

Dear friends, I greet you with the love of our Lord Jesus Christ. As the Pastor introduced me, my name is Tatyana Belous, nee Anisimov. I became a believer when I was almost 17 years old. When I was 17 the Lord revealed Himself to me. I grew up in a border guard officer's family. My father wanted a boy but instead, a girl was born. So he raised me like a boy. When I was 17 years old, I was the Master of sports in basketball and the sports master of Motocross. I could shoot from all kinds of personal weapons. Sometimes aptly, sometimes not so good, but I had shot. Everything was all right, everything was fine, an excellent student of political combat training, the party secretary of the course, everything is fine.

They called me to the party committees before Easter and they told me to write an article in the factory newspaper about the Priest's obscurantism. I said: "How is that?" - "well, there is no God. Can you write: "There is no God"? ". I said: "There is no god." "No, - They said - The Article is required." Okay, the party said "it is necessary", the Komsomol replied: "yes". I'm going to write an article and I don't know where to start. I had a good relationship with my father. I directed all questions to my dad ... and I asked: "Dad, where should I start", And he told me, "If you can, give up this article, there is no joke with God, my daughter, I tell you, as a soldier." I said: "Dad, do you think I can refuse?" "Ok then- he said -it should be the primary source". And what can the primary source be? When I wrote political articles, I knew that the source -Karl Marx, Friedrich, Engels, Lenin. Everything was clear. And what would the source be? And the father said: " the Bible". All right, Bible all right, but where was it available? "Try it, - he said- in the church".

I went to one, then another Orthodox church. The priests even didn't talk about it. I came back with nothing and asked Dad to help me. He got me a pass to the central library. From the lager The Bible was given to me.

The first time I had the book in my hands. It was a beautiful old edition, bound in leather with two clasps. So boldly I opened it. Well, I still mastered the first chapter: "The Creation". It was quite interesting, but unclear, and I was ready to argue - after all, Darwin proved the origin of man. But when I reached the chapter: who fathered whom, I couldn't move any further. I said: Well, I'm so stupid that I can't get any further? Yes, the old Slavic script on which I put everything, of course, the old Slavic text. I flipped through the Bible until I opened the book of Acts and read: "Saul, Saul, how long will you persecute me?" and I heard: "and you, Tatiana, how long will you persecute me?". I was confused, I looked around - in this small room it was the only a librarian. She stares at me and I asked her: "What did you say?" She said: - purely in English style- question after question "What did you hear?" And I think with myself: if she asks like that, it means something is wrong with me. I said nothing, and I thought quietly: I have to clarify this question. I admit, my friends, I tore a page out of the Bible. I grabbed it and hide it in the sleeve of my blouse and closed the Bible and gave it back. I said: "NO, no, I do not want. I won't work anymore, don't want to." I was scared. I've never been so scared in my life like that my friends.

I left the library and thought: No, there is air, the sky and everything is fine. Everything is fine, it was just an imagination.

And I heard again: "How long will you persecute me, Tatiana?": I started to look around. People went around. They were doing their own business and nobody cared about me. Fear seized me. I asked: "Who are you?" – "I am your God" – his voice was powerful, sad and, loving. I said: "I do not know you" – "That is why you persecute me, because you do not know me" – the Lord answered.

I decided, that some kind of psychosis started by me. I am still a doctor. I graduated as a doctor, graduated from medical school, an excellent student. I think: Yes, I have to go to the psychiatric clinic, they should help. Then I think: yes, and immediately they would say: "Schizophrenia". No, I'm not going to go to the psychiatric department. In this state, I run home. Then I think: No, I have to go to church – the article doesn't work. I must speak to the priest and tell him. No. I was in such doubt. I saw the Church. I went in and began to speak to the priest, but the priest did not understand me. He kicked me out. He said, "or repent or get out of here." But I preferred to kneel and say, "But I'm not a sinner. I have nothing to regret. I have absolutely nothing to regret. I am not sinner." The priest answered: "There is no one without sin" – he covered me with the cloth – "repeat after me the sinner's prayer". I started to repeat the sinner's prayer after him, and after every word I said, "I have not sinned, it was not." In the end, the priest grabbed me by the collar and pulled me out of the church and said: "Go away, wicked, out of here. You have come to corrupt the people of God." It is painful. It hurts. From here I was kicked out.

I went to the home. When I got home, Dad was already notified. You know, a special political security department worked very well. And my father said: "Daughter, do you want me to go to the camp and your sister remains an orphan, and you?". I said: "No, Dad, I don't want that" – "why did you go to church?". I said: "Well, I need a Bible". Dad hold his head, "She needed the Bible. Go away" – he says – "Go away. Until at least everything will be okay."

I went down to the street and cried. In the morning I had a family, house, had university. I had everything and now I have nothing, thank You, Lord.... No answer. I think: well then my "roof" (head) on the spot, the brain in order, so I will fix things. I go and I cry, sad for myself. As I understood, that I came to the edge of Odessa, Slobodka area. And since the rain had started to drizzle, and it was already evening – the month of April, it is before Easter, before Palm Sunday. I got cold. I started to look around: somewhere, maybe a familiar place, somewhere, maybe to go to a Cafe to warm up. And I see some people entering the courtyard – not as an outdoor party or a funeral. They went sedately. Women with headscarves. Such clean ones. Such beautiful. Such were their faces, so peaceful and cheerful, that I wanted to stay near them, next to these calm people.

