

Aug 17th

17 August 2024

04:58

Updated on Aug 22nd, 2024, at ~ 15:00.

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. **Dream:** I walk into an almost empty and spacious room that extends to my left. Along the left wall in walking in that direction, I see an entrance to another smaller rectangular room with the foldable bed lying right along the wall as Aakash Banerjee from the YouTube Channel Deshbhakt is shown to be lying on the same as it wobbles vertically while cold coffee covering his central half-covered with a sheet wobbles along with as well. I don't know why is he lying on that wobbling foldable bed and covered with cold coffee. I exit the room and go upstairs where I find my dad and brother as I look at the wire meant to hang washed clothes running across the roof. I can sense my dad's resentful attitude towards me whenever I come across him though he's not saying anything. I see that the clothes need to be washed and hung on the wire. I find myself doing so though I'm running short on time in the dream and have a lot of workload. Also, it seems that some people have visited the building to meet my dad and inquire about something (perhaps it's the parents who came to inquire about a new admission in his pre-school). I go back to the inner room and find Aakash Banerjee wobbling on the folding with cold coffee spread on his central half. The next time that I go upstairs, I find that the space outside the room looks well-organized. The washing machine has its drain pipe arranged and pushed in through a hole in the metallic mesh of a new drain present a few feet in front of the left end of the room's window while previously the pipe was hanging loose and lying randomly. I think for a second about what led to this extreme organizational change as I continue to move about the floor around my father and brother still feeling that sense of awkwardness because of the unspoken resentment I can sense around my dad.

2. **Recall the following revelations from Page 629 created on Dec 23rd 2023:**

The Secret Place Revelations

1.1 [The face of my mom with a burst right eye...](#)

The face of my mom with a burst right eye in a dark background as she says: **Bete Divyanshu ne meri aankh phod di. Bete Divyanshu ne meri aankh phod di.**

1.2 [Divyanshu Stabs Mom's Right Eye](#)

The following vision has my youngest brother Divyanshu standing facing my mom with a knife lifted horizontally and pointed towards her previously injured right eye that's bleeding out now as he has stabbed it.

1.3 [The top view of my dad lying on the ground..](#)

The top view of my dad lying on the ground as blood oozes out of the top of his forehead. He is shown as being shorter in height than his real self and is dressed in a white cotton tunic set.

3. My dad does sit-ups in front of me holding his ears as he's showing guilt and repentance for wanting to hurt the little turtle. As he lies in the bed in real life, the follow-up vision shows him looking at me with both eyes having light blue iris as he says: **Bete mein ise nahin maarunga. Bete mein ise nahi maarunga.** The follow-up vision now shows him looking at me with both his eyes having black iris on a red sclera as he says begrudgingly: **Ise nahin, tujhe maarunga! Ise nahin, tujhe maarunga!**
4. (Early morning) As I lay in bed, I see my dad looking at me being bent low on the floor as he looks at me with both his eyes having a red sclera, and says: **Tune yaha aakar galti kardi. Tu aisa nazara dekhegi ki zindagi bhar mujhe maaf nahi karegi.**

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