

THE JOURNEY

Contents

Contents	1
Part one (07/03/10).....	2
Part Two (12/03/10)	3
Part Three (14/03/10).....	4
Part Four (19/03/10).....	4
Part Five (21/03/10)	6
Part six (24/03/10).....	7
Part seven (28/03/10)	9
Part Eight (02/04/10).....	11
Part Nine (04/04/10).....	12
Part Ten (09/04/10)	13
18/04/10 (MMC).....	14
Part Eleven (11/04/10)	14
Part Twelve (25/04/10).....	16
Part thirteen (30/04/10)	17
Part Fourteen (09/05/10)	18
Part Fifteen (21/05/10).....	19
Part sixteen (04/06/10)	20
Part Seventeen (10/06/06).....	20
Part Eighteen (10/07/23)	21
Part Nineteen (10/07/25).....	22
Part Twenty (10/08/01)	25

Part one (07/03/10)

We were sitting in the lounge during a service. A group of servants dressed in white came in with some armour, shields and weapons. Each one of us had a servant that gave our respective equipment to us.

We took our equipment and got dressed. The armour fitted over our clothes without any adjustments needed. We did not need any help, the servants were merely holding everything for us and handing over whatever was needed next. We were barefoot and our boots just slipped on.

Everything was done without a word being said.

After getting dressed, we went outside. The yard had turned into a big courtyard with a lot of servants walking everywhere. I could see stables and a big blacksmith's workshop with at least three blacksmiths working in there.

There were servants holding horses for each one of us.

These horses were not normal. They were huge; over 6 feet to the saddle, pitch black and powerful, I could see muscles rippling under the skin. They were war horses that were bred and trained to be temperamental. They also had impressive stamina. Their ears were pressed flat, their nostrils were flaring and they had an almost nervous step. I got the impression that they knew there was a fight coming soon and that they were looking forward to it.

We mounted our horses and rode out the gate that was guarded by four armed and armoured men. Beyond the gate was a wilderness that did not have any roads. We had to make our own road as we went.

The Keep was higher than I could see. Only the first 2 levels were occupied by us. God occupied the rest, from the 3rd level to as high as I could see there were storm clouds circling the keep. At closer inspection I realized that it wasn't storm clouds, but clouds of angels circling the upper levels. Some were coming and going all the time, most were just circling.

I was a scout with Richard and Nicky. We rode out front to scout the way and for enemies. We could also see a lot farther than anyone else; we could also ride faster and track better. I went straight in front, Richard was to the left and Nicky to the right.

Wim was hanging back a short distance with a bunch of guys and they acted as a rearguard. They defended the whole group against attacks from the back and also made sure there were no stragglers that would get lost.

The mood in the group was serious. We knew that we had a specific mission at hand and there would be some fighting. We also knew that we would be meeting up with another group in the next few days.

After a while, I found a deep valley with high walls. It was almost straight down like cliffs and we wouldn't be able to ride down them. I waited for the rest of the group while trying to decide what to do. When they arrived, it was obvious that the group has grown in number.

Shortly after this, Richard arrived to tell us that he can't find a way down. Nicky arrived next and took us to a place she found that can be used to descend into the valley. It was a very narrow path that zig zagged down the valley wall. We had to use it in single file.

Nicky and Richard led the way, while I stayed at the top to show the way down for everyone else. Wim and his group scouted to the rear one last time, to make sure there was no-one unfriendly behind us. He came back with a whole bunch of guys he found in the wilderness that were lost. They were a scarred, battle hardened bunch that were good at fighting and very strong, they were

rough around the edges, but very reliable. All of them had armour, weapons and horses, so they promptly joined the rear guard.

We rode down the side of the valley wall to where the rest had set up a camp for the night. Wim and the rearguard took up sentry positions around the camp and the three scouts left the camp to spend the night on their own. Richard to the left, I was in the middle and Nicky right.

Because we were scouts we didn't sleep – ever, we also stayed fully dressed at all times. Richard was lying down on the ground under a tree, with his head resting on his crossed arms. He had his drawn sword in his right hand. I stayed seated on my horse. Nicky could see perfectly at night, so she climbed up a high tree and also took her shield with her.

We could also see the fires of the other group we were supposed to meet up with. They were camping on the other side of the valley. They also had three scouts that were spending the night separate from the rest of their group, they were so close to our own position that we could see them in the dark.

Part Two (12/03/10)

About an hour before dawn, Nicky saw a group of armed men heading straight for our camp, they were on foot. She rode to alert us and then back to the camp to wake everyone up.

Richard rode up the side of the valley wall, as far as he could, about halfway and took out a bow and started shooting arrows that looked like lightning at these guys. They also had archers, but couldn't reach him as he was too high up.

The first group that Nicky could alert was Wim's. Because they were on sentry duty, they were awake and dressed. They did not need to prepare. They rode out to help us immediately. Nicky stayed to wake the rest of the camp. Some of our group didn't want to get involved in a battle and decided to leave. They rode back up the valley wall and disappeared.

I waited on the path the attackers would take, sword drawn. Wim's group joined me just as they reached me. We attacked them and a fight ensued, with their archers shooting at us.

At this point, my viewpoint changed. I was high over the valley and could see everything that was happening.

Richard was joined by Nicky and a bunch of archers from our group and they started shooting immediately. The rest of our group joined us at the bottom of the valley. At this stage there was a lot of dust flying and I could only see bits of what was happening. It felt strange because I could also see myself fighting down there.

On the other side of the valley, a scout from the other group was doing the same thing Richard was and there was also a scout who had ridden back to their camp to alert the others. Some of their number also did not want to fight and left. The first scout that was shooting was also joined by some archers from the other group. Not long after this, about halfway through the battle, we were joined by the rest of the other group to help us fight at the bottom of the valley.

The next moment the sun came up and the battle was over and the surviving attackers ran away. They left quite a few dead behind as they ran.

We started tending to our wounded. A few of us were seriously wounded and needed serious attention. I could see Alet taking charge of this and it did not take long to take care of everyone. I had a long cut on my left arm, running from the shoulder to below the elbow. This happened because I didn't have a shield.

When all this was done, our group sat with the others and had breakfast. After breakfast everyone rode in a circle, singing and kicking up a lot of dust. It was a big noise.

The two groups became one and the scouts paired up as well. Nicky and Richard took the left flank, I took straight ahead with a scout from the other group and the right was covered by the last two from the other group. We left halfway through breakfast and rode ahead scouting again.

Part Three (14/03/10)

After travelling for a while, the valley opened up at the side of a high escarpment. In the distance we could see a desert. We knew somehow that we had to cross the desert to a beach and meet someone there. We could see the distant glint of water, and I got the impression of a ship that had been run aground.

All the scouts were there, so we moved to higher ground as lookouts while waiting for the main group to arrive. Wim's group was the first to arrive. A rear guard was not necessary anymore, as we knew there was no one behind us, so they had taken up the position of an advance guard. Almost as a reactionary force to be called up while the main group readies themselves for battle. His group has also grown in number quite considerably.

When the main group arrived, Wim's group and the scouts took up sentry positions while a decision was made what to do. The leaders of the group that joined ours didn't want to go through the desert and decided that they will look for a way around. They took most of their original people and some of ours and left. They had to appoint new scouts before they left, as their older, more experienced scouts that has been riding with us from the first battle, didn't agree with the decision. They knew there was no other way and decided to stay with us. We also knew that the crossing wouldn't be hard or far.

Three of Wim's men joined the scouts at this time, now there were three groups of three.

A camp was set up so we can prepare to cross the desert. Food was cooked for everyone. The scouts made turns to scout in wide areas around the camp in their groups. They rotated between resting, scouting and sentry duty with Wim's guard.

While everyone was resting, they had to prepare themselves, their horses and their equipment for the crossing. The scouts were also teaching each other new skills, like archery and seeing in the dark.

After a few days resting, eating and preparing, we rode into the desert. The nine scouts in front, in their usual positions and Wim's guard behind them. I was already in the desert when I looked back. I could see where we were camping. All the tents, pots, pans and everything that was extra and unneeded weight was left behind, even pack animals. We were only carrying armour, swords, shields and a lot of water.

Part Four (19/03/10)

We were riding in the desert, the scouts where now three groups of four. I don't know where the three new ones had come from. The same positions where held, but we were scouting a bit farther away from the main group to cover more ground. We did not bunch together either, but still within sight of each other.

After a few days riding, all the scouts saw a large group of riders approaching at the same time. We raced to form one group in order to meet this new threat. Three of the scouts took higher ground and started shooting at the group. The rest of us met them between two dunes.

It was obvious very quickly that we would not be able to hold for very long as we were badly

outnumbered. One of the scouts that were shooting at the group saw this and raced back to the advance guard to alert them, they are always ready so they raced forward to join us. The scout rode on to rejoin the main group.

The advanced guard reached us just as we were about to be overrun. This battle was much larger and more serious than the one in the valley. Our opponents were better prepared and also battle hardened and strong, they were so confident that they did not even bother to try and sneak up on us. They were determined to stop us from reaching our goal.

Finally our main group arrived. Even the fact that our group has grown to a large number did not set these guys to running as they were also quite a large group.

The noise this battle was causing was immense as there was a lot of screaming from the fighting and moaning from the wounded on the ground. I could see a lot of wounded and dead from both groups on the ground. I could also see a lot of dead horses everywhere.

