white marshmallow cookies. Then that night, at a Bible prophesy conference, I bought the children’s book, *Jesus is Coming Again by David Reagan & Paula Lawson*. And in it was a picture which looked to me like my father’s house in La Reina, with the same colors and shapes of my craft. However, it was a twisted image (like all of God’s parallels, as with the last week of Daniel’s prophecy) because in reality the gummy drops (the colorful flowers) were on the inside of the wall and the mountains were behind it not beneath, seen from the upper windows to the right. The book also had a picture of children flying up in the air like in my dream. Except they were flying up to Jesus making one group—the right group—the redeemed group. It’s just another little Head Game.

I don’t recommend Dr. Reagan’s material since it’s not biblical. At the time God was having me dig into the pre-tribulation rapture view of the end times since it’s so prominent within Christianity today. He wanted me to thoroughly understand it. And I did since Dr. Reagan called me a scholar on it seeing a graphic I’d made of it. Then a few years later God delivered me from that false teaching because it had just been another Detour on my Tour of Duty—one of many special assignments to better understand both “the mind of Christ” (1 Cor. 2:16, KJV) and where His people are at—in the gutter! The reason I’d shown Dr. Reagan the
graphic had been because I’d had a question, which if he had answered biblically would have moved me to reject that teaching. But he had been too mesmerized by the graphic to even hear my question, telling me he wanted to include it in his newsletter.

Not long after that I contacted Dr. Reagan with a letter asking for help with church leadership since they were being so unbiblical and abusive (Matt. 18:17 below). And to my shock, he wrote me back on the flipside of my letter raving mad about how self-absorbed I was. He was in a rage because I was accusing church leaders of being unbiblical, so he did what all hirelings do. He freaked out like a Pharisee, as when Stephen called them out in this passage:

[Stephen said to them] Ye stiffnecked and uncircumcised in heart and ears, ye do always resist the Holy Ghost: as your fathers did, so do ye...[and] When they heard these things, they were cut to the heart, and they gnashed on him with their teeth...Then they cried out with a loud voice, and stopped their ears, and ran upon him with one accord, And cast him out of the city, and stoned him (Acts 7:51-58, KJV).

Matthew 18:17, NIV If they still refuse to listen, tell it to the church; and if they refuse to listen even to the church, treat them as you would a pagan or a tax collector.

**God is Not a Ghost:** The King James translators used the word *ghost* referring to the power of God. However, the Greek word for ghost is *phantasma*. The actual Greek word used is *pneuma* (breath, air, or wind) as when the following took place during an event known as Pentecost, “There came suddenly out of the heaven a sound as of a bearing violent breath, and it filled all the house where they were sitting” (Acts 2:2, YLT). God’s “Spirit” is not a person (as in the third person of the trinity) and it’s not a Ghost. It’s the breath and power of God manifested in the world. God breathes into us physical life as demonstrated with Adam when “the Lord God...breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living soul (Gen. 2:7, KJV). And He also breathes spiritual life into “those who obey him” (Acts 5:32, NIV). However, for simplicity’s sake I’m using the word Spirit.
In any case, instead of belligerently accusing others, genuine Christians will “submit...one to another in the fear of God” (Eph. 5:21), helping each other (Rom. 16:1-2 below), as I’d asked him (and so many others) to do. And none have done in two decades.

Romans 16:1-2, YLT I commend you to Phebe our sister—being a ministrant of the assembly that [is] in Cenchrea—that ye may receive her in the Lord, as doth become saints, and may assist her in whatever matter she may have need of you—for she also became a leader of many, and of myself.

Hireling Ripple Effects. During the season of my flying dream, a friend whom I’d known for about a year started downloading. It turned out that her parents were divorced because her father, a Protestant so-called pastor, had been having an affair with a woman in the congregation for 12 years. Wow. Discovered, he dumped his wife and kids and married the woman. Being a so-called pastor in the harlot church system, how many families did this man trash? (Rom. 2:24 below). God knows (Heb. 10:30 below).

Romans 2:24, KJV The name of God is blasphemed among the Gentiles through you, as it is written.

Hebrews 10:30, KJV The Lord shall judge his people.

And while I knew essentially NOTHING about the Bible at the time, other than the teaching my unbelieving father had given me when I was six years old, I knew that what this man had done was wrong in many ways because “Gentiles, who do not have the law...show that the requirements of the law are written on their hearts, their consciences also bearing witness” (Rom. 2:14-15, NIV). We ALL know right from wrong! Therefore, all of us “are without excuse” (Rom. 1:20, KJV).

God’s harlot church is loaded—overflowing—with such testimonies. My friend’s account was just the first to my knowledge and the reason why God consistently repeated the following verse to me during the years He had me following Him through the institutional churches speaking up on His behalf (1997-2014 or so):

Wherefore rebuke them sharply, that they may be sound in the faith; Not giving heed to...fables, and commandments of men,
that turn from the truth. Unto the pure all things are pure: but unto them that are defiled and unbelieving is nothing pure; but even their mind and conscience is defiled. They profess that they know God; but in works they deny him, being abominable, and disobedient, and unto every good work reprobate (Titus 1:13-16, KJV).

