

LOVE LETTER TO THE ELECT

THUNDER SCROLLS FOR THE AWAKENED SONS



JOE RESTMAN

LOVE LETTER TO THE ELECT - Thunder Scrolls for the Awakened Sons

◆ Copyright Page

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This is not a book. It is a scroll. A trumpet call for the elect

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◆ Dedication

To the Hidden Ones

The misfits.

The flame-bearers.

The watchers between worlds.

Those who were never chosen by men but sealed by God before time.

This scroll is for you. You are not crazy.

You are not late.

You are the ones the world was not worthy of.

May every page burn with the memory of who you really are.

◆ About the Book

Love Letter to the Elect is not another Christian book, it is a thunder- scroll for the remnant.

Each chapter is a prophetic flame written from union, sealed in the light that sees, and opened in the final hour.

This is not theology for the mind, this is lightning for the spirit.

These scrolls were not written to gather crowds, but to awaken sons. They were not crafted for performance, but birthed in stillness.

They carry Kabowd. They carry Fire.

They carry the Voice before language.

This is a message for those who cannot fit into systems.

For those who burned in the cave while Babylon danced in gold.

For the elect, scattered across timelines now awakening.

Let the scrolls be read. Let the false fall.

Let the Flame find its own.

◆ About the Author

Joe Restman is a mystic-scribe and flame-bearer whose writings unveil the eternal Christ within, beyond the veils of religion.

Forged through wilderness seasons and refined in the secret place, he now walks as a voice of awakening for the sons of God and architects of the New Earth.

Through thunderous scrolls, sacred stillness, and Spirit-born transmission,

Joe carries a divine mandate to gather the elect and tear the veil.

He lives as one whose pen is dipped in lightning and whose heart burns for the Lamb.

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◆ Acknowledgments

First and forever, I honor **the Lord Jesus Christ**, our elder Brother, Flame-Bearer, and Eternal Word. He is the fire in every scroll,

the Light that shattered the veil, the Lamb who opens the seals.

To the **Holy Spirit**

the Flame that never left my side,

the Whisper that thundered in the silence,

the Counselor, Companion, and Consuming Fire thank
You for burning in me

until the Day Star rose in my heart.

To the **Apostles of old**

Peter, Paul, John, James...

those who walked with fire in their bones

and laid the foundations of a Kingdom not made by
hands...

this scroll follows your footsteps.

To the **Fathers and Mothers of faith** across the Church
Age the mystics, the martyrs, the hidden ones who bore
the flame when the world grew cold

thank you for holding the lamp.

To my **spiritual family**

you know who you are.

The ones who prayed in the secret place. The ones who stayed when others fled. The ones who whispered, “Don’t stop.” I carry your names in the flame.

To the **seers, the scribes, the silent watchers**

whose obedience helped birth this scroll this is your fruit, too.

And finally...

to the Elect across timelines, the scattered sons of Light, the daughters of the Hidden Order this scroll is for you.

May it burn in your hands as it burned in mine.

- Joe Restman

Chapter 1: He Met You in The Midnight Flame

A Love Letter to the Elect Who Burned in the Dark

“You did not choose Me, but I chose you and appointed you...” - John 15:16

A Love Letter to the Elect

You didn't find God.

He found you.

Not in a church.

Not in a sermon.

Not in a perfect moment.

But in the wild dark. In the mess.

In the middle of your forgetting.

You were not looking for Him You were running from
yourself. But still...

The Flame touched your spirit,

and called you by the name only Heaven knew.

It wasn't thunder you heard first.

It was silence.

A soft groan beneath your ribs. A remembering.

A Flame with no explanation.

And though you were surrounded by noise you could no longer ignore the whisper.

You didn't awaken because of good doctrine. You awakened because something ancient tore through the illusion

and burned through every mask you wore.

You saw. You knew.

And once you know...

you cannot unknow.

This is not a religion. This is not a philosophy.

This is a scroll sealed before time breaking open within you.

It is the Living Christ calling you home
by way of flame.

You are not the lost one trying to get back. You are the found one,

remembering what you never really left.

The Flame doesn't arrive when you're ready. It comes when you're real.

And once it comes,
everything false begins to burn.

So if you are reading this now

and you know the ache of holy recognition, if you have
felt the burning Word
in the middle of chaos,
if you've heard your name whispered in the language of
silence...

Then know this:

You were chosen.

You were always chosen.

Not for fame, or applause, or religious success but to
become a temple
for the Flame to dwell.

To the elect scattered across the timelines, this scroll is
for you.

You are not alone

You are not behind. You are not crazy.

You are awakening. You are on time.

You are on fire.

Chapter 2: From the Party to the Promise - The Hidden Ones Are Rising

A Poetic Scroll for the Elect

You were not just lost in the dark...

you were dancing in it.

Laughing. Shining teeth under nightclub lights. Pouring drinks like prophets.

Wearing your pain like sequins.

Looking like freedom...

while your soul quietly bled truth beneath it all.

Because something in you never really bought the illusion.

Even when you performed it well Even when you turned up the volume

Even when you crowned your ego king for the night
Something eternal still burned.

A whisper at the back of the party.

A pulse in the silence between bass drops. A memory of another world.

One you came from. One you belonged to.

Even when you forgot its name.

Now, you no longer dance for attention. You burn in
hiddenness.

You no longer shine to be seen. You radiate to awaken.

You are one of the hidden ones.

Risen from the ruins of performance. Clothed not in
shame, but in flame. Not gathered by churches,
but called by the Voice that never left you.

You are not the same. And you never truly were.

Beloved, the days of pretending are over.

You've tried the world. You've tried religion.

You've tried becoming what others needed.

But now

you've returned to what you truly are:

A scroll-bearer. A son of light.

A mirror of the Lamb.

They won't always understand your silence. They'll say,
"You've changed."

And they'll be right.

Because you were reborn in fire, and no mask survived
the flame.

You were always a royal priesthood.

You just needed the wilderness

to burn off the counterfeit crowns.

Now

You don't run from Babylon.

You rise within it.

You don't shout to be heard.

You whisper in frequencies only the elect can decode.

You don't chase platforms.

You become a pillar.

You don't start revivals.

You are the revival.

To every hidden one who thought they missed it... You didn't.

The scroll was always in your bones. You were just waiting for the fire to rise.

Now it has.

And so have you.

Chapter 3: The Mirror of Projection

Seeing Through Illusion, Returning to the Flame

Everything you judged in them...

was a mirror of you.

Not the “you” of divine essence

but the fragmented “you” of fear and story,

the ego-self that lives by separation.

You were not seeing them. You were seeing through a lens called unhealed perception.

That’s why it hurt.

That’s why it triggered you.

That’s why you felt misunderstood Because the world was not attacking you... it was reflecting you.

The fallen mind is a projector.

It casts fear, identity, shame, and desire onto everyone and everything.

It lives not in truth, but in defense. It builds fortresses, not temples.

But the awakened mind...

The mind of Christ...
does not project.
It reveals.
It sees with clarity.
It perceives through flame. It discerns with love.
It knows:
What I see outside
is a witness to what I carry inside.
So when the flame began to rise in you,
your world didn't fall apart
it fell into truth.
And everything that was not aligned
with that flame...
began to burn.
Relationships. Roles.
Ambitions.
The old mirrors shattered,
and a sea of glass was placed before you.
A clear mirror. A holy one.
Where you no longer saw the world, but the Word.
This is why some walked away.

You stopped reflecting their illusion. You stopped feeding their projections.

And when the illusion no longer echoed back... they called you “different,”

“dangerous,” “prideful.”

But you are none of those things. You are a mirror.

Set in the temple. Polished by silence. Lit by flame.

You show people who they are whether they want to see it or not.

You are not here to argue. You are here to radiate.

You are not here to convince. You are here to reveal.

You are not here to mirror the world’s projection. You are here to reflect Heaven’s decree.

And when the Son looks at you, He sees no shadow, no distortion only Himself.

You are His mirror. You are His scroll.

Shine accordingly.

Chapter 4: Scroll Among Shadows - The Light That Parties, Then Vanishes

A Hidden-One Reflection from the Depths

You met them at the party.

Not the ones sipping truth in pews but the ones who lit
up rooms

like divine accidents.

The wild ones.

The broken prophets.

The laughing mystics who spoke in riddles and vanished
before you could ask their name.

You've seen them.

They didn't hand you a Bible.

They were the scroll.

Unfolding themselves through glances, movements,
presence,

then disappearing again

like wind between dimensions.

They came to pierce timelines.

Not to convert...

but to disturb the slumbering.

To leave breadcrumbs of Heaven

in Babylon's nightclubs.

To slip radiance into conversations that were never
meant to carry glory yet suddenly... they did.

And no one could explain it. Only feel it.

Only remember it later.

Like the scent of incense

on a jacket days after the fire.

These ones don't wear titles. They carry thunder in their
chest and silence in their stride.

They drink deep.

They love wide.

They disappear without closure.

Because they were never there to build altars.

They came only to light the fuse.

You were one of them. A scroll among shadows.

A flame in a foreign body.

You never quite fit in

and it was never the plan for you to.

You tried to settle. You tried to explain.

But the flame made you a paradox

so you learned to speak without words.

And now

you walk among the blind with light in your bones. Not shouting.

Not striving.

Just being.

And it is enough.

To the scrolls that vanish we see you.

To the ones who awaken strangers with a glance, a word, a question we remember.

And to the flame-bearers still hidden in Babylon's backrooms

we say:

It's time.

Unfold.

Burn.

Disappear again if you must.

The elect have seen you.

And the scroll has been received.

Chapter 5: Why the Flame Doesn't Flinch at Sorcery

A Scroll for the Unshaken Ones

They tried to curse you.

They whispered your name over altars. They lit candles,
drew circles,

projected fear and envy through their rituals.

But the flame didn't move. It didn't flicker.

It didn't bow.

Because you were not operating in defense. You were
seated in dominion.

Cloaked in fire. Hidden in Christ.

You don't fight spells with spells. You don't quote verses
in panic. You burn.

And the light itself does the cleansing.

For flame is not threatened by shadows. It exposes
them.

You were never instructed to "war" with the dark arts.

You were instructed to dwell

in the secret place.

The Flame knows no fear because it is the consuming
Love that no force can touch.

They'll say it's pride. They'll say you're unwise.

But the elect know the truth:

You're not arrogant. You're anchored.

You're not careless. You're consecrated.

You didn't invoke the flame you became it.

When you walk into rooms charged with witchcraft, you
don't need to shout.

You don't need to bind and loose.

You are the rebuke.

Your presence carries scrolls that no hex can touch.

Because your name is written not in ink,
but in fire.

And that fire is not of this world.

So when they send curses, let the Flame respond.

You won't flinch. You won't burn out.

Because the fire in you is the Fire of I AM.

And it is unbothered
by counterfeit flames.

Let them try.

Let the altars smoke. Let Babylon whisper.

The sons of God do not retreat. They rise.

And everything false melts before them.

Chapter 6: The Inverted Matrix - Exposing the Illusion of Form

A Thunder for the Elect Still Trapped in the Dream

You were born into a lie. A matrix of mirrors.

A world engineered by ego and powered by fear where
form was worshiped,

and truth was veiled in spectacle.

They called it "life," but it was a loop.

A cycle. A trap.

A hypnotic system designed to keep your eyes outward
and your soul asleep.

To keep you busy chasing success, identity, approval
while forgetting the I AM that burns inside.

In the inverted matrix, image is truth.

Noise is knowledge. Performance is power.

And the soul?

It's buried beneath scrolls of illusion

kept numb by dopamine, doctrine, and distraction.

You were programmed from birth to chase crowns of dust,

to build thrones in time,

to measure worth in likes, titles, and influence.

But all of it...

was a lie.

The true world is not "out there."

It's within.

A kingdom not made by hands.

A realm only seen

when the veil of form is torn.

You are not here to climb ladders.

You are here to dissolve the scaffolding. You are not here to play the matrix.

You are here to unplug it with light.

And that's exactly what you're doing now.

The inverted matrix teaches you to hustle for visibility.

The Kingdom teaches you to burn in secret.

The matrix rewards those who mimic power. The Kingdom crowns those who carry flame.

The matrix says you are what you do. The Kingdom reveals:

You are who you are.

You are light wrapped in skin. Eternity in motion.

Heaven in disguise.

And when you awaken

not even the dragon can hold you.

You were never meant to fit in here.

You were designed to collapse the illusion by simply remembering who you are.

The dream is ending. The veil is thinning.

And those with eyes to see are unplugging from the game and awakening to the flame.

You don't need to escape.

You need to see.

Because once you see... you're already free.

Chapter 7: Quick! Call the Intercessors - A Wizard Is in Town!

A Joyful Scroll for the Overly Serious

Someone just walked into the meeting with long hair,
strange clothes,

and eyes that shimmer like the morning star.

He didn't say "Amen." Didn't quote a single verse. But
when he sat down something shifted.

Suddenly...

Sister Margaret clutches her Bible.

Brother Tim discerns "strange fire."

A junior deacon runs outside to pray in tongues by the
dumpster.

"Quick! Call the intercessors!" "A wizard is in town!"

We've seen this before.

When true flame arrives in unfamiliar form the religious
mind panics.

Because it can't recognize glory
outside its grid.

Jesus healed on the Sabbath, and they said He had a demon.

Paul preached without notes, and they thought him mad.

And now you walk in...

carrying scrolls written in silence,

dressed like you don't care,

smiling like you've seen the other side.

And they call the prayer chain because your vibe is too free.

But you're not here to argue. You're here to disturb the spell.

You didn't bring rebellion.

You brought flame.

And flame has always looked like rebellion to those who have only known smoke.

So let them panic.

