

Preaching to the Pope and Cardinals

Kenya time is different. One meeting we noticed on the bulletin that the first speaking meeting was to start at 9 AM. We arrived near to 9:30 AM but the opening prayer for my speaking opportunity was at 11:33 AM. (Roll with it...) It was definitely worth the wait as we had been able to speak there in front of the Legion of Mary, Nomia, Baptist, Lutheran, Seventh-day Adventist, Pentecostals, Roho, and other members from various denominations. These leaders and members were not there to come together for the sake of unity while laying aside various doctrines so they could unite on those in common, but rather, they were there to study the Bible. It was clearly a fulfillment of God's desires rather than man's ideologies of Christian unity.

One of the last days we had been told that we would be speaking in front of the Legion of Mary leadership, including their pope and cardinals (they were gathered for their Passover celebration). We left at 4 AM, taking three hours to drive there, arriving at 7 AM. We were told it would be starting at 8 AM, yet I didn't get to speak in front of that group of leaders surrounded by around 5,000 in attendance until nearly 5:30 PM. There were about 600 within eyesight, as around the pope on his throne, cardinals, archbishops, bishops, priests, and deacons there were trees, tents, buildings, cars, and lots of people with long tunic type garments that were pressing in to catch every word of the worship services that lasted many, many hours.



When we first arrived before speaking, we were ushered into a home where we could sit on the couch, being left there entertained by several different people (obviously a way to keep us in one location for a long period of time). After a couple of hours we walked together to where the pope and Cardinals were where Scott Johnson and myself were given the most front row spots available. We were standing directly in front of one of the cardinals, and the pope, about 25 yards away. Everyone else was either behind us, on our left, or on our right, behind the pope, or scattered abroad.

One of the heart starters during that time was when Scott and I were standing in our front row spots while everyone around us knelt for prayer. Both Scott and I were told by the translators on either our right or left sides that we were to kneel as well. Neither of us did, and I was told again by my translator that it was time to kneel. I leaned toward Scott and said, "not us..." then my heart started beating faster than normal. Nearly everyone around us were on their knees, and we were standing in plain site. There were a few in the midst of the service that were on their feet also, and Anthony far behind us was standing tall as well. Some of our African friends were physically pulled down either on their knees, or to squatting or sitting positions.

It was intense. I can see now in a slight way what it may have been like for the three worthies in Babylon, "Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego," as it was said, "these men, O king, have not regarded thee: they serve not thy gods, nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up" (Daniel 3:12).

Later that day I was able to share fourteen minutes and thirty seconds from Revelation 13:1, and the crowd loved it! They were wanting more. The cardinals I could see were not as impressed...

Philippines Next

I've been invited many times to the Philippines, but I have never been able to organize a trip to go there. This time I was invited to come to a training school in May by David Sims and will be teaching for a week on the book of Revelation. The time difference is 12 hours... yikes.

Breaking Down a Door

No, really. Returning a rental car in Arizona a few weeks ago (having left at 4:30 am) I found myself being asked by the manager to break in to the office where all the keys for the bus were held. We were inside the building already, but the office door was locked. "Sure! I'll try." Unable to pick the lock with a flimsy butterknife I asked if she wanted me to break the door in by

slamming into it beast mode. She agreed, so I did! The wood around the door handle shattered into several pieces on the other side when I hit the door with my shoulder and we were off in a few minutes in the same rental car that I had used, with the manager giving us a personal escort to the airport! Definitely one of the stranger car rental experiences I have had. 😎

A Letter from France

“Hello Brother Daniel,

I was born into an Adventist family in Switzerland, but a long time ago, when I fell in love, I lost the path that leads to Jesus. Out of love, I practiced Shia Islam for 13 years, wearing the veil. I had two children with whom I followed their father to Lebanon, where I lived for three years before losing my footing. I was unable to bring my children back with me to Switzerland because their father always threatened to take them away. By leaving them with him, I had the guarantee that I could visit them whenever I wanted. My return was driven by immense spiritual and emotional distress—coming back to God the Father was a matter of survival.

It took me 12 years to climb out of my emotional crater. The pain of being without my children was so deep that, in the end, I even resented God, turning away from Him once again. It was only when my children came back into my life that I found some comfort. But it was also on that day, feeling at peace, that I once again longed to return to God.

Almost 16 years ago today, when I returned to God, I felt the desire to testify to Muslims—to know how to reach them and bring them to Jesus, to know how to draw my children to Him as well. I have always prayed for them, that in His infinite love, God would unite us for eternity. I was attending an evangelical gathering of Muslims who had converted to Christianity. I was so touched by listening to the hymns sung in Arabic that I looked at them and thought how lucky they were to be able to feel so much love for God. It was then that I heard a voice in my head saying to me: “You too are loved.” I was taken aback; it was a man's voice that really didn't come from me.

