

Aug 8th

08 August 2024

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Updated on August 9th, 2024 at ~ 2:39am.

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 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!**

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2. (**Past two months**, at Omaxe) Dhruv Rathee lying on his side facing me a few feet away from me on my bed holding a bouquet of colorful flowers in his hand.

3. (Past three weeks) The front view of my dad standing on the roof below the shed in front of the room as he throws a fish net away towards the open area of the roof covered with an inch or two high layer of water as it falls on several tiny inch or so long fishes lying on the roof's floor separated by a foot or so.
4. (Past two weeks) My dad standing outside the door with his back towards the room as with a slightly turned self, he says to me: ***Mujhe aayinaa dikhayegi!? Mujhe aayinaa dikhayegi!?***
5. (Past few days) On recalling the dream revelation Time With The Blue-Eyed Man, I see the dim low contrast self of Death Conqueror standing in the air above as looking down at me, he said: ***It means that I've to forget you. It means that I've to forget you.***
6. (Aug 7th) The parallel view of turtle's box home half-filled with water as I see the surface sparsely covered by green food pellets at the side of the viewer and a thick prolapse floating in the water as well with the vision shifting slightly to the left showing its dead body floating in the water.
7. (Aug 7th) I am holding the turtle in my hand a few feet away in front of my face as I see a thin layer of blood spreading on the right side of turtle's skin exposed to air.
8. Within the past week, the following past vision revelation, **#16 on Page 431 created on June 1st, 2023**, was being flashed repeatedly in my vision for some reason.

16. Thick and Wide Colorful Books in Two Columns

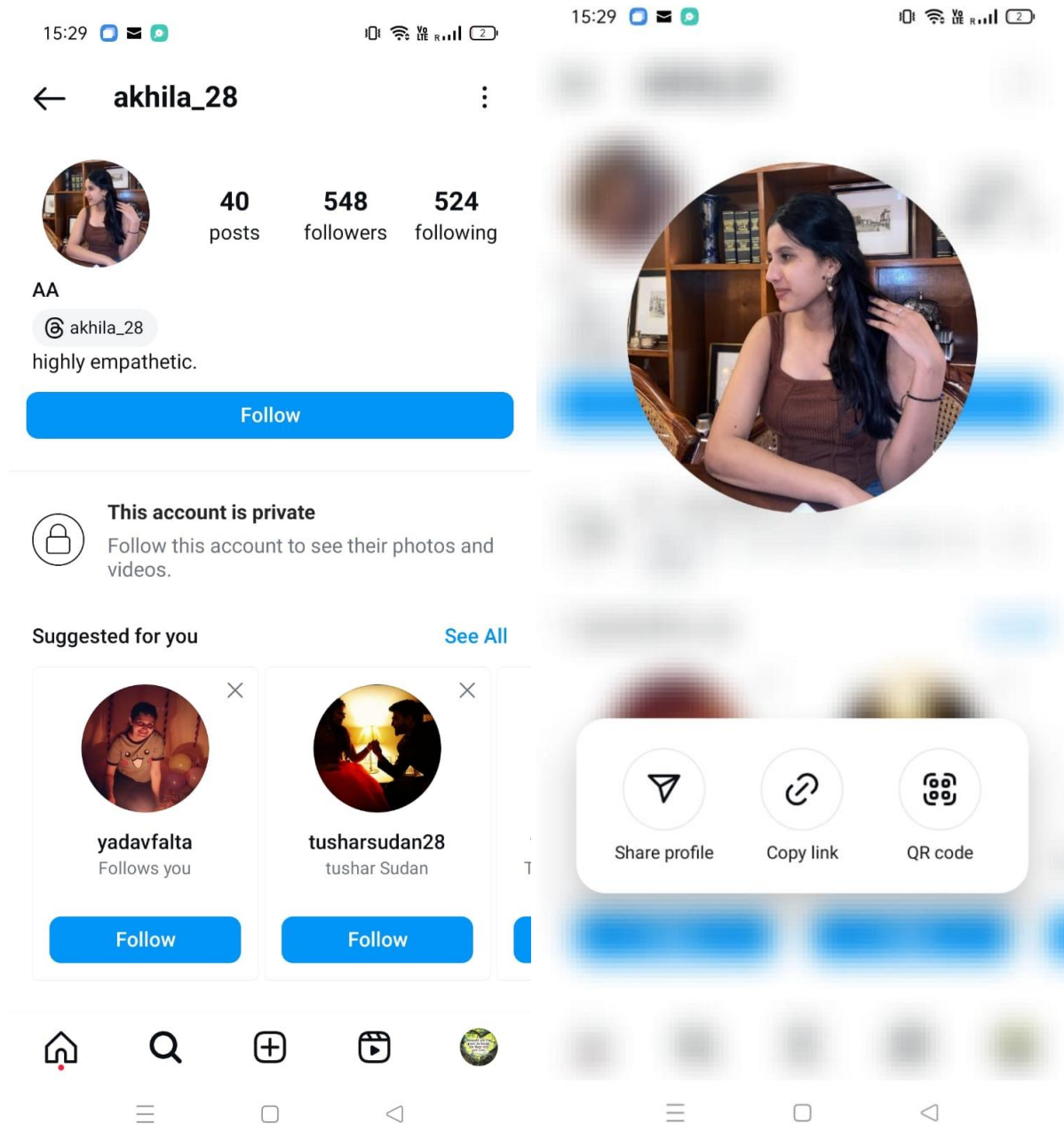
Vision: In a dimly lit room, two columns of thick hard bound library books are being stacked together, one book on top of the other. The covers are maroon, dark green and blue with golden embossed print. The books are huge and wide, and all of the same size. There is hardly any difference between the two columns of the books though there's a distance of around two inches between them. The left section of the brain controls logical and analytical reasoning, while the right section is about art and creativity. The two sections of my brain are an amalgamation of both. That's how God created me.

