



# Friends From Zion Ministries

2918 Avenue I Unit #5071

Brooklyn NY, 11210

t: 347-222-9127

e: [rashida.asfur@friendsfromzion.org](mailto:rashida.asfur@friendsfromzion.org)

w: [www.friendsfromzion.com](http://www.friendsfromzion.com)

## The Mark of the Beast and Pharmakia

### A. The Caduceus

The Caduceus symbolizes big Pharma and represents everything evil about health care. A Caduceus depicts two serpents mating around a rod, topped by a pair of wings and resembles a Qliphoth. A Qliphoth is the satanic inversion of the Tree of Life Sefirot. The Caduceus, also known as a magic wand, belongs to the Greek God Hermes or the Roman God Mercury. These gods are supposed to be the messengers of gods, inventors of magic, communicators to the “dead,” and one who protects business and thieves ([drblayney.com/Asclepius.html](http://drblayney.com/Asclepius.html)). Many in witchcraft and sorcery still use the Caduceus for magic and spells. The Caduceus is known to “restrain and control” its victims in sorcery.

The Caduceus has nothing to do with medicine, healing, or health in Greek mythology and the occultic world. Modern medicine has adopted the Caduceus as their symbol of medicine to protect the merchants of the earth that make billions of dollars poisoning people.

The satan depicts himself as a half female/half male goat known as Baphomet with two wings and a Caduceus between his crossed legs. Yes, the Caduceus is shown as the satan’s phallus. Any image search for Baphomet reveals this. The Caduceus sums up who is really behind the poisonous drugging system of Babylon; the symbol embodies everything that the beast is. The satan is behind the drugging system and much of so-called health care. This systematic poisoning is of Babylon, and God’s people need to get out.

One of the main reasons the satan has decided to take the Caduceus as a symbol of himself is that the antichrist spirit desires to copy the real Christ, albeit in twisted and tainted ways. Jesus compared himself to the snake tied to a rod that Moses lifted (John 3:14). By doing this, Jesus testified that he would be lifted as a sign of our healing. Therefore, the satan does the same, comparing himself to the Caduceus, but this is not the same rod as Moses. We need discernment to see the differences.

### B. Pharmakia and the Book of Revelation

The ancient Greek word for “pharmacy” is “φάρμακεια.” Many Bibles have inaccurately translated this word into “sorcery,” but the Greek for sorcery is μαγεία, pronounced as “mageía.” God is not warning us of the occult in the book of Revelation but a tyrannical pharmaceutical force. Nowhere else is Pharmacy/druggist found in the Bible as a tool of the satan against the world (Lost & Saved) than in the book of Revelation.

Scripture says that those who won't take the mark will have their finances decimated (Revelation 13:16-17), which happened to those who refused vaccination during the Covid pandemic. Receiving a vaccination is not a sin, but it is immoral for people to use their vaxxed status to get privileges that others are denied. Scripture connects the mark of the beast to a pharmaceutical agent in the following verses,

*“The light of a candle shall shine no more at all in thee; and the voice of the bridegroom and of the bride shall be heard no more at all in thee; for thy merchants were the great men of the earth; for by thy Pharmakia were all nations deceived.”* (Revelation 18:23, Thayer's Greek-English Lexicon)

Scripture says those who force people, especially youth, to sin, will be killed. Jesus said:

*“But whoever causes one of these little ones who believe in me to sin, it would be better for him to have a great millstone fastened around his neck and to be drowned in the depth of the sea.”* (Matthew 18:6)

The book of Revelation says that the fate of the great city of Babylon will be to be drowned by a millstone:

*“And a mighty angel took up a stone like a great millstone, and cast it into the sea, saying, thus with violence shall that great city Babylon be thrown down, and shall be found no more at all. And the sound of harpists and musicians, of flute players and trumpeters, will be heard in you no more, and a craftsman of any craft will be found in you no more, and the sound of the mill will be heard in you no more,”* (Revelation 18:21-22, Thayer's Greek-English Lexicon)

This specific punishment is reserved solely for those who force youth to sin. Scripture specifies how Babylon will force these youth to sin and therefore merit death by drowning by millstone in the verses immediately after and what I have already cited:

*“For by thy Pharmakia were all nations deceived”* (Revelation 18:23)

Many vaccines contain aborted fetal cells, which is, according to scripture, immoral and evil. Before drowning the future city of Babylon with a millstone, the Angel says:

*“...a craftsman of any craft will be found in you no more...”* (Revelation 18:21)

Perhaps this is divine retribution on a sinful society that took away God's people's ability to work and have trades for themselves via vaccine mandates.

People took the vaccines because they feared getting sick. Still, scripture makes it clear that those who take the mark of the beast will get sick regardless, even worse for doing so:

*“... harmful and painful sores came upon the people who bore the mark of the beast and worshiped its image.”* (Revelation 16:2,3;10 and Isaiah 28:15-20, Matt.24:7-8)

Revelation 9:5-6 specifies:

*“Their torment was like the torment of a scorpion when it stings someone”*

This describes perfectly, in archaic language, the needle-like sting caused by a vaccine.

Israel was the first country on earth to fully vaccinate most of its citizens against Covid. Israel then went on to have one of the world's highest daily infection rates. So, if the vaccines don't work or make things worse, why would the government mandate them? Scripture makes this clear as well:

*“For thy merchants were the great men of the earth”* (Revelation 18:23)

Whatever the mark is, it makes the merchants of it a lot of money. The future has already been written in the book of Revelation for everyone to read. We should heed its warnings.

Of the Angel of Death, the Talmud says he is made entirely of eyes  
(<https://www.sefaria.org/sheets/179486?lang=bi>).

Eyes are the gateway to the soul. Fetal Retinal cells are specifically used in the J&J Covid vax  
(<https://www.chop.edu/.../vaccine-ingredients/fetal-tissues>). Eyes and yet eyes that cannot see  
(Jeremiah 5:21).

Why of all the Fetal cells that could have been used in the vaccine, why would, specifically, the center of the eye be chosen and not better suited fibroblast cells? This is because they don't want to heal you or make you healthier, they want to get into your soul and destroy you from the inside.

You do not have to eat babies sacrificed to Moloch to become a cannibal. You can take their communion with a simple injection.



## Vaccine Ingredients – Fetal Cells

Vaccines for **varicella (chickenpox)**, **rubella** (the “R” in the MMR vaccine), **hepatitis A**, **rabies** (one version, called Imovax®) and **COVID-19** (one U.S.-approved version, Johnson & Johnson (J&J)/Janssen) are all made by growing the viruses in fetal cells. All of these, except the COVID-19 vaccine, are made using fibroblast cells. The COVID-19 vaccine (J&J/Janssen) is made using fetal retinal cells.

*“And he called out with a mighty voice, ‘Fallen, fallen is Babylon the great! She has become a dwelling place for demons, a haunt for every unclean spirit, a haunt for every unclean bird, a haunt for every unclean and detestable beast.’” (Revelation 18:2)*

## Trust Scripture Before Trusting Big Pharma; It Will Save Your Life

### I. Hand Washing

Doctors and scientists believed it was foul odors that caused disease until the early 1900s. Scripture, however, has always known that germs, not bad odors, cause illness. Scripture has specified washing under running water for the last 3,300 years. Doctors have only followed hand washing procedure for the last one hundred years.

In 1846, the death rate amongst women giving birth in hospitals in Vienna was as high as 36 out of every 1000. Dr. Ignaz Semmelweis investigated the reason and found that doctors did not wash their hands when going from patient to patient. The germ theory of disease was not yet understood.

