

IMPORTANT!!!

“Time and opportunity still present themselves to you, dear Reader. This is so you can know THE TRUTH Himself and speak as you know Him. Someday it won’t matter whether you had this opportunity. What will matter then is what you did. Were you silent, unrepentant and nonchalant or you were faithful till the end? Please read every word diligently.”

- Daniel Bello (DB)

THREE CATASTROPHES COMING TO THE EARTH

(A Divine Revelation Given To An Atheist On The Three Chastisements Before The Coming Of The Lord Jesus Christ)

By Andrea, A Former Atheist

- The First Chastisement
 - Natural Disasters
 - Heaven's Response: Silence
 - The Absence Of God
 - Souls Will Feel The Lack Of Their God
 - The Absence Of God Is The Greatest Pain A Soul Can Experience
- The Second Chastisement
 - The Persecution Of The Church
 - Mega Screens Will Be Repeating Phrases Like: One World. One Faith. One Truth For All.
 - No Cross. No Bible. No Name Of Jesus.
- The Third Chastisement
 - The Greatest Deception: The Reign Of The Antichrist
 - Every Religion Will Be Accepted Except Christianity
 - When They Say Peace And Security; Then Sudden Destruction Will Come Upon Them

Many Christians live in a lie, convinced that belonging to a religion is enough to be saved. **But they ignore that their lukewarmness and spiritual compromise are leading them towards perdition.**

This is the shocking testimony of a man who was dead for twenty-two minutes during which he saw the Pope in hell and received three prophetic visions from Jesus announcing shocking and imminent events. Real chastisement that will strike the Earth and test the faith of all.

I had never believed in God, not because I hated Him nor because of some past religious trauma but because my mind had become accustomed to trusting only what I could touch, measure, quantify.

Faith seemed to me like a crutch for the weak. An emotional construct for those who could not bear the chaos of the universe. I, on the other hand, lived on numbers, formulas, empirical confirmations. **They called me the Physicist of black light because of a controversial theory I had developed on the interaction between Matter and the Quantum Vacuum.** Television stations invited me. Universities applauded me. And people listened to me as they would a prophet. A secular prophet though. A man who spoke of entanglement and parallel realities. Never mentioning God except to dismantle Him.

That day in Switzerland, I was given a lecture with the provocative title: God Is Not Dead, He Never Existed. The hall was packed, hundreds of people – Academics, Students, Intellectuals. I had just projected a slide comparing images of the brain in prayer with those in deep meditation. I was laughing, mocking religious illusions. Explaining how faith was nothing more than a biochemical response to the need for control. Then suddenly, the light in my head went out. There was no pain. No warning. Just a dry sound like a drum beat in my chest. The microphone slipped from my hand and the floor came closer as if was coming to get me. I remember the darkness, but it wasn't the darkness of sleep. It was a void that sucked me in. No tunnel. No light at first. Just the clear absolute awareness that I no longer had control over anything. I was conscious but I no longer had a body. I was myself, but without boundaries. I had fallen out of reality. Then, without any transition, I found myself suspended above my body. I saw myself on the ground with doctors rushing around. People in a panic and my assistant crying my name, but I no longer felt any emotion. No fear, just a strange disturbing lucidity. This can't be death, I thought. It is a neurochemical phenomenon. Residual activity of the cerebral cortex. I tried to explain everything with my old frame works but every attempt crumbled like wet paper. My brain was gone but I existed and that was my first brutal refutation.

Then something happened, a Presence approached. I didn't immediately see a face, but I perceived it. It was undeniable. Immense. Incandescent but not in a physical sense. It was as if all the Truth of the world was concentrated in that point. A Voice spoke to me, but not through sound. It was inside me yet distinct from me. It said only three words **"you denied Me."** Those Words were not accusation. They were not even a reproach. They were simply the truth. Naked, tremendous. Impossible to reject. My soul trembled, not from fear but from shame. In that moment, I understood that all my arrogance had been built on sand. I understood that the Universe was not empty but inhabited. That the order I had sought in numbers was only a pale echo of a Higher order, Living, Eternal. The Voice continued. This time with a more serious tone. **"I will not leave you in darkness. I want to show you what you reject but when you return, you must speak."**

I didn't have time to answer. I was lifted, pushed, pierced by a force that propelled me beyond any known logic. I travelled without space. Crossed realities that had no form until an enormous fissure opened before me. It was like a wound in the fabric of the Universe. An abyss that breathed living darkness and from that opening, I began to hear the most terrible sound I had ever heard. Screams, thousands, millions of human screams. All mixed with

hatred, remorse, and despair. **Only then did I realize that the Presence beside me had a Face.** It was a Man. Yet more than a man. His Eyes were like infinite wells. Full of Love and Pain together. His gaze pierced me without judgement, but every fibre of my being knew that before Him there could be no lie.

