

Page 678.

16 February 2024

10:48

(Updated on May 7<sup>th</sup>, 2024 at 4:50 am)

The Double-Slit analogy edited later on May 8<sup>th</sup>, 2024 post midnight.

\*\*\*\*\*

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

#### The Resurrection of Christ

**15** Let me now remind you, dear brothers and sisters,<sup>[a]</sup> of the **Good News** I preached to you before. You welcomed it then, and you still stand firm in it. <sup>2</sup>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.<sup>[b]</sup>

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

\*\*\*\*\*

#### Dream:

I'm standing in a street with the rough look of a town or a middle-class old undeveloped city area. I see a long and wide white car slowly approach my direction at the distant end of the street. I take the side stairs and walk up the building. When I am on the cemented rooftop, I come across almost square subsections on the floor constructed using cement.

I go back down to the first floor and find that it's our rented floor in Aditi's home (Saini Uncle's daughter). I see that a part of the Verandah is cool while another part heated by the sun. I am trying to avoid the area below the triangular part of the roof heated by the sun. While I stand confused, Sanjay Sir's student Shagun suggests me a place to sit.

In my attempt to escape the room, I jump from the window with an infant wrapped in a white cloth and as I fall down I drop him on a square grey shed on my right as a safety measure. I continue to freefall. I then see as a third person the semi-animated vision of an angled side-view of a chubby lady dropping on her back from above on a black floor, seemingly of a hall in a dark spacey background. She is wearing skinny sky-blue leggings and moves her legs slowly as she's had a bad fall. She seems to be injured. Right then another lady dressed in ankle-length multilayered white robes lands on the ground firmly on her feet with folded knees, and the person standing on the right of the lady lying on the ground begins to interact amicably with the lady standing while ignoring the

one lying injured on the ground. (The blurry upper half of Prof TRS until a foot below his shoulders on my left as he says: **You failed the test. You failed the test.**)

#### **While brushing**

KA says in a stuffed voice: **Jhutti..! Randi! Jhutti..! Randi..!**

I then recall what I wrote him saying in the vision the previous night. And I remember that I need to correct it.

#### **On reaching the dept**

The left side view of my face until shoulders sitting on my seat as I'm crying tears of blood.

I am looking outside to my left through the glass window as I think how this fellow just doesn't have the needed moral track record to put me through any kind of test and how he doesn't live out the way God has called His children to do, it's when I see the face of Death Conqueror until his shoulders dressed in a white tunic as he says: **I'm not worthy to test you!?**

As I continue to work, I see a small-framed vision of the top-view of a naked Death Conqueror lying on top of a naked Akhila on the left side of a bed as he moved on top of her in intercourse while grabbing her breasts intermittently. The vision continued for a while followed by the short fellow elongating and transmuting into a naked Glory and Akhila transmuting into a shorter woman with neck-length frizzy hair below him.

After I'm done writing the above, I hear the guy sing:

**Mohabbat bhi jaruri thi..**

**Bichadna bhi jaruri tha..**

The vision further strengthens my resolve to stay away from him and the girl.

12:58

*All these visions are seen in dim golden light.*

- Death Conqueror says: **I hate you for doing this to me. I hate you for doing this to me.** As a small framed vision of him sitting in a car's driver's seat with an erection is shown. He repeats it a few times. **(Kartika, Khyati is laughing!)**
- The upper half of the dusky man in black on my left looks down at me with unblinking, wide-open eyes lowered down as he says: **We've to kill her. She can destroy us. We've to kill her. She can destroy us.**
- The upper half of Death Conqueror in a white tunic a few feet above my head on my left as he says: **I'm sorry for doing this to you. I know you love me.**  
**(Hate you Kartika, Hate you!)**  
**I'm sorry for doing this to you. I know that you love me.** As he says the same, he puts his genitalia inside his tunic and rushes at me to hug me but as soon as he hugs me, there's an abrupt enormous release through his genitalia. He then says: **I am sorry for doing this to you. I know that I've to change. I know that I've to change.**

## *The Secret Place Revelations*

1:21

*All these visions are seen in dim golden light.*

- The upper half of Death Conqueror in a white tunic a meter above me on my left side as he says looking to the left: ***She can easily do research. She can easily do research.***
- The vision of the dusky man in black suggesting to kill me because for I may turn out to be a threat crosses my mind. I then see the face of the dusky man in black comes close floating in front of my face at its left side as he says in an inquisitive tone: ***I hurt you.?***
- A small-framed vision of KA dressed in a light denim jacket over jeans walking backwards as he says that he can't be with me and continues with: ***Tu mujhe barbaad kardegi. Mein kahan*** (as he points upwards with a hand), ***tu kahan*** (as he points down).

