

chair so I could sit comfortably.

It was difficult to believe and accept the honour that was being bestowed on me. “Who was I anyway? The tears that fell on my dress sparkled like diamonds.

Words are insufficient to describe what I was experiencing: continual explosions of grace, awe, and thankfulness. I turned and asked the angel who seemed to be assigned to me, if I knew him...

He gave me the biggest smile; he did not say anything but looked me in the eye. Then and there I knew I had seen those eyes before. The eyes of the person who warned me, the eyes of the stranger in the park, who assured me that the Lord knew what he was doing.



Although we did not speak in actual words, we communicated well, and I was so happy to thank him for watching out for me and having my back. He showed his appreciation by reverently bowing and assuring me that the pleasure was all his. His name was Tom, which was not what I expected an angel’s name to be. He knew my surprise and again gave me that biggest of smiles.

He then drew my attention to the stage, which was set up at the end of the hall, not too far from where I was seated. It became quiet... .. Someone peeked from behind the curtains and said, “Peekaboo!” We all started laughing but then realized it was my Yeshua himself.

Again, those tears and that overwhelming feeling of admiration. Here he was, from being spat upon, punched in the face, nailed to a cross and now honoured as the King of kings; **yet totally human, having a cheeky sense of humour.**

His words were simple: ‘I want to thank you from the bottom of my heart for being here. For not being afraid to stand up for me, and although having not seen, yet you believed. Thank you.

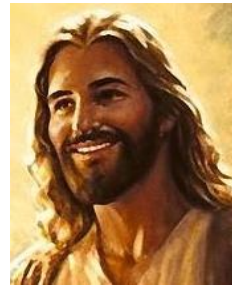
We will have 30 days to relax and get to know each other. The programmes will be announced on a daily basis. We will have fun with dance nights and don’t worry if you don’t know how to dance. Up here dancing comes with the greatest ease. We will also have question and answer time and study hall.

You will have a day to visit your abode that is ready for you. We will organize tours around the heavenly city. You will receive a new personal ID which is a white stone and is only for you. You will also experience what the ‘hidden manna’ tastes like. Towards the end of our month, we will visit the stables and have a workshop on what is awaiting us.

This is enough for now. However, **before we start the celebrations, I would like to make a toast.”**

My angel moved my chair back so I could stand freely. **“Please lift your glass.**

This toast is to you, my friends here, who were not ashamed of me, but stuck up for me no matter the consequences; the true



heroes of the universe. You have passed the test and will always be my faithful, dedicated Bride. Nothing could pry you away from the promises of what was to be. You are just so beautiful. What a Bride... What an honour!!

L’chaim, and Cheers... Thank you Father, words fail me to thank you. All the glory belongs to you.”

We froze in astonishment as we heard the response, “Thank you, my son, for being willing to give your all to bring these present here to me.” The powerful energy which resonated through the Father’s voice took my breath away and was so awe inspiring that I went through my knees and bowed my head to the ground, as did all the others. Jesus’ comforting voice told us to stand up and to not be afraid as the Father is total love and complete understanding.

Please mix and mingle and get to know each other, as you will find out we have some interesting personalities here. Your angel will guide you.

I wanted to meet Rabbi Cohen so badly to see how he fared. There he was; we laughed, we cried, we jumped up and down, as we were both again in the prime of our life. The Rabbi told me his story when he was brought to the camp for re-education or elimination. ‘As I was waiting in line for my execution I started singing, ‘What a friend we have in Jesus all our sins and griefs to bear...’ Others started singing along. It was the most heartfelt, beautiful, heaven-inspired, angelic song that lifted most of us way above what was awaiting.



I remembered what you shared about the hooded fellow. I felt the same and said to him, “You may sever my head from my body, but you can never sever the love that I have for you in my heart, as Yeshua lives there and he loves you without measure.” Thank you for teaching me that, as it felt so good to tell that man.

A well-built man walks over to the Rabbi and me and stands respectfully waiting to speak.

‘Can I help you?’ –

“Sir, you have already helped me so much” –

‘Do I know you? I don’t remember seeing you.’

“But I saw you, and after beheading you I ran home and cried out to God for forgiveness. He forgave me, but can you forgive me?”

‘My friend, how could I not forgive you? You gave me an early ticket to come to this amazing place.

Thank you. But how come you are here; did you not have the RFID implant?’

