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I was born in the Victoria Jubilee Hospital in Kingston city, Jamaica, on 21st day, February 1965, the last of three children to my Mother, Una. I found myself having only an elder brother, Michael, as the other had died. We grew up and lived with our father, Wilfred and his wife, Leila, from we were 3 and 4 years old, only living again with our birth mother, for a short stint, in 1976, just before I sat and pass the common entrance examinations and became a student of Calabar High at 61 Red Hills Road.

We grew up for the most part in Kingston city in the communities of Pembroke Hall, Duhaney Park and attended the Pembroke Hall Primary School on Potosi Avenue. Prior to this, when we were infants, I attended the St. Joseph Infant School, and my brother and cousins, Peter and the Girls, St. Aloysius Boys & Girls School, Catholic Schools, on Duke Street in Kingston, as my Dad and His Sisters were grown up by Catholic Institutions.

Was my Dad an abandon child? He grew up at the Alpha Boys School, where he received skills training that equipped him with the profession of a printer and binder, He was, also, good at farming. His elder Sisters, Gilda and Pat were next door at the Alpha Girls School. Aunt Gilda became a Nurse, but later reverted to the Nunnery, while Aunt Pat remained a Baker of no mean order. How I liked her Pastries and 'Gong Gong' stewed peas with pig's tail.

Of my infant years I only recall a few things, the times I loved most, when Dad would visit my school with Patties and a cool refreshing drink for lunch, as he worked on the same road, Duke Street, at the Government Printing Office. I dreaded hard boiled foods, yam and bananas and would easily agree to them being dropped through a hole in our wooden floor at home, when my step mother was out of sight.

I recall, also, a delightful encounter of being dressed in a black bow and white shirt and blank pants for an 'infants' ball' at school. I recall my brother and I being chastised for stealing sweets which we considered adorable. That I believed was the first and only time we felt the wrath and pain of Dad's huge, strong and powerful hands on our buttocks. O we dreaded that encounter and the expectation of a recurrence and would easily fall in line when our Mom would wag the words at us: "I am going to tell your Father." Our Mom was the disciplinarian at Home as our Dad was not usually there. We were kept within the reins of our gate and fence at home, Mom made sure to hold these, but we had enough to do as our yard at 36

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Carawina Avenue in Pembroke Hall, where Mom also grew up for a time, was well fruited and had enough space for every conceivable game of our imaginations.

I, also, remember my routine embarrassment of wetting my bed and incensing mother, causing her fits of rage, when in the morning, it was discovered Bobby wet the bed. No amount of Sower Sop heart, or not drinking water before bed; or, not romping in the evenings, could give me greater control to stop wetting my bed, which became like the bottle that perfumed the air with puffs of the scent, when sprayed and dried, and then fanned by the breeze. I had the bizarre encounter, urged by her, to run through the streets, shouting: "I am the little pissa bed boy," How traumatic and odd were her tools of instilling discipline, which I think, was to a large part influenced by her Aunt Dama, who was the Zombie Mistress of bizarre discipline tools as my mom would tell stories of these. This did not work though. I just simply grew out of the practice.

From a youngster we had a routine of waking up, spreading our beds, brushing our teeth, bathing, having breakfast, doing light chores and then the rest of the day was ours, for climbing and picking mangos or whatever fruits, kite flying, cricket, football, but by early afternoon, about 2 or so hours after lunch, we had to rest and before evening we had to bathe before going to the dinner table. We retired to bed by early night to start the day all over again with the sun rise.

We were taught to be responsible children and we were not allowed to run and play freely on the streets as others. But we were sent to the shop when Mom needed to supplement her grocery for the day's meals and we walked to and from School on our own when we were old enough to do so. This I believed allowed us to develop well in our formative years untouched by other influences. We did not have a TV, and when we were older our Mom would sometimes allow us to go with her to our neighbors and watch favorites such as Bonanza, a family western sequel.

Every Sunday we went, religiously, to Open Bible Standard Church on the Washington Boulevard, where my mother was a member. My Dad never went to Church, he, somehow, thought, even to this day, though he drinks, smokes and gamble, that he has God! Often enough, we would, also, attend prayer meetings with our mother, at Church or some brother or sister's house. It was at one such Meeting that I was prayed for and got healing for my rebellious tonsils, which was not removed by the Doctor, to this day, even as I write.

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Mom was told by him that it had to be taken out. But the only currency she had was prayer which she spent much of and was so costly to her knees in the prayer room. She got value for money when the announcement was made by the Doctor that he no longer saw a problem with them.

My brother and I had our moments of disagreements which were few but he was the older and more dominant and understandably so, I am his junior and was constantly put down, I challenged him, when in 1976, he found himself on his back with me kneeling him into the ground only to be separated by our Mother. For on hearing her footsteps I fled for cover. After that we had our moments, put perhaps, fewer, until maturity taught, we could disagree and remain civil.

At Primary School, I remember the care of a concern Mother as to how well her Son was doing. I remember us being drilled by her in alphabets and numbers until they took root in our beings. Later on we were drilled in reading and proper pronunciations of words to our mother's suiting. From an infant my mind told me that a 'f' is 'ssss' and frequently, I would call 'fish' 'sssish' running the risk of being jeered and laughed at.

I remember the smell of 'bolo slush' cook lunch coming from the canteen at school which we detested. We much preferred the sweet unhealthy delicious snacks. I recall mornings of the entire school of a hundred or so children of all ages playing kick ups with one single green tennis ball, when it is a case of every man for himself, running and jostling to be the first to kick the ball. Oh, that was so much fun only to be interrupted by the bell when, the fun race would be on to our class rooms.

There seem always to be some season of something, there was chance: buy a number that entitled you to a balloon, hopefully the giant balloon; gigs: when we sought to remove the target object from the ring; marbles: when everyone sought the pearl and the 'bembe' or giant marble and there was a time for 'whola!' hoops, those giants hoops that made our childlike shape, the envy of grotesque overweight adults, later we would run these with hangar wires as wheels.

At home, later on, when we lived in Duhaney Park, I recall making 2 wheel skates from board and bearings from truck engines (the board counterpart to metal bicycles without pedals which were raced by pushing with our feet tucked in a socket like compartments until there was enough momentum to allow acceleration

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at which time we would just sit and steer until we need to push and skate again) and, there were also 3 wheels 'carlike' spring skates which would be steered by one boy seated atop and being pushed by another at the back. These were our child like adventures. And on Fridays at school, it was the best, when we had football for P.E.!

In the class room I remember being scolded only once, not that I never felt the wrath of our Teacher, but somehow this seem to stick, when I was caned, I can't seem to recall for what, though, but perhaps, the embarrassment of having to stand before the class with my brand new khaki pants torn and my under wear exposed and the laughter of my classmates, more so, the glare of Deborah Lowe, who I adored as a child. That day I wore those khaki pants for the first time but as a child every day's adventure was more so, brand new. I remember running to Dad's work place cafeteria, crawling on bended knees under a fence but the return crawl through the rabbit like hole was not as kind as the former, it lashed into my pants like a bull dog and ripped it leaving an 'L' shaped hole which healed, darned by my dressmaker mother, with this grotesque scar to tell the tale and a reminder to me each time I wore them. This was my punishment to teach me to be responsible and careful.

I remember my rivalry and friendship with another youngster, Keith Hooke, which I believed began in 5th Grade and developed in Grade 6. He was a competitor and I learnt and enjoyed the fun of learning and endeavoring to do my best. We challenged ourselves; with him it was so easy to do his best. I soon learnt this, and the confidence and assurance that came with knowing and understanding. I soon became aware that learning like everything else was an art, the more you applied yourself to the subject, putting your shoulders to the wheel, it just became natural, the better you became at it. I began to love learning as the fun we had as child. I had extra lessons in Grade 6, with Mrs. Walker in Patrick City, and I also had her name sake as my Class Teacher, at School. I soon became known for my childlike keenness and abilities.

I never can forget the sadness I felt for Keith, when I learnt firstly of the sickness of his bigger sister, who had past her examinations and started going to Excelsior High School, who I believed lost all or most of her hair, at one time, and later, tragically, her life, one night when she was knocked down by a motorist as she crossed Pembroke Hall Drive from behind the number 40 bus she alighted from. How I was shattered on hearing this, and it was, as if only, I stopped breathing for

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a moment, for we continued our quest of being the best. We both past our Common Entrance Examinations for the same school, 'The Utmost for the Highest,' known more so by the name of Calabar!

There was a time when my Dad and Mom separated and we returned to live with our Mother. I recall at those times spending our evenings, after School, with our Dad at the Oasis Club in Maverly until it was time for us to go home at 4 Galaway Road, off Waltham Park Road and Maxfield Avenue. My Dad lived alone in Patrick City at that time. We played the pinball machine in those days and were good at it and were more than fair game for the adult men who seemed to have difficulty grasping the simple concept of using their fingers to do the talking; we were treated by our Father to soft drinks and on some occasions, nutriment.

Every Saturday Morning we were treated by our Father, who took us, and when we were older, we went by ourselves, to the Saturday Mornings Matinee at Regal, Carib or State Cinemas in Cross Roads. My Father, except for the time when he scolded us, and my birth mother, never taught us morals; we were indoctrinated by a firm stepmother: 'Aunt Leila' who desired the best for her children. She was miserable and rough at times but she desired the best for us. She would become known in our community later on in life for her strength of will, character, courage and indomitable spirit.

In 1977, after I had earned a place to attend Calabar, my step mother and dad got back together, and we removed to Willowdene, in St. Catherine. My Dad and I would travel in the mornings to Kingston, in those days, via mini buses en route from May Pen to 6 Miles, perhaps, about 12-15 miles in 15/20 minutes and then by the Jamaica Omnibus Service buses to work and School. At Cane harvest time, I always relished the scent of freshly burnt, harvested canes as the velocity of the rushing mini buses through the tunnel like Spanish Town High Way, now called Mandela Highway, the Road, going through cane fields on either side was always enveloped with this pleasant Harvest scent and the refreshing morning air untainted by Riverton or any other landfills. I got an added boost from that rush of life in my nostrils and looked forward to a window seat each morning.

At Calabar, Keith and I grew apart as we were in different forms and we made new friends, and developed separate interests. High School presented other activities, we did a foreign language, French and had a language lab, we also had science labs and performed experiments in this controlled environment; we had woodwork and

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metalwork rooms with machines, equipment and tools, we also had a library and a typewriter room. We had a music room and a Chapel and Chaplin, named Mr. Stokes, who, formerly, was a soldier.

We had a lawn tennis court, basketball court, and numerous football fields, from the miniature ones to the standard sized, nets for cricket, and a swimming pool and showers. We had acres of bushes and we were known for it. As boys we were not lacking in innovation and our forerunners developed a version of indoor soccer which we called 'rabbit soccer'. An exciting adrenalin rush of smooth passes, control, 'brokings,' salads and goals from one end of the room to the other, best played bare footed by those who could avoid being cleared from off their feet: an exercise and exhibition of skills for those who mastered the game of soccer on the outdoor, standard size playing field. By these we were often entertained and indoctrinated until we grew and took their places. Later on we got a Table Tennis Room, where we watched some of Jamaica's greatest, such as Stephen Hylton, exhibited their skills. How I loved those days when we had fun together.

