

THOUGHTAUDIO



MATEO JOVAN

ADVENTURES OF A MODERN DAY PROPHET

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PART I

CHAPTER ONE

My name is Mateo Jovan. I am a thinker and philosopher by trade, applying thoughts and whimsical patterns of logic to reality for pay. I often take myself seriously. But most of the time I spend pouring through research papers on whatever subject holds my interest at the time. I have long since given up any prospects of a real job or have yet to make significant strides in convincing any great crowds of my worth, except for a few clients and friends.

The story I am about to tell begins a long journey which was to change my life forever. It is hard to explain, but in one night, I was transformed by the mystical presence of what we call spirit. Let me begin my story.

It was a late winter night when I felt a tug at my coat. I turned around and saw a man, a large brazen man wearing a white robe with golden bands. He was tall and handsome, yet very sincere in his look. I knew at once he was an angel of God. He was radiant, glowing deeply from inside.

I was shaken but not startled at his presence. He didn't say a word but looked at me straight in the eyes. I could hear every word he was saying, although it was strange at first to hear it through my eyes. His sincerity deeply moved me. I could sense he wanted me to go with him as he gazed upward to the sky through my window. Without saying a word, I assented and soon found myself in a clouded sky, whirling with unprecedented speed while the angel of God held me with merely a slight touch.

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As he turned around again to look at me, he slowly raised his hand. All at once, a light filled the room. I became dizzy and then everything around me began to swirl until it all blended together. The next moment, everything stopped moving. As I looked around, I realized I was somewhere very strange. No longer was I in my home, but somewhere else. It felt heavenly. Everything in this place felt glowing and soft. The air was peaceful and serene.

My body was warm inside, as if goodness was streaming through my blood. I gazed all around me and saw colors and lights. They moved and shifted, one moment sharp and clear, the next moment glittering and diffused.

I could hear sounds, but I felt as if I could feel them too. My whole being seemed to interlink with my surroundings. There was no beginning or end of one thing to another. Everything blended together and harmoniously swayed, as if in a giant pool of summer wind.

As I looked around the room, I noticed the angel of God was standing at my side. As he turned to me, I realized for the first time how gigantic he was. Intuitively, I knew he was a warrior class of angel. His body, or what seemed like a body, was perfect in build. When I looked into his eyes nothing but strength emanated from them. It wasn't a strength based in hostility but more a strength founded on purity and goodness. It seemed very ironic to me at the time. The confidence he portrayed was deep and awesome. It was as if nothing could penetrate his invincible wall. One glance into this man's eyes would stop anything evil in its tracks. No being would attack this man lest he melt on the spot. Only later would I come to understand how deeply I felt anointed by this angel of God. Over time, I would find his presence the saving grace of my life. I could never have survived the ordeals of what I was to see and experience unless this angel warrior of God stood by my side.

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I was attempting to orient myself when the angel touched my head and then lifted his palms upward pointing to a small spec above his head. The spec kept getting bigger and bigger until it became a huge cloud of white light. The cloud kept expanding until it got closer to our heads. Then I noticed another man embedded in the cloud of light, perfectly centered as if the light was coming from him. This man was more human in form, but radiated even more strongly than the angel. He was gentle in nature, his being captivating and inviting, pulling you toward him as a magnet attracts steel. The angel bowed to this man as if honoring a higher rank. It confused me to see such a huge angel bowing before a humble man, but the man seemed to understand the angel's intentions and raised his hand to give him what seemed to be a blessing.

I was still slightly disoriented. I couldn't establish a point of reference. Everything felt real but the feelings running through my body were new and unprecedented. As a man, I had felt the range of human emotions, but now I was experiencing an ascendance of their meaning. The angel sensed my anxiety and moved to my side as if to reassure me. It worked. The moment he gazed into my eyes, all my anxiety ceased. I was perfectly at peace. I could sense the strength of the angel, and how it felt comforting to my soul.

The man in the cloud of light began to move towards me. The angel touched my shoulder and I involuntarily moved forward, as if I were gliding on a smooth invisible surface. When I looked up, I saw the man reaching towards me.

I instinctively leaned my head forward as he touched me on my lips. At once, I could feel a heat moving from my lips through my whole body. My body beamed. At that very moment a bright light came into my head, it seemed to emanate from my heart. The light transformed from an array of warm emotions into patterns of colored lights and sounds.

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I could somehow sense my whole humanity, my whole being, my individuality, but also my connection to the species of mankind. Every space in my body was filled with light, with spark, with feeling. I could see sound and hear color. I could smell touch and perceive fragrance. My body had gone into another dimensionality. I sensed the full potential of the human being.