Surgeons did not regularly scrub until the 1870s, but the importance of everyday handwashing did not become universal until more than a century later. At first, doctors would wash under stagnant water. It took them a few decades to realize that washing under running water carries the germs away while standing water leaves them in place. Washing hands in running water reduced the mortality rate to 2 out of every 1000.

(<https://www.history.com/news/hand-washing-disease-infection>).

Contrary to this, the Torah observant Jewish community has ritually washed their hands under running water several times a day for thousands of years.

Giving birth in a hospital was much more dangerous than giving birth with a midwife in the 1800's. This is because midwives understood the importance of handwashing under running water. They followed biblical health guidelines.

*“Now when the man with the discharge becomes cleansed from his discharge, then he shall count off for himself seven days for his cleansing; he shall then wash his clothes and bathe his body in running water and will become clean.”* (Leviticus 15:13)

## 2. Quarantine the Sick

*“He [The one with leprosy] shall remain unclean all the days during which he has the infection; he is unclean. He shall live alone; his dwelling shall be outside the camp.”* (Leviticus 13:46)

It was not until the 17th century that the germ theory of disease and the practice of quarantining the sick were developed. The Bubonic plague killed 40-60% of the European population. Torah observance saved many lives during the black plague.

Orthodox Jews still follow all the Laws God specifies in the Torah, including Hand washing, Sanitation, Separating the ill, and the Rapid burial of the dead. Because of practices like this, the death rate among the Jewish people during the Bubonic plague was reduced by 50%.

## 3. Information in the Blood

Scripture specifies the importance of blood and keeping it pure and holy to the Lord:

*“... the life of the flesh is in the blood...”* (Leviticus 17:11, Hebrews 9:22) Therefore, the satan is targeting our bloodstream.

Early medical practices included bloodletting because they did not realize the life-sustaining nature of blood. George Washington died at the hands of his doctors, who bled out 40% of his blood.

Today we have exchanged bloodletting for filling the blood up with chemicals and toxins. Nearly all pharmaceutical drugs taint the blood in some way. The prevalence of pharmaceutical-related hospital admission varies from 1.3% to 41.3%, with an average rate of 15.4%. Among hospitalized patients, 2.7% die due to prescribed drug-related problems

(<https://www.ncbi.nlm.nih.gov/pmc/articles/PMC6911719/>).

Pharmaceutical drugs cause a staggering amount of birth defects. Ignorant of this, mothers continue to take medications despite scripture saying:

*"... you shall conceive and bear a son. Therefore, be careful and drink no wine or strong drink, and eat nothing unclean"* (Judges 13:3-4)

Pharmaceutical drugs are without a doubt unclean and must be avoided while pregnant unless necessary to preserve life. Even if the doctor says a drug is ok, he should not be trusted. Historically, and today, many medications, like Thalidomide cause devastating deformities.

My first job as a Nurse was at a pediatric unit in Fort Belvoir in 2012. Whenever there was a baby that was not as healthy or alert as the others, I would ask the mother if she took medications while pregnant, and nearly every time she would confirm that she took psychiatric medication. These medications more than others seemed to harm babies in utero tremendously however, not enough for the babies to be diagnosed with a birth defect and so the drugs were never brought into question.

Scripture states that it will be from women that a savior will be born. Therefore, the satan hates pregnant women and their babies:

*"...And the dragon stood before the woman who was about to give birth, so that when she bore her child, he might devour it."* (Revelation 12:4)

#### 4. Lobotomies

The eyes are the window to the soul. This saying has its origin in scripture:

*"The eye is the lamp of the body... if your eye is bad, your whole body will be full of darkness. If then the light in you is darkness, how great is the darkness!"* (Matthew 6:22-23)

Despite this, in the 1940s and the late '70s, it was an acceptable practice to take an icepick, hammer it through someone's eye socket into the brain and "wiggle it around," often leaving the patient in a vegetative state.

Portuguese neurologist Egas Moniz, the inventor of the lobotomy, was awarded the Nobel Prize for medicine in 1949. He never lost his license for his brutal surgeries, although it ruined the lives of thousands, and many died as a result. Lobotomies weren't discontinued because of their barbarism, but because the rise of antipsychotic drugs made it easier to lobotomize patients chemically.

Kids today are given antipsychotics to change their hyperactive or defiant behavior. They quiet down because antipsychotics act on the brain's frontal lobe, the same area affected by a surgical lobotomy, directly behind the eye. These drugs target the very soul of a person.

Neuroleptics and antidepressants are lobotomizing drugs. They reduce all behavior, including irritability. Gone are family or spiritual counseling – a pill is quicker. Dozens of scientific studies with animals and human autopsies demonstrate conclusively that these drugs cause brain shrinkage and damage. Medical science knows this, but the public is kept in the dark about it.

They lied about tobacco, mercury, opioids, aluminum, talcum, saturated fats, GMOs, fluoride, X-raying pregnant women, twilight sleep, low serotonin being the cause of depression and Glyphosate; do you still want to trust everything your doctor tells you?

Of all the atrocities committed by the Government on their own citizens, 90% have been Pharmaceutical related. MK-Ultra, MK-Naomi, Tuskegee experiment, Poisoning St. Louis, Poisoning foster children, mandating toxic additives during the prohibition era, over fluorinated water, faulty polio serums, Plutonium experiments etc...

*“Thus says the Lord: “Cursed is the man who trusts in man and makes flesh his strength, whose heart turns away from the Lord” (Jeremiah 17:5)*

King Asa trusted the physicians and not the Lord, and he paid dearly.

*“And Asa in the thirty and ninth year of his reign was diseased in his feet, until his disease was exceeding great: yet in his disease he sought not to the LORD, but to the physicians.” (2 Chronicles 16:12)*

A person should seek medical care if they have an ailment, but if it contradicts what scripture tells us we should do, we must put our faith in the Lord and not Big Pharma.

King David was given the choice between three punishments, either attack from mankind (war), attack from nature (famine), or attack from God (pestilence). (1 Chronicles 21: 7-17).

And David answered, *“Let me fall into the hand of the Lord, for his mercy is very great, but do not let me fall into the hand of man”* (1 Chronicles 21: 13).

David chooses pestilence (disease) over relying on mankind and that is the reason why the Holy Temple stands where it is,

*“And God sent the angel to Jerusalem to destroy it... And the angel of the Lord was standing by the threshing floor of Ornan the Jebusite. And David lifted his eyes and saw the angel of the Lord standing between earth and heaven, and in his hand a drawn sword stretched out over Jerusalem... And David built there an altar to the Lord and presented burnt offerings and peace offerings... Then the Lord commanded the angel, and he put his sword back into its sheath... Then David said, “Here shall be the house of the Lord God and here the altar of burnt offering for Israel.” (1 Chronicles 21:15-22:1).*

It is not a stretch to say that David would have refused the Covid vaccine, and have relied on God for health instead.



The following is a short story from the book “Rainbow Colored Crows” which can be found at [www.friendsfromzion.com](http://www.friendsfromzion.com)

Some readers may find the following content highly disturbing and controversial. The next two chapters are fictional dramatizations based on real experiences that I experienced as a youth in the American foster care system. Although the setting of the story takes place in an alternate timeline in the future, the things that take place in this short story are far from fiction.

Growing up, I watched many of my orphan friends fall prey to the Pharmakia system, many never recovering. The story and characters are fictitious, and allegory is used to help articulate the amount of damage this nation has done to our children through the forced use of mind-altering substances.

