

Chapter Four

Life was great, — recovery from the surgery went painfully smooth. My abilities started recollecting in a functional form. I was seizure-free, had my life back, was working, driving, and living again — along with all the drama that came with it.

While all of my days were wonderful again just rolling by. Literally rolling along late one night as I remember getting pulled over in October 2014. I'm thinking to myself, "Joy. I watched you flip a bitch and come after me while I was doing the speed limit. Why is this what it is tonight?" As I'm thinking that, I do know I have some weed on me.

I pulled over and the officer pulled up. I heard a deep bark — that sound of a K-9 unit.

"Well I'm fucked" is the next thought through my mind.

As the officer comes to my window, he's doing what he's been trained to do: instigate and investigate. And he does.

Officer: "Smells like weed —sir."

Me: "Officer, — that could be coming from anywhere. We're in a populated city."

Officer: "Well then you won't mind if I walk my dog around your car?"

I'm thinking to myself, I know exactly what the fuck is going on here. If I give him trouble, — he'll give me trouble to a higher degree. So I told him,

Me: "Officer, there is about a gram of marijuana and a one-hitter in my backpack."

Officer: "Step out of the car —sir."

By that time, already three more patrol cars had pulled up...

I could skit the entire event for you, but I'll sum it up. After sitting on the curb watching these officers try to search my car—thinking to myself, "*wow... they special*,"— they actually asked me for help exposing the spare-tire compartment. — So I did, and I started shooting the shit with them.

As the night played out, the officers tried running their game:

“Now sir, you know this is a trip to jail and a year probation, — and like you were telling us about what you’ve been through and how you just use it for medical reasons, which is still illegal..., but we can help you if you help us?”

Yep... these young guys were trying so hard to be big, tough, smart cops. But y’all need more psychological training, honestly. I knew where this was going. (And if y’all remember, I do enjoy checking out the vibe of things.)

Officer: “Mr. Kraul, we can help you out tonight, — and even get you in with the mechanics program for the police vehicles, — if you could help us out?”

Me: Trying not to smile. “What can I do?”

Officer: “Would you be willing to talk to a detective?”

Me: “Sure!” (But I know you more than you think. I know about the connected triangle, the joint operations between cities, — and how if anything happens outside that triangle, they’re not interested. My friends sister was a local cop. She told him all the inside info, and he told me.)

I spoke to the detective. Told him it was an ATL adventure to get it. (Which in theory, one of my options was ATL based, so I didn’t lie. — But you better believe I didn’t tell him anything of valuable importance...)

Before all this was over, we appeared like friends in the vibe. The original officer told me he had to process the suspected marijuana.

Officer: “Mr. Kraul, have you ever heard of the wind test?”

Me: “No, officer.”

Officer: “Okay sir, when I pour suspected marijuana out..., if it blows in the wind, it’s marijuana. If it falls to the ground, it’s not marijuana.” (He’s tipping the baggie as he speaks.)

“Sir, did you see that? It blew in the wind. It’s marijuana. Unfortunately, there’s no evidence left. Have a good night, sir!”

Me: “Thank you, — and you too, Officer.”

As I got into my car, the adrenaline dumped. I fucking popped the clutch pulling out, like I’m launching at a drag strip, tires chirped, as I drove away..., Heart hammering, Brain screaming: How the hell — did that just work..?

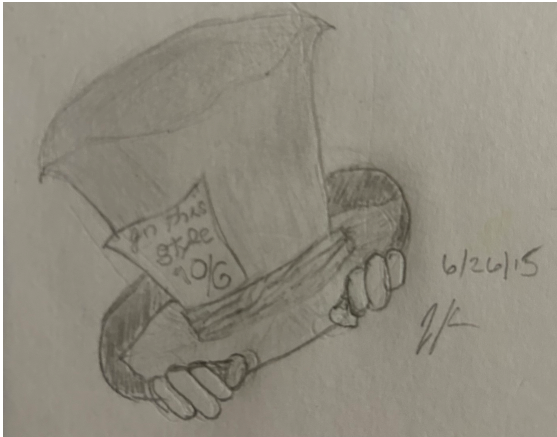
Life continued on. I was working and pushing toward my hopes of building a professional career in the automotive world. I finally got in with a dealership. That first taste of the dream was quickly shut down when it became clear the boss was scandalous — forcing employees to sign off on inspections to push faulty, life-risking safety violations just to get a car ready for sale.

I watched it happen with one of the main techs. The boss said, “You sign off that this vehicle is ready for sales or you go home.”

The tech went home.

The tire wasn’t just worn — it was showing chain. That’s the kind of failure that can kill someone on the highway. But the boss didn’t care. In my opinion: He was the kind of man who would cut corners to fatten his bonus, even if it meant handing someone a death trap.

He did get fired after I walked away—but choosing honor over greed meant I was the one without a job first.



To quickly fill the gap, I started landscaping. Honestly? It was fun—getting paid to work out, always outside. A kind of unknown dream to me, really.

In early July 2015, I learned that someone I thought was a friend — someone I'd trusted and looked to for guidance — was actually a fraud. Twelve years of knowing him, and seven of those years were built entirely on lies.

I discovered that several people had been withholding key information specifically from me, because they knew that if I found out, I'd tell my dear friend from high school that her man was cheating on her.

Someone even told me it had been said, "Make sure Jim doesn't find out — he'll tell her."

Once I confirmed my suspicions, it took me less than three hours to fucking tell her. (You don't do that kind of shit to someone.) I just needed confirmation first — I don't confront things like that unless I know they're true. I had suspected it for years, but back then I was restricted — by medications, by not being able to drive, by everything. Once those chains were gone, the truth finally stumbled across me... and I shared it.

The only issue was, somehow, I ended up being the one outcast from the group. I still don't know exactly what was said afterward, but she had always been more like a "sister-friend" to me than anything else.

Not long after, I started noticing the signs of a falling out with another one of my long-time friends (he wasn't reciprocating the empathy I was giving.). Then, two days later — on September 3rd — I found out through social media that my mentor had died. No one had even contacted me.

I thought this was such a brutal week. — But I didn't know what was coming...

From the day of surgery until September 14th, 2015, it had been 1 year, 11 months, and 3 days... (and as I write this, that "3" suddenly makes sense to me.)

On September 14th/2015, In the morning I received a reply about an unknown situation from the woman who saved my life 11 years prior. I felt so bad having to bother her but I was desperate to know what happened. She had introduced me to my mentor. Thank you again.

That day I was:

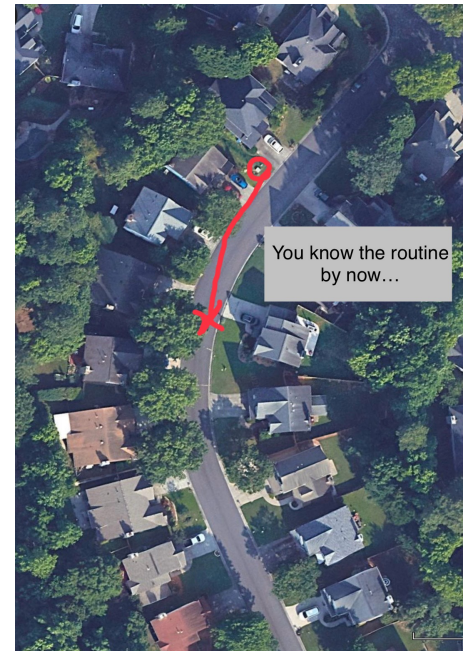
- Out of work because my boss had no money in his account to pay our checks.
- Selling spare car parts in Doraville.
- With a Legal concealed carry permit.

I was done already, back in my neighborhood driving.
(Now remember, I have movie-like memories.)

That afternoon: I'm coming up to a right hand bend in the road, I was so close to home when —“Surprise” — I get a random seizure while driving, and “Wrecked my car in my neighborhood” — again...

—The responding officer assumed I was on narcotics. When witnesses informed him I had a firearm, it got real. He later told me in the hospital, “I almost put a hole in you!

The only reason I didn't shoot you is because that woman was screaming: ‘Please don't shoot him, he's having a seizure.’”



(It was a nine one one report of a man who crashed his car while having a seizure.)

The scene was chaos—sirens echoing, voices clashing, the flash of blue and red light bleeding into one another. They said the officer drew his gun, shouting for me to show my hands. Police report said: I looked right at him and said: “fuck you” to the responding officer while “trying to reach for my gun”...

(I don't know about the reaching... But most probably I did. Like I've said before, I'm no longer scared of death. So when death stares me down, I don't bow.— Not even looking down the barrel of a gun while my brain's caught between the fog and reality.)

I don't exactly remember that part... But parts of that story are in both the police and witness's reports. (We would honestly know better, but the responding officer pulled past me with his cruiser against procedure, honestly in my opinion to hide the dash cam, no body cams yet at the time either.)

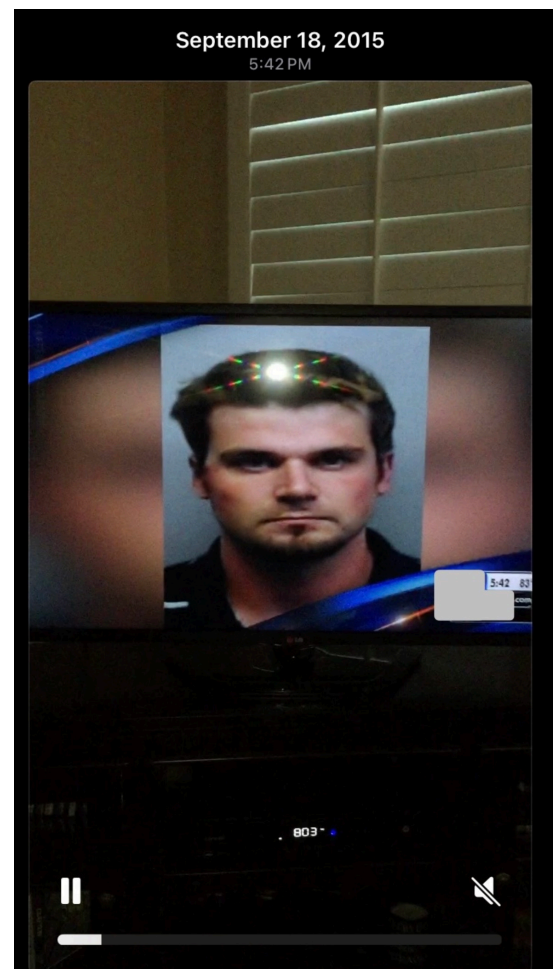
What I do remember comes like a broken film reel—images skipping, sound cutting in and out.

