The Gates of Awakening: A Journey Through the Initiations

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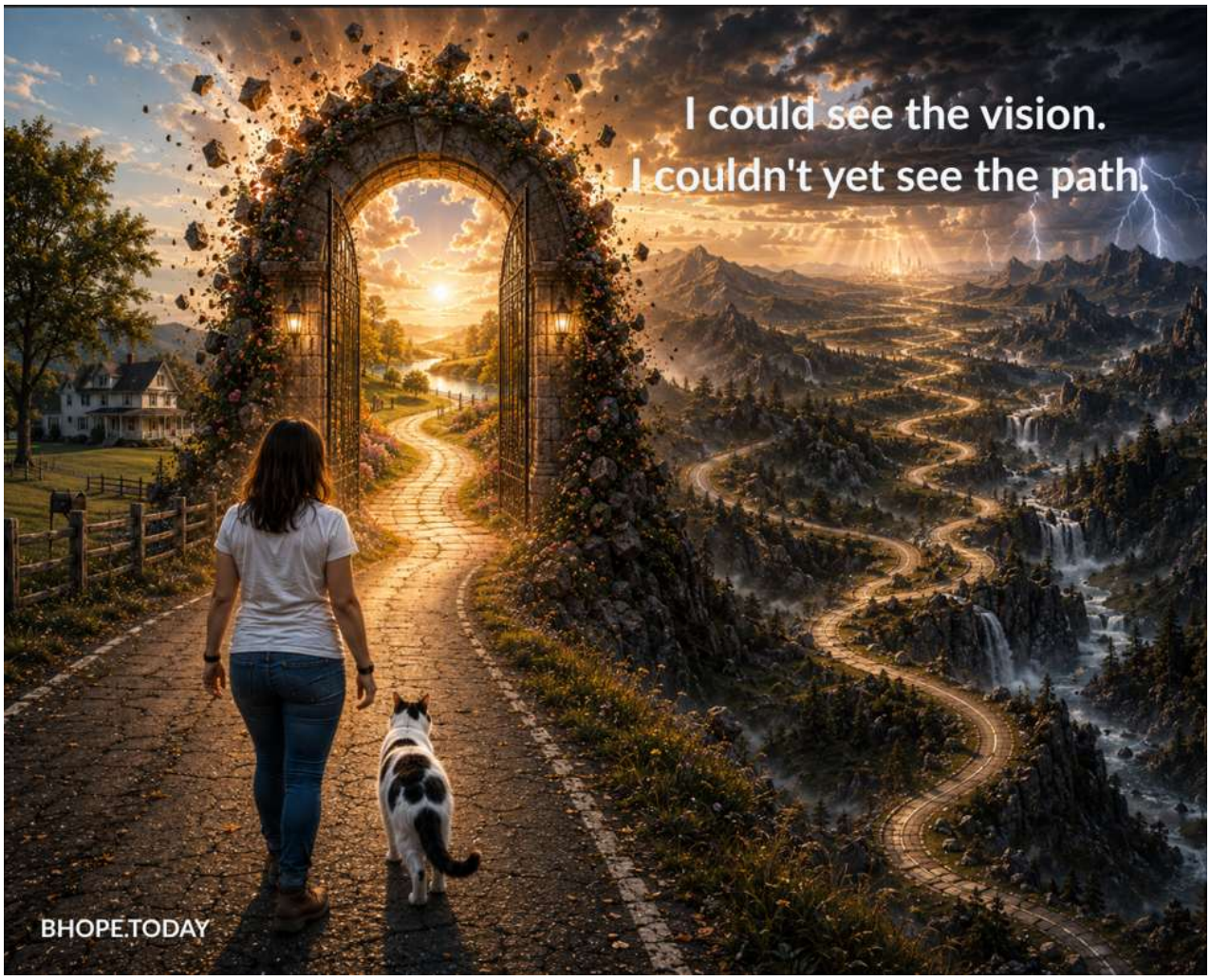

A Journey Through Awakening, Purpose, & Transformation

Written from The Connection Homeless Shelter in North Platte, Nebraska

CHAPTER ONE: The First Gate

January 13, 2020 – Reston, Virginia

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 Source.

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.

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

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 suddenly 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, while my sister placed the order.

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

Without thinking, I dropped to the floor in three distinct 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.

The mirror shattered.

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

✦ The Warning

Immediately after, I received a strong, unmistakable message from Source:

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 her knees with me and pray—surrender completely to Source.

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. Something demonic.

✦ 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 reground.

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

The police 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, no pants, 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 for the urine analysis, 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.

After all the tests and examinations, **the doctors found no medical issues** other than a possible bladder infection, which they suggested I follow up on with my primary care physician.

✦ The Reston Police Station

From there, the police 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 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, at least not that I could hear.

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, the actions of others unknown to me, 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 had healed from, came rushing back. ***And as I dove deep 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 tasering? 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 (or remembered) existed.*

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.

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 afternoon.

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 for jobs, 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 the same 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.

So I did.

Then I noticed his weathered feet (he was barefoot) and thought having his feet washed would feel soothing.

So 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 through 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 that I could hear.

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.

What made this particularly puzzling was that I already had my DMV-issued driver's license in my wallet when the envelope arrived. That was never lost.

And there was another noteworthy detail.

In the intervening years between January 2020 and the arrival of that envelope, I had publicly shared my curiosity about how the facility had verified my identity and admitted me when I had no identification on me at the time.

And now, years later, they were mailing me a driver's license.

How did they get it?

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 hospital 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 (afternoon/evening)** – Arrested in my apartment, taken to the first ER and then to the police station, processed, and released into the police station waiting room around 8 PM.
- **1/13 (around 10 PM)** – Loaded into a police cruiser, driven to another location, and handed off to another police officer. Everything went black.
- **1/14 (around 10 AM)** – Admitted to a second ER. CT scans, antipsychotic meds, and documentation of "manic" behavior.

  Notably, from my first ER visit on January 13 through my second on January 14 (in separate towns no less), ***I was in police custody****, apart from approximately two hours spent in the police station waiting room after being released on the 13th and before being taken back into custody. During that first ER visit, doctors found no medical issues other than a possible bladder infection. Yet, roughly 12 hours later, at the second ER, I was undergoing a CT scan of my head, being administered antipsychotic medication, and having my behavior documented as "manic."* ***What happened between those two ER visits?***
- **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 space 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. Section 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.

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 allegation, described in the arrest warrant as follows: "*Respondent and victim are siblings. Per officer, respondent pulled the victim down to the ground twice causing a cut to her lip and tore her shirt.*"

The context didn't matter. I had been trying to pull my sister down with me to kneel in prayer, not to harm her. The cut to her lip and tear in her shirt were unintentional.

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—the situation was treated as domestic abuse.

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—less than a five-minute proceeding that could've changed the course of my life had things gone differently.

I had never been in court before. Or arrested for that matter.

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 didn't seem care about 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 ***roughly 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 from Source:

"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 major life disruption 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 love. I choose joy. I choose 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.

I understand it now:

This is a powerful new beginning.

It is the sacred passage into what comes next.

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.

With love and hope,

Brenda

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🎵 **Beautiful World by Michael Bolton**

Editor's Note: This piece has been lightly edited from the original, with certain details added for clarification and other details omitted for privacy and discretion.