Then another angel suddenly appeared. He too bowed to the man in the cloud of light. The man merely looked into the angels eyes and then turned back to look at me. The angel that suddenly appeared then flew to me and handed me a lamp. I took it in my hands.

Then my angel looked me in the eyes and I heard these words, “To prepare you for your mission you must first be cleansed to purity. Take this lamp into your hands. The light within it is purity. Look into the light of the lamp until the light touches your soul. Completely absorb the lamp’s brightness so purity will always be yours.”

I looked to my angel and then to the man. Almost on command, I looked into the lamp. It was dazzling. Inside the lamp was a light that beamed with radiance. I watched it for what seemed like a minute, but it could have been hours. It was entrancing to see this light. It glimmered in different colors until finally I could feel it going through my eyes into my body. I could feel it searching through my body and then hitting on certain things hidden inside. It would hit upon something solid and then begin to penetrate the object. As the object in my body dissolved, I could feel the darkened images of sin extrude.

I could see when I had stolen a piece of gum from a store when I was seven years old. I saw when I lied at one point in college, to keep from getting in trouble from my professor. Then image after image came to me of sins that I had done in my life.

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But only after a few seconds the sins would disappear and then a feeling of tranquility would take its place. This happened until all the objects were gone from my body. Then the light seemed to coalesce and speed directly to my soul. It surrounded my soul in a dazzling, sparkling sphere.

The light swirled in syncopated rhythms, dancing an amorphous dance with my soul. Suddenly, I felt a sense of purity that I had never felt before. I kneeled down, bowed my head, and thanked the man in the cloud of light.

Then another angel appeared as suddenly as the first. This angel looked like a woman, slightly smaller and more tender than either of the other two angels, but just as powerful in inner strength. She handed me another lamp that I held in my cupped hands.

I took it and then began to hear these words, “This is the lamp of knowledge. For your mission you must be able to listen and talk to the world with understanding of its meanings. Hold this close to your eyes and let your eyes absorb the lamp’s gleam. It is through your eyes that you will be given the knowledge of the world.”

I looked into the lamp and my eyes started to water. They did not burn but began to adjust to the intensity of the lamps light. Then I could feel the lamp fusing with my eyes. As the lamp disappeared, the light I saw with my eyes turned into pictures. The pictures were fuzzy at first then started to take shape rapidly. The pictures fluttered one after another at a racecar pace, much faster than my brain could absorb. I saw, what I can only describe as man’s knowledge passing through my mind. I saw the beginning of mankind and its evolution through each historical age. I could see the dissemination of culture throughout the world, its birth, and eventual stagnation. I saw the start of science, the beginning of speech, the first artwork, the first medical doctor. I saw how strands of fabric made whole cloth and how gravity worked. I could see the blossoming of evil in

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man's heart and the suffering of innocent people. I saw the rise of kings and the death of empires. Thousands upon thousands of images reeled through my head. The speed at which these images moved seemed as if lighting was striking in nanosecond succession, spewing its light in a multiplicity of directions.

Then as the speed of these images got faster and faster, they suddenly popped into a new level. This level was slower. Rotating ideas and thoughts grouped together and collected themselves into tribes. The guilds and factions they created, as best as I can describe, were classifications and principles, again similar to a model of a chemical element. Each group was different in form, their geometric shapes as unique as a snowflake but as similar as the snow. They formed relationships to each other, something like a DNA molecule, connecting and revolving around each other in a rather intricate network of connectivity. It seemed as if I had ascended into the philosophy of human thought, into an essential fabric of the human mind. All knowledge, all logic, all systems of thinking were evident to me. I saw how they differed, yet more, [*I could see how they were all the same.*]¹ I could feel my whole countenance changing.

Before I had arrived in this heavenly place, I was an average man, worth no more or no less than anyone else. I had no great talent. I had no great riches. Now, I could feel the cosmically induced enhancements to my being. I was becoming a better man through these spiritual events of heaven.

Then the man in the cloud of light reached out to me again. As he touched my lips, I heard these words, "It is time for humanity to conclude its modern indulgence. The self-centeredness of this age is based in worthless materialism and greed. This age has not used its heavenly gifts wisely, but instead has applied them to their own selfish and

¹ Missing from Audio

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destructive ends. My patience is at an end with this generation, which has taken only backward steps in their move to my holiness. I have chosen you to be my modern day prophet, my servant born of the earth to invoke my words to this secular age. You will be my tongue to tell this contentious era that they can no longer trample upon the divine. They build their homes for assurance, but smother the flames in their hearts. They hoard their goods and cast out truth. You will tell them that the holy one, the son of man, has been awakened in his justice and that this is a time for the pruning of evil from the core of this earth.”

