

Questions I Dread

October 22, 2013 at 5:04pm

Public

Q: "Hi; How Are You?"

A: thoughts (how can I answer this honestly; truthfully?); actions (look away; look away! can't let them see a grown man tear up); more thoughts(I'll make them feel uncomfortable; if I answer truthfully in this moment; so I need to answer truthfully by faith disclosed to me about my future) because if I answered truthfully in the moment; the discourse would be something like, "I am in every waking moment for many years now in excruciating to totally unbearable pain; so great that I cannot sleep until overcome by extreme fatigue and so immediately present upon waking that I try my hardest to resume sleep every day. Pain so intense that if at any time during the past years of daily agony I had been hooked up to a lethal dose of self injectable morphine; we wouldn't be having this brief conversation. Pain so great; that even coming from one who has seen the Risen Christ and cherishes the gift of life; he daily begs our Creator to have mercy on his soul and let the stripes of Christ; suffered for the healing of the nations; be sufficient to heal his own soul or let me go Home! ... Truth be told it is a pure miracle I am standing here before you today after having prayed all month for the strength to make it to the store to get my groceries or to the bank to pay for them or to the post office to get my mail; (because that's about the only place anyone would have seen me this past decade or so; because to the best of my knowledge no one has ever lived this long after what was done to me); ... thoughts (really can't say that; people have no means to relate to what's been done to me; because virtually anyone and everyone that has had such a thing done to them are DEAD!)"

Visions blur in my mind of events, past, present and future as I turn my head to look away too embarrassed that try as I might I cannot hide my anguish and I force myself to look into the far distant future; when all this evil is long past; when even hell and the evil in them are no more; having all been cast into the Lake of Fire; such that there is no one doing wickedly among the living ever again; and I see the glorious ones, shining, completely transformed into these invincible immortals; their faces shone of molten precious metals and gems; all gleaming in innumerable sparkling scintillations; as the pure energy of their composition all moved about within and upon their visage; radiantly smiling from ear to ear in Pure Joy... it is then and only when I can call it to mind in that moment; as I glance away, that I am able to muster the energy to say...

"Fine, just fine; and you?"

Q: "... and Your Family and Friends?"

A: actions (look far away, anywhere but in their eyes; because it is impossible for me to keep from weeping) thoughts (they are only being polite; they mean no offense whatsoever; most just ask these questions by rote; they in no wise want an honest answer as everyone has troubles all their own. Nevertheless, I am an honest person; how can I answer this? visions of past, present and future all blur in my mind's eye... so I see myself as a toddler on the concrete porch of a small home one sunny day that seems so very, very long ago; in the arms of woman who was feeding me green candy with white stripes that tasted like anise/licorice. I see a car pull up on the street and a rather stern woman getting out and walking up our sidewalk to our porch briskly. Suddenly, the woman holding me; hugs me tightly as if she would never let me go and whispers in my ear, "Remember, I Love you; I'll Always Love you..." as the stern woman wrenches me from her arms; the woman who had been holding me starts weeping out loud uncontrollably. Pulled away from kind, loving, protective arms; I reach back to her and see her crying, hang her head and rush into the front door of the house. The woman now holding me lies and tells me, "don't worry, we're just going for a little trip; we'll be back soon..." as she straps me into the back seat of her car. I was told many years later that my biological mother died in a mental ward (supposedly suicide). and so I go on thinking in this instant of this question and all faster than a millisecond... what would one expect if a mother had her children whom she truly loved torn away from her? but what I really think is that IF she died in a mental hospital; she was probably murdered. By that I mean psyche wards are infamous worldwide for their tortures on humanity; that even ones who think they are doing mankind a service are so deprived they have performed lobotomies against their patients wishes, electro-shock, they experiment on their patients in so many ways to this very day (all in the name of "science" which is just a cover word in their case for sadistic, demented, depraved curiosity as they poke and prod another human being; even ones they cut the skull cap off of while strapped into chairs and start poking and prodding their brains literally), they practice sensory deprivation and many other tortures on their victims/patients to this very day and is where and how human tortures are actually developed. <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=II96QkZaz1E>