We were fighting in between two dunes and as I looked up to my right, I saw three men standing there. They had blank expressions on their faces and their eyes were dull and lifeless. They were also very thin and weak. They looked right at me, but seemed not to see me. It was almost like they couldn't understand that there was a battle happening right in front of them and that they were part of the reason for it happening.

They were dressed just like us, but their armour was decaying and their swords were lying in the sand at their feet. I could see the wind blowing sand over these swords, partly covering them.

After what felt like an eternity the battle was over. None of the attacking force survived. A lot of our men were lying on the ground, they were either already dead or they were in the process of dying. The ones that were dying could not be helped.

The bodies, weapons and armour of the dead men and horses suddenly disappeared. It was as if they never even existed.

We started to tend to our wounded while the men on the dune watched. They made no attempt to help us, they were just standing there. We approached them and tried to speak to them, but they did not respond to any of our attempts. It was like they couldn't understand us or that we were trying to help them.

Finally we gave them some water to drink and the difference was immediate. It was like a fog lifted from their minds; their eyes cleared and recognized us straight away. They started screaming with joy.

Their screams brought a few curious onlookers from the beach. These people were also from the wreck and were dressed in the same as the other three with their armour and weapons in the same state. On the beach I could see groups of these people sitting in circles, looking at each other with the same expressions as the others' there were about 100 people in total. After looking at us briefly, the ones that had gotten up went back to their groups and sat down with their legs crossed. Not a word was said. It looked as if they were waiting for someone or for something to happen.

The only sound on the beach was from the other three that had already woken up. They were running between the groups trying to wake them up. The only reaction was that they were pushed away when they tried to talk to someone.

They came back to us and asked for the water that we gave to them. They started giving to everyone on the beach and the water had the same effect on the rest as it had on the first three. As the people woke up, they took more water and also started helping to distribute it to the rest.

While all this was happening, the left and right flanking groups of scouts took lookout positions on opposite sides of the group. They had their backs turned to the beach and concentrated on looking for anyone that might be approaching. My group went into the ship's hold to see if there was anyone in there that might need help.

We found nobody inside. What we did find astounded us. The hold was full of food, water, weapons armour and even horses. The horses were of the same breed as ours, healthy, already saddled, armoured and ready to go, they were quite anxious to get out.

As the people on the beach woke up, some of them came into the hold and started taking everything in their outside. My group took lookout positions on the dune where we found the first three, we were looking back into the desert, already planning a route back to where we came from.

The people that had removed all the cargo cooked for us and everyone had a meal together, everybody that was thin and weak recovered their health and condition straight away. Food was taken to the scouts and members of the guard that had taken several sentry positions.

After the meal Dennis sat down with a few helpers and adjusted and mended the armour, shields and weapons that were in the hold. All the survivors got dressed and mounted their horses and joined our group. (They only made the decision to join us at this point.)

After everyone was mounted, we rode back into the desert. Halfway through the return trip, we started finding members of the group that had split from ours the day we entered the desert, they were unarmed, thirsty and had no horses.

They begged us to take them with us and even offered to be our servants if we would. They were afraid that they would die if we left them in the desert as they had no proper defence, transport or any idea of which way to go.

By this time Wim's guard had enough members to split into two groups, an advance guard and a rear guard. These new horseless men were given some water and told to walk between the main body and the rear guard. This slowed us down a lot and it took almost twice as long to get out of the desert.

When we finally came out of the desert, there was a man waiting for us. He was dressed in white and sat on a huge white stallion that was even bigger than ours. I got the impression that he was an angel. He told us not to return to the keep as we had another mission that we need to prepare for. He also spoke to Dennis in private for a long time and then assembled all the horseless guys and took them back to the keep with him.

Part Five (21/03/10)

After the angel left with the horseless servants, we made camp. Again we had sentries and scouts on rotation with the rest of the group resting.

We needed the rest to recover from crossing the desert as well as the fight we had. We also had had no food or sleep for a few days. A few of us were still wounded from the battle in the desert as well. The wound on my left arm was also re-opened and there was a broken off blade still stuck in it, this meant that I could barely move my left arm.

The camp we made was among the hills at the foot of the mountain. We had chosen a small hill that stood apart from the others. We could see very far in every direction. Trees and long grass surrounded the camp at a short distance. There was a very narrow, fast running stream running through the middle of the camp. The water was cold, clear and sweet.

At this point I started to doubt what I was seeing. I felt as if I was making the whole thing up and that it meant nothing. God took me away to a point higher up the mountain where I could see the

whole camp and dealt with me on a few subjects. He re-affirmed that it was from Him and that I should carry on.

Next I was back in the camp and I was sparring with Wim. I soon fell into the same routine as the others in the camp and shared in the duties of the scouts. We were tasked with scouting large areas around the camp, but also with hunting and gathering food and wood. I had the shield God gave me with me, but could still not pick it up because the blade was still stuck in my arm.

Halfway through this first day, two riders came riding up to the camp. The scouts had seen them coming and some were helping them up the slope. They were very thin and weak and so were their horses. We started tending to their needs and soon they were back to their old selves. Dennis also tended to their armour and swords.

They needed to leave, but their horses were still too thin and weak to carry them. Wim came up with two healthy and rested horses and gave them to the men. He said to them that the riders of the horses had left. The horses were quickly packed with provisions, weapons and armour.

They thanked Wim and rode away. The scouts gathered to watch where they were going and also to make sure they were OK.

This camp we were using was to the left (west?) of the one we used when we were preparing to enter the desert, but it was quite a distance away from there. We had also left a lot of equipment in this camp because we could not take it into the desert with us.

These two men rode straight into this older camp where there was a small group of people with horses waiting for them. The men shared their food and water with them and they returned to health as we watched.

This new group, including the two men, packed everything that was there and rode in the same direction as the group that had split from us just before we entered the desert. Something has happened to this group that devastated them and these men were sent to find and help as many of them as they could.

We started using the skins of the animals we were hunting to make garments that would be worn under our armour. Some of the sentries were making theirs to fit over their armour so as not to give away their position at night by way of reflection. We did the same for our horses.

The mission the angel gave us was to go up the side of the mountain before us. There was someone waiting for us at the very top; above the snowline where it is cold. The garments were to keep us warm. I looked up, but could not see the top as it was covered by mist. All I knew was that it was very high and steep.

Part six (24/03/10)

The morning before we were supposed to leave the camp, a group of riders found us. They were lost and did not know where they wanted to go either, but they were still in good health. They said that they could see our camp and the smoke from our fires from the very beginning of the foothills. We could see them coming from a very far distance as well.

They sat with us for a short time and we shared some food and water with them. We told them that we will be leaving in the morning. They decided that this might be a good place for them to stay for a while and asked us if we would help them build a small fortified tower with some houses and a wall.

Dennis grinned and produced plans that he had been keeping for occasions just like this one. We decided to help with the tower and some of the wall, but the rest would be up to them.

The next thing I saw, the foundations were dug and the ground floor had been laid. Some of the tower's walls were up as well. Dennis was standing by a table in the middle of the ground floor. The plans were rolled open on the table and he was reading from them while giving instructions to those standing around him. Some of the new guys were standing next to him, learning from him.

Wim and I were in different areas supervising the building of the tower, at times when the builders had to do something that they did not understand or did not have the skills to do, we would help or, at least, find someone that was able to do it.

By the end of the third day, the tower and part of the wall was done. We did a few last minute checks and went to sleep as we would be leaving at first light.

The next morning, as we were preparing to leave, a few of Wim's men said that they would like to stay at the tower as there was still a lot to be done. There were also a lot of new people that was coming in, they needed to be cared for, protected and trained. They promised to follow us soon.

As we left the next morning, I realized that even though we had done so much in one day, we were all well rested and even a bit stronger. Everybody's wounds were healed and I could move my arm again.

At about mid day, I stopped at the top of a cliff we were passing and I looked back at the tower and realized that it was not very high, about 3 levels, or very big, only about ten men could stand on the top at the same time. The tower, wall and the houses were all made from stone. It was plain, but it was strong. It was more of a beacon to the lost and place of secure rest for those that would need it.

All along the wall, I could see sentries standing, walking on patrol and looking outward into the wilderness. Each of these sentries had an angel on either side of them, mirroring what they were doing.

There was a special significance to this place. I did not understand what it was though.

In the small courtyard of the tower there was a small training area where the members of the guard that had stayed behind were teaching the others all the skills they would need to survive out there.

I could see lessons in archery, melee fighting, horse riding, scouting and tracking. A few volunteers were also being taught how to mend and maintain armour and weapons. Others were being taught how to raise, care for and train horses. There were different breeds for different purposes.

Our former camp was slowly turning into a proper place of refuge at this stage. The wall has been enlarged and a few houses were popping up as well.

Soon the members of our guard that had stayed behind left and rode in the direction we did. They had trained a lot of people well and were not necessary to the running of the "camp" anymore. The people of this "camp" were completely self sustaining by now and a proper leadership was in place.

The activity in the "camp" accelerated. One tower became two, three and finally four. Walkways between the towers were built and the wall improved. After a very short time proper buildings between the towers sprung up and there was a keep.

As time passed, I could see a lot of lost people flocking to this keep. Everybody that came there had the initial intention of resting before moving on, but most of them ended up staying and performing some function within the keep.

