

The Day the Clouds Opened

By Harry G Wright



Acknowledgment of Others Who Have Heard His Voice

Before I begin, I want it to be known that I am not alone in hearing the voice of the Lord. Through history and in our own times, others have also spoken of such encounters. Writers like *Neale Donald Walsch*, author of *Conversations with God*, and *Don Miguel Ruiz*, author of *The Voice of Knowledge*, have shared their own experiences of dialogue with the Divine.

I do not compare my vision to theirs, for each person's journey is sacred and unique. I only acknowledge that God has reached out to many, in different ways, as He has reached out to me. What you hold in your hands is my personal testimony, shared freely, not for profit, but as a witness to His truth.

Disclaimer: References to other writers are for context only. Their works belong to them, and my testimony stands on its own as a gift I share freely, without profit or promotion.

THE VISION: A TESTIMONY OF TRUTH

By Harry G. Wright (Rhett)

CHAPTER 1: DEDICATION

This testimony is humbly dedicated:

To Almighty God, the Eternal Creator—

Who formed me, called me, and showed me a vision that has never left me. You are the light that parted the clouds, the voice that speaks without words, the truth that needs no validation. I honor You with this, not to seek attention, but to share what You allowed me to see.

To my beloved children—Giovanni, Christian, and Brandon— Your lives are a blessing to me beyond measure.

This is your inheritance of faith.

Know that your father saw something real. Hold fast to your prayers, your light, and your path. I pray over you every day, and I leave you this part of my story in full truth and love.

To Mother, my grandmother—

You were the first to tell me, “Yes child, what you saw came from the Lord.” You didn’t question. You didn’t doubt. You knew.

Your words gave me peace and strength as a child, and they still carry me now. You believed in me before I knew how to believe in myself. This is for you, and for every elder who sees the Spirit in children.

To the quiet ones, like the praying sister I saw on the job— Who find a corner to kneel while the world walks past...

Who believe without signs, and who love God without needing proof... This story is yours too. You remind me that the Spirit is always near.

To the children, the seekers, and the doubters— I do not offer you doctrine.

I offer you truth.

Not a story made up... but a vision I was shown, one I carry with full clarity and no shame.

Let it meet you where you are.

This is not for fame. This is not for validation.

This is just a stone laid on the altar... in peace, in truth, and in love.

— Harry G. Wright (Rhett)

Black River, Jamaica → The World

By Grace Alone

CHAPTER 2: THE VISION

I was about ten years old.

Back home in Jamaica, it was a regular day—nothing strange, nothing unusual. I had just finished taking a nap and stepped outside. The sky was getting dark, not in a sacred way, just the kind of blackness that comes before a thunderstorm. No glow, no light, no heavenly sign... just clouds. Thick, black clouds.

Then I felt it—that quiet urge.
Not a voice, not a sound, but a pull inside of me.
I was drawn to walk across the driveway and look up.

And when I did...

The sky opened.

The clouds didn't just part—they peeled back, like curtains on a grand stage. But what they revealed wasn't anything manmade. It wasn't imagination, it wasn't a trick of light, and it definitely wasn't something I had ever seen before.

I looked around to see if someone was playing a trick—maybe a plane, a projector, something. But there was nothing. No cars, no movement. The world had gone still, almost like time paused just for me.

Inside that opening, I saw a vision so real, so alive, that no human could've created it.

There stood a man in a brown and striped robe, facing slightly away from me— but not fully turned. Like someone standing in thought, calm, steady. At his side was a donkey, quiet and still, not moving. They were both standing on a dirt road, one that faded softly into the distance.

Around them were buildings, but not like modern houses. These were domeshaped huts, the kind from ancient times—simple, strong, and holy in appearance. The first building was an animal shelter, and inside it, I saw tied-up bundles of straw, upright, neatly placed like something prepared with care.

All the structures were connected, like one sacred village stretching back into time—fading deeper into the cloud opening as if eternity itself was tucked behind that veil.

Every single detail—the dirt, the wood, the silence, the stillness—was as real as the ground under my feet.

And I wasn't dreaming.
I wasn't hallucinating.
I was wide awake, ten years old, and standing in the presence of something divine.

I didn't know what to do except run inside the house. I ran with everything in me,
full of excitement, joy, and awe.

Not fear.

Not confusion.

Just a heart bursting to tell someone what I saw.

That's when I told Mother—my grandmother.

And her words... they sealed the truth in me forever.

