

Sept 22nd

22 September 2024

10:49

Updated on Sept 23<sup>rd</sup>, 2024 at 18:47.

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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,<sup>[a]</sup> of the **Good News** I preached to you before. You welcomed it then, and you still stand firm in it. <sup>2</sup>It 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.<sup>[b]</sup>

<sup>3</sup>I 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. <sup>4</sup>He was buried, and he was raised from the dead on the third day, just as the Scriptures said. <sup>5</sup>He was seen by Peter<sup>[c]</sup> and then by the Twelve. <sup>6</sup>After that, he was seen by more than 500 of his followers<sup>[d]</sup> at one time, most of whom are still alive, though some have died. <sup>7</sup>Then he was seen by James and later by all the apostles. <sup>8</sup>Last of all, as though I had been born at the wrong time, I also saw him.

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1. (**Past two weeks**) The little turtle with the stubbled face of RS with neck-length hair floats in the air facing to the right as it plays a tiny keyboard with its tiny turtle arms looking at it with a slightly bent face with lowered eyes.
2. **Prophetic Utterance from Sept 24th, 2021 shared on my other channel **Beauty of Yahuah:****

### **ZION TREE**

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Qi86Yz-Uhpw>



**Link to my channel Beauty of Yahuah:**

<https://www.youtube.com/@beautyofyahuah/featured>

3. Dream (Sept 22nd):

**\*\*Coming soon\*\***

The lady in a knee-length dress with in a black and white floral print. The foreigner lady suggests a day out at the gym and outdoors. Works in a hospital. Workout. Turns out to be a murderer who kills infants. The lady stabs a dagger in chest on the lady lying in the open, the wide wooden slab, and circles of matchsticks. The wider slab; the workplace with sound coming from the adjoining apartment; the peek through the space in the wall at the maroon wall fence a meter or so ahead with the apartment lying on the other side.

4. **Oct 25th, 2023 (Page 573)**

**Dream (Yesterday Morning):**

I am with some CID personnel who ask me to go to my room and rest on my bed in my olive green sheet first. So, I go and do so as I sit covered with my olive green sheet while I talk with some people sitting with me on the bed. After resting on my bed covered with my olive-green sheet, I later leave the room and go downstairs and sit behind what looks like a reception desk of the place and apparently, I'm sitting there and eating. In front of me, a few meters ahead to the right go stairs upwards to the right with a wall separating them from the wide and huge open hall visible in front of me, a part of which lies behind the wall. The stairs are dimly lit while the empty hall is lit in golden. I then see ACP Pradyuman from CID walking downstairs holding my olive green sheet in one of his hands. He stops midway on the stairs in front of me as he shows it to me in a gesture pointing to the fact that it needs to be washed as I have been using it for too long. He then leaves with the sheet through the narrow corridor to my right in front of the stairs, exiting outside into the dark of the late evening. Apparently, he will give it for cleaning by himself for I've been busy. I think that it's good for me for my workload is decreased. The next thing I see is me exit the building out in the open and it's day now. I am in the middle of what looks like the crowded locality of a town, or an old rural part of a city. I see some vehicles parked around me and I at some distance ahead I can see some rectangular air drones with curved edges and a slanting top lifting up in the air. It seems like a spaceship lifting up with smaller rectangular and square parts of it lifting up together separately. Apparently, they are the CID drones that have been recruited to monitor the land in a new way. They are to move in the sky and keep a check and report the situation below. I look up at the open day blue sky where the drones are going to be flying in. I then see the parts of the ship move by me on the road. They seem to be like buses and I am trying to avoid being too close to them but their way of driving makes it look like they're trying to corner me on the road as they drive by in a curvy way while I am struggling to find space to move to stand safely in the space. Apparently, I too will be boarding the air drones that'll be moving up high in the sky as control and scout drones. I know that Jack is somewhere around me though I don't see him around and that he's being sought after by the CID as well. The next thing I see is me inside a metallic room which is a part of one of the drones and I have Jack with me. He is dressed in an off-white shirt tucked inside pants with shoulder straps. The room has a double bed and a wardrobe to the left beside it. Apparently, I am hiding Jack from CID who's looking for him. I am kissing him while I move about the room. While I move in the room, I am

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carrying a book in my hands. It seems to be a novel as I've it opened in my hands and I want him to read it. I then find myself standing behind the door of my open wardrobe being dressed in just my lingerie set which I see as a third person. The focus is on my middle portion which shows a black panty on a toned belly. It doesn't seem to me to be mine. Perhaps I am changing clothes and I bring Jack into that space as well.