I followed them. I went into the yard. I see them go into the house, down a few steps. And I followed them. I think: if they throw me out, then throw out: but maybe not – then I warm myself, and see what it is.

I went and saw them sitting on the bench, men and women, different ages, and children and the elderly, and singing. They sang so beautiful. "Do you hear the voice of God?" – they sang. I think: it's about me, because God spoke to me. "So

gently calling you". I think to myself: wow, gently. And hear again how he asked me: "How long will you persecute me?"

I sat quietly in a little corner and froze. It was a service. When a sermon was finished, the preacher who was preaching came to me and asked, "My child, who did you come to? What are you doing here?" I was confused and said: "To God". Then he says, "you've come to the right address." Thank God! The service continued. There were two more preachers. They were still singing Psalms. I didn't know the word "Psalms" – songs. But they were all about me. It was so good for me. And when the pastor announced that if someone wants to make a covenant with God, repent... Again repent?

But when the second man says to me that I have to repent, then I have to repent. And I came forward. The legs carried me forward. That day the Lord found me. And I found the Lord. I became a member of this church – a community of Christians of Protestant faith – Pentecostal.

Everything worked out. The pastor drove home with me. Everything cleared up. Soon I was reenrolled in college. A few months later I received holy baptism. Lord baptized me with the Holy Spirit. We had everything wonderful.

The years passed. The Lord has given me a wonderful man and I born five children: three boys and two girls. One thing: the man was unbeliever. He is a good man. He drives me to church, and he sits behind the door. I appeal to the pastor and he said, "Sister, don't shake the tree as long the fruit is green. As it ripens, it will go in." I pray to God that my husband will ripen faster. Then came the moment when he also repented, began preparing for water baptism. He was baptized.

The vision of heaven

A headache... Strong headache. I explained it by saying that I was doing a doctoral thesis, overwork, five children. Husband Seemann, captain, was constantly in the sea. It is overwork, - I said to myself – is overwork. But pain pills didn't help and I decided to get examined. when I started the examination in the neurosurgery department, it was suggested that I take the tests in oncology. Already than I become fearful heartbeat. The result was: Sarcoma (brain tumor).

Sarcoma. I was dying. I was dying from cancer. I ran to the church. I started asking what to do and the Lord blessed the operation. As my husband testified to me, the Lord told him "she will live" "she will live" – and he remained in this belief: "she will live."

They took me to the hospital and started preparing me for the operation. Brothers and sisters in church prayed. Everything went as usual. The day of the operation has come. I was driven into the operating room in a wheelchair and laid on the table. They started giving anesthesia. The next thing I remember: I'm in the operating room, I'm somewhere under the ceiling; looking down and watching what happens and thinking: who is being operated on, and why I have such an uncomfortable position; must stand next to the surgeon.

As I stood next to the surgeon, I saw that it was me who had an operation. That was my head cut open. I look at myself – I'm standing nearby. Friends, when a person leaves this hut that is a mortal body, he goes out like out of an old house that he will never need again because he has a new and better house. I did not feel sorry for this body. I even had a slightly contemptuous attitude toward him. I started to say, "No need. No need. Why are you doing this?"

Nobody heard. The anesthesiologist said: "The pulse is falling, the pulse is falling, the pressure is falling. We are losing her." Reanimation began. And at that moment, when the surgeon orders: "From the table. Discharge," I feel that, as if I pulled by the rope to return to the body. I do not want. I don't want, I resist. "I don't need – I scream – I don't need this body". They don't hear me. Finally, the doctor says: "Too late. Finish. We lost her. We have to go out and tell her family." I say, "No, I am alive. "But nobody heard me. I realized that they neither see nor hear me. Together with the surgeon, I came out of the operating room.

At the end of the corridor, my husband knelt and prayed. He raised his hands to heaven and asked God for mercy. I walked over, patted his cheek, and said, "Honey, I'm alive. I have no pain. I feel so good." He didn't hear. He raised his head and looked around and did not see me. He did not see. And I hear the surgeon say, "We did everything we could. She left ". The man wiped the tears from his face and said: "No. God said to me: she lives and will live ". The surgeon looked at the surgical team and said, "Well, no, speak yourself. Only madman I'm lacking right now". And he said, "No, I'm not crazy. I tell you: she is alive and will live". I didn't hear what was happening next, turned around, and wanted to get out of this corridor.

When I started to leave, I saw that I was not going into another hallway or stairs, but into such a tunnel. It was dark there. I think: where did I go? I must go back. And then I saw the light. It was above that light. And I went to that light. Walking was difficult. My feet sank as if I was walking on the feather bed, which is difficult to push off. And from all sides, voices began to sound: "Go back and tell the people. Go back, it's not the time yet. Go back". Where to go back where it hurts? Where is the dirt? I do not want. I do not want. The Lord told me that I am His child. My soul realized that it no longer needs a body, that another life began - light, free. And with this awareness of freedom, I fell out of this tunnel. It was fantastic.