By now there was a proper garrison with sentries and scouts. There were also masons, blacksmiths and everything in between. The keep that started as a tower was becoming a town.

While all this was happening, there were sporadic attacks against the keep, some of these attacks were very serious, but most were not. The gates were also breached a time or two and the wall was severely damaged more than a few times, but every time the attack was withstood. Every time repairs were made, they were improved to such an extent that the wall and gates were stronger than before.

Over time the occupants of this keep became experienced and hardened warriors. I could see scouting parties coming and going. I could also see messengers from other camps and keeps riding in and out.

I could see angels everywhere. They were standing on the walls and towers, in front of the gates and on the cliffs surrounding the town. There were hundreds of them and they were standing guard over this place. There were also angels on white horses, similar to the one we met after coming out of the desert, that were riding with these scouts and messengers.

Training was also a constant thing in this town. There were always new people arriving and staying that had to be trained. The training area that was once such a small place had been moved to a much larger and better equipped area. There were more and more people that needed training, this meant that more and more people were needed to train them. I could see many volunteers from the sentry and scouting parties stepping up to fulfil this function.

I do not know how much time has passed. It feels at times that time stands still and that one day could be more like a year.

Part seven (28/03/10)

While watching all of this happening, I realized that the whole group has caught up with me and was standing around me also watching the town.

We were higher up on a cliff overlooking the town and all of us could see what was happening. I realized that we were so engrossed with the scene in front of us that no one was standing sentry or scouting. We had no protection.

I immediately got the scouts going again and asked Wim to get some of the guard to do sentry duty. Out of nowhere, three angels were standing right in our midst. They said that even though we were not on guard, they were and we were protected. I looked around and for the first time I saw hundreds of angels all around us, some were on horses next to ours, some were standing at the top of the trees around us.

Each member of our group had at least two angels assigned to him. Even though it is the first time any of us actually saw them, it was obvious that they have been riding with us from the start.

The angel spoke to Dennis in private for a while and then disappeared with his two companions. Dennis told us to rest and eat for a while but not to make camp. We were waiting for someone that had a gift for us.

After we ate twelve angels came walking into the camp. They were carrying new swords for all of us. These swords had longer, narrower and thicker blades that were sharper and heavier than the ones we had before. They had bigger guards as well. They also had the same build quality and general design as the old ones, it was obvious that they were made by the same person. Down the one side of the sword was written; **“In the beginning was the Word and the Word was with God and the Word was God.”** On the other side; **“This is My Word and it has been spoken.”**

A warrior using one of these swords would be able to reach further, hit harder and more accurate and cut deeper. We were told to return our old swords and scabbards and to strap the new ones to our backs instead of our sides. These swords represented a deeper understanding of God and His Word.

New bows and arrows were given to those that were already recognized archers; a few were also given to those that had not been recognized up to this point. The bows were made of black wood with gold inlays. They were about 6 feet in length and took a lot of power to draw. The arrows were also black and were longer, thicker and heavier than before. This gave them a longer draw which lent to a more powerful shot being delivered. They had the same golden inlays along the shaft and had a sharp, heavy golden tip.

We also had new cloaks that we did not have before, they were purple, thick and had a white cross in the middle of the back. They would also go over the sword when it is sheathed.

Our armour and shields as well as the armour on our horses changed as well. It was heavier and had more substance; it also covered more areas that had not been covered before. The heavier weapons, shields and armour were not a problem for us or the horses as everyone was stronger, more focused and more determined.

We started moving again with the scouts going quite a distance ahead. After a short while I stopped on a vantage point to look back. I saw a large group of riders on dark red horses racing after us. Their goal was to surprise and destroy our rear guard, which were amongst the best fighters we have. I realized that I was too far away to help, so I shouted a warning.

Wim heard my warning, but he was riding at the front of the advance guard, so he was also too far away to help and so was the main group.

Fortunately the rear guard heard my warning in enough time and they turned to face this group. The scouts that had bows turned and started to shoot at them as well. The rest of our archers started shooting shortly after.

I wanted to race down and try to help, but a loud voice told me to stay where I am and look around. Everybody's attention was focused on what was happening at lower down and nobody saw that there were two larger groups approaching from our flanks.

I sent a scout down to warn the main group and they formed defensive lines in a semi circle. We also shouted to the rear guard to form up with the main group. They had already started fighting and retreated backwards while fighting in front. Suddenly the attack stopped, the attacking force split into two groups and joined the groups on our flanks.

During this time, our archers did not stop shooting. I could see a lot of the enemy being killed, they also had no archers. They attacked us from both sides at the same time and we started backing up the mountain in order to maintain the higher ground.

They were relentless and for every one we killed, there were three more to take his place. Our lines were holding, but there was an air of panicked desperation in our group. This was by far the worst battle we've ever been in and some of the guys were faltering.

Dennis, Alet, Wim, Vicky and a few others were running between the lines giving water to those who needed it, tending wounds and trying to encourage everyone and keep them fighting.

Desperation turned to fear as we realized that we were losing. A few of our troops tried to run away at this point, but there was nowhere to run. They were caught by the enemy and killed. This horrified the ones that were still fighting and only increased our desperation.

Just as it seemed that we were done and will be overrun, a thick, heavy fog descended from higher up the mountain. It came down very fast, like an avalanche with a huge rumble and everything shook. There was a presence in the fog that just calmed all of us down in an instant.

The fog was so thick that we could not see the enemy or each other anymore. We stopped fighting and stood very still.

The effect the fog had on the enemy was terrible. They started seeing visions of flying monsters attacking them. They wildly started lashing out at these monsters. For a moment I could see clearly right through the fog. I could see them just out of arms reach of our own people. They were confusing each other for monsters as well. Chaos followed. Almost in a blink of an eye they had completely destroyed each other. None of them were left alive. There weren't even guys trying to run away. They were all just dead.

A voice called all of us together in one spot. Suddenly the presence in the fog intensified so much that all of us were knocked off our horses. We were lying on the ground, flat on our faces and we could not move. At the same time all of the dead woke up and everyone's wounds healed instantly, not even scars were left over.

It was like the battle never even happened.

Part Eight (02/04/10)

I am sitting on my horse clutching a dark red rose with a long stem and no thorns. This rose represents the gift I am using now. I am desperate not to lose this gift, so I am clutching this rose so hard that I am destroying it.

I look around and see more roses lying on the ground, but I am not picking them up because I am afraid of dropping and losing the one in my hand.

(Last night (01/04/10) as I was having my quiet time, I thought I heard God telling me to hurry up and get to the keep as the group wants to leave and can't do so without me. Hearing this bothered me and did not feel right.)

During the praise and worship I was sitting on my horse at the edge of a cliff, it was dark and the moon was close (big) and full, with an orange colour to it. I was looking for God out in the darkness below me and in the stars above me.

I was singing Agnus Dei and Richard and Nicky appeared at my sides singing with me. Next moment the whole group was there and all of us were singing the song. While we were singing a wind started blowing lifting the leaves off the ground, high into the air. The leaves were brown and orange, almost like it was autumn. Very quickly the wind got so strong that our cloaks were being blown over our heads.

My own cloak went over my head as well and when I removed it, Jesus was sitting on a horse in front of me. He was over the cliff; there was no ground under Him. He tried to ride past me and I blocked His way. He changed direction and I blocked His way again.

I told Him that I needed to see Him and speak to Him. He told me that I could see Him and speak to Him whenever I wanted to, that there was never a time or a situation when this was not the case.

I asked Him about having to get to the keep and He said that it was nonsense. He said that we have already left the keep and if I go to there now, I will be on my own and vulnerable while going there and if I made it there, I would find it almost completely deserted. The only people I would find there is the next group that is gathering there.

He showed me where I am riding in front of the group as in the first part and how we will be finding the valley the next day. At this time Wim was also the only member of the rear guard. He was riding as part of the group, but at the back so he is also protected and not on his own, Vicky was riding next to him.

The group was still small, about 15 to 20 excluding the scouts, but I could hear riders coming to join us, they were old faces familiar to Dennis and Wim.

Suddenly I'm back on the cliff with Jesus and He told me to stop my nonsense and start trusting in Him and the gifts He gave me. He told me to stop squashing the rose in my hand and pick up the ones on the ground.

He turned His horse around and rode back over the cliff. His horse turned and rode back up the mountain.

Next I woke up lying face down on the ground just after God had saved us from almost losing the battle. I couldn't move but I was aware of Dennis sitting on his horse and talking to an angel.

Part Nine (04/04/10)

While we were singing, I could see God on a cloud directly above us. He was kneeling on His left knee and pointing at us, smiling and saying something over his shoulder. A bunch of angels joined Him, some of them were next to Him and others behind. The ones at the back were stretching to see over His shoulder. There was a lot of excitement.

My viewpoint changed and I was also stretching to see over His shoulder. I could see us in the sitting room, singing. There were streams of transparent colour coming from our mouth and going straight to Him. It looked like coloured rays of light.

When we started soaking, I saw the Holy Spirit moving from person to person, sticking His hand in our chests and touching the insides of our hearts with His finger.

I looked around and could see thousands of clouds as far as I could see. On each one of these clouds, God was sitting with a bunch of angels, same as the one I was on. Each one of these clouds was also hanging over a church, but the mood on most of the clouds was sombre and quiet.