As a displaced youth in the foster care system and later employment as a psychiatric technician, I experienced firsthand the tyranny of Big Pharma. A regimen of daily pills forced upon underage children to chemically restrain their minds is no less than satanic ritualized abuse.

All the treatments of the children in this chapter, besides the arm amputation, are true experiences that I witnessed firsthand. There is no separation between hospital and state, where the government drops off its control over us, Pharmakia companies pick back up. In a world where anyone can be held against their will, chemically rapped, and lobotomized to the point that they cannot defend themselves or complain, none of us are free.

People, and even children, should have autonomy over their bodies and not be forced to take drugs against their will. The masses should not have their jobs and livelihood threatened if they do not comply with mandated inoculations. How can we trust anyone who threatens our rights and freedoms?

## The Kids of NIMH

At first glance, NIMH did not seem like a government facility. The center was formulated by intrinsic scientific research to be the ideal children commune. The walls and interior were projected with bright scenes of clear blue skies and paradise-like environments. Farah sat in a rec room with other children as they watched an educational video about how great Artopia was. On the other side of the room children played on a gymnasium, while others grouped around a nurse to listen to her read from an interactive storybook. Farah knew that behind it all, was a diabolical drug cabal.

Artopian children were also on the unit. These were generally the ones who had difficulty fitting in with their peers in the outside world and needed additional medications. Most Artopians spent at least a month or two on the unit at some point in their lives. Those who could not fit in, or refused their medications, were sent away to the basements to be experimented on, Artopian and non-Artopian alike. From there, most were sent to the mountains.

Medication non-compliance was the most graven sin in Artopia, where it was believed any problem or personality defect could be fixed with the right pill. Farah found ways to avoid the medications while not making her dislike of them apparent. She taught many of the other children these techniques as well. The main reason, however, why she was able to avoid being sent to the basements again was because of one thing; she was best friends with Aviarie.

When Farah first saw Aviarie, she thought she was seeing Kitty, her long-lost friend who she sent out with her last words. She quickly found out this was unlikely. Kitty could at least repeat words, but Aviarie couldn't say anything.

Still, Farah recognized Aviarie as necessary from the very beginning and did her best to become close to her. Aviarie was Iskandar's adopted daughter and was treated like a princess by the staff. She even had her own special room while the other kids had to sleep in dormitories.

Whenever other kids made fun of Aviarie for not speaking, Farah was right there to push them away. Farah knew she was smart for doing this because if she hadn't been Aviarie's friend, she would have been sent away a long time ago due to her mutations. Despite all of NIMH's efforts, Farah was not resembling a typical Artopian. Besides for one, all the Underground children from Farah's home had been sent away to the basements.

Luckily, Aviarie liked her more than any of the other children. Farah tried very hard to be her friend out of necessity, but she genuinely liked Aviarie too. Sometimes, she'd pretend that Aviarie was Kitty and that she understood her because she had been there in the basements too.

Aviarie didn't really acknowledge her, though, or anyone for that matter. Aviarie was like a bird in flight, not of the earth, its subtle undercurrents that tell the matter were all she needed to know. Her shadow, her twin, cast below, but not identical, was all they needed to know.



This did not bother Farah; Averie was easy to get along with. The only thing Farah didn't like so much about her was that she was scared of windows.

Aviary would have to have the curtains closed in every room she was in, and if the nurses didn't close them real quickly, everyone would hear about it for a long time. Even on the 50th floor of the Institution, she had to have those windows covered or else she'd scream or cry. Farah wondered what terrible thing had triggered these fears, but it really could have been anything considering she often accompanied Iskandar to the experiment labs.

At that moment, Iskandar entered NIMH with timid Averie in his tow. Iskandar liked to parade Averie around sometimes, as she was pretty, doll-like, and always perfectly silent. Having a daughter was a promotional gimmick; it made him seem softer. Other than once a week, though, the girl remained in NIMH with Farah.

The Nurse took charge of Averie and Iskandar left. Farah left her group too to accompany Averie. The assigned custodian to her group only gave her a side glance. Farah could leave whenever she wanted, if it was to be with Averie.

"Hey, Aviarie." Farah said. Aviarie ate a sandwich at a table and did not speak. Still, Farah asked, "what was Iskandar working on today?" Avarie remained quiet.

Farah didn't know exactly why Averie couldn't talk but Iskandar once mentioned it was because of the chemicals she was exposed to before being born. Deformities or intellectual disabilities were nonexistent in Artopia since all children were perfected through gene therapy before being born. Only Iskandar was allowed to have a child like Averie.

"It's ok." Said Farah, after she finished her sandwich. She knew that Aviarie couldn't answer back, but she liked to talk to her like she was a regular person anyway. "Let's go back to our room so you can get some rest."

Aviarie needed a lot of rest. Noises seemed to gnaw at her ears the way Iskandar's pets gnawed at their prison's bars. Farah didn't talk much to Aviarie, but she stayed close to her. Around Iskandar and the doctors, Farah portrayed herself as carefree, happy, and naïve. But when they weren't around, she was a quiet, calculating, and brooding girl. Aviarie liked the peace this gave her. Anyone else would have been too much.

Although not large, the girl's room was very extravagant. Space was a precious commodity in the Institution; facilities usually had to rely on optical illusions to make places seem bigger. A beautiful projection at the back of their room covered the window. All the windows on NIMH were covered by white fabric screens that could be rolled up or down. The screens projected images of beautiful scenery.

Because of her phobia, every window that Aviarie passed had to be covered. Therefore, all the windows on NIMH were kept covered all the time, just to be on the safe side.

Iskandar wanted to make Aviarie's electric tapestry prettier than all the rest, so he designed a unique scene more intricate than the others. The curtain stretched the length of the wall and displayed an Eden-like world filled with happy children, bioengineered fantastical animals, and fruit trees. Over them all, flying in the sky, was Iskandar. His wings curved around the scene. Avarie adored the curtain. Farah suspected this had nothing to do with the mural but because it covered the windows.

Farah explained to Aviarie that nothing bad was outside those windows, and even if there was, they wouldn't be able to break in because they were so high up and the glass 4 inches thick. This did not matter to Aviarie.

"Why does it matter?" A nurse said to her once. "The Skydome outside is just another mural anyway."

Farah left Aviarie in the room to grab a snack before the kitchen closed. In the hall, she saw Nyla trying her best to get to the kitchen. Nyla was the only person left that had come from Farah's underground community. She shuffled as fast as she could, but her legs only seemed to move a few inches at a time. Farah grabbed a wheelchair and scooped her up on the way. Together, they made it right before a nurse locked the doors.

Farah made it a point to sit with Nyla as often as possible when they ate their sandwiches. The food was terrible, cardboard compared to the wonderfully delicious food of the Underground. Apparently, Artopian scientists discovered that formaldehyde and preservatives in food improved the behavior of people, especially unrueing adolescents so they pumped everything full of it.

Farah noted her friend as she nibbled on her synthetic turkey sandwich. She was once one of her best friends. She missed her quick wit and bright eyes. Now, talking was difficult for Nyla, so Farah narrated stories for them both. Artopia had a way of taking away voices from people.

Once Nyla managed to escape the Institution for three days. Farah smiled, recalling her friend's ventures. She took shelter at the only place she knew where she'd be safe, at an illegal drug house in the city's poorest district. They asked her why she wanted to stay there, and she told them simply, to escape drugs, and they had understood.