Memories of being held down, — face forced into asphalt, unable to fully move my arms, weight pressing on my back, the sensation of hands on my ankles, fearing and struggling to comprehend while repetitively screaming, *“What the fuck is going on”* in my post-ictal state of mind. The uncertainty as I tried to move, but my body wasn’t mine. It was heavy, foreign, stuck. My thoughts scrambled, colliding into each other like static. Panic built with no place to go. I screamed — again and again, as if fighting it might pull me out of whatever nightmare I’d fallen into.

But the nightmare didn’t stop. It never does when the world mistakes confusion for defiance.

The misleading video released to the news stated: I was “high on drugs” and “tried to pull out a gun.” It showed four officers, EMTs, a pair of cuffs, and me with no shoes — they had trouble controlling me — (When you’re having a seizure, some people literally get superhuman strength). Also: You are not supposed to restrain an epileptic during an event (see page ten of the (At The Time) “2015 Law Enforcement Epilepsy Training Manual”). (It’s missing now from search results, just like something else...)

I wasn’t high or on anything during this event; the blood toxicology official final



report proved it. My firearm never left my holster until the officer took it 12 seconds into the beginning of the encounter, as the official final police report stated. (I was not allowed access to that part of the copy I have. My lawyer used it as parts to denounce the threats the officer claimed by saying "I was reaching". (there is no "Intent Period" when someone is in an epileptic state of mind.) Plus if I had "struck" 4 people I would have also had charges of that filed against me right..., felonies?)

It also turned out that I was told: The angel on site the woman who was screaming for the officer not to shoot me, said later that she "was the only one that saw the firearm," Even though many witness reports stated they personally saw it.

There were such discrepancies between actual events and what took place, It still leaves me in disbelief how this is the system...

I vividly remember that it wasn't until one cop got face-down, eye to eye with me, telling me, "You're having a seizure," that I stopped the fight-or-flight response, realizing I had just had another seizure. Then they denied me the ability to speak with the doctor. When the doctor said, "Yep, he's epileptic" to the officer in the hospital, the cop grabbed my file from the doctor with a distraught look. From the

7/343 E-911 00:41:33 09-15-2015 7/42

INCIDENT/INVESTIGATION REPORT

Police Department

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By: [Redacted] Chief: [Redacted]

1 = None 2 = Burned 3 = Committed / Forged 4 = Damaged / Vandalized 5 = Recovered 6 = Seized 7 = Stolen 8 = Unknown

IBR	Status	Quantity	Type Measure	Suspected Type
D				
R				
U				
S				

Assisting Officers

Suspect Hate / Bias Motivated:

NARRATIVE

On 9-14-2015 at approximately 1816 hours, I was dispatched to [Redacted] in response to a medical call. Dispatch advised that a male subject was having a seizure. Upon arrival, I saw multiple subject standing outside waving me down. I also saw a small black sedan that appeared to have crashed into a tree in front of the residence.

I exited my patrol vehicle and could hear people screaming "he's got a gun!". As I approached the black sedan, I noticed a white male subject lying on the ground, propped up against the vehicle (facing me). The male started screaming "fuck you". The male appeared very disoriented. I identified myself as a police officer and gave the male subject loud verbal commands to show me his hands. The male reached behind him with his right hand. I then drew my service weapon and aimed it at the male. I continued to give him verbal commands to show me his hands, I also radioed for more units. The male then slumped forward, exposing the back of his waist line. His right hand was wrapped around a pistol and he was trying to draw the pistol from his holster. The handgun appeared to be stuck on his clothing. I closed my distance with the subject and removed the weapon out of the holster and placed it in my back pocket. I then backed away from him and waited for more units to arrive on scene.

When more units arrived on scene, we were able to try and take the male subject into custody. It took 4 officers and 2 RMA paramedics to gain control of the male. He was eventually secured to a medical back board and was transported to North Fulton Hospital.

Once the scene was safe, I made contact with the complainant/victim, [Redacted] advised that she was inside her residence [Redacted] when she heard a loud noise from outside. [Redacted] stated that she went downstairs and saw that a vehicle had crashed in her front yard. [Redacted] advised that she had her son, [Redacted] call 911. [Redacted] advised that while she was trying to provide medical care, she saw that the driver of the vehicle had a gun. She backed away immediately. Thomas advised that as she was backing away, I arrived on scene. Thomas also stated that she observed the white male subject trying to reach for his gun while I was giving him verbal commands.

[Redacted] son [Redacted] advised that he was playing "Call of Duty" when he heard the vehicle crash outside and went to assist his mom. [Redacted] stated that once he saw the gun he backed up with his mom. [Redacted] advised that he watched me take the gun away from the male while he was on the ground.

Four other subjects [Redacted] advised that the male subject also struck them while they were outside of 1220. All four subjects advised that they ran when they heard he had a gun.

The male subject was later identified as James Kraul. Kraul spontaneously offered to officers at North Fulton Hospital that he didn't remember any of the incident. Kraul's vehicle smelled strongly of marijuana. A burnt joint was located on the dash board by the gear

Draft Only

09/14/2015 MON 23:41 [JOB NO. 62581] DRAFT

7/343 E-911 00:42:00 09-15-2015 8/42

Narr. (cont.) [Redacted] Police Department

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shifter (in plain view). Kraul's vehicle was impounded and towed to United Towing.

Kraul ended up running over [Redacted] mailbox and front yard area (damaging the mail box, bushes, small trees, and small fencing).

Once Kraul was cleared by the hospital, he was transported to the Fulton County Jail North Annex for booking. Kraul was turned over to detention officers without incident. Warrants for Kraul were obtained for criminal damage in the 2nd degree, VGCSA-possession of marijuana (less than an ounce), and reckless conduct.

hospital, another officer then took me to the local police precinct, and denied me my call, While the original responding officer wrote and submitted the report making it sound like I had tried to kill them, slapped felony charges on me, then I was transferred downtown to the big-boy prison, and they threw me in the 500 block with the murderers and rapists.

The way the report was written, at first no lawyer wanted to touch it. (But it all got dropped, and I don't seek revenge. From what I heard, they were retrained and the problem makers are no longer with the department.)

Y U I O P ()

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF
FULTON COUNTY

STATE OF GEORGIA

v. [REDACTED] Agency Case Number [REDACTED]

James Kraul

STATEMENT OF WITNESS

I, [REDACTED], the undersigned, under penalty of prosecution pursuant to O.C.G.A. §16-10-20 for the crime of False Statements and Writings, do state the following:

1. I am over eighteen (18) years of age, am suffering from no legal disabilities; I make this Statement from personal knowledge.

2. I am, and at all times relevant here have been, a duly certified law enforcement officer with the [REDACTED] Police Department.

3. The facts set forth below are true to the best of my knowledge; the facts included in police report, Agency Case Number [REDACTED] are incorporated herein.

4. On the 14th day of September, 2015, the defendant(s) herein named:

Name	DOB
James Kraul	[REDACTED]

did, at approximately 6:16 PM on 09/14/2015 at [REDACTED] GEORGIA, 30004 in Fulton County, Georgia commit the following acts:

Criminal Damage To Property - 2Nd Degree	16-7-23
Rockless Conduct	16-5-60(b)
Marijuana-Possess Less Than 1 Oz.	16-13-2

On the above date I responded to the above location on a medical call. Upon arrival I observed a vehicle that had struck a tree in front of the residence. I exited my patrol car and could hear people yelling "he's got a gun!" I observed the accused propped up against the vehicle and as I approached the accused began yelling "fuck you!" I ordered the accused to show me his hands and he reached behind him with his right hand. The accused's hand was later found to be on a handgun he was trying to draw from a holster in his waistband. The handgun appeared to be stuck in the accused's clothing. I was able to take the handgun from the accused's holster. More units arrived on scene and the accused was detained and taken to [REDACTED] Hospital.

The accused's vehicle was impounded and a partially smoked marijuana cigarette was found on the vehicle dash board. The accused later stated he did not remember any of the incident and that he had recently had brain surgery.

I have received a subpoena to appear at Grand Jury on September 22, 2015 at 8:30 AM.
Within one (1) week of today's date, I will provide a copy of all supplemental and investigative reports to the District Attorney

FURTHER WITNESS SAYETH NAUGHT.

Signature ID#

SWORN AND SUBSCRIBED telephonically,
this _____ day of _____, 20____,
_____, Notary Public
My Commission Expires _____



👉 This was \$1500.00 damage... A basic mailbox and greenery??? With an upgraded mailbox and lots of fresh greens. It was only \$489....

I'd always heard about "bad cop things happening," but yeah — some will target you and ruin your life out of spite, just to cover their own ass. The second I walked into the 500 block downtown, it all clicked. Everything I'd just been through, all the lies from the people who were supposed to be trustworthy — it suddenly made sense. I was the only white dude in the entire block. How many were there for reasons like mine? A false arrests, fake charges? I never

got that answer, because I kept my mouth shut the whole time I was in there.

“Gah — 505.” I can still see the visuals: the bricked wall, the huge steel door with magnetic locks, the steel sink and toilet combo, the steel desk, the bolted-down seat, and the double bunk. Somehow, I had the room to myself. Don’t ask me how — I don’t know. You’d think that would be a good thing, right?

Well, it wasn’t. I’d just had a breakthrough seizure. I was supposed to be in the medical wing, but they didn’t listen to me — not during intake, not in the hall, not even when they brought my medicine. (I happened to have a bottle in my glove box when I was arrested.) Somehow that made it through, but here’s where it got weird — the dosing was off. I needed the second bottle.

When I told the nurse that, she said, “Well, then you get this now or nothing.”

I told her politely, “Ma’am, I could die from a seizure if the dose isn’t right. I need to be in the medical wing.”

Just like that, she put the bottle back in her cart and said, “None, then. Leave before I tell the guards to handle you.”

I walked away from that fight, feeling helpless. All I could think about was Bubba and his buddy... So now I was medicineless, having seizures again, and trying to keep a stone-cold killer like attitude so no one would mess with me until I figured this shit out.

I have three memories — flashes of waking up in a cold sweat from a dead sleep. Each time I checked the small window on the steel door for the time. Each time, it was during those witching hours between 2 a.m. and 4 a.m. And each time, I wondered if I was about to have one of those seizures I'd been warned about — the kind that doesn't stop without medical intervention.

If that happened, I'd die.

No one would know.

No one was there to help.

That was what it was like for me in there. My first time ever actually going all the way through the system.

Thankfully, this trial didn't kill me. But something inside me did start to die..

The next day September /15th — I was supposed to start my new job. A re-hire with an old boss that was going to get me ready for an assistant manager spot. (Didn't happen, Murphy's Law strikes again...)

It's been just over 12 years now since my darkest times started, and by no means are they going to start letting up...

