

Apr 17th

17 April 2024

16:55

(Updated on 19th Apr, 2024 at 3:03am)

Revelations edited later:

#3 on Apr 20th

1 Corinthians 15:1-8 (New Living Translation)

The Resurrection of Christ

15 Let me now remind you, dear brothers and sisters,^[a] of the **Good News** I preached to you before. You welcomed it then, and you still stand firm in it.² It is this **Good News** that saves you if you continue to believe the message I told you—unless, of course, you believed something that was never true in the first place.^[b]

³ I passed on to you what was most important and what had also been passed on to me. Christ died for our sins, just as the Scriptures said. ⁴ He was buried, and he was raised from the dead on the third day, just as the Scriptures said. ⁵ He was seen by Peter^[c] and then by the Twelve. ⁶ After that, he was seen by more than 500 of his followers^[d] at one time, most of whom are still alive, though some have died. ⁷ Then he was seen by James and later by all the apostles. ⁸ Last of all, as though I had been born at the wrong time, I also saw him.

- 1. (Past two weeks)** AAP's Atishi in a saree in a dim background says that I helped them without caring about my own situation or life or with much lesser concern about the same. Another person repeats the same. This vision repeats a few times intermittently throughout the day. The upper half of PM Modi Ji in an orange half-jacket over a white tunic, sitting on a chair facing the viewer with closed eyes in the background of a room, as he worriedly rubs his forehead with his fingers and says: ***Ise koi bulao humari party mein!..*** The head of PM Modi in a dark background as he nods lightly with a quiet and wary expression looking at the viewer.
- 2. (Past week)** The vision of a news screen with Putri written in Hindi font below which is written in a relatively smaller Hindi font: ***Putri ke tukde tukde ho gaye.***
- 3. (Day before yesterday)** While surfing through YouTube shorts, I came across a Shorts' video in which AAP's Atishi was saying something about corruption and BJP. I liked her argument and her truthfulness and therefore hit the Like on that video. But as I do so, I see PM Modi with an unhappy and resentful expression. (The upper half of PM Modi in orange and white as he says looking at me with a convicting expression: ***HaAaa..! Ab aayi na line pe!***) The next day I have a follow-up vision in which I see the bottom view of PM Modi Ji in a vertically striped V-neck half-jacket over a white half-sleeves tunic in a dark background as he says: ***Chalo maaf kiya is baar.*** (The bottom view of him

standing with his back turned towards me as he says to someone present around: ***Jao iski madad karo!*** He tells me to not repeat it again as the follow-up vision shows the bottom view of him trampling me under the upper sole of his huge foot. (The upper half of PM Modi Ji in his orange and white attire with a fearful expression in the background of a room as he says looking at me: ***Jao iska muh band karwao!***)

4. **Dream (Morning):** Somewhere in the middle, I see the side view of the upper halves of a lady facing Anil Kapoor as dressed in a dark suit as they're exchanging a word. As I am on the run from some people in the dream, I find myself reading news from a list of news written in dark brown English font on a lighter-shaded brown paper. One of the news points written in the upper half of the page says that the ongoing call with Rajasthan is about to come to an end! I seem to know in the dream that I have to read the news to the people I've been running away from. So I turn back into the covered corridor on the ground hall and retracing my path take a right into the corridor with its left side open and supported by just pillars. I spot one of them, dressed in a brown jacket over shirt and trousers, enter the space, as one or two more follow after him. He stops in his tracks when he spots me but then continues to walk in my direction with the others. Though I'm wary to be in their presence, I don't sense danger around them. I read the news to them out loud as I take some steps towards them. After I've read it and made sure that they heard it, I turn back and continue on my way. (The Guy sings: ***Sapne sach hogaye.. Puri har aas hai..***)
5. I'm lying in bed as I see the parallel semi-animated view of my naked groin in a dark background as a stamp hits my strong pp marking it ***Holy*** in handwritten dark greyish font. The vision repeats several times as the stamp hits my strong pp and marks it Holy. (The dusky man in black above me on my right says referring to Death Conqueror: ***That's what he was talking about today.*** He repeats it a few times.)
6. I see the top view of my naked upper half lying on its side with my front angled towards the bed and not visible in the vision as a red stamp hits the back of my chest repeatedly and covers it with several stamps of the red label of ***Government Property*** all over.
7. Rahul Gandhi with a grey beard and a white tunic stands in a dim golden background with the vision showing his self until his knees. The follow-up vision shows him extending a multicolored floral garland towards me who is not visible in the vision as the vision flash changes into one with a similar garland present around his neck as well. He puts another garland around me as he says: ***Ye lijiye ek aur.*** The follow-up vision shows his neck full of several such garlands. He continues putting garlands around my neck with the follow-up vision showing his neck loaded with such garlands. Towards the end, he says that he has put 10 garlands on me from his neck and only two are left which he decides to continue wearing around his neck. Paraphrased: ***Dus malayein to maine apk de di hai... Chalo ye do mein rakh leta hu!..***
8. The lady sings:
Apka dil humare paas hai.. Humara dil apke paas hai..
The lady sings:
Ye kyu aaj resham se hai roshni.. Ye kya geet aisa hawaaoon mein hai..

