

Sept 29th

29 September 2024

03:10

Updated on Oct 2nd, 2024 (Post midnight).

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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. The face of Death Conqueror in a yellow tunic in a dark background as he says sobbingly: **Mar Jaunga. Mar Jaunga.**
2. (**Yesterday**) A small-framed vision of Prof Debajyoti Chaudhary in an off-white tunic standing with a few other people (profs and people) as wrapping up the process of collecting money from those people, he throws the round blob of white cloth carrying the money in my direction with the words: **Here! We are helping you!**
3. (**Sept 26th, 2024**) As I was writing the revelation below from Sept 26th, 2024, I saw a low-contrast, semi-animated zoomed upper half until the shoulders of Anjana Om Kashyap in a yellow coat close to my face as she said: **Apko dar nahi lagta?** It repeats a few times.

### Sept 26th, 2024

[PM Modi Apologizes and Hugs CJI Calling Him As ...](#)

(**Last Night**) The side view as seen from a lightly left-angled direction of CJI Chandrachud dressed in his black suit standing at a lightly elevated surface facing PM Modi dressed in a half jacket over a tunic set under the open sky of the day with the visible space fully covered by a crowd of people. PM Modi puts a garland of flowers around CJI's neck as he then bends down and touching his feet with a sad and repentant expression and a sobbing heart, says in a low tone: **Ghar pe aane ke liye Sorry!**

He then hugs CJl and slowly dropping a kiss on the CJl's right cheek visible to the viewer, says in a love-filled, low, gentle and meek tone: **Accha Bhai! (Good Brother!)**

4. **May 24th, 2023 (Page 423)**

12. A Huge RS Kicks a Basketball

I went to the balcony to use my towel, and then I had the vision of a huge RS standing at some level above me to my left with a basketball at his foot. And then he kicked it, and I imagined it hitting my face.

He may kick the basketball, but I have a forever bond with him and I will see him in Heaven! It means a lot to me all the ways He showed himself up!

The basketball vision repeated itself with Him kicking it with even greater vigour as it bounced once before coming to my face.

5. **(Past two weeks) Vision:** The upper half until the shoulders of Akhila with her grey hair tied low at the back in the background of a room as she says looking at me: **Kartika, I am dumb.**

6. **(Sept 27th, 2024) Vision:** A day after I've broadly worked or written out a model explaining the personal constitution and its role in personal bonding, I see a small-framed vision of Death Conqueror walking speedily to the right into a room with a humiliated countenance as he hastily asks his wife Akhila sitting on the bed on the right: **Build a model on Personal Bonding! Build a model on Personal bonding!**

7. **(Past week)** The dusky man in black in a fitting t-shirt over trousers, with hair curled at the sides above his ears, stands inside the room beside the balcony door with a serious expression. His clothes disappear and we begin to make love.

8. Glory in a shirt thickly striped in white, grey, and light pink untucked over dark blue denim stands on my right holding a sitting me as he tells Death Conqueror away who's dressed in a black suit some meters away on the left. The dusky man in black and the wide square-faced man also appear beside Glory as they stand together beside me and tell him to stay away.

9. **The Random Walk of Immorality**

**(Yesterday)** I explain how this act of sending tiny spy drones around me reflected and required several steps taken away from the standpoint of moral norm.

**The moral norm:** The absence of desire to do what is wrong.

E.g.: I don't want to strip a person.

## *The Secret Place Revelations*

**First step away from the norm:** The presence of immoral desire.

E.g.: I want to strip that person.

**Second step away from the norm:** The beginning of finding ways to achieve the first step.

E.g.: How do I achieve so..? I need to find a way! I found a way: send tiny spy cameras!

**Third step away from the norm:** Implementation of the way found to achieve the immoral desire.

E.g.: I sent the cameras in the personal space of that person and watched them stripping.

On implementation, one is three steps away from the moral norm. And during the process, one deviates away from the moral norm in several other ways as well. After I've explained the same and walking out of the room, call it as the random walk of immorality, I see Prof Sanjay Jain in a half-jacket over a tunic set shrink in size to a few inches on the floor. The follow-up vision shows the side-view of him standing facing to the left in front of a wall looking down with a bent head, as his wife, my supervisor Prof Nivedita Deo stands on the right side of the vision some meters behind him in the background of a room, and he says to her: ***Get her model published! Get her model published!***

(The upper half of Death Conqueror in the air above to my left as he says: ***They did this to control you! They did this to control you!***)

10. **Dream (afternoon):** As my eyes quickly graze over an English newspaper, I spot in a corner headline with the close-up top view of the face of Lindsay Lohan under operation with a cavity at the place of the socket in her throat. It seems that she had an accident. I don't read the news fully and continue to quickly graze about. In the dream, I don't feel good being around my dad as I see him trying to spark or move ahead along the lines of having a romantic bond with me which makes me feel repelled by him. Why is he not acting right with a right mind and heart!? Though I may have arguments with my youngest brother Divyanshu at times because of his misbehavior, but at least he's right in his mental inclination of me being a sister to him and doesn't talk with a base of romantic physical interest which my dad's behavior oozes out. Because of my dad's wrong mental inclination towards me and the presence of an easy argumentative aura around my youngest brother, I feel uncomfortable around both.

