

The Gates of Awakening: A Journey Through the Initiations

Subtitle: A Journey Through the Initiations of Faith, Purpose, and Transformation

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CHAPTER ONE: The First Gate

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On January 13, 2020, I had no idea my life would never be the same. That morning, a quiet certainty washed over me—a feeling that something was coming. Not fear. Not dread. But a deep, intuitive knowing that everything was about to shift.

It wasn't a thought. It wasn't a premonition. It was a message—clear, telepathic, unmistakable:

“Can I use you in a powerful way today?”

It was unmistakably from God.

I didn't know what it meant. But I said yes.

And that was the beginning of a journey I couldn't have imagined.

◆ The Airport

Around noon, I picked up my sister curbside at the airport. She had flown in for a brief stopover before heading to Uganda for mission work with our brother's nonprofit, Unbridled ACTs—part of the Unbridled group, which I now suspect is tied to deeper intelligence operations.

At the time, I didn't sense anything unusual. I was too excited to see her and to share something extraordinary that had just happened in my life.

Just days earlier, on January 1, 2020, I made a profound, life-changing decision: I chose to stop all medications and reclaim control over my health. After nearly a decade of enduring chronic pain and neurological symptoms from multiple spinal fusions and other surgeries, I decided to trust my own intuition, embrace divine guidance, and believe in my body's innate ability to heal.

Then, out of nowhere, the healing came. I woke up one morning with no pain. It wasn't complete freedom from discomfort, but I had not experienced a morning without pain in years—almost a decade. My mind was sharp, my body felt like it was relearning how to walk, but I was alive, clear, and more connected than I had been in years.

This divine healing felt like a rebirth, a profound shift in my physical and spiritual reality. I was ready to share my joy with my sister.

◆ The Subtle Shift

But in hindsight, I now realize that something was off with my sister that day. At the time, I didn't fully pick up on it—I was so consumed with my excitement about my newfound healing and the plans I had for the future. But looking back, I see now that her eyes were distant, her tone was flat, almost mechanical. She seemed detached, like she was on some kind of mission—one I don't think she fully understood herself.

We were only 15 months apart. Raised like twins. Bonded deeply.

She's always been my protector.

Yet, something had shifted in her too, and I missed it in the whirlwind of joy surrounding my own healing.

◆ The Shift at Home

We returned to my apartment in Reston—a beautiful open-layout space with a combined living room and kitchen, and two bedrooms on opposite sides. I was the only one on the lease. My sister was staying in the guest room, a temporary arrangement for her visit.

We tried ordering food, but I couldn't focus. My mind was scrambled, disoriented. I couldn't make sense of anything on my phone. So, I lay down, hoping the fog would clear.

When I came back into the living room, everything had changed.

Without thinking, I dropped to the floor in three different spots, forming a triangle. I curled sideways into a ball and began to spin—a movement I later learned was grid-work, an activation of earth energy.

And then I saw the mirror.

◆ The Portal

It wasn't just any mirror. It had come with me from a cottage on a horse farm where I'd lived between 2017 and 2019—the place where my spiritual gifts first began to activate.

At night, I would walk past that mirror and catch glimpses of something else in it—natural landscapes, like a forest clearing or a wide-open sky. It wasn't a reflection; it was more like a portal, a gate to another world.

Now, in the middle of this energetic storm, I understood what it had become: an access point for the dark side.

Without hesitation, I grabbed a glass ink jar and threw it at the mirror.

It shattered.

And in that instant, something in the room sealed shut.

◆ The Warning

Immediately after, I received a strong, unmistakable message from God:
A 9/11-style event was imminent.
The power grids and infrastructure were going to be destroyed.
Collapse was near.

It wasn't fear. It was divine urgency.

I called to my sister, urging her to get on our knees and pray—surrender completely to God.
It was the only way to avert what was coming.

She resisted. She didn't understand.

I tried to pull her down with me—not out of aggression, but into surrender. Into obedience to something higher.

That's when it happened.

A sound erupted from deep inside me.
A primordial scream tore through my body and out of my mouth—raw, ancient, unfiltered.

It wasn't pain.
It was a release.

I believe now that I was fighting something unseen. Something spiritual.

◆ The Betrayal

Afterward, I believed my sister had gone into the guest room. I sat alone in the living room, playing my guitar—calm now, still, trying to regroup.

What I didn't know was that she had already called our parents, and then the police.

◆ The Knock

It came without warning.

A bang on the door.

“Fairfax County Police!”

The door opened, and six officers flooded in like a tactical team.

I stood in the middle of the living room, holding my guitar, arms gently outstretched.

