

May 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 three weeks**) *Since we began watching you, our lives have changed.*
2. (**Past two weeks**) *Ye kabhi nahi ayegi! Ye kabhi nahi ayegi!* I then see the upper half of Death Conqueror in a white tunic flash as he says (paraphrased): *To phir sab aise hi chalega! To phir aise hi chalega!*
3. (**Past week**) *We won't kill you, Kartika. We'll kiss you.*
4. (**Past week**) *We won't kill you, Kartika. We'll suck you dry.* It has repeated a few times intermittently.
5. (**Few days back**) *You're very important to us. You're very important to us.*
6. **The Groin Shave**
(**Past two days**) **Vision:** I lie on the floor as two people hold my legs apart while the dusky man in black holds a blade in his hand with which he begins to meticulously shave down my groin slowly. Within the first few moves itself, he accidentally makes a small cut followed by him making an intentional cut on my skin.

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7. (Past two days) Heard in the spirit: ***Bhagodi!***
8. (Yesterday) Akbar in his attire from the song Amar Akbar Anthony chews a red paan as he stands between the duo and says something.
9. (Yesterday, Morning) Paraphrased: ***Just because I didn't marry her, she's saying all these things? Just because I didn't marry her, she's saying all these things.***
But what I was saying was true and had everything to do with this fellow's ongoing pursuit of me, and often I get provoked into speaking out things by a revelation or something that a messenger has said leading me to speak out long convicting and explanatory truths.
10. As I'm having the chole poori, I hear: ***We're the whores, Kartika. You're not the whore.***
11. ***You turned out to be better than what we thought. You turned out to be better than what we thought.***
12. Glory says: ***Teri abhilashayein bahut jyada hai. Teri abhilashayein bahut jyada hai. It doesn't make much sense to me.*** (The upper half of Death Conqueror until a foot below his white shirt in curly hair as he says: ***Mein samajh gaya.*** As I am editing the previous vision, I see his face float closer and say: ***Bye. Mein ghar jaa raha hu. Mujhe marna nahi hai.***)
13. **Three Reptilian Beings**
A small-framed vision of three dark green reptilian beings with long reptilian tails moving on top of me in intercourse as I lie in bed.
14. **The Holy Duet**
I dance with Glory in a red and white suit in a duet in the center of my room where I am wrapped in my pink shawl over a denim long skirt. The follow-up vision shows him hitting my face hard as it turns to a side with me moving backwards as I spit out blood. He hits my face again. He is then shown to be hitting me with a long danda as I am lying on the floor. I then recall the vision of a naked him hitting the head of Akhila lying on the floor as her head has flattened out completely.
15. ***We're living now, Kartika. We were dead. Now we are living.***
(The upper half of Glory as he says with an astonished expression (paraphrased): ***Everything was true. Everything was true.***)
16. **Jimmy Shergill Swings The Lady on The Beach**
A small-framed vision of a moustached Jimmy Shergill in a folk attire similar to the song *Dil Laga Liya Maine Tumse Pyaar Karke* but light pink in color and mostly plain in appearance with a light pink

turban on his head as he's holding and swinging a lady with long open hair in his arms rotating her body sideways as he stands on an empty beach with the background of a fairly calm ocean behind at early dawn or under a dusky sky. (As I mentioned the name of the song, I see a small-framed blurry vision of the upper half of Death Conqueror in the air above as he said that he wasn't expecting it. The vision repeats a few times. As I later describe the attire of Jimmy Shergill, I see the stubbled face of Arjun Rampal with straight neck length hair slightly above his shoulders revealing his blue coat as turning his head to a side he says with a disgusted expression: **Bahut jyada gwaar! Bahut jyada gwaar!**)

17. They Are Not Going To Leave You..

Glory in a boxy light blue shirt untucked over pants stands in my room near the entrance to the kitchen corridor as he says in a quiet voice: **Ye tujhe nahin chhodne waale Kartika.** He flash changes to Dhruv Rathee in a black t-shirt over black trousers as he too says the same.

Ye apko nahin chhodne waale, Kartika Ji. Aap bahut gwaar ho aur apko inko pasand aa gaye ho.

18. We Will Suck You Dry.

We won't kill you, Kartika. We'll suck you dry. We are vampires. It reminds me of this recent vision (from yesterday) of the upper half of a bald-headed and clean-shaven old vampire with a black drape at the back in a light green hue.

19. As I am writing, I see Angad in his navy blue attire from the day on top of me as he's moving to and fro in intercourse and says: *We're having sex!*****

(K*tiya bahut pitne waali hai.)

20. I go to the washbasin to wash my hands and hear that this was the time I was to show all the love to the trio for I won't see them again after I would get married.

Cheen liya tera laptop tujhse tere baap ne!

