

# Anecdotes by Papi

## 1988

Accruements of memorable events all taking place within a single and certain calendric span, given enough time, instinctively creep into the pondering consciousness of all who are given to ruminative activity. Thus, that span inevitably becomes a year to remember!

In 1961 someone wrote in the lyrics of his song “when I was seventeen it was a very good year” – and so on. Of course the song was entitled “*It Was a Very Good Year*” and was eventually recorded by numerous artists. Perhaps 1961 for Ervin Drake was a year to remember. For me personally I was in the seventh grade and experienced my first, and to this date, most unforgettable and remarkable, phenomenal episode of “*déjà vu*.” On the flip side of 1961 we can imagine that for many that particular year to have been “THE” very WORST year “EVER.”

At any rate, calendars serve all things in creation equally by allowing the record of all that transpires – seen or unseen - to be set foremost in an indisputable and well defined slot. Good days and bad days, good years and bad years; each a pivotal point to all who ruminate in considering “this to that.” Ah ... but once again I must curtail my digression and fast forward to 1988.

It was twenty two years ago which made me forty at the time and my youngest offspring was eight according to her recent reminder. I had been in the quote/unquote “ministry” fourteen years, and it was to be that just a mere seven years more and I would quit trying to play the game according to the gamut of recognized manmade rules that were no more than hindrances on all sides.

**O**rganizations, ordinations, ostracizes, governmental regulations of where, when and how, all with their hierarchal pecking order, NEVER interested me. Worse yet the pretense, of “so-called” Christians (especially among the clergy), was deplorably hypocritical to say the least. Oh, without doubt prosperity preachers were doing as they continue doing today; and ignorant, unlearned folks were content as they are today to follow ignorant, unlearned leaders, be they Catholic or be they Protestant. The professing WORD preachers were all caught up individually in the ego of their own self proclaimed portion that they thought they alone understood. Not knowing that the multifaceted and multi-tiered examination of every jot and every tittle as it relates to things holy is by structured, honorable and disciplined engagement, they set their mentality of “*us four and no more*” to the tune of partial understanding and successfully bundled a few more tares of like-mindedness’ fit for the flames. The prophets of the groves for exacting centuries have managed to survive by creating ANOTHER denomination.

**T**here exists an esoteric knowledge that honors the essence of truth from the standpoint of not denying any (truth that it) that was initiated long before any truth was actually set to letter on a page.

[2 Corinthians 3:6](#) for the letter kills, but the spirit gives life.

**T**he requirement of knowing this stated here in [Hebrews 5:4](#), and no man takes this honor unto himself, but he that is called of God, must be understood before one can advance to a place of becoming a teacher or instructor of righteousness as it relates to things holy.

[Hebrews 5:12](#) For when for the time ye ought to be teachers, ye have need that one teach you again which *be* the first principles of the oracles of God; and are become such as have need of milk, and not of strong meat.

**T**he problem in 1988 and in 1995 and in 2010 is that people just DO NOT WANT TO LEARN; instead they presumptuously assume to already know!

**C**redit me with understanding that the few and far between do exist. This is understood by the occult statement of Solomon concerning one in a thousand. It is Elohim – God – that prepares a man for battle or debate. The creativeness of systematic discovery is inherently preserved in the creature of creation called

Adam. Amid scientific avenues the mysterious phenomenal display of dominant and recessive genes is acknowledged as an incontrovertible truth.

[1 Corinthians 12:29-30](#) Are all apostles? Are all prophets? Are all teachers? Are all workers of miracles? Have all the gifts of healing? Do all speak with tongues? Do all interpret?

**T**hese seven questions are obviously rhetorical statements; however, they are all posed to garner the one and same answer. NO!

**S**o then, when – from the created point of origin - the recessive characteristic resolve of a divinely called man of God suddenly or gradually begins to assert its hidden generative force to the role of dominance - there stirs a commotion through men and community of sometimes unprecedented observation. We of course see this happening to Joseph in relationship to his brothers and with Moses regarding his authoritative position in the camp of the Israelites. By way of reiteration; it is God that prepares the “royal priesthood.” In revealing himself as YHVH the collective understanding, of who he is as ONE, advances through one unto all who have ears to hear the one. Moses, Jesus, Mohamed, were all advanced to the forefront as one, and so we see the teaching of YHVH is a bit different than the teaching of Elohim, nevertheless both are required to advance the heart, mind, soul, and eventual body of the teacher that he may first – learn.