The Institution supplied the poor districts with drugs to have an excuse to arrest those who risked selling them. Those caught would have their children taken away and be forced into slave labor or funneled back through NIMH. The illegal dealers would not report her and gave her shelter out of sympathy.

She paid her board by helping to mold the powder into little pills. Unfortunately, her conscience caught up to her, and she decided to leave the drug house one night and slept in a gas station bathroom. The next day she was discovered and handed back over to the Institution.

When she first got back, she would talk all the time about how much better that gas station bathroom was than being stuck at NIMH. The doctors took it personally and decided to shut her up forever.

Farah knew the doctors kept Nyla on the unit, instead of sending her to the basements, so they could show her what they wanted to do to her. Everyone knew Aviarie could only protect her for so long.

She whispered to Nyla in their own language, *"And on the Day when He shall gather them together, it will seem to them as if they had not tarried on earth longer than an hour of a day: they will recognize each other."*

She quoted the Quran 10:45 and then added. "On that day, you will be made just the way you were intended to be, brighter and better than any of the doctors and nurses here."

After dinner, Farah wheeled her friend back into her room and returned to her own. Aviarie was waiting for her, sitting up in bed with a stuffed animal pressed tightly to her chest. Farah knew what she

wanted. Every night Farah would tell her the same bedtime story, but it never got old for Aviarie. Farah sat down and cleared her throat.

“Once upon a time, there were two girls who were very good friends. Together they tied their bedsheets to the bedpost and pried open their window with a makeshift pulley. They slid down their bedsheets out the window and ran away together into the night. Then everyone lived happily ever after. Amen.”

Aviarie flapped her hands like she was a bird and could fly right out of there. She did that when she was excited sometimes. She made happy laughing noises. It was kind of funny to Farah too. Aviarie couldn't even look through the windows, let alone escape out of them, but still, Farah enjoyed this story. Telling it could get her in big trouble, but Aviarie wouldn't tell her secret. Aviarie was full of secrets.

## The Kids of NIMH part 2: Aviarie



### The Garden of Eden is Being Unlawfully Guarded

God barred mankind from Eden by placing a Cherubim at its gate (Genesis 3:24). The Holy of Holies was the first time since the Garden of Eden that heaven & earth could meet and God dwell directly with His people. The first prototype Holy Temple called the Tabernacle was the first time after the Garden of Eden that Cherubim are mentioned (Exodus 36:8).

The Garden of Eden and the Holy Temple are intrinsically linked:

*“And he knew that the Garden of Eden is the holy of holies, and the dwelling of the Lord”* (Jubilees 8, Exodus 36:8)

The image of the cherubim on the veil covering the holy of holies represented that mankind was still closed off from the presence of God. It has been said that Mary was one of the young women called to help weave this veil (Infancy Gospel of James Part 1).

When Jesus died, he tore the curtain from top to bottom with its images of cherubim as verification that the entrance to the Garden of Eden was no longer guarded by Cherubim (Mathew 27). This was no small feat as it was said by Rabban Simon b. Gamaliel, the High-priest’s substitute, that “The thickness of the veil [of the Temple] was a hand-breadth thick.”

However, another mighty Cherubim/Seraphim has taken the place of the Cherubim that once guarded the gate. As a prior guardian of God, the satan is unmatched in this ability.

*“You were an anointed guardian cherub. I placed you; you were on the holy mountain of God; in the midst of the stones of fire you walked.”* (Ezekiel 28:14)

Satan in his pre-fallen state was supposed to function in an intercessory nature like a Levitical high priest. Through feigned speeches of worldly love and pleasure disguised as spirituality the devil is keeping many from the truth. The devil wears many faces, just like a Cherubim.

When speaking through Judas Iscariot and as the snake in the garden the devil used words such as “peace” (Matthew 26:49), “You will not surly die” (Genesis 3:4-5), “rabbi, rabbi” and other words of honor and flattery (Matthew 16:22, Mark 14:45), the devil sweet talks us, but condemns us to God behind our backs. The Temple was built to bring us back to the Lord, not keep us away from Him.

Forty days after Jesus was born, he was presented to the Lord by his parents, who brought two turtledoves as a sacrifice as the Law required for every male child who opened the womb (Luke 2:21-24).

*“...if he cannot afford a lamb, then he shall bring to the LORD as his compensation for the sin that he has committed two turtledoves or two pigeons, one for a sin offering and the other for a burnt offering” (Leviticus 5:7)*



It started the following day. The doctors and scientists said things like “It’s almost done!” “The final transformation!” and “Leading humanity into its final victory!” But all the talk of progression and celebrations was just a diversion from the awful truth. New test subjects were needed to help perpetuate Iskandar’s “new final transformation.”

There was always a process, a protocol for everything in the Institution. The nurses and doctors were not necessarily malicious. They were simply following orders. They were told that these protocols kept patients and staff safe and were mandatory for a civilized environment.

But Farah knew that it was the protocols that made it possible for the team to torture, humiliate, and take away the freedoms of their patients at any moment. The unit was full of tension because the doctors knew they had to send over more kids to the basements, reservations had to be filled, beds had to be occupied.

There was one Artopian boy that Farah suspected would be next. He’d been on NIMH for a week for taking too many pills, allegedly trying to commit suicide. Medically, he could have been released the first day, but the unit kept him because he had good insurance. The boy argued with a nurse, which wasn’t a good sign.

“I have to go home; I’ve been sitting here for a week. I have no clothes, and it’s impossible to sleep with all the lights and vitals being taken every four hours. Why can’t I just leave?”

He was in his civilian clothes; Farah knew the temptation to just walk out of the unit must be hard for him to resist. She motioned to him not to do it, shook her head no, but it was too late; he made a break for it.

The plastic, benign-looking nurses, metamorphosed into ravishing beasts as they all jumped on him. Security was called. The boy screamed as he tried to defend himself from the ravenous mob. Someone injected him with medication to calm him down as per protocol, but the drug, as designed, made his heart rate beat twice as fast and induced a panic state.

He cried and pleaded as they tied him down onto a gurney and forcibly stripped him of his civilian clothes as per protocol. As per protocol, all further temperatures were taken rectally as the boy lay half-naked and exposed for everyone to look at. Dehumanization was part of the process. After a few hours of this, he was taken to the basement. Farah heard the doctor telling his parents over the phone that the boy died from organ damage from all the pills he took.

Later in the day, during class time, one of the doctors commented on the medication they were studying. "We don't know how this drug works, but it is very effective. You won't believe how effective it is."

But Farah knew precisely how the drug worked. She had seen it repeatedly. The drug lobotomized people, little by little, until their brains became soggy and only efficient enough to work basic repetitive jobs and to be perfectly content doing so.

Farah hated hearing this particular doctor talk, so she pretended she had to use the bathroom and walked into the hall. Aviarie was there, staring at one of the muraled curtains.

Screaming caught both of their attention, and they looked in time to see a group of kids, primarily Undergrounders, being led out of the unit by a security guard, no doubt to the basements.

Farah walked over and grabbed Aviarie's hand, "Come on, art and crafts are starting up," Aviarie didn't look happy for arts and crafts like she usually did. Most people thought she was deaf and dumb, but Farah knew she understood reality better than many. Reality was a terrifying world of Monsters, shadow Creatures, dragons, werewolves, vampires, and zombies.

Once, a long time ago, Iskandar visited Averie on the unit. She was having a fit and no one could figure out why. She threw things at the doors and refused to come out of her room. Farah said it was because Iskandar sent some of her friends to the basements, even though Farah knew Averie was actually upset because one of the nurses forgot to close one of the curtains.