I could see all of the congregations as well. God was waiting on a cloud over them, but even though there was singing, nothing was happening. There was no light and no excitement from God. The Holy Spirit was trying to touch the members of these congregations, but He couldn't even get His hand into their chests.

The ones with light coming from them were a very small minority.

Even though there was nothing happening in these congregations, the Holy Spirit did not stop trying and God did not give up either. It was almost as if He was anxious for something to happen.

The next moment rays of light started coming from the churches that had nothing before. Not slowly, but fast and suddenly, all of them at the same time. This light was so intense that I could not look at it. The ones that had light before, was just as intense.

God started jumping up and down and dancing from cloud to cloud. At times He would meet Himself and dance with Himself as well. The angels were also dancing and roaring with joy, the noise was so loud that I had to cover my ears.

The Holy Spirit wasn't just touching everyone's hearts with His finger anymore; he was massaging their hearts with both His hands in their chests.

Next thing I was lying on the ground next to my horse, so was the rest of the group. I could feel the Holy Spirit massaging my heart. I rolled over onto my back, looked up and saw God sitting on His cloud looking at us. He told me to get up and wake everyone as it was time to move on and that we are not done with our mission.

I got the impression that He was not just talking to me, but that there were others in other groups nearby also seeing and hearing Him.

I got up and saw Dennis still talking to the angel. He told me to hurry up as there wasn't a lot of time. I woke everyone and got them on their horses. I rode ahead as usual.

While riding, not far from where we were lying, I found two rocks of more or less the same size stacked on top of each other. Next to the rocks, I found an old breastplate and sword. The breastplate had a very big hole rusted right through it and the sword was also very badly rusted.

An angel appeared next to me. He said that very few have made it this far. Usually the battle we experienced earlier destroys any groups coming this way and that survivors don't make it on their own for very long. He said that the footing in this area was very bad and most stumbled and fell back down the mountain, which would almost certainly kill them. Also, there were small groups of riders that would find and kill any loners and stragglers. These riders would also harass bigger groups that made it this far and try to split individuals off so they can kill them.

He said that the scouts and the rear guard should stay a lot closer to the main group and that there would be individuals in the group that might need help and that everyone should pitch in to help in these cases.

Finally he said that there is a plateau not far from where we are and that we would be able to make camp and rest for a few days.

I could see a large rocky plateau with a few streams and some game. It was like I was flying and looking down on it.

Part Ten (09/04/10)

I saw myself standing on a small hill, under a thorn tree. I was alone and in my left hand I was holding the reins of my horse and in my right hand I was holding a sword and the tip was resting on the ground. My horse had a saddlebag that was bulging, I don't know what was in there.

I was dressed in a brown leather sleeveless shirt and brown leather sandals that had straps up to my knees.

I am standing at the top of a shallow valley that got deeper as it went on. I could see a lot of trees and grass. There was a river running down the centre of the valley. I was trying to decide on a route down. The sun was setting right in front of me and it was very large and red.

This road is one I have to take alone. There is something I have to find down there and there is also someone waiting to talk to me. I wasn't afraid of what I would find, but I was crying for some reason.

I found an old game trail that wasn't in use anymore. I couldn't ride my horse as he had an injury on his right front hoof, so I had to lead him. It starts to get dark, but I'm not looking for a camp site, for some reason I am driven to carry on. After a short while it is dark, but I can see as well as in the day.

While I was leading my horse down the trail, I found a small clearing with a bunch of roses scattered everywhere. I looked at my sword and it had turned into a rose like the one described earlier. The roses on the ground were closed and the one in my hand half opened. I let go of my horse and started to pick the ones on the ground up. As I picked them up, they opened instantly.

and as I picked the last one up, the one in my hand also opened completely.

I looked around for my horse and found it drinking from the river. I walked over and also drank some water. The bunch of roses in my hand turned into a larger heavier sword with a wider, longer blade. There were also small diamonds, rubies and sapphires covering the hilt.

After drinking water, I took my horse's reigns and started leading it down the trail. I saw that drinking the water had healed his hoof, so I mounted him and carried on down the trail. By this time the sun is rising directly behind me.

After a short while I found a man sitting on a rock next to the road. He told me that he was happy to see that my horse was OK again. He also said that I was on the wrong road and that it would change direction soon.

At this my viewpoint changed and I was up in the air. I could see myself talking to the man, but I was flying further down the trail. I could see it changing direction to the right not far from where we were. I saw that I had to go over rough and rocky ground in order to get onto another trail that would take me to where I needed to go.

I flew down this trail and eventually found where the valley ended. There were high cliffs all around, in a semi circle. At the base of the cliffs in a clearing, was a very big thorn tree. Under this tree was an old box made of wood. This box was very weathered and had steel reinforcing on the corners and steel hinges.

The man that I had found told me that there was something for me in this box and that it would take me a few more days to get there.

18/04/10 (MMC)

The Holy Spirit told me that losing my job at ADT was the first step onto this rocky ground and that this first step was also the first step of phase two of my direction change into my destiny.

He showed me the chest under the tree and also opened it for me. Inside at the top was a new chest plate that was black with gold trim. The rest of my armour was the same colour, including my new cape. The shield had the face of a lion engraved on it. The lion was gold with silver teeth. Under the armour was a new sword as well. Also in the chest were upgrades to the gifts I picked up higher up the valley. There were also new gifts for me, complete with upgrades. These gifts and the upgrades for the older ones will start manifesting before I get to the chest.

Part Eleven (11/04/10)

In part nine, an angel had spoken to me and showed me a few things. After this conversation, I turned my horse and rode back down the mountain to tell Dennis what I heard and saw. He gave an order for everyone to move closer and form little sticks of 4 or 5 people that can look out for each other. These sticks would be part of a whole, but be directly responsible for its own members. If something went wrong with a member of this stick, the others would be there to assist. No-one was allowed to move around on their own anymore.

At the order from Dennis, everyone moved closer to each other. Now there was no distinction between the members of the guard or the main group as these groups were now really close together. The members of the main group was now in the same state of readiness as the advance and rear guards were. The scouts also moved closer to each other, still in their teams of 4 and stayed within eye sight of the main body.

While we were moving, everybody could see small groups of riders of about 10-20 on our flanks watching us. All they did was see if there was anyone that separated themselves from the body, so

they can attack and kill them. Some of the members from our original main group wanted to attack these groups, but Dennis warned them that if they did this, they would be separating themselves from the rest and be vulnerable. He said that they would probably be killed.

There were no major incidents for the rest of the trip, just a few guys stumbling a bit, they almost fell, but were helped by the members of their sticks. They were helped back to their feet very quickly. As the sun was setting, we made it to the plato.

We set up camp very quickly, again at the sides of a stream. We did this in a way that we never did before as the order to stay in the sticks was still in effect. This meant that those on sentry duty could not cover as much ground as we used to. To compensate for this, we put up fortifications and big fires at places around the perimeter of the camp. The fires were to light the approaches to the fortifications and the perimeter. There was always someone keeping an eye on the barricades as well.

Dennis gave us an order, that if we were attacked during the night, we were not to go outside of the perimeter in order not to be separated in the confusion outside where we can't see clearly. We were to form a tight group in the middle of the camp where there is light for us to see. The group was to be a circle with everyone facing outward and the sentries and scouts forming the outside line of this circle. Dennis and Alet were to be in the middle of this circle.

During the night all the sentries could see the same groups that were following us during the day, watching the camp. They were looking for a way in, but everything was closed to them. They resorted to taunting us to leave the camp, but none of us replied, not even an arrow was fired.

At sunrise the groups taunting us disappeared. We went outside the camp to hunt, gather fruit and fire wood. We didn't have to go out of sight of the camp as everything we needed was within a few hundred meters of the camp, we could even see the game from the camp. We went in a large group for protection. I was there and so was Wim.

We killed three very big deer that were almost as big as our horses. Three guys had to drag each of them behind our horses with ropes to get them back to camp for slaughter.

When we got in the camp, Dennis was talking to another angel. He said that the angel told him that we need to rest at this camp for another 7 days and nights to recover our strength and rest for the next leg of the journey. We also had to leave everything that was excess weight when we left.

We also needed to spar with our swords and train with our bows for at least 4 hours every day. We had to do this sitting on our horses and in full armour. This was necessary because our armour and weapons were new and we had to get used to it.

Routine started to form in the camp. The scouts and sentries stood guard at night while the rest slept. During the day we hunted and gathered food and wood and sparred.

At night we were still openly being watched, even taunted (we never responded). At dawn the riders would retreat and we would hunt and spar.

The food we were eating coupled with the water we were drinking and the long sparring sessions made us stronger and leaner. There was less and less excess on our bodies, but we were well fed. Our armour also kept adapting to our bodies without us adjusting it.

By the morning of the fourth day, I could see that everyone had reached a new level of skill with our weapons and physical strength. Even the members of the main group were starting to take on some of the characteristics of the sentries and scouts. They even slept less and shared in sentry duties.

I could see that soon, no-one would be sleeping anymore and everyone would be on guard all the

time, ready to be called to action at a moment's notice. I knew that further up the mountain this would be necessary as there would be a lot more fighting to come.

