

Introduction to SPIRITUAL WARFARE The Heavenly Host THE AKURIANS

Scarlet red skies rising, encroaching ever closer as the distant thunder crescendos into a deafening, rhythmic, inescapable soul-pounding, breath-snatching hoofbeat cadence. It's the Akurians' arrival to the Field of Honor for the unveiling of a new weapon in their arsenal: The FIRE LOG! Entities have come from all over Creation to witness this Event, as is always the case when the Akurians put on a Display. A few select among the Incarnates have been pulled up on both sides, Angels and Demons, to know and to Witness; all the hierarchy on both sides are present, including The Most High; all students of War College, the Historians and Keepers of All Holy Scripts and Records; it's a very big deal. The Feast, the Pomp and Circumstance, the Viewers Boxes all duly decked out by rank insignia and appropriate battle ensigns, the hustle to get a good station for everyone else, the anticipation building so thick it needed cutting with a torch, and no one would be disappointed.

First glimpse coming fast up over the hill at the end of the Field of Honor, it's El Aku on Pegasus, step for step in perfect sync with Sargassus, his Second. Sargie and his steed Goldie are both gold. They completely disappear in a battle zone, but on Display, they represent The Battle Zone, an appropriate Second for Embodied War . . . Just behind them also in perfect sync, the ranks of Horsemen pounding the hoofbeat cadence from their Cubic Formation – ka-ba-da-boom! Ka-ba-da-Boom! Led by the Flag Corps, The Battle Ensign of the Akurians, the gold crossed lightning bolts on a scarlet background, KA-BA-DA-BOOM! KA-BA-DA-BOOM!! – the ground, the stands, The Tabernacle of The Most High, even the very air, the entire Field of Honor reverberates to the hoofbeat cadence of The Akurians. KA-BA-DA-BOOM! KA-BA-DA-BOOM!! The entire Cubic Formation is visible now, including Slimy, the Fire Dragon who flies above The Akurians and is a fully engaged part of their Presents. Slimy is self-named, self-chosen in looks and identity, and he represents The Akurians' Mockery of Lucifer, the Snake. Even Slimy is slithering to the hoofbeat cadence, obviously enjoying the Ceremonies, and still totally focused on the Maneuvers. KA-BA-DA-BOOM! KA-BA-DA-BOOM!! KA-BA-DA-BOOM!!!

And then, CRAAACCKKK! An ear-splitting snap as El Aku's Firelance and Sargassus' Sword blade hit the ground in front of them, giving way to a lightning bolt that struck out of nothing and immediately spanned the Field of Honor for the exact length of the Akurian Cube. That horizontal lightning bolt grew thicker and brighter with the cadence, Ka-Ba-Da-flash! KA-BA-DA-SURGE!! then it started sparking, smoking, still growing in circumference, then it blindingly flashed, ABLAZE! Still growing, rolling in perfect timing with the charging Akurians, that Firelog was obviously capable of burning down anything or anyone in its path. The heat even in the vicinity was stifling. Being in its throes would be unsurvivable. Oh, the crowd was thrilled to a roar of applause and exuberant cheers of exclaimed approval! The terror on Lucifer's face could have told it all as the demons began to get belligerent and unruly, as usual. In fact, Luke was so burnt, he took his troops and left the Arena right then, missing the best part . . .

Meanwhile, over in Metatron's Viewing Box, the other three Horsemen (Immanuel, Horus and Hammerlin), Archangel Michael and the Incarnate Invitees (Yours Truly among them – whooott!) were comfortably stationed with the second best view in the Arena. When the Firelog lit, Immanuel nudged me with his elbow and motioned nonchalantly downfield a few furlongs. Then I saw it – a rickety, old, split-rail corral where Immanuel himself had gathered and penned a few hundred of his favorite blasphemers of the day, most of them still asleep, as in dreaming. Say, in an “astral projection” or better said, up in the spirit, with no clue how they got there, where they were, or what they had coming. When that Firelog started bearing down on that corral, about the same time those blasphemers came to

consciousness and looked toward the heat, El Aku and Sargassus looked down and saw them there terrified at the sight of El Aku in total red, on Pegasus with two heads, charging straight at them behind a rolling wall of fire. It was a complete surprise to both the sheep and the Akurians! El Aku and Sargie let go of the Firelog so it would fizzle and both steeds hit the brakes hard enough to tumble horse and rider head over heels through that Firelog. When that happened the whole Cubic Formation up front hit the brakes, and those perfect ranks fell into smoldering heaps all over the place. It was total mayhem! The other three Horsemen were laughing so hard none of them could gain any composure. I thought we were going to have to get Archangel Michael some AIR, he was laughing so hard!