In my teens at High School, I made friends and today I am still in touch with some. Just a few to note: 'Zander,' Kevin Alexander, 'Jelly Belly,' Earl Crooks, Andre Bernard and John Saddler. I knew Andrew Scott, who is now called, in some circles, 'Prophet Andrew' of GWIF (Greater Works International Fellowship) and 'Bones,' Derrick Mitchell of the Salvation Army. These are but a few of my school mates.

At home, my hobby became, cycling, there was a craze in those days as to who could develop and model the nicest 3 speed, chromed fork, wheels, spokes and guard, butterfly handle Chopper bicycles. My brother and I bought, sprayed and designed ours with reflector tapes. I mastered riding and a lesser degree riding on one wheel. Our Mother perfected her sons in home economics teaching us to cook, clean, wash and sew. We went with her to the market and supermarkets to learn how to spend money and shop for the family. By this time our Mother had stopped going to her Church and would have prayer meetings with her church sisters at our house, in those days there was not much of a church near to where we lived and I remembered that we attended our Landlady, Mrs. Battick's Sunday School in those days.

When we removed from Mrs. Battick's to a house across the road at Lot 234, Woodlawn Drive, I became involved in landscaping and keeping the yard tidy.

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As I recall it, I was paid for the first time when I had tidied and arranged the drive way with stones on either side, much to the delight of the Agent, Mr. Skyers, who expressed his appreciation in J\$20/J\$100 note, for a job well done.

Later on, I developed my own yard garden at the side of our house when I planted plumy-tomatoes and had a bumper crop that I add extra to sell to the neighbors. I was following my Dad who had farmed the same plot before. Later on in life, I and four other church brothers would buy a 20 acres plot and farm it, another faith project. After High School, when funds were low, I also made and sold suck-suck to supplement bus fares to attend A'Level classes at UWI before I started working.

High School demanded the same disciplined approach to study but with greater rigor than at the Primary level. I applied myself and was good at this; I excelled in class, and had new competitors which made us do well. By the time I reached third form, I knew what I wanted to do, I wanted to become an Accountant, like my brother, and so I chose to do the business subjects.

I was good also at this, and was a master of Mathematics, I was, to some degree, the envy of my peers and I felt good, having this admiration and acceptance.

I recall in Fifth Form, my Dad became critically ill, no one to this day knew what went wrong with him, his feet pained, being swollen, and I think he had rashes on them. He became 'skiny' and emaciated, the Doctors did not know what was wrong and he was released from University of the West Indies Hospital without them being able to diagnose his condition. He came to my school, and on seeing his state, I left with him immediately and went home. In spite of allegations of him being obeah by the neighbor, he grew better. Mom, no doubt prayed constantly for him, and nursed him back to health. I recall 'Gong Gong,' my Uncle's Mother, even recommending to him to use his urine to wash his feet. Today, my Dad is alive, but suffering from vices of his own making, tobacco, alcohol and gambling and deceit.

I recall Sunday mornings' reading of the news paper with my Dad, this was his routine. It became a practice of mine also. We, as children, were more interested in the comic strips though. I recall to this day having seen a golf course, so refreshingly, green and smooth and clean in a comic strip.

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That view stuck with me and I remember making the connection between that and having my life so beautifully manicured and clean. This is a desire that has been with me from ever since.

Then came CXC Exams and I sat them and gained four A's or I's and two B's or II's. My brother began working before me at ALICO, and would help with my expenses to attend evening A Level classes at UWI evening school as my parents could not afford to send me to the six form Grade, at Calabar. Over the next two years, I would have to balance the demands of work and studying for A Levels, I could only manage passes in these two subjects: Accounts and Economics. This balancing act would be my lifelong endeavor to become a qualified Accountant, and a diligent worker, husband and father of three. Presently, I have the last three subjects to do to become qualified.

In 1981 or thereabout, I became friends with a girl, I thought never existed. She lived on an adjacent road to Woodlawn Drive, Willow Way, but somehow, she scarcely ventured beyond her gate and she left for school early in the mornings and came home at odd hours, never to be seen, except at very rare occasions when she would make a dash for it when it was announced that I was coming. I had an admirer that I knew not, until we met and started talking. Interestingly, she and I share the same birth date: February 21, 1965. We became best friends. She was the one responsible for opening my first and only current account at National Commercial Bank Jamaica Limited in Spanish Town where she had her first job.

In 1983, it became clear that she wanted to find a place to worship and I would attend 'Book' study with her at The Kingdom Hall of Jehovah's Witnesses. The doctrine taught there was not consistent with what I understood the bible to be saying and at times we would have disagreements on the subject being discussed. But our friendship kept me going with her nonetheless, until I could no longer but be true to myself and stopped. She was baptized in the Kingdom Hall of Jehovah's Witnesses about two years after.

I watched the Jimmy Swaggart program routinely on Sunday Mornings on TV and was an active participant in getting and reading literature from his Church. In my quest to know and understand the scriptures I would attend several and different Churches, from time to time on Sunday evenings, in and around our neighborhood. In 1984 I saw the Carter Report advertised on TV and I was at once interested.

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I attended and followed up with the Revelation Bible studies in one or two of the Seventh Day Adventist Churches advertised, in particularly, the Washington Gardens and the New Haven SDA Churches. I also did the Believers Bible course study with Samuel Flynn, the Church Bible worker. At Washington Gardens I met George Morgan who also attended Calabar High School

The first Sabbath, I kept was noted in the Book of Heaven. As I recall it, Saturday was never a worship day at home, instead, Mom went to the Market and cooked soup routinely. She asked me to cook the soup that day and I responded that I could not as I was going to keep the Sabbath. She was furious and disappointed and stormed off to the Kitchen. I remember hearing the pressure cooker, steaming away, with its 'sssssssss...' sound in my study and meditation session my adjoining room. At some point I fell asleep, only to be awakened by an explosive BOOOOOOM! Frightened, I jumped out of bed and ran to the kitchen, gladly, Mom was not there, but I found the Kitchen covered with split peas, the ceiling, the walls, the floor and the stove. We recently got this stove, but now, all of a sudden, it was ripped out at its sides; and the top sunken in. The pressure cooker had exploded and was open, cover at one end of the kitchen and pot at the other.

I heard running footsteps, and shouts of: what happen, what happen! As Mom ran from the neighbors, with her miniature version of the lengthen strides of Usain Bolt. She stopped abruptly and saw what greeted my eyes: a Split Peas Cooking Experience gone sour. My mom thought that she was sold a defective stove and returned it to Serve-Wel, its manufacturers, the following Monday, with that complaint. The Customer Service Representative was disturbed with the accusations and called for the small cylinder of gas they had in house to prove her wrong. This he did, when on connecting the gas to the mangled stove, he lit it and it burnt effortlessly, undisturbed by its brokenness. It burned long enough to prove her complaint wrong, which she withdrew. The Serve-Wel rep was adamant that she had damaged the stove and wanted to pass it off as their fault. Needless to say, I had to foot the bill of repairing the stove. This was my first encounter with the Lord of Heaven, the one whom Jacob first saw a top the ladder that extended from Heaven to Earth. It was not until recently that I understood what this meant. This you too will understand as you pay attention to my comments on this website on the subject and the Sabbath.

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Two years later, at the age of 21, 21 days (a day is reckoned from evening to evening) after my birthday, on the 13th March 1986, a Sunday Night, I was baptized a Seventh Day Adventist Christian in the Washington Gardens SDA Church in Kingston city. Being an Auditor, working at Peat, Marwick, Mitchell & Co, or KPMG Peat Marwick, now KPMG, one of my first works was to meet a request from my Church First Elder, Marston Thomas, to review the system of internal controls of our Church, this I did and presented the report to him, which was to his delight.

Thereafter, I was asked by the Church to serve in its Treasury, which I did until I became the Treasurer and serve a further 2 or three years before resigning from the post.

I was a philanthropist by activity, I purposefully gave away my money, and did so gladly to any and everyone who asked, I even kept record of all my expenditures. This is the 'mean streak' of an Accountant one would say. But it gives me great joy to help those who need help. I was faithful in returning my tithe and offering and I had keen interest in the welfare and well being of my Church. I became a Deacon of my Church, and I trust my whole energy into the visitation and the work of the Deaconate. I was personally responsible for the building of two houses for our Shut Ins and helped in a third during my tenure. In the first two houses, I used my own funds supplemented by that of other members and co-workers who shared in the venture and also funds I held in trust for my mother, which was repaid later. Everybody was blessed from sharing in the ventures and confessed it. I develop a rapport with the brethren that would serve me well in my own personal life.

It was on one of those occasions, a visitation in Arnett Gardens, that I got the attention of our new Pastor, who admired my sincere and ardent involvement. He invited me to take up an offer from his wife to become her tenant in Kingston, at gate number 1, in Upper Shortwood, Kingston 8. This I did and after several months of moving finally left Willowdene completely and returned to Kingston, I believe, in 1994.

But, before this, my twin best friend had left the Island, followed by my mother and father, to the U.S.A, and my brother, also, moved out about two years before that into his recently bought house in Greater Portmore. Therefore, I was left alone some four or five years after we had moved from Lot 234 Woodlawn Drive, in a three bedroom house on Willowdene Thruway in Willowdene.

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As a young Christian I had some challenges. On the night of my baptism I had worn my chain given to me by my girlfriend to the occasion along with the silver ring given to me by my mother. I was told by the Pastor, E. R. E. Wright that Adventist men do not wear jewelry. This was underscored again by the Bible worker, Samuel Flynn, who gained my confession that he had told me this before.

By the number of my opposition I recanted but I was not satisfied within. My mother had given to me this ring, likewise my girlfriend the chain and they had sentiments attached and I was not at first readily nor willing to part with them. But, my eyes were about to be opened to the danger of this course and once I had seen it all queries were settled for me.

I looked into the practice of wearing Jewelry and analyzed the benefits and utility and I found that for me I wore them not only because of the sentiments but I actually loved how it made me felt and the confidence I had when I wore them and the perceived acceptance gained from others seeing me wearing them. I was a conspicuous consumer and a pecuniary emulator and would realize that anything and everything that prevented me from exercising my faith and confidence in the Lord Jesus and 'HIS WORD' was idolatrous and had to go.

I understood then and now that my sense of worth and confidence and well being and purpose came from the gospel, which revealed the love of God for us all. This valued the soul for its true worth and nothing else matters but love. This I embraced after I learnt that lesson and recorded it in a poem: 'The Value of the Soul.' This would be the first of many lessons that I would concretize in my own imitable style and words. See my collections of Poems.

Today, I find that Christians have adopted a similar idolatrous notion under the guise of 'self worth' and some of our un-weaned Elders and Pastors are promoting, this new 'wine' wholeheartedly in and outside of our Churches. Oh, that we will understand the power of the gospel unto salvation and liberty: 'I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ Jesus, for it is the power of God unto salvation, to all that believe, to the Jews and gentiles,' our pastors and elders, our friends and neighbors, and oh yes, you and I.

Another challenge was breaking the bond between my twin best Friend. This took years even though she had left the Island.

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Initially, I was torn between and 'old young love' and 'a new, first love' and had I known this before, I would have reconsider getting into this friendship. I struggled for years to sever the ties, so deep were the bonds that I found it difficult to part, I struggled even to the point that I thought I was going crazy, I had reached a point, not sure as to how, but I had reached a point that a moment would not pass without me thinking of an expletive not that I cursed it but I was prompted to. My focus, therefore, changed to an even deeper struggle that's within, I prayed, I yearned, I pressed until I discovered the blessing of committing scriptures to memory: 'thy words have I hid in my heart that I might not sin against thee.' And I recall learning the passage, physical exercise is profitable but godliness is profitable unto all things. I combined both in my quest to master my soul.

