

Back from What Seemed Like Certain Demise

Well, time marches on, doesn't it? When 2017 came to an end I prayed that 2018 would be a better year than 2017 and I guess that maybe I didn't pray correctly, or as I often say, YHVH has plans and they will be fulfilled no matter what we pray. Again, I say that the best prayer is to pray, "your will be done YHVH," because we can rest assured that if we pray those words there is a 100% chance that they will be answered because His will is always fulfilled.

I had a wonderful birthday on the 3rd and things were cruising along just fine until early in the morning of the 7th when I woke up with excruciating pain in the abdomen. There was a stomach virus going around at that time so I just attributed the pain to that, even getting a confirmation from a coworker that my symptoms matched hers, she suffered through it for a day a few days prior. I called in sick Sunday and sat around waiting to improve, but that was not the case, things worsened. I tried to eat a piece of toast only to have it come back up, not only the toast but a brownish liquid that smelled foul. After vomiting a couple of times, I called my wife who was at work and expressed that we needed to go to the emergency room because this was clearly more than that flu bug.

We got to the hospital, my belly fully distended and I was nauseous. They brought me back into a room at the ER right away and started me on IV fluids, oh and I almost forgot to tell you that my heart had decided to go into Atrial Fibrillation late Sunday. I was concerned that either my stomach would burst or I'd have that heart attack that I had always wondered would happen someday. They sent me for a CT Scan which confirmed that I was suffering from a bowel obstruction and I was admitted to the hospital right away. While in the ER a nurse placed a Nasogastric tube through my nose and down into my stomach. If you're wondering if it hurt, yes it did. They wanted to start decompressing my stomach and getting that crap out that I had been throwing up, and yes, it was crap.

I sat there languishing while the doctors waited to see if the obstruction would fix itself but on Wednesday the decision was made to take me into emergency surgery. I came out of surgery and saw my wife standing there. I can always count on her to be there when I need her most. She told me that the Surgeon was upset because the nurse that placed the NG Tube (who claimed to be an expert at doing such things) had not placed it correctly and the surgery was delayed a little because they had to evacuate out of me 2 liters of the garbage that the tube should have gotten out before the surgery. Point being, the expert nurse didn't place the tube correctly.

I woke up in my room, my belly still distended and in a great deal of discomfort. I have to say though that the anesthesiologist did a wonderful job. Before the surgery, he asked for permission to place some sort of extra painkiller all around my abdomen so that it would not be as painful as it normally would be when I came back to consciousness. A person would have to be an idiot to decline such a thing and I told him that I was more than willing to have such a thing done. So when I woke up I was relatively pain-free but with the discomfort of bloating. So, when they offered me morphine I gladly accepted. It took away the discomfort of bloating.

I looked at the NG Tube and noticed that it was working well so I asked the nurse to get me some ice chips. It was sort of cool to watch the tube and along with the brown junk I could see the water from the ice chips being sucked up. At one point I talked to one of the surgeons who was checking in on me and asked him to turn the suction up, which he did. The nurses couldn't do it without an order.

Now, anyone that knows me knows that I like to eat. It is one of the finer things in my life, but when I was going on almost 7 days of not eating it was starting to wear on my nerves. Add to that that when the television is playing there are food commercials just about every 7 minutes, commercials that are showing barbecued ribs, pizza, spaghetti and all sorts of culinary delights. It was torture.

I prayed much of the time that I was in the hospital. I started to get very anxious. I had skirted around death thanks to YHVH and the skill that he gave to the doctors and nurses and for that I was thankful. One nurse, a woman named Rochelle confided to me that I had been through a lot and had come close to going home. I told her that I knew that. She is a believer and we had many wonderful discussions about YHVH Yeshua. Another nurse is a staunch conservative and we talked many times about the state of our state and nation, she is a kindred spirit. I felt humbled one day when she asked if she could wash my feet, it was a spiritual moment.

During the time I was in the hospital and watching the television I became spiritually nauseous. Don't get me wrong, I don't like television much because it is a medium of programming people. Those of us who know can resist the allure that TV offers but I began to sense how the Elites are molding the minds of the general public with all of the crap that they have to offer. If you think that you're ugly there is something to make you beautiful; if you're hungry there are numerous places to get cheap food that will make you fat; if you're fat there are ways to lose the extra weight. It reminded me a lot of the pharmaceutical world where every pill needs another pill to counteract the effects of the first pill and so on and so forth. I found myself

turning off the TV to clear my mind and there was always another morphine shot to lull me back to sleep.