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The Guy sings:

Manzilon se gale.. Raaste mil gaye..

Sapne sach ho gaye.. Puri har aas hai..

The lady sings:

Apka dil humare paas hai.. Humare dil apke paas hai..

(The upper half of my supervisor in a tunic set in a dark background as she says with a quiet and serious countenance: **Jeet gayi tu!**)

Kya aapko ehsaas hai.. Baat sabse yahi.. khaas hai..

Apka dil humare paas hai.. Humare dil apke paas hai..

The song keeps playing in my spirit for a good while.

[Apka Dil Hamare Paas Hai-Hamara Dil Apke Paas Hai 2000 HD Video Song, Anil Kapoor, Aishwarya Rai](#)



9. While I was writing and editing revelations on the previous page in the morning, this childhood self of me was highlighted to me. I am about 4-5 feet tall chubby child with a boycut dressed in a dark blue denim allover on top of a 3/4th sleeved white top. When I looked down, I saw myself wearing the sandals from that time – liberty flats with three orange stripes covering my feet. I then saw the little chubby me dressed in blue and white and wearing light orange sandals walking in through the door in that attire.
10. Today while surfing YouTube, I came across this YouTube shorts video and it reminded me of the incident with my supervisor from yesterday.

[People fear her and run away from her for her snake head. #short #shortvideo #subscribe #viral](#)



(Yesterday Afternoon, In the dept) I'm in the lift of the Multistorey building of my dept on my way to meet Ramvir Sir to inquire about the PhD Extension process and as the lift stops on the ground floor, I see someone in a printed black tunic set standing outside the life through the small glass window on the outer wooden door. The lady moves to the left and as I slide open the inner black iron grill door, I hear: **Don't look in her eyes. Don't look in her eyes.** So I bend my head down to avoid looking at the person, whoever it was. But when I push open the outer wooden door, it hits the lady as she is standing right in front of the edge. This makes me worried and I end up looking up and find that it's my supervisor looking up at me with wide-open angry eyes. As we're departing, she tells me that I should be walking looking up ahead, followed by: **you may be harming people**, as I'm looking back at her and she's entering the lift.

11. The semi-animated face of Karishma Kapoor on the right side of the vision with her hair falling low at the back as with her face turned towards the viewer, she looks at him in the background of a black metallic mesh in a maroonish black space.
12. A smooth jet black naked upper half of a well-built muscular man in a spacey dark background. The frame of the vision doesn't show his face but just his body which rather looks like a statue's body by virtue of its smoothness that doesn't seem to carry the texture of human skin. The body is wearing a long metallic cross pendant that hangs around his belly. Out of the pendant floats out a tiny dark brown demonic figure as it floats away from the body and disappears in the air.
13. On my way on a Rickshaw to the nearby ATM to withdraw money to pay rent, I happened to look at an old person with a striking resemblance to Rishi Kapoor as he looked at my face from behind his car's transparent window glass while moving to the right on the opposite lane as my rickshaw was across that road. (As I was deleting the incident of me catching a sight of him and thought of just writing the visions, I saw the vision of his head slightly until above his shoulders appear to my right as he said that because I actually saw him, I should write about it.) When I was back to my room eating the sweets I had brought as I stood in front of the kitchen slab, I saw that upper half on my right as he said: **Aap bahutache ho!** I then saw him standing some meters away to my right in the main room area as he repeated the sentence. He too tended to call me Chamaar as he said: **Bahut bade chamaa..** but then he stopped in between as he only quietly uttered out a part of the sentence followed by him saying that I was a very good person. As I was now about to begin to continue working, I saw him standing a meter or so away from the door as he said: **Jaldi kariye. Sab dekh rahe hai apko..**
14. Death Conqueror in a full-sleeved white shirt tucked inside black pants stands in the air facing above as looking down at me, he says: **There's nothing pure about me!**
15. As I'm walking back and forth across the room through the kitchen corridor, I see the face of Akhila with her hair tied low at the back as a stamp hits her forehead leaving a large Chamaar written in red covering an appreciable part of the length of her forehead.

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If you feel blessed by this revelatory ministry and it has spoken to you at some level, kindly feel free to show some love by donating any amount being as small as Rs. 10 on the following PhonePe ID: **7838795320@ybl**.

I can be mailed at Kartika Panwar, **2nd floor, 9/31, Vijay Nagar, Double Storey, Delhi, 110009.**