Prison dungeons are far preferable to mental wards; even modern ones. The modern practice now mainly is to do all the above in secret and worse but mostly they use chemicals (drugs) that are so toxic they cause permanent brain and organ damage (premature death) and their victims/patients often find their torturous ways and hellish experiments and death drugs so terrible that they commit "suicide"... I know it's MURDER! (just do a little research into how many commit "suicide" after they take these brain damaging substances called psychotropics these days; developed and brought to you by psychopaths calling themselves psychologists and psychiatrists from their CIA(satanic NWO) funded human experimentation done across this nation and all over the world in the dark places of mental wards and "state" hospitals that the media never shines a light on. (so in my thoughts I go on thinking...) "family?" "family!" I was torn from my own mother's arms; who subsequently, was so tortured in soul that she ended up murdered by psycho quacks! (supposedly) If she who gave birth to me really died in a mental hospital, then I have no earthly father. NO ONE; who loves their spouse or family member would ever hand that person over to a secular head shrink! NO ONE!; besides I have absolutely no memory of such a person; who should have been there if he knew his own son was being taken away that he'd never see again. But like I said; whether or not he married or was divorced; for a man to mate with a woman and leave that woman in a mental ward; is no man I can associate with. ... but my thoughts in the moment continue... not long after that my biological brother and I as toddlers were in another home far away from that little home with the small concrete porch and stairs; in the mountains with lots of conifer trees everywhere. We were bouncing a ball on a concrete apron with each other; the ball bounced off the apron; into the forest and I ran to chase it. When I came back a bucket of cold water slammed over my head and knocked me down "I told you not to step in the mud!" and some other memories quickly rush past of my three year old experiences of being picked up by my hair and flung into scalding water that burned me all over so that I could not bear even wearing clothes for awhile; of learning to climb trees like a little bear cub and staying in them as long as I could; of being thrown into huge ant piles and held down till I was covered with bites all over my body; and of other things I don't wish to mention... all to come to the moment of once again "taking a little trip" to never see my biological brother again until a miracle happened 25 years

following that by much prayer. "family?; family? what's a family?"; I feel like asking in such moments of reflection; and my thoughts go on... "family" hmmm I was adopted by a well meaning couple; probably some of the most stand up individuals I've ever known; as people go... by and large. But when you compare that the other people I've known have been psychopaths and murderers; I'm not quite sure if I have a real understanding; experientially in this life of what that means. After all, they fed me, they clothed me, and housed me for almost 10 years; never mind that they spent those ten years telling me I had so much potential; but was so messed up that they made sure that I understood they thought something was so very wrong with me that they forced me to go see head shrinks who predictably would look at their watches while calculating how much money they made while ignoring their patients. And even though I told my so called adopted parents as much; that these people did not care about anything but all the money they were making and to please stop sending me to them; they insisted. They never did get specific about what they thought was "wrong" with me; none of them ever did. I was a straight A student; I loved learning; I was artistically inclined; but they made every effort to tell me throughout the time I spent with them (about a decade) that *something* was "wrong" with me. Is that a "family"?

