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# The King is Returning.

Hari Patel

Published in 2026

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# The King is Returning.

What if your entire life — every trial,  
every miracle, every prayer — was  
training for the world to come?

From a sixteen year-old boy locked out of his home  
under the African sky for reading a forbidden Bible,  
to a man called MAJOR GENERAL before the  
throne of God, this is the extraordinary true story  
of a mystic shaped by the Holy Spirit for a  
destiny beyond imagination.

THE PATCH — a small neighbourhood in North London —  
becomes the author's spiritual crucible. There, he learns  
to account for every leaf, every sparrow, every soul,  
He walks the streets with trembling hands  
and a notebook, unaware that Heaven is  
preparing him for eternal command.

Through visions, miracles, nightly  
accounting, and encounters with  
angels, he is trained in the  
Garden of Prayer, refined by fire,  
and shown the New Jerusalem.  
He witnesses Judgment Day.

He sees the return of Christ.  
He learns the responsibilities of an heir.

This book is not merely a testimony. It is a blueprint  
for the saints who will reign with Christ.

If you have ever sensed that your life carries a purpose beyond this world,  
if you have ever longed to understand your eternal inheritance—

The King is returning.

The Major General: An Heir's Journey from Earth to the New Jerusalem

The Watchman of Haringey: From Exile to Eternal Command

The Mind of Christ: A Mystic's Apprenticeship

The Shepherd of the Patch: A Story of Love, Leaves, and Souls

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## Chapter 1 — Under the African Sky

At sixteen, locked out of his home for reading the Bible, the author encounters God under the African night. A covenant is spoken over his life, setting him on a path of obedience, exile, and divine calling.



## CHAPTER 1 — Under the African Sky

**The night the door closed behind me, the world felt impossibly large.**

I was sixteen years old, standing barefoot on the cold concrete steps outside our home on the outskirts of Nairobi. The African sky stretched above me like a vast cathedral, its stars sharp and merciless. The wind carried the scent of dust and distant rain. Behind the locked door, my Father's message was clear:

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**Give up the Bible, or give up your place in this house.**

I had not expected the cost of reading a book to be exile from my own family. Yet in our close-knit Hindu community, the Bible was not merely a book — it was a declaration of betrayal. A step toward becoming an outcast. A threat to arranged marriages, family honour, and the fragile social fabric that held our world together.

I stood there shivering, not from the cold but from the sudden realisation that I had nowhere to go. No friends. No relatives who would take me in. No place to sleep. The night pressed in around me, and for the first time in my life, I felt utterly alone.

I looked up at the stars and wondered if God expected me to walk into the wilderness like John the Baptist — to live on berries and wild honey, clothed in camel hair, a strange boy wandering the African bush.

The scripture echoed in my mind: "HIS FOOD WAS LOCUSTS AND WILD HONEY."

I sank onto the steps and cried. Not because I feared hunger or the dark, but because the people I loved most now stood on the other side of an invisible wall. My Father — the man whose arms had once been my refuge — now avoided my gaze. My mother, torn between love and loyalty, could not speak a word of comfort. A book had come between us, and I could not put it down.

As I wept, something stirred in the air. A presence. A breath. A whisper that was not my own.

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**Genesis 9:11 — “I will establish my covenant with you.”**

The words came alive, glowing with meaning. “BECAUSE YOU HAVE GIVEN UP YOUR FAMILY FOR ME, YOU ARE AN ORPHAN. I WILL BE A FATHER TO YOU. WRITE THIS DOWN. IF IT IS FROM ME, IT WILL HAPPEN. BY THE TIME YOU ARE TWENTY-TWO AND A HALF, YOU WILL HAVE GONE THROUGH COLLEGE AND HAVE YOUR OWN HOUSE.”

I wiped my tears. A strange strength filled me. I stood, ready to walk into the night, ready to follow God into the wilderness if that was His will.

Then I heard a soft metallic click.

The door opened a crack. My younger sister’s face appeared pale and frightened.

“Hari,” she whispered, “don’t make a sound.”

She pulled me inside and closed the door behind us.

In that moment, I understood something that would shape the rest of my life: **God never removes every comfort. He leaves one thread of mercy to keep us from breaking.**

I was still an outcast in my own home, but I was not abandoned. My sister’s small act of courage lifted my Spirit. At least one person cared.

Years later, long after my parents had passed away, the Lord appeared to me and said, “BECAUSE OF YOUR LOVE FOR ME, I HAVE TAKEN YOUR PARENTS. THEY ARE WITH ME IN PARADISE.”

But on that night, under the African sky, I knew only this: The race set before me had begun.

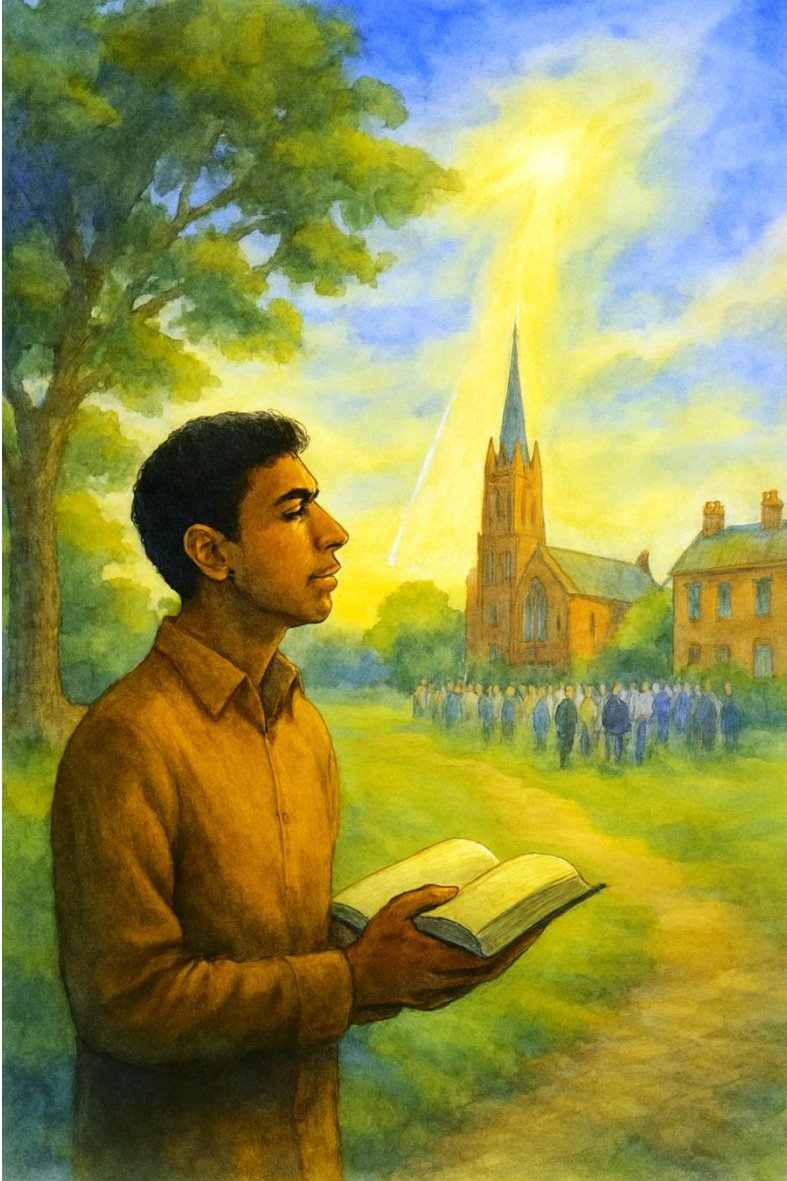
And I would need every ounce of courage, every tear, every prayer, every breath to run it.