Therefore, at nights and early mornings, when everyone was a sleep I would jog or power walk and meditate on the word. So intense was my discourse that one night I heard a voice speaking behind me, while I sat over the word in communion. I gained back my soul and the power and use of the sword. I was renewed and strengthened and this became my habit for life.

In accordance with the dietary laws of Leviticus 11 my eating habits changed, now I dreaded Christmas season because the aroma of ham would not only perfume our refrigerator but everything within its doors would seem to be baptized in its scent. I had no peace eating anything from within. Everything therein smelt and tasted like ham. My mom equally detested my new found faith and its practices. At one time I recall sharing with her the knowledge that there has always been a distinction between clean and unclean foods and I carried her back to Noah's time of the Flood when he was told to carry into the Ark, the animals in pairs, the clean in pairs of seven and the unclean in only one pair, Genesis 7: 2. This she understood from the scriptures but she has not to this day acknowledged nor recanted from the path of her own making. She like many others, instead, holds to the view of sanctifying themselves with unclean meats, Isaiah, 66: 17. Interestingly, recently, two days ago, I learnt that because of health reasons she has stopped altogether eating red meats.

Many of our Christian counterpart has misinterpreted the vision given to Peter in Acts 10 to be speaking of clean and unclean meats when the salient point that the vision spoke to is: that there is no difference between Jew or Greek or Gentiles, male or female, bond nor free, and that all who call on the name of Christ is one and can 'commune' together praising and worshipping God in spirit and truth,

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verses: 14 and 28. Some also de-contextualize Romans 12, and misinterpret its contents applying it to clean and unclean meats; the Seventh Day Sabbath and the other six days of the week; when it speaks to the weak in faith embracing a vegetarian as opposed to another who is stronger a non-vegetarian diet and receiving the brethren in love; and the practice of some early, as well as later, Christians of observing the other Sabbath like feast days, Leviticus 16: 30-31 and 23: 24, as opposed to those who pay no such observance.

Round about 1987, I began working with the Harvey's Family, husband and wife, sharing with them the gospel. Alton drank from the well spring of salvation and no longer needed to drink alcohol, he gave up other vices, also, and he began attending Church. Soon thereafter, he was baptized a Seventh Day Adventist. His wife on seeing the change in him followed after. They became my Church Mom and Dad substituting for my mother and father who by this time had migrated to USA.

We then worked with Nadine of McVickers Lane and she followed her Lord in Baptism round about 1989. On Sabbath mornings we all travelled from Spanish Town in mine or the Harvey's car to Washington Gardens Church.

There were others who gave their hearts to the Lord, just to mention a few: there was Marcia and her daughter Naomi. Marcia died from kidney or renal failure; there was Joan and Paula who Sister Harvey worked with; Joan has since migrated to USA after her baptism; there was Juliet, who is no living in the USA and has since been baptized; there is also Shernet who also has, recently, made her decision for the Lord. There are yet others whom I have not mentioned herein whom the Lord knows best; these all are the precious souls whose life the Lord has touched through our ministry.

Today, some of these have wandered from the House of Prayer but they are constantly in our thoughts and our prayers that, like the Prodigal they will return when they have come to their senses.

There are countless persons whom I am privileged to call brothers and sisters whose lives are intertwined with mine and mine with theirs, some I have mentioned and yet others because time would fail I have only alluded to by reference to certain experiences. This is not to take away from the value of our relationship but time now fails for me to go into any further details.

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I have been blessed from time to time with the foresight of seeing certain marvelous things ahead of time in dreams which serve to direct my path. I recall one night of dreaming of my landlord of Willowdene Thruway kicking down my backdoor. I was alarmed and shocked in the dream. I awoke the next morning, pondering in bed what this could mean: I realize I had to exercise my faith; otherwise my landlord would have the upper hand.

That morning, I heard a honking of a horn, at my gate, before I came out of bed, and sure enough it was my landlord. He had come for the rent, and it was at a time when I was not working, I wrote the cheque in faith and went that day, all day on the road, until I got the funds and lodged the same to make good his cheque.

In the decade of the 90's I dreamt of seeing my friend George Morgan falling from or something falling on him from the upper floor of Washington Church, which was now being expanded into an upper floor. I told him about the dream and warned him to be careful. On that fateful night, the Contractor, along with certain church members helping, was jacking, yes jacking with hydraulic jacks, the four corners of the church roof to hoist it to the new height to accommodate the upper floor. Wednesday night meeting was in session, I had passed by earlier but had left by now.

The workers, were like mad ants at their task, they worked at maddening speed that would lead to the catastrophe. They could not succeed at their task without the roof toppling over, it was just too fast. Then came, the big bang! The scattering of the ants on the top floor to the sides from the center, the scampering of the members in the prayer meeting session to the front, and the gathering of the community members to the church premises from all directions.

Everybody was busy discussing the event that led to this toppling, in a loud raucous noise. But amidst this one could hear the crying of the contractor, in sobs of defeat and the anger in the shout: 'oonuh mash up mi church!' That shout added the humor to the somber occasion, how could anyone think that God's Church was their own? The Washingtonites picked up the pieces led by the Contractor and completed the task successfully. To God be, the Glory! After the incident George reminded me of the dream in sounds of gratitude and informed me that he had exercised caution while he was on the roof in the jacking night season.

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I recall one night of seeing a list of numbers, don't quite remember how much at this time, scrolling up in front of my eyes, and then suddenly the number changed to ten times what it was before. When I asked what was the meaning of this I heard that this was the brother's mortgage. I recall a brother being in dire financial straits during the period of the 90's when Finsac took over the collapsed Banks and Insurance Companies. The dream was in reference to him.

Prior to that, I dreamt that I was working for Brother Sang, it was after I had stopped working at Peat Marwick; I pondered what the dream meant. As it turned out I bought a car from Brother Sang, a quiet, simple, longsuffering and kind soul who owned and operated a Wholesale, just outside of Spanish Town. I was to learn from the experience patience and trust. I paid J\$25k for the car, a 1976 White Mitsubishi Galant, which sat for months, perhaps a year, dismantled on Bro. Sang's driveway. I had it towed away after with joy I exchanged the manager's cheque for its keys. Brother Ellis, as I remember it, pulled me to my destination garage. This was the start of what would be month's, perhaps, a year of hard work to get my gallant on the road. I spent three times the cost of purchase to reassemble the car and have it body worked and sprayed. Notwithstanding this, I never got a month of continuous driving since it was purchased and reassembled. There was always something wrong with it and with the scarcity of spare parts I could never get the part to have it on the road continuously, it would spend weeks in the garage and on my carport on the jack with me as the chief mechanic. I recall at one time I had to borrow to keep things afloat and I had reached the decision to part with my Gallant after spending all I could to get it in a state for the resale.

I had difficulty making the sale and my financial state was in ruins, I could not repay the personal loan from a family member as I was not working for some time now to repay out of my own means. I recall being accused of being selfish for not repaying the loan even though I explained the difficulty I was experiencing. I was attacked on this account and I was hurt and I recall after that telephone call of falling to my knees and in prayer poured out my soul unto the One who sits High and looks low. My prayer was heard, and instantly while in prayer, the phone rang, I answered, the voice on the other end said: 'I see your ad in the paper and I am interested in the car, where can I, find you?' I told him and within 15 minutes they were at my gate, in a similar but yellow Gallant motor car. We completed the transaction the next day followed by a return of part of the purchase price to cover costs the new owner had to foot to remedy some defects he had inherited.

Testimonial

I only recovered net, about J\$45K of the total I had spent on its purchase and other repairs costs but I gained the virtue of patience which would serve me well in other areas soon to explore. I repaid the loan and was freed from that burden.

I recall one time of having a terrifying dream I can only recall at this time of falling into an abyss of darkness, as I recall it, I awoke and fell to my feet in prayer, pouring out my soul unto my Maker. I don't quite know what the dream spoke about but it was soul griping enough to make me cry out in anguish for help.

When I lived at number 1, at upper-Shortwood, I recall having two or three significant dreams: of a woman in a black cape who exited our bathroom and sought to curse me and my children (then we had only Grace-Anne) who were asleep on the same bed with me; I rebuked her, later I would see the woman's face upon someone I know and of a grave like scary scene with the wind howling and me exhuming a grave and seeing a date on a tomb stone, strangely enough, the date, the month agreed with a series of letters that I discovered at a later date I had written. I will not speak to these two dreams at this time. The third dream, I don't recall vividly at this moment, whether it was at numbers 1, 2 or number 21, upper-Shortwood, but in the dream I was being told by a voice of the meaning of numbers, relating them to the precepts of the Holy One. I had almost forgotten the dream but as I studied the Bible everything fell into place and I had grasp of it.

This is how I learnt of the Seven Precept Measuring Rod, initially, which after I discovered in the scriptures after looking into Grace's plea: 'Daddy, I can't seem to recall Psalm 19.' My, our dwelling places, the houses where we lived, were the outworking of the lessons. Hence we lived at number 1, the designate of the Name of the Godhead, number 2, His Spirit, and now number 21, the first and the last and all that's in between or the Torah, Torah. (How I long to live at 7, the ultimate, the deuterios or recount of all these holy precepts) I was the first to live at number 1, and secondly my wife, when we got married in December of 1998, our first child, Grace-Anne was the third, the Genesis of our children, who was born on the third day of January, 2000 at that time being celebrated as the start of a new millennium after the Y2K virus threat, she prayed for a sister, our second daughter, Hannah Anna-kaye, who was born at number 2 on the 9th day of November 2006, and our third child, our only boy, Robert Jr., born in our third rented house in Kingston at number 21, on the 7th of September 2008 in answer to my prayers.

Testimonial

While at number 1, I began to build my Mom's house at gate number 1 or lot 58, and we finished it and acquired two other houses, numbers 15 and 14 respectively, making a total of three like the three houses that I had helped to build for our Shut-ins at Church: 'cast your bread upon the waters and you shall find it after many days.' After we got married my wife pooled her resources with mine and we finished the construction of the first house which my mom and I had started before. Next we bought another house in Kingston out of our blessed means.

And amidst a fiery trial which would lead to my current standing, we bought the third house, after I had seen it in a dream, the night after I helped a Rastafarian man, Louis, who was calling on the name of Jesus for help after drinking alcohol, fell from his bicycle and broke his leg in two places. I was going home late about 10:30 that night and almost overrun Louis' bundle with his bicycle in the midst of the road around a bend after existing Charlton's fording. He summoned me for help but I thought he was trying to trick me.

I tested his claim of having a broken foot, by telling him to stand on the other, which he did before collapsing again to the ground. I was shocked with the reality that he was telling the truth. I grabbed my big plastic bags and covered the lower and upper part of the front seat (which was broken back to accommodate him lying down) of my first, Silver Suzuki Grand Vitara.

I now travelled with two big black plastic bags after my first incident after I had just bought the car, brand new, of having carried a stranger, whose car was washed off the Mandela High Way, during a season of flood rains while she was en route to her destination in the direction of Spanish Town. She was drenched to the bone and the seat was soaked when I offered and carried her to the Ferry Police Station for help.