[Matthew 22:14](#) teaches: For many are called, but few *are* chosen.

**1988** was a pivotal point in helping me to make my calling and election sure. There have been many pivotal swings in my journey and I know well that I am not alone; each has proven to have been a door of opportunity allowing a more profound initiation to lead me to a place of approval – having studied.

**S**ince self promotion and playing church games never interested me I could never make ends meet in my so-called twenty-one year ministry traveling as an apostle, prophet, evangelist, pastor and teacher, and subsequently worked even as Apostle Paul was forced to work. Remember beloved, he was a tent maker, and because of that commotional stir referenced above, his tenure (as each of the five directly above) was denied by men and community and he was forced to work. So yes, my tenure in the five delineated offices was just as Paul’s and what I taught I neither received of man – nor was I taught of man. I did however work all but three and one half of those 21 years mentioned.

**I**t was during a time of work in 1988 that I sliced a great portion of the thumb on my left hand off with a table saw; somewhat memorable if you think about it. The recovery was quite the ordeal as well. This is a part of what it took to force me to be still and know God. I began having numerous, vivid and unusual spiritual experiences, and not all of them were immediately comprehended. In fact, one incident in particular would take another 18 years for me to understand.

**N**ot that I consider myself to be a slow learner, and I may well be just that, but it did take me 36 years of contemplation to actually understand why I was sentenced to prison in 1968. However revelatory the intriguing significances of each of the various numbers referenced within this treatise are, this compilation will not address that faction. To those of you who understand the ongoing correlation of gematria no explanation is needed.

**T**hat particular event mentioned was when I was awakened by *Adon Adonai Tseva'ot*/ The Lord God of Hosts with my left hand ablaze with crimson fire. An ancient, symbolic alphabet was being burned into my memory via the flames on my hand line by line. The procedure was neither fast, nor was it slow, it was methodically pure in its delivery and painfully received. The time it takes to inscribe 22 letters is well etched in my psyche. I awaken my wife as I was sure she could see the flames just as I was seeing them; she did not - but sat with me until the ordeal was complete. The origin of ALL languages coming out of the Tower of Babel episode was seeded from that which was magically written upon my hand.

**I**t wasn't long after, that The Lord of Hosts sent an angel to take me to the most foreboding place imaginable. It was an unearthly realm where darkness prevailed and fathomless heights and depths, and lengths and breadths displayed their endless epitome. The angel perched my soul and body amid the chaos high and lifted up and the essence of my very existence was so insignificantly degraded less than finite coming face to face with in-finite. I knew this was the deep – where deep calls to deep – the abyss over which *Ruach Hakodesh*/ The Holy Spirit moved, brooding as a hen does her chicks. The place that produced light, the place where all things as into the sea they run to return to their origin symbolized; and as I was there to receive the beginning of wisdom I was paralyzed with fear. I cried out “God get me out of here!” I was immediately returned to the upper room from whence my journey began. And so the wisdom that now today systematically re-develops through my understanding is earned by the fear instilled in my being twenty-two years ago – 1988!

After this – that is in 1988 – I was taken by vision and dream into seven distinct regions of supernal display as it relates to the law of the single higher power filtering down through and controlling the lower zones of compulsory abode. Each of the seven was revealed at different times and different dates. There is an indicative aspect to these levels of cognitive and experiential entrapments that may be observed by that fact; they are shown to be peculiarly and seemingly independent but at the same time even more so uniquely interdependent, and they are uniquely inescapable to the unlearned.

My emphatic teaching “of the knowledge of all things coming out of the darkness” has been steadfast for thirty-seven years. No man taught my ego to take up such a cause and no man can sway the seemingly recessive nature that now arises to claim portion in first and last and last and first. Those that struggle to overcome and lay the claim do so in the fourth zone.

Finally nearing the end of the year - poem #58 was assembled to relate an overview of those seven. It is entitled “**There ... in darkness, Awaken ‘O sleeper ... for dreams ... are still dreams.**” To you who are interested the poem may be read online @ [bypapi.com/poetry/58](http://bypapi.com/poetry/58).

To all who are privy to my recent dream and explanation of October 3<sup>rd</sup>, 2010 I conclude with the cursor flashing.

Papi  
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