I was astonished at these words, but I instantly felt their truth. Then the son of man touched my lips again. My tongue seemed to swell to a thousand times its size, words bursting inside, taking shape as never before. I could see words in graphical form. Some in strange symbols, others collaged together with sound and color. They seemed to layer themselves at different levels of space and time. They moved in waves, but at varying intervals and intensities.

Finally, I uttered these words, “How can I be this messenger you seek? I am but a mere man, slightest in every way, compared to your heavenly host.”

I could not imagine their choice of me for this task. Why this great man would choose a middling man when right next to me were towering angels so adorned in strength and stature they would dwarf rampaging herd of elephants. I felt dwarfed in stature and a mere look around at their presence made me feel like a speck of sand.

The angel looked down at me with a comforting stare. Then the man of light answered with a soft compassionate voice, “A river is forged, not by its own nature, but by the force that draws it downhill. A bull ram does not clash with its own horns, but with the spirit that draws it forward. And humanity does not draw its own conclusions from its

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own wit, but from the wisdom granted it from above. So it will be with you. Alone you are like one tender shoot of grass, unable to bear its own weight from the morning dew. Your strength is drawn from the source of all being, the God of heaven through his son, where all is judged in truth for eternity, unto the end.

At that moment, we were joined by a woman. I looked into her eyes and saw the most beautiful face imaginable. Her face was perfectly contoured, her eyes, like water clear and deep. She stepped up to my side and handed me yet another lamp. But when I looked at it closer I noticed it was different than the rest. It was made of clear glass and in the center of the clear glass was a river that flowed with a torrent. The waves created white flecks of foam that created sparks with dazzling hues of red, blue, white, and yellow. The flames seemed intensely hot although its heat was mild and comforting.

The great man spoke again “Tell this modern age that I am sending them my lamp filled with the waters of infinite life and the fire of the holist spirit that shines for them. For those who wish to take hold of the waters and the flame within this lamp will be saved the tribulations I have stored away for this generation. For I am a God of mercy unto men, a redemption for the sick of mind, body and soul, but pity to those who do not heed this last warning that I myself give unto them.”

At this, I heard a loud chorus of voices singing in praise of this man. I could not sense any wrong in him. He was without fault, yet still a man such as myself.

The angel turned to me and said, “This is the prism of light, also called the holy one that is ascended unto you through the holy spirit of God. Because of his sacrifice unto death on earth, and for his purity of soul, for his love of heart, and for obedience to his father he has been granted all authority over earth and heaven.”

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Where I would have rejected these words as utter nonsense on Earth, they seemed to make sense to me here. I looked at the man and knew they were talking about him. I could see that the words were true because of the way he gleamed.

The angel continued speaking to me through his eyes, “In your quest you will see the strange darkness that deflects their spiritual being from God and his son. The great evil one, the Satan, ONNAM, the prince of complete darkness has triumphed over this generation. His time is now at an end, and soon the people of the earth are to have peace once more. Your mission is to bring these words to these people so they may hear them and convert their hearts from their evil ways. The least of these people who wish to be saved by their master in heaven will be greatly honored as if they were a great king or queen in the haven of heaven.”

I realized the gravity of what I was being asked to do. How was I going to be able to go up to a group of people and tell them I had just gone to heaven and I had a few words to tell them about their behavior? To tell them I was a messenger from God, ordained by the Holy One, with angels protecting me, and that the end times are here. I shook my head at the reality of the situation.

The angel heard my words, even though I hadn't spoken them. “You will, in fact be questioned, deemed mad and even cursed as a rebellious trouble maker. However, you must understand this is the evil one provoking disbelief in the multitudes. He cannot stand up against the words of truth. When asked questions that seem unanswerable, it will be the prism of light that will answer them. Those who hear and act on the words that come from your mouth will be converted and held high by this light. This generation of self-centered individualists is a victim of evil blockages in mind and spirit, which prevent them from entering the Holy Spirit.

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Because it is the end times for this generation, the prism of light will speak to these people directly, answering their questions in wisdom and in their own modern terms. I have been given unto you to protect you during your saintly mission, but you will also be given another angel to be at your side. It will be an angel of innocence, untainted by humanity, undaunted by the evils of war, or by the calamities of the modern age. Through innocence, you will be guided through your journeys, which will last you until you breathe your last breath. Your tongue will become as a sword, piercing all armor, piercing all blockage. Thousands upon thousands of people will hear these words, and those who hear will understand. Millions and millions of people will reject what you say and those who do not hear will join in a place called destruction.”