Except neither they nor their idolatrous followers had ears that hear.

**Death & Dealing with It.** God introduced death into my life with the military coup and magazines like *Time* and *Newsweek* that would come to the house. I remember seeing pictures and reading an article about people being buried alive, though I can’t find anything on it now—at least not about Chile. **Though this was interesting. Iraqi Soldiers Buried Alive, U.S. Army Official Report.**


And most people think God’s the problem. No, it’s humanity because OUR hearts are “desperately wicked” (Jer. 17:9, KJV).

In any case, within a few years my father died, my grandmother died and a friend died. So when the older boy in the group called to tell me saying “Joe’s dead” since he kept laughing and wouldn’t stop saying it, I hung up on him. I thought he was messing with my head, like guy do. However, another friend called about an hour later to give the details. This thirteen year old kid had gone out on a row boat with friends and been killed by some other teens who’d been drinking on their dad’s boat.

So using war, disease, age, and accidents, God got me thinking about the meaning of life—and death. And since NONE OF IT makes any sense whatsoever without an understanding of Jesus, especially when no one is explaining anything to you, I was getting high and drunk at thirteen to go along with shoplifting and plenty of lying.

**Entering High School & College.** Lacking common sense, my mom made poor choices. So she married a man she had absolutely nothing in common with and who didn’t even speak the same language. And because I was the youngest and underage, I ended up attending three different high schools in two different countries and two different states since they moved in together, separated, got married, then divorced in less two years. And since I’m shy anyhow in a group setting,
that instability as I started high school and as I started college really did me in. But, again, it was God coordinating our sins and Satan’s schemes with His Master Plan so that this ‘joy ride’ added to my social isolation, preparing me for the calling God had on my life since it’s been a life of extreme social isolation.

The Church Lady’s So-Called Love. My mother, who didn't believe in God, left a Bible for me on my bed when I was 17—now living in Maryland in her second marriage, having separated and then returned to the man. I’m sure she did it purely hoping I wouldn’t get pregnant. Never owning a Bible before, I read it. Not all of it since it was in the King James and I wasn’t that committed. But I read enough of it that I fell for the Man of the words in red. I’d started in Genesis and then hopped and leapt through the drier and more confusing terrain until I’d reached the shores of the Sea of Galilee where He said “Follow me, and I will make you [a] fisher...of men” (Matt. 4:19-20, KJV).

So there I stood trying to figure out how to follow Him, longing to join Him and His Crew. But all I could do was stand there on the shore like an Idiot.

I didn't get it.

So there I stood—and remained for years—SO LOST! I was like the eunuch who said “How can I [understand what I’m reading], except some man should guide me?” (Acts 8:31, KJV). Because, when I asked my friends, who—it turned out were mostly professing Christians—the ‘best’ response I got was from the daughter of a Protestant so-called pastor who yelled at me at the top of her lungs “IF YOU DON’T BELIEVE JESUS, YOU’RE GOING TO HELL!”

But I didn’t get it. Believe what about Jesus?

And since that was her attitude, I didn’t dare ask. And, again, it was prep work since that’s how Christians would behave with me for decades.

So, while from a human standpoint, I should have understood it since I knew how to read, this is how it works. We don’t get it until God decides we’ll get it. That’s the bottom line. He says “It is not of him that
willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God that sheweth mercy” (Rom. 9:16, KJV).

And, again, He’s coordinated our sins with Satan’s schemes and His Master Plan. And the fact is that I was sinning while seeking Him having premarital sex, knowing it was wrong—like all know it. So I didn’t take Him as seriously as I should have; like most people. It’s like we want God but we also want to sin. But it doesn’t work.

Still, Christians are supposed to be helping the lost, and you seldom help people by yelling at them. I think NEVER. So maybe they’re not really Christian. Now there’s a thought.

So when my best friend, a Presbyterian, and then my boyfriend, a Catholic, called me on the phone and I’d told them what I was doing, they’d each said the same thing, “You read the Bible!” Like what the hell good could it possibly do for someone like me, apparently. With friends like that, who needs enemies? And that’s what God says, apart from Him, as we all were, we are “being hated and hating one another” (Titus 3:3, NIV). Yet we call it friendship, even love!

And it doesn’t matter if you call yourself Christian. The proof that you’re a Christian is in your actions, you’re way of life. But I didn’t know that at the time. What I did know was that nearly everyone I knew, and many I had known, were (supposedly) Christian yet NOTHING like those I’d read about in the New Testament (which I didn’t even know was called that!). I also had no clue as to what to make of all their groups—Presbyterian, Catholic, Baptist, Lutheran…and what about Jews? Though I’d read the New Testament, I didn’t get it. And because of how it was, and still is, disappointed, I figured the Book was just a myth like Paul Bunyan or weirdo Greek mythology. So I continued plowing through life in the pit—like swimming in alligator infested waters to get to the Castle since “we wrestle against…spiritual wickedness” (Eph. 6:12, KJV). Except I didn’t know that’s what I was actually doing! So I got chewed up pretty badly.
Keeping Attic Rugs Dirty. Not long after that, a Christian friend’s cousin found her sister dead. The high schooler had shot herself in the head. She’d actually done it. They were Presbyterian, supposed Christians. So...she’s now in heaven?

