

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 TWO ✿

The Missing Hours

January 14, 2020 – Unknown Location

◆ The Hand-Off

Let's backtrack a little.

At some point that evening—January 13—I arrived at the Reston Police Station. I don't remember the exact time, but one detail still stands out: just before we walked in, the officer removed my handcuffs.

Why then—and not inside?

It felt like a strange courtesy in the middle of an otherwise dehumanizing night.

Throughout the day, I remained in a surrendered, ascended state—an observer more than a participant—so I didn't fully grasp the chaos swirling around me. Everything felt guided. Almost sacred.

Inside the station, I was processed through several checkpoints. One moment stood out: the fingerprinting. They didn't just scan my fingers—they took full hand impressions. I had been fingerprinted before, but this was different. It felt like more than record keeping. It felt like data extraction.

While waiting for an elevator, I noticed a pile of disheveled boxes near a file cabinet. On impulse, I started straightening them. That small act of order felt grounding in the haze.

◆ The Uniform

At one point, I stood face to face with a male officer. His bulletproof vest, badge, and utility belt created a subtle but noticeable barrier between us—physically, emotionally, spiritually.

Even though he was polite, the uniform itself sent a subconscious message: control, authority, separation.

I asked how it felt to wear that much gear every day. He admitted it was physically demanding but necessary. We exchanged only a few words, but they left an imprint—not for what was said, but for what it revealed:

Even kindness inside a system of force still leaves its mark.

◆ The Waiting Room

At around 8 PM, after hours of silence and confusion, I was released into the waiting room.

I thought I was finally free.

◆ A Silent Act of Compassion

While in that waiting room, something quiet and sacred happened.

I was still wearing a t-shirt from home, along with hospital paper pants and socks from the ER. At one point, I noticed an elderly, disabled African American man sitting on the floor, leaning against the wall near the water fountain. He looked exhausted. Dehydrated. Forgotten.

I asked if he wanted me to fill his water bottle. He said yes.

Then I asked if I could wash his feet.

He nodded.

So I knelt down, tore the bottom of my paper pant leg, and gently washed them.

It was small. And quiet. But it was real.

I thought: *This is what Jesus meant.*

◆ The Transfer

At 10 PM, the same officer that had processed me thru and released me to the waiting room returned. She didn't explain. She simply said:

“Come with me.”

I was handcuffed again, loaded into a cruiser, and driven 20 to 30 minutes into the night.

We pulled into a nondescript parking lot. Another officer was waiting.

They exchanged no words.

She handed me off.

He placed me in the back of his cruiser.

And then—everything went black.

◆ **The Awakening**

When I regained consciousness, I wasn't in a cruiser anymore.

I was walking down a bright hallway, surrounded by strangers.

Where was I?

How had I gotten here?

The truth revealed itself slowly: I had been involuntarily admitted to a mental health facility.

But why?

Who had decided this for me?

And how could I reclaim my story from the shadows of those missing hours?

◆ **The Shirt**

Back at the police station, I had still been wearing the same t-shirt, the paper pants, and socks—the same ones I wore when I washed that man's feet.

But now, I was in soft grey sweatpants and a burgundy shirt. A white heart outline was printed directly over the place my heart beats.

The word LOVE was printed boldly in block letters around my wrists, and again, down the back.

I was the only one dressed like this. Everyone else wore street clothes or hospital uniforms.

Who gave me these clothes?

Who was the guardian angel who clothed me in this strange, cold place?

Unanswered questions gathered like shadows at my feet.

Still, that shirt—the heart, the message, the color—felt like a silent sign:
You are not alone.

I clung to that shirt as a tether to something real.
But the questions didn't stop at the fabric.

They only deepened, years later, with a single envelope.

◆ The Envelope

A memory surfaced—fragmented, but heavy.

I remembered being in a small office with a woman, signing a document.

It felt like the moment I was being admitted into the facility.

But I had **no ID** on me at the time.

So how did she verify who I was?