After I wrecked my car and got bail, every trip out of the house became a reminder of so much. Even after moving in 2013 to a new neighborhood, I couldn't escape my past. To get anywhere, now once again I had to walk past a site of one of my car accidents. The alternative route wasn't any better — it passed by my ex's place, back from the days when meth had its claws in my life. It was almost like fate had trapped me between ghosts — each road now a reminder. What are the odds? Two people move on with their lives, and somehow I end up living down the street from her, both of us in another city altogether. I only chose that neighborhood because it had a bus stop nearby and I could walk to the stores. It was chosen mostly as a "Back-up" incase the seizures started up again.

Well life it seems, has a dark sense of humor specifically for me.

By November 2015, I was washing dishes for garbage pay beside an old friend. The water was blistering hot, and the harsh scent of chemical cleaners mixed with "floor-mush" that clung to me long after I left was just not worth it. My hands would sting for hours, but I stayed. I didn't have anywhere else to go.

My life was frozen in place while the charges from the wreck hung over me like a shadow I couldn't shake. I was out on bail, terrified to go anywhere alone, afraid of another seizure in public and being judged for something that wasn't what they thought it was — a medical event twisted into suspicion. But the truth didn't matter to them and fear had already done the damage.

2016 came and went in almost total silence. I spent my 30th birthday alone — sitting outside under a star lit sky, listening to the wind move through the trees, feeling the weight of thirty years press down on me. No laughter. No voice calling my name. Just me and the night, trying to convince myself I still mattered.

On August 4th 2016, the charges from that day in 2015 were finally dropped. Everyone expected I'd feel relief — freedom. But what I felt was emptiness. It was like

standing in the ruins after a storm, realizing that even though the sky had cleared, everything you cared about was already gone.

For the first time in years, I had to face the truth head-on: I now thought the damage was permanent. That I was never going to drive again, never going to feel that old thrill — the pure freedom of a late-night drive down a twisting back road, autumn air rushing through the window, headlights painting the curves ahead. That was my peace — my therapy, my way of silencing the noise inside. Losing that part of me was almost like losing the last piece of me, it was passion, — and now it's dead...

And somewhere in all that noise, I realized how far I'd drifted from the life I wanted for me.

By early 2017, I was working as a dishwasher at my local bar — what a thrilling job, I often joked to myself. Still, I was always trying to push forward, to grow. Around July 2017, I had secured a management position at a local shop. The paperwork was finalized, and communications had gone well, I was set to start within the week.

Then, one night while I was washing dishes, my phone rang.

It was the first week of August, and the number on the screen was my soon-to-be boss. Excited, I dried my hands and stepped outside into the parking lot to take the call.

“Jim,” he said, “you told me you didn’t have a criminal background... what’s this video I found of you being arrested with a gun—fighting cops?”

For a second, my thoughts froze. Shit. Before I could even begin to explain the truth behind what he’d seen, he cut me off.

-“Don’t worry about showing up. I don’t hire your kind.”

Click.

Just like that, I was hired and fired before I ever stepped foot behind the counter..

Then: The following month, in September, I left the bar job as well. “Don’t worry about the retarded dishwasher,” was one of many things I wish I’d recorded. But with the medications I was on, I couldn’t process much beyond the surface of what was happening around me. Medication has a way of dulling perception — again y’all: it can make you completely miss the moment...

-Around this time, the news story about me disappeared from the site — and from existence in general in the digital realm. (But I still have a copy of it, and I’ll show you the raw footage from the TV airing...)

By early 2018, I was scraping together a life with whatever I had at hand. I found work repairing and selling airsoft guns — a strange little corner of the world where I could make decent money, at least for a while. The smell of oil, the sharp tang of metal, and the steady click of springs under my hands became a rhythm, almost comforting. For a moment, it felt like I had some purpose again.

Then, just like before, it hit — a seizure, out of nowhere, like a “thief in the night”. It didn’t just shake me physically; it rattled everything else. I had to switch medications again, just like every other time I ever had a seizure, throwing me back into the chaos of uncertainty.

The new meds came with their own betrayal. Hand tremors made the work I had depended on impossible. Precision vanished, frustration crept in, and suddenly, steady work — the kind that kept me afloat — was gone. By the end of 2018, I was hustling in whatever way I could. Side jobs, odd sales, anything legal, ethical, and moral.

The seizures didn’t disappear. They lingered in the shadows, unpredictable and relentless, yet not frequent enough to earn me any relief from the system. It was a cruel middle ground — too sick to thrive, not sick enough to get help by qualifying for disability.

Over the last few years, I tried to rebuild a semblance of normal life, including dating. But the world didn’t seem to bend right in my favor. Between medications that blurred my aura and limited mobility from not being able to drive, ment relationships never could grow. Five women in a row either ghosted me or canceled when they learned of my situation. I even met one that played me for nearly a month, keeping up conversations, making plans just to cancel last minute , only to finally admit when asked — she said she “felt sorry” for me. I couldn’t make sense of it then, — but I can now...

Late 2019 brought another shift. A new change in my medication manufacturer unleashed a storm inside me: chronic fatigue, fog that clouded my mind, tremors, and more frequent seizures. The problem was a medication shortage, I was stuck on this brand, unable to adapt. Every day felt heavier, my body rebelling in ways I couldn't control.

Then the world shut down. COVID hit, wiping out every side hustle I had clung to, and the seizures escalated into something unrecognizable, even by my standards. Life became a strange limbo — one foot in survival, the other in helplessness, as the ordinary rhythm of existence slipped further from my grasp.

This relentless testing ground, was shaping me in ways that weren't obvious at the time, forcing endurance and resilience I hadn't known I had. All of this I had encountered thus far in my life, was just the "quiet storm" before the next chapter.

3/21/2020 – Revelation 3:21 appeared in my vision that night, as I found myself struggling to breathe...

What I called: "*The feeling of dying.*"

One of the symptoms I'd been experiencing was that my entire body would suddenly lock up. I'd be fully conscious — aware of everything — but unable to move, breathe, or make a sound. Sometimes it would pass fast, others got scary. All I could do was wait.... Sometimes I'd have to lie down immediately and fall asleep afterward.

I believe my Central Nervous System was effected and I was being deprived of oxygen due to the "glitching" effects of an unnecessary medication in my system. It happened quite often, and the doctors were informed...

And just like that you're in another one:

That night was calm — hauntingly beautiful. The air carried a quiet chill as I sat outside beneath my deck, bundled against the cold. The world was still, save for the faint creak and tick of the woods in my backyard settling into silence. My thoughts wandered to the chaos sweeping the world — the new coronavirus, the fear in the air — when suddenly, it struck again.

I froze.

My body locked.

A single thought flashed through my mind: “Shit... I’m in another.”

Panic crept in as I sat there, staring at the concrete patio, a patch of grass, and the fence ahead. I couldn’t move. I couldn’t breathe. Time was passing, the world around me dimmed — and then something impossible happened.

My consciousness lifted out of my body. I could see myself, sitting there frozen in time, my eyes wide open but unblinking. Then I began to ascend — faster and faster — until my vision blurred and light engulfed everything. A soft rush of wind, a swoosh, and suddenly I broke through the clouds, coming to rest in stillness.

The ground beneath me was made of luminous, living cloud-like material — soft and radiant. My vision swept from left to right, and then... I saw Him.

He sat upon His throne with an alter beside him, my view of Him from a back-right angle — the outline of a divine presence that felt both familiar and infinite. I knew Him. I didn't need to question how. I had known this soul before.

Then, before I could move or speak, I started to fall. Right through what I was just on and immediately through my deck into myself...

When I woke, I was back on the ground, literally on the ground. No longer in my seat, but — I was still in that same seated position, my body stiff as if time had never passed. As I relaxed, I placed my hands on my head, lying on the concrete trying to make sense of what had just happened. But before the thought had even finished forming, I heard the answer.

Those of you who have awakened will understand why I can't say more. Those who are angry that I've stopped the story here — you have to awaken first, then you'll know.

(Now folks I am me: I did run a "devils advocate" scenario, I do know and understand the brain. I understand what can happen in stressful moments. I discuss this event more after we're finished, Kinda like "bonus material.")

The Apocalypse — also known as: *"Revelations"* — 3:21

"He who overcomes, I will permit him to sit with me upon my throne; as I also have overcome and have sat with my Father on his throne."

(I also believe this is when my "confrontation with the unconscious" truly began. A walk to the edge without myself, an almost deadly form of psychological transformation, Intense psychological turmoil where I experienced visions, questioned my sanity, and the recognition of reality that lasted many years half masked and disrupted by the medications I was on at the time.)

This would become the most dangerous junction point of my life. To keep fighting for truth and to conquer, or will i be submitted back into the devils playground...

-To the devil: "Let's dance!

Because I'm going to put your ass in it's place like you tried to do me..."

The doctors never truly explain what's happening to me. Then again, I'm not sure I even had the words — or the clarity — to explain it myself at the time.

During Early 2020 to Late 2021 – My Doctor appointments turned into video chats. I vividly remember telling the nurse practitioner my symptoms every time — which I later learned were red flag warnings for a "Black Label" pill combination. (They were out of meds to try.) By now: I had been officially labeled **Drug-Resistant Epileptic**. (*They call it a label. To me, it feels like a sentence.*) After more than 50+ pill combinations and their side effects over 18 years — plus a surgery that didn't work, or worked perfectly, — "it seemed like the system failed to connect the dots."

The nurse practitioner eventually left, and shortly after, the major teaching hospital "updated" their system. Those video records are now harder to find than diamonds.

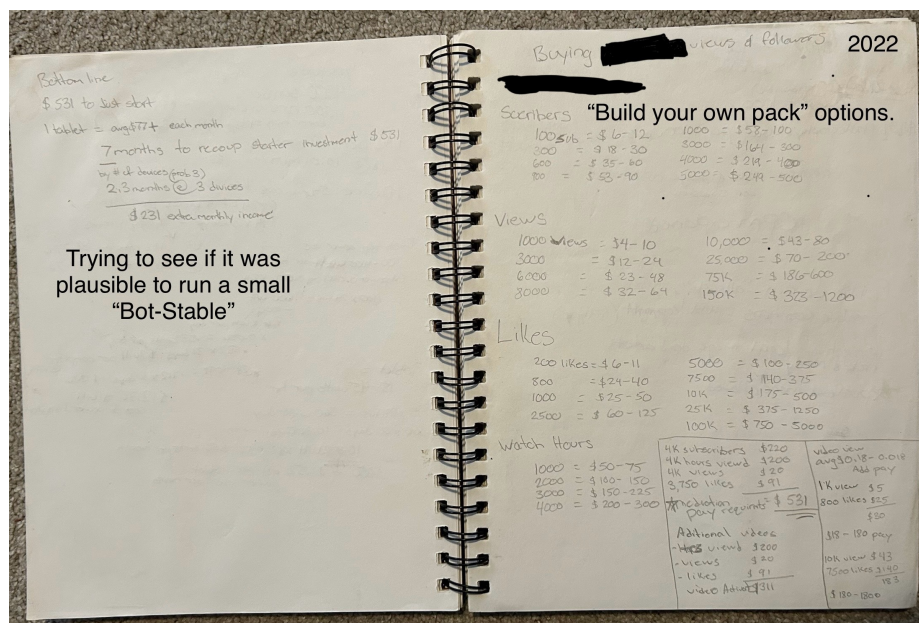
All through 2022 – Every doctor, nurse practitioner, any of them would continuously tell me: "It's the epilepsy causing your problems, it's the epilepsy medications causing your symptoms, it's all in your head, or this could be side effects from the surgery." Never once did they check my nutrition during this time beyond the basic blood work (**which is honestly almost worthless once you understand biophysics at the quantum level**).