Then Aku managed to hoist himself up, his armor scorched, churls still sizzling – the smoke that was coming off of El Aku, it was hard to tell if it was from burnt or mad . . . He shook himself off, started marching right at us, bellowing, MANNY!!! I MIGHT HAVE KNOWN!!! Stomp, stomp – uh, oh – Metatron's Escort moved in, whisked all the Incarnate Invitees out in a hurry; the Horsemen were being called in front of The Veil. NOW. So they show up, Aku scorched, the others incomplete, and The Most High asked, “Well? What have you got to say for yourselves?”

Immanuel without hesitation replied, “The Devil made me do it.” (This was a few years after Flip Wilson canned that phrase for nearly a decade.) And with that, all Protocol was demolished. The Horsemen were dismissed without so much as a wagging finger. That night is still talked about in the Planes. True story. Happened June of 1982, Feast of the New Moon.

Sadly, that was about the last time that any kind of practical joking took place in the topside realms. Since then, things have taken a dramatic turn for the serious. Time, which is different in the Planes, has started speeding up. Events have happened that have triggered other events that set the Prophecies in motion, and we've ended up where we are today – teetering on the precipice of all-out global extermination of Humankind, the threatened obliteration of Planet Earth, and honestly, at least a full one-fourth of Creation with it. Lucifer is of the mind that if he can't be equal Co-Ruler with The Most High (and he can't – as of yet, The Most High is still unequaled), then he'll just destroy it all. Nobody can have it. Sound familiar? This war, on every one of its many levels, mimics itself all the way up and down throughout the levels. As above, so below. Vice versa.

So Lucifer wanted war, and The Most High Lord God of All Creation answered him: “FINE. I GIVE YOU EMBODIED WAR! Mine Own Holy Son of FIRE, Mine Own Holy Avenger, Lord King of Kings, Supreme Lord of All High Lords, El Aku ALIHA ASUR HIGH, He Upon Whom I have Named My Own Name and Put in Command of All My Many Hosts! He who was sent to establish My Beloved Akurians in Earth, and it is My Own Beloved Akurians who are sent to prepare the Way for the Return of Elijah. Yea, My True And Righteous Akurians are the Pathfinders of Elijah, and for yet another little season, they are under the direction of My Last Anointed Witness, El Aku ALIHA ASUR HIGH!” – SO SAITH THE MOST HIGH!

El Aku ALIHA ASUR HIGH, translated from Angelic means, “He Who Brings the Light of God to Dark Places.”

Topside, the Akurians are the Elite Horsemen of War. As humans, we are the Incarnation of the Heavenly Host. The True Spiritual Tribe of Abraham. Some of us volunteered several thousand years ago and have been preparing all that time. All of us were at some point in a sincere search for Truth of The Most HIGH. And that's all it takes to get His Attention for the right reasons. Some of us even are newly acquired Souls. However we showed up, still, WE ARE ALL VOLUNTEERS. We are very few in number, and we know that many of us are still out there, unaware. We have the Testimony of The

Most High Himself, and if that's not good enough, what would be? (There is a process called The Proof of The Anointing, whereby The Most High speaks directly to one's own Soul. It is the proof that everything that I've laid out in these pages is True, and that it is of The Most High God. His Own Testimony – doesn't get any more evident than that, because He knew these times would require that kind of proof.) We have the way to get a Holy Seal and the instructions for how to keep it. Who else can deliver that one?

We the Akurians are mocked, ridiculed, called crazy, cult, demons, weird, sick, ignored – that's fine – it plays very well at Immediate Judgment. We're also installed as Witnesses of This Generation, and we're unshakable. We're scattered worldwide, some of us are ensconced. To look at us, we're a ragtag bunch of the absolute least likely to be warrior-types. But we're the level of this war that fights and holds back the demons directly and head on (they had a big headstart – we were bound until 2005 when Luke's time was up); we fight the E-Ts on the spirit level (realm jumping is no escape from the Akurians), using the same techniques they use only now ours have grown bigger and more powerful while they have grown weaker, sloppier and lazier, totally dependent on their technological advantage. Their arrogance will be their demise . . .