Since then I carried these bags, just in case I needed to help a soul in danger. As I recall it, her car was about 200 meters in front of mine, I could only see her rear red park light as visibility was poor due to the constant showers and overcast skies, I saw a flow of blackness across the Mandela High Way and the light was no more. I wondered to myself: what was that? On reaching the spot I saw her car in a pit of water on the left side of the road surrounded by a crowd of people who saw what had happened and stopped to help.

Testimonial

There was a man who had jumped in the water and swam to the car and while holding to the car shouted in a coarse tone: 'woman cum outa da car!' Mum, was stunned and clenched her valuable bag of papers saying she cannot leave them in the car. The car was sinking by the moment as the water was claiming every available space within, Mum would not budge at his insistence and shouts of fear, I stooped, and calmly told her, in the midst of the crowd, mommy you have to come out of the car, in her childlike tone and she responded: 'Come for me,' No, mom I cannot come for you, you come to me.' She came out of the car without his help, leaving the bag behind, and swam, unaided by him, to my hand and I pulled her out and we left the mob behind en route to the Ferry Police Station.

The Police advised us that we had come to wrong place and we need to make the report at the Duhaney Park Police Station, they agreed, however, to take her there. We exchanged numbers and I left for my brothers. Since then I travelled with these bags, just in case. And so, I sped away with Louis to the University Hospital, en route, I got his companion's number and call her and advised her of his fate and our destination. Lo! And behold while I drove, Louis was calling on the Name of Jesus.

I was shocked and happy that I had stopped to help a seemingly infidel, who was calling on the precious name of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus. And whosoever, shall call on the Name of the Lord shall be saved, Romans 10. At the hospital I used my last J\$500 to register him and tried to leave given I was so tired, but Louis would have none of this, he held on to me like a young child to a mother or father and I was constrained, only to be released when his companion arrived and repaid the J\$500.

That J\$500 was returned sooner than the countless funds that I had so freely given away before and with it to my surprise in the night season a dream in which I saw Louis riding his bicycle amidst several explosions and after that scene, a house and a big strong man, who would become my friend in reality, and line of people who wanted to pass through the land on which the house was but I resisted. The strong man advised me otherwise. I saw this house in a dream before and when I laid my eyes on the actual upstairs house I knew it was the house that I had seen in that dream. The strong man came and helped me after we had bought the house by faith from Meshach, a fellow brother and Seventh Day Adventist now living in the USA, whom I did not know before I saw and purchased the house.

Testimonial

I have no attachment to physical possessions so I sacrificed our first Grand Vitara to purchase the house. As I recall it the loans officer announced to my wife and I saying: 'Mr. you do not qualify for this loan!' But, I was not going anywhere, I sat there staring at him, then I heard him say: 'Okay this is what I will do' and he outline an alternate proposal. But, he then announced: 'Mr. you need another J\$250k!' 'I don't have any more money,' was my sharp and quick response. To which he answered, staring me squarely in the eyes: 'Mr. there is nothing else that I can do for you!' It struck me and I hurriedly responded: 'My Father will help me!' Your Mother and Father will help you? To date I have not responded to him on that question. I spoke of my Heavenly Father.

Shortly after, on August 31, 2004, I left my job and got a little over J\$100k and then came Hurricane Ivan on September 13, 2004 and we got a three month's moratorium on the other two mortgages equating to the difference of J\$150k. Thus we bought this third house by faith through the grace of our Lord.

The same means by which we financed the purchase of the house would be the same means by which we would renovate and fix it. The house had four bedrooms, and two bathrooms upstairs, living and dining, kitchen and washroom with a helper's quarters consisting of a bedroom, bathroom and a kitchen downstairs. I recall one night of going to a friend for a soft loan as I had run out of funds, but they were not able to help. I left, walking along Ladymusgrave Road to Barbican. On Ladymusgrave Road, I encountered a stranger, dirty, tattered, a SDA he said he was, who had become mentally ill, he had just left the Bellview Hospital and needed to get home to Mandeville but he had no fare nor food. He and I stopped on the sidewalk in pitch blackness, interrupted only by the lights of the passing vehicles and I prayed for him and gave him my last J\$1,000 and left to go home. I walked home that night and told my wife that we had no money and she told me what I should do. The next day we did and got J\$100k. To God be, the Glory!

I retiled and repainted the whole house using the currency called faith and the assistance of my strong man friend, converted the washroom into a bathroom and the whole house into two one bedroom self contained flats downstairs, and a three bedroom, two bathroom, kitchen and dining on the upstairs with a downstairs living area. I choose not to live in it though because of the explosions which I had seen in the dream was now a reality and Louis would also lose his companion to ill health.

Testimonial

The repair of the house was not without its challenges I had 2 or rather, 3 workmen who sought to or stole from me, these are men from within. The Church 40 ft metal ladder which brother Chin so kindly consented to and loaned to me, which brother Lee also had so kindly consented and transported for me to the house, was stolen by 'Mr. Steel.'

As I recall it, while I was sharing my testimony with a sister from North Street SDA, at lunch, the ladder was being stolen by Mr. Steel. This would be the second time that I would set my eyes to know who or the whereabouts of that which was mine and would see in the night season what would happen.

I saw by night as I flew over like a bird: a survey of the neighbourhood, I saw only houses and something that flowed below. In the morning, I skipped work and went to the neighbourhood. I spoke to the, supposedly, sole witness who refused to tell me who it was, I went to the adjoining community, I crossed over and surveyed the area looking and asking for clues, I came up blank and while I stood at the bridge lo, and behold water started flowing in the gully, as there was rain in the hills, this was what I saw by night. As I stood there someone caught my eyes, an unkempt, uncombed, rough looking kind of a man and it came to me this is the man.

By this time the sole witness was next door the spot where this man stood and I approached him and announced to him that I knew who it was and told him. He was shocked into confession and asked me: "how you know it was him?" It just came to me. I called Hawkeye and two bikers came but I could not have him taken into custody as the sole witness would not come forward. I tried on two or three other occasions to get Mr. Steele to return the ladder but he refused to budge, I leave him in the hands of the Lord.

In late 2004 the two one bedroom flats downstairs were finished and rented on the 1st of January, 2005. My strong man friend advised me to allow my first tenant, Caroline, to repaint to her suiting, the freshly painted flat. I did and she repainted the flat as an Art studio, with all kinds of designs. Though, she told me that her boy friend was away and would visit when he is in the island, she moved in with her Rasta chanting, weed smoking boyfriend.

Testimonial

He would disturb the other tenant at the back and neighbours with his loud chanting, as I understand he was a singer or DJ, and the strong scent of his chimney puffs of weed billowing through the windows and doors which were freely ajar to aerate the sacred smoke. I experienced this one Sunday when my visit was unknown to them, I heard the raucous chanting and smelt the intoxicating weed while at the side of the house. I said nothing. For some unknown reason, he looked through the side window and saw me and announced: 'mi hav fi sho sum respect, landlord deh bout!'

Prior to this, before I found out my tenant was living with her boyfriend, the workmen, on the day in question visited and began working at about 9am as they would normally after everyone had left for work. But on this day, when Samuel Dewar, the electrician began to drill the wall upstairs for the meter and panel box, they were greeted with no end of expletives in chant and songs and curses, the thunder from heaven came down with its lightning and struck at number 14 that day. They were threatened with hell and brimstone and death by the hand of evil men and doers. Samuel simply apologized and explained that they did not expect anybody to be at home as they were not so advised but that was of little if any reprieve. I was shocked that my new tenant could be so deceitful about her plans to cohabit.

Caroline was not happy with some of the windows which were missing handles for proper maneuvering, and her toilet was not flushing properly. She was grossly aggravated at these annoyances and I could see that she was upset.

I tried to pacify things and have the plumber, Bro Bertel Richards, rectify the toilet, but though several visits were made by him the problem was not corrected promptly and this served to make her aggravation worse. My strongman friend and I visited the flat one Sunday with her permission when I had procured the handles and installed them with the rivet gun and screwdrivers. I recall then seeing a bible open on her new stove and enquired jokingly what this was. He responded, saying, an evil practice, and suggested that I said nothing else, which I did. On another Sunday before all the complaints were rectified, Caroline was so upset that she refused to open the upstairs grill to allow me access to the upper floor to inspect the work done during the past week. I called her several times, I heard her and I am sure she heard me but anger controlled her ears and tongue and spite was her motive and there was no reply.

Testimonial

I simply sat on the steps to the upstairs grill and took my pocket bible, after I had summoned my Dad to come from his house in Portmore with the extra set of keys, and read ignoring my tenant's vengeance. When he arrived I told him what had happened and opened the grill and set to work. Upon realizing her gross dissatisfaction I re-advertised the flat with the intention of re-renting as I expected her to leave. Needless, to say, she found out and thought she now had ample ammunition to dispose of me. I simply told her my intentions would only crystallize upon her departure, but interestingly her intention to leave was also confirmed by her recent search of the Sunday Classified and her discovery of my ad therein, she was also seeking a place.

Caroline only lived at the flat for one month before the threats of death of her Rasta boyfriend returned upon his own head and he was slain by gunmen in Barbican, a case of mistaken identity. As I remember it, that Thursday night, I sat at the Television watching the news and somehow at the same time of the news item I remember that I needed to call her to arrange for one of the workmen to be let in, I tried then, but there was no answer. I was totally oblivious to the fact that it was her Rasta boyfriend that was slain. In the morning I tried again without any success, Caroline was in mourning. She returned the call later that day and burst into tears with the devastating news. After her initial mourning was ended she removed from the house with great flight.

In February 2005, the upstairs flat consisting of three bedrooms was finish and rented to Andrew and his family on the 21st day of February. I was very tired, and without energy and lack luster. The months of working two jobs, day work, and night work at the house and the untimely eating habits had set in and I dragged myself at times through some days. I recall this Friday, in particular, I was dragging myself, walking to lunch when I reached at the bus stop opposite Kosmos on Trafalgar Road, I prayed: 'Father, please send a bus later for me, right here.' I went and ate lunch and I returned to work.

After working hours, I sat at my desk to balance my cheque book and discovered I had inadvertently overdrawn my account. Please to pay attention to what follows as it is the uncensored explanation of the events, which many have ascribe so many different versions and aspersions: what follows here is what actually happened. It's not a case of 'the same knife that stick sheep stick goat' or is it? The last cheque that I had drawn had put my account in Debit and would bounce.

Testimonial

I left work at about 5 pm that evening with that lingering thought, and lo and behold, as I reached the bus stop, across from Kosmos, as I looked up there was my heavenly chariot which I had requested earlier that day in prayer. I was pleasantly satisfied and entered its doors and in exchange for the fare to Barbican, I took my seat.

The lingering thought had now crescendo into an obsessive concern and I began to talk to my Heavenly Father. You cannot make by cheque bounce I demanded of him, I returned my tithe and offering as you have asked of me!

I recall the purchase of a cell phone in the list of my transactions and I began being hard on myself for its purchase claiming that, though it was only approximately J\$3k, had I not bought it, I would be in better stead. But that was really minuscule; nevertheless, that was my complaint against myself. I recall several thoughts flooding my mind, and thinking about it now in hindsight, had I not confessed my faults and sins right there and then in that chariot I would not be alive to tell the tale that ensued. I was broken and contrite before my Father and He forgave me. I got off the bus at the Barbican stop before the left turn called Birdsucker lane and went westerly along Barbican road in the direction of Shield and Shields.