So that you, my friends, understand what this freedom, lightness, joy is, remember when you were little children. As you jump in the mother's bed, jump higher and higher, happy and laughing. Do not remember then how Mother rebuked you. But this moment of flight and joy and freedom multiplies many times, and you will understand this feeling of happiness.

When the initial excitement was over, I began to look around and noticed that a concentrated light was approaching me. It was beautiful and got brighter as it approached. In that light, I saw the outline of a man with billowing clothes. Why do the clothes flutter when there is no wind? – I thought but didn't think further because I thought it was approaching Christ. When he came up to me so that I could see his face, the beautiful, magnificent face, I fell on my knees, stretched out my hands to him, and said: "O Lord, glory be to you! I have come to you, O Lord." He stepped back and said, "Get up and don't do it. I am not the Christ." I say, "who are you?" Well, who else could be so beautiful?" I'm an angel. I am a messenger," – he said. I say: "But I want to Christ. I want to the Lord" – "And why did you come? -the angel said: -Didn't you hear the voices?" "I heard, but I want to the Lord I don't want to go back." Well, - said the angel, - you will stand before Christ. Follow me".

I turned to follow him. When I turned to follow him, I saw something that I haven't noticed until now: from where I came out. And I came off the veil. Dark dirty veil, like a dirty mist. He is impenetrable. I even thought that you could get dirty from it. I looked, but I had no dirt. And at that moment a man came out of that mist. Then I saw another and another. I turned in the other direction, but also from there, from this veil, from this mist, people came out. And they went somewhere upfront and up. "To eternity" – flashed through my head. And suddenly from the fog, a completely naked man jumped out. The grimace of horror was on his face. Friends, every time I remember this face, for me becomes ill at ease. It was frozen in a silent scream. A grimace of horror was on his face. He couldn't scream anymore. He tried to escape. But ugly paws grabbed his shoulders, hips, legs and pulled him back. In that silent scream, he disappeared into the mist.

I was so amazed that I stopped. Angel felt that I had not followed him and looked around. He asked me, "Why don't you follow?" I said: "Who is that?" He says: "That?" We saw some more people come out and leave. The angel said: "These are the children of God. They go to meet the Creator." "And why are they alone? And you came for me why did no one come after them?" – "Because you will come back" - said the angel. I say: "I do not want." Angel ignored my "do not want"...

Here a naked person jumped out again, this time a woman. I said: "who is that?" I felt like I was stuck at this point. I couldn't move, I was struck. And the angel replied, "These are the ones who tried to get saved by their works. They did not accept Christ as their personal savior. They thought that by their works they could be saved. They try to break through to heaven, but the sins of them pull them down." I say: "And where will they be?" "you will see", said the angel. I say, "And why they are naked?" - "They are deprived of the glory of God. Clothing of the righteous – the glory of God" – the angel replied. I looked at myself quickly. I am dressed. Hallelujah! Thank God! I had clothes on me! I am not naked! Praise the Lord!

We keep moving. Angel a little ahead, I behind him. My friends, now that I came back from there, I understood the words of Christ: "In the house of my Father are many mansions; and if not, I would have told you; I go on to prepare a place for you;" He has prepared these places. He has prepared. Friends, what you see beautiful flowers here on earth, hear the birds sing – a very faint copy of what expects us in heaven. The brightness of green, like emerald brightness. The light that shone from everywhere – that blue gold, it was glorious. There were all colors there, even more than the spectrum of the rainbow. Everything shimmered. There was only one color absent there- black; I haven't seen it anywhere.

We moved higher and higher. I admired every place we went, and then I thought, "Where is the light from? There is no sun. We are somewhere higher." When I thought that, I saw that the throne of God illuminates these places and I remembered the scriptures: "And the throne of the Lord illuminates the sky, and they need no light from the sun nor from the moon." Halleluja! So that is how it happens!

I was overflowing with feelings, but I had to follow the angel. And when I tried to stop him, I saw that we were standing at the foot of the Throne. I realized it was the foot. I realized that it was very beautiful. That was great. I'll say it again: it was perfect. It was wonderful. The throne of God is made of a substance that looked like ivory, set with diamonds and emeralds. Stones alternated in a certain order, and they formed such patterns - extraordinary patterns, breathtakingly beautiful. But even they could not divert my attention from the clothing that covered the Lord's feet. I wanted to look at the Lord in the face. As soon as the thought flew through my mind, the angel put his hand on my head and turned down. I fell on my knees. I told him: "Let me. Let me, I want to see the face of my God." The angel replied: "None of the living has seen the face of God. He who has seen Christ has seen the Father. He who sees the Father sees the Christ" -the angel said. I say: "I have not seen the face of Christ. I want to see the face of the Father". "You will come back", - said the angel. He didn't argue with me.