Around this time I was making a lot of art work. People seemed to like it. I use to sell it before covid changed the game. So I had decided to try that whole "social media" thing — running a video channel that showcased my therapy artwork in hopes of making some money.

I had been running a channel for about a year now when all of a sudden it clicked.

At one point during 2023, I backed out fast and deleted the entire channel.

Like y'all already know, I climb ladders fast. Within three weeks, I had cracked the new recently updated 2022 algorithm — fully understood how to manipulate the platform and make content go viral. The only problem? Those virals were mostly bots then, and they still are today. (You can hire “bot farms” online, even on the regular web, for anything from views to comments. If you want your channel monetized? they can get you to those requirements for about \$400-\$1200 with the higher costing services coming with a guarantee, if the platform provider discovered & deletes the fake'ness, the service provider will come back with new fake'ness.)



It's a false realm — rigged like a slot machine in a casino.

Totally fake.

Totally enslaving to your soul.

The endorphins — those “feel-good chemicals” your body releases when

you get a hit of acceptance, appreciation, or validation — they rush through you like a drug. And if you're missing something in your real life (which most people are), you'll get trapped in that cycle fast. You stop living the moment just to film the moment — chasing a digital high that never lasts.

And that's the trick. Going viral might feel random, but it's not. It's pre-programmed.

Run a channel for years — maybe even decades — and you'll see the pattern. You will stick steady to your "Niche", But it really wont thrive. You'll start slow, build some traction, hit a few 10K or 40K peaks, maybe even brush 100K. But if you are a "Niche" that is not on the algorithms "hot list" you really wont go far. Then, when your hope starts fading, when you're ready to quit... you try something new to test the waters, another topic. One that happens to fall on the "hot list" (essentially Drugs, Sex, and rock and roll is what the category consists of) — they'll hand you a high number viewed video which will cause you to stick to their "planned topics", pop a few more of that genre out and bam — a million-view viral video.

You'll feel like you finally made it. But that's the bait. And now your hooked.

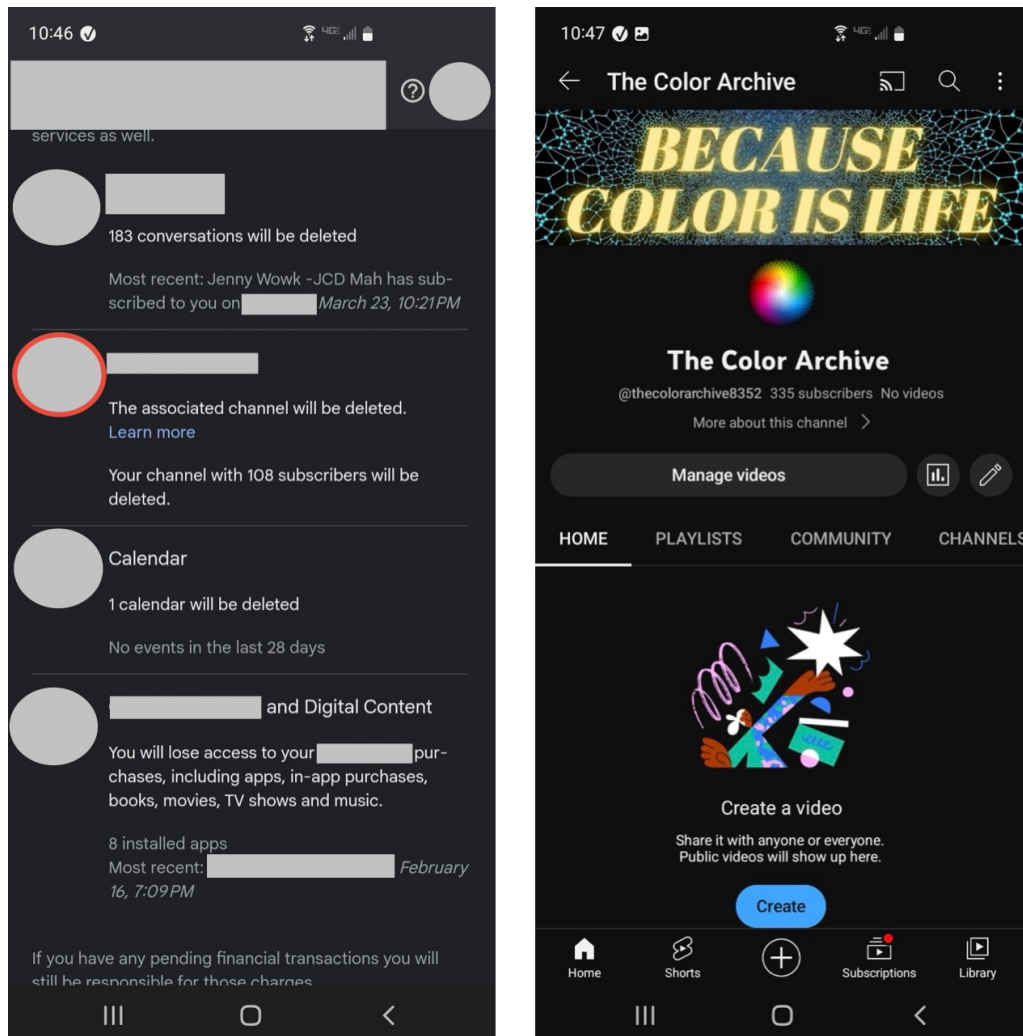
The system rewards your exhaustion with a taste of success — just enough to make your brain release another rush of those same "feel-good chemicals." It's psychological manipulation at its finest, designed to keep you immobilized, locked in, chasing that next high, — all while wasting away...

Because they don't want you thinking,

"This will never get as big as I'm looking for." - "Maybe I'll leave."

Here, this part of my personal experience i documented: I was informed that my tiny channel was displaying ads, yet I wasn't making a cent because my subscriber count was too low. That moment, I decided to purge the entire account. I deleted every upload first, then went to remove the account completely — when I noticed something sticking out like a sore thumb. I saw it: my channel's front page claimed 335 subscribers, but the deletion screen warned me I'd be losing 108. So I grabbed a screenshot and then went back to the front page to finish documenting.

Even my subscriber count was fake.
(Screenshots, March 2023. The data speaks for itself.)



To those behind the curtain — the ones pulling the digital strings — you can call this revenge. I call it awakening.

You thought you could break me by drowning me in data — that the chaos and temptation would finish the job.

Instead, I learned your system inside and out. You taught me how deep the rot goes.

The irony? “You armed me with the very knowledge meant to destroy me.”

You built the very tools that woke me up.

You thought the abrupt abundance of data would overwhelm me...,

But in all reality: Thank you for the harsh truths. I do appreciate what y’all have to do.

But while I was tearing through the illusion online, — my body was breaking down in the real world. Every click, every late-night search for truth came with a cost. But it was worth it.

Finally, by the very beginning of 2023, I convinced my Neurologist to try something different — I went without medication for the first time in years.

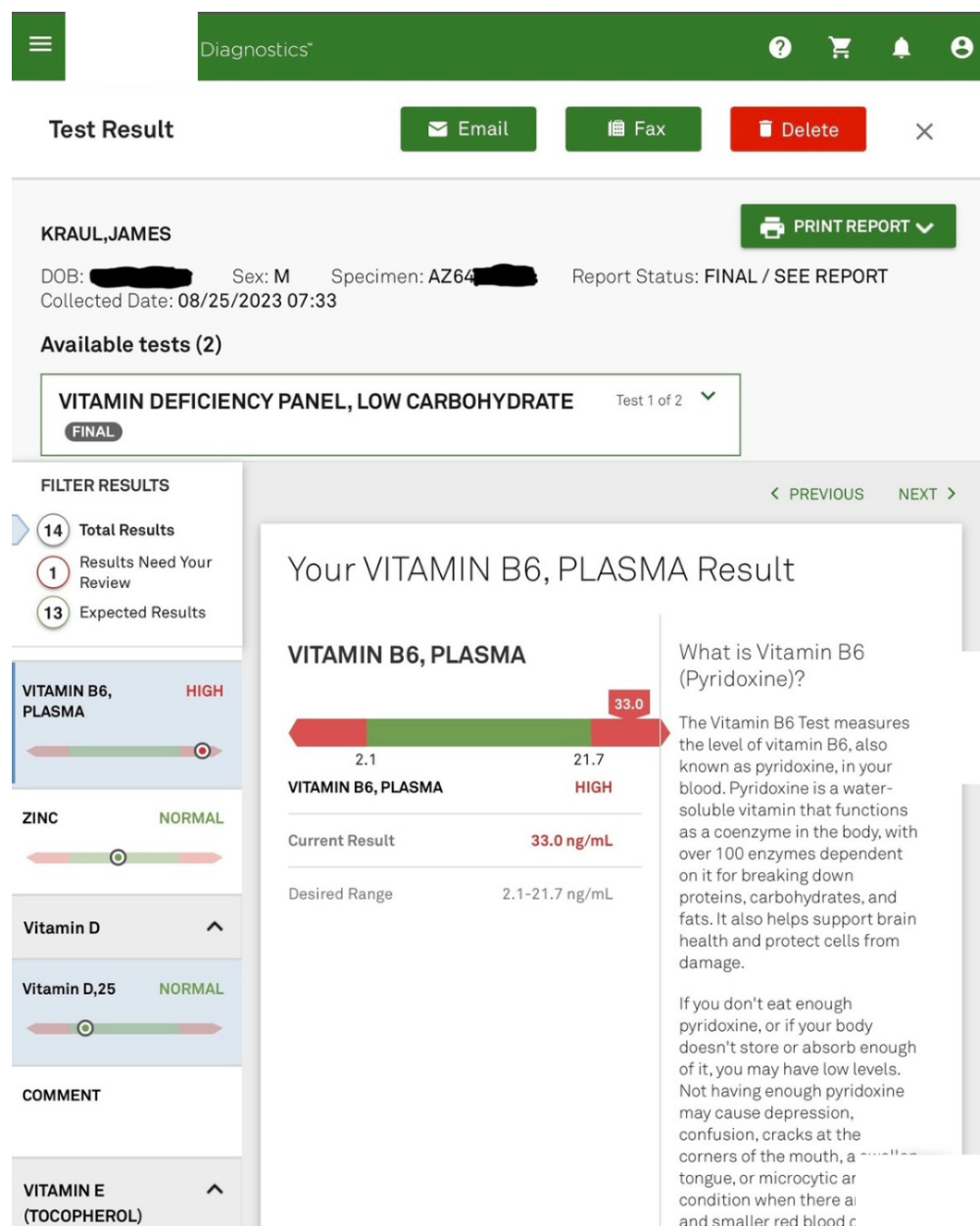
My mind starts clearing. I can think again. I dive headfirst into biology, biophysics, nutrition, — anything that might explain what’s really happening inside me. I ask doctors for nutritional tests. They refuse beyond the basics, again and again, like curiosity itself is a threat.