The Sabbath was approaching and though I was tired, I began to meditate on the book of James, which I had committed totally to memory, as I walked. My intention was to walk to Arcadia and then westerly along Rosebury to Shortwood Road then northerly to Upper Shortwood. On reaching Shield and Shields I was suddenly and strongly impressed: 'turn right' was the urge. And so I turned walking northerly along Russel Heights ascending the grade. Walking upwards, I reached the first right intersection, I saw a house which appeared to be empty I turned right, walking easterly along that road and enquired of a neighbor, who reported that it was taken a short while ago. I thought I would ask for Andre Bernard who needed a house to rent.

I returned to my northerly upward path along Russell Heights, a number flashed into my head as I meditated 787-----, I was startled at the clarity of my vision of the number as I was so tired, I dialed it with the peanut phone I had complained earlier about. Nicole answered and I asked: 'How is it you have not called me about the new quarterly?' 'What has happen, have you changed your mind?' 'No, no,' she replied. 'So, what's the matter?'

Testimonial

I did not want to get a quarterly for the new a quarter of the year for her for it to be put aside and not be used, as she had displayed little interest in following me up on an earlier request. But she was insistent that she wanted the quarterly and so I ended the conversation with the assurance that I would soon deliver on the promise.

I was passing an adjacent road on the left, where there was a recently finished development which at the time was still unoccupied. At its' gate I saw three young men. They were about one hundred meters or so away from the main road. I was talking on the phone as I passed that intersection and when I finished I put it in my right pocket and continued my upward path.

The road was fairly lonely with little pedestrian traffic but mostly vehicles speeding by. I passed a lady at gate 49 and told her: 'good evening,' in response I got a look of apprehension; that I would never forget. I don't know why she looked at me with such doubtfulness and questions. I continued my meditation turning left, now travelling westerly along Salem Avenue.

Salem reminds me of the verse: 'in my Father's house are many mansions, if it were not so I would have told you,' as its' huge, beautifully and imposing structures cannot but be noticed.

I was on the left of Salem going westerly, I heard trickling water. I stopped at the first mansion and peered over its wall through its high and magnificent grill work and there it was a pool like fountain with its' trickling water. As I had finished feasting mine eyes on this scene, as I was about to move, the three creatures burst around the corner at high speed as if in chaste, two passed me, and the third was on the opposite side of the road alongside me. Walking with his cap pulled down covering the left side of his face.

I wondered to myself, how they caught up with me so quickly? Nonetheless, I continued my meditation. As I walked I was impressed: 'this boy is a thief,' but there was no fear from within. I was busy in thought, when suddenly; I was interrupted with the raucous quarrelling of a woman at number 6. I was shocked that in this residence there was such noise. But I continued in meditation. By this the two young men that had passed had turn left at the next intersection and I was left alone with my escort, still to my right.

Testimonial

As I came out of the ditch in the road, one of the young man that had passed came back, from around the corner with his hand under his shirt and made an announcement. I did not hear what he said as I was still in thought. And he repeated what sounds like: 'this is a hold up, do not move.' I was dead in my tracks and when it had sunk in, I started, backing up, to turn and ... booop! Came my escort's right hand to my right cheek, my ear drum rang out loud as an alarm clock! 'Gi mi al di money!' Those in front began showering kicks and fists on my person. He violated my right pocket and took what was his. I do, do not have any money I replied. Boop! Again I felt a blow to my face.

He violated my back right pocket tearing it off my pants, thinking the impression of my handkerchief was a wallet. I shouted out repeatedly and perfectly, while they were all raining fists and kicks on my person, trying without success to run away, and falling repeatedly, as they had me surrounded, after the first couple of blows I was numbed, I know they were still hitting me but I did not feel it, I adjured: **HELP! LORD JESUS, HELP!**

My cheque book and lease agreements were torn away from my right hand and I fell to the ground, I heard movements, a gate being pulled and rushing footsteps. The noisy woman from number 6, her helper and gardener were coming to my rescue. My attackers fled jumping in the gully running away, leaving me on the ground, shaken, torn, bruised and beaten. The Mexican Ambassador's security was first to reach me and gave me a hand then came my third degree interrogation, after she had cuss out the security for not coming sooner to my aid, from the noisy caring neighbor: 'Do you know them?' 'Where are you coming from?' 'What are you doing around here?' 'Are you hurt?' Her questions were numerous. I sat down on her sidewalk, stretched out and muttered in response holding my jaw: 'I cannot talk.' Then she asked me, can I get you something to drink, I said: 'yes please, something sweet.' And she carried a big glass of red syrup, I drank, thankfully, and some stained my white shirt as blood.

While I sat on the ground then came a white car which came routinely to my house, at number 1, each Friday evening to my Landlord. It stopped, at first He did not realized that it was me until he steered me squarely in the face. 'Wait, Is it you?' 'Where is your car?' A next set of questions had begun, to which I responded as the first: "I cannot talk, please take me home." He did after I told the lady thanks, we left.

Testimonial

At home, my wife was trying to finish the combing of our daughter's hair for Sabbath School the next morning. They did not seem at first to understand what had just befallen Dad. Or perhaps, it was that my wife was trying to keep a sober face so as not to have caused an alarm for my daughter's sake. She called the Telephone Company and placed a stop on all calls on the phone likewise the bank and advised them of the incident, placing a stop on the cheques that were stolen. She finally broke down sobbing when she attempted to tell my friend of the incident.

He wanted to come by I told her to tell him: no, just pray. I retired that night to bed at number 1 with ice packs on my jaw, face and head where I had taken a series of blow from their hammer like fists. These young men only got my new phone, my handkerchief, tore my pants and took my cheque book and stub records of the purchase and details of the, purchase repair of the house and the rental agreements for the new tenants. They were totally oblivious to the other phone and gate opener in my left pocket, which remained intact.

In return I got: reprieve from my bank so that my cheque was not dishonoured, a further deferral from my mortgagee to finance the repurchase of the church ladder that was stolen and financing for my expenses for the rest of the month. And most importantly, discernment and sight to know and see the perfect order, symmetry, beauty, awesomeness of the Holy Oracle, The Word of God.

My walk with God since then has been renewed by this rebaptism. In it I understand how Christ made peace with God for us; and how we can be at peace with him; how to call on His Name in exercise of faith. Things I did not see before when I studied the Bible is now succinct and these lessons have been in truth and verity. I have not spoken to my Lord, in the tone and manner, as I did that Friday since then. All that I share with you now on this website streams from this encounter. You will see some of my notation throughout the site of other encounters I have had when I studied a particular scripture passage making clear the subject.

I rested that Sabbath according to the commandment drinking from a straw when I was hungry I suffered no broken bones, nor any serious injuries, just scrapes and bruises. Yes, I went to Church and related my experience to my other brothers.

Testimonial

At first I did not understand what had happened: there were some who queried constantly like the woman of my relationship with my attackers insinuating that it was the result of deal gone sour; others were happy for me and my family that my life was spared. I rose up Sunday morning sound and perfect and that night I went to a Street Meeting in Pembroke Hall that my Church had.

An Elder wanted to know and insisted that I knew what had happened in Salem on that day. Then I was still groping in darkness, trying to understand. But, since then, I have come to realize that it is miniature version of Jacob's trial, Genesis 32, please see this work, being done as I write. That Elder shortly, thereafter, fell in a similar experience when he was hospitalized and many thought he would die. Yet another; asked, innocently or otherwise, one fateful Sabbath: 'Robert, did you know these men?'

Later, that morning he fell from a flight of slippery stairs? I had nothing do with any of these, but I am only recording for my readers the outworking of these events. The first Elder, it has been reported as accused me of things I know not, I accosted him on the subject, and challenged him to bring his witnesses and I will do the same, to date, he has not responded nor apologized for any of his comments.

I had decided that it was time to stop walking and one Sunday after the incident, I was at home, I was again impressed like at first, very strongly, to have my wife call Mr. Tulloch of the Credit Union to see how we could get a new car. The thought was to find out if they could wholly finance the purchase of a new car. My wife stoutly resisted the suggestion, saying: 'there is no such provision' and after three attempts I told her to dial his number and let me have the phone.

'Good night Mr. Tulloch,' I greeted him, in exchange for a similar greeting. I thanked him for his help, in a bridge financing deal I did when we were purchasing the last house because of the slow pace at which the mortgagees were progressing with the transaction.

I then went on: 'Mr. Tulloch we are thinking of buying a new vehicle and were wondering if the Credit Union; could wholly finance the transaction.' There was a pause, then came the question: 'Mr., tell me how is it you do your transactions like this?' What was he talking about? I thought to myself. He continued: 'We will be carrying out this promotion beginning tomorrow, how is it you know about it already?' Spontaneously, these words flowed from his lips: 'The

Testimonial

Lord works in mysterious ways, His wonders to perform!' Hallelujah! was my unuttered shout from within. I heard my wife in the background in raised tones speaking: 'I told him Mr. Tulloch, that there is no such package.'

I asked him to hold and gave my wife the phone, for him to tell her in his own words the truth of the matter, which he did. I went to Stewarts Auto Sales and got the Pro-forma Invoice from an agent, A. Chin, who thought I was not serious about the purchase, perhaps, my simple looks deceived him. I collected the cheque from the Credit Union and paid for the vehicle, a 2006 Silver, Suzuki Grand Vitara, on November 29, 2005 and drove the car home at number 1.

I prayed for my attackers, unfortunately, they refused to repent and their continued evil actions led to them being slain when they attempted to break into a woman's house in the same community, they were brought down one after the other by her expert shot. This was the report I received several months afterwards, when I gave a helper in the area a lift in my new chariot.

We were given notice from number 1 after I had brought to the landlady's attention the rotting of the bottom half of the kitchen cupboard and the weakness of its counter to hold the kitchen sink. About two years before we had a problem with water seeping in from outside when it rained and the leaking of the roof which would run down the wall and lodge on the cupboard where the Formica was joined. The kitchen sink was also on this side of the cupboard. This water was soaked up by the form ply on the top of the cupboard, and the bag-gas board at the base. The places that leaked were fixed some two years before after several failed attempts at its repair when I first made the complaint but the cupboard was overlooked. Her husband by this time was sick and unconscious because of a stroke and her actions suggested that we were responsible for the damage, she wanted us out of her house by July 31st., 2006.

I knew even before I told her that she would have responded in this way. Firstly, she said she would have inspected the complaint when I was there, but she did not. Then the notice was tucked under our door, which I never read, but my wife did. She gave us notice sometime about mid month and expected after 12 years, we would quit occupation of the house by the month end of July 2007. I tried without success to find somewhere and did not have any definite words when she summoned me to an impromptu meeting complaining of my rudeness in not quitting her house or advising her that I needed more time.

Testimonial

I traded words with her in raised tones asking her what about the 'rudeness' of the person who locked the gate from her side and scraped the car one night when I was driving in and never bothered to apologize nor repair the damage done. She walked away before I could finish talking, claiming ignorance. Our occupation of this flat never seemed to be guided by the law as our landlady, not only raised the rent beyond the legal limit of 7.5% per annum when she wanted, but gave us less than 30 days notice to quit her house.