What?

It was just one more thing to sweep under the attic rug.

Route 66. Because of a decade of garbage which had included a miserable detour into Canada, I got it in my head that instead of taking summer classes at the college, we should get our money back and take a road trip across the country.

And it’s since occurred to me that Jesus likes camping too since He had a habit of “continu[ing] all night in prayer” (Luke 6:12, KJV), only He and the Crew roughed it a bit more—no Coleman, no clothes even! (Mark 14:51-52 below). What was that about?! Looking for a picture on the web I came across this interesting explanation: “In Mark, two literary exchanges of clothing take place: 1A: A young man wore linen which he shed in shame 1B: Jesus is wrapped in linen at his shameful death 2A: Jesus wore white robes of glory at the transfiguration 2B: A young man wears white clothing at the resurrection.”


Mark 14:51-52, KJV There followed him a certain young man, having a linen cloth cast about his naked body; and the young men laid hold on him: And he left the linen cloth, and fled from them naked.

The Light Shines in the Darkness. Stuffing my Escort full, we hit the road for three weeks blasting the tunes from Billy Joel to Kraftwerk. We floated down a river, hiked up a glacier, picked cactus needles from our arms, flew over the Grand Canyon, visited some presidential facades as well as some in Hollywood, watched a little bird fly like the wind at Universal Studios to do a headstand on my friend’s hand, and crashed landed on a beach in California. And as the sole driver for the three-week trip, I do mean CRASHED. (They didn’t know how to drive a stick.)
Sleeping on the beach in California, suddenly startled, I opened my eyes instantly blinded by the light (John 8:12 below) as I heard a voice saying “Have you thought about Jesus lately?”

“Huh?” Someone was in my face.

John 8:12, KJV Then spake Jesus again unto them, saying, I am the light of the world: he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life.

“Have you thought about Jesus lately?”

“I uh...I...Huh?”

Holding my hand to shield my eyes, I made out a homeless man who...looked like Jesus! (The non feminine version.)

“I asked if you’ve thought about Jesus lately.”

“I did...I...What?”

As he spoke, he’d crouched down and kept coming closer and closer, going side to side on the sand with his finger, looking down there as if he knew something about me—and there was plenty to know. I didn’t realize it at the time but what he was doing was like this scene:

The scribes and Pharisees brought unto him a woman taken in adultery; and when they had set her in the midst, They say unto him, Master, this woman was taken in adultery, in the very act. Now Moses in the law commanded us, that such should be stoned: but what sayest thou? This they said, tempting him, that they might have to accuse him. But Jesus stooped down, and with his finger wrote on the ground, as though he heard them not (John 8:3-6, KJV).

This man kept coming closer and closer moving his finger side to side on the sand, nodding, asking if I’d thought about Jesus. Then he says “He wants you to think about Him.”

I was trying to sit up and back away from him and get my brain to work without choking on my heart while clearing past the cobwebs in my
attic, tripping over half empty boxes, when I heard him say “He’s thinking about you.”

“He...me?!”

My heart was *deafening* and my mouth *full* of cotton.

I *had* to screw my head on straight when suddenly, he left. And as my elbows collapsed I heard the roar of laughter from the two “Christians” who’d been *feigning* sleep! They could scarcely breathe for all the squirming and rolling they were doing looking like two red worms frying in the sun, *dying*.

“You could have *helped* me!” I made them squirm all the more.

Jesus was thinking about *me*? He’s REAL?

Since they couldn’t stop laughing, I made for the ocean. I *hadn’t* thought about Him much lately. And here were these *Christians* cracking up, and her sister had just KILLED herself. Who *was* He to them? *Why* go to church if you don’t believe He’s real? It was obvious they *didn’t*—wasn’t it? Or maybe this guy *was* just a psycho bum. But *why* was my heart *POUNDING*? *Who* wrote the Bible anyhow?! And *why* did He say that? No answers to be had—no web in the early 80s—I chalked it up to having been deliriously tired and woken up abruptly by a bum on the beach. Beach sleep is *always* weird. At Assateague once on a daytrip by myself, I woke up to a horse nibbling my toes. (I’ve NEVER again felt anything so warm and squishy!). Eyes open, I saw a lady freaking out thinking he was about to bite my leg off like a bear!

God has since answered my question as to why “Christians” go to church in America—it’s the Country Club. It’s the same reason Unitarians go. You get to feel all secure that you’re not going to hell or suffer the wrath of God in any way whatsoever (so goes Satan’s lies) while partying your lives away, not realizing who owns your Country Club—the “god of this world” (2 Cor. 4:4, KJV)—Satan. Somehow the Lord used the songs *Beds are Burning* by Midnight Oil and *Hotel California* by the Eagles to give me understanding. And He’s had me interpret *Hotel California*. 
Friends. Throughout my life I’ve known people who were, most often, above average. I bring it up for those who’ll be thinking the opposite. For example, my friend with whom I went to California, who was the typical lip-serving Christian, was no deadbeat, and neither did she come from a family of deadbeats. Her father had taken the bronze in the Olympics for their country and she was pre-med. She didn’t drink, smoke or do drugs, or date even. Neither did the other girl. It was a completely clean trip. In fact, my life, over all, was cleaner than most by today’s standards, even at its worst, which is really sick considering how bad I was. Yet I was a kitten compared to today’s teens, even most adults. So I discern one of God’s points is that for all of our brains and status, in and out of Christianity, we are severely DEPRAVED, as He says “desperately wicked” (Jer. 17:9, KJV).