Now it is no secret that mathematics is the crux of the universe, speaking in a worldly manner. I know that Yeshua runs the universe and holds everything together, but mathematics can explain everything to those who seek worldly answers to life and existence. I also know about sacred geometry and how the occult uses numbers and I know that on the flip side YHVH has given a mathematically perfect script (The Bible) to guide us through life. However, what happened one night left me reeling and sort of scared.

Now you have to understand that I have the prophetic gift and I have seen some freaky things in dreams and visions but I have also seen and heard some wonderful things. For instance, while opining away at my situation in the hospital I asked YHVH if I would get better or if I would die from what was happening to my health. I clearly heard, “seven days are determined for your illness after which you will get better.” On the seventh day, things did improve and I left the hospital on the eighth day. On day five or six, when I was still feeling terrible. I fell asleep with the television on. In the dream that I had the television had changed to an older style television, not a flat screen, but more of a cathode ray tube sort of television. On that television long series of numbers were flashing across the screen and I began to think that this was interesting but that it was only in numbers and symbols that I could understand. Well, after that thought the numbers started to flash across in what I think was Japanese, Chinese, Hebrew and many other languages. I became scared and woke up from the dream feeling very uneasy. I also started to wonder if I was really saved and going to heaven. I repeated the apostle’s creed along with other words of affirmation that I do indeed accept Yeshua as my Lord and Savior and the final words were, “if you confess YHVH Yeshua with your mouth and believe that Elohim has raised him from the dead then you are saved.” I ended with “yes I do, indeed I do.”

The thing about the dream about television and numbers is that those of you reading this along with me tend to think of the New World Order from a western viewpoint. It’s like we see a western order being imposed on the whole world. This is a natural thing to do. However, the great deception is going to be a total worldwide and world involved event. It is going to be the whole world under a world delusion, not the whole world under a western delusion. It will be a delusion that will be mathematically explainable in every culture and every language. Since almost language is alphanumeric in nature than the number 666 will be translated out in every language. That is why it is foolhardy to look for the meaning of 666 in just English, as a matter

of fact, that is a bombastic notion. No, the Number of The Beast will be understood by every culture on the face of the Earth.

Take for instance the name of Jesus in different languages. In English and Spanish, it is spelled the same with different accentuation. However, that same name in Italian is Gesu, in Hebrew it is Yeshua and in Arabic it is Issa. There is something called the Gematria which assigns numbers to letters. If we put the name Jesus into the Gematria we get the following result:

Jesus in Jewish Gematria Equals: 985	(j — 600	e — 5	s — 90	u — 200	s — 90)
Jesus in English Gematria Equals: 444	(j — 60	e — 30	s — 114	u — 126	s — 114)
Jesus in Simple Gematria Equals: 74	(j — 10	e — 5	s — 19	u — 21	s — 19)

If we put the Italian form of Jesus into the Gematria calculator we get the following:

Gesu in Jewish Gematria Equals: 302		g	e	s	u	
	(—	—	—	—)
		5	90	200		
		7				

Gesu in English Gematria Equals: 312		g	e	s	u	
	(—	—	—	—)
		42	30	114	126	

Gesu in Simple Gematria Equals: 52		g	e	s	u	
	(—	—	—	—)
		5	19	21		
		7				

Knowing that the Elites like to play with numbers they are going to ensure that when their false messiah comes on the scene he will be as mathematically perfect as he can possibly be AND they will try to make it so that their “Christ” matches the Christ that all nations know, in other words, a perfect counterfeit. Maybe I should say that they will present their Christ as the one that lives up to the expectation of the people of this world. The Elect will know him to be a fraud however because of the fruit that he bears.

Like I said, their Christ will be as mathematically perfect as one could possibly make him. The thing is that YHVH is the Lord of numbers so the worlds’ Christ will be faulty. In addition, mathematics is part of the creation, a fallen creation and although this world looks at mathematics as the ends to all means it is really a house built on the sand because anyone can convince people that the rules of mathematics have changed and the world can be deceived. If you don’t believe that then just look at the crap that’s called Common Core Mathematics which is a debacle of the highest proportion. Teaching kids a convoluted way of calculating mathematics problems is putting the cart before the horse.

But let me come out of that rabbit hole to get back to the main subject of this journal entry. I've been through one hell of a ride this past twelvemonth, three surgeries with two of them being major. I'm asking YHVH for a lull in the action for a while, a time of R&R where I can continue my work but not be hit with rocks from the sling and arrows from the bow. I turned 59 in January and would love to have at least twenty more years of good health and stamina. YHVH willing he will answer that prayer.