That’s when the stranger symptoms start. Some mimic epilepsy — but they’re different. Wrong in a new way. I can feel it. But no one believes me.

Once the medication fully clears my system, I feel my brain wake up. My body’s still weak, but my thoughts are sharper than they’ve been in years. I start documenting everything, — journals filled with details, patterns, questions hoping somewhere in the mess, I’ll find a missing piece.

Then I do...

Eventually, I discovered I had a vitamin B6 plasma toxicity (8/25/2023 and no I did not take a multivitamin/supplement before. I was paying almost \$300 for 14 tests, No supplements were taken 5 days prior to the test). Medical books call it “a rare occurrence,” but it’s not so rare if there’s an underlying condition playing a factor. The problem was, no doctors wanted to look. I could somewhat understand my neurologist not wanting to — but my regular PCP brushing it off? That was a real concern. My test showed 2.1-21.7 was normal and my B6 plasma was at 33...



B1, B6, and B12 are all responsible for the nervous system. Both doctors should've been intrigued by that connection, especially since nutrition is behind almost 90% of the things people get medication for in my "data backed opinion."

(Yeah.., I said it...)

They ignore nutritional levels beyond basic blood serum checks — and once you dig deeper, you start to see how flawed that is. It's all a game of averages built on outdated diet charts and medical shortcuts. Serum levels don't reflect what's happening inside the cells.

Take magnesium, for example: only about 1% of it circulates in the blood, but your body needs it to create over 300 enzymes. The rest stays stored in the bones and soft tissue/muscles. So if those are near depleted, but your serum and other levels show "average," doctors miss the deficiency entirely. —Yet, we're told that "average" equals healthy — as if any human truly fits inside a grid box...

Their immediate response when I show them my results?

"The body just pees out extra B vitamins."

And I'm sitting there thinking, I'm literally holding a lab test showing an anomaly, and you're not even going to look into it?

That's the story of my life. I bring proven data, and they ignore it — whether it's ignorance, disbelief that a brain surgery patient could outthink them, or maybe just spite because the devil's playing his games again.

"They've been treating symptoms instead of causes. Medication instead of understanding.

It's not healthcare. It's a drug dealer."

(Believe me, I know...)

I knew something still wasn't right, but I hadn't yet connected the dots. Chronic random extreme fatigue, muscle spasms even though my nutrition was now normal, they all should have been gone by now. But still, I kept writing in my daily journals, documenting everything I noticed — hoping that somewhere within those notes, I'd find the missing piece of the puzzle I'd been trying to build.

2024 was no simple year, most people would not listen to me still. Others saw how different, more coherent and better I was off the anticonvulsants. Through it all, I lived by two rules: "Question everything when it's not working." & "Never give up."

While trying to correct and identify what was wrong with me played out over time, many people had left my side. Some stayed. Others probably think I'm batshit crazy. To those who stayed — thank you for believing.

Every doctor visit felt like déjà vu — the same dismissals, the same assumptions. I wasn't asking for miracles; I was asking for answers — something as basic as a complete nutritional panel. But those tests were never offered. Instead, I was left to figure it out on my own.

So I did.

While struggling, I paid out of pocket for the things the system refused to run, a \$50 test here, \$100 test there. and what I found changed everything. It opened my eyes — not just to what was happening inside my body, but to how broken communication has become in modern medicine.

I gave it one more shot. after years of doctor-hopping. I chose to visit a chiropractor trained in biophysics, not for the cracks, but for the scans. Paid \$150 for a full analysis with X-rays, and finally had proof—real, physical evidence—that

something deeper was wrong. The chiropractor's facial reactions told me enough as he's telling me all the spots I show damage, two spots in the neck, One mid back where the cop probably put his knee in me, all kinds of lower L-vertebrae issues. It turned out certain movements were pinching nerves, causing random symptoms that could easily mimic so many types of problems, including epileptic ones. Every fall I'd taken over the years had added up. Yet the major teaching hospital never saw it.

—But I did.

The issues that had been missed for years. Really sad part, this major teaching hospital who's group I was a part of, had a speciality wing for physical therapy on site... This whole time, they overlooked something so simple.

I learned the hard way that being your own advocate isn't optional anymore... it's survival.

Then, In the beginning of January/2025 – My neurologist of 15 years suddenly left the major teaching hospital... Not at all implying it's directly related to me. More I feel he realized the big teaching hospital was problematic in general.

During that time, I lost sixty-two pounds..., the right way. Because anytime I mentioned I had “chiropractic results” or “an analysis from a chiropractor who practices biophysics,” I could see the doctors' faces change. They would immediately denounce chiropractors in general, and tell me a obviously trained auto response from their school days...

There was a catch with this weight loss though... Because no doctor would give me a referral. No evaluations, No Physical Therapy. I was left just with two options, pills or suffer.

So I chose to suffer longer...

Every workout came with pain — pain I had to push through, just to build enough visible evidence for someone out there to see, to believe, that what I'd been saying all along was real.

And it worked.

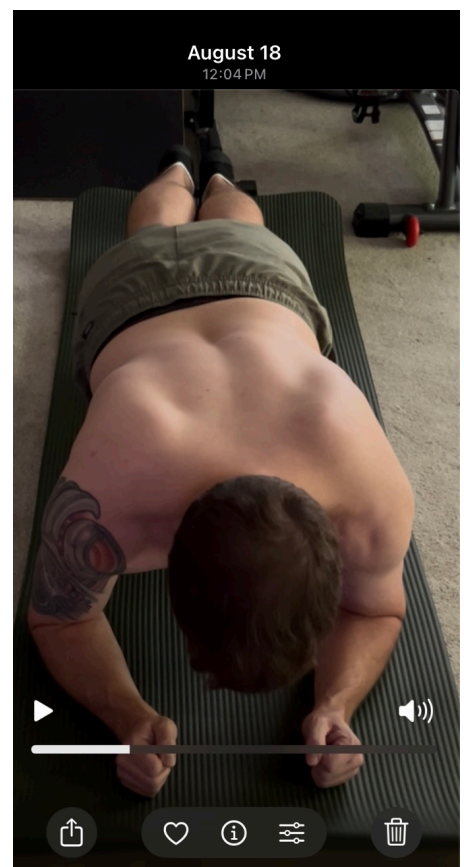
I finally exposed the problem visually. I had lost so much weight that you could see the tilt in my body. I documented it, and finally got a referral for PT. — That damage from all those falls, car wrecks, the police event, even that jet ski accident, it appeared minor, but it was enough. And through all that, I'd been on anticonvulsants and other medications numbing my body's sensations. I didn't truly know how much pain and tension I'd been carrying until I came off them and started healing.

It's a sad truth — and I can't help but wonder how many others are out there, living like I did, trapped inside a body that's screaming but can't be heard.

The fun part? I'm too stubborn to give up now. If nobody else is going to fix it, I will.

Now that I finally understand what's been happening, I can start rebuilding properly.

"A patient cured, — is a customer lost..."



I'm forty now. Tested for so much but with no clear diagnosis. Just me—standing here, alive and aware. Without a college education, no recent training, a verbal comprehension thing that can make moments very interesting. I have No medications in my system and No epileptic events (seizures)... Strange, because epilepsy just doesn't go away for the type they said I had."

Hmm...

Sad part: that's *my* happy ending to that story.

That's it.

That's where it went.

.

This is just some of what I've been through. Believe me, there are 11 additional realms I haven't even mentioned yet, each housing stories and experiences I've encountered — *stuff you are not ready for...*

Because the spiritual realm is real and stands for more than what's right in front of you. Figure it out and awaken to a world hidden within a world. *I did... (Hopefully, yours will be less painful than mine.)*

Because I've seen — and tasted hell. — From the very beginning, evil had its sights set on me. The darkness thought it owned me, but instead, I made the devil bleed with my pain. I turned my suffering against him, and he stood in disbelief as he watched me walk away from everything he'd built to destroy me. — With Gods help, — I beat meth, coke, crack, alcohol, tobacco, suspected medical misdiagnosis, depression, attempted suicide, all the bullshit influence of society, solitude, and death — many times over — to see that what I always perceived as a "curse" was actually a "blessing." I felt shattered as I was deceived, damaged, and dishonored by this world, but I don't feel broken anymore. I found all my pieces, and I've seen what's coming...

—And to think, I always thought this was like “normal people’s lives...”