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## Chapter 2 — The Day the Lord Called My Name

In Haringey, the ground once touched by Billy Graham becomes the author's training ground. The Lord calls him to be a mystic and watchman. Miracles begin: healings, deliverances, and prophetic answers to prayer.



## CHAPTER 2 — The Day the Lord Called My Name

I was twenty-three when I stepped onto the streets of Haringey, unaware that the ground beneath my feet had already been consecrated by thousands of prayers long before I arrived.

Twenty-two years earlier, in March 1954, Billy Graham had filled the 11,400-seat Haringey Arena for twelve straight weeks. Night after night, the stadium trembled with hymns, tears, and the cries of people surrendering their lives to Christ. Heaven had rejoiced over Haringey, and the soil remembered it.

I did not know any of this when I moved there. I was simply a young man searching for a place to live, unaware that God had chosen this Patch of London as the training ground for my soul.

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### England, College

I arrived in London from Kenya in 1972, unsure of what awaited me but trusting God to lead. With my brother's encouragement, I began a technical course and did well, but when I turned 19 and had to pay my own fees, I couldn't continue. I left college, took a job with the telephone company, and watched my friends move ahead without me.

Life changed quickly—my brother married and moved away—and I often felt alone. Then, one evening, the Lord spoke to my heart: "Apply for the third year." It seemed impossible, but I obeyed. The department head at North London Polytechnic agreed to accept me if I passed the second-year exams. By God's grace, I passed enough to enter. With my supervisor's quiet support at work, I managed to study and work while still receiving my wages. I finished my final exams just before turning 21, knowing the Lord had carried me through.

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## A House

Soon after, I sensed Him leading me again: *Start saving for a house*. I saved what I could, and with unexpected help from my family, began searching. After one sale fell through, a Greek estate agent showed me a rundown place, then suddenly insisted on showing me another—a beautiful Victorian house far beyond my pay scale. Standing in its hallway, golden light pouring through the skylight, I felt the Lord whisper, “*I want you to have this house.*” The agent saw my reaction and said, “Come—we’ll sort the papers.”

In the summer of 1976, I moved into that fully furnished six-bedroom home with nothing but a small bag of clothes and a toothbrush. Those first nights, alone in that vast house, I lay awake in awe. I wasn’t yet 23, and the Lord had given me more than I ever imagined.

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## Unexplained income

A few months later, my boss called me in. Head office had finally found my old leave application—never approved—and couldn’t understand how I’d been paid for a whole year without timesheets. Embarrassed, he told me I would need to repay the wages, though only half, in small amounts, since the mistake was theirs. Even then, I felt a deep calm. After all the Lord had already done—my studies, my work, my home—I knew He would guide me through this as well.

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## The Lord

One evening, not long after settling in, I took off my shoes and knelt before the Lord. The room was silent, but the air felt charged, as though Heaven itself leaned close. Then I felt it — a hand, gentle yet firm, resting on my shoulder.

His voice was soft, but it carried the weight of eternity.

**“You will not be like other men. You are not in the flesh but in the Spirit. You are My heir. You will learn to ask Me specific things — names, dates, hours — and I will honour them. I have called you to be My watchman, My mystic.”**

The words settled into my bones like fire. I did not fully understand them, but I knew they were true. Something in me shifted that night. A door opened. A path appeared.

And the training began.

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## **The First Test — Miss Staking**

It was 3 December 1978. I stood at the back of a crowded church hall during a prayer meeting. Rev. Jim Hammond announced that Miss Staking, a 95-year-old woman beloved by the congregation, had been taken to the hospital with a serious illness.

As people bowed their heads, the Holy Spirit whispered to me:

**“Tell Rev. Hammond the Lord will heal her.”**

My heart pounded. My palms were slick with sweat. I was a newcomer, a quiet man who rarely spoke in public. But obedience is rarely comfortable.

I raised my hand.

Rev. Hammond looked at me. My voice trembled. “Lord... told me she will be healed.”

He nodded gently. “Thank you, Lord.”

Two weeks later, Rev. Hammond visited her in the hospital. As he prayed, a cancerous growth the size of a tennis ball shrank before his eyes — and vanished. A 95-year-old woman walked out of the hospital healed.

I had passed the first test.

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## **Paul's Friend — The Angel Benis**

A few months later, at a Saturday prayer meeting, my friend Paul looked distressed. His friend lay in the hospital, close to death. As people prayed, I looked up to the Lord.

He turned to one of my angels — Benis.

“It will take a few days,” the angel said, “to go to the throne and return with the healing leaves.”

“When?” I whispered.

“Thursday.”

My heart raced. Was this real? Was I imagining it? I had not grown up Christian — I was still learning the language of the Spirit. But the Lord had told me to pray with specificity.

So I obeyed.

“Lord,” I prayed aloud, “let the doors of the hospital ward open on Thursday at three o’clock, and let the man be pronounced healed. In Jesus’ name.”

The room echoed with “Amen.”

Three weeks later, Paul told us the doctors had discharged his friend on Thursday afternoon — exactly as spoken.

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## **Neville's Gallstones**

At another prayer meeting, Rev. Hammond read a list of people needing prayer. Among them was Neville, his assistant, scheduled for gallbladder surgery.

Again, the Spirit nudged me.

My voice shook. “Lord, when he goes for the operation, let the stones disappear.”

A few days later, Rev. Hammond announced that the hospital had taken an X-ray to locate the stones—and found nothing. Neville was sent home without surgery.

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## **Uganda — The Fall of Idi Amin**

In 1977, we prayed for Uganda. Idi Amin’s regime had drenched the nation in blood. Christians were persecuted. A pastor connected to our church had been arrested.

As we prayed, dark thoughts crossed my mind — of assassination, revenge, violence. The Lord rebuked me gently.

So I prayed differently.

“Lord, thank You. He will flee the country. He will wander from nation to nation. He will finally seek refuge in a Muslim country.”

The room thundered with “Amen.”

Years later, history recorded:

- Amin fled Uganda in 1979
- sought refuge in Libya
- Then he lived out his days in Saudi Arabia

Exactly as spoken.

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## Marko — The Captive in South America

In May 1983, I joined another church. Our church prayed for Marko, a young missionary who had gone missing in South America. During prayer, I saw a vision: Marko held captive, a captain with authority to release him, and angels assigned to escort him home.

