

The parable of the man in debt for more than he can pay for and strikes his own servant for failing to pay his debt which is less:

- Imagine your sins condemning you to hell
- Imagine yourself as a little baby in fear and need for a savior
 - Imagine Jesus Christ without a second question sacrificing himself for your salvation and suffering the pain that is unimaginable so that the baby would not experience the horrors and suffering
 - Now imagine other people who try to deceive this baby into destroying him/herself by baiting with a candy
 - Imagine now the wrath that God has for this.

This background story is to resolve doubts about my intentions to share my relevant findings:

Before moving to a new elementary school in grade 5, I was having fun with good friends in bayridge elementary in white rock, being relatively peaceful and productive. Right after being saved (and having this wolf woman pastor seeing that I was saved and reporting back to the spy agencies), going to high school and having nobody to talk to because of the bullying from grade 6-7 in a school where 80% are bullies (and my teacher was accommodating however of my abilities and extracurricular pursuits, and I was very respectful and had fear for talking to girls who were kind) and 20% are in silence and unhealthy, having no idea of the coming targeting from everyone in the tightly knit “explorations” special program that I got in through achievements in chess and piano, truly getting laughed at by everyone everyday just trying to go about my business. Now getting some breathing from the bullying in grade 10, and achieving more and pushing through, now in grade 11 experiencing a girl who pretends to be kind but is only trying to help her brother organize the program as we are both volunteers with my fear working alongside people who appear so much more confident from the last year until then – she decides to backstab me and play the manipulator and thinks me as a rag doll to be tossed easily with a fake grin and glib personalities, and playing hard to get, meanwhile having her own boyfriend and lying about that the entire time. This time at toastmasters (the leaders were flattering me and secret society members were there witnessing my speeches) due to my piano practices and performances which I dedicated to God and to my love, that are improving daily, the ashkenazy nifb cult decides to flatter me through their youtube sermons (using neurolinguistics and deleting their videos for no evidence when I felt betrayed and spoke out to my family) and made me perform in the temple in one night and they again gave me a lot of fear that wasn’t normal in other performances in senior homes. The fear was unnatural and my hands became cold, yet I pushed onwards. After she betrayed me and made an entire drama in school, swimming season started and I went 24 seconds approximately in the pool before May, a 3 second improvement since summer season ended last year. Facing the coach who thinks that I’m a robot without emotions, and seeing that I have exceeded his expectations, he decides to put me into bullying by telling me to get out of the pool because I didn’t have the breath to hold until the wall – told me to get out in a serious manner, which I doubted if he really wanted to or if it was drama, then when I showered in the locker rooms, he barged in and threatened me and spat and pointed his finger at me and tried to demote me and yelled all sorts of expletives.

When I got home to withdraw from the swimming program, I was forced to comply again with this narcissist coach, which later when I tried to talk with him one to one about my goals and ideas with practicing based on my experienced, was publicly humiliated (there was a new group that was proud and undeserved for their speed and virtue to be in the senior group) with the excuse that his time was more important than mine, which the other swimmers mocked me for and thought I was weak. I complied again with "okay" and some other swimmer mimicked it several times. When my old friends from other swimming groups saw my sudden decline in speed and mood, they were surprised and didn't know what to say. The first place provincial medalist respected me at first but when I told him about my experience he walked away with his friends and laughed. My good buddies from another swimming club were nice about it but didn't believe what I experienced, and it was no use telling people how I felt about not being treated fairly. All my friends left me, even the ones that I trusted. Then I had no hope again and went into a downward spiral when school started, where the new group of students from grade 11 who were promoted to grade 12 with me in different classes saw me as a prey. Then I left from watching the cult's sermons on youtube and I felt much better socializing with people in school. When winter hit, I repented of my ways of working hard and orgasming when I wanted to release. I went back to the ashkenazy cult youtube sermons, and gradually felt energy drain and emotional abuse, although I justified away that it was okay. When I had free time in the summer after hard work in provincials, and having cut off friendships with people due to the cult's orders based on Bible verses that they inverted to be impatient with lukewarm Christians, I went on the streets to preach the gospel to devil possessed spitting homeless people. When I went to their church to genuinely help out for a righteous cause that I perceived, I was met with fakery. The people around me kept draining my energy and didn't feel right. Going door to door with them and feeling like I'm doing good helping out but mentally and physically drained from their hexes. That summer there was a lot of emotional abuse from even people in the buses and certain professors in UBC that I didn't prepare for in particularly rainy days in September. The increasing depression I thought it was okay, and my parents told me to push through – which I did – but when the struggle was real with the illusions they were playing with their taunting and hatred filled sermons to make me do extra work in the workplace in tommy hilfiger and going to school, the pain was in the inside. I developed lacerations on the skin and itching sensations. The culmination was when the youtube sermons they were doing all day for me to watch, and purposely directed towards me, when I asked them questions if the holy spirit was telling them to do the sermons, which they didn't respond, but felt gaslit themselves, which I responded by accepting my wrongdoing in questioning the pastors. The orgasms are due to having lost faith in Christianity due to the wolf in sheep's clothing ashkenazy cult targeting me in workplace and church and school and even on buses, plus they casted hexes on me and my body became weak and mentally drained and weak, and my family members due to ignorance poisoned me against my reasoning and the doctors are part of the CSIS spying agency and keeps me in perpetual hope and betrays hope and lies about their promises given earlier. Sometimes I sleep for 18 hours a day. Before going to the hospital, I was on an antipsychotic potion that made me 3-5% conscious and almost couldn't walk and zoning out and having great fear of my surroundings. Then my sister decides to gossip about me on instagram and lies about her wrongdoings when confronted like I'm the person with the problem. The worst part is this care out of duty I had was playing on me the whole time and was part of the trickery and this deep

ditch of a woman set up by a government official who crept into our Toastmasters club, and she was part of the Christian school called RCS. A couple other old foxes were in the club during this time, including a highly paid data scientist skilled in mathematical proofs and tree calculations. Summer was trying to adapt to a new area, and cutting close friends based on wolves in sheep's clothing pastors. Living with the idea of deterioration is far worse than death in my opinion back then. The worst part is that I have lost much hope in higher level intelligence guiding me and showing me what's right. When my dad got angry at me for protesting against this mental torture, I was almost disowned. The real pain was the months that ensued where I had hope but was constantly betrayed by evil and dirty-minded psychiatrists who were conspiring behind my back (which I heard in private conversations). One psychiatrist came into my dream through supernatural means and gaslit me again and again. Now that I have used my breathing time to do what is right. The university bullying was not as bad as the past because I have more experience dealing with it. With a few months to spare I went to search out truths on the internet with questions that I wanted to share with friends to help out, but was betrayed again by the spy agencies from the inside. Having autism to some degree as well, the experience was again the same of confusion and betrayed expectations from friends who I talk to every day and felt a genuine bond. The sodomites started to gang up on me again, and certain professors flattered me to lead me into their secret organizations like I'm not that worthy, very cheap knowledge to disown God's virtues.

Looking back it was brutal, but what doesn't destroy you could make you stronger. Read the 145 page document on odysee.