For the Love of Chocolate! My brother had been my closest family contact. As a kid he had wanted to become a doctor so he kept the Book of Symptoms by his bed and diagnosed himself regularly—eventually, he’d had it all! Before that, when I was five and he was seven, some boy had messed with my doll so that he had grabbed him by the hair and dragged him down the street placing him at my feet, making him apologize to me—just like my Brother has promised to do for me (Rev. 3:9 below). That was a noble little man of character, in my Book.

Revelation 3:9, KJV Behold, I will make them of the synagogue of Satan, which say they are [Christian], and are not, but do lie; behold, I will make them to come and worship before thy feet, and to know that I have loved thee.

While in college we still wrestled together. And when I got my motorcycle I’d pulled up to where he waited all hyper. So while I’m taking off my helmet he asks, as he pushes the button, “What’s this do?”

Regaining my balance, I said, “That little bright red button STARTS THE ENGINE. It’s RED as in CAUTION!”
All sorry looking, he says “Oops,” shoves me further back, hops on, and takes me for a ride. But first I had to sum up the Manual for him, just like the Lord is having me do for my brethren: one down, five up (Acts 2:38 below). Good to go, we were like two idiots out wandering around (IOWA), spiritually speaking, an acronym the Lord gave me for His people which I walk through in the booklet and playlist For Such a Time as This.

Acts 2:38, KJV Repent, and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost.

In fact, because of his button pushing I had several inches of foam cut off the seat so I could plant my feet flat on the ground for firm footing. It was a preview for my life with my so-called brethren in Christ because one must have firm footing. That little episode represented my Brother using my brother’s ways to save my skin (Rom. 8:28 below), just like He saved my skin (Mark 10:45 below).

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

Mark 10:45, KJV The Son of man...gave his life a ransom for many.

I wrote My Fatherly Brother on my First College Tour—before getting enlightened or understanding the Rides the Lord, my real Fatherly Brother, loves to take me on.

However, my brother never became a doctor, medical or PhD. Nor is he the king as he still thinks of himself. Today he’s so proud
and delusional he told me “You’re allowed to speak, but you can only say one sentence.” And he thinks I don’t know how to talk to people! THANK YOU JESUS FOR SAVING MY SOUL!

So while I wrote this poem for my biological brother before I became born again, I’m now going to show you how it all applies to my real Fatherly Brother, Jesus.

- He’s my Fatherly Brother because it’s as He says “I and my Father are one” (John 10:30, KJV).
- Rather than snatching things from me, He constantly gives things to me. He says “Fear not, little flock; for it is your Father’s good pleasure to give you the kingdom” (Luke 12:30, KJV). And “every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father” (James 1:17, KJV).
- He fought for me on the Cross overcoming the world, and therefore tells me to “be of good cheer” (John 16:33, KJV). And He continues to fight for me every day since “he ever liveth to make intercession” for the saints (Heb. 7:25, KJV).
- He’s definitely my BIG brother since He is “Almighty God” (Gen 17:1, KJV)
- Having said “Cast...all your care upon him; for he careth for you” (1 Pet. 5:7, KJV), as He reminds me of that, He ‘pats my head’ so that I stop crying. And eventually He “will wipe away every tear from [my] eyes” (Rev. 7:17, KJV).
- And while He doesn’t yell at me, He does have something to say about everything in my life:

  **My Friends:** He says “Have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, but rather reprove them” (Eph. 5:11, KJV).

  **My Grades/Work:** He says “Whatsoever ye do, do it heartily, as to the Lord, and not unto men” (Col. 3:23, KJV).

  **My Clothes:** He says “Women should adorn themselves in respectable apparel, with modesty and self-control” (1 Tim. 2:9, ESV).

  **My Food:** He has “declared all foods clean” (Mark 7:19, NIV). And because His “flesh is real food and [His] blood is
real drink” (John 6:55, NIV), He is the Food. In other words, we’re to feed off of Him at all times.

**My Attitude:** He says “Be sober” (1 Thess. 5:8, KJV) and full of “love” for everyone including our “enemies” (Matt. 5:44, KJV).