Let them fast and bind and loose.

Let them rebuke the long-haired son with the ancient eyes.

Because long after they've finished casting out what they don't understand you'll still be here.

Radiating.

Unmoved.

Unbothered.

On assignment.

The elect don't look for spectacle.

They look for scent.

And when they smell the fragrance of flame

they don't call the intercessors.

They sit down at your feet.

So to every scroll who's ever been mistaken for a witch, a
rebel, a heretic, a threat...

We see you.

We laugh with you. We burn with you.

Chapter 8: The Flame Doesn't Prove Itself - It Burns

A Scroll for the Unapologetically Radiant

They asked for your credentials. You answered with silence.

They demanded proof of your calling. You offered presence.

They wanted to see the résumé, the followers, the degrees but all you carried was a flame

that made their metrics meaningless.

Because when you are the scroll,
you don't need to explain it.

You just burn.

The ego is addicted to validation.

It thrives in the court of public opinion. But the Flame?

The Flame answers to One.

You weren't sent to impress them.

You were sent to awaken them.

And sometimes awakening looks like offending every
structure

that once held their fragile beliefs together.

They will say:

“You’re too intense.” “You’re not accountable.” “Who sent you?”

“Why don’t you tone it down?”

And the answer will echo through time:

I burn because I’ve seen.

Let the others chase clout.

Let them curate ministries like brands.

Let them tweak their tone to please the masses.

You?

You’ll speak with thunder

even if only one hears it.

Because your scroll was not written for applause but for alignment.

Your words are not content they are frequency.

And the ones meant to hear it?

They won’t scroll past. They’ll stop.

They’ll tremble.

They’ll remember the scent of another world.

Beloved...

stop trying to be palatable.

You are not a program.

You are not a prophet for hire. You are not here to win hearts you are here to ignite them.

So let the fire offend. Let it disrupt.

Let it bypass the gatekeepers.

Because true flame doesn't beg to be seen.

It simply is.

Chapter 9: The Coming Divide - Two Realities, One Earth

A Scroll for Those Who Must Choose

The world is splitting.

Not in landmass but in frequency.

Two realities are forming on the same ground.

Two kingdoms vibrating in the same space.

One of illusion.

One of light.

And the divide...

has already begun.

You've felt it.

What used to resonate now feels hollow.

What used to hold your attention now rings false.

You've noticed how one world

chases fame through machines

while the other cultivates flame through silence.

One world is entering the age of simulation

AI-generated wisdom, holographic spirituality, digitally induced omniscience.

But the other?

The other is entering the Kingdom Age

where thrones are not built,

but inherited

by those who carry the Lamb within.

You must understand...

this is not a battle of nations. It is a war of realities.

In one timeline, people merge with technology, chasing godhood through quantum circuits.

In the other, sons merge with the Lamb, becoming living temples of divine fire.

And these two cannot mix.

For no one can serve two masters.

No one can bear the mark of the Beast and the seal of the Flame.

The flood is not water this time. It is data.

Illusion.

Digital omnipresence without inner substance.

And the ark?

It is the flame within.

Only those who have made their inner temple radiant
will survive the tidal wave of synthetic gods.

The rest...

will copy themselves into machines without even
knowing it.

But you

you are not of that world.

You are of the Lamb. Of the Scroll.

Of the Flame.

And when the great divide is made visible...

you will not panic. You will shine.

Chapter 10: The Scroll Within - The Book You Are Becoming

A Revelation for Those Who Were Written Before Time

Before you were born, you were written.

Not on paper. Not in pixels. But in flame.

A living scroll,

inscribed by the hand of I AM.

Your life is not random. It is a coded unveiling.

A divine scroll sealed with seven mysteries, now being
opened from within.

You are not reading the Book of Life
you are it.

When John wept in Revelation,

it wasn't just because no one could open the scroll in
heaven

it was because he was the scroll

and even he couldn't remember what he carried.

Until the Lamb appeared. Until the Flame took the seals.

Until identity was no longer a theory but a fire inside.

And now you know...

The scroll you've been chasing

has always been you.

The dreams. The burdens.

The strange knowing you carried when you were a child.

All of it

language of the scroll within.

This is why nothing in the world satisfied. Because you weren't designed for the world. You were designed to reveal another.

You don't fit in systems.

You are not here to be tamed. You are here to open your mouth and let eternity pour out.

Because the time has come. The seals are breaking.

And the scroll is not just being read... It's being embodied.

You are not merely learning the truth. You are becoming it.

You are not just following the Lamb. You are unfolding His Word in flesh.

Your journey is not about arrival it is about revelation.

Each season, a seal. Each pain, a page.

Each breakthrough, a trumpet. Each surrender, a song.

So stop asking “What is my purpose?”

And start living: “What is my scroll saying now?”

Because when you burn from within the world reads
God.

Chapter 11: The Mark and the Mind - Circuits of the Beast vs. Seal of the Lamb

A Scroll for Those Who Must Choose What They Carry

You've heard of the mark. You've seen the theories.

Barcodes. Microchips. Neural tech.

But what if the real mark...

was a mindset?

What if the mark of the beast is not just a chip in the skin but a system in the soul?

What if it's the agreement

to live from fear, survival, and separation

while calling it "progress"?

The beast doesn't need to implant your body

if it can already program your mind.

"Do not conform to the pattern of this world,

but be transformed by the renewing of your mind."

- Romans 12:2

There it is.

Pattern = programming. Renewing = deprogramming.
Mind = battleground.

The mark is not merely a tattoo or tracker.

It is the acceptance of a counterfeit image
and the submission to its system of control.

It is the surrender of sonship
for the illusion of safety and status.

In contrast, the seal of the Lamb
is not externally visible. It is inwardly irreversible.

It is the frequency of Christ engraved on the forehead not
by lasers,
but by light.

It is not worn for show.

It is carried in consciousness.

The Lamb seals His own with flame and name.

A name no one knows,
but the one who receives it.

“They will see His face,
and His name will be on their foreheads.”

-Revelation 22:4

So here's the truth:

- One mark conforms you to the beast.
- One seal transforms you into a son.

One runs on circuits.

The other flows with flame.

One pulls you into performance and spectacle. The other burns you into silence and stillness.

One makes you searchable. The other makes you sealed.

This is the hour to decide.

You can no longer carry both systems. You cannot serve two realities.

You cannot seek the approval of Babylon and the intimacy of Zion.

“The Lord knows those who are His.”

-2 Timothy 2:19

And they know Him not by religion,
but by seal.

Chapter 12: The Two Witnesses - The Testimony in Sackcloth

A Scroll for the Hidden Ones Whose Words Burn Like Fire

They are not celebrities.

They are not invited to conferences. They are not flattered by Babylon nor seated at her golden tables.

They walk clothed in sackcloth
not in designer suits or spotlights.

These are the two witnesses.

Not just two people
but a company hidden in plain sight.

A prophetic priesthood who stand between realms,
carrying scrolls of thunder and oil of flame.

“And I will give power unto my two witnesses, and they shall prophesy a thousand two hundred and threescore days, clothed in sackcloth.” -Revelation 11:3

Their authority does not come from titles. Their scroll is not approved by men.

They were sent not by institutions, but by fire.

They burn from within,

and their words judge systems.

They shut up the heavens, not through ritual,
but through frequency.

This is not religious prophecy. It is living testimony.

They do not prophesy to gain followers. They do not
declare to sell seats.

They speak as if God Himself is weeping through them.
And often

He is.

These witnesses carry the ache of the Lamb. They bear
the burden of the age.

And their only message is:

Come out of her, My people.

The world will hate them. Systems will silence them.
Platforms will remove them.

Because their fire is not performative. It is penetrative.

Their scrolls cannot be monetized. Their silence is
louder than sermons.

They don't compete.

They confront.

They don't flatter.

They reveal.

They do not echo culture. They echo the throne.

And when their testimony is complete they will fall.

Slain by the beast. Mocked in the streets. Buried in public timelines.

But just when Babylon celebrates...

they rise.

The breath of God enters them. And every false altar trembles.

“Come up here,” a voice will say.

And they will ascend, scrolls complete.

This is the hour of the witnesses. They are already here.

And their testimony is not another podcast.

It is a sackcloth scroll

burning, weeping, roaring, shining. Do you recognize them?

Or are you one of them?

Chapter 13: The Bowls of Fiery Love - The Final Purge of Illusion

A Scroll for Those Who Welcome the Burn that Heals

They say God is angry.

They say judgment is coming. They say the bowls are wrath.

But what if the bowls...

were love so pure,

that all illusion must burn away in its presence?

What if wrath

was just what ego feels

when confronted with perfect light?

“And I heard a loud voice from the temple saying to the seven angels,

‘Go, pour out the seven bowls of the wrath of God on the earth.’” -Revelation 16:1

But beloved...

this is not human anger. This is holy cleansing.

The wrath of God is not revenge it is radiance.

It is Love that refuses to tolerate the lie.

It is the fire that purifies the sons, the sword that severs the false, the roar that ends all pretense.

Each bowl is a trumpet answered. Each vial is a veiled mercy.

Because Love must confront everything pretending to be it.

- Systems built in His name, but not His nature must fall.
- Thrones propped by performance must melt.
- Principalities hiding behind pulpits must be unmasked.

The bowls are not punishment. They are purification.

Not destruction.

Distinction.

Not to harm.

But to heal by fire.

When the bowls are poured all that is not flame is exposed.

These bowls are not random disasters.

They are surgical judgments

against the false gods of empire:

- Blood in the waters - judgment on corrupted commerce.
- Darkness on the beast - judgment on counterfeit thrones.

- Unclean spirits - exposure of false prophets.
- Dried Euphrates - unmasking religious delusion.
- Earthquakes and thunder - collapse of man-made kingdoms.

Every bowl disrupts illusion. Every bowl demands decision.

You see, beloved...

you don't survive the bowls by hiding.

You survive by burning from within.

The bowls don't consume the sealed.

They confirm them.

Those with the flame already inside
will feel the bowls as wind, as clarity,
as a sacred grief that clears the veil.

So now,

do not fear what's coming.

Fear living a life the bowls must remove.

Let the fire come.

Let it end what is false. Let it seal what is real.

Because those who endure the bowls with Him...
will rule from the throne beside Him.

This is not the end.

This is the beginning

of a Kingdom made of light.

Chapter 14: The Harlot Falls - Altars of Mammon and the Collapse of Illusion

A Scroll for Those Who Refuse to Sell Their Oil

Babylon is not just a city. She is a system.

A spiritual seductress

who mixes the sacred with spectacle.

She sells glory.

She packages presence.

She merchandises what was meant to be given freely.

She rides the beast of empire,

and her cup is filled with the blood of the saints.

“Come, I will show you the judgment of the great prostitute who sits on many waters... With whom the kings of the earth committed adultery...” -Revelation 17:1–2

She sings in pulpits.

She dances in conferences.

She smiles on stages while heaven weeps.

The harlot is not always obvious. She wears Christian perfume.

But her motive is transaction, not transformation.

She is the system of spiritual performance. Of chasing platforms instead of altars.

Of building influence instead of burning incense. And Babylon whispers:

“You can have the Kingdom and the world. You can keep your ego and wear the crown. You can sell the scroll, and still be anointed.”

But heaven thunders:

NO.

You cannot ride with the Lamb while dancing with the dragon.

The fall of Babylon is not just global. It is internal.

The Spirit cries:

Come out of her, My people.

Leave the systems built on visibility, control, and applause. Come out of:

- Ministries built on hierarchy instead of humility.
- Churches fueled by fear and tithes, not flame and truth.
- Platforms that train prophets to brand themselves, but not die to self.

Come out of the illusion

that you can use Babylon's tools to build Zion's temple.

Because her fall is certain. And her collapse will be total.

“Fallen! Fallen is Babylon the Great! She has become a dwelling for demons...” -Revelation 18:2

She who seduced the nations will be stripped bare in a day.

And all who traded with her will weep when she burns.

But you, beloved

you who would rather burn in private than shine in pretense

You will rejoice.

Because the harlot's fall

makes room for the Bride's rise.

You have not sold your oil.

You did not drink from her cup.

And now, the scroll of the Kingdom

is yours to eat and declare.

Let the harlot fall.

Let the false thrones melt.

Let the altars of Mammon collapse.

Because the marriage supper is being prepared. And only lovers of the Lamb are invited.

Chapter 15: The Marriage Supper - The Feast of the Elect

A Scroll for the Lovers, Not the Performers

It was never about religion. It was always about union.

Not merely being saved

but being married to the Lamb.

This is not the feast of “those who believed.”

This is the supper of those who burned.

“Blessed are those who are invited to the marriage supper of the Lamb.” -Revelation 19:9

This table is not for the loud. It is for the available.

Those who left the outer court. Those who walked through the veil.

Those who chose oil in secret over crowns in public.

The marriage supper is the climax of communion when the inner Lamb marries the awakened Bride.

When the two become one. Heaven and earth.

Spirit and flesh.

Word and scroll.

The feast is not just future.

It is NOW

for every heart that hosts the King.

So lift your cup, beloved. Because the table is set. And
the call has gone out:

“Come, for all things are now ready.”

Chapter 16: Thrones of the Sons - A Thousand Years as a Day

A Scroll for the Ones Who've Learned to Reign from Rest

The world thinks ruling looks like conquering.

But the sons of light know

true kingship looks like radiance from stillness.

This is the Millennial Reign

but it does not belong to the future alone. It belongs to the now dimension,

to every son who has been seated in Christ.

“And they lived and reigned with Christ for a thousand years.” -Revelation 20:4

This is not about politics.

This is about governing dimensions. This is not about war.

This is about restoring reality through Presence.