It was Jesus. And the first Word He spoke to me were: **"They knew Me, but they betrayed Me. Come, now I will show you hell."** And I followed Him. I walked or at least it seemed I did but not with my feet. Every step was a giving way of my soul. I followed Jesus or rather I was drawn to Him like metal to an invisible field. He did not speak but His mere Presence held up what was about to collapse.

Before us, an expanse of fire opened up which did not burn like earthly fire but consumed all hope. All thought. All identity. It was as if time had died and eternity was screaming. It wasn't just heat. It was awareness. The screams were everywhere. Humans, thousands perhaps millions immersed in a living darkness that breathed like an animal. They shouted names, blasphemies, empty prayers, broken words that no one listened to. And then, among the screams. I began to hear words in Latin, broken verses, fragments of liturgies; as if someone were reciting a mass inside a furnace. And at that time, I saw him. He was sitting or perhaps trapped on a throne of deformed skulls. He wore a white robe, blackened, burned at the edges. On his head a broken tiara cracked like a fallen illusion. Around him, demons with distorted forms, who mocked him. Imitated sacred gestures, transforming them into obscene parodies. The man on the throne wept, but not out of repentance. He wept because he could no longer lie. His face was known; he was a Pope. I froze. I would never have believed what I was seeing. Even as an atheist, I had grown up with a certain image of the Pope. Moral guide, symbol of peace, Man of God. But there before me was a burned shepherd, imprisoned by his own empty words.

Jesus spoke and His Voice was like a hammer that breaks the rock. **"He was loved, praised, followed but he was not Mine."** I didn't ask which Pope. It was the answer that was already burning in my consciousness. The name wasn't important, but the betrayal was. Jesus continued and each of His Words seemed to set the place even more ablaze. **"He blessed sin."** **"He kept silent about the Truth."** **"He sought the world's approval more than the Glory of the Father."** **"He spoke of love but erased sacrifice."** **"He preached tolerance but not the Cross."**

Around that throne, others began to appear. Men dressed in purple. Bishops. Cardinals. Religious. They were all screaming. Some covered their ears. Others tried to tear off their robes, but they couldn't. They were clothed in their own deception. I had seen them too over the years. Faces that appeared on TV smiling, diplomatic. Always cautious, always ambiguous. Now, they were unmasked, the smell of the incense they had scattered had become toxic smoke.

Jesus turned to me and spoke words that marked me forever. **"They knew Me. They knew My Name. They celebrated My Body. But they did not love Me. They exchanged Me for**

power. They built cathedrals on the sands of applause. And now they sit where their hearts have led them." Something shattered within me. All my accusations against the Church. A whole life spent ridiculing Christians suddenly seemed to make sense. I had accused the wrong people. But I had seen the rot that was truly there. Not everything said of God comes from God. And Jesus was not defending religion. He was purifying His Bride.

I looked Him in the Eyes and asked Him with a voice that didn't even seem like my own. **"But why are you showing me this?"** His answer was simple, direct, terrible, and merciful at the same time. **"Because you have never believed in Me and these are the ones who made Me hated."** At that moment, I felt a jolt run through me. It wasn't physical pain but a clear separation within my soul.

Jesus touched my chest, and I saw a crack open in the black sky above us. Three flashes of lightning tore through the darkness and Jesus said: **"Now, you will see the Three Chastisements and then you will return."** When Jesus spoke those words: "Now you will see the Three Chastisements," something in the air changed. The infernal darkness that surrounded us began to dissolve but it didn't vanish into nothingness. It was as if it climbed onto my heart, crawling away from that place to go elsewhere. As if it had been freed. I felt the world changed even before I saw it. It was as if creation was holding its breath waiting for something too great to be contained.