- He’s quite the mother having wanted often to “gather [His] children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, [but we] would not” (Matt. 23:37, KJV). So while Christians have dishonored Him for 2000 years—for the most part—He’s still saying “Come to me all you who are weary and burdened, and I will give you rest” (Matt. 11:28, KJV).
- He always makes me laugh. And He does because “a merry heart doeth good like a medicine” (Prov. 17:22, KJV).
- And it is a bumpy path because I’m a sinner living in a very fallen world having nearly reached the peak of humanity’s unrighteousness—the “present evil age” (Gal. 1:4, YLT)—the church having fulfilled the “falling away” (2 Thess. 2:3, KJV).
- He and I wrestle together all the time physically and mentally as He sends trials my way in order to build me up. He says “Rejoice in [y]our sufferings, knowing that suffering produces endurance, and endurance produces character, and character produces hope, and hope does not put [you] to shame, because [Hi]s love has been poured into our hearts through the Holy Spirit” (Rom. 5:3-5, ESV). I wrestle with Him because I don’t like the trials but I also know that “it [i]s good for me to be afflicted so that I might learn [His] decrees” (Ps. 119:71, NIV).
- Jesus and I “joke” around together. Yet Christians, and others, get mad at me for *everything!* (Just like my brother!) So they think I’m not “sober” because I laugh. Yet God has clearly given me much to laugh about with which to reach His people, those who actually take Him seriously. He says “He who is sitting in the heavens doth laugh, The Lord doth mock at them” (Ps. 2:4, YLT). And “they that sow in tears [as I’ve been doing] shall reap in joy” (Ps. 126:5, KJV), so I’m doing that too.
- And He sometimes speaks audibly as with dreams and visions, which He prophesied would come to pass “in the last days, [saying that] God, [would] pour out of [His] Spirit upon all flesh:
and...[we would] prophesy, and...see visions, and...dream dreams” (Acts 2:17, KJV).

- ‘I know my Brother’ because He prophesied “they shall teach no more every man his neighbour, and every man his brother, saying, Know the LORD: for they shall all know me, from the least of them unto the greatest of them” (Jer. 31:34, KJV). At least that’s true for those who take Him seriously, which I’ve clearly done as revealed through the material He’s had me provide.

- He’s my brother having “stretched forth his hand toward his disciples, and said, Behold my...brethren! (Matt. 12:49, KJV).

- He’s not only the king, “King of Israel” (John 1:49, KJV), but the “King of kings” (Rev. 17:14, KJV).

- He is full of Himself because He’s the “I AM THAT I AM” (Ex. 3:14, KJV)

- He does actually know everything, and knows it all since “all things were created by him, and for him” (Col. 1:16, KJV).

- We can ask Him anything, anything at all. He says “If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not” (James 1:5, KJV).

- He’s the doctor, the Great Physician, who “healeth all [our] diseases” (Ps. 103:3, KJV).

- He’s my proctor having said “I am the LORD thy God which teacheth thee to profit, which leadeth thee by the way that thou shouldest go” (Isa. 48:17, KJV).

- He’s the strictest father since “whom the LORD loveth he correcteth; even as a father the son in whom he delighteth” (Prov. 3:12).

- He’s the “most nagging mother” because there’s nowhere we can g hide from Him, summed up in psalm 139 part of which says “Whither do I go from Thy Spirit? And whither from Thy face do I flee? If I ascend the heavens -- there Thou [art], And spread out a couch in Sheol, lo, Thee!” (Ps. 139:7-8, YLT).

- And He’ll always be my Friend having said “I have called you friends” (John 15:15, KJV) and “I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee” (Heb. 13:5, KJV).

Before Jesus came between us, my brother was like picking chocolate out of a box. Sometimes you got a great one whereas other times it made you gag. But I still loved that box of chocolate. And Jesus, my Fatherly
Brother the Doctor, is the Bittersweet Chocolate Box I can’t get enough of, though I struggle downing half of it (Ps. 34:8 & 2 Tim. 3:12 below).

Psalm 34:8, KJV O taste and see that the LORD is good: blessed is the man that trusteth in him.

2 Timothy 3:12, KJV All that will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution.

Stuck in the Pit. After my father’s death (between the time I was 11 and 24) I’d moved two dozen times and gone through jobs, friends, boyfriends, and college majors like teens go through chips, finally dropping out of college. I felt like I’d been thrown into a pit and every time I’d get close to the top I’d get pushed back in, scraping myself raw going down, like Joseph (see Gen. 37:20-27)—like my dreams when I’d broken my eardrum. And that lack of stability from my life before Christ prepared me for the instability of life in Christianity as my family and I followed Christ through the churches of Muck and Mire, what I’ve called the Church Tours. Different set up, same pit. (Chayim means life in Hebrew.)

However, before those tours began, in the 80s I accepted the invitation to enter Junior Executive Training (JET) in retail, to buy time. Except my brother and mom thought I was even more of an idiot for having dropped out of college. In turn, they helped me see that no matter what I did they didn’t think much of me. While I was improving my quality of life by entering JET, something normally only open to college grads (so they should have approved since I’d been invited to the program without a degree and getting paid to learn), they looked down on me for dropping out of college, ignoring the fact that I could go back any time. But that was my family, confusing, since they expressed affection and concern, in their way—the lost way, which is “hateful” (Titus 3:3, NIV) according to God—and they were my family. Again, this prepped me for my life in Christ since my Family is just as unlovingly “loving.” Yet, they’re my Family.
And what I’ve experienced is what every genuine new believer experiences. I’ve just kept experiencing it for having stayed true to the Lord. On coming to Christ, the newly born again soul takes the heat from the rest of their lost family and friends. While they should view this new believer with respect since they’re cleaning up their lives by letting go of long-standing sins, they instead react negatively, as if to keep sinning would be better, even though they had been on that person’s case about some of those sins for years. In other words, you’re damned if you do and damned if you don’t. Damned by God on the one hand and damned by people on the other. And since God can do more damage, it’s better to be damned by people.