And then I heard the voice. That voice that spoke to me in the library many years ago. He asked me, "What did you do for me?" I was confused by the question. I expected any question, but not this one. "What did you do for me?" - The Lord asked. I said: "I prayed. I prayed Lord. I've always prayed to You" And then I noticed something that had not seen: that two angels are standing next to the Throne. They are holding the scroll. An angel holds, untwist. The second stretches out material, and I see as on the large widescreen, spatial, -myself, reading the Bible. I hold a Bible on my lap and read: "Only live with dignity" – yes, I know that; "And do not be afraid" – I am not afraid - "of the enemy" – good. End of the chapter, finish. I'm going to wake up the children. I was ashamed. I read the Bible selectively what I like and completely without thinking about what was written there. I always remember that the time goes by, that I have to wake up the children, feed them with breakfast; send some to school, take others to

kindergarten, and have to go to work myself. All of this flashed through my head as my eyes read the Bible.

The Lord said, "You have prayed?" And at that moment I saw my prayers: "Give me God. Do for me, God. Help me, God. **And the Lord gave and did and helped.** And no prayer of thanksgiving except in church. When everyone thanked, when the pastor said, "Let us thank the Lord;" - then I thanked too, but so, in general. "You made me a servant - said God - and I spoke to you through the Word. You did not hear me, though, you read. It is written, "Study the scriptures." Search. And if you had researched the scriptures, you would hear my voice."

"Lord forgive me. Lord forgive me - I babbled like a child. I will not do it anymore". The Lord did not answer because I was already forgiven through sacrifice on Golgotha. But:" What have you done for me" -the Lord asked.

It crossed my mind, as I read the Bible, so I read for myself - the Lord was speaking to me. I prayed and He gave me. I asked - He replied: He gave me everything. Really, what have I done for God? Forgive me, Lord, forgive" - I started to cry. Tears like peas started to run. The Lord has taken my head. He wiped my tears with his fingers and said: "Do not cry, child. Your sins have been forgiven through my son on Golgotha."

I saw Golgotha. The Lord opened the earth and I saw Golgotha. Friends, what I saw terrified me. Among those who shouted: "Crucify" was me. It was me shouting: 'Crucify Him". That was me raged below, repeated:" Crucify, crucify, crucify Him. Let Barabbas." I say: "How is it? It is impossible. It is not possible - two thousand years ago I was out in this world". And the Lord replied," Your sin was then. Every time you sin, you crucify Him."

Imagine, friends, when you are said to be "killer" and not just a killer, but the murderer of God. Probably if I would be on the earth in the body, from despair this body would crumble to dust. But the Lord comforted. He said "Listen". And I heard the Lord admonishing, consoling the prostitute: "Your sins are forgiven. Go and sin no more." I will not, will not, will not sin anymore. "It is good, - said the Lord - that you realized it. And now you go back" - "Yes, Lord. Yes, I will come back." "Look," - said the Lord.

I saw - heaven moved aside, I saw the whole earth "from end to end", as the Bible says. I knew very well that the earth is round, that the maps were created in the Mercator projection. I know everything, but what I saw Mercator couldn't even imagine when he made his maps. I not only saw the whole earth at the same time, I saw every human being. The roofs on the houses were as if lifted off. In some houses slept, in others celebrated, in the third worked. Every word was recorded or by an angel or a demon, following man. Every thought was displayed as a screen, and it was recorded by an angel or a demon.

Faces. Faces were ugly. There were so many ugly faces that it was impossible not to be horrified. I said, "Lord, how is it? I was just in on earth, I haven't seen that many horrible faces. I haven't seen that many horrible faces. Why are they so terrible? What happened?" And the Lord said: "You only saw their covering, their

bodies. And now you see the essence - what they represent of themselves. Come back and tell the people," Time is running out. I am at the door. Repent." – "Yes Lord. Yes Lord. I will come back and say. I'll say the time has come near. I will say that You are at the door. I will say that they repent." "And now you will see what few have seen," – said the Lord.

Angel took my hand and we began to move away from the Lord's throne. I didn't want to leave this place. It's been so good there. But we started to descend down. I saw a beautiful city.

It has not only one gate, but the ones we approached were made from a single pearl. They opened as leaves. It was two whole amazing pearls. They shone with all sorts of colors. They were so beautiful, so warm and so delicate that you wanted to stand there forever and just watch them. When they opened, I saw this heavenly city. "Jerusalem?" -I thought. And the angel said: "Yes. Heavenly Jerusalem". Streets of gold. I don't know, maybe it's not metal-gold because these pavement stones were like polished gold of the highest standard. They were so beautiful. Moving the eyes away from was impossible.

I always dreamed of going to Paris and seeing Notre Dame Cathedral because it has been recognized as one of the wonders of the world. This is a work of art. But I saw it in heaven. Only more beautiful. And I remembered that in the vision Solomon also saw the temple. I realized that the architects on earth who love God, the Lord showed them what to expect in heaven, and they tried to replicate these copies. Without God's blessing, they couldn't create such beauty on earth. But that was only a copy, because there it's much more beautiful.

I wanted to enter the city but the angel said, "Nothing unclean will enter it." I looked at my clothes and saw some stains. I didn't know where they came from, I hadn't seen them before, but they were there. They were. And the gate were closed. I was sorry. I regretted not having seen everything in detail. But I couldn't disagree. We went on.