After a few days of the above vision being flashed, when I clicked on an Instagram notification on my phone and landed on my Instagram home page, I came across this profile suggestion on top by the name akhila_28. I got disgusted and nauseated as I happened to look at the affected outer appearance or expression carrying a vain aura around one's inner self. I wished I hadn't come across it as its hypocrisy and superficiality were unbearable enough to mentally disturb a person who knows the reality of the lady's true self based on the firsthand experience as a roommate for a year! If it was a random profile, I wouldn't have felt anything because I wouldn't be knowing the person for real. But in this case, I knew the person and knew exactly how she thought and therefore the expression made me feel immediately disgusted. After a while of coming across that profile, the thick red and green books placed in the rack behind her reminded me of the above vision that had been being flashed in my spirit. Additionally, later as the profile came as a suggestion on top a few more times, the dark brown rack at the back was highlighted to me as well in relation to the previous dream revelation which I recently recalled in the previous pages. Today I was being nudged to write about the same in relation to the vision and dream revelation and the photo on the

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Instagram profile. So, I opened my Instagram app and on not seeing the profile as a suggestion on top, looked up akhila_28 to take a screenshot of the profile picture given below.

The profile:



As I'm writing the text above the screenshots, I see Glory in a red and white standing facing me on my left with widened eyes with a sky blue iris. He then stretches up high above increasing in size. The vision of Glory in a red and white suit looking at me with wide-open eyes with a sky blue iris repeats with him standing several meters away from me on the left and then about a meter or two away to me on the same side in the narrow corridor before the washroom.

The dark brown rack behind her flashed to me the vertical dark brown rack with a number of niches from the following dream revelation:

Recall the past dream revelation (#3 from Page 83):

As I continued walking in that direction, I found two people (a short-heighted guy standing with a short-heighted girl) standing there and asked them if 'Divya' was there. And they nodded their heads as they were smiling and pointed to a niche in a supposed book rack towards their right. The niche was filled with stubble. I took it out and found the small head with very sparse and thin hair of a sleeping infant peeking out of the niche. The dream then ended. (I don't know whose child it was but the fact that it laid behind that stubble to me represented that it was being formed separately in an unconventional manner).

9. **Dream (Morning):** I am in a room getting ready to leave for a place abroad to pursue an MSc (in Physics). It takes me a lot of time to get ready as I wear a checkered long and boxy full-sleeved off-white shirt with a medium wide light brown checkered pattern over trousers. I wear light brown sandals with a few inches high block heels at the back. I take enough time to get ready as I see my dad around as well. Apparently, he's not happy about me going to pursue MSc though he's not actively stopping me from doing so either. I exit the ground floor in front of him and taking a few steps to the left notice that my sandals have left light mud marks on the ground which my dad points to me as well. I don't understand how I ended up leaving those marks as I only took a few steps forward and that too on clean ground. Taking a U-turn to the left from the room's door lies a covered corridor on the other end of which lies the exit to the building. I don't see my dad around and therefore think of quickly leaving through the corridor to exit. On my way to board the airplane, I need to pick up another person who too is to pursue Masters from abroad and will join me in the journey. The person is shown to be a short and beige boy dressed in a dull navy blue shirt who comes out of the door of his own home on the ground floor of an open road. I meet him on the way and are both now moving towards boarding the plane as we enter what resembles a metro station. We are slightly afraid that my dad might catch us. So, we are in a hurry to leave. We move around inside the metro station for a while looking for the counter to buy a ticket on-spot which I though am not sure if we would be able to do, but I am in high hopes. Apparently, we would be able to make it the same day. We move around, up and down, searching for the ticket counter but cannot locate it. It's been long now and we need to inquire. As we are standing on one side of the almost empty large hall facing the other side thinking of asking someone about the ticket counter, a dark, fat and bellied man dressed in the light blue and navy blue attire of a watchman comes walking to us from the right side out of nowhere and, using a small metallic instrument of the shape of a pen (a few mms wider and longer than a regular sized pen) while holding it vertically straight, records or scans something point sized on the corner of the shirt's right pocket of the fellow in the dull navy blue shirt standing on my left, tells us that he is dirty and therefore we can't go to pursue Masters and have been disqualified. It sounds heart breaking to me and takes me a while to digest what just happened. Apparently, what we both left our homes to do, with me leaving against my dad's agreement with me, we would be no longer be able to do. How come that watchman suddenly appear in front of us and know the exact location of the tiny speck of dirt on the short man's shirt which I can't even see with bare eyes. And