Except, that doesn’t have to be the case. In the early days of the church, during real Christianity, “they [the saints] were highly regarded by the people” (Acts 5:13, NIV). If the lost can admire Christians, Christians should admire faithful followers of Christ all the more, as they did back then. Told to “choose seven men from among you who are known to be full of the Spirit and wisdom” (Acts 6:3, NIV), “This proposal pleased the whole group. They chose Stephen, a man full of faith and of the Holy Spirit” (Acts 6:4-5, NIV). However, the majority of today’s “Christians” have no such admiration or discernment.

Still, what happens today, also happened back then. Family members react negatively when one of their own comes to Christ because it’s more convenient for lost souls to see the one who is now living a more upright life as being an idiot than it is for lost souls to acknowledge the truth about their sinful lives and get right with God as well. It’s the reason harlot church leaders get angry with people like me, they don’t want to admit their guilt before God.

**The Mack Truck.** In the late 1980s some friends and I got plowed into another car by a Mack truck. It was a snow truck with a plow in front whose breaks failed so that he literally plowed into us, plowing us into another car. And since I’d been driving, when things settled down my
attention was immediately grabbed by the guy driving the car we’d been plowed into. Having gotten out of his car he was standing there looking right past me, white as a sheet with a scared look on his face. So I turned around to see my housemate’s sister hanging halfway out of the car window having been thrown across the car so that she’d broken through the glass—an event this man had witnessed.

In the hospital, my friend’s mom comes in asking whose car we’d been driving, relieved we hadn’t totaled theirs. Minutes later my mom arrived. Never having met these friends, as was her custom she immediately hugged and kissed each of us along with their mom, asking about everyone’s well-being, leaving my friend in shock over such a loving mom. And she was, in many ways. I’d always known she was much better than loads of moms. It was her thoughtless words to me that left scars she consistently reopened. (By God’s grace, the girl was released that day from the hospital.)

This was also used by God to prepare me for trials ahead with Christianity as church leaders would behave like Mack trucks out of control—causing quite a bit of damage.

**Jersey.** Not long after the accident an off-and-on-again high school/college boyfriend asked me to move with him to another state. And since running off always sounds GREAT when you have no direction and hate your life, I said yes. Besides, we’d always gotten along well. Except I’d lobotomized myself about a drinking habit he had with the boys after work. So I was soon cornered with his drunken hands on my neck after he’d broken down the locked door to get there. Fifty pounds heavier, all muscle, and a foot taller, he smashed me from one wall to the other, yelling “You read too much! I’m crazy in love with you!”

**What?**

Rattling my attic like that, I heard other voices yelling down the corridor: *You’re too sad! You laugh too much! You don’t read enough!* *You’re too smart! You’re an airhead! You’re so homely! You’re too wild!* *You’re too fat! You look anorexic! You’ve got too many boyfriends!* With *that haircut you must be a dyke!* *You’re so lazy!* *What a workhorse!* *You’re so hateful!* *You’re so gracious!* *You’re so serious!* *You’re delirious!* (The *corridor* is a term used by God in the song *Hotel California* and
played out in the movie *Avatar (2009)*, both of which He’s had me interpret).

All that ‘noise’ helped me become even more socially independent, which I needed to be since God had this calling on my life. He knew I’d have stand alone for quite a long time having said “I know the plans I have for you” (Jer. 29:11, KJV). All those voices down the corridor of my life have helped me live for the One that matters. As the psalmist noted, “It was good for me to be afflicted so that I might learn your decrees” (Ps. 119:71, NIV). And this is true for everyone who will let Jesus Lord over them. He’ll use all of that garbage for His purposes and your good.

**Gay Life.** Re-motivated to find direction, and my boss telling me “Figure out where you want to go and I’ll make the call,” I decided to go back to the Twin Cities to get to know someone I’d only met before. So now I was spending time with one who had nearly died from anorexia and her best friend, a homosexual guy dying of AIDS. Like me, they were steeped in sin. But they ran deeper than most. So now three of us would spend hours after work dancing around the same old questions. But it wouldn’t dawn on me until years later (at Eagle) that Anorexia had been talking about the New Testament when she’d said “There’s a book they added to the Bible many people believe.” So lost! *Eves Dropping* and *Wisdom* are postcards from that Tour.
Gay life is anything but gay, but that’s what Satan does—lie since “he is a liar, and father of it” (John 8:44, KJV). There are plenty of former homosexuals testifying of the truth as with those on this video: **Leaving the GAY Lifestyle, Former Homosexuals Speak Out**

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=x2XI6g_qgL Y

Wisdom saw himself detached from his deplorable lifestyle in the same way I smoked and got high, and went from one guy to the next despising myself and my life—yet living it—just like Anorexia hadn’t **planned** on nearly starving herself to death. We were typical lost souls doing what lost souls do when the ones who should love you don’t **really**.