At that moment, a great piercing roar ruptured through the place where I stood. A huge ugly beast suddenly appeared, with brown scaly skin, huge fins cutting down the center of his head, great wings that looked like the wings of a bat. His mouth spewed spit that burst in the air as his head swayed side to side and up and down. There were thousands of flies buzzing his head and body, but as I looked closer at the flies, they were human bodies, little demons and strange creatures flapping around the beast. Then the beast blurted out a scream so terrifying and so loud it that shattered the peace in the atmosphere. The noise was deafening and I immediately covered my ears. I looked around me and at the man of light and along with the angels they all remained motionless, seeming as if they had experienced this event a thousand times over. Not one of them flinched. The only noticeable difference from their continuance was that the light coming from their bodies grew brighter, more intense and in a larger circumference.

Then the beast bellowed, “This common man has no place in my domain, to upset my timetable of conversion to hatred and sin. I will devour this man, choking his breath from his lungs, breaking his spirit as I do a simple twig. Take this common man out of my sight and from my dominion on earth. What I have gained on earth is mine, and mine to

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keep. I devour my feast in these times because they are my food. No common man will ruin my day”

I shook in absolute terror. At that moment, an enormous group of angels flew from a very high place. Immediately I sensed they were the angels assigned to the protection of the man of light and the souls in heaven. They were great in size, equal to and even bigger than the great beast. You could feel their strength and tenacity. As I watched this procession unfold, I stood frozen to my spot, unable to move one muscle in my body.

They flew in formation to the edge of a whirlwind the beast created. They opened their wings. At the exact location of their spread wings, the whirlwind of the beast stopped and began to implode. The beast roared in anger. The flies around his body shuddered in fear of the beast’s mighty screech. The angels stood majestically in unison and without fear bringing an immense peace to the chaos. They stood harmoniously in the grace of God’s spirit as a gigantic shield against the beast’s forceful vengeance. The beast howled one last statement. “My domain is the putrid soul of the earth upon which I feed. Do not send a common man to ordain a Godly mission. My anger will evoke fear in heaven.” At this point, the totality of the beast’s image collapsed into a small point and disappeared.

The great angels stood in peace and flew back to their haven. They neither acknowledged the event nor seemed scathed. The angel next to me explained in a soft voice, “This is the battle of good and evil for the human soul. This is the natural balance in this process of life and death that keeps the living alive and the dead consumed. In time, you will understand profoundly the significance of the battle and how it plays itself out on earth. You will see the evil one’s appalling and severe forces at work. These detestable acts have reached a crescendo and it is time to return to humanity’s respect for itself and the spiritual love of God. For now, go and rest in peace. You will be visited soon by our spirits to verify your experience and guide you in your next actions.”

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CHAPTER TWO

At this moment, everything disappeared around me. I went blank for what seemed a few minutes and then found myself in my study at home. I looked down at my body and felt my arms. As I rubbed my arms I realized everything was back to normal, but somehow I was very different. I looked around at my books and for some strange reason they seemed dusty, as if a hundred years had elapsed and no one had dusted them during the whole time. I looked at the newspaper I was reading a few minutes before my departure. Although it was not tarnished in any way, I saw it as trite and unconvincing. It didn't look different, but I could sense it was different than before. All around me I could feel things had changed. It is not that they physically changed; it was more as if I could look into things, and see an essence I had never noticed before. As I stared around the room, the objects in the room varied in their luminance. On the shelf on a book was dull and trite, another shone brighter and sparkled. On an end table a trinket was dull, whereas a picture on the wall shone brightly. All around me, there were varying degrees of radiance from every article in the room. I could look inside each item and see the essence of their being. Although they were inanimate objects, I could see they had essence and I could see into the history of their lives and whether based in goodness, or beyond.

I began to realize I needed to assess whether the incident I had just experienced was real or merely a bizarre dream. I was truly mystified. It seemed real yet at the same time, I sensed there was something about it that was very mystical. As a student of logic, abstraction was normal relatively normal to me. Arcane ideas, ontologisms, gestalt sequences were part of my day-to-day activity. Yet, this encounter stood outside my field of abstract vision. As I continued to assess the experience, I began to wallow in a field of mental absurdity, walking around my room, touching things, feeling feelings I had never felt before. I wanted to rest, but the excitement of the moment kept me catapulting from

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one thing to another. I decided to sleep and let my body recover. I closed my eyes and dropped into the deepest sleep of my life.

