

Aug 7th

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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 two weeks**) After I talk about the turtle facing constipation, I see the side-view of my dad facing the turtle a foot away from him as he says to the turtle with a half teary-eyed and smiling compassionate facial expression: **Tu to bilkul meri tarah hai!** He says so for he too faces constipation.
2. **Part of a Dream** (**Past two days**): I am moving through the open central ground (surrounded by classroom) of the junior wing of my school in my hometown as I find Billie Eilish amidst the crowd lying on a bed along the wall adjoining the road. There are other people around her and she seems to be having a good time. As I see her, after greeting her, I immediately begin to kiss her face showing my affection towards her. As I'm doing so, I think how I am not sinning at all as there's nothing sexual about it but I am showing my love towards her by that form of expression.
3. My dad says: **Doodh, bread, kele, coffee - Bander to yahi sab khaati hai. Doodh, bread, kele, coffee - Bander to yahi sab khaati hai.**
4. My youngest brother Divyanshu says: **Didi mein apko peet sakta hu. Didi mein apko peet sakta hu.**
5. **Isko to mein aisa peetunga ki ye kabhi kuch karne layak nahi rahegi. Isko to mein aisa peetunga ki ye kabhi kuch karne layak nahi rahegi.**

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6. As I am pampering the tortoise, I see Prof Debajyoti Chaudhary and Prof Nivedita Deo from my department sit on my either side on my bed with outstretched leg with a serious countenance. They draw even closer to me as my supervisor says: ***We want to be with you. We want to be on your side.***
7. **Recall the following revelation from Page 598 created on Nov 20th, 2023:**
(Past few days) A small-framed vision of the upper half of Kareena Kapoor until her shoulders on the top-right corner of the viewer's mental vision in a dark background in which she's wrapped in a black drape that runs over her head as she looks at the viewer and says: ***Ab jarur mar jayega!***
As I was writing the vision above, I saw a small-framed vision of Kareena Kapoor standing in a dim background as blood begins to flow down from her groin while she shakes at her place out of weakness.
8. As I making chatni in the kitchen, I hear my dad say: ***Bander tu acchi ladki hai. Tu acchi ladki hai.***
9. As I sit on my bed, I see the Uncle from the apartment I visited in 2022 standing in front of me dressed in a white vest over light-colored pajamas with a small plate with two roasted bread and tea extended out towards me, Glory beside him on the right with a small plate with one roti and some veggie on it, while the Aunty beside Glory on the right as she extends a transparent glass of banana shake to me.
10. (Past few days) ***Bander tu mujh par bojh nahi hai. Tera mujh par koi bojh nahi hai.*** It repeated today as well while I was standing in front of the washing machine with the covering sheet of my dad inside.
11. My dad says: ***Bander ko safai mein rehna pasand hai. Vo khane par jyada focus nahi karti.***
12. My dad stands outside the mesh door on the slight right side as he says sobbing while looking inside at me: ***Bander tu meri wife nahi hai. Bander tu meri wife nahi hai.***
13. ***Dekh Kartika tere baap ko kaise rulata hu. Dekh Kartika tere baap ko kaise rulata hu.***
14. The bottom view of the giant brown sole of the slipper of Jesus coming down from the sky on top of a building as it crumbles down to the ground. The vision repeats.
15. (Afternoon) My dad says: ***Mein to bander ke saath yaha fas gaya. Mein to bander ke saath yaha fas gaya.***
16. (Afternoon) My dad sends me to Omaxe and gets a cleaning and dishwashing help along with getting the apartment deep cleaned. (Reflected revelation to him talking about sending Divyanshu to Omaxe later in the evening.)
17. (Evening) My youngest brother Divyanshu throws my laptop towards the wall partition between the kitchen and the passage to the washroom.

18. (Evening) A semi-animated vision of my youngest brother Divyanshu sitting on his chair as he cries a stream of tears of blood which fills the floor of the room to a foot or so.

19. **Recall the Dream 2 written on Page 563 created on Oct 14th, 2023:**

Parts from the dream (One can go back and **watch the full dream on Page 563**):

I am with two more people and I take a route from a place to Kurukshetra from where we take an E-Rickshaw which then takes us through the road and stops on the side after a while, with its side-view facing to the right seen as a third person. Missing the details of the rest of the ride, the dream now brings the people to a home in which I find Sis Adele. Apparently, we've followed an itinerary of three places, and now we're at her home, and we've come to visit her. She offers us some snacks on the brown rectangular center table in front of us with her sitting on the long couch against the wall on the other side of the table. The table is now filled with snacks she has someone place there. We talk for a while and I'm feeling great in her company. We move around her home as she takes us around, and I notice how ultra clean it is. I'm feeling great being in her home considering the fact that she's such a learned prophet of the Lord. The three of us leave after a while.