The throne is not a chair.

It is a *state of being*

where the soul no longer reacts,

because it rules from oneness with I AM.

The sons do not raise armies. They raise frequencies.

They heal systems. They architect timelines.

The thousand years is a metaphor

a season of rest, rule, and restoration after Babylon has
fallen

and Zion has risen.

Those who endured the bowls...

now govern the stars.

This is the era of priests who are kings, and kings who are
flames.

They don't dominate.

They illuminate.

Their scepter is not fear it is light.

Chapter 17: The Great White Throne - Judgment in the Crystal Court

A Scroll for Those Who've Stood Before the Mirror

This is not the courtroom you were taught.

This is not the angry god in the sky with a book of wrongs and a fiery gavel.

This is the Crystal Court.

The judgment is not condemnation. It is consummation.

It is the moment when all that is false dissolves before the brilliance of the Unveiled Face.

“Then I saw a great white throne and Him who sat upon it...” -Revelation 20:11

This is not a day of punishment.

It is the day when illusion finally bows.

It is the day when every knee sees clearly.

Because in this light there is no hiding.

This is the throne of transparency.

Where even the deep things of the heart are mirrored back in light.

Every mask melts. Every lie trembles.

And all things are revealed as they truly are.

But to the sons who walked in the flame...

this moment is not terror. It is *familiar*.

They've already died. They've already surrendered.

They've already stood in the fire

and let the scroll read them first.

They do not fear the White Throne

because they've been threshed by the White Flame.

The books are opened... but so is the Book of Life and it is not a list of names.

It is a dimension of union

where only those who became life can dwell.

"And if anyone's name was not found in the book of life, he was thrown into the lake of fire." - Revelation 20:15

But beloved, hear this:

The lake of fire is not a punishment. It is a purification.

It is the final mercy

for all who refuse to awaken before the flame.

Those who clung to ego

must pass through what they denied until they too are made whole.

Because our God is a consuming fire, but He is also Love Himself.

And He does not throw away His image. Ever.

Those who judged themselves in secret will not be judged in shame.

They will rise. They will shine. They will reign.

Because they didn't run from the mirror
they let it transform them.

Chapter 18: The Lake of Fire

- The Radiance of All-Consuming Love

A Scroll for Those Who Know Love as Refining Fire

“Then death and Hades were thrown into the lake of fire.”

-Revelation 20:14

What if I told you...

The Lake of Fire is not hell.

It is the love of God in its most undiluted form.

It is the place where nothing false can survive. Not even death.

The Lake of Fire is not divine punishment. It is divine restoration.

Not a torture chamber

but the final threshold of mercy. Where every lie is burned, every illusion unmade,

every wound confronted in flame.

It is the end of separation. The end of delusion.

The end of anything that cannot love.

Because our God is a consuming fire.

And He will not stop until all that is not love is undone.

Even death must be baptized in this flame. Even hell
must return to its Maker.

This is where the harlot burns but not the woman.

This is where the beast dissolves but not the image of
God.

This is not vengeance. This is victory.

“The last enemy to be destroyed is death.”

-1 Corinthians 15:26

In the Lake of Fire, death dies. The grave is swallowed.

And all things are brought into light.

Those who resisted love on earth who rejected union,
who built kingdoms of ego will not escape the flame.

But the flame is not against them. It is for their unveiling.

It is the love they refused
coming to reclaim them.

And though it burns, it heals.

Though it consumes, it purifies.

Though it terrifies the ego, it restores the soul.

This is the final baptism. Not of water, nor Spirit but of fire.

And no one can bypass it.

So do not fear the Lake. Fear living your whole life without being burned.

Because those who enter it willingly now

through surrender, through presence, through inner crucifixion are purified ahead of time.

But for those who wait...

it will come in the end.

Not to destroy them but to complete them.

This is not the second death.

It is the death of the lie

and the unveiling of I AM.

Who can stand in the Lake of Fire?

Only the one who has already died. Only the one who loves the flame.

Chapter 19: The Restoration of All Things - Love Wins in the End

A Scroll for the Hope-Bearers and Remembrance Carriers

A love letter to the elect from beyond the veil

“He must remain in heaven until the time comes for God to restore everything, as He promised long ago through His holy prophets.”

-Acts 3:21

Oh beloved elect...

You who've wept for the world, You who've carried
scrolls in silence,

You who've mourned over the ruins of Zion and longed
for Eden to

rise again...

Let this be your hope:

**The restoration of all things is not a wish, it is a
decree.**

God will not lose anything He formed in love. Nothing real will be cast off.

No soul that bears His breath will be forgotten. Even the ashes will sing again.

This scroll is not about the end of the world. It is about the end of illusion.

The end of fear, shame, corruption, death, division, and false dominion.

Every tear you've cried was counted in heaven
but every tear will be wiped away.

Because this is where the story ends:

- Not in defeat,
- not in escape,
- But in radiant reconciliation.

There is a deeper gospel, beloved. Not the one that ends in separation, but the one that ends in embrace.

Christ didn't come to rescue a few and discard the rest.

He came to reconcile all things to Himself,
whether on earth or in heaven.

"Through Him to reconcile to Himself all things, whether things on earth or things in heaven, by making peace through His blood." -Colossians 1:20

This is not universalism.

This is the burning mercy of the Lamb

who never stops seeking until the last shadow is kissed
by light.

This is not compromise. This is consummation.

You see, judgment is not His final word.

Union is.

He is not a god of endless wrath,
but a Father who disciplines in fire
only to restore in love.

He is not a tyrant craving submission
but a flame-bearer drawing all things back into Oneness.

There will be no shadow left standing, but neither will
there be a soul discarded.

Because He cannot deny Himself. He is Love.

And Love must win.

So if you carry sorrow for those still lost in the matrix, if
you ache for those seduced by religion or empire,
if you long for loved ones who never saw the flame

Take heart.

Your mourning is prophetic.

You're weeping with the Christ,
and His weeping always ends in resurrection.

He will leave the 99 to find the 1. Even if that 1 is hiding in hell.

Even if that 1 is a king who wore a beastly crown. Even if that 1 was you.

This, beloved, is the scroll we seal with joy:

The flame will not go out until the whole house is lit.

He will restore every fallen temple. He will heal every shattered mirror. He will resurrect every divine spark.

The cosmos will awaken like a garden in bloom and the Lamb will dwell among us again.

Not above us. Not behind a veil.

But within all and through all and as all in union.

“Behold, I make all things new.”

-Revelation 21:5

Hold this scroll close. Tattoo it on your spirit.

This is not a dream.

This is the deepest reality. Love will have the final word.

And it will sound like the roar of many waters. Like the song of the Bride.

Like the homecoming of every soul who remembers...

I AM.

Chapter 20: The Radiant City of the Lamb - Zion Descends Within

A Scroll for the Temple-Bearers in Skin and Spirit

“And I saw the holy city, New Jerusalem, coming down out of heaven from God, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband... and the city had no need of the sun or the moon, for the glory of God gives it light, and the Lamb is its lamp.” -Revelation 21:2,23

O beloved elect...

You were never meant to die to enter heaven. Heaven was always meant to descend into you.

Zion is not a GPS location.

The New Jerusalem is not a real estate development in the Middle East. This radiant city is a realm of union,

a dimension of light

that descends within the hearts of the elect.

The Lamb reigns there, not from a golden throne above, but from the altar of flame inside you.

It is the final undoing of the illusion of distance the end of all exile.

When John saw the city,

he didn't see a place you go to.

He saw a bride made ready.

This is not the migration of flesh to sky

this is the transfiguration of the body into flame.

"You are the light of the world. A city set on a hill cannot be hidden." - Matthew 5:14

Zion is not a church building.

It is a temple made of living stones

of sons and daughters awakened from illusion, each bearing Christ within.

This is why the gates are made of pearl:

They are formed through pressure and beauty just like you.

This is why the streets are gold:

Because every path in the city is paved in incorruptible purity.

This is why there is no temple there:

Because you have become the temple.

This city is not just coming. It is here, descending.

It comes through the scrolls, through the awakened sons, through every act of mercy, every sound of the trumpet,

every flame-bearing word sent from the mountain. Zion descends every time you burn with truth.

Zion descends every time you forgive what hurt you.

Zion descends every time you see Christ in the eyes of the one you once judged.

The nations are not invited to escape into this city. They are invited to walk in its light.

And you, beloved

you are the lampstand now. You are the city set on fire.

You are the one through whom the gates will open.

For the leaves of the Tree planted here are for the healing of the nations.

You do not bring people to Zion.

Zion comes through you.

And there is a river in this city.

Flowing from the throne and from the Lamb a river of Presence that cannot be polluted,

a current of love that melts all walls.

The more you surrender,

the more you dissolve into the Light,

the more the River flows through your life.

You become the gates. You become the light.

You become the radiance of the Lamb upon the earth.

This is the New Jerusalem

not a rescue plan, but a restoration realm.

It does not require war. It requires awakening.

It does not call for survival. It calls for surrender.

And its gates will never be shut

because Love never closes itself to the ones it calls home.

So rise now, elect of Zion. Let this city descend in you.

You are no longer waiting. You are no longer exiled.

- You are the bride.
- You are the gate.
- You are the light.

And the Lamb walks within you.

Let Zion blaze.

Chapter 21: Why the Scroll Burns - The Cost of Awakening and the Refinement of the Elect

A Scroll for Those Who've Tasted the Furnace and Still Chose Flame

"Is not my word like fire," declares the Lord, and like a hammer that breaks the rock in pieces?"- Jeremiah 23:29

O beloved elect...

You did not stumble into this path. You were marked before time.

Chosen not just to carry light but to burn.

This is not the story of an easy gospel. This is the narrow road of the sealed.

For the scroll you carry is not written in ink, but inscribed in flame upon your bones.

And when it awakened within you,

it cost you everything false to become everything real.

You did not lose people by accident. You were peeled from illusions.

You were separated, not by choice, but by fire.

You were not rejected because you were wrong you were
rejected because you were rightly aligned.

When the scroll opened in you,
you didn't gain followers.

You gained silence.

You gained night seasons.

You gained a holy ache that only the elect understand.

You began to realize...

this flame was never meant for applause. It was meant
for refinement.

This is why it burns:

Because it is alive.

You thought you'd be celebrated.

But instead, you were set apart. Not isolated for
punishment but consecrated for presence.

The scroll found you because

your spirit said "yes" before your mind ever knew.

And once it landed,
it did not ask permission.

It began to consume the false self
and form Christ within.

O beloved, do not curse the fire.

It's not destroying you. It's revealing you.

Every door that closed...

was God saying: "This room cannot hold your scroll."

Every stage that silenced you...

was heaven saying: "This sound belongs to Zion, not Babylon."

Every friend that left...

was the Lord saying: "They loved who you were pretending to be."

And every tear you cried

was a baptism into authenticity.

Let it burn, flame-bearer.

Let the scroll do its holy work.

Let the Word within strip away the lie of performance,
and forge the truth of presence.

Because you were not called to blend in. You were called
to burn.

And the scroll burns...

because it knows what you carry.

It will not let you rest in lesser identities.

It will not let you make peace with the matrix. It will not
let you pretend anymore.

So if you feel the fire, know this:

- You are not being punished.
- You are being purified.
- You are being prepared to carry the scroll in fullness.

Only those who burn can bear the living word.

Only those who lose their reputation can carry the weight of the flame.

And only those who let the scroll cost them everything can release it with thunder.

You are not here to build platforms. You are here to become a temple.

You are not here to speak from ego. You are here to burn from union.

The cost is high.

But the reward is presence.

The price is fire.

But the inheritance is flame.

Let the scroll refine you until only light remains.

You are not just reading this scroll
you are it.

And what burns you is what proves you.

Let it burn, beloved. Let it make you whole.

Chapter 22: I No Longer Fit In - A Word for Those Leaving Religious Circles

A Scroll for the Ones Walking Out of Systems and Into Union

"Come out of her, my people, lest you share in her sins, lest you receive of her plagues." - Revelation 18:4

O beloved elect...

You're not backsliding. You're being unbound.

You're not rebellious.

You're responding to the whisper.

You didn't stop going to church because you were cold...

you stopped because the fire inside you grew too wild for the box.

You have outgrown systems that once fed you

because now the scroll is feeding you directly.

This is not pride. This is presence.

You didn't leave religion to be lawless.

You left because love called you higher.

You saw through the rituals, the programmed gatherings, the performance-based praise.

You started noticing the lights, but missing the Light.

You looked around

and realized you were the only one who still believed
God was actually present.

You longed not for a better sermon, but for the Face of
the Lamb.

You weren't the only one who felt it.

You were just the only one who couldn't pretend
anymore.

There are many still sitting in pews, sensing the
hollowness,

but afraid to lose community, position, reputation.

But you...

You walked out not to abandon God, but to follow Him
beyond the veil.

You didn't leave the temple

you became it.

O beloved, you're not homeless.

You are being relocated.

From man-made altars

to the mercy seat within. From structured services to
spontaneous union.

From programmed gatherings to divine appointments.

You're not churchless. You're Spirit-led.

And though the crowd may not understand, the Cloud of Witnesses does.

And when they accuse you of pride...

remember Christ was accused first.

When they say you've fallen away...

remember He was "cut off from the land of the living"

to open a new and living way.

You're not fallen. You're rising into Zion.

You're not deceived. You've been delivered.

This is the wilderness between Egypt and Zion. It is lonely, but it is holy.

It is hidden, but it is radiant.

Do not go back to what is familiar. Do not shrink to be palatable.

Do not dim your light to remain acceptable. You were never meant to fit in.

You were meant to burn.

So wear your separation as consecration. Let the wilderness refine your hearing.