Suddenly my eyes opened. I felt fresh and alive. My bones did not ache as they usually did in the morning. My head was clear, not fogged by my usual lack of clarity. For a short time, I bounced around the room, lifting my arms, touching the floor. I scrambled some eggs and fried some bacon. It was the most enjoyable and delicious breakfast I could remember. I felt young again.

Then a light flashed throughout the room. I turned around and saw the angel of God standing in front of me. At that moment I realized that everything I saw, experienced, what I thought might have been a dream, was in fact, real and still happening. The angel spoke kindly to me, “All that you have heard and seen is true. Have no doubts about your mission and duty to God and his son, the prism of light. I am here only to protect you during these times, do not be afraid.”

When I took one glance into the angel’s eyes, I realized that everything was as I had experienced it. I began to accept it and rekindle, one by one in my head, the wonderful experiences from the heavenly place I had been. As I glanced around the room, I continued to see things from an essential and deeper perspective. I must have seemed slightly confused because the angel of God turned to me and said, “What you see occurring when you look at objects, is the gift of revelation. All things are now revealed to you, so you may proceed with your works and your duty. It will give you insight into many knowledgeable things, as well as the ability to discern subtleties between heaven’s light and the darkness of the under world. There is nothing to fear from this site. It allows you to see the visions you are about to see and is given to you by the Son of Man through his father.” I looked around the room once more and could see the angel was right. Those things that shone were more heavenly in nature. Those things that seemed dingy did in

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deed have a more sinister feeling, a darker and almost evil feel to them. I rushed to look outside my window. I wanted to see the outside.

The streets were brightly lit but they were gloomy, where as before I had always seen them as lively and cheery. Then I noticed a group of young teenagers walking down the street. I recognized them instantly. They were the neighborhood rowdies whom I've always admired for having such rebellious spunk. But when I looked at them again I noticed a dark hollow cloud surrounding the group. From each person, I saw a deep darkness emanating from their chest. Whatever they were wearing turned to soot black and their eyes became larger and more sinister in appearance. They looked at each other with cunning glances, as if they were secretly plotting each other's demise. They smoked and laughed, but not in a joyful way, more as if they had just fooled the other into believing a bad lie.

Then my nose began to smell a terrible stench. It was the smell of distrust. How could I smell distrust? I looked to the angel for help. He turned to me to explain, "Your ability to perceive evil exists at every level of your senses, but this is not the worst. Behold the one who is called Satan." He then pointed to the horizon. At first all I saw was a red path. This was a path made of blood and led directly to a glittering throne. There upon the throne was the most hideous beast I had ever seen, yet similar to the one I saw in my dream from heaven. I jumped back in disgust. He was a giant of a beast, spitting and hewing with every word he spoke. He sat there frothing at the mouth and beckoning the kids to do fester inside and hate as much as they could hate.

The more the beast talked, the more intoxicated the kids became with their hate. I looked up to the beast once more and saw a multitude of smaller but just as grotesque demons slithering around the large beast just as they did in my dream. They were all laughing and spitting. They spoke as gargoyles with inaudible, drowning words. The demons would fly

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over the heads of the group and then laugh and spit on the group. It was as if they were antagonizing the kids into getting mad. I began to see images inside the minds of each kid as he walked. I could see murders and beatings. One picture was of the group ripping at a young girl's blouse as she sat in a crouched position and cried. Another vision came over me of them taunting then beating an old man.

Then the large demon began to speak. "Children of mine, you who worship the darkness of the Earth. Now you can hate all those around you who take away your freedom. You can thrust your hate upon anyone you please because you worship the great authority of the forgotten world. I am OHNAM, the ruler of darkness and hate. I alone allow you to pronounce your resentment to the world, and share with me all the freedom you choose. Who are they to tell you what to do and how to act? They are old and unaware of your overwhelming wisdom. Rid yourself of all those around you with hatred and venom of spirit. I am the great one who opens the gates of power to you. Come to my place called NOWHERE where the pleasures and power of the world you seek are hidden. There you will dance with my maidens, and you shall live as kings as you spit in the faces of anyone you please. Come my children, I await you with open arms."

As huge beast laughed, the group grew in hatred to each other. They would kick anything in their way and begin to pounce on each other. All at once, the beast looked at the group with groping eyes, pointed to them then vomited from his mouth. From his mouth he hurled a putrid substance, linked together as a chain with a huge hook on one end. It surrounded the group. With one big gasp, the beast pulled them into his mouth.

The angel turned to me and said, "This is the path of devious youth. It has made the king of heaven reel in pain, to see so much of humanity swallowed whole by Satan. Youth has turned a blind eye to heaven, instead seeking their freedom through violence. The violence they experience will be short lived and they will themselves become the victim."