"I do my best to cure every child." Iskandar tried to explained to Averie. "It is not my fault that the non-Artopian children arrive here sick. It is their parent's fault for not giving them the proper gene splicing. I love children, and I hate the non-Artopians for allowing their children to be born with defects or ineffective thinking patterns. Sometimes, more drastic measures must be taken to fix them than what we can provide here, and that's why we send them away."

Farah knew that being "sent away" meant being experimented on or having their organs removed for rich elites.

Iskandar noticed Farah staring at them so he added with narrow eyes, "Averie, you should try to find a friend, someone other than Farah perhaps. Someone that we can Condition to enjoy doing things like paperwork for us, wouldn't that be great?"

Iskandar forgot that he had already Conditioned Averie to like doing the paperwork. In response, Averie grabbed Farah's hand in a rare, surprising gesture that made Farah believe she knew nothing about the world or Averie's true capability to understand. Iskandar huffed and, since Averie was now calm, he left. Farah was safe once again because of Averie.

Farah and Averie walked into the art room together. In the middle of their arts and craft table was a live dove that was genetically altered to sit quietly. The bird shuddered softly and stared unblinking out of dull grey eyes.

A small slim boy with mousy brown hair asked. "When will my friend be back? Are they going to art class too?" everyone sat around the big stainless-steel table.

“In the next couple of weeks, and yes.” Said the doctor as he helped one of the nurses open the crayon boxes and paints.

“Where do they go, and what kinds of things do they do?” The boy grabbed a bunch of crayons and markers and scribbled over a piece of paper. “I think I’ll draw what a Creature looks like.”

“You are too hyper.” The doctor said, seemingly irritated by the boy’s questions. “You are not following the tasks one by one. You are jumping ahead and getting too excited. Today we are only drawing the bird on the table, nothing else. Here, this will help you calm down and stay on task.” The doctor gave the child a pill and told him to chew it.

“Taste like strawberries.”

“I’ll prescribe three of these every day. They will help you not ask so many questions. It’s a form of soft metal that’ll build up in your brain and make you calm so that you can’t think about anything but the task at hand. It is very safe.”

“I don’t want to take it.” The child pouted.

“You have no choice. All Artopian children must take medications like this to become simple and amazing logical thinkers. Besides, if you don’t take the pill, we’ll just put it in your food.” He smiled reassuringly.

At the end of the table, a girl spoke up. “That med is great, very tasty.” She already finished her picture of the dove and about a dozen others that looked exactly like it. She started working on another.

“I want to see my family.” The boy wined.

“Deep emotional connections complicate lives, but the pill we gave you will help nullify such desires.” The boy nodded and dried his tears.

“It isn’t fair. He still gets to go home to sleep. I don’t even get to do that.” Complained a dog-like child.

“Your father was ruled unfit to raise you, so you can’t go back home to him. You are now a permanent ward of the Institution like the non-Artopian children. Your father committed a federal offense by selling cocaine on the black market, so he had to be punished. Having children is a great privilege reserved for only the best Artopians. Cocaine is an illicit drug that is not regulated by the state and therefore, takes profit away from us. Your father should have sold these for the Institution instead of selling rouge. But now he’ll help us test new drugs as compensation, and you will be our consumer.” The doctor gave the child a pill. “Its molecular structure is only slightly different than Cocaine, but its consumption profits the Institution and all of us.”

“My father never made me take any of his drugs though.” Said the boy but the doctors ignored him.

Farah wondered to herself if this boy was the son of one of the drug dealers that helped hide Nyla. She hoped it wasn’t. It was rare to find kind Artopians who would help a homeless kid out.

“You can’t make me take these.” the boy argued.

“You have no choice, children do not gain bodily autonomy until their 16th birthday, and since you are a ward of the state, you must do what we tell you to. The child took the pill begrudgingly.



“I can’t wait till my 16th birthday. I’m gonna have a big birthday cake free of crushed-up pills.” The boy sat still as he waited for the effects to start working.

“That’s the spirit!” said the doctor. “But by then, your physiology will be so used to these drugs, your brain having spent all its formidable years under their use, that you won’t be able to function without them.”

Farah noted the boy. Later, she would secretly teach him ways to avoid the pills.

Across from her was a non-Artopian child who just had an arm amputation. Mutation had caused most of the hair down the arm to fall off, so the doctors removed it in an attempt to stop the mutations. Secured to the boy’s arm was a hunk of replacement auto-mail. The arm was sleek and very advanced. He didn’t want to use it to draw, so he tried to use his other hand to sketch, but he couldn’t keep the pencil on the page because his hand shook from all the CNS stimulants he was on.

“I told you, if you don’t start using your robot arm, we will replace your other hand with one as well.” Said the doctor, “It’s more advanced than your natural arm. Try it out; draw a picture of the bird.” The boy begrudgingly picked up a pencil with the metal appendage. He barely had time to glance at the bird before the arm scribbled down a replica of it.

“Did I do that?” Asked the boy, “All I felt was a tingle in my spine.” The doctor nodded approvingly and wrote down notes. The nurse came over to him with his dixie cup of pills.

“Do you know what these are for?” She asked him.

“Yes, of course. This pill makes me more grateful, this one less annoying, this one to make me do my chores, and this one to make me obey,”

“Very good!” Said the nurse. “You just might make a good Artopian yet” The nurse glanced over at Farah and grimaced at her. Everyone knew she’d make the worse Artopian. She glimpsed the fur missing on her arm, slipped the sleeves further down, and then shimmied closer to Aviarie to remind the doctors she was her friend and, therefore, special.

Rebelliously, she decided to draw a tiki crow instead of the dove. Sometimes, she enjoyed doing stuff to upset the nurses and doctors because she knew she could.

There was a knock on the door, and the kids looked up happily as nurse Joy walked into the room in her typical pink Chiffon. She held a tray in her hands full of brownies and cookies for the children, along with the standard cups of more pills, others full of milk to wash them down. Some of the drugs were inside the brownies for the kids who didn’t like to swallow them.

“I don’t need my brownie today.” Said one of the children. “I can swallow it all by myself!”

“That is very good, Hannah! I am so proud of you!” Said nurse Joy.

“Can you tell my mom that I did it without the brownie this time?”

“I’m sorry, Hannah, we already told you this. Your mother died when we destroyed your Underground commune. She was too infectious to live because she wasn’t a good girl like you, who takes her pills.” The girl became quiet and looked away.

“I am surprised no one has changed your name yet.” added nurse Joy, who quickly moved on to the other children, dispensing each child their treat and tablets.

Farah eyed Hannah. The girls faced scrunched up in a grimace and her eyes reddened with tears. Farah already warned her not to show emotion. If she did, she would be prescribed way more pills. Farah shook her head, and Hannah saw, but it was obvious the girl would soon cry. Farah picked up a pair of scissors, and hoped that Hannah would understand. Hannah did, and quickly Hannah took a scissors and “accidentally” cut herself with them.

“Oh!” She yelped, as she at long last could release her tears. “I was trying to cut a piece of paper and missed.”

Farah smiled. Hannah had done good. She could cry and let out her emotions now blaming it on the cut, and the doctors would not know that she was really crying for her lost family. Farah tried to distract the doctors from Hannah as a Nurse helped bandage the cut.

“I noticed that you have given us all Ritalin.” Said Farah. “The center of NIMH has done a study that rats who are raised with this throughout their childhood have significantly less GABA neurotransmitters in their brains as adults, even decades after ceasing to take the drugs. Lack of GABA raises the incidence of depression, anxiety, insomnia, and suicide.”

