

Aug 20th

20 August 2024

06:42

Updated on Aug 20th, 2024 at ~ 15:45.

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. Recall the following revelation written on the Page of July 26th:

Part of a dream (past few days): I...

I see the turtle lying in pieces on a slab behind which I see Chaaru and her mother-in-law (from 9/28, Vijay Nagar, Double Storey) cooking on the slab (they run a tiffin service). I see the turtle's long neck severed from its thick shell along with its four legs. I do not understand what is the little fellow doing there? And how come it is lying in pieces and still be alive? Seeing it severed causes me pain and I want to get it back together in one piece (if that's even possible.) I pick up its neck and head as that's the main part of its body. Luckily it's alive and moving. I am not able to gather the rest of the parts as I happen to leave before I can do so and they're not all at one place either and have been scattered. As I move holding its small moving neck in my hand, I find myself worrying about putting it all back together in one piece as I want to see it whole and well and not segregated and scattered. I enter into an almost empty room holding the moving neck of the little turtle while still thinking about putting back together the rest of the pieces as if after getting them all back together, they were somehow going to coalesce and join together.

- (Past two days)** *School tootne ke baad Papa vapis ghar aa gaye. School tootne ke baad Papa vapis ghar aa gaye.*
- (Yesterday)** My dad stands beside my floor bed as he says angrily in a threatening tone: *Apne baap ko dhokha degi!? Apne baap ko dhokha degi!? I seems that he may hit me.*

The Secret Place Revelations

4. (Yesterday) As I'm writing the introduction to the MS, I see the upper half CJI Chandrachud in a white tunic set sitting on my left beside me on my floor bed with his back leaning against the wall behind him as he too looks at my laptop screen.
5. (Yesterday) A small-framed vision of me in my black Ephesians 2:2 t-shirt over trousers lying on the floor as I am pulling dragging myself ahead with broken lower legs.
6. My youngest brother says that it was him who was going to kill the turtle.
7. (Last night) My dad says that he was going to piece the turtle and throw him away where I would not be able to find any of his remnants. It reminds me the revelation recalled at first on this page.
8. I wake up with the following being sung by a man's voice: ***Kandhe pe haath rakh ke kho gaya mein, kho gaya mein, kho gaya..***
9. (Yesterday) I see the legs of a person in black pants resting on the floor on vertically folded knees as the person rests against the bed behind him and a hand hits one of the legs around its knee with a rod.
10. **Recall the following revelation from the Page of Aug 4th, 2024:**
[Glory in a blue shirt untucked over black pants ...](#)
Glory in a blue shirt untucked over black pants (resembling one of my dad's recent attire) sits against the wall outside the door with his lower leg on the right missing as he's eating food from a plate.
11. My dad with both eyes with blue iris stands with a wary expression as he gestures me to keep quiet while the preschool runs below. He zips his mouth moving his thumb and fingers from one direction to another as he looks at me warily.

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