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As the group was eaten by the beast I could see images of them being torn apart from limb to limb. Their laughter became screams. The smaller demons laughed and hurled themselves to the ground in joy. Then all at once, one of the teenagers came out of the bowls of the large beast and took the form of a smaller demon. He turned to the beast and said, "I have survived the test of your dark world and have grown into your strength. Now allow me to devour more than these friends, let us together swallow whole my generation." With that, the vision vanished.

I shut the window curtain as fast as I could and stepped back from the window in an instant. I was appalled at what I saw. Here in this room, only a few short days ago I was rooting for these kids, wanting them to succeed in their mission. I saw their quest for freedom as a means of keeping us all free and creative. Through this rebellious spirit I felt that humanity could carve new paths. Indeed I was right, there was a path being carved, but its darkness I had never beheld before.

I had glanced in the mirror on the wall and saw that I was white as a ghost, and sweating profusely from my head to my toes. Then I felt a cold shiver go up and down my back. I looked to find the angel, but he had disappeared. I glanced at my chair and thought for the first time of what had happened to me. I walked in a circle for what seemed for only a few moments. But then the sun began to rise and the sounds of traffic on the street were becoming more pronounced. I must have been walking in the same spot all night and lost track of time. One moment was like an hour, one hour like a moment.

As I slowly came to my senses, a knock came at the door. I couldn't even imagine who would be there at this time of day. I shook my head and patted my eyes. The knock came again. I struggled, wrapping my jacket tightly around my body, holding it firmly at my neck. I opened the door and standing there was a little child. I gasped. He was radiant and shone brightly. This was the second angel I was told about the night before. His hair

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curled in a round dome around his head; the color of his hair was blonde although it glimmered from pure white to brown. The child had big round hazel eyes. It was a male child. When I looked into his eyes, a great peace came over me.

I remember thinking that I should look away because my eyes were weak from always reading in bad light. However, for some bizarre reason my eyes did not react at all to the brightness. On the contrary, they seemed to relax and the pain that was constantly behind my eyes had vanished. The child looked at me and smiled, “Good morning Mateo Jovan. I am he sent by the Holy One. I am innocence, I am perpetual youth, I am the birth of a baby, and the young child you hold in your arms. I was born a hundred times a hundred times over a hundred years times a hundred years ago but only born today. In the quest of your mission, I have been given unto you to show you those things that must be seen by you. Your missions will be challenging and your visions beyond belief. Nevertheless, each in turn will be significant for your message to this age. Keep a watchful eye on the paths you see from me.”

I was entranced by his small but confident voice and became eager to see what journeys this little child would provide. Without hesitation, he turned to me and said, “We must go outside now. Please come with me for I must show you a fellow human being in need of our services. In your duty to God and his son we are to make whole a man in a desperate situation. He awaits you in another land.” My mind rushed ahead as I realized I could not help anyone. I am not a doctor or a medical person, I am a philosopher. I help provide rationales for this and for that, I have never helped another human being in any other way. I could not, for the life of me, see how I could help anyone. I had to find a way out of this dilemma of mine.

But the little child didn't seem to be scathed by my reluctance. He stood there patiently and waited for me to finish. Then he turned to me and said, “God's work for this world is

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not based in what man has accomplished. God does not need a degree in science to perform great works. He whispers unto the clouds to part and to the mountains to move, and they obey in an instant. If he tells you of a circumstance and your need to be there, it would be wise to have faith and follow the commands of your sovereign.”

I could sense the child’s ease as he raised his hand to mine. I could not make sense of where we were going but I did not resist in the least. The moment I touched the child’s hands I was momentarily dazed. It could not have been for more than three seconds. When I looked up, I was in a park I had never seen before. It was very cold and the wind was biting although it was not blowing very hard. I looked down at my hand and noticed that the child was dressed in a small thin shirt, thin loose fitting trousers and no shoes. I panicked. This child is going to freeze to death, I told myself. Then I noticed my hand that the child was holding. It was warm compared to the rest of my body. The child did not display any discomfort. As I began to concentrate on his hand, the warmth began to travel through my whole body until I was truly comfortable, even though outside it was cold.

The little child pulled me to the edge of a small cliff. All of a sudden, at the bottom of a steep slope was a group of homeless people. This did not strike me as strange. The homeless have become quite prolific in my own town, and these did not look much different. They were all dressed in tattered clothes and the classic gloves with no fingers, some had scarves, all had bad teeth. The men were unshaven and the women looked old, no matter what their age. There were three or four shopping carts filled with various debris, including cans, bottles, discarded pieces of furniture, wall hangings and some articles of clothing. Everything had a sense of dirtiness about it, as if the dirt had been evenly sprayed over all the contents of their little camp at the same time.