All the children looked fearfully at the little cup of pills and then at their doctors. The doctors looked at Farah with undisguised contempt.

“A child like you has no business reading anything published by NIMH,” said the doctor with narrowed eyes. This was true, such research was kept highly confidential, and reports of side effects were routinely censored on the web. Farah stole one of the scientist’s tablets and discovered the information herself.

“A little anxiety is good for the system. Besides, by age 21, every Artopian is started on anti-depressants, so it all works out.”

Farah shook her head, the doctors and nurses didn’t care, but the other children did. They perked up their ears when Farah mentioned such things. She taught many of them secrets from what she learned from stolen textbooks.

### **Counteracting Psychotropic Drugs:**

The easiest trick was pretending to swallow the pills to spit them out later, but it was easy to get caught this way. Those who were caught would be given their medications via injection. The injections stayed inside a person for up to two months.

Faking allergic reactions was the next recourse. When they prescribed her methylphenidate HCl, she purposely starved herself, weight loss being a common symptom of the drug, so that the doctors would take her off it. She faked convulsions for another drug known to cause tics and feigned excessive sleepiness for those that worked as sedatives. She’d have to keep up the act for an entire month sometimes, but it was worth it when they took her off the drugs.

If faking allergic reactions did not get the doctors to discontinue the medications, she used natural antagonists. When she was prescribed lithium, she made sure to take the meds with salty food as the salt

acted as an antagonist and expelled it from her system. Whereas right before her lithium levels were tested, she would stop eating salt, as the loss of sodium would cause the levels of lithium to be increased.

When prescribed Adderall, she'd eat food that contained large amounts of citric acid and vitamin C since it would prevent the absorption of Adderall into the body. She'd drink fruit juices, soda drinks, and foods with high levels of preservatives an hour before and after taking Adderall.

Grapefruit juice was a different story. It prevented certain drugs like Allegra from entering cells, reducing their effectiveness, but it increased the effectiveness of most other drugs like SSRIs due to their effect on gut and liver enzymes.

For her antidepressant/antipsychotic meds, she took vitamin E and vitamin K supplements to decrease their absorption. She simply asked her nurses for all these supplements, and they gave them to her. They were not aware of the antagonist/agonist relationships between the medications like she was.

Alcohol lessened the antidepressant action of Tricyclic antidepressants (TCA's), but it increased their sedating effects. Barbiturates, known as "sedative-hypnotics," were her least favorite. For these, she'd take baking soda mixed with water. The baking soda speeded up the excretion of the drugs by causing an increase in serum pH and an increase in extracellular sodium, causing urination. It worked ok for barbiturates, salicylates, or even methyl alcohol.

\*\*\*

Farah turned her attention to Aviarie. She was poking at a piece of cardboard but not doing much. Farah took the cardboard and applied glitter, streamers, butterflies, and rainbow colors to motivate her. Recycled paper and boxes made up much of the art and crafts material they used. On the opposite end of hers and Aviarie's was a label for a new antipsychotic med geared towards 6-year-olds.

"Try to draw the bird." Farah said to Aviarie as she put the cardboard back down in front of her. To her surprise, Aviarie looked up at the bird, studied it for a moment and then picked a grey marker and traced what seemed to be a bird shape on one side of the paper.

Soon though, the lines overlapped, and a jumbled scribbled mess ensued. Farah had the suspicion that Avery was trying to draw the dove like it was flapping its wings and flying like a bird ought to do.

"It's ok, Aviarie, let me help you." Farah took her hand to the other side of the poster, and outlined the image of a dove for her.

Usually, she and Farah worked on their own projects, but Aviarie didn't mind. Farah guided Aviarie's hands to the bird's wings and feet so she could color them in. The nurses made a lot of noise about it because Aviarie drew something recognizable for once, even though it was only because Farah helped.

Later that evening, she and Aviarie returned to their dormitory. While at NIMH they were more like shadows being cast here and there by the flickering of the guard's flashlights or the brightness of desk lamps.

Farah taped her tiki crow to the wall and got ready for bed. One of the nurses who checked on them laughed at the art piece, but it didn't bother Farah. She laughed at the face of adversity. Before going to sleep, Farah told Aviarie their bedtime story like she did every night for the past year.

“Once upon a time, there were two girls who were very good friends. Together they tied their bedsheets to the bedpost and pried open their window with a makeshift pulley. They slid down their bedsheets out the window and ran away together into the night. Then everyone lived happily ever after. Amen.”

Aviarie laughed and flapped her hands like one of those birds her name claimed were inside her. Then Farah got up and walked to her bed near the window.

Before laying down, she took Aviarie’s poster with their two turtledoves and wrote HELP and SOS in big hook letters on it. Farah added many of the names of the ward’s children to the sign, especially those who looked like they’d be sent to the basements soon.

“I’m going to stick this sign through the window. Maybe one of the children’s parents will see the names written on it and remember their kid and come back for them.” Explained Farah to Aviarie as she hooked one of her red ribbons around the sign to hold it out by. Usually, Aviarie had a fit whenever she touched the window, but this time, she didn’t say anything. Farah was careful not to upset the mural.

Farah hesitated when she saw Iskandar’s face. To Aviarie, it looked like he was protecting them from whatever was outside, but to Farah, it looked more like he was guarding her from it or even threatening her to stay away like his smile was more of a snarl.

Farah lifted the bottom of the curtain just enough to reveal the ventilation rubber along the border. Most of the windows weren’t real but screens that projected images of the city. It could be impossible to tell the difference. Because of the ventilation tape, Farah was sure though that their window was real.

There was no way of opening the windows since they were cemented in. However, when Farah removed the insulation tape in-between the 4-inch-thick glass, the space was just big enough to slide the poster of the doves through. Sure enough, she felt a slight breeze when she removed the insulation.

She hung her two turtledoves out the window as a plea for help and as a prayer to God. The curtain was the barrier between her and the Holy of Holies, and Iskandar was the Cherubim guarding the entrance to the real and true Garden of Eden, not his fake mural paradise. The doves were their offering.

As they fell asleep, the sign tapped on the glass every so often when the wind kicked it up. Farah hooked the sign with ribbon which she hid behind the books on the windowsill. The sign flipped and flopped in the wind like a fish.

As she listened, Farah imagined a parent or relative of one of the children there, seeing the sign, and coming to rescue them. Maybe one of the undergrounders disguised as an Artopian would see it, stage a rescue party, and save them all.

But then, as the shadows grew darker and took on the forms of snakes and spiders because she had forgotten to take antagonists for her sedatives, she saw the truth. As the sign flipped and flapped in the wind, from the view below, it would look just like all the other streamers and victory flags attached to the building.

Their sign would be no different than all the others that read “The New Normal,” “Build back better,” and “Stay Safe, Stay Under the Dome.” Someone looking up from the ground would just

assume her sign was just like the rest of them. She had done nothing but join in on the propaganda. Farah began to sob.

“All my friends have gone away, but all they wanted was to go home! They wanted to go home, just like I want to.” She cried and prayed. She prayed in her own language. Speaking in Arabic, Aramaic, or Hebrew was illegal in Artopia as these were the languages of the Undergrounders, but for once, she didn’t care who heard her. It was all she had left of her home and family.

“Tap tap tap.” A sound emitted from behind the curtain-covered window. Farah stopped her movement and sat very still. She gazed in fear as she listened for the strange sound again. Perhaps Aviarie was right, and some malicious force had come to sneak into the window and finally destroy them all.