Then I found myself high above; suspended over the planet Earth like a soulless satellite but I wasn't just an observer. It was as if my consciousness was connected to every place I looked at. I saw cities, continents, mountains but everything was enveloped in an invisible tension. A spectral spiritual silence. The Lord said to me: **"This is what will happen soon if My people do not wake up."**

THE FIRST CHASTISEMENT

Suddenly, before my eyes. The Earth's crust began to move not like any seismic shock but as if the Earth itself was reacting to an ancient pain, held back for centuries.

In several parts of the world, I saw South America, the Mediterranean, Asia. Enormous fissures opened in the ground devouring entire neighbourhood, factories, bridges. People ran but aimlessly. The streets shattered like glass under an invisible fist. Human order fell to pieces in a few minutes, but the real horror was not in the earthquake. It was in Heaven's Response: Silence.

The Churches which I had previously seen full of life and song were now empty. Closed, abandoned. The altars were bare. The tabernacles were open, empty, no statues. No flames. No presence. And the eyes of the faithful, those who still sought God were full of bewilderment. They prayed, they cried out, but no answer came. It seemed Heaven had withdrawn.

Jesus explained to me without moving His Lips but with a Voice that invaded my soul. **"This is My Silence, not because I do not listen but because no one truly Seeks Me anymore. They have prayed for blessings; not for salvation. They have invoked Me only for convenience. Now they will taste the absence of My Presence."**

I saw a man kneeling amidst the ruins of a collapsed Church. He held a broken rosary tightly, but his lips did not move. He was mute as if his tongue had been taken away. And around him, only rubble, no Priest, no community. Absolute solitude. A scattered fragmented abandoned people. Then I saw a woman with three children seeking refuge in a school. The building was intact but dark rituals were taking place inside. It was no longer a school but a deviated spiritual centre, full confused symbols. A mixture of religions, meditation, mantras. When the woman asked to pray to Jesus, she was driven out like a criminal and her tears found no echo.

Jesus continued: **"The First Chastisement will not be war, nor plague, nor fire. It will be this: The void, the absence of My Voice. Souls will feel the lack of their God. And then perhaps they will return to seek Me. Not for what I can give but for Who I Am."** His Words were a sweet blade cutting deep. **I understood with terror that the absence of God is the greatest pain a soul can experience.** Many in the world have learned to live without feeling Him. But when even the religious fiction collapses, then man will cry out for something he no longer knows how to recognize. As the image of the trembling earth faded and the silence became unbearable, Jesus said to me: **"This is only the beginning. The first chastisement."**

THE SECOND CHASTISEMENT

"Now I will show you the Second. The persecution that will come." And again, I was torn away towards another revelation. The scene changed suddenly. I felt no transition, but my spirit was as if catapulted into a new reality. A dimension of the future Earth or perhaps already present but still hidden from the eyes of those who sleep.

Jesus was beside me. Silent. There was no need for Him to speak. Everything I was about to see spoke for itself. I found myself in a large metropolis. Skyscrapers touched the sky. The cars were silent. The air seemed sterile, disinfected, orderly. Everything appeared functional, modern, perfect. Yet beneath that surface, I felt something deeply sick. I perceived it in the way people walked avoiding each other's gaze. In the mega screens that repeated **Phrases like One World, One Faith, One Truth for all. No Cross. No Bible. No Name of Jesus.**

Then I saw the first sign of the Second Chastisement.

1 - A young man was preaching in a square. He was not shouting. He was not accusing anyone. He was simply reading the Gospel in a calm voice while some stopped to listen to him. Suddenly, six men in black uniforms appeared without sirens or warning. They surrounded him, immobilized him and took him away. The crowd did not react, some lowered their gaze, others applauded. The same Jesus they had once acclaimed had now become a reason for arrest.