21. This is the Same Girl.

While I'm writing The Double Slit Analogy on Page 678, I see the upper halves of the semi-animated duo in black and white suites on my right standing straight together as looking down at me with unblinking wide-open eyes, they say: ***This is the same girl. This is the same girl who was shouting earlier in the evening.***

This is the same girl who was shouting earlier in the evening.

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22. As I lie down to sleep:

Nahin todunga tere pair. Tu acchi hai.

23. The lady sings:

Jab pyaar kiya to darna kya..

Jab pyaar kiya to darna kya..

Pyaar kiya koi chori nahi ki

Chup chup aahe bharna kya..

Jab pyaar kiya to darna kya..

Chup na sakega ishq hamara..

Chaaro taraf hai inka nazaara..

Jab ishwar se kuch na chipaa hai..

Jab ishwar se kuch na chipaa hai.. (These two lines from the song are stressed upon.)

to bando se pardaa karna kya..

Jab pyaar kiya to darna kya..

Pyaar kiya to darna kya..

[Jab Pyar Kiya To Darna Kya \(जब प्यार किया तो डरना क्या \) Video Song | | Mughal-E-Azam Movie Songs](#)



As I lie in bed, I also see an adorned face of semi-animated face of Anarkali resting on her side facing to the right on a bed in a dark background.

24. **Dream:** I see my middle brother Himanshu in the master bedroom of my parental flat as his right leg is being focused on the vision. A voice says that it has already been shown to the doctor. The back of his ankle had a dot of blood. Apparently, he's having an internal bleed.

Rare. Extremely rare.

25. A guy's sobbing voice says: ***Maar ditta re maar ditta!***

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The head until slightly above the shoulders of Angad holding his bent down forehead with a navy blue turban on top as he says in a sobbing tone: ***Maar ditta re maar ditta kudi nu..!***

10:38

26. ***Agar mein so gaya to tu zinda nahi bachegi. Agar mein so gaya to tu mar jayegi.***

27. **Dream:**

I have already eaten something when I go and stand with others around a hostel or a PG food stall serving three boiled eggs with curry spread on a square plate. Everyone is being handed out the same as I stand waiting for the crowd to disperse. Apparently, I need a page signed by someone. I've already signed it. I wait for a good while near the stall as people disperse and I move closer to the person hidden by a seemingly identical crowd of people dressed in the same clothes. When I approach and am now close to the person who was serving the food, I find PM Modi sitting on a chair as he signs the paper writing what he just finished doing, or recording the dealing at the instant of the time of signature, written in a long line with a blue ink pen, seeing that I too have written around signature my individual account in a line.

I see a couple on a bike and the wedding ring with fire shooting high up. My mom serves and cooks food. She tells me to be careful as I see a square red cavity inside a huge U-shaped object on the wide front of a building. Apparently, the cavity had been chopped, cooked, and served to others.

28. The upper half of Death Conqueror on my left a few meters above as he looks down at me and says: ***Doctor. Doctor tujhse to mein mujra karwaunga! Apne saare doston ke saamne.***

29. ***Arey madam ji neeche aaajao bas kya batau!*** It was night and the food delivery guy was out to deliver my order. I could see that he intentionally was making roundabout statements around his understanding of the location of my address. He walked to the 2nd floor my room stood and said intentionally in a loud voice: ***Arey madam ji neeche aaajao bas kya batau!*** After this, he quickly went back downstairs. He could've delivered my order but he chose to make that loud statement in a morally degraded tone. I didn't really understand why he wanted me down. And it was dark of the night, and perhaps late, so I didn't go along with how he was trying to maneuver me to come downstairs in a visibly apparent deceptive tone. But it was later that it made sense to me.

Feb 16th, 2024 (Page 678)

Dream:

I'm standing in a street with the rough look of a town or a middle-class old undeveloped city area. I see a long and wide white car slowly approach my direction at the distant end of the street. I take the side stairs and walk up the building. When I am on the cemented rooftop, I come across almost square subsections on the floor constructed using cement.

I go back down to the first floor and find that it's our rented floor in Aditi's home (Saini Uncle's daughter). I see that a part of the Verandah is cool while another part heated by the sun. I am trying to avoid the area below the triangular part of the roof heated by the sun. While I stand confused, Sanjay Sir's student Shagun suggests me a place to sit.