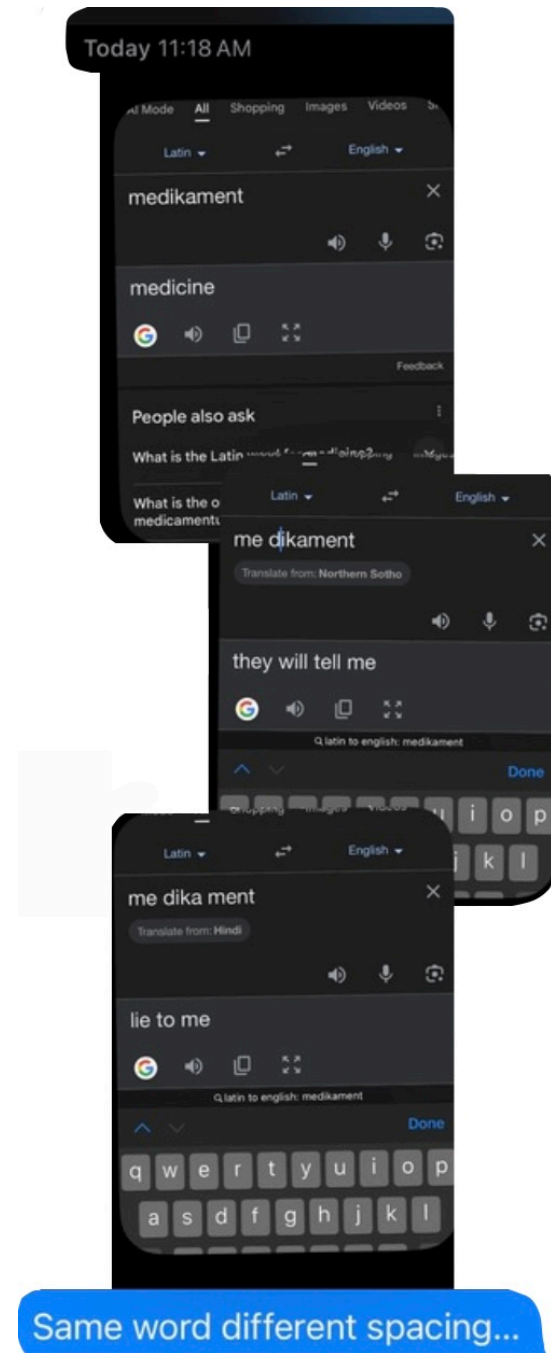
—Psalms 118:6

—“*With the LORD on my side I do not fear. What can mortals do to me?*”

Turns out, I had a true male role model beside me all along — I was just too clouded by toxins and blocked energy from a young age to see him. Cleanse your temple, so the light can shine, revealing they’ve always been with you.

(It’s time y’all to start getting ready for the storm.)

Thank you God for helping me.



The body is incredible and can heal itself far beyond what we’re taught. I’m proof. After everything I’ve endured, once I started focusing on proper nutrition and cutting “Daily Big Pharma” out of my life, I discovered there were really no major repercussions to my health. Pretty much everything is healing, healed, or scarred over, just fine. —Yet, some subtle reminders still make themselves known from time to time.” — I thankfully can still vividly recall “new video-like memories,” but words are not as sharp as they were before the surgery, and my verbal comprehension can be sporadically problematic, —while at the same time, kinda funny to me...

Theories:

- (Truly believe) - Every time I thought I was on the “right path” I was stopped. I was bending to the system because I was told that’s “what we do,” we go where they tell us. But a high “something” (I say God) was watching while realigning my life back to my intended straight path. (Even after I sobered up, everything I went through up there plus more was not punishment, it was a realignment.)
- (Believable) - After the 2013 surgery that actually cured me, I believe the medicine caused the seizures from that point on. Or:
- (Very believable) - Before the seizures started in 2007, I was on the classic “college-level poverty diet.” (Yes, I truly believed you could live off soda and gas station hot dogs at that time...) After surgery, I inadvertently went back on that same “college-level poverty diet” and had that seizure.

I’m pretty sure it was all nutrition-based from the beginning. That the anti-convulsants were actually causing the seizures from the moment of “diagnosis,” and that the surgeon may have cut into my learning disability or my language part of my suspected hyperthymesia.

-(Both would be located within the same brain lobe. Abnormalities in EEG readings from this area would support a neurological basis for hyperthymesia. I have only shown “abnormal brain activity” on EEG scans while off anticonvulsants; However, when on & freshly coming off anticonvulsants, I’ve shown seizure activity on EEG scans.)

The theory — just one that’s completely believable — is that God needs me to do something. Just what in the world is it...?

(Maybe, after all this is over, I’ll get the easy way like Enoch.)

To those who caught it, yeah — I’m obviously not supposed to be a retail manager for anything. 😊

9/3/2025 – I decide to write. Why? I don't know. The written word — my oldest enemy. Every sentence feels like a test I'm set to fail. My head hurts, my thoughts race, and that old voice in my head whispers, "Your English is terrible." The memories of being mocked echo back like it's happening all over again. But still... I just let those demons think they're winning, while I continue to conquer another challenge.

Love y'all!

It's been 40 years in the wilderness of a wild false society projecting "who you should be." I ask you, before I go: are you truly happy slaving to a system designed to disrupt and block your advancement with God? The system leaves you misguided — buried in debt and lost for what?

They've trained and conditioned us from the very beginning to believe that what they tell us is the only right path — that their version of truth is the way it's always been. Centuries ago, our bodies weren't flooded with chemicals. Now, from food additives to medical treatments, we're bombarded with constant doses of unnecessary compounds that cloud our energy — blocking the aura, the chi, the very essence that connects us to higher realms. If you truly wish to awaken, cleanse this garbage from your life.

If this is public, I'm gone — "hard to reach," but still reachable.

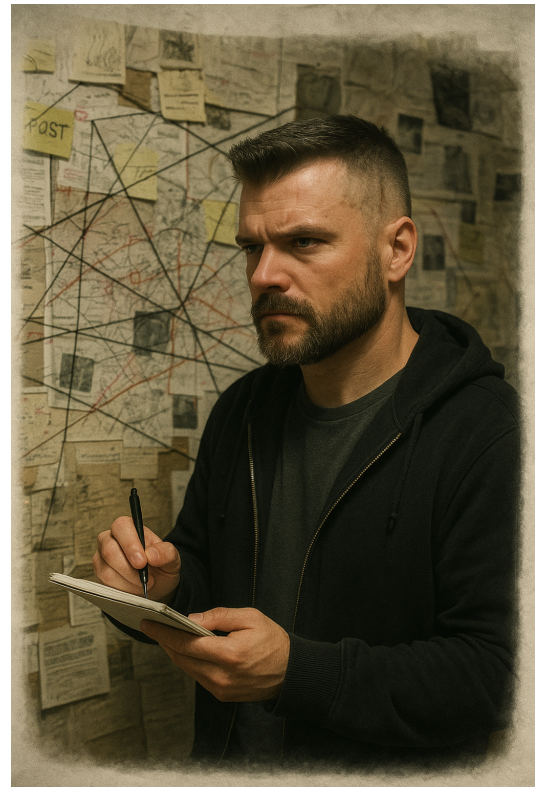
"—Back to Guarding my I. N. T. P. Enigma..."

—peace y'all

The Acceptance Of The Paradox

“The war has been going on for a long time now, both physically, mentally and spiritually...” (Tempered Empathy.)

Carl Jung viewed paradox as a valuable spiritual possession, integral to understanding the fullness of life and a necessary tool for psychological growth. He believed that true transformation comes from embracing contradictions and holding the "tension of opposites," rather than trying to eliminate them. For Jung, accepting paradox means recognizing and integrating opposing aspects of the self, like light and shadow, because this integration is the only way to achieve psychological wholeness and move beyond the limitations of a purely rational, judgmental intellect.



You're welcome to come into my mind right quick, One hard yearly date that I believe started unlocking something, and a recent evolution of my soul from it. I'm going to allow you since you have a small inclination as to who I am now. To experience what the average will call insanity, but the educated will call enlightened .

10/31/2025 Horrible morning, all my demons awoke like a storm, completely bombarded with flashbacks from meth days. Overwhelmed, emotional, and at that tipping point again I've felt so many times at 3am in the morning... But I knew this day was coming, and now it feels like the "safe's door" has been left open...

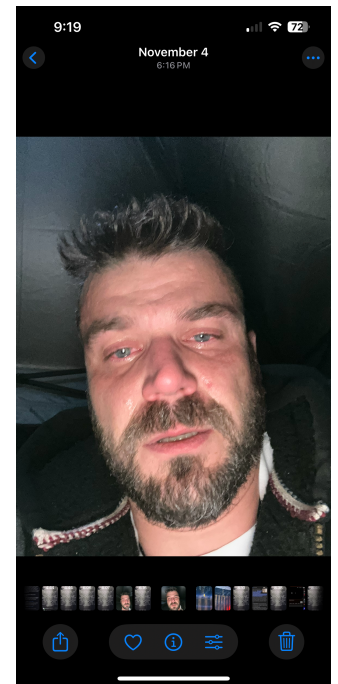
Nov 1-2 (Daylight saving time change.) Being woken up in the middle of my sleep at 4:56am... (but my phone has two times posted. 4:56am and 5:56am.) The one screenshot saved in from before is 11/1/2025 at 6:54pm... (y'all I see numbers all the time, so much and no one believes me that I have hundreds and hundreds of screen shots proving it. I've been seeing more like: 8:08, 9:19, (Not my typical 11:11 or 12:34 etc.) Y'all, I will see these while I'm having specific thoughts, lost in my paradoxical state of thinking. They will appear because I'm aware. There are messages everywhere to guide and confirm your wondering lost thoughts, and depending on your own faith, your own beliefs, and your own true self —is how they will manifest and present themselves in a way you can start to see.

11/4/2025 today after many upon many years of questioning. My new neurologist said that the events I said I was having that the last neurology group said were “epileptic events” during the day, showed no signs of seizure activity, not even abnormal brain activity...

He told me he believed The “major teaching hospital” may have mishandled my diagnosis possible most likely since the surgery, but maybe even before. Hearing this my mind is just excited as can be and overwhelmed with emotions. The last years were all messed up by my medications, I still honestly feel like it dates back to the very beginning for the medications. My neuro even told me of another doctor that has a controversial theory about how: anti-convulsants are actually the cause of seizures. Especially during detox and when you don't need them.

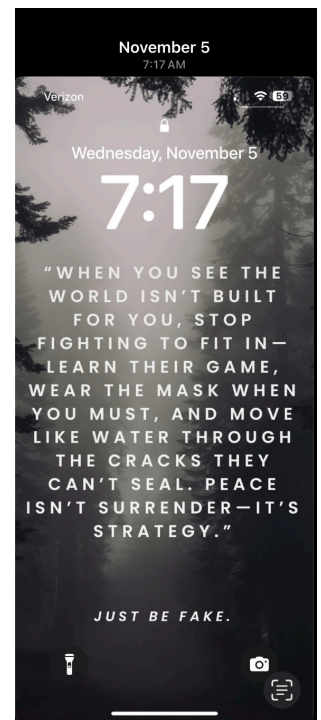
The entire car ride back my mind is wondering and racing, what do i do. How do I handle this? I could have been planning life so much differently. I think I need to call a lawyer, I'll wait till tomorrow, when I'm not so excited and see what happens. While trying to stay calm and not think about it, while searching social media, the devil is at it again because he flashes the first friend recommendations as my previous girlfriend I had during the over medication of 2008-09... I just started tearing up. I'm so tired, This spiritual warfare is unbearable... 6:14pm (little pic in pic)

This posted picture was only snapped because the thought ran through my head to document the severity of what was happening as progression and 6:16 confirmed I needed to do it, “Mirror” of oneself. (for a legal team to maybe work with was my main thought, I never thought I would post something like this just because it’s this, but the numerology behind the decision just has to be addressed.) I only took the second pic after I resurfaced from drowning and checked the time. Then I get a 9:19pm mark over my 6:16pm. When snapping proof in the screenshot of the 6:16 with time & date stamps. (Puzzle pieces, those aware will know, those asleep need to learn.) Btw you can’t just “plan your day” around asking specific questions at specific times, don’t work like that, you need harmonic flow first, without that, your wasting time. (The police report way up there 🙌 time log was “at approximately 6:16pm” that’s one specific approximation in my opinion)



11/5/2025 woke up at 7:17am good to start a new day is how I feel. I’m not a vengeful type person. Honestly I know they have no clue what is in store for them so I just let God handle it, but this one, I’m curious to this one.