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Then I noticed I could see a light from each person and the whole group as well. It was very similar to the effect I saw in the kids, when I was staring from my window the night before. Except the light I saw from this group was diffused with a dense gray fog emanating from it. Everyone seemed lethargic and sullen. There was no life coming from these people. They looked dead and helpless, yet they did not seem physically unhealthy, except for the dirt that caked their skin. They stood around the fires warming their hands. They barely talked to one another except occasionally when one seemed to be bitter about something unintelligible. The gray fog seemed to cover them all and actually penetrate their body. The fog looked the same as the dirt, old and grimy.

Then suddenly one man in the group stopped, grabbed his chest and fell to the ground. It looked like he could not breathe. No one around him moved, except to move out of his way as if to avoid contact with the man. I could not believe my eyes. This man was dying and no one was responding. I looked hopelessly into the eyes of the little child. The look he gave me inspired me to act, which I started to do instinctively.

I ran down the side of the hill, bounding like a mountain goat, barely touching my feet to the ground. I felt sure-footed and fast. I noticed the group reacted negatively to my arrival, not like a person who was attempting to help a dying man. They moved aside to avoid getting hit by my bouldering downhill movement.

As I neared the man I began to call out, "Someone call an ambulance!" I looked into everyone's eyes in disbelief when I did not see one-person move a muscle. Then I repeated, "Doesn't anyone see this man is hurt. Someone, please call an ambulance or this man is going to die."

Then an old woman stepped out of the fog until she became barely visible and yelled, "Oh yes, listen to this tip topper. He thinks he must be talking to his country club cronies.

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Call an ambulance, as if they would come to this place. And if they did, they would probably turn and run when they realized it was us who had called.” Everyone kept doing what they were doing.

Then another man peeked through the fog, “Yes and maybe he can pay the hospital bills with his credit card. While he’s at it maybe he could take us out to some fancy restaurant for expensive food and fine wine”. Everyone just nodded. Then one or two others would appear out of the fog and make some forlorn statement, everyone nodding at the same time. I could not believe my ears. The fog was getting thicker, almost making me choke.

When I finally got to the man on the ground, I leaned over and felt his chest. His pulse was weak and he was in terrible shape. His breath had the odor of cheap wine and his eyes were glazed. Then the fog started to come through the man’s eyes. I jumped back suddenly to avoid its onrush. I began to hear the voices in the back of me ring out in chorus, “Leave us alone, we don’t care. Leave us alone, we don’t care.” I looked around and the group had turned into thousands of people chanting the same chorus over and over, all walking into the center of the dense fog. Then I heard a deep raspy voice beckoning those around me to walk into the dense fog. “Come and leave this man alone he will do nothing but burden you. There is nothing to care about except your self. Come. My name is OHNAM and I care for your plight more than anything else. Yes, you must abandon all hope and care for nothing around you. Then you will find the aloneness you cherish for your life. I am with you and call you ALONE and rejected. Your rejection is the center of my world.”

All of the people who walked into the fog lost hope and stopped clinging to the little sense of life that I I could see left inside them. They became hopeless, uncaring and forlorn. The fog actually seemed to sap their strength as they moved deeper into it. Then the demons I saw the night before took on very sad faces as they flew over these people.

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They would cry and hold their faces and moan, then whirl by the heads of the walking throng. But when they flew back to the big beast they would roll around and laugh as if they were playing some cruel hoax on the people. The beast then spoke again, “This is your chance to be pitied for eternity for your hopeless cause. I will comfort your victimization from the outside world. I will pity you and give you a broad shoulder to weep in your misery.” Then he too, would laugh a deep laugh that seemed to spell each person’s destruction.

I looked up and the beast made eye contact with me. He noticed I was helping the man on the ground and began to swear with anger. His blood began to boil; his eyes became big and angry. He pointed at me and began to shout obscenities. His demons became scared at the sound of his voice. I froze in my tracks. He then lifted his arms and opened his hand. A huge thunderbolt appeared in the palm of his hand. It was putrid in look and smell, and boiled in a pimped stew that made me tremble deep inside. He screamed a screech so deafening that even the deadened people walking into the fog stopped in their tracks.

The beast then spoke to me as froth spewed from his mouth, “You dare take care of one of mine. I am OHNAM, the master of darkness in the world. You dare convert the pitiful from despair and sickness. Your insolence has caused your death.”