So; of course, to this day; even though I am telling the absolute truth (www.blastthetrumpet.org); that particular "family" just goes on thinking as they ever have. ... so my thoughts continue in that moment; when someone is inquiring of my friends and family; trying my best to honestly come up with a reply... "family?" in the natural and conventional meaning of the word, I; along with billions on earth this day, don't really have one. ... and in that instant that I struggle even harder not to openly weep; I also think "friends?; what's a 'friend'?"; wondering just what that word means to them as I search my entire life to see the faces of any I would identify as a friend. I think about the people I met before I came to know the Lord; ones that claimed to be my "friends" that stole from me to sell things I had earned to support their drug habits; or who broke into my home and cleaned out my refrigerator because they spent all their money on drugs and were hungry. I think of most any and everyone I knew during those days who ever called themselves my "friend" which usually and almost immediately was followed by a solicitation for money or something I had that they wanted. During those years any time someone called themselves a "friend" of mine I actually unconsciously found my hand covering my wallet and looking around to see what was missing in my living space. In fact, virtually everyone I could think of lifelong that tried to be friendly; was only doing so because they wanted something from me or of my possessions; heck, even my so called "wife" was content to watch me work days straight round the clock without any sleep as she pocketed all the money and bought whatever she wanted; even when I was making six figure annual incomes I never saw a check; and yet; despite all that, she was STILL SO greedy; she did her best to murder me for the life insurance and to have our estate all to herself. ...and so the visions in my mind's eye continue to race as a blur for speed in the moment as I see the ones who I think of as my True Family and Friends; these I see not by my imagination but by Divine Revelation; meaning that even as GOD was/is there with each and every soul; He allowed me to experience their personal anguish and suffering in the moments of their purification; in the deaths of their fallen mortal flesh. I know this is difficult for anyone to believe; but it is true. My Spirit with the Father throughout Eternity there with each and every one of my Friends and Family. And in such a way that I experienced exactly what they each went through. When people ask me this question many hundreds; sometimes I pause a bit longer; as I recall many thousands that I experienced being tortured to death and murdered for their testimony of Christ our LORD before Heaven and Earth. I see them, I hear them, I feel them, I experience them, past; present; and future; murdered; often in such horrible ways as to defy credulity; all because they LOVE GOD; our Creator and everyone else enough to make sure they testified of the TRUTH and sealed it in their own blood; for us all. In a flash, I recall that the Holy of Holies was not only crucified; but that ALL these Great Souls; suffered more than most can even imagine and died so that I (and all of us) could know the Truth; could KNOW our Creator; now and forever. And yet, ironically, I live to see and hear incredibly ungrateful souls blaspheme the LORD of GLORY and ALL those who suffered tortures and death FOR THEM; to SAVE THEM from the dark, destructive ignorance and wickedness within and all around them presently; AND from the everlasting flames of damnation! I hear them sneeringly deride, mock and blaspheme our **HEAVENLY FATHER, THE LORD OUR GOD; OUR CREATOR AND ALL MY EVERLASTING FRIENDS AND FAMILY** and then wonder at the Heavenly Anger coming upon them all now in the form of Divine Judgment and Wrath for their insolence and chosen wickedness to yet do even more harm before our Heavenly Father; to His Messengers and His Children; begotten through the Gospel of our LORD and SAVIOR, YAHOSHUAH THE MESSIAH, aka JESUS THE CHRIST. Foolishly; they go on hating, assaulting and murdering in thoughts, words and deeds those who in the past and even presently have laid down, sacrificing their own lives daily to plead with them to REPENT AND CALL UPON YAHOSHUAH (aka JESUS); before it's too late. Rivers of Tears have flooded my soul in isolation for years over their suffering and "deaths". I see, hear; feel them even now being persecuted and murdered all over the world. Inquisitions past, present, future of hellish proportions. Horrors so terrible; it is imprudent to even mention what was done to some of them; lest the wicked at present; immediate future; think what wonderful things to do.

"Friends?" you ask; "Family?"... the words echoing in the distance of my nightmarish visions and experiences; streaming agonies of bloodshed; one after another; all in that brief instant; within and before me; as the words fade off your lips; into my hearing; into the vast reaches of time and space of what those mere casually uttered words connote to me; and in such moments I have to muster all that I possibly can; in the knowledge that the one inquiring is only doing so by rote as an everyday polite and common greeting; because a very large part of me is screaming so loud the immense expanse of the Universe can hear me spiritually shouting; in great anguish that words cannot remotely; adequately express;

"THEY'VE ALL BEEN MURDERED!!!!!!!!!"

