

The Lord's Love and Freedom from Slavery



Today I was asked, 'Why don't you write more about the Lord's love? You wrote two booklets ['A Man of Sufficient Stature'](#) and [Part 2](#) with prophecies before Jesus returns. You wrote pamphlets about [Disasters](#), [EVs](#), etc. Write something about the Lord's love.'

First of all, I would like to clarify that it is totally not my desire to be a calamity-doomsday-howler, as I love life, dancing, singing and talking with people. So, what would be a sweet message?

"I love you." This sounds hollow but if I saw you in person I'd like to give a big hug with it. That is because the 'Big Man' loves you a lot more than I ever could and that he even gave his life for a person like me is hard to believe. Me, who cursed God and was so frustrated about not understanding what I was doing on this earth, that one night on the beach many years ago I challenged God to come out and fight me or show himself and tell me in no uncertain terms what the f*%@ I was doing here? Torrents of curses rolled off my tongue. I had picked up a piece of wood and was ready for a good fight. I was furious that he did not come. To vent my pent-up frustrations I started beating on the sand like a total idiot, cursing and yelling, "COME OUT."

It was then that I got the shock of my life. What happened was more real than that I am writing this or that you are reading it. I still have it clearly imprinted in my mind. For a split second I was like one of the Roman soldiers and with all my might I was pounding on the bruised back of Jesus. I was shocked, I was furious with God but not Jesus. He was not tied down and if he would have been anything like me, he would have turned around and given me a socker that would have sent me spinning through space, never to return. However, he just gave me his battered, bleeding back.



Then and there I knew that he was the purest form of love. He understood my frustrations; he was entirely not like me. He was total love and complete understanding. Was I sorry? I despised myself utterly for blaming him for the things I was guilty of. I asked him, no I pleaded with him to forgive me. Tears and tears of remorse were rolling down my cheeks. But then my tears of remorse turned into tears of joy and I knew that I was forgiven, as peace flooded in. I knew that I had a place in his heart. I knew that I had found a friend, who would love me no matter what. I had [heard](#) from him. The intense frustrations were gone and I had inner peace. The experience made a deep impression and for about three days I walked on a spiritual high with a desire to do something positive for mankind. I could not talk this over with anyone, because as soon as I tried to hint about what happened I felt a certain uneasiness from the person, so I left it and kept it to myself. This special feeling left me after time and slowly I got back to my old frustrated self.

My parents had at one time bought a Bible from a friend with these fascinating pen drawings of Gustav Doree. We never read it and I think that I was the only one that ever looked at the drawings. It was several years after the beach incident that I

took it off the shelf and started reading.

I was fascinated as I was finding answers. My life started coming into focus. Being Dutch and a market boy, having my two feet on the ground I was amazed how [different Jesus](#) was from my traditional religion. I read how when he came to the church or the synagogue he would get in a fuss with the rabbi or priest. He was cool and just up my alley. He obviously was not the holy saint that I had seen in the paintings and statues of him, where honestly, he looked more dead than alive. He was different; [he was human](#); full of life; produced 600 litres of wine; singlehandedly cast the hawkers out of the temple, and above all wrapped profound truths in simple understandable language.



While working on this pamphlet I woke up in the night with a beautiful dream.

I was in a social gathering with mainly black people. Towards the end of the evening, I noticed this tall beautiful lady in her late-twenties, early-thirties with frizzy short curly hair, she was about a head taller than me and her physique was that of an athlete. I walked up to her and asked her, "Shall we dance?" We both chuckled because of our size difference, but she gracefully accepted.

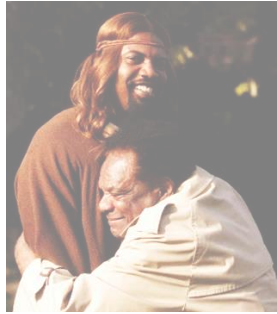
The music was romantic and as we danced she nestled her head on my shoulder. I then tenderly put my hand on her head. I was moved for her and surprised myself by saying a soft but audible prayer for her: "Dear Jesus, please heal her pain, and wash away any frustration or anger."

The music stopped but we kept dancing slowly. I prayed it a second time and as we moved together there was no awkwardness or stepping on each other's toes. I started dancing a bit faster and she let go of me which was the end of our time together.

I awoke thinking and praying, "You are helping me in these weaknesses. Please do it for her too."

She was beautiful and represented the love and strength of our black brothers and sisters, but also the hurt and frustration of her enslaved forefathers who were held in fetters, but longed for freedom.