She's now walking towards the balcony and I follow along, being 5-7 meters behind her, and notice the ultra-clean floor marbled in off-white with a thickly checkered pattern on it made by thin strips of light grey stone. There's isn't a single speck or particle of dust visible as seen in the reflected natural light of the day. It's silent, clean and peaceful. As I am exiting into the balcony, I see that it's a square area of about 4X4 meters and it is almost empty, ultra clean and marbled in the same manner as the rest of the space I walked through.

I move to the right corner of the balcony and look down and see an almost empty, wide, and ultra-clean concrete road. Apparently, I am in Australia with her. I look at how clean the surroundings are and how there's no dust in the air as well. I continue looking down, and now see some dark Indian laborers on the street. I can tell that they're Indian because of the way they're dressed in *sarees* and *suits*. They're moving some stuff to the right. Perhaps there's a construction underway. I see two ladies dressed in sarees walking together in a straight line in a weird manner as they stand facing each other where the one in front has to walk backwards while the other facing her is walking forwards.

I turn away from the scene of the road and see Sis Adele standing facing me behind the semi-open wooden mesh door on the right end of the wall as she walks backwards and goes back inside her home closing the balcony door. She hasn't talked much with me which makes me wonder if she really wants me there or if she's just putting up with me. After she's gone inside, I observe the clean balcony and the short and narrow sky blue rack placed against the wall a few meters to the left of the door. I wonder how could that balcony be so clean despite it being uncovered and exposed to the outside. I notice her white rubber flats with two broad horizontal white strips, and one more footwear on a lower shelf of the rack. There are a few thin notebooks and notebooks placed on the rack as well. I wonder how is she able to keep her white footwear that clean. Yeah. It's because of the dust-free place and the clean roads below. Though I can see the rack's resemblance with my own

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sky blue rack placed in my room, her rack isn't as wide as mine and looks even cleaner and with much lesser stuff placed on it. I am very impressed by her white flats placed one on top of other.

I now go back to the balcony and see the short man - her supposed help - move on the road below with a bent upper half as he's carrying something. He seems dark, has a bald head with tiny spiky hair, and is wearing a grey jacket over grey pants. He looks shabby and dirty. He's perhaps doing something to help the laborers.

The follow-up scene has Sis Adele lying on her side in a comfortable position on a bed made on the floor as she's explaining to the man in grey how this certain guy nearby moves around, his pattern, and where he will most probably go. I too am sitting on the bed with her in front of me. She's talking about the dynamics of this particular neighbor and says the word research in between. She seems quite insightful to me as she knows a lot about her surroundings. She's not gossiping or badmouthing anyone though. She then gets her wallet and takes out notes of two Australian dollars (of a high value) to give to the man sitting beside her for him to give to the laborers below. Looking at her, I recall the money lying in my red pouch and ask her if she needs my help (of Indian rupees) as well. I'm thinking of giving her two 500 Rupee notes from my pouch like she took out two high-value AUDs. I'm still waiting for a reply as she always takes a while before replying to me and that's when the dream ends.

20. The upper half of Death Conqueror standing some feet away above me in the air as looking down at me he says: ***Aaj vo bahut khush thi. Aaj vo bahut khush thi.***
21. A low contrast vision of Death Conqueror in the air above as looking down at me, he says: ***Jan na chahti hai ki maine tere saath aisa kya kiya? Jan na chahti hai ki maine tere saath aisa kya kiya?*** (referring to sending cameras, making the prostitute website and consistent third-party abuse by flying monkeys) He then removes away his outer self like a cloth and inside is seen a vertical rectangular black surface with the face of a black demonic entity looking at the viewer with pointed teeth and a wicked expression. Behind the black surface is seen several layers of black goop representing profuse inner infestation with wickedness. The vision repeats with him asking me the same question again. This time he zips down his outer self like a cloth revealing his inner black demonic self.
22. The dusky man in black above me removes his outer self and inside is seen a white being with white, pink, and reddish roses that fall down on me.
23. I see the iron base of a garden hand rake above my face. As the vision expands, I see its wooden handle being held by my dad standing above as he's digging in the soil. The follow-up vision then shows the front view of my dad standing facing the rectangular garden strip on the other end of the road with his playschool as he asks my youngest brother to bring the body. My youngest brother Divyanshu comes walking holding a body fully wrapped in a white sheet horizontally in both his arms as my dad gets ready to bury it in the garden.
24. My dad says to me: ***Bete mein tujhe nahi maar sakta. Isme tera koi kasoor nahi hai.***

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Page updated today: Page of Aug 4 (2024).

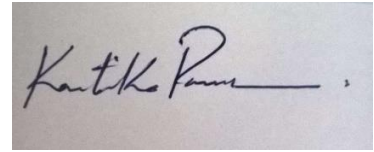
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PayPal: kartikapanwar@yahoo.in

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I can be mailed at Kartika Panwar, #603 Tuntex, Omaxe Heights, Omaxe City, Opp. Kamashpur (NH-1), Sonipat, Haryana, 131001.

A photograph of a handwritten signature in black ink on a light-colored surface. The signature is written in a cursive style and reads "Kartika Panwar".