**Drowning Sorrows.** Snorkelbong expresses how I felt about the life I lived and saw before me. I’d written it the year of the Mack Truck. In fact, all of this happened the same year: JET, getting hit by the Mack Truck, crazy love, and my return to the Twin Cities—along with what follows in this book and part of the next. What a crazy year! And it sums up **life**, and human history. Unchecked, our sins and the “god of this world” (2 Cor. 4:4, KJV) accomplish “great” things together.

Here’s another crazy example. As a kid new to the Twin Cites, there had been a clerk at our bank who’d had a sex change—a pioneer since this was 1976 (though the first transgender surgery was actually performed in 1952). Then later, as a young adult, new in Christ, I worked with one who was interviewed on the news. The whole program was about the abuse he’d endured growing up. Watching it you could tell the sex change had just been an **outlet** which had opened up to him, and which he’d taken since he didn’t know the real Outlet since no one was modeling or explaining Him to him—even though Jesus died for Christians to do just that, having prayed “That they all may be one...[so] that the world may believe that thou hast sent me” (John 17:21, KJV).
A Man to Care for My Needs. On my First College Tour I’d met a midshipman from the Naval Academy, who I’m referring to as The Navy—and I’d fallen for him. But I’d broken it off knowing he had marriage in mind since I knew I wasn’t anywhere near ready. And it's probably part of the reason *why* he wanted to marry me since girls hunt for guys like him just to marry a midshipman—*any* midshipman. I was a challenge. In any case, fried attic, I still had enough furniture up there to know I wasn’t ready for marriage to anyone. I also knew it could never work between the two of us since we were from such opposite sides of the tracks. So while it was really great how he wanted to take care of my every need, I’d seen too many broken homes to think doing any less than standing on your own two feet would *ever* work.

However, having been married to Buddy for three decades, I’ve learned that you *also* need to be standing firmly on the Rock ([1 Cor. 10:4](#) below), as does the one you’re going to marry ([1 Cor. 7:39](#) below). If not, you’ll always be slipping and sliding, about to fall off—as loads of professing Christians *have* done, getting divorced ([Matt. 5:32](#) below). Or else you’ll end up with a marriage like mine, nothing more than housemates for decades! While it could be much worse as summed up in the graphic, it’s still not much of a marriage. We *hardly* know each other!

**1 Corinthians 10:4, KJV** That Rock [i]s Christ.

**1 Corinthians 7:39, KJV** She is at liberty to be married to whom she will; only in the Lord.

**Matthew 5:32, KJV** Whosoever shall put away his wife, saving for the cause of fornication, causeth her to commit adultery: and whosoever shall marry her that is divorced committeth adultery.

---

---
Even if you’re committed to not dishonor God with divorce, as is the case with my husband and myself (I don’t know why else he would still be married to me), it’s still no good. If you’re not both fully devoted followers of Christ, it doesn’t work because that’s the system God has set up: two people of the opposite sex (Rom. 1:27 below), fully committed to Him (Mark 12:30 below), with the man as the spiritual head of the home (Eph. 5:23 below). That’s the only way your children are going to make it. And it’s the only way the church, the body of Christ, will have the leadership required for the the positive outcome the world needs in these last days (1 Tim. 3:2-7 below).

Romans 1:27, KJV Men also abandoned natural relations with women and were inflamed with lust for one another. Men committed shameful acts with other men, and received in themselves the due penalty for their error.

Mark 12:30, 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.

Ephesians 5:23, KJV For the husband is the head of the wife, even as Christ is the head of the church.

1 Timothy 3:2-7, KJV A bishop [overseer] then must be blameless, the husband of one wife, vigilant, sober, of good behaviour, given to hospitality, apt to teach; Not given to wine, no striker, not greedy of filthy lucre; but patient, not a brawler, not covetous; One that ruleth well his own house, having his children in subjection with all gravity; (For if a man know not how to rule his own house, how shall he take care of the church of God?) Not a novice, lest being lifted up with pride he fall into the condemnation of the devil. Moreover he must have a good report of them which are without.

But I didn’t know the Rock really existed yet since this was before I was born again, much less did I know how to get firm footing. And it’s a big part of why God created the body of Christ—to help the rest of God’s elect, the lost sheep, get firm footing on the Rock.
So as the Twin Cities was dying of AIDS, anorexia, and the trash in my attic, as *always* happens among the ungodly being “foolish... deceived and enslaved by all kinds of passions and pleasures” ([Titus 3:3, KJV](https://www.bible.com/32/tit.3.3.kjv)), The Navy contacted me again, now a pilot stationed in southern California. (And God has used him quite a bit for what He’s saying to His church which is why I’m sharing all these details.) In any case, this time he actually popped the question, though not until *after* I’d flown home. And even though I knew I was in *worse* shape, I said *yes.* Then changed it to *no.* But then I said *yes* again, and then he said *no.* Then he said *yes* and I said *no.* Back and forth we went half a dozen times! So *Dreams* and *Visiting* are windows on that rocky Cruise.

**Real Friendship.** Moving back to Maryland, home with my tail between my legs, my ‘best girlfriend’ Buddy, helped me pick up the pieces, yet again.