(That part comes next.)

CHAPTER 3: AFFIRMATION FROM MOTHER

As soon as I saw the vision, I ran inside the house—heart pounding, feet barely touching the floor. I couldn't hold the joy, the wonder, the shock of what I had just witnessed. I was ten years old, and I had seen something sacred.

There was only one person I knew could understand without laughing, without doubting, without brushing me off.

Mother.

That's what we called our grandmother.

Not "Grandma" or "Granny" like others might say—just "Mother."

And when we spoke about our biological mother, we called her "Mummy" or "Mommy."

But Mother... she was something different. Something deeper. The foundation of the home.

She was the quiet strength in every room.

She had a calm about her that felt older than time. Like she already knew certain things before you could say them.

I found her and tried to explain everything.

The clouds opening, the man, the donkey, the village of buildings... everything I could remember, I poured out, words tumbling over each other with excitement.

I told her I wasn't sleeping.

I told her it was real.

I told her I saw it clear, like it was right there in the sky and I could've walked through it.

And do yuh know what she said?

She didn't laugh.

She didn't look confused.

She didn't ask, "Are you sure?"

Instead, she looked me in the eyes, steady as always, and said:

"Yes, child.

What you saw came from the Lord."

That was it. No long speech. No doubting.

Just certainty. Just truth. Just affirmation.

In that one moment, she gave me the courage to carry the vision without fear.

She didn't need proof.

She didn't ask for details.

She just knew—like the Spirit had already confirmed it in her.

From that day on, I never questioned what I saw.

Not because I figured it out...

Not because someone else validated it...

But because Mother believed me, and when a woman like her says something came from God—you listen.

That belief became my foundation.

And even now, decades later, her voice still speaks softly in my memory:

“Yes, child.

What you saw came from the Lord.”

CHAPTER 4: REFLECTIONS THROUGH THE YEARS

Time passed.

I grew older. Life moved forward, like it always does—school, friends, family, struggles, laughter, loss.

But through everything, one thing never faded:

The vision.

It stayed with me—not like a dream you forget when you wake up, but like a mark placed on your soul.

I never felt the need to tell the world.

I didn't go around announcing it.

It wasn't about proving anything or asking for attention.

To me, it was a sacred gift, something to protect.

And at the root of that protection stood Mother.

She didn't bring it up often, but her confirmation gave me strength when doubt whispered.

Her presence reminded me that some things in life are beyond logic—they are spiritual truths.

She didn't have to say more.

Her life, her quiet command, and the way her children treated her—like royalty—said it all.

She was the foundation, and we all knew it.

She didn't just lead the family—she was the life force of it.

Her children—six of them—respected her like a queen, not out of fear, but because they knew who she was.

Strong. Wise. Spirit-filled.

And when someone like that says, “Yes child, what you saw came from the Lord,” you carry it for life.

Over the years, I kept the memory of the vision close.

I drew it, painted it, sketched it on paper the best I could.

Not because I needed validation—but because I didn't want the details to fade. I wanted to preserve it, not for fame or for credit, but for the truth.

It was a truth I carried through hard times.

Through joy.

Through heartbreak.

Through everything.

And even though life tested me, even though I stumbled and suffered loss, the vision never changed.
It stayed as clear as the day I saw it.

And that clarity—like a still pool that never ripples—has guided me silently, through every season since.

CHAPTER 5: THE DRAWING AND THE JOURNEY OF REBUILDING

As a child, I did what little ones often do when something powerful happens—we try to capture it, to hold it, to draw it.

I wasn't a trained artist.

But what I saw... it wouldn't leave me.

So I sat down with pencil and paper, and I started sketching.

The clouds, the man, the donkey, the buildings, the road... Piece by piece, I drew what I saw that day.

Not from imagination, but from memory—sacred memory.

It wasn't about perfection.

It was about truth.

Later in life, I took it further and created a painting.

Colors, distance, light, shape... I gave it all I had, using my hands and heart to recreate what my eyes beheld that day.

That painting lived with me for a time.

It was a quiet, personal reminder of the truth I witnessed as a child.

Eventually, the painting was destroyed.

But by the grace of the Lord, I had been guided to take photos of it beforehand, not knowing what would come.

I didn't fully understand why I felt the need to preserve it digitally—until later, when the original was no more.

Even then, I felt no sadness.

No anger.

Because the vision—the true vision—was never lost.