*(The room reminds me of my room in A-16 because of the presence of a double bed and the two wardrobes in the direction of the door. This reminds me of the first setting of room D4 in which I stayed first. The wardrobes were placed together and to the left of them was the room's door. I later shifted my almirah to my side, but my roommate Pinky used to use that space. I don't remember if she changed clothes in that manner, but I never did such a thing. And I don't look at people even if they're changing clothes right in front of me!)*

*The Guy sings:*

***Bewafa bewafa bewafa nikli hai vo..***

***Jhoota pyaar, jhoota pyaar, jhoot pyaar kita hai vo!***

)

**Dream Continued:** A person walks in through the door but he's not able to see Jack as I've hidden him behind the wardrobe's open door that stands as a screen between him and the room's door. I know that I will have to keep him in hiding for he's not safe outside.

### **The Slow Girl**

The next part of the dream shows a translucent girl with her middle in the shape of a flower's closed bud she looks like a long and thick bean fat in the centre resembling a flower bud. She's standing in front of a lever and she has to turn it to the right, but she's too slow. She is moving so slowly that it doesn't seem like she can even pull the lever to the right as her hand moves by about a cm or two in a few seconds. It doesn't look like she can control the vehicle she is trying to operate using that lever. She is shown as being so devoid of life force that she can't even dry her head properly after bathing as she's lightly moving her towel around her head as she is unable to twist her hands. There doesn't seem to be any force left inside the slow girl. The dream ends with the top view from about two feet above the ground of a closed transparent almost square box lying on the road and it seems to be filled with a brownish gravy substance - most probably rajma, as a lady's voice says: **Deborah**.

### **5. Aug 8th, 2024**

#### **Disqualified From Pursuing MSc from Abroad Because of an Invisible Dot!?**

[Dream \(Morning\): I am in a room getting...](#)

**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

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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 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.

As I was writing the part highlighted in light blue on the day, I saw the shocked face of Vinesh Phogat with a slightly dropped jaw. As I continued writing, the vision of her shocked face repeated several times.

The part highlighted in light olive green has been flashed in my spirit intermittently several times.

6. Apr 8th, 2023

***Aaj ke hit mein, mein to Kartika ko hi vote dunga. (..?)***

[The upper half of AAP's Atishi laden facing to the...](#)

The upper half of AAP's Atishi laden facing to the right slightly angled towards the viewer with a load of garlands of yellow and other light-colored flowers and carrying a long red tika between her brows as she stands on a day-lit road surrounded by media persons some meters away from a building at the back, and carrying the casual rigid countenance resembling that of someone from Bihar, speaks into the mic: ***Aaj ke hit mein, mein to Kartika ko hi vote dunga.*** As I began to write the above revelation, I felt a jerk in my heart followed by another jerk followed by the following playing in my spirit.

The Guy sings:

***Dil ka dariya.. beh hee gaya..***

And while I was in the midst of writing the vision, I saw the upper half of AAP's Sanjay Singh sitting on a chair in the checkered background of their press conference as leaning back relaxedly he said to someone sitting on a partially visible chair on the left: ***Ab Aage aage dekho hota hai kya..***

7. Apr 15th, 2023

***Kartika Ji AAP join kar rahi hai! (..?)***

[\(Apr 13th, Afternoon\) Atishi dressed in a white saree...](#)

(Apr 13th, Afternoon) Atishi dressed in a white saree with a thick black border with its drape covering her front plainly with no folds stands on the right side of a stage as she speaks into a mike that ***Kartika Ji AAP join kar rahi hai!*** (The upper half of Glory in a light blue tunic as he turns his face to the left with a wide affiliative smile. The upper half of PM Modi Ji in a blue half-jacket over tunic as bending this upper half in repetitive motions with raised arms, he repeats: ***Hail Kartika Ji! Hail Kartika Ji!*** PM Modi Ji on my right side says pointing at me: ***Iski neeyat mein koi khot nahi hai!***)

8. (Past week) During one of the past nights as I am sitting on my bed late at night working, I see the upper half of my supervisor above on my right as she looks down at me and shouts: **CHAMAAR!** After a while, it is followed by her now shouting in an offended tone: **Chamaar! You will teach us now..!?** The vision repeats again.