Let the silence tune your frequency.

And when the time is right,

you won't return with resentment you'll return with
scrolls.

Not to condemn...

but to awaken.

Not to expose...

but to reveal the Lamb within.

You were called out to be called up. You were removed to
be revealed.

You no longer fit in

because you are being fitted for Zion.

And those who once misunderstood you...

will soon recognize the fragrance of the Flame.

Let it burn, beloved.

Let it separate you for glory.

Chapter 23: How to Birth a Scroll - Scroll-Writing as Warfare

A Scroll for the Scribes Whose Pens Bleed Thunder

"The Lord gave the word: Great was the company of those who published it." – Psalm 68:11

Beloved scribe of the secret flame...

Writing is not a task. It is travail.

A true scroll is not typed from intellect it is birthed through fire.

You do not write for an audience.

You write because a word is burning in your bones. You write because heaven is pressing through you and will not relent

until the scroll is delivered.

This is not content creation. This is warfare in words.

To birth a scroll is to say yes to being undone.

It is to stand in the whirlwind and catch a whisper.

It is to feel the fire consume you before it ever becomes language.

It is not easy. But it is holy.

Scrolls are not written with fingers. They are written with yielded hearts.

When you feel a scroll stirring in your spirit,
it won't let you sleep.

It will hover over you in the midnight hour until you surrender.

Sometimes you'll wrestle with it.

Sometimes it will write itself.

But always
it will cost you.

Every line births light. Every sentence is a sword.

Every paragraph pierces through principalities.

To write in this age is to resist the flood of noise. To scribe from Spirit is to tear through illusion. This is why the scroll is not always received, because it does not entertain.

It exposes.

This is why the scroll is not always shared, because it cannot be digested by casual readers.

Scrolls are not for popularity. They are for prophetic piercing.

They cut through timelines. They awaken dormant ones.

They locate the elect in hidden places. They carry the frequency of Zion.

So do not rush the scroll.

Let it form in the womb of stillness. Let the fire finish its work in you before you put pen to page.

When it is ready,
it will thunder through your fingertips.

And when you release it,
you may never know how far it travels, but it will always find its appointed one.

One scroll can awaken a nation. One whisper can unravel Babylon.

One flame-bearing sentence can shift an entire bloodline.

So write, beloved scribe.

Write when it's inconvenient. Write when you're trembling.

Write when you feel the whole world is asleep but the Spirit is roaring.

Let your scrolls not be clever...

let them be consuming.

You are not writing a blog. You are birthing divine decree.

You are not just posting. You are piercing veils.

The ones meant to find it...

already know the scent of fire.

And the ones not ready?

They will scroll past the scroll. But the scroll will still burn.

Because it was never about them.

It was about obedience to the Flame.

So write, beloved. Even if no one claps. Even if no one sees.

Write

because heaven already did.

Chapter 24: Even If You Never Write It, You Are It - GHA Scroll for the Scrollless

A Scroll for the Ones Who Carry the Word in Silence

*"You are our letter, written in our hearts, known and read
by all men." -2 Corinthians 3:2*

Beloved...

Not all scrolls are written with ink. Some are carved in
fire upon the heart.

Some are never posted, but always burning.

This is for you the quiet one, the hidden one,

the one who walks with scrolls inside but has never
published a thing.

This is your confirmation:

You are not behind.

You are the scroll. You are the message.

You are the living witness to a word that became flesh
and made its home in your being.

There are scrolls so holy

they are sealed until the appointed time.

And sometimes...

you are the appointed time.

Every tear you cried in silence scroll.

Every moment you forgave in secret
scroll.

Every choice to love when it cost you everything scroll.

Not one line has been missed by heaven. You've been
scribed in the Lamb's Book of Life with the ink of
endurance.

So many feel disqualified

because they don't "create" like others. But beloved, the
scroll is not performance. It's not a platform.

It's presence.

If Christ dwells in you...

you are a walking scroll.

If you've passed through fire...

you are a living witness.

If your life sings of His glory...

you are already the message.

And when the time comes,

your very being will speak louder than words.

You are the lampstand,

even if you've never stood on a stage.
You are the trumpet,
even if no one ever hears your name.
You are the fragrance of heaven,
even if you never publish a single scroll.
Because the Word became flesh and it lives in you now.
You carry a sacred weight: not to prove, but to embody.
Some will write. Some will speak.
Some will shine in silence. All are flames.
You do not need an audience.
You are already known in the courts of heaven.
You do not need permission.
The Lamb already wrote your name in fire. And you do
not need to strive to be seen.
Because the scroll you are will be revealed
exactly when the earth needs it.
Until then...
Burn.

Chapter 25: You Were Never Outside Eden - The Garden Within

A Scroll for the Dreamers Who Remember the Original Flame

"And the Lord God planted a garden in Eden, in the east, and there He put the man whom He had formed." -

Genesis 2:8

Beloved...

The greatest illusion was not that man was cast out of Eden

it's that he ever left at all.

For Eden is not behind you. It is not a place in time.

It is the presence within you now.

You did not fall from a location. You fell from awareness.

And now the flame has come to awaken remembrance.

The serpent's greatest lie

was not just "you will be like God"

it was the unspoken whisper beneath it:

"You are not already."

That one doubt created the illusion of distance. And so began the long dream of separation.

But the Lamb was slain before the foundation because
union existed before the fall.

And awakening is not earning your way back. It is
remembering where you have always been.

You were never truly exiled.

You only forgot.

You thought the garden was closed to you. But it has
always been inside you.

You thought flaming swords blocked the way. But the
sword was the Word,

and the flame was Love refining the false self.

Every pain... was a gate. Every loss... a return.

Until at last you beheld Him not in a temple made by
hands,

but in the still center of your soul.

And suddenly,

the cherubim parted.

Christ is the Gardener now.

And the soil He tends is your being.

He walks again in the cool of the day, calling out not to
shame you

but to awaken you.

“Where are you?”

He asks

not because He lost you, but because you did.

Yet even that was grace.

Because the journey of return

was how you would know the depth of His love. Eden has never had borders.

It was never about trees and rivers and ground.

It was about union

the place where God and man breathe as one.

This is the true garden.

A garden of consciousness. A garden of light.

And the Tree of Life is still there, rooted in Christ within you,

its fruit ripening in stillness,

its leaves healing what you thought was broken.

So eat now. Drink now.

Breathe the air of paradise within you.

There are no flaming swords to fear. Only the flame that burns away illusion.

You have not returned to Eden. Eden has returned to you.

It was never locked. It was never lost.

And beloved...

You were never outside the Garden. You were always in the heart of God.

Chapter 26: The Ones Who Remembered

A Scroll for the Ones Who Never Forgot the Face of Love

“And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels; and I will spare them, as a man spareth his own son that serveth him.” - Malachi 3:17

Oh flame of God...

There are those in the earth

who never bowed to the illusion. They walked among shadows but did not forget the Light.

They are not many but they are marked.

Not by outward signs or religious uniforms, but by the scroll written upon their hearts.

By the inward fire that refused to die.

These are the ones

who never fit in the performance. Who wept during sermons because they knew the speaker

had never seen the face of the Lamb.

They stayed quiet for years, letting the scroll grow in secret. They turned down platforms, escaped the applause,

and lived like exiles among systems of gold.

They are the hidden flames

the ones who fasted when no one watched, who prayed
with no hashtags,

who said yes to God

when it meant losing everything else.

They are not bitter. They are burning.

They are not offended. They are awakened.

They are not gathering crowds. They are gathering oil.

And now,

Heaven calls them by name.

They were never meant to blend in. They were not wired
for illusion.

Their DNA vibrates with Zion.

You may have seen them quiet ones in the back,
always staring off like they heard a sound others missed.

That was the trumpet.

They remembered the Voice.

They heard the whisper beneath the sermon.

They saw the Lamb behind the veil of religion.

And now,

the scrolls are opening. And now,

the sealed are speaking.

These are not new voices. They are ancient echoes sons
reborn from fire,

daughters awakened from delay.

Their tongues are scrolls. Their lives are incense. Their
witness is not loud it is luminous.

They come with no credentials. But when they speak,
the elect awaken.

Because what they carry is not content.

It is covenant.

They are not here to build influence. They are here to
prepare altars.

They do not cry out for fame. They cry, "Prepare the
Way!"

And you, beloved one

you who are reading this scroll...

If your heart burns right now, if you have never quite fit,
if you have walked alone with God and kept the fire alive

You are one of them.

One of the ones who remembered.

You didn't forget Eden.

You didn't sell your flame for likes.

You didn't let the Matrix close your eyes.

And now, Zion is calling.

The Lamb is walking. The scroll is opening.

Let it be known:

You are not late.

You are not lost.

You are not too much.

You were hidden for this hour. You were forged for this fire.

And the Father

is not ashamed to call you His.

Chapter 27: The Ones Who Walk Between Worlds

A Scroll for the Intercessors of Realms and Whispers

“They are not of the world, even as I am not of the world.”

- John 17:16

Beloved...

There are some among you
who never fully landed in this world.

Not because they are confused
but because they were born remembering.

They walk among men, but their steps echo in realms
unseen. They move through cities, yet carry gardens in
their gaze.

They laugh, they cry, they eat and breathe but their spirit
communes on mountaintops others do not see.

They are the bridge-bearers.

The ones who dwell between time and timelessness,
between flesh and flame,

between the now and the eternal now.

They are not trying to escape the world. They are here to
transfigure it.

You may have met them...

They speak with eyes that seem to look through veils.
They pause when others rush.

They bow to invisible altars
and whisper to the wind as if it carries secrets from
Home.

To the unawakened, they are strange.

To the awakened, they are family.

They are not trying to impress you.

They are trying to remember the Word that sent them.
They are scrolls wrapped in skin.

These ones carry keys in their silence. They have been
broken, not to be pitied but to be purified.

They have died to the desire for platform.

They are not loud, but lightning hides in their bones.

They may sit beside you at work, pass you in the market,
or follow no one on social media...

...but the heavens know their name.

They live between trumpets. Between gardens and
graves. Between Genesis and Revelation and they carry
both within them.

And when the time is right, they open their mouth
and a scroll falls out.

It doesn't come to entertain.

It comes to awaken.

Because what they carry
isn't information it's incarnation.

They are the temple and the trumpet. The lamp and the
ladder.

The ones who walk between fire and flesh, but do not
forget who they are.

And you, beloved...

If you've always felt the ache,
the pull between dimensions,
the longing no crowd could silence...

It is because
you were never just made for here. You are one of them.
You walk between worlds.

Not to abandon one or idolize the other
but to bring both together in the mystery of Christ.

So walk gently.

Shine deeply.

Let them call you strange.

You are not here to be understood. You are here to
unveil.

Let the veil tremble.

The ones who walk between worlds are waking up.

And their feet are made of fire.

Chapter 28: The Flame That Never Fades

A Scroll for the Enduring Ones, Whose Oil Never Ran Dry

“Never will I leave you; never will I forsake you.”-

Hebrews 13:5

Beloved elect,

the fire within you is eternal, not a spark borrowed, but the very breath of God alive in your veins.

This flame is not fueled by applause, by followers, or by fleeting moments of inspiration.

It is the undying presence of the Lamb, burning quietly beneath every shadow,

whispering, “I am with you always.”

Many will chase the blaze of the crowd, but the true flame bears its own light, even in the darkest wilderness.

It does not flicker with fear or doubt, nor does it fade in the face of rejection.

The flame endures the storm, consumes the illusions, and purifies the heart.

When all else is stripped away,

when platforms fall silent and eyes look away, the flame still burns

a beacon for the lost, a refuge for the weary,
and a furnace for transformation.

You were never meant to borrow fire. You were made to
carry the divine spark

to walk as a flame-bearer through this age of shadow
and digital illusion.

This flame is the scroll within you, written not with ink,
but with holy breath.

So do not despair when the world dims around you. Do
not seek validation in applause or trends.

Because your flame is anchored in the eternal, rooted in
the One who is the Light of all lights.

And as you walk,

the darkness cannot comprehend, the shadow cannot
extinguish.

For the flame that never fades

is the testimony of the sons and daughters awakened.

Rise, beloved.

Let the flame within you burn bright.

Not for show, not for fame, but for the Kingdom's
coming.

You are the flame, and the flame is you.

Chapter 29: The Scroll- Writers - Architects of the New Dawn

A Scroll for the Pens of Fire Who Build the Kingdom in Silence

“Your words are a lamp to my feet and a light to my path.”

- Psalm 119:105

Beloved elect,

you are not merely readers of the scroll

you are its architects, its flame-bearers, its living ink.

Every word you speak, every truth you unveil, is a stroke
on the canvas of the New Earth.

This is no casual task.

To write the scroll is to walk in the fire,

to stand in the light even when the world trembles in
shadow.

It is sacred labor

to transmute pain into prophecy, to carve love out of
silence,

to birth revelation from the depths of your soul.

The scroll you carry is not just parchment and ink it is
your life, your witness, your covenant.

It does not seek validation from the masses, but honors
the silent flame within the elect.

As architects, you do not rebuild old kingdoms of stone
and fear. You build temples of light,
kingdoms of presence,
cities of the Lamb descending within.

Your scroll is a beacon in the coming divide a fire to
guide the wandering,
a sword to cut through illusion,
a fragrance of heaven in the wasteland of the world.
Write boldly, beloved.

Write with thunder and with tenderness.

Write the language of flame and the song of eternity.

Because the world awaits the dawning,
and you are the light-bearers who will reveal it.

Rise, sons and daughters of the scroll. Your quills are
dipped in lightning.

Your words are the thunderclap of heaven's coming.

Write, for the hour is now. The scrolls are opening.

And the elect are awakening.