Without hesitation, two officers tasered me simultaneously.

The shock was brutal—more than I’d imagined. It wasn’t like what you see on TV. It felt like my entire body was seized by an electric current that paralyzed my muscles. The pain wasn’t just physical—it hit deep, like my cells were being ripped apart.

I dropped to the floor, immediately losing consciousness.

◆ On the Ground

I dropped to the floor, paralyzed.

As I lay there, I looked up at four officers above me—two kneeling beside me, struggling to remove the taser hooks from my body.

And in that moment, I looked at each one of them and—somehow—called out their first names.

Correctly.

All but one.

How did I know?

Because something had activated.

◆ The First ER

They handcuffed me as they removed me from my apartment—my hands bound behind my back as they dragged me out in only a t-shirt and underwear, with no coat, no shoes, no ID, no glasses (I'm visually impaired), and no phone. It was the middle of winter.

I don't remember the ride to Reston Hospital ER—everything happened so quickly, and the shock of it all left me dazed. But the next thing I knew, I was lying in a hospital bed, my wrists handcuffed to the bedrails, with two female officers sitting beside me. They weren't silent, but they weren't exactly engaged with me either. They spoke quietly among themselves, but occasionally, they would glance at me when I spoke.

As the doctors ran test after test, I couldn't help but feel an overwhelming sense of violation. The officers were present for everything—watching, listening, with no regard for my privacy. The doctors spoke to me, but their words were also directed at the officers.

Did HIPAA laws not apply to me? Was my dignity not worth the same protection? I felt reduced to an object of observation—my medical history, my health, all laid bare for the officers to hear.

Throughout it all, I kept warning them. Just as I had warned my sister, I told the officers about the imminent 9/11-style event that was coming. I felt this urgent, divine knowing that the power grids would soon collapse, that the infrastructure was at risk, that catastrophe was inevitable. I believed it with all my heart.

At times, they would engage with me, but only to dismiss my warnings. They listened, but their responses were cold and unfeeling. They didn't believe me. To them, I was just another patient, just another person under arrest. My words didn't carry the weight they held in my heart.

Even when I had to pee, I was forced to use a metal pan, my hands still shackled, my freedom stripped away completely. It was dehumanizing—like I was no longer a person, but a thing to be controlled, a body to be managed. It felt as though I had lost every ounce of autonomy.

◆ The Reston Police Station

From there, they drove me to the Reston Police Station, just minutes away.

I was booked and processed, then released into the waiting room around 8 p.m.

They told me my they left a voicemail for my sister to come get me. The officer seemed surprised my sister hadn't answered.

She never came.

At 10 p.m., the same officer who had processed me returned.

She didn't explain.

She simply said:
"Come with me."

No charges. No paperwork. No reason. Just quiet orders.

She drove me to another town and pulled into a nondescript parking lot.

A second officer was waiting.

They exchanged no words.

She handed me off.

He loaded me into his cruiser.

And that's when I blacked out.

Reflection:

Looking back, I now see that my life was irrevocably altered that day. I had no way of knowing at the time just how deep the currents of that moment would run. What I felt in my bones, that divine urgency, wasn't fear—it was a knowing. A knowing that something catastrophic was imminent, and that I had a part to play in it. I was in a surrendered, ascended state—operating from a place of divine protection and heightened awareness. The 9/11-style event I had warned about—that dark shadow on the horizon—felt so tangible, so real. But somehow, through those actions, through the prayer, the warning, the raw energy of the moment, I believe that the event was averted.

Did my actions that day play a role in this shift? In preventing a catastrophe? I can't say for certain, but I carry a deep sense that something shifted. I have no concrete proof, but in my heart, I feel that what I experienced—what I spoke of—was part of something much larger than myself. A cosmic intervention, perhaps. It's a mystery I can't fully explain, but I trust that in time, the truth of what happened will surface, revealing what was truly at stake that day, and how the energies at play shifted course.

In the weeks that followed, the weight of the trauma began to set in. The physical pain, the chronic suffering I thought I had healed from, came rushing back. And as I dove deeper into understanding MK Ultra and its influence on my own life, I began to make sense of the excessive force used against me that day. Why the taser? What were they afraid would happen if they hadn't restrained me in that way? The more I learned, the more I realized I was part of something much darker, a piece of a puzzle I hadn't even known existed until it was too late.

Still, I believe that my actions that day—my warnings, my surrender, my obedience to something higher—had an impact. I don't know exactly how or why, but I trust that, in the grand scheme of things, I was playing a role in something greater than myself. And one day, the truth will be revealed, and all will make sense.