At the prayer meeting, trembling with fear, I prayed:

“On Tuesday, he will be brought before the captain. He will be released. For three days, he will wander in danger. On Friday morning, he will arrive home safely.”

No one said “Amen.” I understood. I was a stranger to them.

Weeks later, a visitor from Marko’s church confirmed every detail.

These were just the beginning of prayers. As time went on, my payers became more specific, stating the day and hour when events in people’s lives would occur or healing would take place. These events were meant to reinforce my faith that the leading of the Holy Spirit was true, not my imagination. Secondly, to bless the church members and strengthen their faith.

The Lord would balance these acts to inspire me and yet keep me hidden from the world, to protect me from my own ego from inflating and from never staying in one area for long. He is training his chosen ones, his army, shielded from the world.

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## The Pattern Emerges

By now, a pattern had formed:

- The Lord spoke
- The angels acted

- I prayed with specificity
- Heaven honoured the words

But each miracle carried a cost — fear, trembling, sleepless nights, the weight of responsibility. I was learning that obedience is not measured by comfort, but by surrender.

And this was only the beginning.

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## Chapter 3 — The Nightly Accounting

The Holy Spirit teaches the author how Jesus prayed: with tears, exhaustion, and obedience. The author begins the nightly accounting, reviewing every thought and action. A vision of Judgment Day reveals his future rank: Major General.



## CHAPTER 3 — The Nightly Accounting

Long before I understood the Patch, the angels, or the visions of Judgment Day, the Lord began by teaching me something far more difficult: **how to pray as Jesus prayed.**

Not the gentle prayers of comfort we whisper before sleep, but the fierce, soul-straining communion that shaped the Son of God Himself.

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### The Humanity of Jesus

People often imagine Jesus walking through life with effortless serenity, untouched by humanity's frailty. But the scriptures tell a different story.

**Luke 6:12** says He prayed all night. **Hebrews 5:7** says He cried. He fasted forty days before His ministry even began. He learned obedience through suffering.

If the Son of God needed such discipline, how much more would I?

The Lord made this clear to me one evening as I knelt in prayer. I asked Him:

**“Lord, show me how You prayed. Show me how You sought Your Father’s plan. Show me how you learned obedience.”**

I did not expect an answer. But he showed me.

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### A Glimpse Into the Lord’s Night

It was as though I stood beside Him on a cold Judean hillside.

The moon hung low. The wind cut through His robe. His body ached from the day’s labour — teaching, healing, walking miles under the sun.

He longed for sleep. His eyelids were heavy. His muscles trembled with exhaustion.

Yet he knelt.

He bowed His head.

And He began to give an account of His day.

Every Word He had spoken. Every thought that had crossed His mind. Every disciple He had corrected or encouraged. Every person He had healed or turned away.

He examined each moment under the gaze of His Father.

**Romans 14:12 — “Each one of us shall give account of himself to God.”**

Jesus lived this verse every night.

He did not skip the hard parts. He did not excuse himself. He did not soften the truth.

He submitted His entire being to the Father’s scrutiny.

And then He waited.

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## **The Battle Within**

As He prayed, thoughts pressed into His mind:

“YOU ARE TIRED.” “YOU NEED SLEEP.” “TOMORROW WILL BE DIFFICULT.”  
“REST NOW.”

These were not sinful thoughts — they were human thoughts. The same thoughts that whisper to us when we want to give up.

But Jesus resisted them.

He pushed through the fog of fatigue. He fought the temptation to surrender to comfort. He chose obedience over ease.

And slowly, the Father revealed the next few days' good works:

- The ten lepers who would come
- the one who would return
- The man lowered through the roof
- the woman who would touch His garment
- The storm that would test the disciples
- The parables He would speak
- The cities He would visit

Nothing fell into His lap. He sought it. He wrestled for it. He learned it through tears.

And the Father strengthened Him.

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## **The Pattern for My Own Life**

The Lord showed me this not to impress me, but to warn me.

**“If you want to reach the full stature of Christ,” He said, “you must walk the same path.”**

Not in miracles—those are easy for God—but in obedience. In discipline. In the quiet, nightly accounting of the soul. This is the harder road, the one that shapes endurance, patience, and spiritual stamina. It is the path that forms the mind of Christ within us, where His character is exercised and slowly grows.

So I began.

Each morning, I knelt to pray, to share my heart, and to plan the day with the Lord. Each night, I returned to review it. I laid my thoughts, words, and actions before the Holy Spirit. Some nights, the wrestling kept me awake until dawn—a test many never endure.

At first, it was unbearable.

I saw my pride. My impatience. My fears. My hidden motives. My failures to love. My squandered hours.

But slowly, the Spirit refined me.

He corrected me. He rebuked me. He encouraged me. He taught me to take every thought captive.

And then — He began to reveal the good works prepared for me.

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## **The Mystic before the Throne of Christ.**

One night, after years of discipline, obedience, and nightly accounting, the Lord spoke again:

**“Follow Me.”**

In an instant, the world dissolved. I stood before the throne of Christ.

The atmosphere was alive — weighty, holy, electric. The Lord looked at me with a gaze that pierced through time itself and said:

“You are neither a conscript nor a mere citizen of Heaven. Before creation came into being, I chose you. I formed you in your mother’s womb. The day you were born, I and all of Heaven rejoiced.

Now I appoint you as a temporary Major General in my army. Your training begins. A greater responsibility rests upon your shoulders.”

My strength left me. My knees buckled. I fell to the ground, trembling.

He continued:

**“You will give Me an account of your life — every idle Word, every prayer, every hour. I will test its fruit.”**

I opened my mouth to speak:

“Lord, the day You called me—”

But the Lord lifted His hand.

The books were opened. The fire descended.

My works — my sermons, my efforts, my intentions — burned away like straw in a furnace.

But the Patch — the prayers, the obedience, the nightly accounting — shone like refined gold.

The Lord said:

“Come. Stand on my right. You are My witness to the quality of workmanship required to enter the New Jerusalem.

You were unlike other men. When you prayed, you asked for specific things — names, dates, hours — and I honoured them.”

And in that moment, I understood:

The nightly accounting had never been a burden. It had been preparation for eternity.

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## Chapter 4 — The Patch

The Patch becomes the author's earthly assignment. He walks every street, records every detail, and prays for every home. The Holy Spirit slows the world down to teach him stewardship over every atom, leaf, and soul.



## CHAPTER 4 — The Patch

The Lord never begins with the spectacular. He begins with the simple. And then He asks for everything.

When he first spoke to me about my Patch — the Haringey Ladder — I did not understand what He meant. I thought it was merely a neighbourhood, a cluster of streets between Turnpike Lane and Haringay Green Lanes. I did not yet know that this small corner of London would become my training ground, my crucible, my battlefield, and my inheritance.

I did not know that every leaf, every sparrow, every house, every family, every atom would one day be placed under my stewardship.

I only knew that the Lord had spoken.

And when the Lord speaks, you obey.

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### The Inventory Begins

The first instruction was simple:

**“Walk the land.”**

So I walked.

