

*Chapter Twenty-Eight – The Awakening*

Now at Christmas 2017, I was back on the drink and had the urge to be on the cocaine, too, as the energy was back in me to return to my old ways. Once I had, I started clicking, with curiosity, on demonic videos on YouTube because I was so curious about the light and dark, as it is oneness after all. If you ask me how this started and why I did it, I can only say that the more I drank, the darker it got in my head. I was beginning to have out-of-body experiences.

When watching a video on demons there was a teleprompter scrolling across the video and it said, 'Do you agree?' In my head I must have said, 'Yes.' The room went blurry and it felt like time stood still. I wondered what I had done for a split second, but before I knew it, I entered a short tunnel. I found myself confronted by a demon who called himself Steve, a 7ft 6 to 8ft monster with blue, yellow and white stripes on his cheek, red reptilian skin and big horns coming out of his head, but with human-like eyes. Steve sat me down on a sofa outdoors. I can honestly understand how spirits do not know when they have left their body, as this transition was pretty quick. I was sat there for a while having conversations with Steve's friends' other demonic entities. It seemed like time did not exist at all here in the astral, but they make this feel like it is totally normal. Unless you have experienced this, you could never know.

A voice came on in my head like a radio station and then I heard those words:

'Do you want to come home?'

It was my Spirit Guide, and I knew exactly what he meant.

Home meant Heaven.

'We have a walk-in ready?'

'What is that?' I asked.

It meant a soul about to step into my body.

'No, I am not going to fail,' I replied. 'I am going to carry on.'

'What about the mission?'

I said, 'I've got this.'

'You need to stop watching that demonic shit on YouTube,' he said.

I simply responded with 'OK, no problem.'

Steve told me to come with him. As I started walking, the heavens opened above me. I could hear the angels singing so loudly and clearly like a choir that filled the skies. I continued to walk; I could see Jesus at the end of a golden path with Heaven behind Him. He bore a straight face as though he was concerned for me, but I knew as well that if I went to Him, I was not going back to my physical life. I was escorted down some concrete steps towards caves. In the mouth of the opening stood more demonic figures. I felt genuine fear, intensifying with every step beneath me, more disempowered than ever before. Four or five of them, waiting to get their hands on me.

I stopped.

Archangel Michael Jesus walked past my shoulder, reminding me that I still had an option – their calmness juxtaposing my confusion. I asked Steve if I had a choice not to go down further.

'Can I give this a miss?' I asked like a typical Scouser with an answer for everything.

'Yes, it is your free will,' he replied with a sigh of disappointment.

I began to pray.

‘Please, Lord Jesus Christ, come into my life, come into my heart, come into my soul. Please remove any low vibrational energies, never to return in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.’ In that instant Jesus had now moved next to my right shoulder, and Archangel Michael was on my left. The faces of the demonic entities shot a look of total shock that I had called them in. But I still felt so weak and demoralised.

Another demonic figure called Paul walked past me and told me that they would see me again. ‘No, you won’t,’ I replied... But they did. I began walking through the thickest of rainbows. I exited through my bedroom wall. I sat on my bed. Paul and Steve were there and ridiculed me, asking if I was OK. I replied that I was, even though I wasn’t. I thought to myself that I must not show them any fear because I knew they were there to terrorise me, and it would reflect back on me. At the same time, they *were* laughing and started projecting all sorts into my head – of blood, guts, grotesque-looking skin and maggots into my mind. As I lay down, I felt like I was coming around and getting back into my physical body. I took in an almighty gasp of air. Then I sat upright.

I had been taken *out* of my body because I was watching too much dark stuff on YouTube. I had taken cocaine and had a drink, *but* this was no hallucination and I had most definitely not fallen asleep with cocaine in my system, as it is a stimulant and most certainly not a hallucinogenic.

I began complaining that I had in fact been tricked and was given a chance to die. What about my family if I crossed over for good? In hindsight, I asked for it. When the reality hit home, I started to cry at the enormity of what had happened.

As I was complaining, I felt angels around me getting me ready for something. I started to get visions of being on the edge of a cliff in the darkness and light coming out of me. Then I sensed a glove being put on my right hand, and a warm tube of light came from my root chakra and started to envelop me, swirling up my insides before it hit my third eye chakra.

I was ripped out of my body, as I looked down at my soul. I could see that I had soul *loss*. I had holes in my energy body with chakras so dimly lit as my soul became encased in a golden spiral. A sparkling, chainmail-like glove made of light adorned my right hand.

I was standing in a castle ruin. Around me, big black and white tiles lay on the floor. The walls of the ancient structure had fallen down. I am now surrounded by eight-foot demonic entities with red glowing eyes, hundreds of them running towards me. I stand by a fallen stone table to separate me from the closest entities coming for me. I feel that I am going to have whatever little light I had, absorbed totally by them. I had a vision in my mind of light coming out of me on the edge of that dark cliff. Where this came from, I will never know. I began to shout ‘I am the light of the world and I transmute this darkness back to the light!’

That was something an over-religious nut might say. I started to realise who I was. The source energy was directly over me, and in lightning speed a blast of energy came from above into my crown chakra and blasted the brightest of lights for miles across the land. God was hovering over me. That shining glare extended for miles. I couldn’t actually see for seconds. Like a film set, the demonic entities stopped in their tracks, turned to their left and walked away from me. Then Archangel Michael appeared in front of me a few seconds later.

