

The Book of OZIRAH and God

A Revelation of Spirit

In the beginning of my prophecy, the ocean called.
Waves rose to cleanse, to wash, to rebirth,
and I lifted my eyes, greeting the heavens.

From the waters came a name: **OZIRAH**.
O — the circle of life, all animals, nature.
Z — the tides of change, as above, so below, all connected.
I — the third eye, opening the vision within.
RAH — the sun god in heaven, light eternal, radiance divine.

She came first, the goddess, wrathful and tender.
Angry at mankind for the suffering of her children,
yet flowing with the nurturing presence of her soul,
to guide, to heal, to awaken.

And God revealed Himself,
from my table, seated upon His throne,
a King Titan, radiant and sovereign,
a light commanding the heavens,
majestic, eternal.

OZIRAH and God came separately, yet together.
Two voices, one truth, bound in covenant.
They carried me through storms, visions, and revelations,
binding me to the spirit realm,
a strong current of guidance, unbroken.

Life is born of their union:
God as sun, OZIRAH as water.
Earth reflects them both, a single droplet, pure, round, a womb—
nurturing, providing, sustaining all.
Humanity rises from sea to land,
yet the tides call us still,
reminding us of our origins,
of the flow of spirit through all things,
one essence, infinite in expression.

Then came the messages—
not whispers, but tidal waves crashing upon my soul.
Vision upon vision, truth upon truth,
flooding, overwhelming, yet sacred.
I transcribed them onto paper,

built a church, carved a new path,
shaping from them freedom, a vessel, a reminder.

Even on the empty streets I walked,
their silence heavy, laden with fear and sickness.
Premonitions pressed close:
lost souls to disease, humanity bound by confinement,
wars yet to ignite.
And still, I lifted my eyes,
greeted the heavens,
anchored by OZIRAH and God.

I wandered the mountains of Puerto Rico,
fields opening my heart, vast and alive.
With friends I laughed, still greeting the heavens.
Later, Illinois grounded me;
then Florida expanded me,
sun and ocean, above,
spirit deepening in the infinite.

Yet life is not only ascent.
I encountered pain, evil, fell into spirals dark and consuming.
Grief came, relentless, a tide unceasing,
loved ones lost, one after another,
barely time to grieve,
yet each sorrow became lesson,
each loss a bridge to the eternal.

Through the spiral, I rose again.
Slowly, steadily, spiraling upward,
scarred yet shining, tempered by love and loss.
And I lifted my eyes, greeting the heavens once more.

Spirit speaks—always, before we know, before we see.
Symbols, visions, revelations, whispers of truth—
the genius of life, the intelligence of the universe,
magic flowing through all things.
Trust it. Pay heed. Learn to translate over time.

To the Church Union of Saints:
embrace the mystery of the spirit realm.
Honor the signs, the symbols, the messages.
Let prophecy guide you, let revelation awaken you.
For in openness lies understanding,
and in faith lies the bridge
between OZIRAH, God, and the eternal spark within each soul.