El Aku was also charged with the Gathering and Preparation of the Holy Elect Remnant – the Refuge was successfully installed and the doors locked for good in 1992. We, the Akurians, are charged with preparing as large a remnant as will adhere to Holy Law and maintain a Holy Seal to survive in the nations in the event of Armageddon and the ensuing Holocaust. But we've not hit the point of no return yet, so that's still a possibility to push that one out, if Trump/Q is successful, to as much as a hundred years or more. Maybe by then we will have reached all the Worthy and the Qualified. We have to wait for people to ask – we are never arm grabbers – we put the information out there, and we're only required to tell someone something once. Then it's up to them. We're not here to convert the world, only to save a remnant.

Okay, RECAP: The last Anointed of the Promised 175, The Heavenly Host on Earth, the Pathfinders of Elijah, True Spiritual Tribe of Abraham, Witnesses of the Generation, Proven Knowers of the Great Testimony of The Most High (Gnostics), Taking on the Demons, The ExtraTerrestrials - all species, the socialists and the false religions of belief, preparing the Holy Elect Remnant – Yeah, that about sums it up. The Akurians.

So to illustrate how all the levels tie together, another true story, because who doesn't love a good story? Warning! This one is R-rated! Discretion advised for younger children.

Remember the Ferguson Riots? Next to the last year of Obama's time, I think it was. Cop arrested a black guy, guy escaped copcar and ran, cop shot him in the back, if I recall correctly – Crisis opportunity? Soros thought so. Big riots, BLM, Fake News Media Circus – bastard spared no expense! The plan was to film the big, violent riots, nonstop, give enough time to mobilize nationwide then erupt in other cities, Obama declare Martial Law and we never come out from under it. No more elections, curfews, searches, shortages, more riots, looting – chaos and mayhem, the whole blivit (a blivit is 25 lbs of feces in a 5-lb sack). Well, the Akurians can't let that happen . . .

We were watching it play out on TV, and El Aku said, Goddamn Soros. Look at that. They need a bloodbath! I knew exactly what he meant. What that word always means – carcasses, spatter, pools of, everybody has a picture of that word. Then he said, why don't you get ahold of someone and the two of you put a hammer in this mess – one of you take the media, the other one take the protesters. Okay, so I took that as dismissed. Later on I got ahold of another Akurian, explained the orders, and we agreed:

I'd take the protesters, they'd take the media. So to keep it from spreading, I took all the energy of the protest and protesters and contained it with what we call a "bubble" which let no spiritual feeding in or out of my designed containment. Then I deprived the whole incident of any and all Elemental AIR, which is life and motion. Last, I grounded the contained energy to go nowhere, using Binding forces. That energy could fizzle out right there on that street corner.

The other Akurian did the opposite with the Media – scattered them to the Winds. They were not going to be able to get the story straight no matter what they did! But wait a minute – the Ol' Man said they needed a bloodbath . . . so we took all the energy of all the menstrual blood from every menstrual female on the planet and bound it to both the protesters and all media, including all networks, equipment, and personnel, and that always includes all manipulators and financiers, and we bound it good! They were totally douched! Well, that was the one move that NOBODY counted on – there was the biggest battle in a while that broke out topside over that. Lucifer and the Demons went nuts when we did that because they didn't have enough time or strength to undo it. When they broke bad, the Horsemen and the rest of the Host were right there to oblige. That battle went looonnnnggg throughout the rest of the night, and the demons had 60 million killed. That's a slaughter. The Host? None! No one got killed. It was a very good night.

The other Akurian and I earned a commemorative streamer on the Akurian Battle Ensign. It's a blue one. Indeed, a very good night . . .

Especially when we turned on the news to watch the disaster the next morning. Remember it? They (media and protesters) weren't gathered out there for ten minutes until the protesters started blaming the media for their current lot in life, and the media in all their self-righteous indignation turned against the protesters, calling them stupid, giving them bad press – the whole circus and the plan to expand all the way to Martial Law went right back down the sewer where it came from. Crisis averted. Coincidence? Or handprint?...?

Meh, just another day in the life . . .

YESHAMA DELIAH!

ASUM DE AL HMONGA!

VOAN!

KESLATA!

PZNIONA!

BHSAT!

SALUMNIAH!

Next post: Know the Enemies, Part 1, The Demons. Part 2, The Extraterrestrials.