“Tap tap tap.” This time, it was a bit louder, more insistent. The tapping didn’t sound like the tapping from the sign. This tapping was melodic. Slowly, Farah leaned over the window and gently lifted the curtain to peek.

The strangest thing looked up at her. A little rainbow-colored bird perched on her windowsill. It was sparrow-like. *Is this a real bird?* Wondered Farah. *Is this some kind of faerie?*

The little rainbow-colored bird shimmered like it was a star that flew out of the Skydome. She wanted to touch the little creature to see if it was real. When she reached her hand out, the little rainbow-colored bird leaped right through the 4-inch-thick glass and danced a little flutter.

Farah went into her dresser and grabbed some crackers she’d smuggled into the room. She gave it to the little bird, who pecked at it and ate a few of the crumbs. The little creature curtsied, and Farah couldn’t help but laugh.

Across the room, Aviarie rustled as she woke up. Farah wanted her to see the little rainbow bird too, but when she looked back at the creature, it was hip-hopping and shuffling over to the window. It moonwalked through the veil and into the night. Aviarie yelled as Farah got up to open the curtains. She was hoping to see the bird fly as she pulled the screen away in her excitement, having forgotten about Aviarie’s fear.

The dark room burst into brilliant light. Farah screamed, “It’s the aliens!” but Aviarie stopped crying, overcome by awe. Their gowns blew as a gust of wind filled the room, but that was impossible because everyone knew those windows were 4 inches thick.

“Not... alien.” Said Aviarie, to Farah’s surprise, she had never heard her speak before.

It wasn’t a spaceship; it was an entire city. A low humming and a distant trumpet resonated from the strange apparition. The city was huge, but somehow it tilted itself downwards to reach their window. The holographic city hovered at an impossible angle, and parts of the city overlapped the Artopian buildings, but no one in the bustling cars outside seemed to notice.

The Rainbow Castle slid out through their window, through the Skydome, and beyond. It was like Farah and Aviarie could walk right up it past the Skydome and into the real sky. Farah heard of the Rainbow Castle from her Underground community, but she never saw it before.

A golden road reached out from the window and to their feet as it descended upwards on the tilted axis of the floating city. Aviarie moved to climb up the golden road, but Farah grabbed her hand, and so

they stood and watched the colors play out. The city didn't seem alien, in fact, there was something incredibly familiar about it.

They could see ruby walkways, houses that sparkled like cut quarts, corridors that led to inviting doors, vast flights of stairs leading up to pear-shaped towers, and onion domes. Some of the domes were stretched into the Skydome so they looked more like flames flickering through the surface.

It looked and felt like they could walk right out their window and up one of the spiral staircases. Farah saw that her sparrow had rejoined a small flock of rainbow birds made of the same living light. She didn't know how long they stood gazing at the city before it evaporated like morning dew on the grass.

Aviarie looked at Farah, her shirt was soaked with tears, but she didn't look sad.

Like Farah, Aviarie had never seen the Rainbow Castle; Iskandar kept her from ever leaving the Institution. Since the age of three, she lived her entire life inside the pearlized white walls. She didn't remember anything about her life before then. The windows of the Institution had a film inside of them that was supposed to keep people who could see the rainbow city from seeing it just like the Skydome did. Somehow even through all these filters, Farah and Aviarie saw the light.

Far past the Skydome, the rainbow city reappeared. They could barely make out its lights as it swerved, flickered, and danced inside the clouds like flashes of lightning. Dark wisps of smog and smoke appeared above Artopia, where the rainbow light had just been.

The rainbow city moved closer to the world because of the sincere prayers of two girls, and as a result, atmospheric pressure was building. There was tension in the air—a dry electric energy forming. The wind blew at the sign making it bounce up and hit the glass even harder, but the girls did not take it down. Perhaps they should have. Instead, they fell asleep deep into a whimsy dream.

# Beware of Pharmakia!

**Synopsis:** God's annual Festivals foreshadow great events, but they can also reveal the hidden significance of events in our own lives.

## Note from the Author

In 2020 I had a dream that I had to be baptized by Rosh Hashanah, I had never been baptized before but I contacted several churches and found one that baptized me on September 16, 2020 (two days before Rosh Hashanah), and the very next year, September 16, was Yom Kippur (holidays came early). It was the day I was told by my school's vice-president that I was kicked out of Suny Sullivans Nursing school because I could not take the Covid vaccine.

God speaks to us through the Hebrew calendar and through His festivals. I do not believe it was a coincidence that this happened. I believe God was trying to show me that it was His will that I refuse the Covid vaccine, and that my Yom Kippur "Fast" of being kicked out of nursing school would become a "Feast" in the world to come. I believe God was telling me that I will be rewarded for refusing the Covid vaccine and holding true to my faith in God and the scriptures.

My religious convictions do not have me against vaccines in and of themselves. However, the transliteration of the Word of God tells me that it is a sin to take a pharmaceutical agent into the body at the threat of material loss, for this is the nature of the "mark of the beast." It is also a sin to consume baby Fetal cells via injection.

Scripture says that those who won't take the mark will have their finances decimated (Revelation 13:16-17), and this is what happened to those who refused the Covid vaccine. If I were to comply and take the vaccine, I would become an accessory to the beast system and merit the same punishment as "Babylon" (Revelation 18:21-22).

There have been many "beast systems" throughout history (1 John 2:18). These past beast systems have immorally labeled people and persecuted them through deceit, undue influence, duress, coercion, or prejudice.

The anniversary of my baptism was on Yom Kippur, and on it occurred one of the most devastating things to ever happen to me. I refused to take the vaccine because by going through my baptism, I made a commitment to God to follow His commandments, and I knew in my heart that for me to take the vaccine after everything I knew about it would be a sin. Yom Kippur is a Fast, but in the world to come scripture says that my Fast will become a Feast.



*“Thus says the LORD of hosts: The fast of the fourth month and the fast of the fifth and the fast of the seventh and the fast of the tenth shall be to the house of Judah seasons of joy and gladness and cheerful feasts. Therefore, love truth and peace”* (Zechariah 8:19)

God is telling us that we will be rewarded for denying worldly things, in exchange for spiritual Godly ones. Everything that we forsake for the glory of God will be given back to us tenfold.

Yom Kippur is destined to be the greatest Feast of all, and this is prophesized through the Festival of Purim. Purim is arguably the most joyful and celebratory of all the Hebrew festivals.

Yom Kippur is said to be “A Day like Purim.” The Tikkunei Zohar, Tikkun 21 p. 57b says, “Purim is so-called because of Yom HaKipurim [the Day of Atonement, but literally, ‘the day like Purim’] because in the future we will delight in the Day of Atonement and transform it from a day of affliction to a day of delight just like Purim.”

On Yom Kippur, the High Priest adorns himself with the garments of atonement, so too, regarding Esther, it is written:

*“And she donned her royal garb”* (Esther 5:1)

This is just as the High Priest enters the innermost sanctuary where he attains atonement for the Jewish People, so too, Esther stood in the inner courtyard of the king, dressed in her royal garb, and found favor in his eyes.

The Purim story shows a reversal of fates. The 13th of Adar was when the Jews were to be destroyed (Esther 3:13), but in the end, there was an “overturning” of this verdict. The Jews were permitted to destroy their enemies instead.

There are many more examples of a reversal of fates in scripture pertaining to Yom Kippur and Purim.