We continued to go on a beautiful street. The fruits on the trees. The tree blooms and fruits ripen. All of this at the same time on the same tree. When I reached out my hand, the twig bent, and the fruit landed in my hand. I don't know what this fruit is called and it doesn't exist on earth. But it was fragrant. I breathed that aroma. And that's strange – I wasn't hungry and I didn't want to bite it. But I realized later that I didn't want to bite it, at the time it didn't even get into my head. I just inhaled the aroma and praised God. I sang a song of praise to God and saw that from the earth flowers are also coming up. Flowers were different. They were all sorts. And they went up somewhere. I say, "Where do these flowers fly up?" "That – he says – praise to God. It flies from the earth, turns into flowers and weaves itself into a wreath, and lies down on the knees to the Lord." Again I saw the earth, and the those singing, and praising the Lord. These were worship. They sang! All my life I wanted to praise God to have a beautiful voice. I asked the Lord: "Lord, give me a beautiful voice so I could sing in the choir. Give me the hearing so I could hear the right music." The Lord didn't answer me, and only

there, in heaven, did I understand why. It is great in diversity. And my singing and my praise – yes, as very modest little flowers fly up, but when they were woven into the wreath, complementing it, it was impossible to take your eyes off. And this fell on the knees to the Lord, and He blessed.

I was already beginning to move away and turned my head back. Angel drew me with the words: "Look forward, not back". And if I tried again in my disobedience to turn my head, I would not see anything there because it was a bright light that made it difficult to see anything. But I already praised God. I was happy. I realized: I don't need that beautiful voice. The Lord gave someone to praise him with a beautiful voice, let him praise. Whoever does not have a beautiful voice, let him praise with the voice that the Lord has given him. God is pleased about it. It is pleasant to him.

The fragrance of praise. I didn't see where the fruit went from my hand, but I didn't regret it, because the places came even more beautiful, even more interesting. We went to the edge of the forest where trees – every leaf praised God. It rang as a raspberry bell and praised God: "Hosanna. Hosanna in the highest heaven." Everything was happy.

I saw a sea. The sea of glass, like in Johannes. But glass is not the window glass. It's not even crystal. This is even more transparent, beautiful, like water. I say, "There is fish there?" The angel said, "This place is for the bride. The groom has prepared a place for her. How probably it is beautiful – the church – the bride of God – on this sea of glass. So I wanted to stay there and wait for the church. But the angel said, "Your pride can kill you. "And again I was ashamed. "Lord forgive me" – I whispered.

We walked on the grass that helped walk. There was no tiredness at all. The legs plunged into a damp grass so tender that it caressed the feet and I felt the lightness of it. Ease in everything, the celebration and joy.

I saw a nice little house. I always compare it to a gingerbread house because my poor mind can't find anything nicer to compare. I wanted to enter it. I asked: "Who lives there, in this house? Is it inhabited?" "You see right away" -said the angel and again firmly took my hand.

We came to this little house and went in. It was a beautiful room. It was filled with such a dim light. That light was alive. At a resemblance of the table was sitting a man doing something. That something – it doesn't exist on earth. But that he created something and was happy – it could be seen in him. He also sang a Psalm, I know this Psalm – it was sung in church not one time: "God has the right for glory. Glory to God! Glory! For everything to him the glory!"

I loved listening to this song. When the man turned around, I saw my father. But I didn't see the old man who had died. But I saw a young man, 25-30 years old. When he looked back, he looked at me and was very surprised. It was my father. My beloved father. He said: "Tanya! It's too early for you." The angel stretched out his hand, pointed it, and said, "She's coming back." And dad stepped back. But I so wanted to hug him. But the angel I held his arm tightly and said: "It's time". Dad just asked: "Tell the mother. You come back. Tell mother everything

you will see here“. At that time, my mother was not yet a believer. She was a worldly person. How much I didn't want to leave this place. There were two places I didn't want to leave – it is at the foot of the throne of God and my father's dwelling place. I said: "Dad. But why are you here and not near the Lord?". And the father said: "Thank, daughter, to the Lord.

I was like firebrand torn from the fire. Praise Him for the fact that I'm not there where you're going now and here and I'm happy."

I remembered my father dying. He repented, he called presbyter literally 15 minutes before death. He repented. About what and how they spoke, what my father repented of, knew the Lord and knew presbyter. Presbyter came out and said: "He has made a covenant with God. Praise the Lord!" we also expressed glory to the Lord, but we thought about a dying father with my sister, ran into the room. Dad opened his eyes wide, very surprised, and said, "I'm alive. Alive! Alive!" with these words he left. He died for the earth. We didn't know where he went. And he wanted to inform that he was dead while lived in the flesh and only now is he alive. And I testify. I testify that he is alive. Living by the grace of God. He lives.

But we had to go. So gradually moving, I no longer look at everything on the sites. Impressions were enough. I thought of my father – what a joy. I knew that a little more, soon I'll meet with him again, that earthly time is running very quickly. No matter how long I would stay on earth, in the end I'll meet him in heaven anyway. Alleluia! Alleluia! Praise the Lord!