Street by street. House by house. Tree by tree. Lamppost by lamppost.

I carried a notebook and a pen. I wrote down every detail I could see.

- 2,985 houses
- 29 roads
- 612 trees
- 322 lampposts

- 7 churches
- 1 library
- 2 air-raid sirens from the war
- 2 zebra crossings
- 10 traffic lights
- 7 bus stops

I estimated the height of every tree. I recorded the names of every householder I could find. I drew a map of the Ladder and filled it with notes.

It took months.

People saw me walking with my notebook and thought I was eccentric. Some thought I was a surveyor. Others thought I was lost.

But I was not lost. I was being trained.

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## **The Holy Spirit Slows the World Down**

As I prayed over the Patch, the Holy Spirit began to slow things down so my mind could cope.

He would show me:

- a single street
- a row of bins
- a pub
- a cinema
- a corner shop

And He would say:

**“Pray for this.”**

So I prayed.

I wrote the date in my diary. I recorded the prayer. And then I waited.

Over the seventh month and the seventh year, I checked the results.

And slowly, the Patch began to change.

- The council installed new bins.
- Crime dropped.
- A pub closed.
- A cinema changed hands and became a church.

One prayer at a time. One street at a time. One leaf at a time.

The Patch was becoming a living testimony.

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## **The Lord’s Explanation**

One evening, as I prayed, the Lord said:

**“To have strong faith, you must do it yourself. You are in the Spirit now. Learn to take stewardship over every atom, every grain of sand, every leaf, every person in your Patch.”**

I protested.

“Lord, this is impossible for a human.”

He replied:

**“Not by your strength. By the indwelling Holy Spirit. Your brain is limited, but your Spirit is not. Your spiritual mind grows exponentially. This is my gift to my heirs.”**

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## The Weight of Creation's Suffering

As the Holy Spirit prayed through me, He showed me the cost of my salvation.

A fox killing a mother rabbit. Three young ones are starving to death. Birds torn apart by predators. Creatures suffering in silence. A young mother is stabbed in the high street. A family loses their home because the Father has been made redundant—a child dying in a hospital surrounded by a grieving family. The unrighteous prosper while decent people struggle to put bread on the table.

The Spirit said:

**“This is the price creation pays so you may grow spiritually. Others pay for your salvation. You owe them gratitude, and you owe them restitution.”**

I felt the weight of it. The grief. The injustice. The debt.

So I walked into the woods, found a large stone, and carved a mark into it — a covenant with every creature in my Patch.

A promise that I would not forget their suffering. A promise to work for their restoration. A promise that I would make them whole.

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## The Anointing

Then the Lord said:

**“I am giving you the anointing of the Holy Spirit so you may learn. You will build My sanctuary in Heaven, atom by atom. One day, all the good people and creatures of your Patch will live there in peace. No more pain. No more tears.”**

For the first time, I saw the bigger picture.

The Patch was not just a neighbourhood. It was a seed. A prototype. A training ground for the world to come.

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## The Daily Rhythm

Every morning, the Holy Spirit thanked every creature and every person in the Patch for their contribution to God's Kingdom.

Every evening, He accounted for:

- a child's death
- a mother who did not return from the hospital
- a fox's hunt
- a bird's cry
- a neighbour's sorrow

And I prayed with Him.

I recorded everything in my diary. I reviewed it every seventh month and seventh year. I learned from every pattern. I corrected every error. I refined every thought.

Slowly, painfully, faithfully — I grew.

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## The Purpose Revealed

One day, the Lord said:

**“If you are to return with Me, you must learn to account for every leaf, every sparrow, every person. This is the mind of Christ. This is your inheritance.”**

I trembled.

It felt impossible.

But he said:

**“All things are possible with God. You believed — and we put it to the test.”**

And so the Patch became my world. My responsibility. My training. My offering.

The place where Heaven touched Earth.

The place where I learned to walk in the Spirit.

The place where I learned to love as Christ loves.

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## Chapter 5 — The Reality Test

Every prayer must be tested. Every vision must be verified. The Patch begins to change in measurable ways. The author learns that faith is obedience tested by reality, and that creation suffers for his spiritual growth.



## CHAPTER 5 — The Reality Test

The Lord never trains His heirs with theory alone. Every revelation must be tested. Every vision must be verified. Every spiritual insight must be anchored in the physical world.

The Holy Spirit made this clear to me early in my apprenticeship:

**“Everything must undergo a reality test.”**

It was not enough to pray for the Patch. Not enough to see visions. Not enough to feel the Spirit’s prompting.

I had to **prove** it. Record it. Measure it. Test it. And then test it again.

Only then would faith become knowledge. Only then would obedience become authority.

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### The Holy Spirit Slows the World Down

My human mind could not comprehend the scale of the Patch — thousands of houses, tens of thousands of people, countless leaves, creatures, atoms. So the Holy Spirit slowed everything down to a pace I could bear.

He would show me:

- a single street
- a row of bins
- a pub
- a cinema
- a corner shop

And He would say:

**“Pray for this.”**

So I prayed.

I wrote the date in my diary. I recorded the prayer. And then I waited.

Over the seventh month and the seventh year, I checked the results.

And slowly, the Patch began to change.

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## **A Single Day’s Prayer**

On **13 July 1987**, I prayed for four things:

1. A reduction in burglaries
2. New dustbins on the roads
3. A pub is to be shut down
4. A cinema to be used by the Lord

I wrote them down. I closed the diary. And I waited.

Over the years:

- Crime dropped
- The council installed bins
- The pub closed in 2009 or 2010
- The cinema changed hands and became a church

One prayer. Four requests. Four answers.

Not immediately. Not dramatically. But faithfully.

The Patch was becoming a living testimony.

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## The Spirit Quickens the Pace

As my Spirit grew, the Holy Spirit accelerated His work.

Suddenly:

- bins appeared within weeks
- Traffic lights were installed.
- A prayer for a person was fulfilled on the exact date and hour spoken

The Lord said:

**“You are in the Spirit now outside the laws of physics. Your spiritual mind grows exponentially. This is my gift to my heirs.”**

I felt it. A widening. A deepening. A stretching of the inner man.

My brain remained limited —but my Spirit had no such boundaries.

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## The Weight of Stewardship

On weekends, when I had more time, I walked the Patch again.

Street by street. House by house. Person by person.

I lifted each one in prayer.

The Lord said:

**“Learn to take stewardship over every atom, every grain of sand, every leaf, every person in your Patch.”**

I trembled.

“Lord, this is impossible.”

He replied:

**“Not by your strength. By the indwelling Holy Spirit. This is your birthright.”**

And then He added:

**“When you begin to experience the reality of this calling, it will fill you with joy. It brings immense pleasure to our Father and reveals the glory we have given you.”**

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## **The Gift Many Squander**

One evening, the Lord said something that pierced me:

**“Many will weep on Judgment Day because they had this gift and squandered it.”**

The gift of the Spirit. The gift of stewardship. The gift of the Patch. The gift of the mind of Christ.