In the book of Jonah (which is read on Yom Kippur), the verb “overthrow” can have a destructive meaning or a positive one. God used the term “overthrown” for Sodom and Gomorrah’s destruction, but “overthrow” can also refer to repentance in the sense of turning to God as the word is used in Jeremiah 31:13... look at those numbers again.

Ground hogs’ day also often occurs in the Month of Adar; the month that Purim is observed. Adar is known for overturning’s taking place. It is the month for the reversal of fortunes, as personified by its star sign of the two fish; yin and yang.

The Word of God always comes true, but it can be up to us as co-architects, as to how. It’s like the Word is without *vowels* (like Hebrew letters) ... also interesting how we renounce *vowson* Yom Kippur. We call God Hashem Hu Elokim on this day, dual qualities in one. He is our loving Father but also our King and Judge. We can make the Word come alive in either direction that it can bear, like Schrodinger’s cat.

Like the Jews, the Knights of the Templar were scheduled to be destroyed on the 13<sup>th</sup> of a month. The French king had to kill two popes before finding one to destroy the Templar. As an ex-nursing student, I much rather be associated with the Red Cross of Christ, the Templar’s symbol, than the Pharmakia Caduceus symbol.

Purim and Yom Kippur are both biblical Festivals. One is a Feast while the other is a Fast, but these are interchangeable as all God's Fasts will be made Feasts in the world to come.

Before my baptism, I began to Fast in preparation. When I told my pastor I was fasting, he became upset and specifically told me not to Fast but to Feast. I did so and had a huge, celebratory meal. The anniversary of that baptism became a Yom Kippur, a "Fast," but this could not be more appropriate. When we commit to God, what we are doing is pledging to reject worldly pleasures, privileges, and honors in exchange for the opportunity to glorify God by following His commandments.

Many people choose to forgo their educations and work to glorify God by not injecting themselves with something that they believe is evil. Sometimes, doing what we think is right is difficult, but any sacrifices we make in this world, any "Fasts" we endure for the glory of our Father, will become Feasts in the world to come, and so we can say Tzom Kal "Easy Fast" happily.

On September 16, 2022, the anniversary of all these anniversaries, something else strange happened. For my class Fundamentals of Speech, I had to make a speech and then post it on YouTube. I made a simple 2-minute speech of basically what I just wrote, about how I felt God was telling me I did the right thing by refusing the vaccine. My Youtube video was immediately removed and banned from YouTube. The thing that I believe got my video removed was a comment that the J&J vaccine contains Fetal Retinal cells "Eyes and yet eyes that cannot see" (Jeremiah 5:21).

What I want to show you by mentioning this is the satanic nature behind YouTube and censorship. A "Learn More" tab pops up if you try to watch my video, when clicked a simple disclaimer appears. However, when I click it, I am taken to a YouTube page called "Goat." The thing is this happened on the anniversary of Yom Kippur as I mentioned in my video, the day that the "Goat designated for Azazel" is kicked out of God's conjugation.

The video that pops up on the Goat channel is of a rapper in the road over his sigil that he just placed there. The sigil is of the Lamborghini emblem, the one that depicts a golden ox. Yom Kippur was instituted because of the sin of the golden calf.

The first video on the Goat channel is about a man acting gay with another man. LGBT is demonically inspired behavior.

Below is the link to my first video of the Speech I made for class and the second link is a video showing what happens when I click the "learn more" declaimer on my removed video. I want to mention that the last thing I mentioned in my speech was the Fetal Retinal cells... well I recite the psalms on a rotation every day and after making the speech I decided to pray over at my old Nursing department since it was right next door. I do not think it is a coincidence that the psalm scheduled for the day was Psalm 115, the one that mentions they have "eyes that cannot see."

The Channels name that these videos can be found at on Rumble is "FriendsFromZion"

[https://rumble.com/vikf89j-speech-i-self-into-speech-for-fundamentals-of-speech.html?fbclid=IwAR2Wc5sQv4RbeBLai9w37qzPJaDmlJ3XfmgLztKf7VPbATPfvQLu\\_LRqBw](https://rumble.com/vikf89j-speech-i-self-into-speech-for-fundamentals-of-speech.html?fbclid=IwAR2Wc5sQv4RbeBLai9w37qzPJaDmlJ3XfmgLztKf7VPbATPfvQLu_LRqBw)

[https://rumble.com/vikf957-explanation-for-speech-i-video-being-removed-from-youtube.html?fbclid=IwAR2MoGRJRcRQsywAhYN7cJfY8dgzuD4-XUEpPyIvpZw\\_2fD1HEZP36FBSuQ](https://rumble.com/vikf957-explanation-for-speech-i-video-being-removed-from-youtube.html?fbclid=IwAR2MoGRJRcRQsywAhYN7cJfY8dgzuD4-XUEpPyIvpZw_2fD1HEZP36FBSuQ)

The world to come will be a magnificent place, but in the meantime, what is happening today to our society is terrifying, and ought to anger us. I had a signed medical exemption to all vaccines from my VA doctor following a bad case of Bell Palsy and Guillain Bars syndrome in 2015 after an MMR. However, a medical exemption did not matter to my school. They expelled 20% of their nursing students who refused the vaccine. Three of my good friends refused the vaccine because they were pregnant. One girl we knew who ended up getting the vaccine so that she could stay in class had a miscarriage only a few days after getting the shot.

We all spent the past four years in intense study and went into considerable debt to pay for classes. None of our nursing credits were transferable. We were supposed to graduate as registered nurses, instead we were kicked out and left with nothing.

The week before we were kicked out of nursing school, I was also fired from Garnet Health Medical Center, where I worked in the Hospital's ICU and Covid unit. I worked face to face with Covid positive patients without any issues. Then the Covid vaccine was mandated. The hospital did not even inform me that I could not finish my internship; they simply deactivated my card so that I could not sign in when I arrived to work because I refused the vaccine.

All the nurses who refused the vaccine were similarly fired. That was the thanks the hospital gave those who worked in their Covid units during the pandemic.

We were discriminated against by an administration and government with a strong bias against the unvaccinated. I was certified to draw blood, give IVs, change enteral feeding tubes, dress wounds, traction broken bones, crich emergency airways, make RN diagnoses, understand all the meds, insert catheters, run, and read EKG's but now it all doesn't mean anything. I and thousands of nurses and doctors will never be able to work these jobs again.

Still, hospitals have the gall to complain of short staffing, when they are the ones who enforced immoral, murderous mandates.

The News said hospitals were overwhelmed; people having to sit in the waiting room for 14 hours before being seen. Surgeries being performed in hallways, people dying before being treated; all a result of the mandates. THAT was the reason for the deaths, not because of the unvaxxed. There were no more good nurses or doctors to care for the sick because they were all fired.

The world lost an uncountable number of health care workers because of the mandates. The reason the government did this could only be that they wanted people to die to jack the numbers up. The

hospitals didn't care as the new protocols made them millions. It was never about keeping people safe and healthy.

Nurses who worked with Covid patients during the height of the pandemic were called "Front Line Hero's," but then those same nurses were cruelly fired and had their lives ruined by the mandates. At any moment, a group of people can be unfairly targeted, demonized, and then persecuted by Big Pharma. This kind of power should not be tolerated. We must fight Big Pharma and demand our rights back.

\*Note: The use of recreational drugs is just as bad, and often worse, than partaking in Pharmakia. There must be no confusion, street drugs is Witchcraft, the punishment of which scripture says is death (Exodus 22:18-20). Do not be deceived, God wants our minds to be sober. He will not come to us in a state of drug induced inebriation or hallucination, but lying devils dressed as angels will.