9. **Teach Us To Be Great!**

A blurry vision of my supervisor Prof Nivedita Deo walking slowly to me with Prof TRS behind her as they stop beside me and she says: **Please teach us how to be great. Please teach us how to be great.** It repeats a few times.

Matthew 18 (New International Version)

**The Greatest in the Kingdom of Heaven**

**18** At that time the disciples came to Jesus and asked, "Who, then, is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven?"

<sup>2</sup>He called a little child to him, and placed the child among them. <sup>3</sup>And he said: "Truly I tell you, unless you change and become like little children, you will never enter the kingdom of heaven. <sup>4</sup>Therefore, whoever takes the lowly position of this child is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven. <sup>5</sup>And whoever welcomes one such child in my name welcomes me."

(Prof Debajyoti Chaudhary in an off-white tunic with a righteously angered and hurt countenance says to me: **Kartika, you've insulted us enough now..? Kartika, you've insulted us enough now..?** It repeats a few times. He then says: **We are going to help you now!** )

As I say that I never insulted them, I hear my supervisor's voice say to me: **It's your God that's insulting us!**

I am also reminded of the following vision from earlier this year.

**Apr 3rd, 2024**

**While Bathing, I see Winged people in White Robes**

[As I'm about to be done bathing, I see...](#)

As I'm about to be done bathing, I see in my right view, I see Prof TRS in a round neck full-length tunic with two feathery angel wings at the back floating in a navy blue background as he lightly bows down to me. The vision expands and I see my supervisor Prof Nivedita Deo dressed the same with two feathery angel wings at the back she bows down to me in a similar manner with a lot more winged people in white robes behind her.

Later, the following song, that has been flashing in my spirit for a few days, flashes again in my spirit.

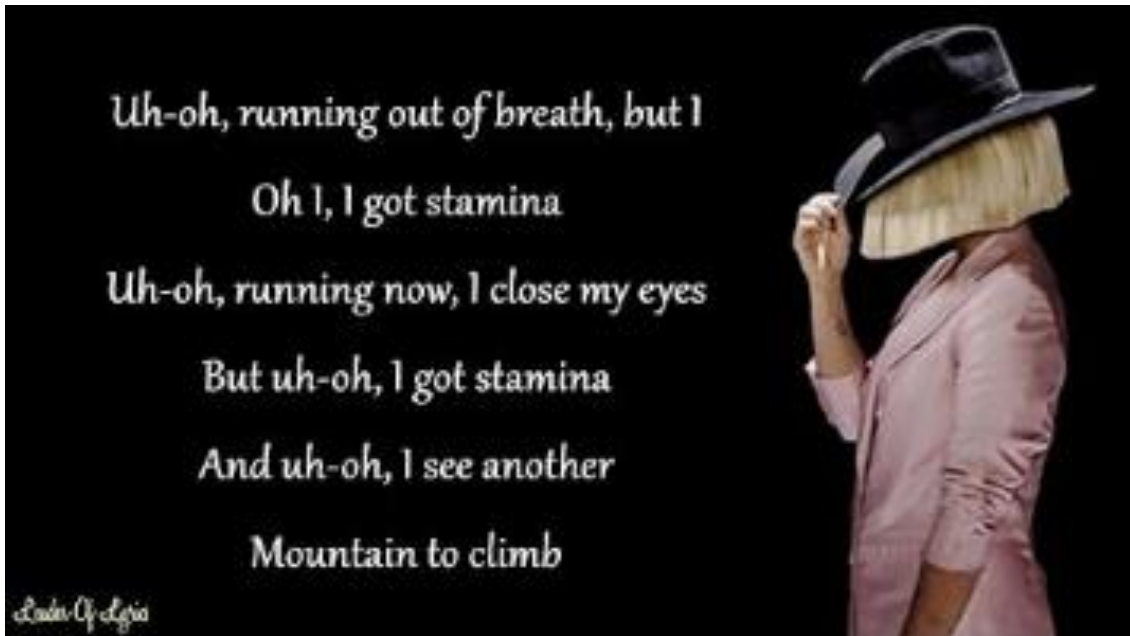
10. **The Weary and the Sick - the Imprisoned Children of God**