With that, the beast hurled the bolt in my direction. It was screaming directly on target to my head. At that moment, the thunderbolt stopped in mid air. The one that called himself ONNAM retrenched in anger. Above my head the angel of God appeared, glaring in the direction of the hurled object with a look so intense it made everyone shudder. The cloud of gray fog began to move backward and the people began to fall to the ground. The demons were in panic and the large beast began to rage in anger. He kicked his demons,

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killing some, injuring others. He then would grab a person walking towards him and slam him to the ground. Then take another crush him in his hand.

The angel of God lifted his hand and the beast wallowed in pain yelling to the Angel of God but not looking directly at him. “You cursed victim of the light, you enemy of the people of darkness, you lowly servant of God, leave me to my work where my stealth brings despair, but your brightness blinds us to our deeds.” Then turning to his multitude he said, “We must leave to a darker place, where the light cannot touch and where we rule undisturbed in our intoxicating loneliness and find safety in our dense gray fog of no concern”. With that everything vanished.

The Angel of God stood there firm, his whole demeanor emanating a strong light. I slowly became comforted. When I finally realized that the man was still on the ground I looked up hopelessly to the Angel of God. He then said these words, “The evil one claims many souls through the sin of despair and hopelessness. Man gives himself freely to sin by becoming a victim to self-pity, rejecting faith and thereby rejecting heaven. Now become ready Mateo Jovan for you now will become an instrument to show the mercy of God. The son of man will heal this man and cause him to convert many souls from this sin of despair. You must hold this man and have him turn his heart to the light so that he may live and bring many to the gates of heaven. I held his hand to his chest and spoke these words, “Listen old man, you have one chance to escape the death that is fast approaching you. Do not take leave of your senses. Instead, turn to the light above your head and say I love you master, take away my darkness so that I may live.”

The old man looked up at me with a whimper in his eye. He knew he had one last chance and he did not want to die. Then doubt came over his eyes and he looked away. I could see the inner battle raging in this man’s soul. It was up to him, and he had only a short time to pronounce his own judgment. He then turned to me and repeated my words. I

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could see he was happily resolved. At that moment, a huge flame of fire came down from the sky and seemed to consume the man. In an instant, it was gone. When I looked back, he was standing straight up. He looked around and smiled. He spoke the following words, “All my life I have struggled with the insecurity of my own worth. It finally beat me down until I did not care any longer about anything. I abandoned my kids, my wife and finally my own integrity. I stopped caring about myself and others. I was in despair and despair was my companion. The light has come upon me and now I am reborn to a different mission. Let me walk from here and thank you for your concern for me. From this moment on I commit my life to the conversion of souls who live in the depths of despair and will bring them to God and his son of light.” With that, he walked off radiating a beam of light so strong happiness could have been born in that light.

Then I felt warmth in my hand. It was the little child. He then said, “You have done well Mateo Jovan. You have indeed helped this world through your kind acts and concern for others. The great light wants to show his mercy to the world. Even though the darkness reaps many souls the light prevails overall.” With that, I was back in my study all alone.

CONCLUSION PART I

I felt it was time to look at the experiences of the last few days and put them into the context of reality. First, it appeared to me that I was experiencing peripheral social problems. Newspapers feasted on these obvious social conditions upon, that is, the violence of youth and the homeless. These were not the mainstream problems of a sanguine and materialistic generation. These rejected people would be the ones most susceptible to evil or if not evil a self-destructive nature that inherently leads to ruin.

Yet, I also realized that an uncaring society created unwanted people and angry children. Still, I wanted to delve deeper into the greater sin of our generation. Over the next few

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weeks, I spent my time not only pondering my mystical experiences but also grabbing sections of the world and examining them. I walked the streets; I took long bus rides to different places, I read magazines, meditated and generally attempted to broaden my scope of today's modern world.

Additionally, my mind began to absorb my new ability to see and understand, discern and reveal. I was no longer startled by my perception. My two heavenly allies and I became better acquainted and our discussion, although never moving from the profound, became familiar and inviting. Yes, since that time there have been many adventures and insights. I have begun to write my experiences down. Writing my experience is a tedious task compared to the relative magic of the events, especially where one moment reality becomes a mixture of concrete, evil, spirit and humanity. Nevertheless, write I have. Bear with me during these times of manual compunction. I am only slightly able to communicate the full breadth of my experience so much is there. I will continue to share my experiences and adventures.

This is what I have written to you for now. If it finds you well, then move toward the light has follows in the wake. Farewell for the time being, I will be back soon. .

The End