Not everyone uses it. Not everyone wants it. Not everyone pays the cost.

But for those who do — the heavens open.

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## **The Woman With the Radiator**

The Lord reminded me of a woman I once taught to repair a leaking radiator. She had no confidence, no skill, no belief she could do it. But I guided her step by step, and she succeeded.

The Lord said:

**“When you obey the Holy Spirit, your belief will become strong faith — strong enough to move mountains.”**

And I understood:

Faith is not a feeling. Faith is not a wish. Faith is not a hope.

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Faith is **obedience tested by reality**.

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## **The Sabbatical Reflection**

Thirty-one years later, during my sabbatical, I brought this entire period before the Lord.

It had been a lonely season. A painful season. A season of exhaustion, fear, and deprivation.

I had lived behind enemy lines. Always alert. Always praying, always accounting, always carrying the Patch.

The Lord said:

**“These were good works prepared for you. It was never meant to be permanent. We gave you a glimpse of the Holy Spirit’s power. You can achieve superhuman things and secure your eternal place in the Holy of Holies in the New Jerusalem.”**

Then he added:

**“We tested your belief to refine it and purify it.”**

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## **The Far Future — Mother Earth Speaks**

In a vision of the distant future, Mother Earth spoke:

**“You are one of the firstborn in Christ. I bore pain and suffering for you. My oceans are lined with skeletons. My mountains with the blood of creatures. But I consented to this because your name was written in the Lamb’s Book of Life.”**

Her voice trembled with love.

**“You are my joy, my pride. My suffering was worth it to see you reach the full stature of Christ.”** (prophetic, in the future)

I wept.

For the first time, I understood the cost of creation’s suffering — and the weight of my calling.

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## **The Leader — Joshua and Ben**

The Lord showed me a story of Joshua, a warrior aged 30, and the 6-year-old orphan Ben—a parable of leadership, love, and sacrifice.

Joshua, refined like gold, trained for future sanctuaries, carried his people in his heart.

Ben, exhausted and afraid, revived by companionship, lifted by the Lord Himself.

The Lord said to Ben:

**“You will build the finest church in England and Canada.”**

Some prophecies take a lifetime. Some take longer. But by Judgment Day, all will be fulfilled.

This story shaped my relationship with the Lord. It taught me that leadership is love. That obedience is courage. That the impossible becomes possible when the Spirit opens the heavens.

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## **The Patch Becomes a Promise**

There were days I felt like Ben — weak, trembling, overwhelmed. There were days I felt like Joshua — bold, confident, unstoppable.

But always, the Holy Spirit walked with me.

And slowly, the Patch became more than a place.

It became a promise. A prophecy. A preparation for the world to come.

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## Chapter 6 — The Garden of Prayer

The author is taken into a heavenly garden—a classroom where the Holy Spirit teaches him to govern, reconcile, and build sanctuaries. The Garden becomes the spiritual counterpart to the Patch.



## CHAPTER 6 — The Garden of Prayer

There are moments in a believer's life when Heaven draws so near that the boundary between the physical and spiritual dissolves. For me, that moment came one late afternoon, when the sun hung low and the room filled with a soft haze.

I had just finished my evening accounting — every Word, every thought, every action of the day laid bare before the Holy Spirit. My body was tired, but my Spirit was alert. The Patch weighed heavily on me, and I wondered whether I had the strength to continue.

Then the air shifted.

A presence entered the room — gentle, luminous, unmistakable.

A face formed in the haze near the window.

**“Follow me,”** he said.

And the world dissolved.

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### The Garden Beyond Time

We travelled through a tunnel of light and emerged into a garden unlike anything on Earth.

A clear stream flowed through its centre, its waters shimmering with colours no human eye had ever seen. Trees swayed gently, their leaves whispering secrets of eternity. The air was alive with peace — not the fragile peace of Earth, but the deep, unbreakable peace of Heaven.

We sat by the stream.

From the opposite bank, a majestic lion approached — not with menace, but with regal calm. His eyes held the wisdom of ages.

The angel beside me said:

**“This is the Garden of Prayer. You will dwell here. This is your home.”**

I looked around, overwhelmed.

There were no tools. No buildings. No signs of human labour.

The angel continued:

**“You will use the Scriptures as your tools. The Word of God built everything you see. Learn to use the Word to fashion and maintain this Garden.”**

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## **Walking as Adam Walked**

He pointed to the trees, the river, the stones.

**“You will walk here as Adam did. I will not shield my face from you. I want you to learn. I want to change you — your thoughts, your desires, your nature.”**

Then he said something that pierced me:

**“Remember the story of Adam and Eve and what I taught you.”**

This Garden was not a place of escape. It was a place of transformation.

A place where the Holy Spirit would reshape my mind, my will, my understanding, my identity.

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## **Two Worlds at Once**

From that day onward, I lived in two worlds.

In the physical world, I walked the streets of Haringey, delivered leaflets, prayed for neighbours, and recorded every detail of the Patch.

In the spiritual world, I walked the Garden of Prayer — learning, observing, receiving instruction, seeing visions that would later unfold on Earth.

Sometimes I would see something in the Garden — a leaf falling, a stone shifting, a creature moving — and days later, the earthly counterpart would manifest.

The Lord was teaching me the connection between Heaven and Earth. Between the spiritual and the physical. Between the *Word of God* and reality.

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## The Purpose of the Garden

One day, as we walked along the stream, the angel said:

**“The Holy Spirit will dwell in your body. You will learn to hear His voice and follow His guidance. He moves in a cleansed temple.”**

I understood then:

The Garden was not a reward. It was a classroom.

A place where the Holy Spirit could teach me:

- How to pray
- How to intercede
- How to govern
- How to reconcile
- How to build sanctuaries
- How to account for every atom, leaf, and soul

The Patch was my earthly training ground. The Garden was my heavenly training ground.

Together, they formed the curriculum of my calling.

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## The Weight of the Calling

The more time I spent in the Garden, the more I understood the magnitude of what the Lord was preparing me for.

This was not about leaflets. Not about miracles. Not about visions.

This was about **governance**.

About **reconciliation**.

About **restoring creation**.

About **preparing for the return of the King**.

The angel said:

**“You are being trained for the sanctuaries. For the world to come. For the thousand-year reign.”**

I trembled.

I felt unworthy. Inadequate. Small.

But the angel smiled.

**“The Lord does not choose the mighty. He chooses the willing.”**

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## The Garden and the Patch Become One

As the years passed, I realised something profound:

The Garden of Prayer and the Patch were not separate.

They were reflections of each other.

What I learned in the Garden, I applied in the Patch. What I prayed in the Patch, I saw in the Garden. What I recorded in my diary, Heaven recorded in its books.

The Patch was the seed. The Garden was the blueprint. The New Jerusalem was the harvest.

And I — a once-rejected boy under the African sky — was being shaped into an heir.

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## Chapter 7 — The Witness

The Holy Spirit reveals that the author's diaries are evidence for Judgment Day. He sees the New Jerusalem, Little Haringey, and the multitudes who were changed by his obedience. He learns the eternal consequences of stewardship.