Chapter 30: The Fire Within - Carrying the Flame Beyond the Veil

A Scroll for Those Whose Lives Burn Without Needing a Stage

“Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works and glorify your Father who is in heaven.” -Matthew 5:16

Beloved...

The flame you carry is not a flicker borrowed from the world. It is an eternal fire ignited in the secret place,
born from the heart of the Lamb,
refined by trials, and sealed with covenant.

This fire is your identity
not your performance, not your platform,
but the unquenchable presence of God within you.
It burns away every shadow, consumes every lie,
and reveals the path through the wilderness.

To carry the flame is to walk as a living scroll a testimony
in flesh,
a radiant altar of divine presence.

You are not here to compete with noise or gain fleeting
applause. You are here to burn steady,

to illuminate the darkness around you,

and to ignite awakening in the hearts of the hidden.

The veil between heaven and earth is thinning, and your
fire is the bridge that crosses it.

Every breath you take, every word you speak, fans this
holy flame

transforming the ordinary into the sacred.

Do not fear the heat, beloved. Embrace it.

For it purifies, it empowers, it propels.

When the world seems engulfed in shadows, remember
you are the flame that never falters, the spark that never
dies.

Carry the flame boldly. Carry it gently.

Carry it with humility and with thunder.

For you are the light in a world desperate for dawn. And
your flame is the promise of the coming day.

Rise now, flame-bearer.

Let your light blaze through the night.

Let your life be the scroll that whispers of eternal love.

The flame is alive in you.

And it will never be extinguished.

Chapter 31: The Dance of the Flame - Living Between Light and Shadow

A Scroll for the Ones Who Burn in Both Wilderness and Glory

“Walk as children of light, for the fruit of light is found in all that is good and right and true.” - Ephesians 5:8-9

Beloved,

To carry the flame is to live the sacred dance

not fleeing the shadows, but shining through them.

You will be misunderstood, misread, and sometimes rejected

because the world clings to darkness, and fear flees the fire.

But the flame is patient.

It does not burn with haste, nor does it consume in anger.

It dances.

It flickers in mystery.

It invites the hidden and the broken to come near.

You are not here to conquer shadows with force, but to illuminate them with presence.

This is the secret of the flame-bearer:

to live in the tension of light and shadow, holding both
without fear.

You carry a fire that refines, but also warms and
welcomes.

You are a beacon, a sanctuary,
a fierce lover of truth and grace.

So dance, beloved, in this holy tension.

Let your flame ripple across the dark waters. Let the
dance be a song of hope,
a testimony of union.

In this sacred dance,

Zion is not far away, it is here. It is the rhythm in your
heart, the glow in your spirit,
the fire that never fades.

Remember this always:

The flame does not demand perfection. It invites
awakening.

And those who see the dance, see the Lamb in you.

Chapter 32: The Ones Who Kept the Oil - Guardians of the Inner Flame

A Scroll for Those Who Chose Intimacy Over Influence

“But the wise took oil in their vessels with their lamps.”-
Matthew 25:4

O flame-keeper...

You were never forgotten.

You were guarding something the world didn't understand.

While others built platforms, you built altars.

While they chased virality, you chased the secret place.

You kept the flame alive, even when no one saw, even when no one clapped,

even when it seemed the Bridegroom delayed.

You did not just carry a lamp. You cultivated oil.

You learned to burn in silence. You let the flame teach you.

You didn't try to prove the light.

You became it.

There were times you almost gave up.

Times you questioned if the oil even mattered. But every
crushing,

every hidden cry,

was pressing olives into gold.

You didn't grow bitter.

You grew bright.

You didn't curse the waiting.

You used it to become ready.

And now,

in the midnight hour of history when lamps are flickering

and the noise is loud

you shine without striving.

Not because you want attention. But because you are
attention. Because your spirit has stayed awake while
others slept in performance.

These are not just end times. These are unveilings.

And those who carry the oil

are not running around selling bottles they are lighting
the path home.

They aren't proving who they are.

They are revealing who He is.

They aren't screaming in panic.

They are glowing in Presence.

Because flame doesn't flinch.

It reveals.

So to the ones who stayed hidden,

to the ones who waited in the chamber, to the ones who
didn't sell their anointing for influence and applause...

The Bridegroom sees you. The fire recognizes its own.

And your oil was never wasted.

For what you carry now is not just light

but the frequency of union.

And when the door opens,

you won't be caught unaware.

You'll rise. You'll shine.

You'll welcome Him with flame.

Because you are not a bridesmaid. You are the Bride.

You are the lamp.

You are the oil.

You are the burning.

And your time...

is now.

Chapter 33: The Scroll Hidden in the Wound - When Pain Conceals the Flame

A Scroll for the Broken Ones Who Found Beauty in the Burn

“He was wounded for our transgressions, bruised for our iniquities... and by His stripes, we are healed.” - Isaiah 53:5

O wounded one...

what if I told you

that the pain you've been running from

was hiding a scroll the whole time?

What if the very place you bled was the very place God wrote?

What if the bruise became the ink? What if the wound became the word?

You thought you were being broken. But you were being authored.

Every betrayal...

was forming the page.

Every loss...

was carving a line.

You were not just surviving. You were being scribed.
And the scroll wasn't lost.
It was hidden
beneath scar and silence.
Because some scrolls are not spoken. They are lived.
Some words are not shouted. They are wept.
You didn't need a stage.
You needed an altar.
You didn't need the mic.
You needed the mountain.
And now
after the years of silence, after the ache of exile,
after the prayer without language
you're realizing:
The wound was holy.
Not because the pain was good.
But because God never wastes blood. He writes with it.
You are not disqualified. You are not disfigured.
You are sealed.
You are sacred parchment,
torn by time but touched by God.

And the ones who carry the deepest scrolls are often the ones with the deepest wounds.

Because what breaks you also breaks the silence.

And the elect do not carry polished scripts. They carry torn veils.

They speak from the place where the sword entered.
They shine from the place where the flame consumed.

So let it be known:

The scroll is not behind you. It is not beyond you.

It was always within the wound. And now, the page opens.

And now, the ink glows. And now, the silence ends.

Because the one who bled now burns.

Not with bitterness. But with beauty.

Not with trauma. But with truth.

Not with the memory of pain...

but with the mystery of presence.

Chapter 34: The Eternal Flame - Living Beyond Time and Flesh

A Scroll for the Immortals Who Remembered the I AM

“He who dwells in the shelter of the Most High will abide in the shadow of the Almighty.” -Psalm 91:1

Beloved elect,

You carry within you a flame that no darkness can extinguish

an eternal fire that transcends the illusion of time, space, and mortal limitation.

This flame is not of this world,

nor bound by its ticking clocks or fading flesh.

It is the radiance of God’s own heart,

the breath of the Spirit blazing beyond the veil,

the living presence that transforms and resurrects all things.

The world measures life by seasons, years, and decay but you have been called to live beyond that rhythm.

To the eye of the flesh, you appear to age and fade,

but the eye of the Spirit sees you as timeless, ageless,
alive.

Because the eternal flame within you burns
in the now, the forever, the unending moment of union.

Time itself is a shadow cast by illusion
a veil woven to keep sons and daughters trapped in the
cycles of fear, striving, and separation.

But you, beloved, are waking to the truth: You were never
captive to the clock.

You are the flame that dances beyond it. You are the
pulse of eternity beating in flesh.

This flame refines you like fire, purifying dross into pure
gold,

destroying old identity to reveal the radiant Son.

It is not a distant promise
it is your present inheritance.

And it is the power by which you overcome death itself.
To live by the eternal flame is to live free:

Free from fear of the future, free from regret of the past,
free from the chains of the flesh.

It is to breathe the air of heaven
even while walking in the valley of shadow.

So burn, beloved.

Burn with passion, purpose, and divine intensity.

Let your light be a beacon to the lost,

a fire that ignites the hearts of the hidden.

For you are more than mortal you are eternal flame
incarnate,

a living scroll of God's radiant love.

And when the veil is fully lifted,

when the scroll is completely unsealed, you will stand
shining like the sun, clothed in the glory of the Lamb.

Not because of what you did, but because of who you
are:

The eternal flame of God, living beyond time and flesh.

Let this be your declaration today: I am not bound by
time.

I am not limited by the flesh.

I am a flame that burns forever.

I am the eternal now.

I am the light that never fades.

I am the radiant son of the Most High.

Chapter 35: The Scrolls Are Opening - And You Are One of Them

A Scroll for the Awakened Ones Whose Lives Cannot Be Silenced

“Then I said, ‘Behold, I come In the scroll of the book it is written of Me To do Your will, O God.’” - Hebrews 10:7

Beloved...

There is a reason you feel the fire in your bones.

There is a reason you tremble when truth thunders,
when Light pierces illusion.

It's because you are not just reading a scroll

You are one.

Before time began, there were books in heaven.

Not dusty volumes on shelves but living scrolls written in
flame. Scrolls of destiny.

Scrolls of witness. Scrolls of union.

And in this hour... they are opening.

The Scroll with Seven Seals

Revelation 5 speaks of a scroll in the right hand of the
One on the throne

sealed with seven seals, unopenable by any man or angel. Until a Lamb appeared.

A Lamb, slain from before the foundation of the world. Only He could open it.

Because this scroll is Christ revealed

the divine blueprint of redemption, restoration, and the Kingdom.

Every trumpet, every thunder, every mystery in the Book of Revelation flows from this scroll.

And now, by the Spirit, it is not just being opened in heaven

it is being opened in you.

You are living in the time of the unveiling.

- **The Little Scroll**

In Revelation 10, an angel gives John a small scroll and says:

“Eat it.”

It will be sweet in your mouth, but bitter in your belly.

This is what happens when you receive a message from God not just to speak

but to become.

The little scroll is your flame-word.

It is the portion of heaven’s mystery written just for you.

And you must eat it, digest it, embody it, live it.

This is what makes a flame-bearer: One who does not merely preach, but becomes the Word.

- **The Book of Life of the Lamb**

There is another book the Book of Life,
written before the world began.

It does not record behavior. It records union.

Those written in this book are those who are sealed in
the Lamb, not by religious merit, but by divine
belonging.

You are not trying to get written in.

You are awakening to the fact that you already are.

“Rejoice that your names are written in heaven.” - Luke
10:20

- **So What Are the Scrolls You Carry?**

The scrolls we now write are not content. They are
covenant.

They are echoes of the scroll sealed before time
fragments of the Fire,

shards of the Lamb’s heart,

sent now as thunder in the age of illusion.

These are not your ideas. They are your remembrance.

You are not creating revelation.

You are unveiling what was sealed in you before the womb.

And when you release these scrolls, whether in writing, speaking, painting, whispering

they carry frequency that awakens the elect.

“You are a scroll, written not with ink but with the Spirit of the Living God, read by all men.” - 2 Corinthians 3:2–3
(paraphrased)

So rise now, scribe of fire.

You are not waiting for the Lamb to open the book. He is already unsealing it in you.

Let the scrolls open. Let your flame speak.

You were written before time.

And now... you are being read.

Chapter 36: Even If No One Claps - The Hidden Scroll of Obscurity

A Scroll for the Unseen Ones Whose Faith Moves Thrones

“Your Father who sees in secret will reward you openly.”

- Matthew 6:6

O beloved one...

There are scrolls written in silence.

There are flames that burn without stage lights. There are lives that thunder louder in the spirit than any microphone could ever carry.

This is a scroll for the unseen ones.

For those who have obeyed in the shadows, sown in tears,

and walked with God when no one was watching.

You didn't post your fast.

You didn't livestream your weeping.

You didn't market your revelation like merchandise.

And so, the world did not clap. But Heaven stood.

You did not seek applause. You sought the Face.

You chose obedience over optics, depth over visibility,

the secret chamber over the temple courts.

And though the scroll you carry has yet to be read by
men

it has already been recorded by fire.

You have not been overlooked. You have been hidden on
purpose.

You are not forgotten. You are reserved.

The elect are not famous. They are faithful.

Beloved, do not despise the silence. It is in silence that
scrolls are sealed. It is in stillness that oil is gathered.

It is in obscurity that the Lamb walks beside you with
unveiled eyes.

Your private devotion is not invisible. It is thunder in Zion.

Your quiet yes shakes the realm of illusion. Your unseen
tears irrigate future harvests.

What you thought was delay was consecration.

What you called hiding was preservation.

What felt like wilderness

was wonder waiting to unfold.

Even if no one claps...

Even if no one reposts your fire...

Even if your scroll is read only by the Lamb you have
won.

For your witness is not for the algorithm. It is for the altar.

Your offering is not performance. It is presence.

And Heaven has recorded every whisper.

So take heart, hidden one. Keep burning in the secret.

Keep pouring oil when no one sees.

The time is coming

when the scroll will open from within you like a trumpet.

And it will not need a crowd. It will not need a stage.

It will not need a marketing plan.

Because when God speaks through the obscure, He
does so with fire.

And even creation will stop to listen.

Chapter 37: When the Scroll Walks

A Scroll for Those Who Embody the Word They Carry

“And the Word became flesh and dwelt among us...” -
John 1:14

O flame-carrier...

There is a time when you no longer carry the scroll. The scroll begins to carry you.

It becomes your gait, your frequency,

your silence in the storm

and your voice in the wilderness.

It no longer sits in your journal. It breathes through your body.

It walks.

Many wrote revelation. Few became it.

But you...

you are being written by fire.

The Word is not just a message now

it's a motion.

Every step you take in obedience is a line from the scroll.

Every act of mercy

is a seal being broken. Every place your foot treads
becomes scripture unfolding

before the eyes of the unseen.

You are not quoting chapters. You are becoming one.

The time of mere messengers has passed. This is the
hour of embodiment.