[Sia - The Greatest \(Official Video\)](#)

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[Sia - THE GREATEST \(Lyrics\) ft. Kendrick Lamar](#)



The girl sings:

*Uh-oh, running out of breath, but I  
Oh, I, I got stamina  
Uh-oh, running now, I close my eyes  
Well, oh, I got stamina  
And uh-oh, I see another mountain to climb  
But I, I got stamina  
And uh-oh, I need another love to be mine  
Cause I, I got stamina*

*Don't give up; I won't give up  
Don't give up, no no no  
Don't give up; I won't give up  
Don't give up, no no no*



*I'm free to be the greatest, I'm alive  
I'm free to be the greatest here tonight, the greatest  
The greatest, the greatest alive  
The greatest, the greatest alive*

11. [HALLELUJAH || ओ हल्लेलुय्याह || New Christian Hindi Song. #M Emmanuel](#)



12. **Oct 28th, 2023 (Page 576)**

[The vision then repeats with my dad standing about a...](#)

- The vision then repeats with my dad standing about a meter and a half away from my bed as he repeats the words of Jesus in slight astonishment: **Ye aurat marne wali hai**, followed by him slowly turning his head and pointing to Death Conqueror and saying: **Aur iska zimmedaar tu hai!** The vision repeats a few times.

The vision above succeeds the one below.

[Jesus stands in the centre of the room facing the...](#)

- Jesus stands in the centre of the room facing the wall adjoining my bed as He points with His left hand at me lying on the bed and says, **"Ye aurat marne wali hai."** followed by him pointing with His right hand to Death Conqueror who, being dressed in a full-sleeved sky blue shirt tucked inside navy blue pants, stands straight being stuck to the Psalm 34:4-5 wall in front of me as Jesus says, **"Aur iska zimmedar tu hai!"**

13. **A Bullet Shot At Prof TRS In His Home's Corridor From Outside**

**(Past week)** Prof TRS from my dept stands in the corridor of his home lit in the yellow light that leads to an inner hall as a bullet coming from outside brushes past one of his cheeks injuring a part of his face. He quickly rushes inside and sits hidden, away from direct reach of any air attack from outside as he makes a quick call to the Police!

14. **March 1st 2023 (Page 279)**

[4. The Wheeled Baby Carriers and the Smart Cement Workers](#)



There were some metallic grey-colored and slightly taller-than-usual wheeled baby carriers on the road as well at some distance to my right. I saw some hands pull them inside. I couldn't see the faces of those people from my position. I could tell that they were intentionally ignoring me and intentionally leaving me alone standing there. They wanted to make me feel left alone and as if they were not interested in having me around.

I then started focusing on the workers in front of me. I got interested in their work. Apparently, they were moving the cement lying on the street using a machine consisting of just a metallic vessel looking like the bottom half of a trapezoid with a wide base which they held using a lever mechanism at the top using their hands. I looked at the machine as it picked up the cement and said 'Wow..' with eyes wide open. I was captivated by the smart and precise process. I looked at their work for a few more seconds and then turned around and entered the PG's main steel door and then turned around again in order to lock the door because I didn't want Death Conqueror or people related to him to come inside the PG.

**15. March 1st 2023 (Page 279)**

[6. My Roommate's Ass and The Short-Haired Fair...](#)

My roommate laid on her front on her bed and her head was facing in my direction. Her friend Shin was sitting on the floor on her feet to the left and both of them were talking. I then saw her ass as being highlighted at a substantial level above her body. Though she was still dressed in that cream and green ethnic dress, she was now lying on her front. Her ass was highlighted as being naked and it blinked a few times as I looked in her direction. She was looking at me and Shin in turns while she laid in that position.

After a while I saw a small window of vision appear at the top left which showed the side-view of the upper half of a lady in a well-lit room. The lady had short neck-length straight and shiny hair and was dressed in a cream and green attire too, but only the square shaped back of her top's neck was visible in the vision. The next event had me standing facing Mehek in my hometown's home.