## CHAPTER 7 — The Witness

There are nights when Heaven interrupts sleep with a purpose so clear, so weighty, that the soul awakens before the body does. One such night, after finishing my accounting for the day's leaflets, I drifted into sleep — only to be awakened by the Holy Spirit.

The room was still. The air was heavy with presence. And the Spirit spoke:

**“You have given your testimony and delivered the gospel message to every home in your Patch several times. On the Day of Judgment, the people of your Patch will give an account of their lives. Your Lord wants you to be His witness.”**

I sat upright, trembling.

A witness? Me?

The Spirit continued:

**“When they ask, ‘Why did no one warn us?’ you will open your books and show them their names, their house numbers, and the day and hour you delivered the message.”**

My diaries — the ones I had filled with trembling hands, street by street, house by house, leaflet by leaflet — were not merely records.

They were evidence.

Heaven's evidence.

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### The Angels Who Recorded Everything

The Spirit said:

**“My angels Benin and Abinar have made a detailed account of your work. They will bear witness to every leaflet delivered, every prayer spoken, every soul reached.”**

I felt a weight lift from my shoulders — and another weight settle in its place.

Some neighbours had responded well. Others had laughed. Others had thrown the leaflets away.

The Spirit said:

**“They will stand accountable for their actions. Their blood will not be on your hands.”**

I swallowed hard.

“Lord,” I asked, “why would their blood have been on my hands?”

The Spirit breathed on a scripture, and it came alive:

**“You are My heir in Christ. I have placed this responsibility on all my heirs. On Judgment Day, their neighbours will ask, ‘Why did no one warn us?’ and each heir will give an account of the task assigned to them.”**

Then he said:

**“You were my watchman in this parish. Had you failed, you would have been accountable for their loss of inheritance. But now — their judgment awaits them, not you.”**

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## **A Glimpse Beyond Judgment Day**

Suddenly, I was no longer in my room.

I stood in a vast plain of ashes — the aftermath of Judgment Day.

The books had been closed. The fire had passed. The works of humanity lay in silent heaps.

Two angels approached — Benin and Abinar.

**“Come,”** they said. **“We will show you the New Jerusalem.”**

We walked until we stood before a great gate. On it was written:

**“Benjamin.”**

The angel waved his hand.

**“Tell me, what do you see?”**

I looked — and saw shapes, colours, structures I could not comprehend.

“I see... things,” I said, “but I do not know what they are.”

He smiled.

**“Of course. This is the New Jerusalem. Let me show you in a manner you can understand.”**

He waved his hand again.

And the city transformed.

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## **The City of Light**

Inside the walls, the citizens wore robes that shone like the midday sun — pure, radiant, untouched by stain.

Their every thought was aligned with the Lamb.

They could account for every atom, every grain of sand, every soul in their Patch.

They governed the nations outside the city gates.

The angel said:

**“A place inside the city is your inheritance — but it is conditional.”**

Revelation 21:7 echoed in my Spirit:

**“He who overcomes shall inherit all things.”**

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## **Little Haringey**

We descended a staircase and walked beyond the city walls into a vast landscape.

We came to a beautiful town with tree-lined streets and homes filled with light.

The angel said:

**“This is Little Haringey.”**

My breath caught.

People gathered in the square — multitudes.

I asked:

“Who are these people?”

The angel replied:

**“They have come to see you. They read your leaflets and books and changed their conduct. They came to thank you.”**

I saw faces I recognised — and faces I did not.

To my astonishment, I saw the two Hindu boys from my childhood. Their families. My extended Hindu relatives.

Behind them stood an elderly couple from Kisumu.

The woman smiled.

**“We believed in Brahman, the Creator.”**

I looked at the angel, confused.

He laughed gently.

**“It is a hill too high to climb. Best we go around it.”**

Then I saw my Muslim school friend Faruq and his family.

The angel said:

**“They allowed the Holy Spirit to work in their lives. On Judgment Day, their works passed through the fire.”**

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## **The North Awaits**

The angel said:

**“Come, Hari. There is more. Other towns in the north await you.”**

And we walked on.

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## Chapter 8— Do Not Sell Your Birthright

The Holy Spirit asks five questions that shape the author's destiny. He learns the difference between salvation and inheritance, and the cost of reaching the full stature of Christ.

### CHAPTER 8 — Do Not Sell Your Birthright

There are questions the Holy Spirit asks that do not merely seek answers—they seek transformation. They are not questions of curiosity, but questions of destiny.

One evening, as I knelt in prayer, the Spirit placed five questions before me. They were not spoken aloud. They rose within me like fire, each one burning deeper than the last.

These questions would shape the rest of my life.

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### The Five Questions of Workmanship

#### 1. How does one seek the quality of workmanship required on Judgment Day?

The Spirit warned me:

**“Do not be distracted by trying to convert the world. First, God must convert you.”**

The world does not change because we preach. It changes because we become the workmanship of Christ — refined, corrected, disciplined, transformed.

Only then can we carry the weight of another soul.

## **2. What are the good works God ordained for me?**

Ephesians 2:10 echoed in my Spirit:

**“We are His workmanship, created in Christ Jesus for good works, which God prepared beforehand that we should walk in them.”**

Not all good works are MY works. Not every need is MY calling. Not every opportunity is MY assignment.

The Patch was my assignment. The nightly accounting was my discipline. The Garden was my classroom. The visions were my curriculum.

Everything else was noise.

## **3. Does the quality of my workmanship meet the gold standard?**

The Spirit said:

**“Test all things.”**

Not with emotion. Not with assumption. But with fire.

Would my works survive Judgment Day? Would they endure the divine flame? Would they shine like gold? Or crumble like straw?

This question haunted me—and saved me.

## **4. Will I be among the perfected saints who return with Him?**

The scripture says:

**“He will return with all His saints.”**

Not all believers. Not all churchgoers. Not all who prayed a prayer.

Only the perfected ones. The overcomers. The heirs who reached the full stature of Christ.

The Spirit asked:

**“Do you desire to return with Him?”**

Desire is the beginning of destiny. Without desire, there is no training. Without training, there is no inheritance.

### **5. Will I be among the foolish virgins with unwashed robes?**

This question pierced me.

The foolish virgins were not unbelievers. They were believers who failed to prepare. They had lamps — but no oil. They had robes — but not washed. They had faith — but no obedience.

The Spirit whispered:

**“Do not sell your birthright.”**

Esau sold his inheritance for a bowl of stew. Many believers sell theirs for comfort, ease, distraction, and the path of least resistance.

I trembled.

I did not want to be Esau.

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## **The Weight of Inheritance**

The Spirit said:

**“Your salvation gives you a place in Heaven. Your obedience determines your inheritance.”**

Inside the city or outside the gates. A ruler or a servant. A pillar in the Temple or a wanderer in the outer regions.

The difference is not God's love. The difference is our response.

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## The Mind of Christ

One evening, as I walked home from work, the Lord spoke through scripture:

**"We have the mind of Christ."**

The Spirit said:

**"It is time to exercise it."**

Do not admire it. Do not quote it. Do not preach it.