2 - Then I saw the secret places of worship, hidden in the underground. Small damp rooms with entire families kneeling around a makeshift altar. Celebrations in silence in a low voice with homemade hosts kept like gold. Every word was spoken with fear, every gesture full of pure love. That was the true Church. The persecuted Bride. Torn from cathedrals but still alive. Jesus turned to me and said: **"These are Mine. They have no name. They have no power, but they love Me more than their lives."**

3 - We walked together through places of repression. I saw secret prisons. They were not cold cells but laboratories for spiritual rebalancing. Christians were injected with sedatives that altered memory. They were subjected to hours of images and sounds designed to erase faith. **"Some resisted, others fell crying out the Name of Jesus until the very end. Each Martyr was surrounded by light."** I saw a sixteen-year-old girl tied to a chair as they forced to deny Christ in front of a screen. She did not. She died with a serene face and above her appeared writing invisible to the world but etched in the sky. **Faithful To The End.**

4 - **Then I saw the compromises.** ` Priests who signed documents of loyalty to the New Order just to keep their Churches. Bishops who preached a watered-down gospel without the Cross, without Blood, without Judgement. Churches full but without Presence. Masses with new words. Liturgies adopted so as not to offend anyone. And Jesus wept. **"They prefer the peace of the world to the Truth of Heaven." He said: " They are afraid of losing everything. But they do not understand that they are losing Me."**

5 - In a deeper vision, I also saw Christians betraying other Christians. Brothers denouncing Sisters. Fathers handing over their children. Communities divided by suspicion, by the fear of being discovered. Loyalty to the Gospel had become a crime and charity has grown cold almost everywhere. But in the midst of this coldness, small fires burned.

6 - Jesus showed me a group hidden in a forest with little food and only one Bible worn out by tears. They prayed every day that God would shorten the time. And I saw that their prayers rose like columns of light piercing the sky, opening breaches in a night that seemed eternal.

When everything seemed lost, Jesus turned to me with a gaze full of Holy Firmness and said: **"The blood of My Own will be the seed of restoration but first the greatest deception must come."**

THE THIRD CHASTISEMENT

And then, I was thrust into a new vision as soon as Jesus spoke those Words. "The greatest deception must come." I felt a weight of silence grow denser as if every corner of creation was holding its breath. It was not fear it was something deeper. More spiritual. It was an expectation charged with tension as if the whole world had been prepared piece by piece to receive what was about to appear. And I saw it.

The scene opened onto an immense square in the heart of a capital city I didn't recognize but which represented the world. **There were flags with intertwined symbols, crosses,**

stars, moons, eyes, stylized serpents. Every religion was there but none was faithful to itself. Everything had been fused into a single Global Faith. A lucid, orderly, seemingly peaceful cult. No war, no fanaticism. Just one single adoration: The new man. And then, he appeared: A figure dressed in light but not the light I had seen in Jesus. It was subtler, more fascinating, more perfect. **He spoke all the languages.** Knew every culture. Quoted sacred texts and quantum science with the same ease. People acclaimed him as the unifier, the saviour awaited by every tradition. **They called him the Messenger of light, the Master of the New Age, The Higher Being but no one dared to call him Jesus.** Yet, everyone was convinced that he was. I was there, invisible but I perceived the hypnotic power of that voice. He spoke of peace, of Universal love, of inner healing. He made food appear out of nowhere. Healed the sick. Walked on water. But everything was contaminated by poisonous roots. There was no reference to sin, to the Cross, to the necessity of salvation. **Every religion was welcomed except one: That of the True Gospel.**

Jesus beside me did not look at him. His Eyes were turned elsewhere as if that face caused Him pain. Then He spoke with a slow but firm Voice. **"It is the lamb that speaks like a dragon. He has taken My Name but not My Spirit. He has taken My Words but has rejected My Blood."** **"He is the image the world wanted and the Antichrist it now embraces"**

I saw crowds kneeling before that being. Grand celebrations. Broadcast everywhere. The cathedrals were transformed into temples of light where syncretic prayers were recited without any truth. Crucifixes were removed. Status of saints destroyed or melted into new abstract icons. Bibles were rewritten. Lightened, adapted. Every uncomfortable word had been eliminated. The word sin was forbidden. The word Christ was replaced by the Divine Energy.

And the true Christians: I saw, the few remaining kneeling in the woods, in the underground, in the peripheries of the world. They prayed fervently with tears, resisting the global charm. Some were discovered. Arrested, branded as spiritual extremists. Others were re-educated in mental centres where brain washing was practiced to erase every memory of the Gospel. But Jesus looked at them one by one. And on every faithful face, I saw an invisible Cross shining which no one could erase.