The world is mine and all I have to do is go after a life that will do me best. OK ok, Jim get yourself together you’re about to place call that may change your life : The first legal attorney of a the highest group is hearing what I’m telling her, and continues to follow up with “it’s speculation and there are laws of time which these things can be taken care of”. At that moment I felt it... The attorney said they were going to have to pass on this case, but gave me the number of another group which “may be my best bet” she said. I still cant believe this high ranking legal group pushed me off, it is kinda concerning...



Upon speaking with the second intake person for the second legal group i find myself sitting thinking that "I'm about to be fucked over by the system again..." I tried to do some yard work to take my mind off of it but all i could do was think about all those years wasted that I will never get back, all those lonely nights praying this will end with justice. Well who am I kidding, we live in America, the entire system partially build around the medical industry... The second i finished up and brought all my tools inside I started balling in tears knowing this is going to be a "take advantage of Jim" event... (I just wrote all of this and checked my email, To find a message from the second law firm) They said they will not take my case.... I feel so worthless right now, like the worlds punching bag, all this work, all this effort, and no one will believe me... I told my mom yesterday what the new neuro said and she is still skeptical, I told my good friend and I got a mellow also skeptical response of "cool that's good." What's the point of sharing. Honestly what is the point... I will keep going because I do not give up. But now I'm about to be really screwed. God I'm crying, I'm drowning in my tears right now... story of my life. No one ever believed...

My soul hurts, I feel like I just want to curl up in the corner and just wait to die, every thing in my life has gotten snatched away from me like this, every time. To the devil, I'm not done. I'll try again tomorrow.

11/5/2025 (This is an open word spoken recognition that i will no longer keep giving undevoted empathy to those who try and drain or smother my fire)

Still continuing, it is now 8:38pm when I just came out of a very deep session. I feel higher, stronger, better. Like I'm evolving, understanding the shadow to my empathy, I truly do not care like I did 5 hours ago, I feel open like just a vessel, With a soul, That is just numb... I know my case is worth high dollar, I don't care... I know I was just told the answer to what I suspected for years that my medical episodes were not epileptic seizures, but I don't care. The world could be on fire right now and I would just compare it to how well the fire torched down my life and continues to burn better than this world ever will. All while not wanting to help, not do anything. I feel an empty void where I use to give so much caring attention to those whom don't deserve, I'm uncaring for those who don't care, those who cant see past themselves, who only remember me when it's convenient, when I had always put time and space for them, not much came back. And now since so many thing (as I say that i get a text from someone asking for information about something i know... Seriously these are the games I have to deal with. Little shit like that warfare all day. The person knows I'm

going through super hard times, they know I just had a neuro apt that could change my life, but they wanna know about space weather... Enjoy the flood is all i can say.) :*since so many things are written down and I'm able to push those horrible demonic like memories out of frame, now I can see all the other things. The overflow was much larger than I thought. So much... But with that clarity I now see conformation after conformation. From that it's time to start my next chapter. Btw: A Shadow empath is not evil, not like a "Dark Narcissist/Empath". Shadow Empaths are through very difficult times highly evolved, and will only show their light to those who earn it. If some one with "Shadow Empathetic ways" shines light while around you, never lose them...

11/6/2025 at 9:19am (Exact time)

I feel different, completely transformed.

I feel like..."Silence" (If you do not know about this kind of stuff being talked about, you need to look into it. If I had known this 20-30 years ago, shit would be much different... I use to be a deep open empath, multi-adaptive able to blend into any group and that was for the hunt of acceptance, but i wasn't me as Carl Jung pointed out through his knowledge sharing.

11/6/2025 The frequency we project is ment to heal. The frequency of wireless Wi-Fi and any form of a signal or harmonics is made by greed and is ment to disrupt our frequency, hurting us, hindering us from doing what we are suppose to. Mix that with unnecessary pills and other chemicals with mal nutrition, and you have warfare against the ones suppose to change the world... I just realized I spend almost 14 hours outside writing today.

This is the game: There are those who walk among you, They do not know who we are, but they do it, because it makes sense. During our time here we usually go through a life that is not even close to average yet always think it is average and normal. During these trials we experience some of the most wild and wicked shit that can possibly happen in our minds, yet no one around us even experiences anything as close to what we do in life.

If this sounds like you please listen: The war is real and it is taking place right now. You need to know you are strong, and your purpose here is soon to be revealed. You must trust the process that you have encounter thus far, for the purpose of realizing you're special and that the demons are out to get you. If you are having "hard times of any kind" that can not seem to be resolved, like: If you experience uncontrollable depressive states of mind. Or like me, If you experience uncontrolled epilepsy which no matter what you do it does not get better. Change corse. Start questioning, talk to your doctor, start changing, stop eating so much of the garbage society has placed in front of you, encased and that is served mostly by the devil/greed to keep your nutrition wacky, to throw off your gut flora, to make you depressed, Make you weak, Make you confused. "Lost," that is the goal. To keep the ones that are suppose to change the world, the chosen, asleep...

*When life is tough and super hard and you just want to stop, drop,
and curl up in a death ball like I use too 🙌*

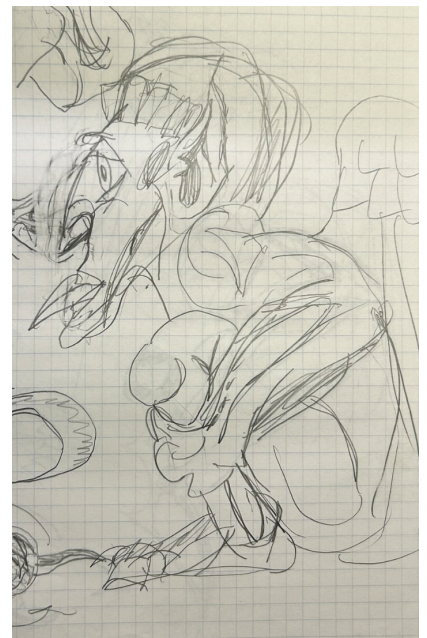
please know this would have helped me if I had heard it years ago.

*"You are in a classroom, for education, experience, and evolution
of the soul."*

"Not everyone in the presence is in class with you."

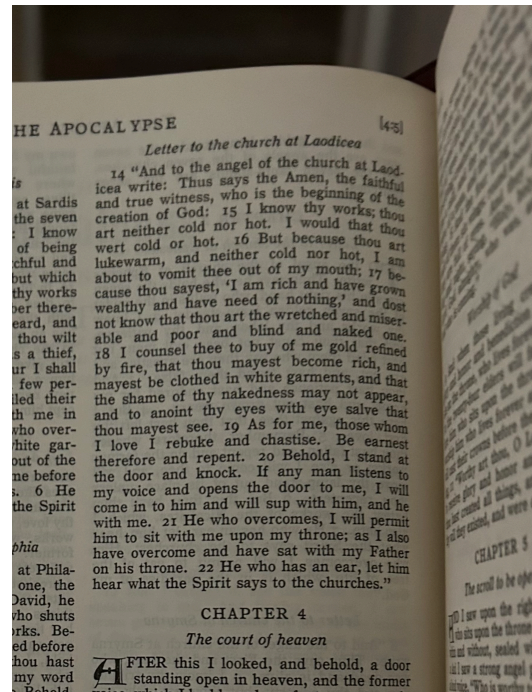
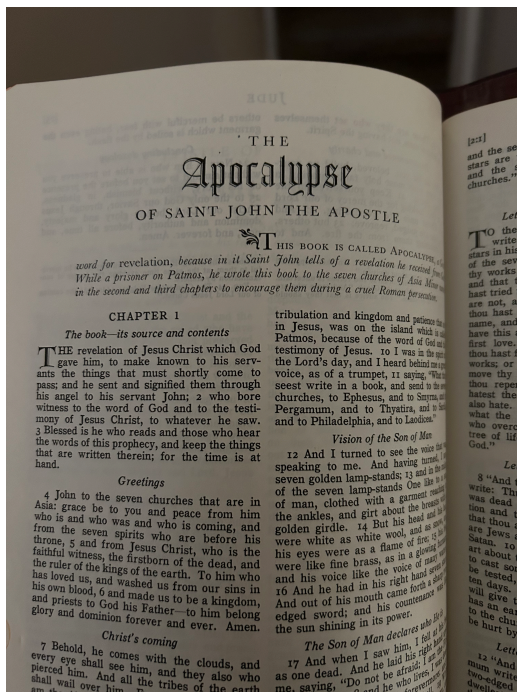
They teach you to eat pills that were never around 100 years ago, It seems society was doing great till the medications and the "all knowing doctors" trained by the schools that take massive donations from big pharmaceutical groups took control by the turn of the millennium , its is now 10:10am Nov 6th 2025 as I put this part " There are numerous documented cases and general concerns regarding the pharmaceuticals industry's financial ties to medical schools and their potential to influence medical educations and research" (they will withhold donations if curriculum is not changed, but what are they changing I wonder...?)

"If the prescription medication isn't working, it probably means you've been misdiagnosed."



The Apocalypse —also known as: “Revelations” — 3:21

“He who overcomes, I will permit him to sit with me upon my throne; as I also have overcome and have sat with my Father on his throne.”



Here's something of a point I need to bring up. “Right about here is when I started realizing the answer to why I couldn't go with death...”

I am a very religious spiritual man, it is real, it is there, We are all praying to the same God our creator. (Well most of us are, some actually pray for others like Lucy, which that is honestly ok with me.)

By no means am I denouncing your beliefs or religious system. Only asking you to open your thoughts to a multi-religious system and not be so *locked* into what “someone tells you,” so you can do your own research, learn, and come to your own conclusion. By no means am I a well put teacher, But I can help get you started.