Earlier during the day:

The Worship song ***Mein Jisko Chhu Lunga Pavitra Kardunga*** plays in my spirit as I'm walking towards the MSB after returning from submitting my documents to the Scholarship Cell.

On my way back home as I am walking towards the exit Gate No. 4 of the Science Faculty, I see

- The face of my mom as she looks at me with...
- The fair lady in dark green that I saw sitting outside her home says: ***Bahut gwaar hai. Bahut gwaar hai.***

### **After returning to my room**

- A small-framed vision of a beige naked Death Conqueror as he says: ***Mein bahut gira hua hu. Mein bahut gira hua hu.***  
As he says the words, the vision flips to a side and behind it are found a spatial heap of numerous photos of a naked him lying with different naked women! The entire space is filled with such photos with him lying on top of them in different positions.

A small-framed vision of Death Conqueror in a dim-golden background as he points to the right at Akhila present at a far distance, and says: ***I deserve her! I was expecting her!***

Even to Akhila, I would say the same words I repeat to everyone, that she should leave her lifestyle of sin and repent and seek the Will of God and be holy as He is holy. As soon as I was done saying the same, I saw the lady say: ***We can't live with you, Kartika. You'll make our life hell!***

Glory points to the right at her and shouts: ***I was expecting her!***

### **The Need for a Standard**

I talk about how the presence of a moral standard is needed to live life with a clear demarcation between what's moral or godly and what's not. Without a standard, different people reason differently and tend to follow what they think is right or don't care if something is moral or ungodly. A standard gives a set rubric to compare one's moral stance with the Holy moral law of God. Without a holy standard, a certain act or line of thought can't be judged of its viability.

### **The Double-Slit Analogy**

I then talk about the double-slit experiment analogy in which one of the slits represents the angel eye while the other represents the devil eye. If the devil eye slit is closed, the different events, situations, or ideas can only pass through the angel eye slit leading to only godly and moral judgments, creating an observed pattern of electron hits on the part of the screen behind the angel eye. However, if the devil eye slit is open simultaneously, we get an interference pattern on the screen at the back which is what we see in humans. (Somewhere while writing the last two lines, I see the upper half of Prof TRS in a light pink/lavender shirt resembling his attire from earlier during the day – May 6<sup>th</sup> – standing facing angled away from the viewer towards the left as he in a swipe removes the long red tika representing devil's eye from his forehead followed by him rushing forward to the left with pressed protruded lips and kissing someone in front of him.)

### **The Eye of the devil**

Once while in my supposed deep transcendental meditation back in late 2016 after I had already met Tejaswi and was now doing meditation, I entered into one of those so-called altered states of consciousness and saw a red dot in my dark mental vision at the center of my forehead as that's what they teach or ask you to do. As the red hue slowly expands, the next thing I see is a huge closed eye in a dim reddish hue. The closed eye was the eye of devil inside me. That day I saw the closed eye of devil inside me.

(Past month) The upper half of Naveen in a navy blue sweater as he says: ***Mar raha hai vo tujh pe! Mar raha hai vo tujh pe!***

The upper half of RS in deep red tunic as he says: ***Ye bahut dukhi hai, Kartik. Ye bahut dukhi hai.***

As I'm talking about everything he said has been proven wrong or God devised a situation that defied most of the things, if not all, that he had said, I hear: ***Tejaswi is crying why he even met you.***

As I begin to talk about how some of the things he said were partially correct, I exemplify his comment about the presence of an eternal being inside all of us but how he didn't know the truth - that eternity is supposed to be lived with God in Heaven, I then see a blurry vision of him dressed in a tunic set with a head of frizzy hair in a dim golden background as he shouts:

***Hate you Kartika, Hate you!***

Without God, love can't be defined as its meaning comes from an eternal God in Heaven whose love is eternal/everlasting.