

UNVEILED!

**The Ancient Secrets of Daniel &
The Revelation of Jesus Christ**

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The Ancient Secrets of Daniel & The Revelation of Jesus Christ

Written by Joan H. Richardson

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The Writer

My Conversion to Christianity

During a nervous breakdown in my senior year of college in 1969, I repented of sin and received Jesus Christ as my personal Savior. My fascination with the occult had led me to take devils into my body. They turned me into a vain, boastful, audacious liar. When I received Jesus, He changed my heart, and my old ways left me. He had paid my penalty, and He set me free.

He was my first Truth. Jesus is the only biological Son of God, a worthy Mediator to the only true God. He'd taken our sin and guilt, catapulting me into righteousness I'd never known. This new life was all I'd need for the battles that lay ahead of me, and they were severe.

For three years I was a terrified soul with a mind shattered by the devils I'd renounced. Reality became my jigsaw puzzle. Like Job, I often cried out, "I'm not that important. Why are You targeting me?" but the Victor proved He was on my side. When I learned to fear God more than the dragon, I asked Him to apply my trials against the nature of my flesh. No matter what, I trusted in Jesus, looking to Him to fight for me and thanking Him for the victories before they came. It wasn't easy, but I found the pieces and assembled the puzzle as He led me until my mind returned.

He has never ceased to amaze me. He is my courage. I overcome with every page I write. We're tested by the trials that conform us to His likeness. If we keep on believing, we defeat the same devils Jesus overcame, but we must never give up.

²⁶ For consider your calling, brethren, that there were not many wise according to the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble; ²⁷ but God has chosen the foolish things of the world to shame the wise, and God has chosen the weak things of the world to shame the things which are strong, ²⁸ and the base things of the world and the despised God has chosen, the things that are not, so that He may nullify the things that are, ²⁹ so that no man may boast before God. ³⁰ But by His doing you are in Christ Jesus, who became to us wisdom from God, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption, ³¹ so that, just as it is written, "LET HIM WHO BOASTS, BOAST IN THE LORD." (1 Cor. 1:26-31 NASB)

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The Mantle

In 1974 I stood in the balcony of Kathryn Kuhlman's First Presbyterian Church of Pittsburgh. There she was just below us when I heard a deep, rumbling, clear, and resonant voice that spoke words I could not possibly have known. He told me she didn't have long to live. Then He said, "I am giving you her mantle." I resisted it until moments later, Kathryn said the Lord told her she didn't have long to live and she'd prayed God would give someone else her mantle. Instantly the Spirit covered me like a heavy blanket, and I fell into my seat face-down until the service ended. When I sat up she was gone.

On the ride home, I told Mike, my best friend who would become my husband. We prayed and returned to Philadelphia where I told my pastor Larry Albanese. He said, "If it's God, He will do it." So I waited. Forty years after my new birth, I wondered if God remembered me, but the day came when He commissioned me to write what He'd teach me.

In 1970 I surrendered my life, offering my body as a living sacrifice for Him to take control. At times I stumbled, tripped, and fell, but I got back up and went on. Having given up my life, I couldn't possibly miss His plan. (See Rom. 12:1-2)

I never met Miss Kuhlman; she never knew what happened that day. I never told her. I was sure if she knew my past, she wouldn't believe me. She said something else that surprised me: she wished she had known the Holy Spirit better than she had.

Why hadn't God used me as He'd used her? John was given Elijah's mantle and baptized, calling men to repent and declaring the Lord's arrival but did no miracles. My work is unlike hers. Mike knew God had a reason for it, so I share its honor with him.

The Commission

Months after the Pittsburgh meeting, God opened a door—radio broadcasting. Beginning at a 50kw AM/FM combination, simulcast in Philadelphia from nine till noon every Sunday, Mike and I co-hosted a contemporary Christian music program called "Man Alive!" Ministering to our listeners as a team, we spread the gospel across America, syndicated on over fifty radio stations as a public service. We carried the studio equipment in our car and set it up in motels. After six years, we leased and operated

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XERF, Mexico's border blaster, covering about half the world with contemporary Christian music on secular radio. We didn't know Kathryn had hoped to expand her radio ministry.