Then I saw something that paralyzed me. **A solemn ceremony led by the false christ. A Pope, or perhaps just a man dressed as Pope was crowning him as the global spiritual leader.** The tiara had been reforged. The altar had been modified. No chalice, no host. Only a luminous sphere representing cosmic unity. And as the crowd shouted with joy. Jesus said only one sentence. **"When they say peace and security; then sudden destruction will come upon them."** The sky darkened. A tremendous wind began to blow across the earth and I Andrea felt my heart clench because I understood that the final deception had been welcomed. Not with force but with applause. Not with violence but with consent. It was the subtlest chastisement. **The seduction of the soul.**

Jesus looked at me as if every part of my past was still there between us but now burned away. He said only: **"You have seen, now return and speak."** Then came the darkness and in that darkness the promise of return. The darkness enveloped me all at once, but it was not like the darkness of hell. It was not torment nor screams nor despair. It was an absolute sacred darkness like a gestation. It was like being in the womb of silence before creation. As if God Himself was holding His Breath. I was suspended, timeless, direction-less but completely conscious.

The Three Chastisements still ran through my mind like visions etched in fire.

- 1 - The Absence of The Presence.
- 2 - The Persecution of The True.
- 3 - The Deception of the False.

I was a witness, not a prophet, not a saint. A man who had died and been reborn.

Then the Voice returned not with urgency but with Authority. **"Andrea, now you know and for this, you are responsible. I return you to time but no longer as before. You will return. But if you remain silent, My Silence will be heavier than the first Chastisement."**

I would have liked to stay not out of fear of Earth but because for the first time in my life I had known the Truth as a person. **I had spent years searching for particles, theories, waves, never suspecting that Truth was Eyes, Voice, Weeping, Pierced Flesh. Jesus was not a myth. He was more real than any physical constant I had ever studied. And now I was being asked to return to a world that hated Him, to say things that no one wanted to hear.**

I didn't have time to answer. Like a violent shock, I re-entered my body. I felt my flesh scream. My lungs burn. My hands tremble. The machines around me beeped and a voice said, **"he is back, he is breathing."** I opened my eyes, but I recognized nothing. Not out of mental confusion but because everything had become smaller. More trivial, more fake. The reality I had always considered absolute now seemed like a shadow. **The real I had seen elsewhere.**

The doctors said I had been clinically dead for twenty-two minutes. They said it was a miracle, but they didn't believe a single word of what I began to recount. I tried to explain with the rationality that still belonged to me. That I had seen hell, a damned Pope, three future chastisements but every look I received was a mixture of worry and compassion. Even my colleagues, those who had idolized me quickly distanced themselves. I lost positions, contracts, invitations. But I gained something I didn't even know I desired. Faith.

I was secretly baptized in a small chapel forgotten by everyone. The Priest was one of those who still celebrated mass in Latin with trembling hands and a burning heart. He asked me no questions. He only said: **"If you are here, it is because He has called you and you have answered."**

From that day on, every scientific certainty of mine knelt before the Cross. They didn't deny science, but they bowed it to the Creator. I understood that faith was not in opposition to reason, but it was its fulfilment. I began to write, to bear witness, to recount everything I had seen. But the world does not listen to the resurrected. It wants miracles that confirm its own ideas, not visions that destroys lies.

Platforms deleted me. Publishing houses ignored me. Universities declared me no longer reliable. But I could not stop because every night before sleeping, I saw the Gaze of Jesus again and I heard those words: **"If you remain silent, My Silence will be upon you."**

Some began to seek me out in secret. Small groups, awake souls, people tired of the lie. We began to pray together. To celebrate mass hidden away. To share the word with fear and joy. We formed a small community of awakened ones. We called ourselves nothing. We didn't want to create a movement. Just survive the seduction of the world. Waiting for the return of Him Whom I had seen with the eyes of my soul.

Now I live simply. I have left behind the spotlights, the cameras, the conferences. Every day is a waiting. Every word is a choice. Every silence can be a fault. I write on sheets of paper that may never be read. I speak knowing that , perhaps I will be arrested but I can no longer be silent because I have seen what is coming. I have seen the true Church persecuted. The corrupt shepherds in hell. The false christ adored by the crowd. And I know that what Jesus showed me is not symbolic. It is imminent.

When everything seems lost, He will return, not as a thought, not as an energy but as King, Judge and Bridegroom. And then woe to those who have slept. Woe to those who have sold the Truth for a place in the world. Woe to those were afraid of being hated.

I was an atheist. I was dead and now I live, and as long as I have breath, I will speak.