I find myself walking towards an empty, open, and wide, green field extending in front of me below the vast sky. It has trimmed grass and a wavy slope in the far sight and on the wave's top lies a flat white tent which I find a good place to hide from the two. When I reach the tent, I find it empty and am about to sit down to rest alone in silence when I see a lean and thin Lindsay Lohan with neck-length straight hair in a black skinny dress walk in. She looks slow, weak, and fragile and carries a silent and grim expression. I feel a slight discomfort as I am no longer alone inside the tent. However, her apparent easygoingness, and her silent and serious demeanour is a relief. She walks to my left and is about to sit beside me when a tall, wide, and fluffed man with a bald spiky head dressed in a thick white fitting top over thick white trousers, energetically walks in and walks straight to the right and lays on the ground. He looks healthy and carries an energetic interactive countenance as he says something that doesn't sit well with me. He carries an uninhibited expression style coming from the base of a healthy and positive mind and the few statements he has made clearly reveal his independent existence from the environment, and the freedom and boldness

around what he 'knows' to be right which he communicates in a positive and fearless tone. He has already made some statements that instantly created friction in the environment and somewhat irked me.

As Lindsay sits silently close to me, I notice her face carrying make-up. When I interact with her, she lets me know of her throat surgery. She had a difficult time lately and looks spent because of the same. I see an excess of silver color corrector at the place of the socket of her throat to hide the operated spot. I let her know that I came across the news. She seems a good and compassionate company to me while the man in white always say something contradicting. While Lindsay is a still, silent and hopeless presence, the man in white is an energetic, interactive and positive presence; and while Lindsay carries an inner aura of agreeing with the other person, the man in white carries a sense of inner freshness about immediately disagreeing with the person at the front.

After a while of interacting with Lindsay and listening to her recent sad past as I see the vision of a busy Metrocity road with a flyover present on the left, I ask her if she wants to have tea as I am going to make some. She agrees and I leave the tent. After walking some steps away into the green ground, I look back and ask her to ask the man in white as well for tea as I don't feel good about not asking him. She rushes to him, he tells a yes, she lets me know of the same, and it disappoints me a bit for the reason that I share a good bond with Lindsay while the man in white - though I don't carry a personal enmity with him - comes across as a disturbing disagreeing presence. To be continued...

11. A small-framed vision of a blurry figure of Prof Debajyoti Chaudhary in an off-white tunic as he says: ***You published what happened to you..! You published what happened to you..!***
12. The vision of an orange and black butterfly flying near the mouth of a raised head of a black serpent in a green field s flashed to me followed by a blurry vision of Death Conqueror in a black suit as he says: ***It means that I can't even kiss you. It means that I can't even kiss you.*** It is followed by the vision of a pattern of butterfly wings appearing on my lips being flashed to me as he repeats the sentence.
13. As I'm writing to my supervisor about wanting to share the model separately as a part of my journey with God as he gave the vision of the form of its equations to me, I see: the upper half of Awadhesh Prasad in a checkered shirt in the background of his office as he says: ***You are not going with it anywhere. You are not going with it anywhere.*** It repeats a few times. (The upper half of Prof Sanjay Jain as pointing to Awadhesh Prasad, he says: ***He is a fool! He's a fool!..*** As I'm writing it, he looks down at me and says sobbingly: ***You too are a fool! )***
14. A small-framed vision of Awadhesh Prasad standing on the left side as other Profs stand on the right with Prof TRS some distance ahead in the front as he says to Awadhesh Prasad: ***She insulted you big time! She insulted you big time!***

**15. What About My Supervision...!?**

The front view of my supervisor in a tunic set as she asks me angrily: What about my supervision...!? I reply to her that the model was already complete before I joined with her. She supervised and contributed to the correlation part and in editing the manuscript.

**16. As I'm sitting in front of the open second MS with my fingers resting on the left side of my head as my head is aching, I see the following vision flash.**

**May 18th, 2023 (Page 417)**

**1. Professor X**

As I laid on bed some minutes back, and I didn't have a relaxed expression but a tensed one, I had an immediate vision.

**Vision** (303, A-10, **Around 10 mins back**): The top view of young Professor X from the X-Men Series seen from a place above between his throat and chest, while he's lying with his eyes closed with a tensed expression as his face moves around a bit like mine. Suddenly the figure of his face changes to one with an uneven texture, sunken eyes and protruded jaw.

Professor X:



In my case, the spirit reveals to me the right answer to what others are thinking or doing thereby making it a lesson besides revealing the exact scenario or the time patches from the future.

**17. The blurry upper half of Awadhesh Prasad handing me a bunch of cash as he says: *Take this money and give me the model! Take this money and give me the model!***

(I put the money on top of his head.)

**18. Glory Empties An Earthen Pot Filled With Blood**

The bottom view of Glory in a shirt vertically striped in white, light pink, and grey as he pours down deep red liquid on top of my head from an earthen pot. It seems that he's emptying an earthen pot filled with blood down on my head.

## *The Secret Place Revelations*

19. The bottom view of the upper half of Prof Sanjay Jain in the air extending down a bunch of money notes to me as he says with a sobbing countenance: ***Give the model to him.*** It is followed by his wife appearing beside him, as she too extends out a bunch of money saying: ***Give the model to him.***

20. The upper half of Prof Debajyoti Chaudhary in an off-white tunic says with a face of stuffed anger: ***Don't give it to him!***

### 21. **Consequences For Publishing My Own Work..!?**

My supervisor says that if I publish the model, my brother is going to die! Apparently, it seems that she's passing the message to me. I recall working out the model when he was already hospitalized in IITK. After a while, she then says that if it gets published, I need to sleep with Awadhesh Prasad. I tell her a No, again!

I would rather publish it as a part of a diary that captured my walk with God during the difficult time caused by the tiny spy drones, and not a journal.

22. A male's voice says in a low tone: ***Maine ise target karke galti ki! Maine ise target karke galti ki!***

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