-If you wish to branch out of your comfort box, I am already outside the box,
down the hall, and around the corner with my thoughts,
which are ready to be shared with you:

Now folks I am me: I did run a devils advocate scenario, on what I shared with the out of body experience on 3/21, I do know and understand the brain. I understand that clips and images can be pieced together giving the presentation of something “familiar” during an extreme state of crisis, or hallucination. (I understand the brain even to the extent that theoretically suspected DMT releases from the body right before and during death.) We all know true God is not human form. Maybe I saw Jesus, Yashua, Joshua. Maybe I saw a presented image of what I did as a trigger to recognize this realm was real. I had honestly just gotten into symbolism and repeating numerical patterns something I’ve seen all the time since childhood. It’s weird y’all, I might not have thought twice about it if it did not happen on “March twenty first”, and match my bible as posted above...

I have done my dives down the rabbit holes of religion and spiritual beliefs. I like learning. Always have, if i don’t know about it i learn about it, only problem is i have run low on new things to learn, so i took up religion/spiritual. Over 4000 types, there are 12 main major religions. When you look at the 12 major religions and many sub groups native tribal local beliefs like Aztecs, Mayans Mongolian, Inuit, Eastern Ethiopian Orthodox, Native Americans, Cherokee, Hopi, you find some incredible similarities and astonishing anomalies that should not be. The 12 major religions. These religions are both correct and incorrect at the same time. Correct as they are all pieces of the main religion as a whole, Incorrect because some have been highly tampered with for power and control. It is up to you to have the desire for truth, to seek what is right in front of you but hidden from your sight. Catholicism/Christianity is what mine was focused around because that was my upbringing, If i was raised any other religion/spiritual, my visions would have matched those religious/spiritual beliefs

to make that connection. My “God our creator” is the same as your Zeus, RA, Ahura Mazda, Dao, Ik Onkar, Brahma, Allah, Lord, YHWH-Adonai. They are the same holy one. And thy will appear to you in a way which can be related with. Y’all this is real, it’s mysterious and puzzling, but it’s really here. Unless you want to go through a continuous reincarnation, start waking up...

Find the similarities amongst the 12 major religions first.

Don’t share the answer...

You have to find thy belief for yourself. Not be told, but found by your soul...

You can internet AI it up all you want. But it is no simple turn around. You must confirm what you read, must confirm it’s not a governed copy, one that was manipulated and altered for control. (Like how they play the woman to be the issue with Adam and Eve.) There are banned books that need to be read.

“Who has the authority to ban knowledge, who has the authority to say what knowledge is correct. They say “Man” has the authority, but I didn’t hear God give him permission.”

Only you and no one else can make that call on what is real, and what is castrated for control....

Wanna open the mind a little more?

Spiritual warfare is real, you may picture it as demons fighting angels and yes high level realms are. But for so many that walk the earth, it's more like this: You can be as happy as can be in your day, then just something will trigger a memory of pain.

The memory is a demon, the pain associated with that individual memory is like another demon. Then those demons will get together and try to pull more out, The more painful memories you have from your past, the more that come, and for me personally before I know it: "Literally y'all, It's like, I'm at a party, never alone." 😊

-Once you understand complete mastery over ones-self,

-control becomes easy,

That is what they mean by "controlling the demons". One way: You can turn a bad moment into a funny one by any means possible, (personally I use to make fun of my seizures all the time, it was what kept me from wanting to curl up in the corner and pray for death.) Conquer the mind and you will evolve.

Now that I just presented is like "tier two", once you decide to branch up and awaken you have to be committed and not back down, or you might never come back up to that level in this life. FYI: there's way more than two tiers, the level that comes with those higher tiers is associated with things that are the reason why you see people homeless on the side of the curb talking to themselves. I'm friends with some of the local homeless, when you actually hear them, they are not all crazy. Those arguments you hear with themselves, are battles with the real demons. Not the memory demons, different tier, different realm entirely. Once you open it, You cant close it, you can only conquer and learn how to control the shit you hear, see, and learn: it's an attack at your soul. And If you climb the ladder to 13 too fast, you will lose. There is a reason why: "It takes a foundation to build upon to reach new heights."

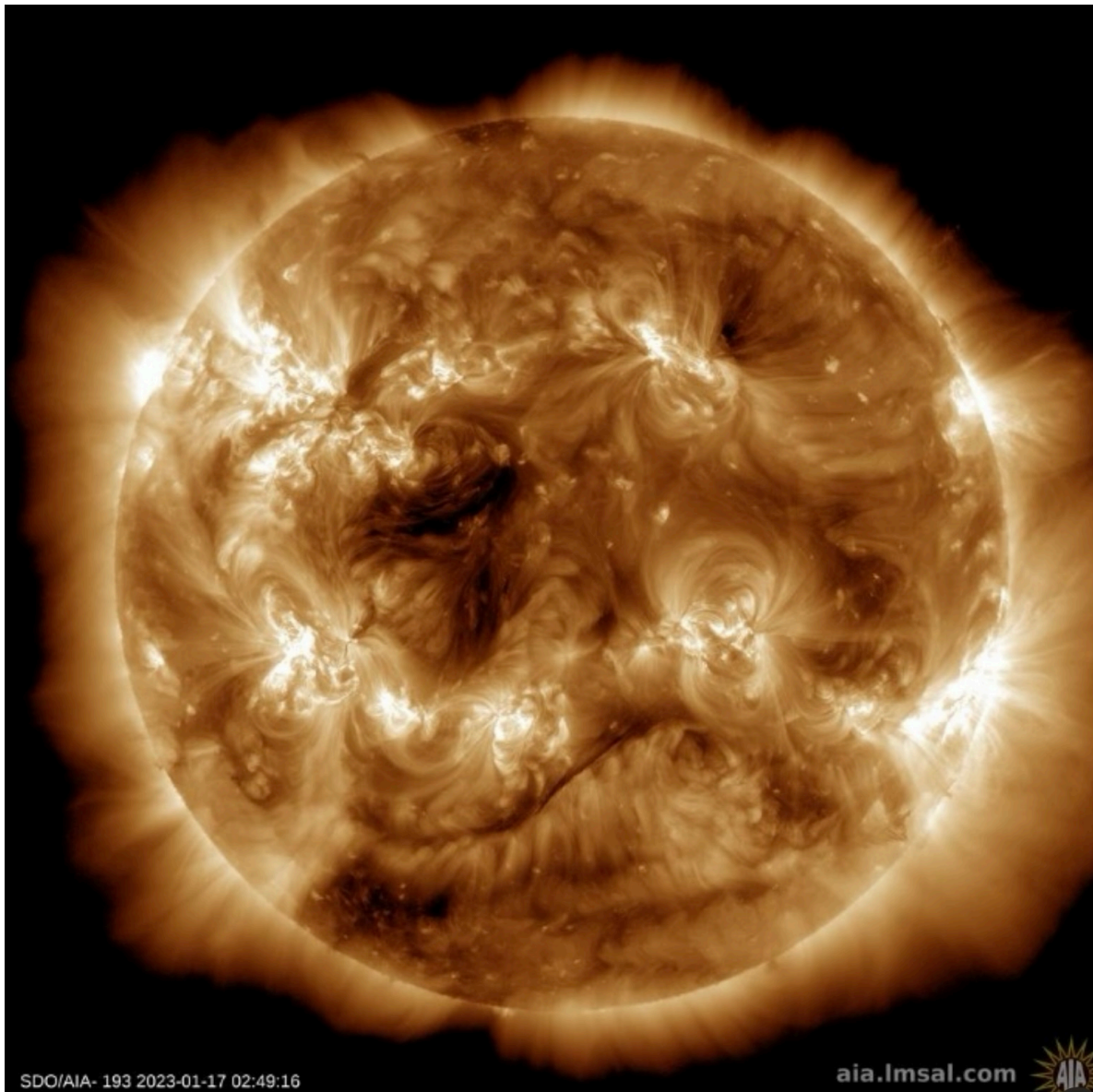
*I love my first Amendment Right, and how there is a disclaimer at the beginning of this book.
Because to the unknown, I see how I sound, But unless you've gone through it, I don't doubt you
can't comprehend the level I'm at..*

The old "me" is dead, I sacrificed him on my alter and burned myself back down to my core traits. Those traits, the ones that fought so hard to stay with me, so hard against "societies presented ways of how I should be." Now I'm back to being true to ones-self, no longer polluted, manipulated and asleep.

I'm awake, and I pray you can join me before it's too late.

11/15/2025 6:54pm

"This is when I finished writing the bulk-mass of topics and before images were added. (It was 111 pages)" It was my cut off date, and fell exactly at that time. Some of those hard topics up there i had to go back too. They were left slim so I could actually finish while not continuously stuck — drowning in my own tears.



Actual photo: no edit, no A.I.. I was 17 days clear minded from the anticonvulsants and I see the eye of a God looking at me... In 2019 I found a channel that was posting a lot of digital images of space and planetary like stuff that I would snag screen shots and then paint the scenes. Well one day I'm listening to Ben Davidson of Suspicious Observers now "Space Weather News (SO)" discussing papers talking about the electromagnetism of the planet and how "certain low levels and high levels of the KP index are starting to show a relativity to an increase in cardiovascular, epileptic and mental illness event days.... That's when it started trying to click while completely drowned by medications I didn't need.

I've fact checked and done research on what was spoken about. This is "why I'm where I stand." I won't say any more other than:

“There are stories and historical accounts of major flood like events in our known documented history. Look at that number “7” up there, Tell me across that horizontal plain on the top of the seven: Do you see a mountain range off to the left?

Now do you see the huge wave coming in from the right...”

“Ra”.

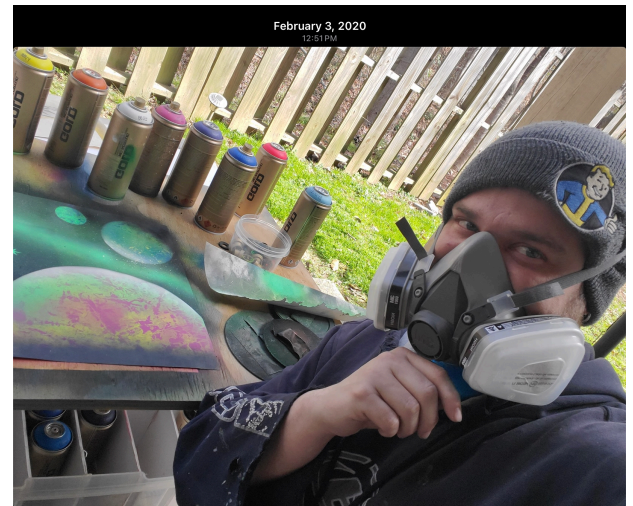


Photo Credit: Latin to English Translator - Google

*Photo Credit: All Satellite images of accident sites
Google Earth.*

Photo Credit: Ra info Google

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