Part Twelve (25/04/10)

The night of the fourth day, the enemy massed just outside of the reach of our archers. At this point none of our number needed to sleep anymore. Everyone was either a member of the guard or a scout. There was nothing in between anymore. All of us had bows, not just the designated archers anymore and all of us could see in the dark. We also automatically knew what to do. Without a word, we massed in a circle inside of the perimeter of the camp and waited.

The attack never came. Some of us wanted to go closer, but an angel appeared in our midst and warned us not to. He said that it wasn't our time to fight as we are not ready and that if we did go we would be killed. He told us to stay where we were, as there is a bigger perimeter around ours and that these guys can't penetrate it.

When dawn came, I could see a large line of warrior angels outside of ours. They were sitting on large white horses with their swords drawn and they were keeping the enemy out.

The enemy was outnumbering us by about 100 to 1, but try as they might, they could not penetrate the line of angels. They couldn't see the angels and this confused them. It was to them as if they were up against an invisible wall.

I looked around and could see that there were more angels all around us. There were two angels next to each one of us, more in the trees and even angels sitting on horses between the enemy riders whispering in their ears.

By this time the enemy had already tried to move up the mountain to get above us, but they were blocked by the angels, this forced them to move a bit further down instead.

I looked up the mountain and saw Jesus sitting there with two angels. They were just inside the line of angels and they were directing all of the others. The two angels with Jesus were a lot larger and more powerful than the others.

Dennis was again in conference with two angels, they have been giving him new instructions right through the night. One of the big angels rode up to him and whispered something in his ear. We were still sitting in the formation we formed the night before. Dennis came up to us and told us to keep doing what we have been doing as we are safe for now. He said that we still had three days and nights to prepare and eat in order to get stronger. He said that the day is coming when the angels would not hold the mass back and we need to be prepared for it. He whispered something in Wim's ear and went back to his conference. The big angel had left in the mean time and was sitting next to Jesus again.

Wim told a group of guys to go out and hunt and the rest of us to go back to sparring. I moved to the side and looked around to what was happening around me.

As I watched, I could see everyone's eyes getting clearer. I also saw that everyone was getting even stronger and that they were moving more efficiently. There was no more waste of effort or energy and also, we were still losing excess size and weight.

By this time all of us could see the angels that were with us and it was normal to have two angels going everywhere with you. We started talking to these angels and they started teaching us and training us with our weapons as well.

I sat there right through the morning and started hearing faint tremors. At first it was so faint that I thought it to be my imagination. After a while it was getting louder and I could hear and see the ground shake. I realized that it is caused by those that were sparring. We were getting so strong

that the ground shook when our swords and shields clashed. Our archery targets could not stand the punishment either and we started to shoot at large boulders. After a short time, these would start shattering as well.

The hunters started to show the effect as well. Instead of three of them having to drag a deer behind them, two of them could now lift one off the ground and carry it between them.

Just before dawn, just before dinner, a huge thirst came over everyone in the camp. As one all of us went to the stream and drank nonstop for an hour. Even Dennis left his conference to join us.

This whole time Jesus was watching us and He had a huge grin on His face as if He was enjoying the whole thing.

Part thirteen (30/04/10)

By the middle of the next day the angels were taking full part in the sparring sessions, they were not just instructing us anymore. They were also teaching groups of us how to stand in more effective battle lines, supporting those in front, beside and behind us.

They taught us not only to stand with our shields touch each others, but also how to use them as weapons and not just to defend. Our shields also looked somehow larger than before. They were wider than the width of our shoulders and, when resting on the ground, reached all the way up to our collar bones. They were thicker, more solid and heavier.

Over all, the training we were getting from the angels was improving our stamina and speed, not just our strength.

We also started to eat a lot more than we used to. Large portions of the afternoon and evening was spent in eating and drinking huge amounts of meat and water. By this time two people would share one of those large deer in less than a day. We were almost insatiable.

We were growing so strong and efficient that it only took one of us to kill a deer and carry it back to the camp.

Dennis was sitting in his counsel with the two angels all the time now. Food and drink had to be taken to him. He didn't even rest during the night anymore. The rest of us were doing more or less the same. No matter where we were or what we were doing, we were always talking to and learning from our angels. Even when we were eating, they were teaching.

The large outer perimeter of angels was also still there, but there were more angels than before. It is almost as if they were also preparing for what was coming. There was also a lot more whispering to the enemy.

Jesus was also still sitting where He was before. One of the two angels with Him was making more and more trips to Dennis' side to whisper in his ear. Sometimes he would bring Dennis to Jesus and they would talk for a while and then Dennis would go back to the other angels and continue his conference.

I could also see a lot of wisdom growing in everyone. Our eyes were almost completely clear by now and there was a new determination in us. It could be seen in the way we moved and how we did things. We were being focused like never before.

There was also a new level of fellowship being facilitated by our angels. It was born from the fact that a lot of us has been with the group from the start. We have ridden through deserts and halfway up a mountain. We have fought hard, bled and seen many friends desert us or die. We had also been through a desperate battle where many had died and God had to come personally to save us and resurrect our dead.

The angels were encouraging and strengthening the bonds between us because we were facing the biggest battle thus far and we can't stand in a battle line with others you don't know or trust.

Meanwhile Jesus and the angels were teaching Dennis a step by step strategy what to do in the battle and how to use the skills and wisdom we were gaining. The rest of us were being taught how to be a stronger and closer unit. To the point where we think, speak and act as if we were one person. We needed to be in unity for the battle or we would fail and die.

Part Fourteen (09/05/10)

On the morning of the 7th day, not long before daybreak, Dennis told us to get ourselves ready and check all of our weapons, armour and horses. After this was done he told us to form two lines into a semi circle and that the angels would be letting the enemy through at daybreak.

Dennis told us to be prepared as we would be fighting for seven days and nights without end and that the reason for two lines would be that we would be changing with the ones behind us to rest.

When standing in our lines, we turned our left side to where the enemy would be coming from so we could defend with our shields in our left hands and strike with our right.

I looked at the enemy and realized that their number had grown, I couldn't see the other side of their army. I was just left of the middle of our line, at the peak of the curve where the fighting would be the worst. Dennis and Wim were to my right and Richard to my left. Our wives were directly behind us. We were not afraid of the vast army facing us, we were eager, almost spoiling for this fight to start.

As light broke they attacked.

The angels were still blocking them from out flanking or surrounding us, they were funnelling them into a direct face to face confrontation with us.

Some angels had formed five lines in front of our two. The enemy riders had to go through them to get to us. (They still couldn't see them.) as they got to the angels, their speed just broke. This confused and alarmed them a lot and by the time they got to us, they had no more strength or speed left whereas we could strike freely.

Because we were vastly outnumbered, each of us were fighting five or six guys at a time, but because we could move so much faster than them, few of their strikes got through. The strikes that did make contact with us, didn't even scratch our shields or armour.

After an hour of fighting, we had killed more than a thousand of them. They broke off the attack and withdrew to about 600 m away from us. We changed places with the line behind us to rest. Some angels brought us food and water.

While we were eating the enemy archers started shooting at us, but the same thing that happened to their riders happened to their arrows, no damage was done by the arrows that got passed our shields. Our archers responded and killed two or three of them with every arrow.

After about half an hour of this, they attacked again. The same thing happened as before and they were massacred. After another hour of fighting and another thousand dead, they withdrew and we changed lines again.

I looked at the ground and it was carnage. There were bodies and blood all over the place. I looked at my armour and sword for the first time and expected it to be covered in grime. Nothing, I was clean. I looked at my wife and the others of the second line and they were clean as well. I realized that our armour could not get dirty, nothing would stick to it.

I looked up the mountain to where Jesus was to see what He thought of the battle so far, but He wasn't there. I looked back at the enemy and suddenly saw Jesus sitting in the middle of the first of the five lines of angels, the two big ones were on either side of Him. He turned around and looked straight at me. He told me to forget about the 3 hours that has just passed and to concentrate on what I was doing. He said that 7 days and night is a long time and we would get tired. He also said that it is still important to hold the line because if the enemy penetrated the line, the restraints on them would not be in effect anymore.

Part Fifteen (21/05/10)

I finished a turn to fight, but instead of being served with food and drink by the angels, I was taken up high into the air.

I looked at our group and saw them shooting hundreds of arrows at the enemy and their quivers were not getting empty. I could see the effects of our arrows, and theirs, but from above.

I looked at the enemy army and saw that their numbers have gone down drastically. Further down the mountain was a sea of riders coming to join and re enforce them. There were so many, that I couldn't count them.

Next moment I was even higher up in the air, directly above the very peak of the mountain. I could see all the sides of the mountain from there. Right around the mountain, completely encircling the mountain and just out of sight of each other, there were groups just like ours, on plateaus just like ours, fighting the same battle in the same way as us with the same effects as us.

I could see that the enemy army was completely surrounding the mountain. Where they were fighting the groups on the plateaus, I could see how the angels were funnelling them and forming tendrils that were facing inward.

At the back of the army was a large circle of riders on black horses like ours. They were completely covered in black robes, even their hands were covered and their heads and faces were covered by black hoods. They had three stranded whips in their hands and were driving our attackers like sheep, forcing them to attack us. Our enemy was terrified of them.

The enemy army was still being slaughtered by their thousands, but we were getting tired and so were the other groups. As I watched, a single rider broke through the line of the group to our right. He could move freely after getting through, but was killed before he could do anything. The same thing happened to us at almost the same time.