Years later, I received a **letter** in the mail from that same facility. They said that, during some routine housekeeping, they had found an envelope with my name on it. They asked if I'd like them to send it to me.

I said yes.

I hoped—quietly, desperately—that it might contain the clothes I was wearing on January 13th: the t-shirt, the hospital paper pants with the torn hem, the socks. The small things that would **validate the memory** of washing that man's feet.

But when the envelope arrived, it held only one thing:

My driver's license.

How did they get it?

I hadn't had it with me when I was admitted.

Had someone retrieved it later?

Or was it quietly transferred from another agency—an attempt to clean up a trail, to legitimize something that had already violated my autonomy?

I stared at that envelope for a long time.

It didn't answer anything.

It only deepened the questions.

◆ A Fragmented Memory

Later, once I was inside the facility, a flash of memory surfaced—barely two seconds long.

I was restrained—both wrists handcuffed to a hospital bed.

A male police officer stood to my right, near my shoulders. A nurse was on my left, her back turned to me, focused on a monitor.

I woke up in excruciating pain and instinctively lifted my leg to get the nurse's attention—since I couldn't move my arms.

The officer abruptly and aggressively shoved me back down.

There was no cause for that kind of force. I wasn't a threat. I was a patient.

The memory felt out of place. Disconnected.

It wasn't until weeks later—when the bills started arriving—that I realized I had been taken to a second ER, in another town, the morning of January 14, around 10 AM, before ever arriving at the mental facility.

◆ Piecing Together the Timeline

The only reason I was able to reconstruct what happened during those missing hours was because I *kept everything*.

Before being released to the waiting room at the police station, the same female officer who had processed me earlier handed me a plastic bag and said:

“Whatever you do, be sure to hold onto these. They are very important.”

Inside were the police reports and official court papers notifying me of where and when I had to appear before a judge.

Later, I retrieved my medical records online—after receiving thousands of dollars in bills from multiple facilities I didn’t even remember being in.

By comparing the date and time stamps on every document, I was able to piece together the real timeline:

- **1/13 (evening)** – Arrested, processed, and released into police station waiting room around 8 PM.
- **1/13 (around 10 PM)** – Loaded into cruiser, handed off in another location. Everything went black.
- **1/14 (around 10 AM)** – Admitted to a second ER. CT scans, antipsychotic meds, and documentation of “manic” behavior.
- **1/14 (around 4 PM)** – Admitted to the mental health facility.

None of this was consensual.

And yet *I* received the bills.

◆ The Facility

The space itself was small and open—not the sterile, fluorescent nightmare I had imagined. A few people moved quietly through the halls. There were no hospital gowns. No restraints. Just a calm, ordinary room that felt strangely out of place for someone like me.

The building appeared to have been constructed in the 1980s. It was institutional and locked down. Metal toilets. Thin pads for mattresses. Furniture bolted to the floor. Doors that only opened from the outside.

Men and women were housed in the same section.

Still, the people softened the space.

The staff were kind. Attentive. Patient.

The other patients became like family—each of us carrying silent burdens.

Three times a day, we were escorted to the cafeteria. The food was surprisingly good. I even looked forward to the snacks: peanut butter and jelly sandwiches in brown paper bags, paired with a fresh orange.

That small comfort grounded me.

But physically, I was struggling.

The pain had returned, amplified. My blood pressure was dangerously high.

The staff prescribed medication, but nothing seemed to help.

Sleep was elusive. The nights felt endless.

I wandered the halls. My mind raced. My body ached.

None of the patient rooms had locks.

But the main doors did.

We were free to walk... but not to leave.

◆ The Legal System & False Justice

A pro bono lawyer was eventually assigned to me. He explained my situation:

I had been involuntarily committed for three days—the maximum under emergency law without further action. The justification? A domestic abuse charge, based on the claim that I pulled my sister down to the ground, knocking off her glasses and leaving a scratch on her cheek.

It didn't matter that she lived in another state.

It didn't matter that she wasn't on the lease.