In my final tally I found out that over the 12 years, even though I had complained to my landlady in letters, in previous years, she overcharged our family rent equating to approximately J\$ 250K which I advised her of in my departure letter and warned her that she may not be that fortunate next time to have a tenant who would not take her to court. I understand she threw away the letter. It was my wife counsel to forgo the court action as in her words: 'we are all preparing to live with one another and Jesus.' I honoured her request. I have recorded the experience here, without malice, to counsel fellow believers not to consider it strange when they are tested by those who are of the same household as we were but like Jacob's experience the Lord will prepare away of escape for you to leave Laban's house in peace. She threw at us the reprieve of not charging us rent for the last month of August.

I had given up hope on number 2, when Fay told me of the interest of other persons before me and resigned myself to fate, especially, after I had seen in a dream that I was inspecting a house. The same was true of the two other houses in Allerdyce, after we had inspected one and learnt of the cost of its rent and that the other was taken over illegally by persons and the unwillingness of the Landlord to rent. But, for some reason, Fay called and left a message on my phone one Sabbath. I returned the call Saturday night and got her accent to occupy number 2. We moved across the road from number 1 to 2 and began our tenancy on August 15, 2006.

I don't know of Fay's religious persuasions but she is a no non-sense, pleasant kind of a mother figure who desired; no quarrel or argument, we got on well with her for the 12 months of tenancy at number 2. Number 2, was well fruited with pineapples at the front and back, also aloes at the front, an East Indian and two Julie and one Sweet Mi Cum brush me Mango Trees, there was lime and 'Tinking Toe' or Locust Trees at one side, a 'jumbling' tree from our neighbor at the right hang over into our yard and a Orange Tree was at the back.

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The yard space was big for Grace-Anne to play and ride her bicycle, notwithstanding the onerous responsibility to clean it, we fully enjoyed our stay there, except when we were interrupted, by the throwing of words from our former landlady, who made it her point of duty to talk on her phone loud enough to be heard by us across the road: 'yeah, mi finally get them out!' was one of her statements which we understand correctly or incorrectly to be speaking of us. On another occasion two Elders visited and were escorted by her to view the flat.

I welcome the opportunity to speak on the subject but when I wrote one of them an email: 'do I need to speak to you about Sister so and so flat?' to this day, there has been no reply. We had pleasant and courteous neighbours at the side and behind whose greetings and exchanges we welcomed. At number 2, I started writing 'the Preacher' and understood better the measuring rod. Hannah was born on November 9, 2006 while we lived in this house and was blessed there on Sabbath, April 7, 2007. To date I await her blessing certificate.

When we gave Fay due notice that we will be moving mid June, 2007 she thought something was wrong and was apprehensive until they came and we explained that given we only had tenancy for a year and we found somewhere else before the full expiration of time we would prefer to opt to go before the year, which would expire on August 14, 2007 given we found a place. Fay inspected the house and the yard and was very well pleased with the condition exclaiming: 'Mr. . . ., it's the first time I have ever rented a house and gotten it back in such a good condition, you are welcome to visit me anytime, and pick from the fruit trees as you desire.'

We moved into number 21, somewhere between the 10th and the 15th even though our tenancy agreement had a start date of June 6th, 2007 as there was quite a bit of work that needed to be done to the house and the yard. 21 has one tall Black Mango tree at the back and an Almond tree at the side of similar Height, perhaps about 30 feet tall. A dwarf June Plum tree hangs over the back wall from the neighbours, likewise a Pomegranate on the Eastern side. There are several Palm Trees on property, perhaps 21? It's difficult to count them because of how they grow and the tick foliage. The entire house is painted in white, both inside and outside. Here, I rewrote Grace's Friend using the measuring rod, I now had a better grasp of, initially, I did this work when we lived at number 1. Now at 21, Robert Jr., was born on September 7th, 2008.

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In retrospect, in 2007, after 21 years of being an Adventist I have suddenly realized how little I knew the fullness of the Scriptures, The Oracle of God. Not that I did not know the scriptures, but what I thought I knew, there was just so much more to it. I have been an ardent Sabbath School member. I have held several offices in my Church ranging from Sabbath School Teacher, Deacon, Treasurer, and Elder-in-Training. And to date to none of these positions have I ever been ordained. At one time I even committed the entire book of Revelation to memory. I had done the book of James likewise, and several portions of many other books. But, Jesus have chosen me and ordained me that I should bring forth fruit and that my fruit should remain.

This has been my approach in studying the Bible and I dare not begin a day without worship and a quiet moment of reflection and communion with my Best Friend. No day was complete without such a start. After resigning as Treasurer I decided that I would take up the role of a parishioner, this meant that I had more time for study of the Word, reflection and meditation. I listened more intently to the sermons, being preached and I sat at times in wonderment of the order and symmetry of the Word in the pew.

I recall in a Crusade in Maverly Park, in 2007, our resident Pastor Nathan, preached on the same precept continuously throughout his sermon, this I identified, from his selection of the Chapters and verses of text he used. I sat and listened, reckoning the precept from the various chapters and verses that he used to present the message that Sabbath. The subject spoken on agreed, this is how I exercised my grasp of the rod. I listen to the sermons and measure them against what I understood from the perspective of the precept. From the Precept's Perspective of the Measuring Rod, I can, even tell beforehand, in general terms of the Precept(s) that accord with the Rod or their combination, the subject the Preacher will deliberate on.

Therefore, my service to my Church and brothers and sister have taken on new meaning, it's one of listening and hearing and then expounding. I much enjoy this. I recall at a certain lesson study, when we did the book of Daniel, somewhere in 2006, while I lived at number 2, a brother had great difficulty agreeing to another who identified one of the children of the mother of harlots. This brother foolishly rebuked him as presenting heresy, but it was quite clear to me that the brother was right; I stood and voiced my agreement with the brother, only to share also in his rebuke.

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Unfortunately, this was the last day that the brother would attend ‘Washington,’ he took his and his wife membership to another sister Church.

Most of the Church was in disagreement with how the brother had rebuked both of us and he was spoken to by many, thereafter. He attempted to apologize the following week to withdraw his action and ameliorate matters. We actually were deliberating on the lesson, the Little Horn power in the Sanctuary. In the ensuing week, while in Germany, the Pope would have made his infamous speech: ‘the teachings of Mohammed are evil,’ which would earn him the stern reprimand of the Muslims. This he had to withdraw.

Nobody at Church acknowledge the similarity with what ensued in the week and the outworking that Sabbath and the one following. I got a firsthand experience or demonstration of what the Hebrew, pronounced: ‘room’ meant that is to lift up or taken away. The passage spoke to: ‘by him the daily shall be taken away (room).’ This was demonstrated in the lesson study and in the ensuing week. Do you see the similarity? An argument or action was set up and then taken away in both accounts. This is how the little horn power works. It’s as if he is testing the waters. I will present on this site some of these passages presented at my church and elsewhere from the perspective of the measuring rod.

And so, now in June 2007, after 21 years of being an Adventist, I lived at gate number 21 Hall Boulevard, by chance? Before that I lived at gate number 2 for about one year, by chance? And prior to that gate number 1 for about 12 years, by chance? Let’s say at gate number 21 (as I can’t recall which one), I had a dream one night by chance? In which was revealed to me the meaning of all this, which agrees with the measuring rod I had discovered. What shocked me further was that at the next Communion Service, in the ordinance of foot washing I was also numbered 21, perhaps, you will still say by chance? (Next: 16, then 19, 27, 24, and now 9) This was nothing in comparison to what was going to greet me in Miami, Fort Lauderdale, at the Lauderhill S.D.A. Church, on August 4, 2007, when I would hear the testimony of a Pastor and his wife, who also was numbered likewise, after 21 years of marriage, the last three plus years of sickness, stroke, paralysis and his complete recovery to health nursed by his wife and The Alpha and Omega, The First and The Last, The Beginning and The End. This was the appellation that the visiting Pastor, Noel Rose greeted the congregation, immediately after the testimony, when he got up to preach on: Why John the Baptist was such a great Prophet?

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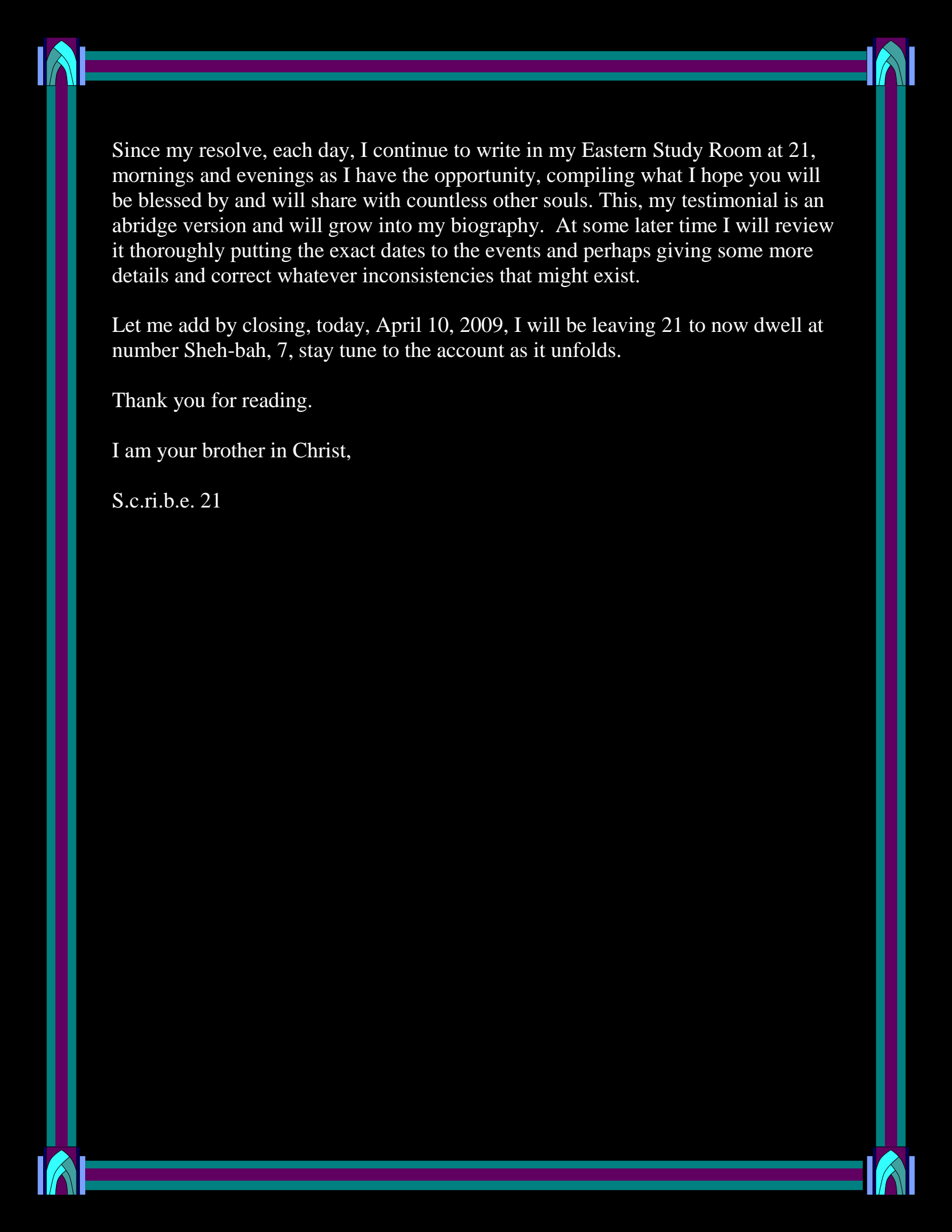
I sat in the pew in wonderment, astonished; the very same explanation I had received by night vision was explained in the testimony and the greeting in Miami. I therefore left with the resolve to reveal the **Secrets: Christ R**ighteousness, **B**eginning and **E**nd. Therefore, I write under signature of **S.C.R.I.B.E. 21**.