Everywhere where tins was happening, the defending riders in the immediate area woke up from what seemed like a state of half slumber where all their movements were automated. These riders would not fall asleep again and their effectiveness was at least doubled.

Not long after, two or three riders started breaking through at one time and even manage to wound one or two defenders. Most of the wounded ones would fall back as soon as they were hurt. Their wounds would heal in a flash and they would return to the fight more awake and more effective than the others that are already awake. A few of the wounded would go straight into a rage and start fighting like machines. They wouldn't accept held nor would they rest. They were reckless and had no regard for themselves or others around them.

Eventually, the ones around them would drag them back with force and force them to rest and calm down. As soon as they did calm down, their wounds would heal like the others and they would be the most effective fighters anywhere on the mountain.

I realized that I was on a cloud with God. He showed me that all the fighters that got wounded and healed had a deeper understanding of God and who they were in God because of the fact that they

got wounded. They also moved into a different, not higher, level of leadership.

Part sixteen (04/06/10)

I was sitting watching the battle from a ledge more than 2 km away. I had a garment of thick, rough black material over my armour. I had a hood over my head instead of my helmet. My hands, feet and face was still visible.

There were 4 unknown men with me and they were dressed the same as me. They were from 4 other ministries that were also fighting on the mountain. All of us were sitting together watching our respective groups fighting.

Even though we were very far away, I could still see everything that was happening in detail. I could even see to the back of the attackers and even the guys in black driving them. More than half of them was dead by this time.

I am getting the impression that we are taking a last look before leaving the battle field for good. We will be going up the mountain on our own.

It was cold. The only thing protecting us from the cold, was the skins we put under our armour in part 5 at the bottom of the mountain. Without it the cold would have killed us, even with it, we could barely move.

I could see the snowline, there was a bank of mist not far above that and the top of the mountain was completely covered. 3 angels were waiting for us at the snowline. They were larger and more powerful than the "normal" angels that trained and fought with us, but smaller than the 2 with Jesus. They were to guide us through the mist as well as protect us.

Part Seventeen (10/06/06)

When we reached the angels they told us to take off all of our armour and leave it with our horses and weapons. Apart from our black cloaks, we were naked. After doing this, we didn't feel the cold anymore.

We followed the angels on foot. They were still on their horses.

After only 2 or 3 steps onto the snow, we reached the mist. It was like a line on the ground. Before crossing the line there was no mist, after crossing, we couldn't see more than 1 or 2cm. The angels stopped us and tied us together with a thin golden thread.

It was like we had entered a different world, it was very quiet. I couldn't even hear us or the angels walk or breathe. It was like even sound was in awe of this place.

After what felt like a very long time, we came to the very top of the mountain. It was flat and there was only enough space for 5 to stand there. The angels told us to wait there and not move. They disappeared into nothing. One moment they were there and the next they were not.

While we were walking, I could feel a presence that was growing. Here at the top, it was very potent and powerful. It felt like it was part of me, part of the mountain we were on and even part of the air we were breathing. It was very intense and powerful, yet gentle and careful not to hurt us.

At this point, I felt compelled to look back down the mountain, to where I was fighting before. I could see right through the mist, even though it was still there.

It must have taken days for us to get to the top, because the battle was over. The bodies of the enemy were stacked as high as the shoulder of a rider sitting on a horse. The carnage stretched

right down the mountain and to the desert that surrounded the mountain.

Every group came together individually to rest and rejoice. Everyone was off guard and the angels were gone as well. Next moment, the guys that were driving the army from the back with the whips, attacked the resting groups. The army that attacked us was meant to distract, tire and weaken us.

These guys were very powerful they used their whips to attack and had no armour on. They went straight for the leaders of each group and it took the whole group to fight them. Trying to cut them with the swords had no effect; neither did shooting arrows at them. The only thing that worked was to stab them with the sword. After a very long battle, they were injured enough for them to withdraw, they were not killed. Half of the members of the groups were killed by these guys.

After this, there was no rejoicing or rest. The dead bodies were left where they were and everyone moved up the mountain in one line, shoulder to shoulder. When they got to the snowline, the survivors formed one unending line right around the mountain. The mist had moved a bit down the mountain to where the snowline was.

There was some confusion as to what to do, but as one the leaders realised that they should stay where they are and not to enter into the mist.

Some of the scouts felt that they also had a right to go into the mist. They felt it was unfair that only 5 were allowed to go. They were jealous and this caused them to rebel against the instruction to wait and they went into the mist on their horses.

As they touched the mist, they were struck by lightning that turned them and their horses to dust. A hole about 2m deep was left after each strike. Two of them were from our group.

I realised that crossing the snowline was entering holy ground. No one can go there unless they were invited, naked except for wearing the cloaks and barefoot.

After the rebelling scouts were killed, the rest of the combined group moved about 100m away from the snow and turned around to face down the mountain again.

Angels appeared and served everyone with food and water. This revived them as if they had slept.

Part Eighteen (10/07/23)

I saw myself coming down the mountain, and surprisingly my wife was there as well. She had been walking behind me, dressed the same way I was. I would see clearly through the mist, and therefore could find Dennis easily. I had no need for a guide or escort through the mist.

Each of the 5 that were on top of the mountain, had in different directions and the army surrounding the top of the mountain, has split into 5 groups. As I emerged from the mist, my armour reappeared & I also found that my horse had died while I was away. When I reached Dennis, he gave me a new horse that was left for me by an angel. This horse was identical to the one that died, except that is more powerful but less aggressive. I told Richard to take charge of the scouts, as I had another mission to complete.

(At this point I asked God about people I had seen as being prominent since the start of the epic. He said that they had made the choice not to accept perfect calling, but that they had already been given a new path to follow and that they had accepted. We have free will, therefore we have the right to refuse God's calling.

Even the couple, Francois & Amy, that He had called to fill the role Wim & Vickie were supposed to play, had refused the calling. Francois yearns to be in leadership, but because he refused when called, he won't be called again. They will stay in ministry, but as members only.

God revealed to me that there was another couple younger than me, but married for more than a

year, that would be called. They would be a couple that Dennis knows. God also said that we won't move forward from where we are in the epic, until someone has answered the call, as everyone else in the ministry has a role to fulfil.)

Part Nineteen (10/07/25)

After I had told Richard to take charge of the scouts while I was away, I took Dennis aside and spoke to him for a long time. I shared with him revelation God had given me for him. There were no specific instructions, but that it was revelation knowledge that he needed to convert into wisdom.

I then told the group to leave in the direction I was pointing, towards a city clearly visible to me. The ground that had to be covered was desert & rocks with high steep cliffs & deep valleys. Richard was responsible to find the best way through. I was to stay where I was, as I was waiting for another rider to join me. It took Richard & the rest of the group a few days to get off the mountain & even longer for the rider to find me, as no new army could come up the mountain until our group has left.

When he came up to me, he told me that he was the lead scout for his army and they're lost & do not know which direction to go. He said that he had prayed to God for help, and He had shown him where to find me and to follow my instructions exactly. He then went back for the rest of the army. While I was waiting, God showed me the road they had followed to get here. It wasn't exactly like the one we followed, but very similar. I also realised that they had only gotten lost in the last couple of days, long after God told me to wait for the scout.

After this time speeded up and I saw myself taking the army on the same path we had taken to get to the top of the mountain. When the battle started, where God had to come and rescue our army, time slowed down again. I saw that I was prepared for the start of this battle. I had already brought the guard in close and had put everyone in battle formations, even before there was sign of the enemy. Some of the senior scouts & leadership kept questioning why I had done this although there was no enemy in sight.

Because we were prepared we lasted a lot longer in battle than the last time I was here. I kept encouraging everyone to keep going, as God is on His way, but it took a lot longer this time and we also lost a lot more people in battle.

This horrified me, and I asked God how this could be, as I did everything He said. He said that because of my encouragement, it took them a lot longer to be desperate enough for Him to save them. He also revealed that this battle was caused by people in this ministry that was bringing division and others that's dead weight. He showed me that these people were the only ones that got killed. God had used the enemy army to streamline this army and to bring forwards the ones that were meant and called to be there.

After the battle, time accelerated again, and I was scouting ahead with the rider that found me earlier. While I was leading the army up the path, I even found the old rusted breastplate & the stacked stones. Eventually we found the plateau where we were to spend seven days training and eating.

The first night I stood outside the camp, looking in the direction that I've sent Richard and the others in. I could see their camp clearly and even hear what was happening. They had camped in the same way we were taught on the plateau - complete with barricades and fires. I realised that it was so dark that not even the ones with night vision, could see in the dark anymore. God told me to look at their armour and it was even darker black than before. All over the armour, shields, sword & cloaks were gold and silver vines that started growing and giving off light; enough so that it provided enough light for us to see. I looked under my cloak and saw that my own armour was doing the same, except that it was flames growing on mine. The same was happening to my horse's armour.

God opened my eyes so that I could see in the darkness surrounding the camp. There was an army so large then I could not see the end of it. I got the impression that it numbered in the billions. Dennis' own army was only about 150 people. Dennis got a revelation about something that I'd said to him before leaving the mountain, and he ordered all the fires put out and the barricades removed. Not even a glow from any coal was allowed. Next he ordered everyone to stand in a circle, facing outward with their shields in front of them. Then he put his sword in the air, pointing it straight up. It started glowing and he then ordered the rest to do the same.