Jesus preached unfettered freedom for which also he paid dearly. He said, 'If you live in my word then you'll know the truth and the truth shall make you free.' (John 8:31,32) Not only freedom from the hurts of past slavery chains, but he'll also break the chains of today, whether it is drugs, violence, porn, alcohol



or mammon's tightening money chains, as the lyrics of old spiritual song tell us: *"You load 16 tons, what do you get? Another day older and deeper in debt. St. Peter, don't you call me 'cause I can't go, I owe my soul to the company store."*

Jesus' message cost him his life. They tried to beat his freedom preaching into submission with 39 lashes of the Roman flagrum. This was a whip with three leather straps that had pieces of led or bone at the end of each strap, which shredded the skin of his back and upper legs, but if that wasn't enough, they had him crucified naked. He hung for six long hours in agony until it was finished so we'd have salvation available to us, that is, if we ask him for it.

He understands and heals our pain, frustrations and anger. He suffered just like our enslaved forefathers. He shed his blood to wash away our past and to bring us into his Kingdom, where love, forgiveness, dignity and respect reign.

As they were pounding the nails through his wrists and feet he still said, "Father forgive them for they don't know what they do." (Luke 23:34)

He is total love and he heals. He not only heals our wounds of abuse and apartheid and breaks every chain of addiction slavery, but he says to every truth-seeker, 'you shall know the truth that will set you free' as you enter into my word and Kingdom.

That's why the great leaders like Gandhi, Mandela,



M.L. King took no revenge themselves because they

believed without a doubt that there was a Kingdom coming of which they would be part. A Kingdom where all men are respected and treated with equal dignity regardless of colour, ethnicity or race, where Jesus Christ, the King of kings, will reign. Seeing he was subjected to incredible violence, he absolutely will not tolerate any form of violence whatsoever, whether domestic or otherwise. "Violence shall be heard no more in the land." (Isaiah 60:18)

"Thy Kingdom come thy will be done" is not just poetry in the Lord's prayer, because he will return when we all have made our choices: to love or to hate, give or to grab, forgive or seek vengeance, be kind or to kill, stand for Jesus and his truth or fall for Satan's lies? You say, "I don't like Religion!" Well, neither did Jesus, with **head-on collisions he exposed religionists** as 'Vipers, white painted graves full of dead man's bones' (Matthew 23)

God is not religious, we are. Jesus did not establish a new religion, only the Kingdom of God. He lifts us high above all the religious quagmires to connect us back to the Father, our Creator, to Love, to Freedom itself. He was the embodiment of the Father; he was fearless, full of life, healed people physically and mentally; he raised dead ones, showed forgiveness to the sinners that were despised and 'should have been sent to hell.' He was called 'a friend of sinners' (Luke 7:34). He did away with the 'thou shalt not' laws and said, "I give you a new law that you love each other" (John 13:34). Loving the Lord and each other is all the religion we'll ever need.

However, Pseudo-Science and 'the intellectuals' are 'smarter than God', causing us to doubt God's Book.

The farmer's son came home from university.

As they sat at the table the farmer bowed his head and thanked the Lord for their food.

During the conversation that followed the son explained how much he had learned and was now convinced that God did not exist. "Father, I am proud of what I learned and I don't bow my head for anything or anybody." "Son, do you remember when we picked corn in the field?" "Yes, that was great fun." "How did we know which heads to pick?" The son answered assuredly "The bending heads were full and the upright ones were empty." "Son, it's nature that still teaches us best of all."

People ask, "What if you die and you find out that God does not exist?" Even if God did not exist, then I still had a happy and fulfilled life, helping to bring education to many who might otherwise miss out. However, if you insist that 'God does not exist', then the Cosmic Energy does not exist, Quantum Physics is rubbish, Nobel scientists like Niels Bohr, Werner Heisenberg, Max Planck and Albert Einstein with his formula of $E=mc^2$ did not know what they were talking about and you've confirmed your ignorance.

The best thing for us to do is to give up our pride, to simply bow our head and say, "Dear Jesus, I don't know a lot about you. I even used your name as a curse word but if you are real, I ask you to manifest yourself to me. I will read what your disciples John, Matthew, Mark and Luke recorded about you as I need to find a clear path through this jungle of life. Please forgive me for my selfishness, as I want to have more love, so I can do something meaningful for someone else... And ... Jesus...I mean this."

In this pamphlet are a few sections from "Johan Peters Recounts" which is my life story. Click... and it's yours. **Ook gratis in de Nederlandse taal.**

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