

Aug 10th

10 August 2024

08:40

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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. ²It 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]

³I 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. ⁴He was buried, and he was raised from the dead on the third day, just as the Scriptures said. ⁵He was seen by Peter^[c] and then by the Twelve. ⁶After 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. ⁷Then he was seen by James and later by all the apostles. ⁸Last of all, as though I had been born at the wrong time, I also saw him.

1. (**Past few days**) Recall the following part of [Dream 2](#):

(written on Page 596 created on Nov 17th, 2023)

I take the right (opposite to Nupur's home) to go to Dr Bharati's home where I would find my dad as well. She serves me some thick light pinkish sugary drink that she pours on the floor and it takes a square shape of about 3 feet in dimension. She pours another serving which assumes another square shape. I am licking the drink bent on the floor instead of using a spoon because a spoon can't be used effectively with that thin layer of the liquid, and apparently, the floor is too clean, and I like the sugary drink. It's not a big room, but a reasonably sized one with a dark floor with squares of small stoned beads. I lick the floor clean that was covered with the drink as my dad sits on the sofa having his meal behind me. To our left is the room's exit which leads to a narrow rectangular kitchen. I walk out to get some food as I only had the drink and not the food.

(The upper half of a lightly stubbled Glory on my right as he claps his hands looking at me with wide-open eyes and a stunned expression.)

The above part of the dream has been flashing in my spirit for two days.

(The question is: Does my dad go to Dr Bharati's home to eat often? Or did he go to her today morning without specifying exactly where he was going? He had a glass of sweet lemonade made by Divyanshu and left a glass of coconut water for me to drink.)

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2. (Past two weeks) I see the a dim vision of Death Conqueror in a yellow tunic in the air above as he says looking down at me nodding his head showing increased understanding: ***Tujhe commitment chahiye! Tujhe commitment chahiye!***
3. (Past two weeks) The front view of turtle looking at the viewer with a thin strip of blood running down its nostril from the left.
4. (Past two days) The upper half of Akhila in her skinny dark brown shoulder strip dress standing with her hair falling at the back as a violent flying monkey attacks her head pulling her hair and another monkey attacks her arms - scratching away her skin, and a few more join along causing harm to her body.
5. (Past two days) I see my youngest brother Divyanshu sitting on his chair and looking at the viewer with his head turned to his right with red blood liquid accumulated above the lower lids of his eyes as it partially clouds his vision and rolls down his cheeks as well.
6. (Late night of June 8th) A horizontally left-angled view of the upper half of RS in a navy blue t-shirt with an open light brown half jacket on top and a light brown hat on his head walking to the left in the open background of the day holding up the hands of a toddler sitting around his shoulders. She has a fair square face and is wearing a white dress with a fine multi-colored print as she says (paraphrased): ***Papa hum jeet gaye!***
7. (Late night of June 8th) As I lay down in bed on my right side to sleep, I see a highly naked wide, and muscular Glory facing me on his side float to me from the front as hugging me and beginning to make out with me as I hugged him back as I felt comforted by his presence, he says that I was going to be with him and not live with my dad. I don't know why he appeared in that muscular look in that vision but that's how he did. The next morning of June 9th, as I went out to the roof to talk to my mom to share with her the fight the previous day during which my dad had told me to not show my face to him the next morning and leave before he saw me or woke up, I walked to the right end of the roof under the shed with a building facing right in front of the side of ours. As I did so, I saw a half-naked wide and muscled man wearing a light blue walk to the balcony of the first floor of that house facing the side of the school's building. I could tell that his appearance was intentional and he was adjusting the waist of his denim as he slowly walked to the front. I immediately looked away from him because his purpose was to flaunt his body the other person (to me) to invoke them to desire him or to try to incite fleshly desire and make the wicked point of how one gets enticed by a body of certain built. Another flying monkey? However, any sensible or mature person knows to reject the idea of letting oneself be aroused or get incited just by the body of the other individual. It's wrong to desire people by how their bodies look. Now you can desire the person you love to look a certain way, but you can't love how someone you don't love looks bodily because it's morally wrong. It's wickedness. I was disgusted by that man's attempt (to draw another in a certain state or suggest a certain idea) considering the fact that he's a stranger. When a righteous person walks around in the world, one walks guarded in heart and rejects attempts of seduction in one way or another by others as they are meant to be rejected as they are redundant and valueless. They're meaningless and a blatant display of a lack of good character. If anything, one is supposed to express love physically and

bond sexually to one's covenant or lawfully wedded partner alone. The term *lawfully* wedded itself says many things.