The source of light created a huge, bright glow that surrounded his army. It was so bright that everyone had to shield their eyes. A light came down from heaven, straight on top of the raised swords. The light flowed like water from the swords, hit the ground, and flowed away from the army. The light hit the army standing in the darkness and drove them away. The whole army scattered in all directions, as they were afraid for their lives.

I asked God what all this meant, and why Dennis had to put out all the fires, as He taught us to do when we were on the same plateau as I am standing on at the moment. God revealed to me that the light from heaven was angels sent to protect Dennis and the rest. He showed me that the fire was God's light that used to operate externally. After the mountain the light was internal. We had to remove the barricades (put ourselves at risk) so He could work in our stead.

At sunrise I was back on the plateau and the angels escorting the army on the plateau, asked me to arrange a meeting with the leadership and scouts of this army. At this point I realised that this army has still not seen or met their own angels, even though they have been riding together from the start. I then called all the elders and scouts together in the middle of the camp, next to the stream. The angels were there, but the people could not see them. I told the leaders that there's a part of their own army that they haven't met or recognized as yet and that I have been asked to facilitate this meeting. I told the group everything I knew about the angels and what I had experienced with them.

At this point I left the meeting. The elders asked me to stay and lead the meeting, but I declined as I was asked to initiate it only. I told the leaders that they had to speak to the angels themselves as their understanding and revelation of the spiritual realm would be different from my own from this point on.

For the next few days I saw the same happen to this army, as what happened to our army when we were here.

After 3 ½ days had passed, I was sitting to the side again, looking in the direction Dennis and his group had gone. Jesus appeared next to me and told me that it's time to rejoin the others, as they needed me (3-6 months had passed since I spoke to them last).

The army that previously surrounded the other group was back. They were being kept at bay by an army of angels, but to get to Dennis, I had to pass right through this army. Jesus told me not to worry, as we have a whole battalion (a thousand) of angels that would open the way for me. The angels took up a V-formation, with Jesus and me just behind the head of the formation. We started galloping, but we accelerated far beyond what my horse had ever been able to do before. I had to hold onto my cloak, as it kept coming loose.

Next my viewpoint changed and I was looking at my own and my horse's face. I could see the exhilaration on our faces, as we had never experienced this before and loved it. I noticed that my eyes had gone completely white and my horse's eyes back. I looked over my shoulder at the mountain and saw that the other army had just begun their seven day battle. At this point I then returned to my body.

I asked Jesus what was happening and He said that only under the unction of God, can my horse move this fast. He said then I had to learn everything the other's had over the last few months, but

that I only had a few hours to do it in. I looked around and saw that we were moving so fast that the enemy soldiers went flying, same as when a speedboat moves through water.

Jesus then told me to look ahead and saw that our whole army has stopped, as there was a high wall in front of them, with high mountains behind it. The army was confused, as God told them clearly that to move to the wall, but they didn't see a way past the wall. When we arrived, Jesus and the angels stopped, but I overshot and my horse and I hit the wall head on at full speed. We bounced off the wall and landed where the others had stopped. I looked back at the wall and saw a dent and cracks where we had hit the wall. As I was looking, the wall and the whole mountain range sank into the ground. I then realised that the wall and mountain range has completely surrounded the city we were going to, and there were archers standing on the peaks of the mountains shooting into the city. When the walls and mountains disappeared, so did the archers. Not a single trace was left.

We approached this city and their elders came out to greet us. They thanked Dennis for arriving to save them, as they had been completely cut off by the siege. They said that they had prepared a seven day feast, and invited us in. Dennis declined, but said that the women should go inside, but the men should wait outside for 3 ½ days to wait for another group to arrive. The other group's women had arrived already the day before.

The elder confirmed what Dennis said and said God told him what to say, so that it could be confirmed that Dennis was the one they had been waiting for. The elder came to Richard, and gave him a cloak like mine, but with a pin that would hold it in place so he would not struggle with it like I did. He then came and gave me a similar pin as well. Next he told Richard and me to go up to a hill northwest of the town. Looking at where he was pointing, I saw a lone rider waiting for us. We rode up the man and recognised him as a prophet and scout. He told us that he was the lead scout of the city and that God had shown him weeks ago that the siege was coming and that we would save them. God also had instructed him to withdraw all the sentries from the walls and not to resist, but to only close the gates. (From this hill we could see almost everything in the city)

He asked me to look at the landscape. All I saw was a wasteland with rocks and sand. I couldn't see anything alive out there, not even a breeze stirred. He said that God had already planted seeds everywhere and in 3 ½ days when the other army arrives, there would be rain. Next he told us that he had been waiting in excitement for our arrival, because he had a lot to learn from us. He then said that after the feast, when we had to leave, it would be their turn to go up the mountain, as they had not been up there yet. This city (ministry) has been here for a long time and that most of them will not be going to the mountain.

I was surprised at what he was saying, and asked him how he could not have been up the mountain yet, as he was such an amazing prophet & man of God. He then reprimanded me and said that it's natural to see others' abilities easier than your own, and that I should open my eyes and see what is in me. Everything that he had in him is in Richard and me as well, and that we are his equals.

I was quiet for a while, as this was sinking in. I looked at the festival happening in the city and I saw Sheryl having a good time. I missed her very much and longed to join her. I then looked at Richard, and saw him watching Nikki as well.

We stayed on the hill till the other army arrived. They joined Dennis and the others and they all then went into the city to join the feast. We stayed outside. AS the others went into the city and the gates were closed, it started to rain. The festival goers didn't even run for cover, but they were instead spurred on to celebrate even more by the rain. Even the fires seem to burn brighter in the rain.

As the rain started, grass grew in an instant and turned the desert into huge meadows. Next trees sprouted and grew in seconds, looking like they had been growing there forever. After the trees, animals, rivers and large lakes appeared. The desert had changed into paradise. Everything the

people of the city needed was there, and then some. At the end of the 6th day since our arrival, everything that was going to be added was there. Nothing else grew or appeared. On the 7th day there was only rain.

ON the morning of the 8th day, it was like mating season had arrived. There was new energy to the landscape. Flowers and insects came out and everywhere I looked, animals were courting and mating. The festival in the city ended and the rain stopped. The prophet told us that the time had come to move on, and for them to go to the mountain.

Dennis and the elder came out of a gate on the far side of the city where we were. The prophet greeted us and joined his army. Richard and I went the opposite way and rejoined our own army. We were at full gallop, but the rest of the army followed us at a trot. The scouts paired up in groups of three like before. Richard and I went ahead to a point where we slowed down and then split up. From here on we stayed alone and did not pair up again. Nikki had joined up with two others and where in sight to Richard's left. We were travelling towards a city that was very far away - at the edge of my vision. The only detail I could see of this city is that it was glimmering.

(Where I was the part of Jesus & me speeding toward the wall, I saw myself in a car driving back to Johannesburg from somewhere in the northwest that was outside of the borders of South Africa. I was very excited to see my wife again after having been gone for so many months)

Part Twenty (10/08/01)

We were travelling at a trot and passed a mountain on the left that had a flat top. It looked like a mesa with sheer cliffs. Richard and I were ahead of the rest of the group and the other scouts were in groups of three, much closer to the group that we were.

Out of the corner of my eye, I saw a man at the top of the mesa watching us. He looked very familiar, but I could not place where I knew him from. My viewpoint then changed and I was looking from behind his shoulder, looking at our group. From this view I could see everybody, including Richard and I. To our right there was a large dune with an army of riders on the other side approaching about two to three kilometres away. A small party broke off from them and tried to flank us from the left.

Next I was back in my body. I called the scouts and send them back to the group to get them ready for the approaching party. As I did this, a group of riders a hundred strong, in light blue armour, approached us and their leader told Dennis that they were from the city that we had just left. They had volunteered to ride with us for a time, as they had already crossed this desert and new it better than we did. The leader left his riders with the main group and joined Richard and I about a kilometre away. The second in command of the rides in blue took Dennis and the rest of the group to an alcove in the mesa, so they could set up a defensive position. Our army formed a circle with the leadership and main body in the centre, and the scouts and riders in blue surrounding them. This made the area of attack narrow and easy to defend.

The other army was not sure of our exact position and it was obvious that they could not see us, as the small group trying to flank us passed so close to the three of us, that we could touch them. I reached out to touch the cloak of one of them, and he died instantly. This scared others so much that they fled back to their own army.

God told me at this point that it only required two of us to destroy the whole enemy army, but this would glory to us and not God, where the glory is supposed to go.

The other army started shooting arrows in all directions, hoping to find us that way. Some arrows came close, but none of them found the target. One of our scouts wanted to return fire, but the leader of the blue riders warned him not to, as this would reveal our army's position. Dennis told everyone to draw their swords and hold it in the air like before. As we did this the light (angels) came down and instead of scattering the enemy army, they destroyed them. No one survived.

We kept moving in the direction of the other city. After a long time travelling, I found an old man sitting on a big, black rock five or six meters from the ground. He was dressed only in a white loin cloth and his hair and beard was very long and grey. His skin was dark from being in the sun all his life. He had big dark brown, almost black eyes that were clear and alert. I got the impression that he had been there a very long time, and that he had seen a lot.