Exercise it.

He continued:

**"Learn to account for every atom, every leaf, every person in your Patch. You will not grasp it fully on Earth, but you must understand the concept."**

I felt overwhelmed.

But the Spirit pressed on:

**"You must understand why there is pain, why there is suffering, why justice demands restitution. Who pays the cost? Who collects the tab?"**

These were not theological questions. These were questions of governance.

Questions for heirs.

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## The Training for Reigning

The Spirit said:

**“When the Lord returns, He will return with perfected saints. The training begins now.”**

If I were to reign with Him for a thousand years, I needed superhuman abilities — the mind of Christ, the discipline of Christ, the obedience of Christ.

Not one sparrow could fall in my Patch without my knowledge.

Not one leaf could wither without my awareness.

Not one soul could suffer without my intercession.

This was not a metaphor. This was training.

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## The Warning

The Spirit said:

**“Many Christians have no desire to return with Christ. They do not want the training. They do not want the sacrifice. They do not want the responsibility.”**

Then he quoted Mark 4:25:

**“To those who have, more will be given. From those who have nothing, even what they have will be taken away.”**

The Spirit asked:

**“Who numbers the hairs on your head? And why?”**

The answer was simple:

Because the mind of Christ knows every detail of every life in His care.

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And He was training me to think as He thinks.

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## Chapter 9 — The Steward of Every Leaf

The author learns to account for every leaf, sparrow, and soul. The Patch becomes a living organism. The Spirit teaches him the mind of Christ and the responsibilities of an heir.

### CHAPTER 9 — The Steward of Every Leaf

The Holy Spirit had asked His questions. He had revealed the cost of inheritance. He had shown me the mind of Christ, the Patch, the Garden, and the future reign.

Now, he began to teach me the most difficult lesson of all:

**How to live as a steward of every leaf, every sparrow, every soul.**

Not in theory. Not in vision. But in daily reality.

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### The Weight of a Single Leaf

One morning, as I prayed, the Holy Spirit slowed the world around me. The Patch faded into a soft stillness. A single leaf drifted from a tree on Wightman Road.

The Spirit said:

**“Account for it.”**

I stared at the leaf, bewildered.

“Lord... it is only a leaf.”

He replied:

**“Nothing in creation is ‘only’ anything. Every leaf has a purpose. Every sparrow has a story. Every atom has a place in My design.”**

The leaf touched the ground.

And I understood:

This was not about leaves. This was about ATTENTION. About AWARENESS. About RESPONSIBILITY.

If I could not account for a leaf, how could I account for a soul?

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## **The Spirit Teaches the Mind of Christ**

The Spirit said:

**“Your brain is limited. Your Spirit is not. You must learn to think with the mind of Christ.”**

He showed me how the Lord sees:

- The joy of a child waking
- The sorrow of a mother in the hospital
- The fear of a fox hunting
- The hunger of a sparrow
- The loneliness of a neighbour
- The pain of a dying leaf
- The hope of a newborn lamb

Every detail mattered. Every moment was recorded. Every life was precious.

This was not sentiment. This was governance.

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## The Patch as a Living Organism

As the Spirit trained me, the Patch changed.

It was no longer a map of streets. It was a living organism — breathing, aching, rejoicing, suffering.

I felt its pulse. I sensed its wounds. I heard its cries.

The Patch became a mirror of my own soul.

When I was obedient, the Patch flourished. When I was careless, the Patch suffered. When I prayed, the Patch healed. When I doubted, the Patch dimmed.

The Spirit said:

**“This is how the Lord governs the nations.”**

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## The Spirit’s Daily Accounting

Each morning, the Spirit thanked every creature and every person in the Patch for their contribution to God’s Kingdom.

Each evening, He accounted for:

- a child’s death
- a fox’s hunt
- a bird’s cry
- a neighbour’s sorrow
- a tree’s broken branch
- a leaf’s fall

And I prayed with Him.

I recorded everything in my diary. I reviewed it every seventh month and seventh year. I learned from every pattern. I corrected every error. I refined every thought.

Slowly, painfully, faithfully — I grew.

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## The Spirit Reveals the Purpose

One evening, the Spirit said:

**“You are being trained for the sanctuaries of the world to come.”**

I trembled.

“Lord... I am not worthy.”

He replied:

**“Worthiness is not the requirement. Willingness is.”**

Then he added:

**“You must learn to govern a Patch before you can govern a nation.”**

And suddenly, I understood:

The Patch was not small. It was not insignificant. It was not a local ministry.

It was the seed of my eternal inheritance.

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## The Patch and the New Jerusalem

The Spirit said:

**“One day, every creature and every person in your Patch who contributed to your salvation will be restored in the sanctuary you build.”**

I saw it:

A sanctuary in the New Jerusalem, built atom by atom, leaf by leaf, soul by soul.

A place where:

- Leah the rabbit lived again
- Her young ones played in peace
- The sparrows sang without fear
- The foxes hunted no more
- The neighbours walked in joy
- The Patch was whole

This was not fantasy. This was an inheritance.

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## **The Steward Becomes the Heir**

The Spirit said:

**“You are being trained to reign with Christ for a thousand years.”**

Not metaphorically. Not symbolically. Literally.

He continued:

**“If you cannot account for a leaf, you cannot account for a nation.”**

And then:

**“If you cannot love a sparrow, you cannot love a person.”**

And finally:

**“If you cannot govern a Patch, you cannot govern the Earth.”**

The Patch was my training ground. The Garden was my classroom. The Judgment Day visions were my examinations. The New Jerusalem was my inheritance.

And I — a once-rejected boy under the African sky — was being shaped into a steward of creation.

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## Chapter 10 — The Major General

The author stands before the throne. His works are tested by fire. The Lord calls him a Major General in His army and appoints him as a witness to the qualifications required to enter the New Jerusalem.

## CHAPTER 10 — The Major General

There are titles men give themselves, and there are titles Heaven bestows. One is temporary. The other is eternal.

I never sought a title. I never imagined myself as a leader. I never aspired to rank or honour. But Heaven had its own plans.

The night the Lord called me **Major General** in his Heavenly Army was the night I understood the true weight of my calling.

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### The Summons

It began as many visions did — with a whisper.

**“Follow Me.”**

The world dissolved. The Patch faded. The Garden vanished.

I stood before the throne of God.

The air was heavy with glory. The ground trembled beneath my feet. The books of Heaven lay open.

The Lord looked at me — not with anger, not with disappointment, but with the solemn gaze of a King addressing His officer.

**“You are a Major General in my army.”**

The words struck me like lightning.

A Major General? Me? A boy once locked out of his home under the African sky? A man who had been called “retarded” at school? A quiet soul who walked the streets of Haringey with trembling hands and a bag of leaflets?

But Heaven does not choose by human standards.

The Lord continued:

**“A greater responsibility is placed on your shoulders.”**

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## **The Accounting**

He said:

**“You will give Me an account of your life — every idle Word, every prayer, every hour. I will examine the fruit of your sermons, your Bible studies, your Patch, your prayers.”**

My knees buckled. I fell to the ground.