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since when did tiny dirty indiscernible spots on clothes become a criteria to be qualified to pursue Masters. I wish the watchman hadn't crossed our path. We weren't even expecting him and if we had found the ticket counter before he abruptly came to us, we would definitely have been leaving for abroad without any problem. He appeared unexpectedly on the way and immediately clicking the pocket from a foot or so away without asking us, gave us the terrible and extremely unexpected news of us getting disqualified from pursuing Masters and moreover, he said so in an apathetic and blunt tone with no compassion exhibited. Additionally, he left immediately with the pen-shaped metallic instrument used to scan the speck after giving us the terrible news without any delay. I look at the short fellow's pocket and don't see anything. I begin to sob and cry as we had prepared and wanted wholeheartedly to leave for abroad and were looking forward to pursue Masters. But now everything is ruined.

Why did that fat, dark and bellied watchman drop in the middle? And what was this foolish seriousness about the foolish criteria of scanning tiny indiscernible spots on people's clothes to deem them eligible for an academic course like Masters? I can't even see the spec on the shirt we got disqualified because of. We now need to go back to our homes, back to the place of toxicity we left to find hope away from in a healthier academic environment abroad where we were supposed to be pursuing Masters. I continue crying hard as we move around. We meet a few people on the way and talk to them about the situation as I tell them that we can't go for Masters because the watchman scanned a tiny spec on the short man's only pocket on the right, the tiny spec that I can't even see with bare eyes but none of them seems to be having a just explanation for the disqualifying criteria and the invisible spec on the pocket and they don't say much about it.

The latter part of the dream shows me now in a different space where I'm being served food made to go through a particular process before being served. I notice that the process is short. I see that the next serving of food takes longer to through the same process before being served. This serving that I'm seeing moving around through small curved spaces on the surface below in front of me inside the room is now doing the same for a longer duration before being served to me. As I am inside the room, there is an issue for which I get blamed but which I didn't have any role in, in any way. I'm trying hard to prove that I don't have any role in the issue being highlighted as I explain what I know to be the truth about the situation ending to be up so.

10. My dad empties the turtle's water down from the roof's railing in front of the room draining down the turtle as well. Apparently, he wants to get rid of it.

11. (Evening) As I lie on my floor bed, I see my dad hitting my legs frantically with a danda made of wood.

12. **Recall the part of the following previous dream revelation from Page 505 created on Aug 15th, 2023:**

The following scene has a muscular and thinly moustached Sunil Shetty tied by his hands with ropes extending away from his wrists stretched outwards as he stands on the ground with bent knees and head bowed down. He is shown as being held hostage in this manner inside a home. His left side is now shown as he tries to lift his body up, does so by about less than a foot, but falls back down. The guy is shown as being too muscular and well-built and his thigh alone had a diameter of about 1.5

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feet. My dad is having his meal sitting to my left and is unaffected by his state, while my mom too is busy with the household chores and behaves casually with me. The tied muscular Sunil Shetty who looks like a wrestler is fully naked throughout the time of his torture.

13. [A prophetic word for someone - I am not stripping you](#)



14. After an argument with my dad because I confronted him staring at my chest for a few seconds while lying in bed as I stood in front of him asking him something, I see the dim low contrast self of Death Conqueror as he says to me: ***Maine tere baap ko kaha tujhe dekhne ke liye. Maine tere baap ko kaha tujhe dekhne ke liye*** (to further stress me out).

15. (**Past two months**) A small-framed vision of me standing on a cement road with trees on both sides as a huge conical boulder/rock is seen placed in front of me blocking my path under the daylight sky. It is too tall for me to climb on and wide enough to block the entire road as I look at it. After a while, a speedy stream of water comes flowing from the right side and washes the boulder away to the left clearing up my path leaving the road free for me to continue my journey on.

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