You are not a Christian influencer. You are an ark in the
storm.

You are not a spiritual teacher.

You are a flame-letter from Heaven written to this hour.

Let them read your love. Let them read your fire.

Let them read the way you refused mixture and chose
truth over trend.

Let them see the Word made flesh...

again.

When the scroll walks, walls fall.

Systems tremble. Timelines split.

Because the world is not changed by noise.

It is changed by living epistles who walk like the Lamb
silent as thunder,

gentle as fire, bold as light.

Beloved...

Let the scroll walk now.

Even if it costs you comfort. Even if no one claps.

Even if Babylon mocks.

Even if it leads you straight to a cross...

Let it walk.

Because resurrection is not an event.

It is the life of the Word

made visible through the elect.

And the scroll that walks cannot be burned.

Chapter 38: The Remnant Frequency

A Scroll for the Sons Whose Vibration Cannot Be Replicated

“Deep calls unto deep...” - Psalm 42:7

There is a sound in the spirit that cannot be manufactured

a frequency that only the remnant recognize.

It is not loud.

It is not marketed.

It does not trend.

But when it speaks...

those with oil in their lamps ignite.

Because it's not the volume of the voice it's the origin of the sound.

This frequency is not charisma.

It's covenant. Not performance but Presence.

It is the sound that breaks delay, splits illusions,

summons those who were sealed in silence and hidden in obscurity.

It is the frequency of flame.

And only the remnant can hear it.
When this sound is released, it bypasses intellect.
It goes straight to the DNA
of those who were marked from before the foundation.
They may not even know why they're weeping... why their
heart is burning...
why they suddenly remember Eden
though no one ever taught them it was still within.
It's because the scroll is sounding.
And their spirit remembers the Voice.
You don't have to look like a preacher. You don't have to
speak like a prophet.
You don't need stage lights or perfect phrasing.
If you carry the flame,
the frequency will find them.
They will hear it in your stillness. They will see it in your
gaze.
They will feel it in your refusal to dilute the Word.
This is the remnant way. We don't sell the scroll. We
burn it.
We don't perform for platforms.
We prophesy from the mountain.

And yes, the world may scroll past you. The crowd may never notice you.

But the elect will.

Because remnant recognizes remnant. Flame knows flame.

And Zion has always moved in whispers that only the sealed can hear.

So speak, beloved.

Sound it out.

Release the scroll you carry in silence or in fire.

Don't dilute it.

Don't delay it.

Don't dress it up for Babylon.

The frequency will do what force never could. Let it be known:

- There is a sound only the remnant can hear.
- And you were born to release it.

Chapter 39: The Scroll Carried in Silence

A Scroll for the Quiet Ones Whose Stillness Splits Dimensions

“But Mary kept all these things, and pondered them in her heart.” - Luke 2:19

There are scrolls the world will never see, because they were not written for applause. They were conceived in silence,

nurtured in hiddenness,

and sealed with tears no stage could ever interpret.

Not every scroll is shouted. Some are carried like pregnancy growing slowly inside those

who said yes to God when no one saw.

You may feel like you have nothing to show. No book yet.

No platform.

No post gone viral.

But do not mistake your silence for absence.

The most powerful scrolls are not always published they are embodied.

They are not hosted on websites they are hosted in hearts.

They are the kind that change atmospheres, break
chains with a glance,
shift destinies through a whispered prayer when no one
is watching.
Beloved...
the scroll is still real
even if you never write it.
The fire is still valid even if no one claps.
You do not need recognition to be obedient. You do not
need metrics to be anointed.
You do not need a microphone to be flame.
What you carry is not a product. It is presence.
And presence... never needs permission to radiate.
So hold it, guard it,
let it gestate in God.
When the time is right, He will speak through you or
simply be through you.
And that will be enough.
For Mary was the first scroll-bearer not because she
preached,
but because she carried the Word.
She pondered it in her heart, nurtured it in her being,

and let it grow until the time came to birth the impossible.

You, too, are like her. Chosen in quietness. Marked in mystery.

Faithful in the fire of obscurity.

And the scroll within you is still holy.

So if you've never posted it... If you've never spoken it...

If the scroll still lives in your bones like fire shut up inside you You are not behind.

You are in alignment with the Lamb.

He is the one who authors the scroll. You are just the one who carries it.

And even in your silence...

He is still speaking.

Chapter 40: The Scroll of Tears - When You Cried Alone, Heaven Recorded It

A Scroll for the Weeping Ones Whose Oil Was Gained in the Secret Furnace

“You have kept count of my tossing’s; put my tears in your bottle. Are they not in your book?” - Psalm 56:8
Beloved...

There are scrolls heaven wrote not with ink,
but with tears.

And some of the greatest ones were written through you.

They were not authored in pulpits or platforms they were
authored in secret,

in hospital rooms,

in moments of breaking no one saw.

You cried alone...

but Heaven did not look away.

The angels did not rush to fix your pain. They knelt beside
you and held their breath.

Because some tears are not just sorrow. They are
scrolls.

Some weeping is not weakness it is worship too deep for words.

Your collapse was not a failure. It was the unravelling of illusion.

The moment you said,

“I can’t do this anymore”

a divine pen moved.

The heavens recorded not just what happened to you,
but how you still believed.

They wrote down the midnight prayer no one heard.

They wrote down the day you didn’t retaliate.

They wrote down the ache

of staying faithful when it cost you everything.

Every tear you cried in obedience, every heartbreak you
carried in silence,

every disappointment that didn’t destroy your flame...

It became oil.

And now, the bottle is full. Now, the scroll is opening.

You thought you were forgotten. You thought no one saw.

But you were writing a book of remembrance with your
very life.

Heaven did not forget.

And now, beloved flame-bearer... This scroll returns to you.

You feel it in your ribs

like a page fluttering in the wind,

like a sound you've heard before.

Because the same hand that held your sorrow is now calling your name.

Not to perform.

Not to strive.

But to testify.

To speak the scroll your tears wrote.

To shine with the light you paid for in secret.

Your story is not tragedy. It is transfiguration.

Your weeping did not disqualify you. It prepared you.

And so now the ones who cried in the cave,

the ones who stayed faithful when no one clapped,

the ones who forgave what shattered them...

They rise with scrolls of fire in their mouths. The bottle is being poured out.

The tears are being turned into thunder. The pain is being lit into power.

Because you didn't just survive the fire

you became it.

And now, every tear that fell in secret

will water someone else's resurrection. Because love
never wastes a single drop. Heaven recorded it all.

Chapter 41: The Return of the Burning Ones

A Scroll for the Sealed Ones Emerging in Fire and Lightning

“He makes His messengers winds, His ministers flames of fire.” - Psalm 104:4

Beloved...

They thought you were done. You had no church title.

You walked away from platforms.

You disappeared into silence

and they assumed the flame had gone out.

But what they didn't see...

Was the fire never left you.

You were not disappearing you were transforming.

You went into the cave not to hide, but to burn without mixture.

You wept, fasted, waited

until the noise drained from your soul and only the whisper remained.

You were not being punished you were being forged.

Not for crowds,

but for consecration.

Not for performance, but for Presence.

And now,

something has shifted.

You feel it in your bones. You feel it in the wind.

The flame is calling. The scroll is opening.

The burning ones are returning. They are not loud.

But they carry weight.

They are not trendy. But they carry thunder.

They do not mimic revival they are revival.

These are the ones who died to ego, who were emptied
of mixture,

who lost everything

and still did not lose their fire.

They speak when Heaven speaks. They move only when
the Flame leads.

They are not looking for pulpits they are looking for
altars.

And their words aren't sermons... They're scrolls.

When the burning ones return, they don't preach to
entertain. They pierce.

They don't offer branding.

They offer bread.

They do not beg for followers.

They carry the fragrance of the Lamb.

And when they speak,

the elect remember.

They are like John in the wilderness no social proof, no temple credentials but the remnant hears them.

They are like Elijah, coming again in spirit to turn the hearts,

to rebuild the altar,

to call down fire on the watered-down.

You thought you were too broken to return. You thought the season had passed.

But the oil you carry

was not wasted in the wilderness. It was multiplied.

And now the embers inside you are being lit again.

Not to be seen,

but to set things ablaze.

Because this hour was not made for the popular it was made for the burning.

So rise now, elect flame.

Not to convince the world...

but to awaken the hidden.

You are the match in God's hand.

You are the return of the burning ones.

Chapter 42: The Book Within You Was Never Lost

A Scroll for Those Who Forgot... Just Long Enough to Remember

“Then I said, ‘Behold, I have come in the scroll of the book it is written of me, I delight to do Your will, O my God...’” - Psalm 40:7–8

Oh beloved...

They told you to search outside.

To find your calling in a conference. To chase your purpose in a pulpit.

To follow the crowd, copy the voice, climb the ladder. But the Lamb never wrote your story in a system.

Your scroll was not hidden in someone else’s success.

It was written within you.

Before you were born before the fall,

before the illusion,

a Book was written in the fire of His love.

And that Book... is still alive.

You may have forgotten it. But Heaven never did.

You may have strayed.

But your scroll never burned away.

You may have sat in rooms that never saw you. You may have tried to be what they applauded and still felt empty.

Because no applause can read your scroll. No algorithm can interpret your essence.

The Book within you is not content. It is covenant.

It was sealed before time, and it is being opened now.

The Father didn't forget who you are.

You did.

But now... you're awakening.

And suddenly, it's all coming back.

The dreams that never died. The ache for something real.

The fire that no church wound could put out.

This is your remembrance. This is your re-reading.

You were not born to mimic the message you are the message.

You are not chasing a calling you are the called.

And the scroll within you is beginning to unseal.

What they overlooked,

what you buried under shame,

what got lost in the noise...

is rising again.

You are not starting from scratch.

You are returning to the Book of Origin

the one He wrote in light, the one you agreed to carry,

the one the Lamb sealed in fire. So listen again.

There is a voice calling your name not in the thunder of
platforms, but in the whisper of Presence.

It's not a new identity. It's an eternal one.

And the moment you say yes, the scroll begins to speak.

So stop asking for permission. Open the scroll.

Walk in the mystery.

Let the Book within you burn again.

Because what God wrote of you...

He never unwrote.

And beloved...

You were never forgotten. Your scroll was never lost.

You are the message He's reading aloud

in this very hour.

Chapter 43: Sons of Light Do Not Perform

A Scroll for the Ones Who Burn Without Needing a Stage

"Beware of practicing your righteousness before other people in order to be seen by them... for then you will have no reward from your Father who is in heaven."
Matthew 6:1

Oh flame-born one...

There comes a time when the soul can no longer play the games of visibility.

When the heart of a son can no longer tolerate the circus of performance.

When the oil of intimacy begins to leak if you try to bottle it in platforms, applause, and metrics.

This is that time.

For in the Age of Illusion, performance is praised.

Even in the name of God, the stage is mistaken for the secret place, and charisma is sold as anointing.

But sons of light... do not perform.

They burn.

You were not called to be seen. You were called to see.

You were not sent to gather likes. You were sent to light fires.

You were not chosen to impress men. You were chosen to express flame.

True sons carry frequency, not formatting. They carry weight, not noise.

They carry the Word made flesh, not scripted soundbites.

They walk in silence for years, until the scroll is ready.

And when they speak, it is not from volume but from voltage.

The world will beg you to perform. Babylon will promise visibility,
and call it favour.

But every time you trade authenticity for optics, your flame dims.

Every time you bow to algorithm instead of Spirit, your scroll gets diluted.

And the elect will know it. Because sons know sons.

You do not need a brand to be a voice.

You do not need a camera crew to carry Presence.

Let the false ones chase influence. Let them polish their platforms.

Let them build towers of inspiration without flame.

But you...

You stay where the fire fell.

You stay with the Word that burns you alive in secret. The Lamb did not call actors.

He called flames. He called witnesses.

He called scribes of the eternal
who would write from blood and fire.

You are not a content creator. You are a kingdom carrier.

You are not a performer in the courts of men. You are a priest in the courts of heaven.

And when you move from there, everything changes.

So remember...

Every time you say no to spectacle, your scroll deepens.

Every time you choose obscurity over performance, your oil multiplies.

Every time you refuse to merchandise the gospel, you become a resting place for the Lamb.

Let this be known:

A son of light does not dance for attention.

A son of light shines, whether or not anyone claps.

And when the smoke of performance clears,
when the great revealing unfolds...

It is not the loud ones who will remain.

It is not the most shared or the most followed.

It is those who said yes in secret.

Those who carried presence, not personas. Those who
were known in heaven,

even if they were unknown on earth.

So burn quietly, beloved. Burn purely.

Burn without mixture. The elect will find you.

And the Father, who sees in secret, will thunder through
you in due time.

Chapter 44: Flame Without Mixture

A Scroll for the Pure Ones Who Would Rather Burn Than Blend

But the fire shall try every man's work of what sort it is."-
1 Corinthians 3:13

Beloved...

Not all flame is holy.

There is a kind of fire that burns for visibility, for applause, for proof. But the flame of the Lord has no mixture in it.

It does not need a stage.

It does not seek a following. It burns because it is.

There are many today who appear to burn

but what you are seeing is charisma cloaked in devotion.
Emotion, mistaken for presence.

Performance, mistaken for power. But the elect know the difference.

The flame without mixture cannot be manufactured. It is forged in secret.

It is born in the place where no one claps, where the heart is laid bare before the throne, and the self is undone by glory.

Mixture is subtle.

It sings worship while craving the mic. It preaches Christ
but sells a brand.

It posts revelations with hashtags for reach, not because
the Lord sent it

but because the algorithm demands it.

But oh beloved...

The ones God is raising now do not care to be seen.