In my attempt to escape the room, I jump from the window with an infant wrapped in a white cloth and as I fall down I drop him on a square grey shed on my right as a safety measure. I continue to freefall. I then see as a third person the semi-animated vision of an angled side-view of a chubby lady dropping on her back from above on a black floor, seemingly of a hall in a dark spacey background. She is wearing skinny sky-blue leggings and moves her legs slowly as she's had a bad fall. She seems to be injured. Right then another lady dressed in ankle-length multilayered white robes lands on the ground firmly on her feet with folded knees, and the person standing on the right of the lady lying on the ground begins to interact amicably with the lady standing while ignoring the one lying injured on the ground. (The blurry upper half of Prof TRS until a foot below his shoulders on my left as he says: ***You failed the test. You failed the test.***)

Aug 22nd, 2022 (Page 53)

[1. Standing Against devil and Deflecting the Demon Insect Army](#)

; the other dream had me in an arc with animals towards the end of which I went to a congregation of people where I saw someone I perhaps facially knew and he was sitting on a chair while the rest of the people were either standing or sitting on the floor. There I learned to operate a weapon that formed a round wall of fire. The weapon represents praying in Spirit as a part of Spiritual warfare. As this other dream progressed, I saw myself standing outside a building at the top of a supposed mountain hill where all the people I previously I saw were locked inside safely while I was out with the weapon I had learnt to use and was using it against an army of flying insects that were approaching the entrance. They were deflecting away from their trajectory towards me because of the weapon and right in front of me I saw half of the face of a huge serpent peeking above the mountain cliff, it seemed as if he was hiding in war because of the weapon that I was operating. Well the person sitting on the chair of that building, if I think about it, most closely resembled a pastor I met last year in that other PG. And that building should be his church (according to my understanding), because where else would I learn to pray that strongly.

In the above dream from Page 53, we see the top of the giant devil snakehead peeking up from behind a tall cliff with a white substance covering the top of its head as I operated that huge prayer gun creating a wall shield making the devil not reveal himself fully. From the left came flying that thick stream of tiny insects that when I looked at saw flying behind me towards the room. When I looked behind me to see if they made it inside and hurt the church members supposedly present inside, I saw an empty white-walled room with no one inside as blackbirds kept striking against the white wall at the other end and kept falling down. The devil was trying to get me down to his level from my high cliff in front of a church building behind me.

As I'm editing a revelation above, I hear inside my throat this word repeat: ***Mar. Mar. Mar. Mar.***

30. **While bathing:** the old Uncle Ji from the apartment I visited in 2022 stands facing Glory in a boxy light blue shirt who stands on the right thus facing to the left and making the prophetic symbol. The Uncle Ji says to him: ***Bete isko kabhi mat chhodna. Bete isko kabhi mat chhodna.***
31. My dad in a white tshirt tucked inside black pants with curly hair in a dark background in front of me shouts: ***Tu bahut jyada gair jimmedar hai!***
32. (Past few days) A small-framed vision of a moustached Prem Chopra dressed in a round-neck black suit with a black boater hat on top stands slightly angled away from the viewer towards the left in the background of a room as Dushman dressed in his beige clothes stands on the left with a slightly bent upper half with a wicked expression as he looks at Prem Chopra.

Night

33. After I've tried my oversized pink shirt, I recall how Akhila too had a similar one. After a while, I see both of us standing together in the room D1 of A16 facing the viewer dressed in the same full-sleeved pink shirt. However, I'm not wearing my specs but she's wearing a black framed one. Apparently, I was asked to remove my specs to even out the difference in our intellectual countenance. However, because I'm not wearing specs I can't see clearly. My vision is blurry and I'm facing an unnecessary problem when I'm used to wearing specs and looking at things clearly. But though she doesn't need eyeglasses, she is standing wearing them. Also, I'm required to suppress my persona and give her space.
34. The side view of the head of Akhila facing to the left sitting on her chair in the room D1 as seen from a foot above as she's looking straight ahead. She's wearing a pink butterfly clip a few inches matching her shirt on the left side of her hair.

As I began writing the above vision, I heard: ***Us se compare mat kar khud ko. Vo bahut upar hai!*** This makes me think that in the absence of her background, she is useless and is no useful resource besides a physical one to anyone. I then see the scenario in which she is born with the same personality in a middle-class or an even lower family and how she would only be gossiping and talking about actors, celebrities: local or other. Now she would be talking about cheaper versions of clothes she saw someone wearing or inside a shop. She would spread the poison in the lives of people around her in the same manner I saw her doing when I lived with her as she gossiped about this or that person. With or without her background, she's not a good quality resource except for serving as a physical resource. As I look at the scenario, I see that she's just a regular mediocre person from a rich background with no sense of purpose and no inclination to know or follow God.