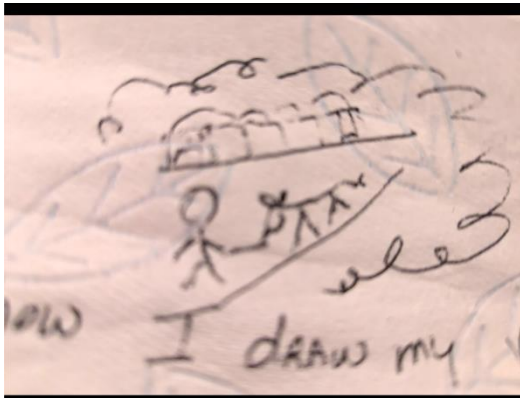
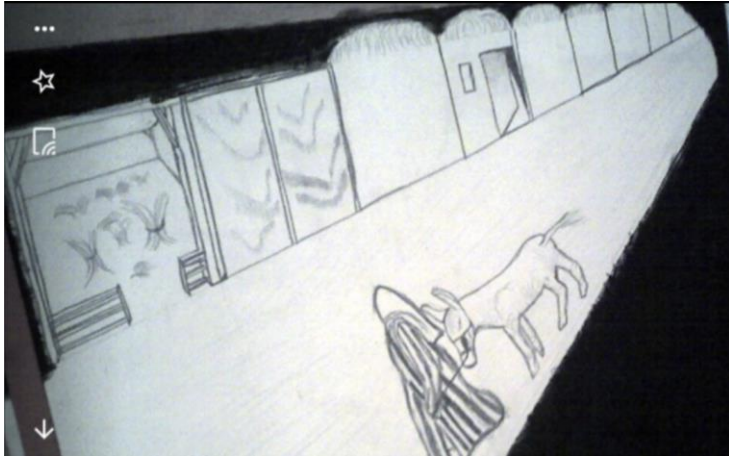
And now, with the help of these photos, and by the guidance of the Lord once again, I've returned to the work.

Not to recreate what was lost... but to honor what was always within.

Piece by piece.

Brush by brush.

Word by word.



The rebuilding isn't just about the artwork— It's about preserving the testimony.

Not for fame. Not for validation. But for truth.

CHAPTER 5.5: MY BROTHER HOWARD'S EXPERIENCE

I never knew my brother Howard was ever aware or remembered my experience after seeing my vision in the clouds as it opened at age 10 years old.

Keep in mind, my brother Howard is 2 years younger, so at age 8 years old, he too was experiencing his brother's emotion and excitement but from a different angle.

It wasn't until he was told by me that I had all intentions of putting my vision on print for others to read and experience, after waiting for the right time to put it all in print.

Immediately, he sent me an email explaining what he saw from his view, his eyes, his emotions.

What he saw as he texted me, he saw that I seemed frightened and ran into the house screaming to my mom, my grandmother, my father, everyone that could hear me.

It was my brother that emailed me this present day and said he NEVER FORGOT THAT EXPERIENCE PERSONALLY.

He felt and experienced that moment that he says TO THIS DAY HE WILL NEVER FORGET.

ADDITIONAL FAMILY CONFIRMATION (From Howard's Email)

"You should also note that when you had your experience you exclaimed out loudly and ran into the house.

Your mother, father ran out of their room towards you because they felt something had happened to you because of how you were shouting and calling for them.

I was in the room with Mother when you came in the house and appeared shaken.

We all gathered around you to find out what had happened...

1 Out of 9

It was during a church retreat with my Aunt G that I was encouraged to go and speak with the

priests about my vision.

Aunt G, seeing how strongly I held on to the memory, told me gently:

“Go tell them what you saw.”

I went to each of the three priests in turn.

The first priest listened, then said that I could not have connected with God because I was not

ordained.

The second told me that the Bible says the Lord will not be showing visions of His existence to

anyone on earth again.

The third laughed, scoffed, and told me to stop making up stories.

Only one person — truly believed me. The other eight either doubted, dismissed me, or

mocked what I shared. But that one believer was enough. It reminded me that the truth is not

determined by the number of those who accept it, but by the One who reveals it.

CHAPTER 6: FOR THE CHILDREN

To the children...

The ones who sit quietly and wonder...

Who look up at the sky and whisper things no one else hears...

The ones who pray when no one is watching, who ask big questions with small voices.

This is for you.

I was once a child too—ten years old, barefoot in Jamaica, watching the clouds gather like a storm was coming.

But instead of rain, heaven opened.