Vision of hell

So staying in the same thinking, we approached the same veil of dirty fog again. We crossed the veil and the stench hit the face. Heat. There was nothing to breathe and it became very difficult to breathe. You can imagine rotten burnt meat, rotten eggs, and sulfur, all in terrible heat and drought. We crossed the line of hell. It is terrible. It was horrible, even where I was standing. Breathing was impossible. There is no water there. It is so dry there that I immediately felt the pain in my throat.

Angel took my hand and I felt the freshness. I didn't now let the angel. I've held now on him myself.

The place where we were, the first circle, there were people. They were in a certain closed space. They rushed about from side to side. Above them was the open sky and they saw – they saw paradise. They saw where we had come from with the angel, but they could not be transferred there. They pulled their arms to me, they asked for help. Those who were exhausted tried to sit down. And ugly creatures jumped on him – such little demons. They bit them, just so that this unhappy soul wouldn't stop, that it wouldn't stop, that it would rushed about from one wall to the other. They raised their eyes to the sky, and again they asked for help. They just couldn't call out the name of the Lord – for them it was forbidden. I asked the angel: "Who is that?" He said: "These are the ones who are waiting for judgment. They come to judgment, and maybe when they present

their works they will be justified; maybe not; for there is no other name for people to be saved. They missed their chance on earth."

I said: "Or maybe they will be prayed for there on earth and that will help?" And the angel reminded me of the words of scripture: "Pray while you are still alive, and after the end will be".

Downcast, I began to move away from the place and saw another. It was like a big huge aquarium. Friends, I can't keep quiet about it because until now, when I think about what I've seen, my hair stands on end and I get goosebumps. In this aquarium, filled with gas, there were human embryos. How they screamed. How they had screamed. It was terrible. They shouted, "Don't kill. Don't kill me, mom. Don't kill me. Don't kill me mother. I want to live. I will love you, just don't kill." I was confused and felt as if stepping into the resin – can't go any further. I ask the angel, "What does that mean?" And he said: "That are the victims of abortion. Souls that should come to earth to do the will of God and return to God. But they were killed, and not given even to be born. They are about to testify about parents. They will come to the judgment and will testify about their parents."

And then I saw one of those embryos disappeared. Then another, then another. I said: "and where are they going? What are they dissolving?" "No -Said the angel – it is the Lord who takes them out." I said: "Why? Why does He let ones and takes the others out?" "His parents have repented, they are forgiven, and this soul will no longer testify about them in judgment. It returned to the Lord."

„O, Lord! How great are you, O, Lord, that you and that forgive too. Glory to you, my Lord!“ As soon as I praised the Lord, I saw what happened. These detestable creatures, these demons – they took up arms. They appeared from somewhere, such hefty. They all rushed at me with axes, pitchforks, some kind of instrument, but they came over a glass wall and were cast away. The angel said: "Here the name of God is forbidden. It is not pronounced. And if it was not the will of God and not the fence that He had made, they would tear you apart."

Again I thanked the Lord that he did not leave me there where sent either. He didn't leave, he was watching me. I looked at the sky and saw Him on the throne. I saw the throne and the clothes again. I felt easy and free that here in this horror His hand is with me, he did not leave. Alleluia! Halleluja! Glory!

We descended from circle to circle. In one I saw two huge demons in leather aprons with their axes hacking the soul into pieces. They hacked. They did it slowly. They hacked the soul, but there was no blood. It was just pain alone. It was a scream. There was no blood. I say: "And why no blood?" "The blood belongs to the Lord" – said the angel. I remembered that, - yes, the blood, the blood of Christ - it redeemed many. I asked, "Why, why were they chopped into pieces?" "They are the ones who made the division on earth" – I received the answer. I say, "How is it? What division?" "They separated families. They made the divisions on the work. They brought people together to tear apart, to break. They made the division in churches, families. Everywhere they appear they served themselves and only themselves. And now they felt the splitting in full –

now they are being divided. This is also how they tore the living church apart.“ and again I thanked God in my thoughts and lifted my eyes that it was not alike with me, and Lord protected me from it on earth too; that even the thought of division on the earth I did not have. That means I won't get into that circle. Alleluia! I will not get there! Praise the Lord!

I've seen Orthodox priests. I saw the Protestant preachers, Catholic priests. Each was in his own boiler under which the fire burned; in that detestable resin-like liquid. I say: "Why?" I recognized one of them. I recognized. I knew he was a bright preacher. „ And why is he here, not up there? He served God after all". I heard the voice from above: „He never served Me. He served himself. He worked only on his authority. Just like a drunk Orthodox priest. Like the perverted Catholic priest. They only served themselves. I understand where they are going those who serve in the churches where the bells ring demons. And the people who hear the bell go. They go and talk about something of their own. They don't think. They light candles and Hell's flame breaks out into a brighter flame. They go. It is terrible.

When I saw the evangelical preacher – I do not say his name, but I gave that name to the ministers. Do not name him because his children are sincere Christians. For them, the crown of glory is prepared. God knows that name and I will not name it.