Behind the old man I could see a beautiful valley with trees and animals and a river running through the middle of it. I could not see the starting point of the river; it was as if it just appeared out of nowhere. This valley was teeming with abundant life. Everything we would need to live and have shelter was in this valley. This valley led straight to the city we were travelling to.

I was mesmerized, and started to move closer, but the old man stopped me and warned me that this place was a trap. Once you enter, you cannot get out again and you will die quickly there. He told me to send a scout to bring the rest of our group to where we were waiting. After I dispatched the scout, he told me that he has been waiting in that spot for three thousand years and that others had come before us. He told me that we're near the end of our journey, but that the hardest part was still to come.

When the first scouts came back, he told me that he'll show me another path. I offered him a ride on my horse, but he declined, saying that he could run very fast and that my horse would struggle to keep up. As it was, I had to push my horse to his limits to keep up.

After almost an hour's travel, we came to a valley that ran parallel and to the left of the other one we first saw. It looked inhospitable and very dangerous to cross. I could see boulders looking like canine teeth that protruded out of the ground and cliffs. Like the green valley this one was about three to five kilometres wide, with a very powerful wind blowing through it.

The old man told me that it's very easy to get disorientated and lost in this place, and that it could lead to our death. He said we should only travel at night and to use my sword to show me the way. He also said that the sand dunes changed all the time to trick us. My sword would always show us the correct path as long as I trusted it. He also warned me to be careful to always travel in single file, as the path stays narrow. We then went back to the others.

When we got back, God told me that the riders in blue had overstayed and that they should have turned back days ago. If they went back now, they would get back to their city just at their own army is about to leave for the mountain. When I told their commander, he confirmed this and they decided to leave.

The old man told me that we needed to rest before entering the valley, and went behind the bolder he had been sitting on and brought back sheep and wood. He then took me behind another boulder and showed me a fountain with clear water gushing straight out of the boulder. We all ate drank and rested for the rest of that day.

Just before nightfall he took us to the valley we were to enter. Before going in, he tied all of us together with a string; rider to rider and horse to horse. Then he told Richard and me to take off our cloaks, as we would need the light from our armour to see the ground. He told us not to waste time and to keep moving all the time, and to travel only at night and to sleep during the day.

He bid us farewell and good luck. We then all drew our swords and entered the valley holding out swords in front of us. I was in front with Richard walking closely behind me. Because of the wind kicking up dust, nobody could see the person in front of them. Each one had to trust in his sword and the string tying us together.

As I rode, I realized why we weren't supposed to stop or slow down, as there were little creatures in the valley looking like spiders with scorpion-like pincers. I realized that if we would slow down, they would run up to our horses and cut the string tying us together.

On the morning of the seventh day, after travelling for seven nights, we found the old man again. He was again sitting on a boulder similar to the one we found him on before. He said that he was here to keep watch as we sleep; as this was the last time we would have rest before reaching the city. After sleeping for a very long time, we woke to find our and our horse's armour had turned to cloth. The clothing we had on, had the same design and colouring as our armour had. The only metal left, were our swords and shields.

It was daylight when we woke and the wind was gone. I could see that we had reached the end of the valley. The old man pointed the direction we had to take, but before leaving, he fed us again. As we crested the hill marking the end of the valley, it changed to grassy ground, and I could once again see in the far distance. The city we were travelling to be laying to my left.

We were now on a large plain with the river running through the middle of it. On both sides of the river, armies were gathering. On our side, I could see children of God gathering that all been on the same mountain we had been on, and had also experienced similar trials to ours. Every one of them was on horseback and group indifferent divisions reflecting their ministries and specific callings. Each division had their own banners and colours on their clothing and horse's armour. Everyone was waiting for something, and most of the divisions were full or close to it.

We rode single file to the army to where our own division was waiting. This took some time, as this army was huge. We found other dressed exactly like us, but their ranks were sparsely populated. I rode through the area to the third row from the front and found the old man waiting there for us. He told me to stop next to him and let the other fill the line. He also said that we were fortunate to this far forward in the battalion. I asked what was happening and he said that this was the place where the last battle would be fought, and we were here to see it happening. He also said that we are waiting for the rest of our number to arrive.

I then became curious about the city now lying behind us, wondering what lies inside. The old man read my mind and said that he was curious as well. Suddenly my horse and I transformed into a huge eagle and I saw the same had happened to the old man. Our feathers were shades of red, yellow, orange and black. We were on fire. We extended our wings and admired each other. Drops of burning oil were falling from our feathers and my wingspan was about ten meters. Our beaks and talons were gold coloured and sharp. Our eyes were bright blue and our heads white.

We took flight towards the city and saw only one path leading to the city. Where it met the wall, there was no gate. We had to fly very high to get over the wall. When over the wall, I saw everything was made of gold. There was streets and houses everywhere, but the city was deserted. The path from the outside of the wall continued on the inside like a main street, wide and straight.

I could see very high towers everywhere and had to fly as high as we could to even see what was at the top. I saw a roof platform at the top with four angels standing back to back shouting praises to God as loud as they could. The towers were between a hundred and two hundred meters apart.

I looked at the horizon and realized that I could not see the other side of the city despite the great height I was flying at. The sun was low in the sky, very bright and not moving. We found ourselves drawn to it and started flying towards it. As we were flying, I looked down and saw that all kinds of gems were laid into the roofs of the buildings and street surfaces below.

At closer inspection, I saw that they made up words and hidden secrets that man had been pursuing even before we knew we were pursuing them. It was in a language I have never seen before, but somehow I understood it. (I could not remember what I had read, as it faded as soon as the vision was finished)

After flying what felt like days, we came across orchards with people working in them. As this was the first sign of life, we swooped in low for a closer look. I realized that it was angels making wine

and exotic drinks for the occupants of the city who were due to arrive soon.

The roads were running from the buildings through the orchards, with no other road branching off them. All the roads were running in the same direction towards the sun. We followed the roads, flying over plantation after plantation in the next few days. Finally we saw a high wall appearing in the distance and it took us another week to reach it. As we came closer to the wall, it became increasingly harder to breathe and fly. It took a huge effort just to reach the wall and land on it.

On the wall there were more angels standing back to back. One looked into the city within the walled-in area and the other towards the direction we had just come from. I realized that this was the centre of the city. Each of the angels blew a trumpet in their left hand and held swords in the air in their right hands. I would hear the faint sound of singing coming from the very centre inside the wall, but could not see anything because of the bright light emanating from there.

I tried crossing the wall to get closer to the origin of sound, but felt like I was up against an invisible wall. Pushing as hard as I could, I could only get my head a fraction over the edge of the wall. Suddenly the singing intensified so much that the sound hurt my ears, and I was thrown back. I also could not see anything, as the light intensified so much to the point that it blinded me.

The next moment I was back on my horse outside the city and no one had noticed that I had been gone. Our numbers have also increased substantially and the old man said that everyone has arrived at last.

I looked across the river and saw scores of warriors coming over a hill a few hundred kilometres away, joining the army opposing us. We were outnumbered three to one. I asked the old man how we were going to stand against such a horde, and he said that we were only to witness and not to be doing any fighting at all.

I said that if that is the case, I would like to get off my horse and let it rest a while as it is old and had been through a lot. The old man warned me very sternly that that would not be a good idea, by the time the battle is done, the blood would flow as deep as our horse's heads and anyone not on their horses would be swept away and drown.

The enemy army started swearing and taunting us. They cursed God and said that He would not prevail. They asked if we are too scared to answer them as no one answered them. They said that our time is up and asked where our Lord is. They said that their lord has just arrived and would kill us all.

A large black dragon came over the same hill they did. It had no wings and was about three times the size of our horses. The enemy army jeered and cursed very loudly as they parted to let it through. The dragon was very sure of itself and also started to swear and jeer. This caused the noise made by his soldiers to make an even bigger noise.

He stood across the river and also asked us where our Lord is. He asked if we would also run and hide in terror in front of him as our Lord obviously has done.

Before he could cross the river to attack us, a lion the same size he is appeared and jumped over the river and attacked the dragon without saying a word.

A large battle ensued and the troops that didn't get away fast enough were killed instantly. At first it seemed as if the dragon had the upper hand, but very soon it was obvious that the lion was mauling him very badly. After what seemed to be a very short battle, the lion pinned the dragon to the ground and told him, "Say it." the dragon refused and the lion bit him a few more times and asked him to "Say it" again. The dragon refused three times and was mauled three times. The fourth time the dragon relented and said, "You are the King of kings and the Lord of lords." At this confession a large pit opened next to the dragon and the lion threw him in it. The pit closed as the dragon wailed in terror.

The lion attacked the dragon's troops. This battle was even shorter than the one with the dragon as all the troops threw everything they had at the lion. Soon the blood flowed as high as the old man said. Even while sitting on my horse, I could feel the current and realised that if I hadn't been on my horse, both of us would have died.

After the blood flowed away with the water of the river, I saw that man of our troupes had indeed not stayed on their horses as instructed and there was no trace that they had ever been there. All traces of the blood and the battles were gone.

We cheered so loudly that the earth shook.

Suddenly I found myself on the inside of the wall where there is no gate. All of us that were outside were now here. There were no horses and we were all dressed in white glowing clothes. I remembered flying over the city with the old man and what we found in the centre. I told everyone to follow me and we ran to the centre. We ran faster than when I was flying and it only took us a second to get there.

As we passed the wall that marked the centre, I stopped as I couldn't pass the wall.