Perhaps, by chance, also, after the birth of Robert Jr, my wife's cycle had change to 21 days? Perhaps, by chance also, one night, while I was raking and cleaning the yard, a baby cried, incessantly, at one of the neighbours, the father tried without success to calm her.

He walked the street in an attempt to do so and came where I worked, we began talking and he declared that his grandmother had owned this house, 'some 21 years ago' when he also lived here and would cut the yard and its hedges as I was doing. Question: What is the chance of all this happening to one person? Ha ha ha. The Lord works in mysterious ways His wonders to perform. To God be, the Glory! Great and marvelous things has he done!

Since three plus years ago, I began looking into the meanings of the Hebrew and Greek words from which our English translations have been made. And I never knew until now this fullness of the beauty of the Word of God. There are many such electronic tools that can facilitate such a study; however, my favourite is 'e-sword.net.' There is a teaching which speaks, absolutely, to the Holy Ghost, inspiring men with ideas, and then they choosing words to express these thoughts or ideas. Whereas, I do not exclude this from man's experience, I do not hold to the view that this is an absolute. The Holy Ghost also spoke by the Mouth of David, Acts 1; the Holy Ghost also spoke by the mouth of the Apostles, in other languages, Acts 2. How could the Holy Ghost, in this case have inspired the Apostles with the thoughts and ideas and then the Apostles express these in a language they did not know. It is true that the Holy Ghost also spoke by the mouth of His Servants and wrote by their hands. The words in the original text, language, in the Oracle are also carefully selected by the Holy Ghost. This is a certain conclusion of anyone who has carefully, studied into the words and their roots. Remember, it's not man's words but the Word of God

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Since my resolve, each day, I continue to write in my Eastern Study Room at 21, mornings and evenings as I have the opportunity, compiling what I hope you will be blessed by and will share with countless other souls. This, my testimonial is an abridge version and will grow into my biography. At some later time I will review it thoroughly putting the exact dates to the events and perhaps giving some more details and correct whatever inconsistencies that might exist.

Let me add by closing, today, April 10, 2009, I will be leaving 21 to now dwell at number Sheh-bah, 7, stay tune to the account as it unfolds.

Thank you for reading.

I am your brother in Christ,

S.c.ri.b.e. 21

Testimonial update

February 27, 2016

On **February 20, 2016** I celebrated the Passover at **WGSDA**. I washed the feet of a known sinner and my feet by him also were so washed. I washed and sanitized my hands and held hands with other sinners (without crossing my hands) so washed and we penitent sinners, numbered off. Forty one of us in the lower room, and **I was numbered 21**. I was directly in the midst (middle) of all the brethren in this congregation or gathering. And yet I knew it not until just now when I sat and decide to write. Am I in the midst of sinners?

In the Communion Service, that followed, I (We) ate unleavened bread and drank grape juice wine, partaking of the body of Yeshua, called the Christ that was broken for me (us) and of His blood that was shed for the remission of mine and all the sins of the world.

Tomorrow, February **21**, 2016, is yet another birthday milestone, and then another **21 days** to go to my baptismal anniversary on March 12/13, 2016. Sitting here I have decided to recount my **first** experience leading up to this point and during this **last 21** days. I have been able to see secrets from measuring writings that contain many mysteries to the eyes that read, but, can I read my own experience? Help me O Lord to see!

It has been 7 days since the Communion Service and the ordeal with the Elders of WGSDA continues. I vented as Joseph in the period leading up to this point threatening to sue the First Elder to highlight his defamatory conduct after demanding an apology which was never forthcoming. Are the Elders and Pastor of WGSDA are as the blind that they cannot read his motives in harassing my wife against her will in full view of the congregation on Sabbath, January 2, 2016 and then announcing in the Elders meeting of that night supporting my proposed ban from teaching the Bible Class, that I was possibly beating my wife?

Testimonial update

On Sunday, December 27th 2016, I went to Florida on family business staying with a family member. On Monday or Tuesday of that week while overseas I had a dream in which I saw myself being shot at by a man who scouted me out from next door bending and looking under a vehicle that was parked in the yard to identify my exact location.

March 5, 2016: He ran to the front of the gate and pointed his firearm at me and pulled the trigger, even after I had declared loudly to him: 'here am I, Officer!' thinking he was a Police and wanting him to know that I am not a prowler.

Yet, he shot at me from the gateway through the zinc that was placed across the gate and thinking he had shot me announced: "I am going to give you a second" and then he ran away with another person in the darkness to entrap others whom they seek on the outside. I could hear them talking to each other but I knew not what they were saying, nor who was the other man with whom he conversed.

I felt the shot in my dream passed by my right side just about my waist but it never connected. I felt the breeze. I was alarmed by my attacker speech, so much so that I deliberately awake myself out of sleep so as not to encounter the second shot that was promised to me.

My attacker's face in the dark was **furrowed with grave expressions** such that I knew I could not reasoned with him, he was *very serious and angry*, and so I jumped out of my sleep to avoid confronting him a second time. While awake I pondered the meaning of the dream and I reached the solid conclusion that I should not attend the thanksgiving sermon to be held on Thursday, December 31, 2016 though I landed back in Jamaica the day before.

The setting and venue of the attack was on the same street as Church after I had visited someone (Uriel) in the area (not his known house) and was leaving, but having forgotten my laptop on the verandah I had to turn back and so my departure was delayed that I encountered 'the Officer' and his accomplice.

As it turns out: 'the Officer' and accomplice, were Officers of my beloved Church. The previous day, week, or two before my departure, not sure of the date, but I

Testimonial update

am more inclined to think that it was Saturday night, December 19th rather than December 26th, 2015 I was greeted in a very peculiar manner, which left me startled and apprehensive, not knowing why I was greeted in this manner.

He held out his right hand to me as I approached him inviting me to shake it, saying: 'Priest, how are you?' My other brother, Harvey, stood in the background. I shook his hand and responded: 'I am thankful for the least of God's mercy'. 'What! Little?' he retorted, loudly. 'How can a wicked man as you call God's mercies little?' His face was furrowed with expression as if he was dramatizing the seriousness of his concern. My quiet, pointed and confident response: "you might not accept it but I am referring to Jacob, who was heard in prayer, saying: I am unworthy of the least of your mercies and all of the truth that Thou have shown unto me.' At this he was silent, seemingly pondering his quiet dismissal and he left.

Afterwards, I turned to my brother AND FRIEND, Harvey, and asked him if he heard what the Officer said. He said: 'no'. But then he was behind him and members of our Church were singing. So that was quite understandable. I was really taken aback by that encounter. It wasn't until the immediate period leading up to February 20th 2016 that I made the connection between the 'two furrowed faces' that of the Officer who greeted me and the one who shot at me from the gate on the outside behind the zinc. They were one and the same person! From my review it appears that the accomplice(s) in the dream is our beloved First Elder and or another Pastor.

In the early days of the **last period**, that after, February **21**, 2016, the **21 days**, I strived hard, writing successive emails (presently excluded but further consideration will be given for their inclusion) to members of Elders board demanding an apology from the Pastor and the First Elder. As it turned out only the Pastor apologized for the 'wicked Priest' greeting which I '**think**' he said in jest. But jesting is not convenient, and that which is so uttered will be convenient as it was in this case in the hand of the enemy to use to his own devising. The Pastor's utterance and the Elders' Board meeting of January 6th, 2016 when the suggestion was made by the accomplice Elder to have me banned from

Testimonial update

conducting the Bible Class, because I am possibly beating my wife was all too coincidental not to be related, so I thought (still not sure at this point that they are unrelated). To date the Pastor has not told me the reason why he greeted me in that manner though I have asked him several times when we spoke. I have concluded that it was jesting but yet another reason presents itself which I am exploring at present and until it's verified I will not comment. I have forgiven the Pastor as he came and apologized but though I am willing to forgive the Elder he has made no move to apologize (but continues to insist on greeting me as if nothing happened, I will not greet a hypocrite in return) to me and my family for his comments and the harassment directed to my wife though I have written and demanded one. Therefore, though I am willing to forgive, mercy has not been extended to him and yet I have no hate in my heart towards him, just gross disappointment and discontent, but yet why should I be disappointed when he has done this same thing to so many others, time and time again and no one reprimands him.

I have decided to update my Testimonial since this account and have separated the periods into two. I will now turn my attention to the earlier part of **the first period** after which I will return to the **last 21 days** to my baptismal anniversary.

March 12, 2016: I arrived at Sabbath School at about 9:50 am today only to be greeted with the form to my right of an Elder who is strapped or straddled, whatever the expression for someone who is armed. The handle and holster of his weapon was clearly visible by its print upon his jacket as he leaned forward over the bench teaching his Sabbath School class. I was taken a back as I never saw the brother in that light walking around with a firearm in the Sanctuary. But so it is. Usually, the things that become obvious to my eyes are a forerunner to what is to come. I shudder to think of what is to come hereafter. I advised two Elders to speak with him because others may very well see what I have seen and put him further at risk. So there is an Elder, an Officer, in our midst who actually has a firearm! But he is not the one who I have encountered thus far.

By the end of this day, today marks the completion of **the third decade** that I have been baptized a 7th Day Adventist and I intend to mark that by purchasing a white

Testimonial update

hat (done March 15, 2016) after Sabbath has ended. **This is my third hat.** The second is grey (which I also had one gifted to a Brother that bears my first name) and marks the culmination of the **first** period with the Pastor and the First Elder's untrue accusations. The first which is spotted beige commemorates my redundancy from work and rehiring (17/1/11) after the Managing Director intervened (**BTW, I am also numbered at work 14619, which sums to 21**). So I wear three crowns hats to commemorate these events and when I do I am as serious as a Judge and mean business. I also gifted two to my beloved brother and trusted friend, Harvey (dark brown and beige).

My neighbor Oswald Love called last week Sunday to advise that it will cost J\$18,000 plus gct., which is approximately J\$**21**K to polish and buff his boss blue Mercedes Benz SUV, the President of the International Seabed Authority. I paid the debt to love on Wednesday, March 9th, 2016, receiving the signed release and invoice in exchange. My workman (Michael: meaning, one like God) who sprayed the windows to one of our houses three months or so ago (at the start of this affair with the Elders at WGSDA) was responsible for the fumes that were carried by the wind that settled on his SUV that was parked next door. I paid the debt to love being mindful of the scriptures which says: owe no man anything but to love thy neighbour. In spite of what any man does to you do unto others as you will have them do to you.

Back to the **First Period**:

March 13, 2016 (30th year Baptismal anniversary)

I recall sometime in October/November 2015 I went to NCB at 1-7 Knutsford Boulevard, and while in the line to do a transaction a fellow citizen, unknown to, but, he questioned me at the time, pushing his hat aside and scratching his head: 'do you still believe in the goodness of humanity?' he said.

I found his question odd as it was so pointed and relevant to my own situation and I knew not this man from Adams! I silently consider the question not giving an answer, indicating to him that it was rhetorical.