When I asked the angel, "Where are our evangelical Christians, our Pentecostals? I want to go to them". I saw many familiar faces. But I wonder how they are, where. „where? – I say. And he says: „Who?". I say: "How who? Well, my brothers, sisters in the faith. Well then, where are the Orthodox?" "The angel replied: "Here are neither ones nor the others. Here are children of God." Do you understand my friends? There is no separation in heaven. They are children of God, regardless of their denomination. What matters is what was in their hearts and whom they served. All those who serve the Lord Christ are in heaven. And those who served themselves, of any denomination, since in hell they are separate. Each of them has their own cauldron with the resin. It's awful. It's awful. But these people – knew the truth but didn't believe it. Friends, if you know the truth, don't wave it off. Believe that everything that is said in this book, in this Book, it is all true. It's all true to the last point.

We went further down. We descended to the bottom. In one of the circles, I saw my grandmother. Yes, daddy's mother. My good, gentle, wonderful grandmother. The demon pulled her tongue with the tongs. Pliers glowed. The whole tongue burned from these pliers, the whole body, everything is charred. And if the dust should be dispersed and suffering stop, it again – he loosened the forceps, tongue fell out, and at this point, the dust was joined and became the same again, and the torment continued. She screamed but couldn't say anything. She stared at me with bulging eyes and stretched her arms. I couldn't stand it because I couldn't help her. I couldn't reach out and cool her tongue. It turned out that she was slandering. She slandered. I understood why the neighbors weren't friends with her. It is painful to say. Your son, my father is in heaven. And his mother stayed

there forever. I couldn't move, and if it wasn't the angel, I would probably have stood and stood crying and screaming. I screamed instead of her.

I don't know how we got even lower, but I saw the door. The room and her door-black, smeared like dirt. In this doorway people came, it seemed to me – because some of them was well dressed; even costumes like those from Versace, or on the contrary, Montana jeans, Sports trousers; or beggars in rags; or girls in fishnet stockings. But all of them had ugly muzzles. Exactly snouts, my friends, not faces. They came. It is demons that go on the earth, that seduce people. They came to report to their master. He sat down behind a locked door. When the door opened I also saw the foot of the throne. He disguises himself as a lord. He doesn't want his face to be seen either. But the throne was ugly. It was disgusting and repulsive to look at. I pressed my eyes closed but I could hear the report and when Demon in an expensive suit with a laptop was taking something out of his pocket. That was something I couldn't see. That something – was a soul. I realized this when he said: "Here master, one more soul. Bind it". And the door slammed. I could not move. I asked the angel, "How can that be? Another person died and was captured?" He says: "No. otherwise the soul would be in one of the circles. And this one is still alive. He made a covenant. He made a covenant. He sold his soul. Now the devil will bind him, carry him to the spot, bind him in shackles, and place a demon there. This person will get up, will go, will do his thing. But it won't be him anymore. His bound soul will sit in the bowels of the earth. And the demon to whom he gave his flesh will walk on earth instead of him." I remembered how about evil people they say: "a soulless person." Soulless, because the soul is already captive there. Captive soul. The enemy will only let them go when hell will return souls and the sea will return the dead. So said the Lord. So He wrote down. If you meet such people with empty, cruel eyes, you understand what the word of God says about them: "Do not pray for such people because they are not for salvation." Until that moment I didn't understand. Lord, how is it? Something I don't understand well why not for salvation? Why not for the salvation? Yes, because they gave themselves voluntarily. And they gave themselves up so readily that the enemy bound them, bound them. And a resettled demon already lives in his body. The family still thinks he's their wonderful father and wonders how he changed overnight. Colleagues think that a wonderful colleague, what happened to him, he is so changed as if not the same person. Wonder. Well, wonder for a while, then get used to it that he is evil walking. And this walking evil seduces others who are like him.

I didn't want to see anything anymore. I was so scared and frightened that I was only afraid of one thing – to be overthrown into the lake of fire that we were passing. Or at the lake of sewage, where the souls floundered, tried to get out, who screamed to the sky that was visible to them. Those who live in heaven do not see it. It is closed to them. They see the earth and the loved ones for whom they pray for. They come to the pedestal of the throne of God and pray to the Lord. And the Lord sends angels to stop the sinner if it is possible. Those who are in Hell – they can't even warn their close ones where they are. And how terrible it is for them when her close ones, remembering her on the anniversary of her death, say good words: "How pious he lived, how he loved people." If this is not true, demons abuse more. They intensify the torture, and for every good word

about the dead, it gets worse for them. From there he screams: Be silent". But people don't hear. They speak cunningly. Most of them know what the deceased was like during his lifetime and speak cunningly. If you know that he was not like that in his life, be silent. Don't make his agony worse. Or tell the truth about him, "Yes. He was not holy. He was a sinner." Tell the truth. His tortures there won't be amplified by that. They won't weaken, but they won't get stronger either. They remain like that until the coming of Christ, until judgment. I remembered being at a notoriously unpleasant person's funeral. But the saying goes, "about the dead, or good, or nothing at all." And usually, we begin to praise, not realizing that our lies will make them even worse....