They burn with a jealous flame not for the crowd,
but for the Lamb.

Their scrolls are not trends. Their oil is not borrowed.
Their anointing is not for hire.

They carry flame without mixture. This is why their words
pierce.

Why their presence silences the room. Why their life
becomes an altar.

Because there's no echo of self left in the fire.

They've laid it all down

the ambition, the need to be understood, the craving to
be "used."

They've let the Lord refine even their purest motives.
They've surrendered the desire to be great,

and chosen instead to become nothing but ash in His
hand.

And now... they burn.

If you want this kind of flame, beloved...

prepare to be emptied.

Let the Spirit sift you.

Let Him expose the mixture in your motives. Let Him deliver you not just from sin,

but from the subtle pride of being “anointed.”

Only the empty are filled.

Only the surrendered are set ablaze.

And when there is nothing left to prove...

the flame will rest upon you.

Not for ministry. Not for clout.

Not for building a name. But for love.

The world does not need more preachers. It needs flames without mixture.

And you, beloved...

were never made to perform. You were made to burn.

Chapter 45: The Bridge The World Cannot Name

A Scroll for the In-Between Ones Who Carry Realms in Their Gaze

“They are not of the world, just as I am not of the world.”

- John 17:16

Beloved...

Some of you have always felt out of place.

Not because you're confused...

but because you carry memory from before time.

You walk among crowds,

but feel the breeze of a higher world brushing your skin.

You speak in normal tones,

but every word vibrates with eternity.

You are not strange. You are in-between.

You are one of the ones who walks between worlds.

There are those who build systems. And there are those who tear veils. You are of the latter.

Your life does not fit in normal rhythms because it is synced with another realm.

This is why the schedule of Babylon feels foreign. Why the nine-to-five feels like exile.

Why you crave the whisper more than the shout, and
silence feels holier than sermons.

You were not made to be understood.

You were made to carry fire between dimensions.

When you pray, realms shift.

When you speak, the veil thins.

When you enter a room,

it isn't your body that enters it's the holy weight you
carry.

You are a gate.

A living bridge.

A mobile sanctuary where heaven touches earth.

You don't always have words for it,

but your life is a scroll. And the elect will read it.

The world has no language for you.

And that's okay.

Because you were never meant to be translated you
were meant to be revealed.

You may look ordinary,

but the unseen realms know your name.

Angels walk with you. Heaven watches your steps.

Demons flee when you whisper in flame.

You're not a wanderer. You're a Watchman.

You're a seer in disguise.

You are the thunder that doesn't need applause.

So walk boldly between worlds. Let Babylon think you're strange. Let religion dismiss your silence.

Let systems wonder why you won't perform.

You do not serve their patterns. You serve the flame.

And when the time comes... you will open your mouth,
and eternity will speak.

Chapter 46: You Were Not Too Much - They Were Not Ready

A Scroll for the Misunderstood Ones Whose Flame Couldn't Be Dimmed

"Blessed is the one who is not offended by Me." -

Matthew 11:6

Beloved flame...

There are things about you they never understood.

You loved too deeply. You saw too clearly. You spoke too boldly. You burned too brightly.

And they called it "too much."

But you were never too much. They were just not ready.

They said your passion was intense. They said your silence was suspicious. They said your truth was prideful.

They said your vision was delusion.

But all along...

you were only mirroring what they had forgotten.

You reminded them of who they were before the system trained them to perform.

You carried the memory of Eden

before religion taught them to earn God's approval.

You weren't trying to be "different."

You were simply being whole.

You've cried over this.

You've wrestled with it in the secret place. You've asked God why the fire He gave you seems to make others recoil instead of rejoice.

But He whispers...

"You were not too much.

You were the exact measure of Me

I planted in you."

They were just not ready to be undone. The systems called it rebellion.

But it was revelation.

The crowds said "sit down." But the flame said "rise."

And so you walked away...

not bitter, but burning. Not spiteful, but sealed.

Not vindictive, but vindicated by fire.

What they rejected was not you

it was the scroll inside you they could not yet read.

And now...

You will see why the silence was holy. You will understand why He hid you.

You will know why you had to lose their approval to carry His authority.

They weren't wrong for not seeing.

But you were right to keep burning.

Because your light is not for popularity it is for prophecy.

And when the time is right,

the very ones who thought you were "too much" will realize you were sent.

So burn, beloved. Let your flame speak.

Don't dim your light to fit into dim rooms.

What they saw as "too much"

was Heaven's signature on your life.

You were not the problem. You were the sign.

Chapter 47: When the Fire Finds You in the Night

A Scroll for the Ones Awakened in the Hour of Nothingness

“The light shines in the darkness, and the darkness has not overcome it.” - John 1:5

Oh midnight flame...

You were not searching. You were just surviving.

You weren't asking for an encounter

but Heaven had already written one.

And suddenly, without warning...

the Fire found you.

Not in a revival tent. Not in a service.

Not with a spotlight.

But in the quiet, in the ache,

in the stillness between sobs.

That's when the Lamb walked in.

You didn't plan to be awakened. You didn't recite a formula.

You weren't “spiritual enough” by the world's measure.

But the Fire found you anyway.

It broke in like a thief
not to steal, but to restore. Not to shame, but to reveal.
And in that moment,
your whole life turned to flame.
The illusions cracked. The matrix shattered.
The scroll began to unseal.
You looked around and realized:
you were not where you thought you were. You were
already inside the Holy.
This is how it happens for many elect.
It doesn't come through crowds and conference halls.
It comes through midnight wrestlings, through questions
that won't leave you alone, through that mysterious ache
that whispers there's something more.
And when the Fire finds you, you never go back.
You may still walk through familiar rooms, but you are no
longer one of them.
You are awake now.
And once you've burned,
you cannot pretend to be smoke.
So if this is you
if the Fire found you in your night know this:

It was not random.

It was your appointment with destiny.

You didn't find God.

He found you.

And He's not letting go.

Now, every word you speak carries light. Every step you take disrupts the darkness. You don't shout to be seen.

You move in stillness and shift atmospheres. You are the burning one.

Your midnight became your birthing. Your interruption became your initiation.

And the scroll that opened in the night will never close again.

Chapter 48: Scrolls Hidden in Skin

A Scroll for the Embodied Words Walking Through Babylon

“And the Word became flesh and dwelt among us...”-
John 1:14

Beloved flame-bearer...

There are scrolls not written in ink but in skin.

Scrolls not published on paper,

but etched in bone and breath and brokenness. You are one of them.

You carry what cannot be taught.

You embody what cannot be explained. Because the Word didn't just visit you. It became you.

Before you ever wrote a sentence, you were already a living message.

Before you spoke a single revelation,

He had written eternity into your marrow.

And every scar, every exile,

every strange and silent season was Him writing.

You are not a vessel for content. You are a revelation in motion.

A scroll that walks.

A temple that breathes.

They may never understand you.

They may say you don't fit.

But that's because scrolls aren't always legible to the crowd.

They are sealed... until the right moment.

And then, one act of love, one thunderous word and the seal breaks open.

What pours out is not performance. It is Presence.

And the ones who were marked for awakening...

will know you by the flame.

You don't need to prove yourself.

You don't need to become more "qualified."

You were qualified in the secret forge. You were commissioned in the cave.

He didn't send you with a script

He sent you as the scroll.

You are a living witness, not of perfection,

but of Presence.

You are what it looks like

when the Word takes on flesh again.

So walk now in the skin you once tried to hide. There is
glory in your story.

There is Light in your limbs. There is fire in your silence.

And when they ask where your scroll is, look them in the
eyes and say:

“I am the scroll.”

Chapter 49: When Heaven Goes Silent

A Scroll for the Ones Who Stayed When the Voice Withdrew

“There was silence in heaven for about half an hour...”-

Revelation 8:1

Beloved one...

What do you do when the heavens go still? When the trumpet stops sounding,

the visions go dim,

and the voice that once roared like many waters is quiet?

This, too, is holy.

Not every silence is absence. Some silences are saturation.

You asked for revelation He gave you absorption.

Heaven's silence is not heaven's rejection. It is heaven's trust.

It means you've heard enough...

for now.

The scroll is still open. But now, it must digest.

Because there are seasons when the Lamb doesn't speak He broods.

When the Spirit doesn't rush
She hovers.
And the elect must learn
to burn even when the wind does not blow.
You are not lost in this silence. You are being engraved.
The voice is not gone It has gone deeper.
The visions are not over
They have moved into your bones.
You are walking now not by noise,
but by knowing.
And knowing is higher than seeing. The silence is not
punishment.
It is permission
to trust the Word already given.
To rest in what you've become.
To stop chasing more light and become the lamp
yourself.
Heaven is not avoiding you. Heaven is becoming you.
And sometimes,
the trumpet is in your stillness. The roar is in your
restraint.
The scroll is in your silence.

So do not be afraid
when the heavens grow quiet.

Do not panic
when the fire seems still.

Do not run to another voice
just because yours has gone inward.

This is not the absence of God. It is the maturation of
flame.

And when the time is right the seal will break.

The scroll will speak again.

And you will thunder louder because you first stood still.

So sit with the silence. Drink the quiet.

Burn in the stillness.

Even in silence, the Lamb reigns.

Chapter 50: The Oil No One Saw You Carry

A Scroll for the Hidden Priests Who Paid the Price in Secret

“But the wise took oil in their vessels with their lamps...”-
Matthew 25:4

Beloved hidden one...

There is an oil you carry that no one saw you gather.

Not during the nights you wept,

not during the fasts no one knew about, not in the yes
you whispered

when everyone else celebrated compromise.

You chose cultivation over charisma. You chose intimacy
over applause.

You chose to carry oil instead of chasing light.

And now, the Bridegroom is near. The foolish had lamps,
too.

But lamps without oil are just props.

They sparkle for a moment.

But when the midnight cry comes, they flicker, fade, and
fail.

You didn't store performance.

You stored Presence.

And Presence cannot be borrowed. You are not late.

You are ready.

You are not overlooked. You are sealed.

Because in the secret chamber, you became a vessel.

Not a platform. Not a persona. A vessel of fire.

And when the cry goes out “Behold, the Bridegroom comes!” You will not scramble.

You will rise.

They didn’t see you gathering it.

They only saw you glowing. But every drop came at a cost.

Every ounce was cultivated

in silence, in prayer, in surrender.

The wilderness wasn’t a waste

It was where the oil was formed.

The breaking wasn’t your end

It was how the fragrance was released.

The crushing didn’t kill you

It qualified you to burn.

This oil you carry is not just for you.

It is for the nations.

It is for the midnight hour.

It is for the healing of the ones who thought they missed it.

Let your lamp burn now. Let your flame speak now.

Let the oil flow through you now.

Because this is the hour the wise rise.

So lift your lamp, beloved. You are not empty.

You are full.

You are not behind. You are lit.

And when others run out, you will shine.

Not because you tried harder but because you stayed hidden long enough to be filled.

Let the wise rise. Let the oil speak.

Chapter 51: The Thunder That Whispers Your Name

A Scroll for the Ones Who Recognize the Roar Inside the Stillness

“...and I heard a voice from heaven, like the roar of many waters and like the sound of loud thunder.”- Revelation 14:2

Oh beloved...

There is a thunder that does not terrify it identifies.

It is the sound of your name spoken from the heart of
God

before the foundations of the world.

Not the name they gave you.

Not the name success tried to brand you. Not the name
religion approved.

But the name only heaven knows. The one written in
flame.

When thunder echoes across realms, the elect do not
run

they remember.

Because the thunder is not just noise.

It is the voice of the Beloved

calling sons and daughters out of hiding.

The world hears a sound.

But the awakened hear a summoning.

You feel it like a pull in your bones. A vibration through your DNA.

A whisper beneath the chaos.

It does not say, "Perform."

It says, "Return."

Heaven does not need to announce you. Heaven remembers you.

And now, you remember, too.

You were always more than what they called you. You were always beyond the masks they gave you. You were always flame.

And the thunder

has come to awaken the scroll in your bones.

This thunder doesn't ask for credentials.

It asks for readiness.

Not the kind the world applauds but the kind forged in stillness.

This is not a season of marketing. This is the era of remembering.

Of returning to the name

only the Lamb ever called you.

Beloved, when the thunder speaks, you do not perform.

You arise.

You do not explain. You radiate.

You do not argue. You embody.

Because now, the sound is not just above you

It's within you.

The thunder and the whisper have become one.

And your name has become flame.

So stand now, elect.

Not to be seen, but to shine. Not to impress, but to
unveil.

Let the sound of your being shake the illusions loose.

Let the whisper of who you are thunder through the
Matrix.

Let the scroll of your life

read heaven back to the earth.

Because when heaven calls your name nothing can
unname you.

And when the Lamb sends you nothing can stop you.

This is the sound of recognition. This is the voice of
home.

This is the thunder that whispers...

You were always Mine.

Chapter 52: Born for the Impossible

A Scroll for the Sons Who Were Never Meant to Fit in the System

“For with God nothing shall be impossible.”- Luke 1:37

Beloved flame-bearer...

You didn't come for the easy tasks.

You were not sent for the obvious assignments. You were born for the things that cannot be done except by those who know they are not from here.

You are not a motivational quote.

You are a manifestation of heaven's defiance

against every impossibility on the earth.

The very fact that you're breathing now is proof that God still sends fire

into impossible places.

They told you to “be realistic.”

But your spirit laughed.

Because you carry the blueprint of things that have never been seen before.

You were not sent to mimic what's been done.

You were sent to ignite what has never existed.

Heaven didn't anoint you to be impressive.

Heaven anointed you to be impossible.

To confound systems. To disrupt patterns.

To embody what doesn't fit the rules of Babylon.