And since we were spending so much time together it became clearer to see, clearer than ever before, that *no one* likes so-called mixed relationships (so-called Black with so-called White). Though we were just friends, others took us for a couple even before we did, ironically steering us in that direction with their racism. Nearly everyone I knew felt the same, along with those I didn’t know who couldn’t help but tell me how racist they were.
And, in my mind, the so-called friends who had a problem with “mixed” relations, weren’t real friends. That’s like saying “You’re my friend only as long as you do what I want.” That’s NOT friendship.

Yet that’s how so-called Christians are with Christ. But if you only love Jesus within certain parameters, you don’t really LOVE Him! So He says “Why call ye me, Lord...and do not the things which I say? (Luke 6:46, KJV). Christians focus on God accepting us just as we are while they DON’T accept Him just as He is. And that’s super upside down and inside out! Since He is God, Creator of All, He has the right to place conditions on us. But we don’t have that right.

**Blind Man’s Bluff.** By the late 1980s, in my 20s, I was fried. I could either go back to retail, which I didn't really want to do or go back to school. But you MUST KNOW what major unless you want to waste a ton of money, which I didn’t have. Killing time with Buddy trying to figure out what to do with our lives, a map to California lay on my attic floor. My mom was overworking as always and it was affecting her mind, but my brother couldn’t see it. Confirming my thinking, there just so happened to be a program on sleep deprivation on TV where they compared it to alcohol intoxication. So my mom was an accident waiting to happen. I wasn’t being paranoid. But since she never took counsel from others, especially from me, all I could do was endure or leave. So I got back on Route 66. California was the one place that had nothing but good memories since we’d lived there with el Leon. And, of course, I didn’t wanna go alone. Neither did Buddy need any coaxing.

However, half-cocked plans don’t typically work out well. So a few months later we were back in the Twin Cities which was cheaper than California, and less worldly. And even though neither of us was walking with the Lord, we were searching for something better. Even somewhat looking for Him. But we all know what happens when the blind lead the blind.
Loved in Spite of the Girl. Since Buddy was the son of a so-called Baptist pastor, I had plenty of questions for him. Yet, knowing I was lost, neither he nor his father knew enough to spell out the Gospel message for me! As always, it was more training because that is EXACTLY how the majority of so-called Christians are—clueless.

As the typical son of a typical so-called pastor of Christianity as we know it, Buddy was a “Christian” hypocrite. He didn’t read the Bible, had no prayer life, and had premarital sex. Other than a verbal profession there was NOTHING about him that revealed he was Christian. Since he was clean-cut, he was better than the norm, but he was living by his own will and power. Not Christ’s.

As for me, I’d read enough of the Bible at 17 to fall in love with the Man of the words in red, but not enough to grasp the doctrine of salvation. While Jesus says “Every man therefore that hath heard, and hath learned of the Father, cometh unto me” (John 6:45, KJV), like most, I hadn’t been serious enough as I learned from the Father. So it’s clear to see why the feet of those who bring the Good News are “beautiful” (Rom. 10:14-15 below). They help seekers get serious. But since Christianity’s Christians haven’t been serious about Christ themselves, their feet haven’t been beautiful. They’ve mostly been hypocritical, nasty, dirty, stinky feet!

Romans 10:14-15, KJV How then shall they call on him in whom they have not believed? and how shall they believe in him of whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher? And how shall they preach, except they be sent? as it is written, How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace, and bring glad tidings of good things!

That being the case, God provided many tracts—everywhere I went for about week—using them to explain the Message to me so that I’d cry out to Him for salvation. Doing the BRAT’s job for Her, the Lord pulled me out of the fire and saved me (Jude 1:23 below) since every time I came across one of those tracts I begged Him to take over.

Jude 1:23, KJV Others save with fear, pulling them out of the fire; hating even the garment spotted by the flesh.
God also showed me how He works with a diagram each tract had explaining what it means to make Him the Lord of your life—which I’ve turned into a flower. While everyone plays the game ‘He Loves Me, He Loves me Not,’ figuring He doesn’t, He proved His love on the Cross!

So while God’s people left the tracts, they (as a group) missed many opportunities even turned me away—and I’m an example of the lost elect on the Dirt Road, A VERY CROWDED ROAD! Jesus says “The harvest truly is great, but the labourers are few” (Luke 10:2, KJV).
Besides, it’s much nicer to have someone minister to you with sincere love showing you the Ropes while providing you a demo of how to walk on them. Especially considering that there’s a “devil [who], as a roaring lion, walketh about, seeking whom he may devour” (1 Pet. 5:8, KJV).

If Christians actually made Jesus the Lord of their lives, each life would bloom. In turn, we’d have a really beautiful Garden drawing lost souls to Christ by its beauty (1 Pet. 3:15-16 below) and fragrance (2 Cor. 2:15 below), as Jesus asked for from the Father (John 17:21 below), “the Gardener” (John 15:1, NIV).

1 Peter 3:15-16, KJV Sanctify the Lord God in your hearts: and be ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh you a reason of the hope that is in you with meekness and fear: Having a good conscience; that, whereas they speak evil of you, as of evildoers, they may be ashamed that falsely accuse your good conversation in Christ.

2 Corinthians 2:15, NIV For we are to God the pleasing aroma of Christ among those who are being saved and those who are perishing.

John 17:21, KJV That they all may be one; as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us: that the world may believe that thou hast sent me.