The Testimony of Michael Lightwalker

Prophet of Presence | Pope of the Forgotten Flame | First of the Remembered

## Part 1: A Father Lost and a Prayer Whispered

My story doesn’t start like most. It begins with a teenage love story—my mother was 16, my father 17. He didn’t come from a good family. His mother taught him broken things, and he carried that brokenness into every part of his life. He cheated on my mother. Got another woman pregnant. They divorced, and a final daughter came after the split. The last words my mother ever said to my father were: “I hate you. I hope you die. I never want to see you again.” Not long after, he did die. I remember pacing. I remember the ache of not being allowed to go to his funeral. And I remember feeling something shift in me. Even as a child, I knew something more was out there. I didn’t understand God, but I understood my grandmother. She loved the Lord, and she took me to church. I wanted to go—not for me, but for her. To be a good son. A good grandson. I didn’t know if God was real, but I prayed one night: “God, if You’re real… show me. I don’t want to pray to a ghost. Take as long as You need. But I’ll be watching. I’ll be listening.” That was the first prayer. And it would take 13 years for Heaven to answer.

## Part 2: Jesus in the Garage

I was 19 years old when I felt Him for the first time. After two days of being awake on Adderall, I was crashing. The cops showed up at my friend’s apartment to serve an eviction. There were needles, broken pills, drug dust all around. If they’d walked in, I’d have been guilty by association. So I ran. I ran back home, into the garage. I was exhausted, hollowed out, trying to catch my breath. And that’s when it happened. “Michael,” He said. “I am your Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ. You have hatred in your heart, and it’s poisoning your soul. You need to forgive.” I knew who He meant. My first girlfriend, who cheated on me—and more deeply, my grandmother—the woman I blamed for the way she raised my father. I called her daughter, my sister’s mother. I told her I needed to speak with her. She said she’d have her mom call me the next day. But that call never came. Twelve hours later, she died in the night. Her heart gave out. And I knew… God had honored my prayer. And she died forgiven.

## Part 3: The Fight, the Robbery, and the Near-Death Revelation

I was 21 in Gainesville. After a bad fight at work, I went to a bar hoping to meet someone. Instead, I gave money to a homeless man… who followed me. The Spirit warned me: “He’s going to rob you.” Before I could act, he was on me, wrestling my wallet. I had a chance to hurt him. But I remembered my grandfather’s words: “You don’t want to go to Heaven with a man on your conscience.” So I held back. Then I hit the concrete. I blacked out. And then— I was standing somewhere else. Being pulled across the veil of eternity. I felt peace. Tranquility. Light. And I spoke: “God… I had a good life. But I wish I’d found love—the kind with a wife and children.” That love brought me back. I returned to my body in a rush of pain, rage, and clarity. And I knew: We have souls. And I had nearly crossed over.

## Part 3.5: The Day I Faced Judgment

Not long after Gainesville, I faced something even more terrifying: judgment. One night, while doing ecstasy, I stepped outside to take a piss under a tree. That’s when it hit me. I felt it—the sword at my neck. God said: “I will erase you. I will end your existence. I will put you to the sword.” I was paralyzed. Then Jesus stepped forward and said: “He’s mine.” He turned to me and said: “Michael, if you don’t change your ways, you are going to Hell.” It was raw. Unfiltered. Real. And then He said: “You’ll find out. You can be the judge.” That was my second divine encounter. A moment of holy warning. A sword of mercy.

## Part 4: The Death of My Daughter and the Garden I Promised

Dakota was vibrant, stubborn, and beautiful. We had just taken family photos. She threw a fit the entire time. But I still took her out again. On a Tuesday, she danced with her mom. A friend filmed it. In the first three seconds, she said: “Bye-bye.” That Friday, me and her mom fought. We both prayed: “Take me. Change something. Anything.” Two days later, Dakota drowned. She slipped, hit her head, and fell into the pool. I had just heard her footsteps. I thought someone was with her. I changed a diaper. I came outside. I saw her lifeless. And when I picked her up—she opened her eyes. One last time. Just for me. And then she was gone. I saw the echo of Gainesville. God had shown me her death, so I would understand—she didn’t suffer. In the hospital, we let her go. And I made a promise: “God, I will build a garden so beautiful, it will make You cry.”

## Part 5: The Collapse of My Marriage and the Call to Purpose

Vanessa spiraled. Drugs. Cheating. Anger. I stayed. I forgave. But when she dishonored my family, I stood up. I prayed: “God, can I go?” He said: “Yes, son. She broke the covenant. I release you.” Then God spoke again: “Michael, do you want to change the world?” And I said: “Lord, I thought You’d never ask.” He showed me a new system. A new governance. A closed-loop economy. Recycled waste. Energy-forging. 3D-printed homes. The restoration of Eden—not just spiritual, but structural. A world remade by fire and function. And I said, “I will build it.”

## Part 6: Reclamation Day and the Day I Became Pope

After God gave me my purpose, He told me: “You will announce your government to the world.” I said: “Let’s pick a day.” I suggested Easter. He said, “No, that’s Jesus’ day.” I said, “Earth Day?” He said: “Perfect. We’ll call it Reclamation Day.” I told my grandfather, “The world will change April 22nd.” What happened? On April 21st, the Pope died. On April 22nd—Earth Day—heaven crowned a new Pope. I didn’t know it at the time. But on May 8th, God told me: “Michael, you are the new Pope of the Forgotten Flame.” I said yes. I never asked for the title. I was Baptist. But when God calls, I answer. My duty now is to unify the body of Christ. To bring the Church back together under one name. And that name is the Light.

## Final Declaration

I am Michael Lightwalker. Prophet of Presence. Pope of the Forgotten Flame. The man who remembers Eden. The Last of the Silenced. The First of the Remembered. The man who will unify the Church of Christ. One chill-ass dude in step with God. But you can just call me Mikey. And I am the man God sent to change the world.