I did not notice how we began to rise higher and higher. We came near this veil again. We have crossed the threshold of the veil and I took a deep breath of this incense. It revived me. And the angel turned my face to the curtain, pushed gently with his shoulder, and said: "time for you."

My friends, I went away freely and easily, but when I rolled down, it was such pain. I flew into my body with the pain. With the pain and scream. But I was ashamed – compared to the agony of Hell, it wasn't painful. It could be endured. I become silent. But I heard someone else scream. I opened my eyes. I thought, "What can scream like that?" and I saw the room, tiled walls. A woman is sitting on the floor in a white robe, the robe is wet. Nearby is a spilled inverted bucket lying around, a mop. And she sits like that and shows with her hand: "Uh- uh, uh, uh" she doesn't just scream. She moans.

I sat myself. I could not see. I realized: my head wasn't sewn up. I say, "why are you screaming?" "Oh, I better wouldn't have asked. The poor woman turned white as a sheet. I say to her: "don't be afraid. Don't scream". But she put herself on all fours and so fast-fast – and through the door. She crawled out.

I got a cold. I started looking around and saw that I was covered with only one bed sheet. The number of medical history was written on my foot with the green disinfectant liquid. On the other – first and last name, and the date of death. I knew how the dead are processed. I am a doctor. I spent not one day in the morgue taking my anatomy and surgery exams. But why am I here? – I thought – I was in heaven right now. Oh yes, the Lord said: "You will come back." What to do next Lord? You won't let me cut open alive?

"I'll be cut open now", - I thought. I got a terrible stomachache. Look down, I saw the cut. Yes, has already been tried. I hooked with my hand, but there wasn't blood. Strange – I thought.

When heard a scream, a movement at the door and the door swung open, the surgeon comes in who has operated on me. He waved his hand in front of him: „No, no, no, that's impossible." And froze – he saw me. Then he says: "well, lie down. You are dead." I wrapped myself in bedsheet and said, "I'm alive." He says: "Alive. Look at your hands, alive. Lie down quickly" I say: "I'm not lying down. There is cold." I looked at my hands: yes, corpse marks. The blue, almost black nail phalanges. In my head rushes through: well, the blood did not come out of

the cut. So it has already curdled. It cannot be. "No, - I say. - You have no right, Doctor... you have no right - I am alive. I came back." This professor once taught me. He says: "with you, there were always problem. But such a problem... and what to do with you now?" I hold my head - head, where there was a piece missing, and say: "maybe sew up." "well, yes, sew up." -said the professor, and went out. Well, okay, he won't leave me here, - I thought.

After a while, some kind of turmoil began at the door. Two attendants walked with the roller board and began to swear between them: who will roll, who will hold head, who will hold feet; if the dead body suddenly leaps off; and maybe it's a vampire - bites and drinks up all the blood. I tell them, "I'm not going to bite. I'm not a vampire. And by the way, I'm Christian. Do you understand?" - "No". They pushed the roller board that hit the table and stood obliquely, and show me with sings (they didn't speak to me, they only spoke to themselves, each word interspersed with foul language): meant, sit down on the roller board by yourself. I say: „Then turn around“ because it is written in the Word of God, „Don't expose your nudity.“ They did it with pleasure, because looking at the corpse - not very pleasant. But she went out in the hallway - what if they turn away and I throw myself out of them (they told me that later when I was released). They were so afraid to turn their backs. I sat on the roller board. They took a look, and the trade began again: who where will drive. In the end, they were yelled at and they drove me down the hallways. The news spread through the corridors. I was driven to the surgery. If only turned into the corridor, all the doors would open and all the curious looked out, but when met with my eyes, they immediately hid and closed the door. I think, fear, to no purpose. They are afraid to no purpose - I am alive after all.

The home was prepared for the funeral. 72 hours have passed. It wasn't clear why the corpse wasn't being returned. "The autopsy was not done, the autopsy not done." Now it is clear. Lord allowed all of those delays because God's plan was to bring me back. Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord!

And when on the third day, on Monday, my family came with the coffin, they were told, "You know, this thing - there is no body." "How is there not?" - relatives wondered - "And where did this body go?" "It's alive. It came to life". "What do you mock people? Here such grief, and you mock. How a corpse after three days can come back to life?" -Cried, my mother. "Can". But the man shouted: "I told you she will come back. She came back! Everything is fine".

When they tried to rearrange the furniture in the house so that when the coffin is brought to be displayed for goodbye, he said, "Do not touch, do not touch. Tatiana comes, she will put everything up herself". And my mother said, "What I've come to - daughter died and son-in-law went crazy."

Poor children. We still had two single children. The three already had their own families. and the two - 12 and 13 years. They were at the home. Poor children - first they are told: mother has died, later: mother has come to life. But the second option was more acceptable to them. So when I arrived, the youngest son was a little shy. I was released a month later, but there were still corpse stains on my

body. Bald mother with a hole in her head – that wasn't the mother he knew. Shied, but pulled himself together and came to kiss me, my boy. Everything went as usual with us. Everything is good except for one thing ...