Together we worked in broadcasting for the length of our marriage, whether on the air, filing FCC applications, or building radio stations, microphone to antenna. In 1995 Mike's dream to be a station owner was fulfilled, but late in 1996, he contracted brain cancer. In 1998 the man who taught me love passed on to sleep in Jesus, but his love never left me; it's always in my heart as the love of Christ. You see, *love never ends*. (1 Cor. 13:8a ESV) Love keeps passing on from those who receive it.

One morning in the fall of 2003, I woke out of sleep to the stunning words: "Write a book!" I had only written commercials for radio, but I began writing *A Thorn in My Flesh* and disclosed my life as I typed its stories, including my sufferings with clarity of recall. I was giving away a book that was self-deprecating. When it saved men in prison, I saw the rewards of my pain as it spread hope and even averted suicide. I was in awe when they rejoiced, having believed in Christ by reading its five hundred verses, which didn't return void. (See Is. 55:11)

The Anointing

In 2007 I felt pregnant with the Spirit, nearly bursting to express something, but I didn't know what it was. I was so full, it was nearly painful. I prayed for direction but still didn't understand what God wanted me to do. Years before He'd shown me He would open Revelation to me, but I was terrified by the idea.

After uncanny events, an odd name came to mind: Reinhard Bonnke. A mere glint of hope would prompt me to obey. That's why I sent him an email about my dilemma. The next day he sent me a personal invitation for a face-to-face meeting in Florida. I threw the materials together and paid the price by faith. In three weeks I was in Orlando, hoping for the solution.

The first day lasted twelve hours: twenty-two of us were standing for early worship when the evangelist took the seat in front of mine, and a great anointing fell on me. No one knew what God had done. I kept it close to my heart. I couldn't talk or write about it for a few years. I was sure the experience had a reason but couldn't imagine what its purpose would be.

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The next day, I asked the evangelist, “What am I supposed to do with all this power?” He dropped the mike. Then he replied in his normally terse manner. “Press in,” he said.

As a pragmatist I thought, “I paid all that money and flew a thousand miles to hear *two words?!?*” I was hoping for some direction, but God answered me with His power. I’d work in concert together with His Spirit, and yes, I would “press in.”

For several years I was speechless about the outpouring, awestruck. I recalled a request I’d made thirty-five years before; I’d asked for a “double portion” of His Spirit because in my weakness, I was desperate for His strength. “I want it all!” I cried out. “Lord, give me a double portion!” That’s how it was.

He didn’t give it to me when I asked for it, but He gave me a mantle in 1974 and now this! I still didn’t know what to do, but I’d know when its time came. At thirty, I said, “Lord, I won’t be credible till I’m sixty.” In 2008 He doubled the portion soon after I turned sixty. Sometimes I prophesy unwittingly.

In early January 2010, rising from sleep, the Word of the Lord silently came to me: “Haven’t I taught you the truth?” For years He’d been disclosing it to me. “Yes, Lord, You have,” I said aloud. He continued, “But the church is divided by deceptions.” So that was the answer! It’s as Jesus said, “My sheep know My voice, and they follow me.”

At the time, I didn’t know the details of the commission, but with those words, He planted a seed in my heart to write *The Union*. The one who creates confusion and deception has divided us, but how did that happen, and when did it begin? I did the research, which ended with the deletion of several chapters that were just too dry to read. Living in the truth is what counts.

A few months later, a dream became a vision when a speaker turned to face me, telling me to deliver the message. I sat up with a fire burning in my heart and blurted, “What message?” Many more questions led me to write since the fire in 2010.

All these years, I’ve been writing what God has revealed. I didn’t know what to expect or when He’d be finished. I only knew He’d complete what He’d begun. My writings are evidence of a faith that has gained victories by the Bible’s powerful, life-giving words from not just one, but two testaments—both sides of the same report by the same Author.