As I step outside, I see the chubby and bearded guy walking at the other end of the corridor to Chaaru's apartment. He's dressed in a printed white t-shirt over shorts. As I'm locking my door, his appearance flashes in my vision and I happen to notice how I've changed in my perception of people. Earlier, I didn't resonate with a lot of people around me because they had a mediocre mindset as I

saw the presence of the same in that man. It's perfectly okay to be this way but it's not how I thought as I was always coming up with one thing or another that I could do in my life. Something new I could begin, it could be anything, but I possessed the fresh mind of a creator and I resonated with similar people. I wanted to do several things because I knew that I *could* do those things. I wanted to put my potential to use which is a good thing and there's nothing wrong with it! I could easily identify people with a mediocre mindset and they were the ones whom I would think of as the general mass. Most of the people around regardless of their financial stance could be seen possessing a mediocre mindset. And I didn't resonate with them in that space though I had compassion for them and understood them, but I just didn't resonate with them in that space. I then see a vision of Sunder Pichai standing at Chauru's door looking inside flash and immediately I resonate with his persona as I can sense some sort of shared mutuality. (Sunder Pichai points at me and walks away saying: ***She's a leader! She's a leader!***) (I see a semi-animated vision of the dusky man in black with a brown face in a dark background looking at the viewer with an astonished expression as one of his eyes is flinching. I then hear him say: ***She's poor but she's rich! She's poor but she's rich.*** Apparently, he's calling me both poor and rich.) I then see that there were kind of people I resonated with because of the way they thought. Their prime attention didn't revolve around the mundane or the casual or regular happenings of their lives but a cause they were committed to or felt strongly about.

35. As I'm walking forward in the corridor, I hear: ***She matches with them in her ambition. She matches with them in her ambition.*** (The blurry face of a beige Death Conqueror as he floats closer to my ear and whispers: ***I ruined you.***)
36. Death Conqueror says: ***Mein tere saath nahi reh sakta. Tu to mujhe baar baar yahi realize karwayegi ki mein kitna gira hua hu.***
37. As I'm standing at the kitchen slab, I hear: ***She wanted to do a PhD, I made her a whore. She wanted to do a PhD. I made her a whore.***
38. (Paraphrased) As I'm watching dishes, I hear: ***Phir vo us se milne ayega. Par koi use us se milne nahi dega.*** It repeats a few times. And the vision in which he stands at the end of the street as he is getting stoned by people flashes to me.
39. As I'm taking a look at my orders on Flipkart to know the status of the shirt I applied for a return as I had seen a message notification saying that the return request couldn't be processed, I find that the request was indeed accepted and as I'm still on the page thinking if I should buy another shirt, the peach-colored one, I hear (paraphrased): ***Kartika ye sab mat khareed. Tere paas itne paise nahi hai.***
40. ***Kartika ye sab mat khareed. Phir tere paise khatam ho jayenge aur tera baap tujhe maar dega.***

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41. **Agar tu ameer nahi hai to dikha bhi mat ki tu ameer hai. Nahi to phir koi tere peeche pad jaayega aur phir uska dil toot jayega!**

42. The upper half of Death Conqueror in a white tunic above on my left as he looks at me with pity and says in a sobbing broken voice: **Kartika tu bahut jyada gareeb hai.** It repeats a few times.

43. **Tu gareeb nahi hai! Mein tujhe pratadit kar raha hu! Tu gareeb nahi hai. Mein tujhe torture kar raha hu!**

44. **We all respect you, Kartika.**

45. The Guy sings:
**Jo bhi mein kehna chahu,,
Lagta hai galat**

46. **Mein tujhe chhod raha hu.. Mein tujhe chhod raha hu..**

Mein tujhe chhod raha hu gwaar!

47. Death Conqueror in a white tunic above says:
Maine tujhe regular bana diya. Maine tujhe regular bana diya.

48. **Mein teri life ruin kar chuka hu Kartika. Tu humesha ke liye whore rahegi!**

49. The guy says:
Nahin tha mujhe tujhse pyaar kabhi.

50. I say that one always faces a loss of one personality after an encounter with a narcissist or a psychopath. Whereas previously one may have been into different things that I was interested in, after the encounter one doesn't recognize oneself as it no longer matches the person you previously were (before the experience). As I so, I hear: **Itna sach bolne ke liye teri jaan le lenge. Itna sach bolne ke liye teri jaan le lenge.**

(The upper half of my supervisor in a white background as she says: **Extremely selfish. Extremely selfish.**)

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Well, the change is nowhere close to what one experiences when one goes through a life experience. Rather, the change is caused by trauma and a sudden jolt one receives when such a person crosses one's path. It's an undesirable change caused by a sense of being robbed of one's persona. It's almost as if one faces an identity crisis after an encounter with an abusive psychopath.

51. ***Ye dilli nahi hai Kartika. Ye maut ki galli hai.*** A blurry upper half of a dark Death Conqueror in a dark background as he says: ***Aur mein is jagah ka raja hu.***
52. ***Mujhe tujhse pyaar nahi hai. Mein to ek havsi lootera hu. Mein to ek havsi lootera hu.*** (A Guy's voice says: ***Yahi sach hai, Kartika. Yahi sach hai.***)
53. ***Kartika, you're a rich person who is poor. You're a rich person who is poor.***

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If you feel blessed by this revelatory ministry and it has spoken to you at some level, kindly feel free to show some love by donating any amount being as small as Rs. 10 on the following channels:

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.