In His Great Mercy, He did not just allow me to experience the sufferings and deaths of my Everlasting Friends and Family; He showed me each of them; One by One; Honored and Glorified; by the King of Kings and LORD of Lords; as each and every single faithful soul was embraced by Him and in the Process Transformed into a Being that is so Ineffably Wonderful; again words completely fail to describe. And we each had the Privilege and Great Honor also of embracing one another; truly one of the Greatest Joys of our Entrance into Eternity. I experienced their sufferings and "deaths" and as terrible and as hellish as many of them were; they were still as nothing compared to the JOYS and GLORYS they have in Eternity!!!!!! If not for His Grace that showed me these wonders that await **my Friends and Family**; there would be no way I could quietly, choke out the words through such deep, powerful, overwhelming emotions,

"They're fine; just fine."

<http://www.ccel.org/bible/phillips/CN500APOSTLES%20FATE.htm>

<http://www.homecomers.org/mirror/>
http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/List_of_Christian_martyrs

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Now perhaps you understand just a little bit better why I am sounding the Trumpet with all my heart, with all my mind, with all my soul and with all my strength. And why it is NOT a blast of retreat; but a call to Arms; To War!!!!!!! <https://www.facebook.com/notes/michael-swenson/there-is-no-pre-tribulation-rapture-prepare-for-war/533858466693117>

www.blastthetrumpet.org

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<https://www.facebook.com/notes/michael-swenson/police-state-prison-big-business-modern-slavery-by-design/619672408111722>

Telling the Truth in a world of lies; <http://biblehub.com/revelation/12-11.htm>.

My own testimony of YAHOSHUAH THE MESSIAH, aka JESUS THE CHRIST: <http://www.godempowersyou.com/documentation/HistoricalTestimonyandMinistry/888WeOvercameByTheBLOODoftheLAMBHowICametoKNOWGODWordofmyTestimony.pdf>

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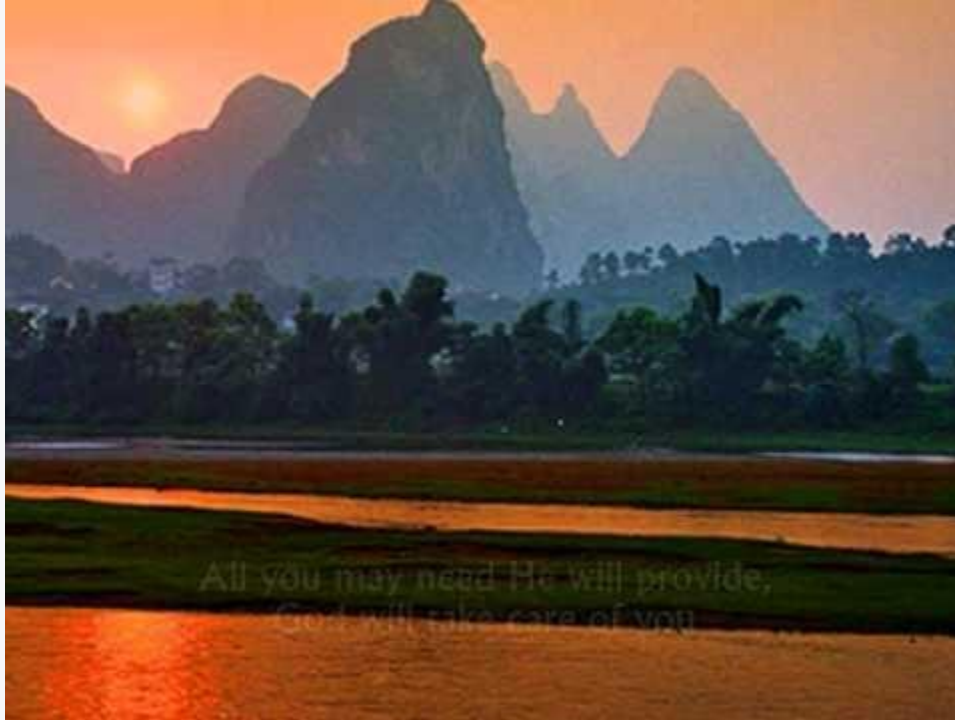
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