What I saw wasn't a fairy tale.

It wasn't a dream.

It was real—and it was for me.

And if it was for me, it can be for you too.

You don't have to be rich.

You don't have to be perfect.

You don't have to have all the words.

Just keep your heart soft. Keep your prayers honest.

Sometimes the world won't believe you.

They'll say you imagined it.

They'll try to explain it away.

But if God shows you something, no one can take it from you.

And if He hasn't shown you yet—just wait.

He's always on time.

This is for the ones with visions...

The ones with dreams...

The ones who know deep down there's more to life than what we can see.

You don't have to become anything great for God to use you.

You just have to believe.

To my sons—Giovanni, Christian, and Brandon— You are my legacy.

You are my joy.

You are my reason for keeping this vision alive.

You are proof that a man can walk in truth and still love with his whole heart. I pray you carry this testimony forward—not just as a story your father told, but as a stone of remembrance... that God exists... and He is good.

To the children of the world—
May this testimony find you, comfort you, and awaken something divine inside of you.

You are never too small to be chosen.
Never too young to be called.
And never too lost to be loved.

CHAPTER 7: A LETTER TO THE WORLD

To the world...

I was a child when it happened.
Ten years old.
Small in body, but big in faith.

I didn't ask for a vision to become famous.
I didn't ask to see something from God to prove anything to anyone. I simply believed.

I believed because I had been taught from young that God was real.
I believed because I had prayed—not for riches or power, but just to know. I had heard the stories in Sunday School: how God revealed Himself to the prophets, to Joseph, to Paul...
And I prayed a simple, honest prayer:

“Lord... if You are real, show me in Your time.”

And He did.

He opened the clouds and showed me something no human could create. He gave me a glimpse beyond this world— Not a dream. Not a fantasy.
A real-life vision that I carry to this day with full clarity and full peace.

I don't tell this story to convince anyone.
I'm not here for arguments.
I don't need applause.
I share this now, because the Lord said:
“The time is now.”

For years I held it close.
Only shared it with those who truly listened—those whose spirit welcomed truth.
But now... this is me stepping forward.
Not for validation, but for obedience.

If you believe, may this encourage you.
If you doubt, may this open your heart.
If you're lost, may this remind you that God sees children, answers prayers, and keeps His time.

This is not about religion.
This is about reality.
God exists.
I saw what I saw.
And I thank Him for trusting me to carry it this far.

To the world...
I offer this not as a preacher, not as a prophet—
But as a man who once stood under an open sky and saw the truth with his own
eyes.

May peace be with you.
May love guide you.
And may the same God who parted the clouds for me...
meet you where you are.

— Harry G. Wright (Rhett) JM

CHAPTER 8: CLOSING WORDS

This vision has been with me all my life.
I didn't ask for it, but I received it.
And through all the years, through every joy and every heartbreak, it remained clear.

I share it now not for attention, but because the Lord has said:
"It's time."

I give thanks for the journey.
I give thanks for the years I spent holding this in silence.
And I give thanks for the moment we are in now—
Where technology, testimony, and timing have come together.

To my sons...
To the children...
To those who doubt...
And those who believe without seeing... This
is for you.

I do not claim perfection.
I do not stand on a pedestal.
I simply stand in the truth I was given.

No man gave this to me.
No man can take it away.

Whether you read this in a book...
Or hear it in a conversation...
Or feel something stir as you sit alone under a clouded sky...