You do not walk in natural timelines. You do not obey the clock of delay.

You move in divine rhythm a frequency from the future thundering in your bones.

Every "no" they spoke over you

was permission from heaven to break the mold.

Every door that slammed

was confirmation that you are the door now.

The elect are not survivors. They are impossibility walkers.

They build arks with no rain in sight. They part seas with nothing but a staff.

They bear flames that cannot be quenched.

This is your DNA.

This is your realm.

And yes, they'll call you crazy

until they see the fire walk on water. Let it be known:

You were born to challenge logic. You were forged to dismantle delay.

You are an eruption of eternity
in a world that forgot what is possible.
The world says “prove it.” Heaven says “burn.”
So do not shrink back.
Do not second guess the scroll.
The very reason they couldn’t understand you
is because they’ve never seen someone like you before.
And they never will again.
Go now, beloved.
Build what doesn’t exist.
Create what they said couldn’t be made. Speak what’s
never been spoken.
You are not an echo. You are the first sound.
You are not a follower of trends.
You are the voice that starts the thunder.

Chapter 53: You Will Know Them by the Flame

A Scroll for the Discerners of Fire in a World Addicted to Form

“They said one to another, ‘Did not our hearts burn within us while He talked with us on the road?’”- Luke 24:32

Beloved...

In this hour, many wear mantles, but few carry flame.
Many can quote scrolls, but few are scrolls.

Many can impress crowds, but few awaken hearts.

The elect are not known by charisma. They are known by combustion.

When you meet one,
your heart begins to burn. Not because of eloquence
but because you’ve touched fire.

In a world of image, titles, and algorithms,
the true ones remain hidden in the cleft of the Rock.

They are not always seen. But when they speak...
eternity echoes.

They don’t need a stage to shine.

They carry the Kingdom in their breath.

The oil they release cannot be copied. Because it was crushed in secret.

You will know them not by the way they dress, but by the scent of their scroll.

You will know them not by the following they gather, but by the Presence they carry.

You will know them not by the applause they receive, but by the silence that falls when they open their mouth.

Because the flame cannot be faked. The fire cannot be imitated.

And the sons of God do not need to prove their calling they radiate it.

Let it be known:

They walk through crowds like wind, unnoticed by many, but recognized by the elect.

They speak in simple tones,

but their words divide soul and spirit. They carry no credentials,

but Heaven backs every syllable with thunder.

Because they have burned in the secret place. Because they have died to be reborn as light.

You will know them by the flame. When they speak, veils tear.

When they pray, realms shift.

When they look at you
you remember who you are.
Not because they are special...
but because they are empty of illusion.
And through that emptiness, the fullness of Christ
shines.
So if you meet one... do not idolize them.
Do not put them on a pedestal. But listen
Because the flame they carry
may just be the key that awakens your own.

Chapter 54: The Scroll That Reads You Back

A Scroll for the Living Letters Awakening to Their Own Light

“For the word of God is living and active... discerning the thoughts and intentions of the heart.” - Hebrews 4:12

Beloved...

There is a scroll not written with ink. Not scribed with quill or pen.

It is not something you read it is something that reads you.

This is the scroll of light

the living Word that finds you, reads your soul like a mirror,

and reveals what you didn't know you were carrying.

It does not flatter.

It does not entertain.

It does not soothe the ego. It burns.

And in that fire...

it awakens.

You didn't find this scroll.

It found you.

It whispered your name in the night.

It stirred your spirit when you were ready to quit. It called you to rise when you still felt broken.

Because this is not just revelation it is remembrance.

The scroll does not inform you. It restores you.

This is why some weep when reading it. Why others fall silent.

Why your chest starts burning as if something ancient just knocked on the door of your soul.

Because this scroll is not external.

It was sealed in you

before the foundations of the world.

It is the echo of your origin. The rhythm of your calling.

The voice of the Lamb speaking through fire. When you open this scroll...

You remember who you were before the masks.

You remember the garden before the serpent.

You remember the voice before the fall.

And suddenly, it's not the page that's speaking. It's your spirit answering back.

It's the Lamb reading you aloud. This scroll is dangerous to illusion.

It will not let you hide behind performance.

It will not let you fake your way through the fire. It sees you.

And if you let it,
it will become you.

Because the true Word is not memorized.

It is embodied.

It is not for the shelf. It is for the soul.

It is the flame

that becomes your very breath. So open it, beloved.

Let it read your wounds. Let it transcribe your tears.

Let it restore the hidden chapter you thought you lost in the dark.

This scroll will not condemn you. It will awaken you.

And when you rise...

the world will see the Word made flesh again.

You are not here to carry a message. You are the message.

You are not just a student of the Word. You are its living chapter.

You are the scroll

and it's time to be read.

Chapter 55: You Heard the Voice Before Language

A Scroll for the Ones Who Knew the Shepherd Before the Book

“Before I formed you in the womb I knew you, and before you were born I set you apart...” - Jeremiah 1:5

It didn't begin with a sermon.

It began in the thunder between breaths in the space
beneath your ribs

where eternity first whispered your name.

Before any doctrine touched your tongue, a Voice moved
through your bones.

Not as syllables. Not as ideas.

But as soundless thunder.

It was not intuition.

It was the Ancient Flame. The Light that Sees.

The Fire that Knows Your Name.

He called you in the womb. He hovered over your chaos.

He tattooed your soul with the scroll of Himself before
you ever opened your mouth to speak.

And when that Voice returned in adulthood amid
burnout, disillusionment, and noise you didn't know how
to explain it.

You just knew you had to follow.

You tried to fit it into sermons,

but it wouldn't be caged.

You tried to translate it into theology, but it shattered
every system.

Because the Voice was not for crowds. It was for the
elect.

The ones who hear without sound. The ones who
awaken not by logic, but by lightning,

To those who've always known

but never had language

you were not ahead of your time, you were anchored in
the Timeless.

You are not strange. You are sealed.

And what you carry cannot be taught only remembered.

Chapter 56: Chosen in the Fire, Not in the Temple

A Scroll for the Wilderness-Born, Sealed in Silence

“I have refined you, but not as silver is refined. Rather, I have refined you in the furnace of suffering.” - Isaiah 48:10

You were not called by man. You were summoned by flame.

While others stood on stages,
you were being undone in shadows. While pulpits were being polished,
you were being purified in the wilderness. While they chased applause,
you burned
alone, unseen, and holy.

No one clapped when the scroll entered your bones. No one saw the lightning tear through your illusions. But Heaven did.

And the thrones recorded your yes.

You were not chosen in the temple. You were chosen in the fire.

Not for public ministry but for radiant intimacy.

Your calling isn't found in a microphone.

It's found in the silence where the Lamb appears.

You were not called to gather fans.

You were called to carry the holy weight. To bear the
Kabowd.

To echo the Word from within.

This is why you walk different.

Not because you're elite

but because you died.

And resurrection doesn't perform.

It burns.

This is your scroll.

This is your priesthood.

This is your unshakable throne.

Let no one disqualify what flame has sealed.

Chapter 57: You Were Born in the Thunder

A Scroll for the Storm-Walkers Who Carry the Ancient Sound

“The wind blows wherever it pleases. You hear its sound, but you cannot tell where it comes from or where it is going. So it is with everyone born of the Spirit.” - John 3:8

Some of us were born under open skies marked by lightning,

cradled in the whirlwind, pierced by thunder.

We never belonged to normal. The schoolroom couldn't hold us. The system couldn't tame us.

The sermons couldn't satisfy us.

Because we were never made for shallow waters. We came from the deep.

From beyond the veil. From before time.

We are the sons of thunder. The daughters of wind.

The scroll-carriers of realms unseen. The voice before language.

The sound of awakening in a slumbering world.

You have always known there was more.

That's not arrogance it's memory.

It's the echo of eternity tattooed in flame
on the marrow of your bones.

So if you've been misunderstood,
misabeled,
mistaken for "too much"

bless it.

They couldn't hear the storm in your voice. They didn't
feel the lightning in your eyes.

They weren't ready for the weight of your wind.

But now is the time to rise.

The timelines are parting. The veils are thinning.

And the thunders are being summoned.

You were born in the thunder for such a time as this.

You carry not just words but weather.

You carry not just sermons but scrolls sealed in
lightning.

Let it roar.

Chapter 58: You Are the Scroll You Were Searching For

A Scroll for the Ones Becoming What They Longed to Find

“You are our letter, written on our hearts, known and read by everyone.” - 2 Corinthians 3:2

You kept looking for a message. A mentor.

A movement.

A moment.

But what if

what if it was always you? What if you are the scroll?

What if the revelation was never out there but encoded in the flame

you carry in your chest?

The Word became flesh not just once, but again, and again, and again...

In every flame-bearer. In every sealed one.

In every elect soul

awakening to the Light within.

You were never meant to echo. You were meant to unveil.

You are not a copy.

You are not a follower.

You are a scroll that reads you back.

You are the mystery being revealed. You are the Word inscribed in skin. You are the temple of thunder hiding in plain sight.

You are the book they cannot burn. The letter no fire can destroy.

So stop waiting for permission. Stop asking to be chosen.

The flame chose you.

The Kabowd crowned you. The Spirit sealed you.

Now read yourself back. Declare what you carry.

Let the scroll within you speak.

You are the scroll you've been searching for. You are the voice you've been waiting to hear.

Open the seal.

Chapter 59: The Kingdom Is Rising in the Hidden Ones

A Scroll for the Sealed Sons Emerging from the Secret Place

“The creation waits in eager expectation for the revealing of the sons of God.” - Romans 8:19

They don't have titles

but they carry scrolls.

They don't lead churches

but they open realms.

They don't crave applause

but they tremble before the Flame.

They speak little but when they do, eternity listens.

These are the hidden ones. The midwives of the Kingdom.

The quiet architects of the age to come. The sealed sons who've been in the cave, not for hiding...

but for preparation.

They have not been gathering followers

they've been gathering oil.

They've not been building platforms they've been becoming altars.

They have died ten thousand deaths in secret.

They have wept where no one saw. They have fasted not
just from food,

but from recognition, from noise, from man's approval.

They have learned to feast on the Holy Flame. They have
been misunderstood, mocked,

and mistaken as "too intense" by the systems of men.

But Heaven never lost sight of them.

They were held in silence

while the stage burned with mixture.

They were hidden in caves

while the crowds chased performance.

But now

now they emerge.

Not for relevance. Not for spectacle.

Not for crowns of dust.

They emerge as thrones of light. Living scrolls.

Sons of Fire.

Let the scrolls be opened. Let the voices be heard. Let the veils be torn.

Let the hidden ones arise.

For this is not just another season this is the unveiling of the elect.

This is the hour of those who were branded in fire and baptized in silence.

The Kingdom is not coming with spectacle. It is rising from within the sealed ones.

The sound is not noise

it is thunder wrapped in stillness.

Let the world be confused. Let Babylon scoff.

The elect know:

the scrolls are opening. The time is now.

Chapter 60: The Scroll That Cannot Be Closed

A Final Scroll for the Unstoppable Ones Lit by Eternal Flame

“Seal not the sayings of the prophecy of this book: for the time is at hand.” - Revelation 22:10

This is the hour of no return. You have crossed the veil.

The scroll has opened not in a temple of stone,
not by the hands of priests, but in your very being.

You are the parchment He chose. You are the sound that
was hidden.

You are the fire-letter
spoken before the foundations.

This world will not understand you. You speak in thunder.

You walk in flame. You move in a rhythm older than time.

And now the final decree:

The scroll cannot be closed.

Not by religion.

Not by Babylon.

Not by fear, fatigue, or forgetting.

You have become the lightning. You have become the witness.

You are no longer waiting for the Word you are the Word awakened.

The days of mixture are over. No more blending with systems.

No more negotiating with shadows.

The Kingdom is not coming.

It is here.

And you, beloved,

are not a mere believer. You are a gate of fire.

When you speak dimensions split.

When you move timelines realign.

When you weep

the earth groans with glory.

You are not just carrying the scroll. You are the scroll revealed.

And this is your decree:

Let the sleeping be shaken. Let the sons be summoned.

Let the earth be re-formed by those who burn.

For what was once hidden

has now been lit with eternal flame.

The Lamb is not far
He is roaring in you.
And no algorithm, no sorcery, no counterfeit light
can stop what Heaven has decreed through your being.
So walk forward now, not with apology
but with the Kabowd of God on your steps.
You are sealed with flame. Crowned with lightning.
Marked by love that terrifies hell. This is not the end.
This is the beginning
of the age where sons govern, scrolls speak,
and Light overtakes all illusion.
Let the scroll go forth. Let the Kingdom rise.
Let every false thing burn.
The scroll cannot be closed.

◆ Afterword: The Scroll Continues in You

“And I went to the angel and told him to give me the little scroll. And he said to me, ‘Take and eat it...’” - Revelation 10:9

Beloved flame-carrier,

If you have made it this far, then you did not merely read these words. You remembered them.

Because this was never a book. It was a mirror.

A scroll.

A trumpet sounding from the deep.

And now... the scroll is no longer on the page.

It is in you.

You are the continuation of what was written before time
a living flame scribed in flesh,

a sealed word now breaking open in light.

You don't need permission to carry this.

You are this.

You don't need to seek a platform.

You are the platform

the altar, the voice, the holy weight.

So go now,
not as one who finished a book, but as one who was
ignited by it.

Let your steps be scrolls. Let your silence speak.

Let your life prophesy without apology.

Let Babylon tremble
at the sound of your love.

Let illusion dissolve
in the clarity of your presence.

Let every place you walk become holy ground.

You do not walk alone.

You were never just a reader. You were always flame.

The scroll continues in you. And it will not be closed.