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Looking back to 1969, I was aimless, unhappy, and confused when God drew me to His Son. Devils had filled me with their fears, their lies, and their confusion till I couldn't organize my thoughts enough to hold a pencil in my hand. Then God gave me the victory over my enemies and taught me His words to write books about them.

Scholars haven't understood these things because God hides them from the wise to reveal them to fools—or shall I say, His less admired ones? We who see ourselves as fools search for His wisdom, and He lets us see as He sees. He renews our minds if we reject men's opinions to believe Him instead of them.

At first I was angry when I realized the words of the apostles were unlike what I'd been taught by many teachers with theological degrees. In time the Spirit showed me the lies were sown by the deceiver, the adversary of us all, with or without degrees. He even dulls the bright ones. When we do things as the world does, we're bound to miss the words of God. If we think we can't be taken in by lies, we probably already are, but God can empower weak ones like me.

The idea of believing God without considering the various teachings and opinions of scholars was new to me after so many years, but my Rabboni patiently taught me secrets He had hidden for centuries. He is the God of Enoch, Moses, Elijah, and David—people like us. As we grow we do His will till it becomes ours.

¹⁸ Let no man deceive himself. If any man among you thinks that he is wise in this age, he must become foolish, so that he may become wise. ¹⁹ For the wisdom of this world is foolishness before God. For it is written, "*HE IS THE ONE WHO CATCHES THE WISE IN THEIR CRAFTINESS*"; ²⁰ and again, "*THE LORD KNOWS THE REASONINGS OF THE WISE, THAT THEY ARE USELESS.*"
(1 Cor. 3:18-20 NASB)

Many people are intellectually superior to me, and I don't challenge that; it doesn't matter. The Lord called me to find the truth of His words and to write a book, a trilogy as it turned out. I had no idea how to begin or where it would end. I learned a little and then more. At times, I struggled with His words till the strongholds fell and I believed. The Holy Spirit was more than a

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Helper to me; He was the Revelator. I wasn't alone. He corrected my mistakes and helped me edit and revise the text for others to understand it. These were more His books than mine.

¹⁷ To him who overcometh will I give to eat of the hidden manna, and will give him a white stone, and in the stone a new name written, ... (from Rev. 10:17)

¹⁹ For it is written,

"I will destroy the wisdom of the wise,
and the discernment of the discerning I will thwart."
(1 Cor. 1:19 ESV; cf. Is. 29:14)

Had God not lifted the veil, I'd still be reading in the dark. He told me to write and deliver the message. I listened, prayed, and read; meditated, perceived, and wrote. When He called me to do this, I didn't shrink back, but *pressed in* by faith, thanks to a terse word from an evangelist. I'm an apprentice of the Spirit as Jesus' student and disciple. Had I not searched out the truth, He would not have opened it to me. My only credentials are the words He has given me. I've spoken on radio and preached in prisons, nursing homes, homeless shelters, mental health clinics, at prison seminars, and more, but for the past several years, I've been writing by the Holy Spirit. May He vindicate me.

The more He reveals, the more He convicts, and the closer He draws us to Him. Learning is more than just knowing stuff; it's about satisfying our hunger to grow into His likeness. The closer we are to Jesus, the more like Him we become till His gift is made perfect and complete in us as He finishes the work He began in us. (See 2 Pet. 1:1-11) The reason we search the Bible is the goal of our calling, to know Jesus Christ in Spirit and truth.

²² No, much rather, those members of the body which seem to be weaker are necessary. ²³ And those members of the body which we think to be less honorable, on these we bestow greater honor; and our unrepresentable parts have greater modesty, ²⁴ but our presentable parts have no need. But God composed the body having given greater honor to that part which lacks it, ²⁵ that there should be no schism in the body, but that the members should have the same care for one another.

(1 Cor. 12:22-25 NKJV)

The Writer

(Ken Cobean Photography)



Mike and Joan

... love is strong as death (from Ecc. 8:6).

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Other books by this writer:

A Thorn In My Flesh
The Rewards of Persevering Faith
through Life's Toughest Times

The Union
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God Calls His Church
to Truth, Faith, and Holiness

Mysteries of the Ancient Word
Unlocked Treasures, Hidden for the End of Days