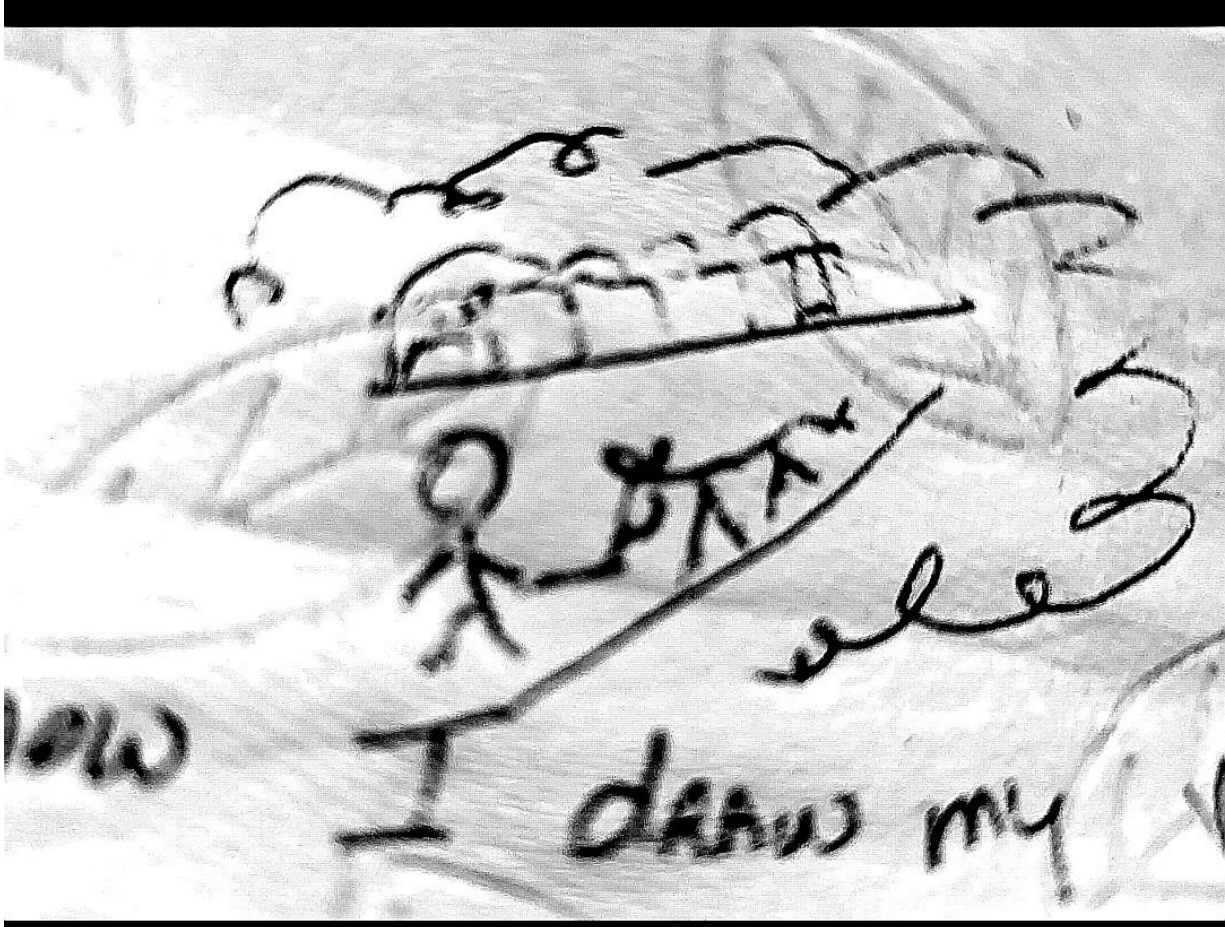
Know this:

God is real.
God is present.
And sometimes, God parts the clouds just to let you know...
"I am here."

Peace be with you.
Love be in you.
And truth carry you through.

Amen.

— Harry G. Wright (Rhett)
Black River, Jamaica
By Grace Alone



Early Stick Figure Sketch (Safeguarded from Childhood)