8. (Last late night of June 9th) A small-framed vision of a huge crowd of people walking together in the dark of the night as the vision now shifts away from them giving a view to the rest of the empty road in front of them and stops at showing the upper half of Death Conqueror standing facing to the right in the balcony of a house in the dark as the crowd of people approaches. It is coming for both him and his wife Akhila in that house. Though it's far away from them for now, at some point later in time, it will reach both of them.
9. (Last late night of June 9th) A guy's voice shouts as I see the shirt fellow jumping running in the dark away from the Vishwavidyalaya Metro station: ***Bhai bachaa...! Mujhe Police pakadne aa rahi hai! Bhai bachaa...! Mujhe Police pakadne aa rahi hai!***
10. Dream (Morning): I shift to a room which is apparently a part of the PG owned by the three bed box owners. As I enter the room, I see the single bed right in front of me with its length pointing towards the door and the wall behind having a wardrobe attached to it. To its left at some distance lies the other bed as it's a double seater. On the left wall on the other side of the room are more wooden furnishings, seemingly attached to the wall. To my right is a table and there's a short table lying against the wall behind me as well At the left corner of the wall in front of me with the wardrobe attachment, I see that it is dusty and PG, clean dog, cat, mouse
11. (Late Morning) My dad comes walking in and standing between the half open door says looking at me with a sobbing expression: ***Bete vo log mujhe marne aa rahe hai!***
12. My dad enters the room and says with a joyful expression: ***Bete mein khush hu uske saath! Bete mein khush hu uske saath!***
13. I've already talked about how these different people serve as flying monkeys to cause me emotional and psychological stress or communicate something abusive, demeaning or insulting. Wherever I went or in all the PG's that I shifted to, there would be people that would be serving as flying monkeys day and night whenever I went out of the room or they would say specific things outside my room so I would get to hear them and be disturbed. So, no matter where I went, people acted to be on the side of the abuser, rapist, murderer and psychopathic covert gangster Mr. T. Guha Majumdar as they acted in tandem with his plan and as his controlled minions. They may be doing so for several different reasons, the main one being fear of this person or the fear of what may happen to them. During the time that I was living in 9/31 (2nd floor) on rent at Subhash Uncle's this certain night, yet another flying monkey came to the narrow floor corridor and said clear and loud for me to hear: ***Kahin bhi chala jaa, sab ghar apne hai! Sab ghar apne hai!*** He then added in a cheeky tone: ***Aao naa! Aao naa! Aao naa!*** Which would sound disgusting to a discerning ear! Apparently, he was making the point that all homes or no matter where I went to live, the people inside would be serving as *his* minions. (Perhaps in his mind, he's an omnipotent or omnipresent being whom people are supposed to obey unquestionably while he's a common man - a common citizen of India - who's supposed to live within his boundaries.)

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14. (Afternoon) The vertically straight little turtle with its bottom facing the viewer moves its arms and legs frantically as it opens its mouth towards the viewer in a biting manner while being held by a human hand which is apparently the hand of Jesus dressed in multilayered white who's visible behind the turtle standing with His body facing to the left and face turned away from the viewer with a light smile.
15. (Afternoon) The side view of turtle's head facing to the left as it coughs out blood.
16. (Afternoon) Turtle swims inside the water carrying a dim red look indicating the presence of some dissolved blood.
17. (Evening) The upper half of Death Conqueror in a yellow tunic as looking down at me, he says with a wicked broken expression and laugh: ***I'm killing you but I'm not getting affected at all.***
18. **Recall the following vision from Page 421 created on May 22nd, 2023:**
[1.1 RS Covered With a Printed Sheet](#)
Vision (303, A-10, ~1:27): A clean shaven RS with short hair stands on road during day with an innocent expression and covers himself with both hands with a white sheet/blanket printed with black text with colored square pictures on it, almost as if he's feeling cold. He looks at me (the viewer of the vision), as he stands there.
It has flashed in my spirit a few times until now.
19. **Recall the following vision from Page 607 created on Nov 30th, 2023:**
[A small-framed vision of the front parallel view of](#) a stubbled RS flying horizontally towards me in the sky holding a huge pair of white angel wings as he says: ***Kartika mein wings leke aa gya tere liye, udne ke liye.*** As I wrote the revelation, I saw: Death Conqueror dressed in his black suit sitting in a car says: ***Sorry, Kartika. Sorry, Kartika.*** as he sobs a bit. The revelation later reminded me of how Maleficent got her wings back towards the end of the movie that Stephen had clipped to be the king.
20. **Recall the following from the page of Aug 6th:**
[Part of a dream: As I lie on my floor](#) bed asleep, I see myself lying on the floor bed and looking at my dad standing at the room's half-open door facing the left edge as he says something while when I turn my face back to the front, I see my mom dressed in a white t-shirt over grey trousers standing in front of the single bed covered with the white single bedsheet with a blue floral print as she tucks in a part of the edge.

A while back, I realized that the single bed's bedsheet hadn't been made up since morning since he wake up. I didn't notice it as I was mostly on bed and whenever I got up, I didn't happen to look at the bed or notice the crumpled bedsheet. It was in the evening that I noticed that it was lying crumpled. And then the above part of the dream was flashed to me. It makes sense when one looks at the attire of my dad he's been in since yesterday: navy blue top over black trousers with a white print which is similar to my attire of navy blue t-shirt over black trouser with a dimmed print. In the dream, my mom is dressed in the same attire as his from the day as she stands in front of the bed

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and is tucking his well-spread bedsheet inside while I lay resting on the floor bed looking at him first and then her. It was a reflected revelation - the way he should operate around my mom. *Why is he matching my attire's color scheme?*

21. (Evening) A muscular tall and wide hairless and naked Hanuman wearing just a multi-colored satin langot gets down from a surface on the right side of the vision in a shiny background. He then picks up his golden Gada ending with a huge round and striped dome pointed at the end, and rests it on his shoulder. It seems that he will now shout 'Jai Shree Raam', but what comes out of his mouth is 'Jai Yahuah'. He tears open his chest and out of it flows out different pictorial representations of Jesus as he continues shouting 'Jai Yahuah!' 'Jai Yahuah!' 'Jai Yahuah!'. One thing that should be noticed here is that the person here called Hanuman is a man with a protruding mouth like a monkey who has Yahuah situated in his heart.

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