‘You’ve passed,’ he said.

‘You’ve nothing to fear. You know who you are. You are the light of the world.’

I simply replied that I needed to speak to Jesus.

I was hugely irritated.

‘Why is this happening?’ I asked him.

‘Your story is going to make an impact. It is like when you say, Kevin, that even the smallest of steps in the right direction have mammoth results,’ he tried to calm me.

I was slammed back in my body again, starting to get very upset, crying with tears over what had happened. I went downstairs to get a drink of water.

‘Fuck this,’ I thought.

I walked into the living room and was struck by a big ball of light. Coming at me at speed.

I knew it was high-frequency.

Sober and reflecting, I believed that they were getting me ready for something.

A ball of light lit up the living room from ceiling to floor in an oval shape of the most pristine energy that I have ever seen in its bright white. It was coming towards me. Faster than at walking pace.

I put my hand out, yelling, ‘Stop, show yourself!’

I could see a blue blazer and brass buttons. It morphed into my grandfather. It was such a relief to see him, and I was so happy to do so.

But then I started to feel physically sick.

Archangel Raphael appeared in front of me. I knew exactly who he was – a very strong Archangel. He began to pull this grey, gloopy energy out of me. I could see it returning to source energy as the Archangel flicked it off his hands.

I heard laughter this time.

It was a female.

I instantly recognised the tone and sound. I heard the laughter whizzing past my ears, and I identified that it was not scary. I saw Megan’s mum, Joanne. She emerged in spirit form. Yvonne, a good friend of my own mum’s, who had died of a brain tumour, was also there. So was Uncle Brian who had passed away from a heart attack. I also saw my cousin Graham briefly. It was the strangest reunion you could ever imagine. Noises landed in my head.

‘Why is this happening?’ I asked myself. For sure, my grandfather’s appearance would make an impact. I was convinced I was going to vomit. ‘Can you stop doing this to me?’ I asked. I knew that I was in good hands, but I did not like this sensation.

Looking back, this was already agreed with my higher self, and nothing was stopping this strong Archangel.

Raphael placed his hands into my stomach, working on all of my chakras. I had to sit down.

Archangel Michael was in the corner – a big, masculine energy with a huge sword next to him, the same height as his entire figure. He reached up to the ceiling.

I heard a mumbling sound, right in the centre of consciousness in my mind, and that voice *was* Michael.

‘This is your spiritual awakening,’ he announced as I went to sit at the breakfast bar.

‘What have you done to me here, lad?’ I asked Raphael. He put his hand through my throat, working on me. My throat was making the strangest of noises like wind going through a harmonica, as his hand went through my throat chakra. To my right, a glowing, shining energy wafted in. When I glanced in that direction, this energy formed into a man. Then I looked a second time. He turned and faced me.

I saw interlocking squares on a headband and a golden beard outlining the eyes of the universe. A figure in a cloak wandered in.

I was over the moon to see him.

This was Jesus Christ.

I jumped off the stool and tried to hug Him.

I couldn’t as he appeared in spirit form, so I sat back down again.

There was Mother Mary.

I stood up from the chair and tried to really absorb her beauty, then sat back down on my stool. Archangel Michael came in from behind and stood in front of me. A further bright light shone. Then I caught a glimpse of Jesus a second time. He had now changed into a brown knitted cardigan with a hood and was wearing white jeans with his famous sandals.

‘Have you changed?’ I asked.

‘Yes,’ he replied. Nodding his head and showing off his more up-to-date, modern-day clothes. Work kept texting me. ‘We need your hours.’

I could not send my time sheet in, as the energy of Archangel Raphael was so strong. I felt my legs going wobbly. Uncle Brian now took centre stage in my awakening, with a big smile on his face and messing about just as he had always done. He had been dead a long time.

Meanwhile, Raphael continued working on my energy, clearing all my chakras with his hands. It was low vibrational energy that he was removing continuously.

I sat back down on the stool leaning against the breakfast bar. Jesus is to my right on the black sofa at one end, and Archangel Michael is on the left-hand side watching me getting healed by this powerful Archangel. We began speaking before Jesus rises to walk into the hallway and speak to a demonic entity that I had seen. I get up. Raphael spins me round by my shoulders. Outside Jesus disperses the demon and Archangel Michael has climbed the stairs to close everything down that I had opened up.

'I see another dark entity behind the television,' I warned them.

I moved to the settee with Raphael next to me and still working on me.

I started to turn my head. Archangel Raphael told me not to engage with it.

And the Archangel got to work on me.

All the time the only words I can find are: 'Look, I just need to get my hours into work'. They were not bothered about that. Their main concern was getting me sorted.

It felt like home. And I mean that spiritually, as obviously I was *at* home. The energy was so caring and loving. I knew that they were all there to help me.

Nor was it over in a flash. This lasted for hours. Raphael was working to clear every chakra in my body. I began to drift off, awoken by a sharp nudge. A jolt. Raphael was still there.

He pointed to the stairs to suggest I go back up.

The next morning after eight hours' sleep, I came running back down those stairs and there was nothing there. It didn't stop me in my tracks or throw me a curve ball. I wanted to see them again. I suspected that I would if I fell off the wagon in the future and life would start to go dark once more. Maybe even the demons were playing a role in my awakening.

Or perhaps this was my last chance.