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Even recently my own eighty year old Church Father had shared with me how the son of his own loins threatened him when he complained to him about his grandson, bearing his name, who had a fight in his house with his 'woman'. He asked him to talk with him to leave because, he, being old, could not handle such violence in his household. His son responded with a threat: 'do you know that me can stay up here (US) and give the order and you house blow up?'

My Church Father called me crying in my ears with this bit of information. We discussed it and agreed what should be done. My Church Father did not do what we had agreed but He prayed and his grandson has not returned since. On another occasion his grandson was reported, while smoking weed, to have said to another man unknown to him in the community: "I am here to take grand 'paps' house; him old and soon gone!" The man was shocked and constrained and did inform grand 'paps' as he has known him for years and was distraught over this young infidel's scheme.

My own experience begs this same question, yea, I had fainted unless I had believed to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living!

- 1 A former tenant of mine at Essex refuse to settle her water bill debts not withstanding agreeing to pay a smaller than the original bill amount in court. The follow up summons though served and returned to the court by the bailiff or officer has mysteriously vanished bringing the matter to an abrupt halt. The second summons to correct this sordid affair was served to the wrong address and even though this was pointed out to the Court several months has now past and nothing has come of it. And to add insult to injury I had to pay twice for the court's officer to serve these summons.
- 2 Earlier in 2015 about May, a former tenant on Westminster left with rent owing in excess of a hundred thousand dollars and has gone into hiding. I have long given up on pursuing that matter when I burnt those court documents. Two or so years before another former tenant left with unpaid amounts about half the amount of this current debt. She has since returned to the community occupying an

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adjacent house. Of course she has no intent of acknowledging or paying her debts.

Even at work I have had a recent experience in December 2015 which has been so coloured, distorted, and painted as something else which was never in my intent or motive. I was sent on leave without pay for five days. It was during this time I went overseas when I had the dream of being shot at. Both within and without the Church people are by nature untrustworthy, yea, the arm of flesh is weak and will fail you, you dare not trust your own.

February 2016 marks the culmination of the period of one year of fasting that I purposed with all my heart and kept and all these trials has come to the fore. And yet that is not even the full account. I continue.

In May of 2015 I awoke early and left home about 4am en route to Westminster, St. Catherine, hoping to reach by 5am to collect the keys of the debtor tenant and to return to Kingston to go to work by 8am. While en route at six miles an arresting thought was heard as an echo, loudly overwhelming the silence of the moment: 'you are not going to live to see your children grow up'. I paused the thought and while driving prayed for guidance and safety to an all loving supreme Heavenly Father.

I reached Westminster as planned at 5am and turned into the community, my car (Sheh-bah) headlight shining bright and showing the way. I turned into my mother's gateway and with the engine still running and headlight dimmed, but not off. I opened the front gate at the drive way and proceeded to open the grill gate. While standing and opening the grill I saw a bright light slowly progressing along the road and a man dressed in what appeared in the dark as black taking aim and slowly walking as he searched out for the target. I whispered: 'officer, officer, what is happening?' There was no answer but he progressed in full concentration searching out the surroundings for the target.

Then I heard an urgent, demanding call in hushed tones: 'Bobby, Bobby!' It was my neighbor: 'gun man in the area!' 'You never see the men jump out of the tree and creep alongside my wall and run up the street when your light turn on the

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road?' 'They have been shooting up the area from 4am this morning!' I jumped in my car and sped away back to Kingston.

Yea, silence makes clear the echoes of His voice! Imagine that while I was on my way to Westminster at 4am my Heavenly Father revealed to me what was the necessary thing to do, yet unknown to me, and I heard, complied and prayed proceeding in faith! Glory! Hallelujah to a good and loving God!

The gun men were in the almond tree at the former tenant's, who still owes me, house from whence they launched their onslaught robbing and holding up members of the community. When they saw my car light they jumped out of the tree and ran up the road. Fortunate for me, the police was a couple of minutes late in intersecting them as they made their getaway, running up Westminster. Yea, I had fainted unless I had believed to see the goodness of the Lord, in the land of the living!

Two or so weeks after this my wife and I were on our way to work going up through Cherry gardens and then up through Jacks Hill and then down the Hill to exist at Liguanea and cross cut to make it to New Kingston. Again, I did not feel like myself, and so again I prayed in the silence of my heart, never uttering a word. My poor wife not knowing anything that plagued my heart. But God who sits high and looks low knows the trials we are about the face. On our way down the hill we encountered a white half full sized truck coming up the hill. The driver appeared not to have his eyes on the road and was heading straight at us. I sought to steer away from him but there was nowhere to go. To **my left** was a house and an embankment and there was nothing else that I could do. In the nick of time the driver steered away from our pearl white Sheh-bah Chariot and we were spared yet again. I breathed a sigh of relief and we never uttered a word on the incident.

(This Chariot, I have named 'Sheh-bah Shaw-bath' which I bought at the end of 2012, having had it for a week or so was one of two (the other being Coach Carl Brown's wife's car) cars wrecked by a drunkard while it was parked at Manor Park and I went to the store to get some food to eat. He, however, repaired the car

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replacing the damage parts with brand new parts and while the car was in the garage for a week or more provided me with a replacement car until mine was completely repaired and restored as new. It wasn't long after that a taxi man decided to damage **the same left side** but this time at the back fender over that wheel and I had to go again to the body shop and have it repaired. The first accident damaged **the front left** door, fender, and running board.)

Yet another incident worth recalling, happening within a month or so of these incidents. I was en route and late to do the pickups of my children from school. I was rushing but I was driving at snail's space when I attempted to pass a van parked almost in the middle of the road. I saw the little 'man' as he existed from in front of the van into the path of my car. I stepped on my brake, the chariot skidded on the dirt on the road slowed but did not spare hitting the little 'man' off his feet to the ground. He got up and ran inside the lane. I jumped out of the van and ran after him.

Holding his hands and inspecting them for bruises and cuts, I looked him in the eyes and asked: 'are you alright?' He nodded a yes. Then his Mother came querying in a very troubled tone. 'A wha happen?' 'A wha happen?' 'Him run in a di road!' his little sister said in the midst of an angry community that had gathered by then. His father and friends took him aside and did their own examination and pointed to his side saying that it was swollen. I looked at the area and there was no such swelling. I realized that they were seeking to exact what they could from the accident so I responded. 'Okay, let's take him to the doctor to get him properly checked out.' To this they agreed and so I loaded Mother, Father and little 'man' in the chariot and took them to a Doctor in Grants Pen. The Doctor poked, touched and quizzed little 'man' taking note of his expressions and responses to see if he had suffered any injuries. He concluded, he is okay and nothing to worry about except a slight bruise which he got. I took them back home. His mother was satisfied and left with little 'man', however, the father was not about to let me off the hook, he queried: 'so wha, leave a little ting, nuh?' I responded with the truth: 'I just spent my last on the Doctor's bill,' and then I left.

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From that time until now, about eight months or so after, I only use that road about once or twice after the incident. This is a road that I used daily in the past. I avoid the memory for each time I think of it I shudder with my head swelling as it did when it had happened at first. Thank you O Lord, for sparing your servant!

You would have known from my first writing in my Testimonial how I am being taught by precept, having lived at numbers 1, 2, 21 and then 7, and then going to live at 1a, being an addition or a second house to another property at 7 where the Landlord lives having the same surname of Gordon, the new Landlord at the old 7 (a property which we sought to buy but never succeeded), on an adjacent road, while our former rented accommodation was being restored as new, and then returning to that original number 7 and paying double or twice the amount for rent. I now pick up from that first account when we returned to the original 7 in **November 2012**. You may refer to the footprints of the Scribe the tab at the top of the webpage so you can trace the chronicle of my work from that time to now.

I discovered lately in the **first period** that I was born just before the **Jubilee of 1965, Vatican Council II**, when the Papacy trust was **reconciliation** of the Catholic Church to the world and the Protestant Churches which has been their objective for the last 50 years and which objective they have largely achieved. I have not done much research on this except to look up the link for the Council which is in DOP newsletter series for your reading. However, I have gleaned bits and pieces of information.

The current or this **last Jubilee** which began in **September/October of 2015** which we are currently in has been dubbed the **Jubilee of Mercy** by the Catholic Church. There is a move on to pardon prisoners in penal institutions both in America and around the world. There are links in the DOP tab on the website weekly newsletters that reveals this current trend. In fact several prisoners have already been freed and given pardon and reintegrated in the Society in America.

These two Jubilees so dubbed by the Catholics are the two over arching principles that are of weight in each of our lives on a personal level which we do well if we

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take heed to the principles recorded in the Bible as it relates to reconciliation (forgiveness) and mercy.

The Bible teaches that two cannot walk together lest they be agreed. And that we must not be conformed to the world but be transformed by the renewing of our minds that we might prove the good, perfect and acceptable will of God. On the subject of mercy or forgiveness we are told that mercy and truth are met and righteous and peace shall kiss each other. Very few know what this passage means and frequently as Christians err on the side of forgiving persons who has not met the condition of acknowledging or the acceptance of the truth.

How can the Church be reconciled to the World (the unrepentant)? Certainly not the Church of Yeshua called the Christ! In the previous Jubilee we saw the consummation of such reconciliation in the same sex marriage Law of the US Supreme Court. An abominable practice outlawed as such in God's Law and yet the Pope and some Church finds no fault with it. Also the line of divide between Catholics and Protestants is fast if not already disappeared.

In my own experience I have realized that my brethren don't yet understand the process, or condition, for forgiveness and they believe that as Christians we are obliged to forgive even when the offender does not meet the condition for such forgiveness (there is a difference between being willing to forgive and the actual act of forgiveness). Certainly, these will be reconciled to Catholicism and the world! And will receive of that Institution's mercy.

I have decided that my fast will be transformed into a prayer (not preying on others) without ceasing! Lord, my God be with thy servant, as Thou as always been. He has shown thee O man what the Lord require, do justly, love mercy and walk humbly with your God!

From February 26, 2016 I have begun also to transform my physical being, it has been my third foot detoxification in as many weeks. I have changed my place of lunch since experiencing an allergic reaction and have found a place that provides more ideal vegetarian meals. The pain in my left foot has since vanished and I am now able again to complete the three plus miles exercise path both morning and

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evening in half an hour my usual time as 15 years or so ago. (I am also now again looking forward to my 21kms 3 ½ hours survival trek through the hills up to Woodford, Cambridge, Hollywell, down to Red Light and Strawberry fields, Irish Town and terminating in Papine) My strength which was largely diminished after the purchase and renovation of the third house in 2007 has been renewed and I am on to conquer in my greatest adventure yet (to sustainable develop an interdependent natural habitat eco-system of 20 acres). The eczema which was taking over my body is in decline and I am fit as a fiddle. I have begun to make the journey once again around the world to cover all (200 or more) the countries of the 7 Continents.

Finally brethren and sisters, take heed to the **angry populism** sentiment that is currently sweeping the world as evidenced in Europe and in Germany in the opposition party to Angel Merkel's Government and in North America in the Republican Nominee for President. It is similar to that which gave rise to the Muslim's Fundamentalist movement throughout the world and their resulting groups and to those 'furrowed faces' I have experienced in my own account and to that of 'Jezebel against the Prophet Elijah' and that of 'Joseph's brothers against him' they will have their own way even if they are liars. Like Joseph and Elijah you must 'flee' or 'go for your life' that you might serve humanity! Once you have made up your mind to serve the Lord with all of your heart he will empower you!

I will be praying for you as I ask that you do the same for me!

March 19, 2016