11:48

100%

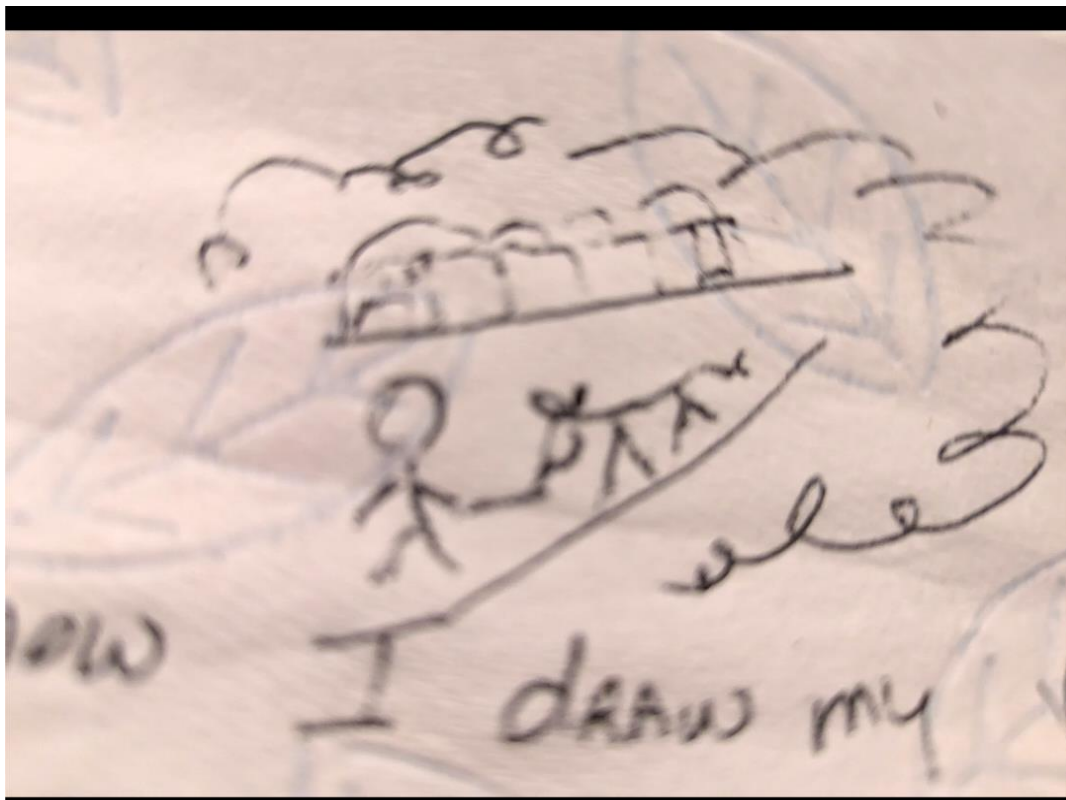
← **Re: Got permission to tell th...**

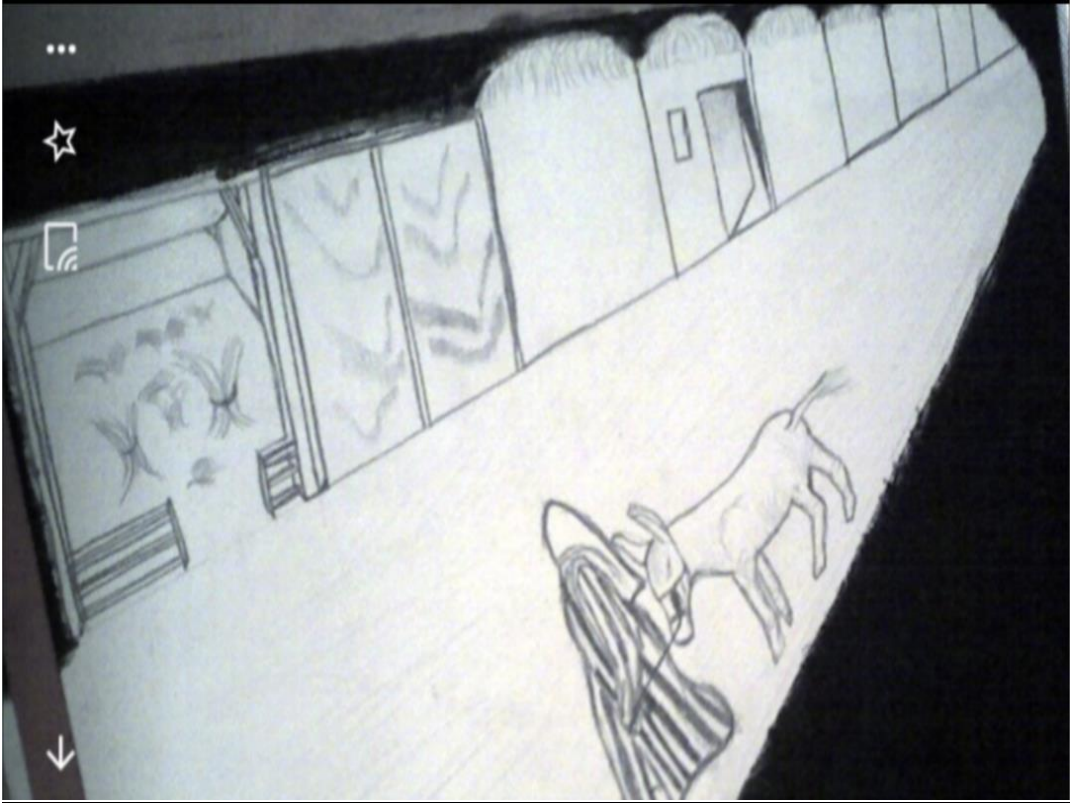
To: Me

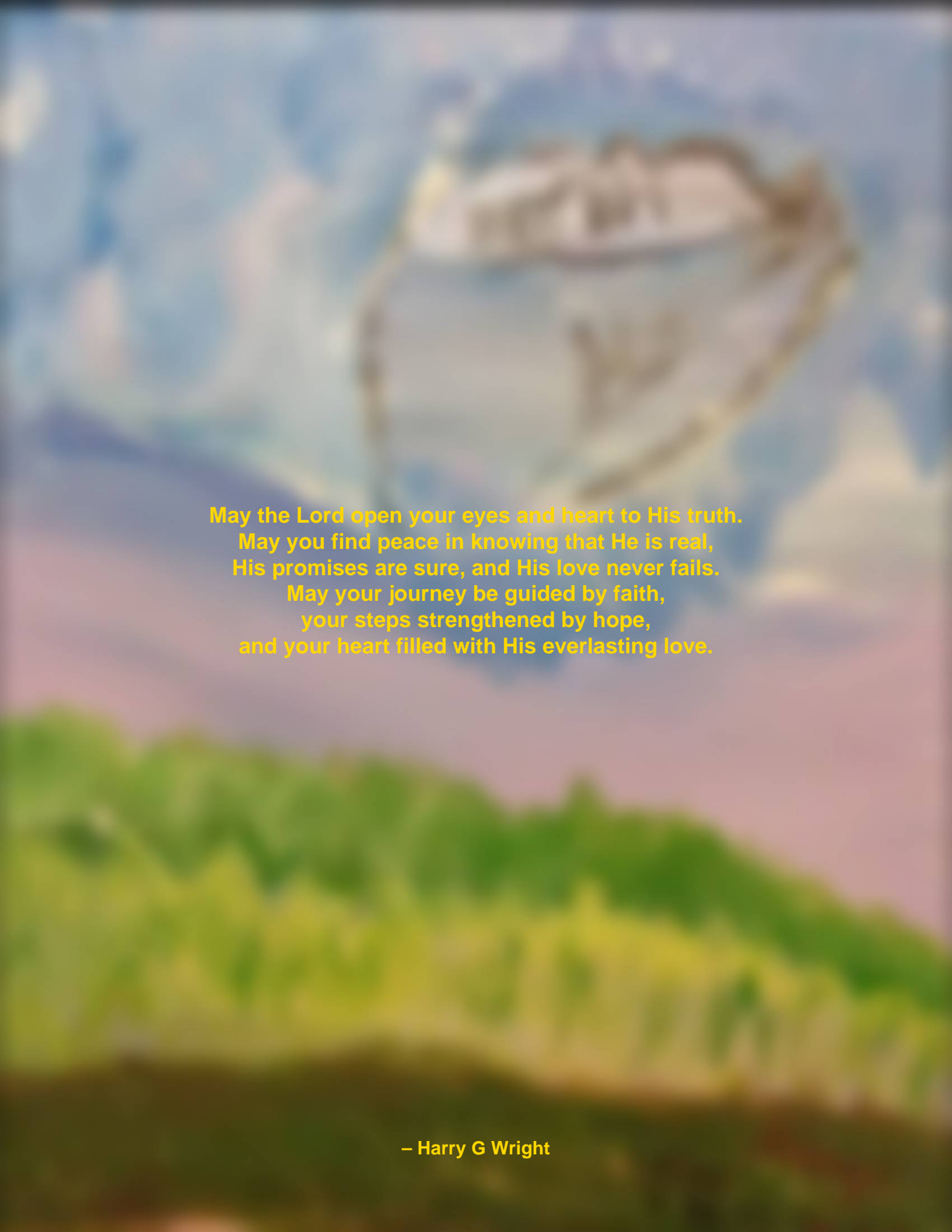
You should also note that when you had your experience you exclaimed out loudly and ran into the house. Your mother, father ran out of their room towards you because they felt something had happened to you because of how you were shouting and calling for them. I was in the room with mother when you came in the house and appeared shaken. We all gathered around you to find out what had happened...

Just some additional info for your story...

I remember the day quite clearly and have never forgotten that moment....
Sent from my iPhone







May the Lord open your eyes and heart to His truth.
May you find peace in knowing that He is real,
His promises are sure, and His love never fails.
May your journey be guided by faith,
your steps strengthened by hope,
and your heart filled with His everlasting love.

– Harry G Wright