It didn't matter that she had the means and proximity to stay elsewhere that night.

Because of Virginia law—and our blood relation—they had legal grounds to use force.

That's how six officers showed up at my door.

That's how two tasers were deployed at once.

That's how I ended up in a locked facility, stripped of rights, identity, and voice.

The lawyer offered an alternative: if I agreed to voluntarily stay five more days, I could avoid a longer, court-mandated commitment.

I didn't know what my family was planning. I didn't know who I could trust.

So, I said yes—not because I believed I belonged there, but because it was the safest way to exit the system.

Weeks later, I appeared in court. While waiting for my name to be called, the same female officer from the police station approached and told me all charges had been dropped. Still, I had to go before the judge for the ruling—a five-minute proceeding that could've changed the course of my life had things gone differently.

I had never been in court before.

I didn't hire a lawyer.

My sister offered to pay for one and even had someone in mind—but I declined. I didn't need one and by this point I no longer trusted my sister.

I was standing in truth.

What still haunts me is the cost of it all—thousands of dollars in medical bills and emotional damage... for a system that never once asked for my side of the story.

Innocent people still pay.

◆ The Spirit of Jesus

In that locked ward, amidst the cold and control, the teachings of Jesus came alive.

In how we looked out for one another.

In the quiet celebrations when someone's release day arrived.

In the simple kindness of a shared blanket or gentle word.

That same spirit lives here in the shelter where I write these words today—imperfect, temporary, but holy ground.

◆ Reflection: Sovereignty and Rebirth

Looking back now, I understand that those 12 missing hours while in police custody weren't a detour.

They were a threshold.

Not just trauma—but initiation.

On the morning of January 13, before anything began, I heard a message in my spirit:

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

And I said yes.

At the time, I thought that “yes” might mean offering encouragement to a stranger... not being tasered, stripped, institutionalized, and erased.

But I see now:

That “yes” was cosmic.

The system didn't just detain me.

It recognized me.

It responded to my surrender with force because it knew what that surrender would activate.

A death and resurrection. Not just for me—but on behalf of something larger.

The “missing hours,” the forced hospitalization, and now, the Kimball ambush in June 2025 (to be detailed in a later chapter)—these are spiritual bookends. Two gates. Five+ years apart.

One unraveled who I thought I was.

The other severed me from everything that no longer aligned.

What's happened between them—and what I'll share in the chapters to come—is the slow, sacred reclamation of my original design.

This isn't just about healing anymore.

This is about liberation.

From surveillance. From systemic control. From the covert, unseen forces that manipulate from the shadows. From psychological warfare, designed to break the spirit. From orchestrated campaigns of disinformation and mental distortion. From persistent psychic intrusions that sought to unmake me. From the subtle use of fear, isolation, and emotional coercion as tools of compliance. From the systems that thrive on silencing truth, shattering reality, and distorting identity. From the invisible hands that sought to control my very consciousness.

I stand in my full sovereignty now.

I affirm all energetic agreements that honor and align with my highest soul blueprint.

I anchor myself in timelines and identities that reflect my true essence and divine purpose.

I choose joy. I choose creative truth. I choose relationships and alignments that are reciprocal, sacred, and free.

This shelter—though temporary—is a sanctuary of rebirth. A sacred womb space.

A cave of rebirth.

I understand it now:

This is a powerful new beginning.

It is the sacred passage into what comes next.

And when I rise from here,
I rise as the Founder of Blueprint HOPE—
A living testament to what happens when a woman says yes
to being used in a powerful way,
even when the world responds with fear, force, and silence.

The Gate has opened.

And I'm walking through.

◆ Teaser: Chapter 3

Before I left that police station, before the hand-off, before the blackout—I had an experience.

An out-of-body experience. A near-death experience.

I went to heaven.

And then I came back.

What I witnessed there became the first glimpse of **Blueprint HOPE**.

It wasn't far away. It was already here.

I understood what Jesus meant by heaven on Earth.

In Chapter 3, I'll tell you what I saw—and why I chose to return.