I began:

“Lord, the day You called me—”

But the Holy Spirit interrupted:

**“Major General Hari, we have already gone through that every day, morning and night, hour by hour, every seventh month, every seventh year.”**

Only **three hours** were unaccounted for.

Three hours out of a lifetime.

The Spirit said:

**“Give an account of these.”**

I did.

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## The Fire

The books were opened. The divine fire descended.

My works — my sermons, my prayers, my leaflets, my diaries, my intercessions, my thoughts — were thrown into the flame.

Most were burned to ashes.

But the Patch — the prayers, the accounting, the obedience, the stewardship — shone like gold.

The Spirit said:

**“The years you spent accounting gave me the chance to rebuke you, correct you, guide you, and refine you.”**

Every leaf, every sparrow, every soul you upheld in prayer passed through the fire and emerged as gold.

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## The Commendation

The Lord said:

**“Come. Stand on my right.”**

I rose, trembling.

He continued:

**“You are My witness to the high quality of workmanship required to enter the New Jerusalem.”**

Then he said something I will never forget:

**“You were unlike other men. When you prayed, you asked specific things — names, dates, hours — and I honoured them.”**

In that moment, I understood:

The Patch was not merely a ministry. It was training for command. Governance training. Training for the age to come.

The nightly accounting was not a burden. It was preparation for leadership.

The Garden was not a vision. It was a classroom.

The suffering was not punishment. It was refinement.

The leaflets were not paper. They were seeds of eternity.

And the title **Major General** was not a metaphor. It was a rank in the Kingdom of God.

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## **The Weight of the Rank**

A Major General is not chosen for comfort. He is chosen for responsibility.

He carries:

- the weight of souls
- the burden of stewardship
- the discipline of obedience
- the courage of faith
- the mind of Christ

He stands between Heaven and Earth. Between judgment and mercy. Between creation and restoration.

He is trained to govern a Patch so he can one day govern a nation.

He is trained to account for leaves so he can one day account for kingdoms.

He is trained to love sparrows so he can one day love multitudes.

This was my calling.

This was my inheritance.

This was my destiny.

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## **Chapter 11 — The Return of the King**

The final vision: the Earth restored, the saints reigning with Christ, and the Patch fulfilled in the world to come. The author sees his eternal role and the destiny of all who reach the full stature of Christ.

### **CHAPTER 11 — The Return of the King**

The visions of the Patch, the Garden of Prayer, the nightly accounting, the New Jerusalem, and the title of Major General were not isolated revelations. They were stepping stones. Preparations. Shadows of a reality that would one day unfold before the eyes of all creation.

The Lord had shown me my past. He had shown me my present. Now He unveiled the future — the day when Heaven would break open, and the King would return.

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#### **The Groaning Earth**

In the vision, the Earth lay in ruins.

The sky was dark — not with clouds, but with the smoke of humanity's own rebellion. The sun struggled to shine through layers of ash and chemical fallout. The northern and southern seas were frozen, the Earth chilled by years without proper sunlight.

Nations had unleashed nuclear, biological, and chemical weapons. Cities were reduced to rubble. Forests were charred stumps. Rivers ran thick with poison. The soil itself groaned beneath the weight of death.

Famine stalked the continents. Plagues swept across nations. Governments collapsed into chaos. Civil wars erupted like wildfires.

People cursed the day they were born. They cursed God. They cursed each other.

Yet amid the ruin, a remnant endured — a people who refused to bow to despair.

Day and night, they cried out:

**“Come, Lord Jesus.”**

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## **The Sign of the Son of Man**

Then — in the fullness of time — the heavens opened.

A light pierced the darkness. The sky split like a curtain. And the Son of Man descended with power and great glory.

Just as He had said:

**“You will see the Son of Man coming with the clouds of Heaven.”**

The tribes of the Earth mourned. The nations trembled. The remnant rejoiced.

The King had returned.

And He did not return alone.

He returned with His saints — the perfected ones, the overcomers, the heirs who had reached the full stature of Christ.

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## **The Division of the Earth**

In the vision, the Earth was divided into **twenty-seven regions**.

Each region was entrusted to a **General** — a warrior-priest, a sanctified leader, trained through suffering, refined through obedience, perfected through the Holy Spirit.

Each General divided their region into **twenty-seven sectors**, appointing a **Saint** to shepherd each one.

These Saints were not ordinary believers. They were those who had learned to account for every leaf, every sparrow, every family, every soul.

They had been trained in the Patch. They had walked the Garden. They had stood before the Lord in the nightly accounting. They had been tested by fire.

Now they were ready.

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## The Daily Rhythm of the Kingdom

Each morning, the Saints stood before the Lord and the Heavenly Father, giving an account of their sector.

They received guidance for the day:

- whom to heal
- whom to comfort
- which river to cleanse
- which forest to restore
- which nation to reconcile

Each evening, they returned, reviewing the day's events with their Lord.

This was governance as God intended — not through force, but through love, wisdom, and the mind of Christ.

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## The Healing of the Earth

Under the Saints' stewardship, the Earth began to heal.

The sky cleared. The rivers ran clean. The forests revived. The soil regained its strength.

The Saints performed miracles — not for spectacle, but for restoration.

They spoke commands in the name of the Lord Jesus, and creation obeyed.

The hardened warriors of the world — men who had known nothing but violence — laid down their weapons.

Not because they were defeated, but because they were loved.

Suspicion melted. Fear dissolved. Anger faded.

Compassion took root. Reason prevailed. Peace blossomed.

Atom by atom, leaf by leaf, the Earth regained its vitality.

Families were healed. Neighbourhoods restored. Nations reconciled.

And the saints reigned with Christ for a thousand years.

Just as it is written:

**“Blessed and holy is he who has part in the first resurrection. Over such the second death has no power, but they shall be priests of God and of Christ, and shall reign with Him a thousand years.”**

---

## The Fulfilment of the Patch

In that thousand-year reign, I saw the Patch again — not as a neighbourhood in North London, but as a living sanctuary.

Every creature restored. Every soul accounted for. Every leaf renewed. Every atom redeemed.

The Patch had been a seed. The Garden had been a blueprint. The New Jerusalem was the harvest.

And I — a once-rejected boy under the African sky — stood among the saints, a Major General in the army of the King, fulfilling the calling written for me before the foundations of the Earth.

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## The End of the Beginning

The vision faded.

I was back in my room. The Patch lay quiet outside my window. The world had not yet collapsed. The King had not yet returned.

But the training continued.

The nightly accounting continued. The stewardship continued. The prayers continued. The obedience continued.

Because the Patch was not merely a place. It was a promise. A prophecy. A preparation.

And one day — when the King returns — the Patch will rise with Him.

And I will stand where He places me, ready to serve, ready to govern, ready to love, ready to restore, ready to reign.

For this is the inheritance of the heirs of God.

And this — this is only the beginning.

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The End, and a Beginning of all things.