“Yes, I did, in my right hand. I had observed how people lost their right hand in Saudi for stealing, so I heated a pot of cooking oil, paid my neighbour to sever my right hand with my machete and I seared the wound in the boiling oil.”

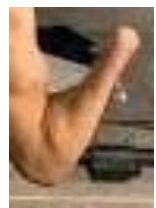
‘Wow, brave man, that must have been painful.’

“There are a lot more painful things in life. Like the excruciating, abysmal guilt I carried around in my heart was a lot more unbearable pain; devouring my insides; viciously torturing and slowly killing me. People had told me about Yeshua before. But that day I heard that beautiful singing outside and then your plea was the last straw that broke the camel’s back.

Thank you for telling me your address and that you had the four eyewitness records of the life of Yeshua under an upside-down flower pot in your back yard. I picked those up on my way home.”

The Rabbi smiles, ‘Oh I had forgotten about that.’ “I was devastated and shattered. I did not think there was any hope for me. I bawled my eyes out; I pleaded and begged Yeshua to forgive me.

Then my heart lifted; my tears of anguish became tears of joy as I knew that I was forgiven. I reported sick at work so I could be free to read and study the four gospels. Thank you for bringing me to Jesus.”



‘This may be a dumb question, as now with your new body you have two hands again; but what did you do with your severed hand?’

“A week later I buried it deep in the Negev desert, with stones on top along with the sign: ‘Here rests Yitzak Steinberg’.

I left Jerusalem, changed my name and as I had one yad and missed the other hand, I became known as the ‘Yeshua Ganav’, the ‘Jesus thief’, stealing people from the devil’s clutches. My one hand was always a good conversation starter.

Yitzak continues, “Later, I brought a surgeon to Jesus and he told me that I had not needed to cut off my hand but that he could have removed the implant with a simple operation. In total I brought seven people to him and understandably he always operated on them in a neutral place as he wanted to play it safe.

He had to be careful not to damage the implant as the implant’s [lithium](#) battery could [explode](#).

It was a tiny procedure, but had to be done with the greatest care.

As for myself, I honestly didn’t care if I would get caught, because of my past I would have gladly given my life for Yeshua, but he kept me alive until his return. I can’t thank you enough, Rabbi.”

Rabbi smiles, ‘Don’t thank me, my friend. Thank the good Lord. Please call me Jacob, because one is your Rabbi, even Christ, as Matthew wrote.’

They hugged and excused themselves. ‘We’ll meet tonight, Rachel is that okay?’ Both went together to see others that were beheaded by Yitzak.

As I stood quietly in a corner drinking in all the joy and beauty; people talking and hugging each other, I felt a gentle hand on my shoulder. I turned around there he was, my Soul-mate, my Yeshua.

“Come with me Rachel. I have a little extra time to take you towards your mansion.” - ‘Mansion... you said? I will be very happy if I could have a bench in the park. Don’t do this to me it is just too much. Don’t you know that I am a sinner and it was you that was my only sanity?’

Please stop giving me all this honour; my simple brain cannot conceive it.’

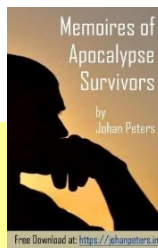


I broke down. He put his arms around me; his warmth flowed into me. We were one. He was the purest form of love, warmth and kindness. He understood my frustrations; yet he was total and complete acceptance.

Taken from: [Memoires of Apocalypse Survivors](#).

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Rachel’s visit to the Marriage Supper



(Edited from ‘[Memoires of Apocalypse Survivors](#)’ pg.78-82; All is based on scriptures; for references. please see the book)

Our group proceeded through heaven’s pearly gates to the Marriage Hall, which was beyond anything that I had ever seen; **the scent of the flowers welcoming us and the honour that was shown us by the angels was overwhelming.**

They were lining the walls and humbly bowed to us as they greeted us with the greatest respect. Again, my eyes watered; I could hardly believe that I was there. I had my new body and was again in the prime of life dressed in this amazing clean, shiny, gorgeous, white linen, beautiful wedding dress, which represented ‘the righteousness of saints’. I knew, as did all the others that we had no righteousness or goodness of our own, but we relied solely on God’s mercy, guidance and protection. Our utter dependence on Jesus, or Yeshua his Jewish name, was the only righteousness we had.

One of the angels, who seemed familiar to me, pinned a beautiful orchid above my right breast. The orchid was musical and played some of my favourite classical music. The angel then showed me my seat and with the greatest respect moved my