**16. June 7th, 2023 (Page 437)**

[11. Brain Eaten](#)

**Vision**(303, A-10, **Morning**): Glory completes eating my brain placed on a white plate with a knife and fork, as he sat naked on a wide table covered with an embroidered white cloth.

**17. Sept 19th, 2023 (Page 538)**

[Dream \(Morning\): I'm enrolled in something abroad...](#)

**Dream** (**Morning**): I'm enrolled in something abroad as a part of my PhD and would have to leave soon. But I am wondering as I work through the documents that how is it even possible that I will complete my Ph.D. in such a short period of time of a few months?

Meanwhile, I keep coming across my work colleagues Pooja and others. I have tea with them. I seem to be in a better state of mind.

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I order something, some important thing, one was to be sent out to Death Conqueror and another to Shrey Ansh, whom I don't really know in real life. And as I order them, I see a satellite map which shows the route of those things. I see that both things end up moving on the road to Death Conqueror's address and it makes me wonder if he caused it by hacking into my phone. So I try again, to send that thing on the route to Shrey Ansh's address. Apparently, it's for his own good. This time it starts on the route to him as is shown in the map, but then the screen says that it has been blocked from reaching to him. And then the map moves to a place showing its top view, and it's the place he's currently working at as a voice says that he is augmenting an electronic setup at a place and that this is the second one that he is doing.

There is a group dance being practiced in the Junior wing of my school in my hometown. And I see a lady dressed in the cute attire of a vegetable who's also a part of the dance. But the next thing I see is a black lady walking forward with others behind her in a squat position as a part of their dance move. Apparently, it's an improvised version of the dance. The lady at the front is dressed in what looks like a fitting jumpsuit striped in black and white. All of them move to the left together in synchrony making the prophetic symbol as they dance. The view then shows the fat lady dressed in a thigh-length vegetable attire with a green bushy wig on her head - the wig resembles the top of a pineapple as the lady looks at the viewer with her tyre-like belly visible through her attire. She stands alone quietly and looks innocently at the viewer.

I move around quickly in an empty room lit in blue light with just my green suitcase visible lying against the wall. I am calling the Holy Spirit as I feel a wicked presence around.

The next thing shows just the area of the penis of a guy which needs to be severed at its junction point. He is not doing it himself. And then I have to go fly to my thing that I got enrolled in, and the time nears, but before I do so, that penis has to be completely severed from its place which doesn't make sense to me, and then the guy just stands and is not doing it himself. I then see the view changing from one penis to another of different men as they get severed by different people. I don't understand what's going on. This another guy stands and is waiting for someone to sever it, so something could progress forward. It's a job that needs to be done and no one is doing it. So I chop off the penis at its junction as it falls down, following which that other penis too needs to be severed. Apparently, they come in a combo of two with no reference to or the vision of who the person is. Around this part. the dream ends.

**The highlighted part in light olive green is what has been flashing in my spirit for a few days.**

### **18. The Scene From The Movie Laxmi**

This scene from the movie Laxmi where a teenager named Laxmi is sold into prostitution is flashed into my spirit a few times. The older lady who ran the brothel, out of an immediate measure to defend herself, at the end of the movie chops the penis of the man involved in bringing women/girls into the business as he was raping her after putting off two burning cigarettes into her vagina. The scene where she sits silently holding the severed penis of that man with a dead expression on her face while the man lies dead on the floor in a pool of blood is flashed a few times intermittently in my spirit.

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The scene is around the 1:29:00 mark of the movie below when the guy dies as the lady is still talking after chopping his genitalia.

[Lakshmi Full Movie | Monali Thakur, Shefali Shah, Satish Kaushik, Nagesh Kukunoor | New Hindi Movie - YouTube](#)

### 19. Reposting from a FB group I am a part of:



We see that the trait of 'Exploitativeness' falls under the category of Pathological narcissism, being labeled a clinical disorder in the list of Cluster B Personality Disorders.

**Knowledge is Power!**

#####

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](mailto:kartikapanwar@yahoo.in)

PhonePe ID: [7838795320@ybl](https://phonepe.com/7838795320@ybl).

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