It was also around this time that I discovered that Adventists and other Christians believed in the Trinity. What a surprise for me because it was a concept I had never integrated or approached in my younger years. I grew up with God the Father and Jesus his Son. I never imagined that the words of the Bible could have another meaning. Since then, I haven't grown much spiritually—neither personally nor in my outreach to Muslims. My children know that I pray for them. I know that the devil is relentless in keeping us inactive and spiritually poor... I turn to you to ask if you have any advice or experiences to share with me.

I gave my heart to Jesus when I was a child. I remember the childlike trust I had in Him through prayer, but my grandmother passed away when I was 12. I had prayed so much for her healing,

and no adult dared to prepare me for her departure. It broke my child's heart and shattered my trust in God so deeply that I have never truly been able to reconnect with Him, despite my desire to. From this wound stemmed all the emotional choices of my life. Unable to lean on God, I chose to lean on men instead...

Today, I am still searching for the presence of God the Father... Your love for God the Father and His Son Jesus is beautiful; it is a true encouragement to me. I am writing to you in French, and I hope that you will still be able to respond.

May God bless you. 🙏”

I asked this dear sister if I could share her letter, and she was happy that she could potentially bless someone like you.

Publishing Work in Uganda

I am scheduled for a trip to Uganda since last year while meeting with some of the brethren in Kenya. They have a printing work, so we've been able to help with a book stamp and cutter. Others have gone there before this, and I am simply carrying on a work that has already been started. Pray for the people there, just as in so many other places.

A Dream from God?

This comment came in through the Rwd website a bit ago:

“This may make no sense to you at all but last night I went sleep with thoughts about the problems I had with the so-called Trinity. In my sleep I had a strange dream that I was observing conflicts in a work place setting, offices really, that were un-failure to me. And woke up with a name from that dream still in my head "Dan Mesa". I have never heard of anyone named Dan Mesa so I looked him up and the first thing I saw was this "Official Statement regarding Daniel Mesa and Secrets Unsealed". I said to my self, "well that's strange, I need to know more". Then the next thing I found was your post "How and Why I was Disfellowshipped from the Seventh-day Adventist Church" and I was entranced. Then I read through the 307 Bible verses that help explain the relationship between God the Father and His Son. Finally I watched a video and it has given me a new insight on the issue. I just wanted you to know that I think that something directed me to your message for a reason, strange as it sounds. And if I was directed to you, then



the 'director' must have thought you had good information which may be of some encouragement to you. There was one other reference in my dream that makes reference to a Castle of fortified position connected to "Daniel" - but I could not make any sense out of that directly. That's really all I have to say, but I also wish for you great success in your service to others.” ***Amen!***

The Pope of Geneva

At a Pentecostal church they introduced an elderly man in a bright pink priest robe as the "pope" of one of the denominations in this country of Kenya, Geneva. I was excited that he would be with us, and looking over to see what he was thinking (while Scott was preaching), I saw that he was fast asleep. 😴 Soon thereafter he was taking notes. 🙌

A few days later he found his way to our hotel. He couldn't speak our language, but I was told he was so impressed with the messages he had heard from us that he wanted to come and visit. We purchased a meal for him, sat and ate, and was so blessed to know that over all the years he had been a minister, he had never learned of Jesus, the son of God, until being with us, and we were also able to give him his first Bible! Wha!?

Witnessing While Traveling

I cannot pretend to remember all the times I have been in a public place sharing with somebody about God, the Bible, the son of God, the trinity, or some other topic that is relevant to people coming closer to God's truth.

Sitting on planes, speaking with people next to me is a more than common occurrence, and just the other day I was in line with four young people. I made friends with them overhearing that they lived in Hawaii, and shortly thereafter they asked what I did. I mentioned that I was a Bible teacher and then led them through a verbal study on Revelation chapter 13, telling them what I had been able to share with the pope of the Legion of Mary just a few days earlier. They were very interested, and so were about 12 or 15 others who were standing right next to us in the same line, all of them listening with what seemed like great interest!

Just an hour later I was on the plane to come home. I sat next to an Indian man. He mentioned coming to America for the very first time, so I gave him some tips and tricks, then asked if he was a Bible student (having learned he was a Christian). He said he liked to listen to pastors, then I shared with him the importance of studying the Bible for himself. He agreed. Just behind us, there was a woman who put her head forward and said that she recognized me from being

online! She lives in another state here in America, and that let us to exchange numbers. I gave her the link for the five videos speaking on questions regarding God, His Son, His Spirit, and the trinity. Both the Indian man and she took the link and we have corresponded since.

That brings to my mind the beginning of that same flight. I saw a Seventh-day Adventist minister, given away by the bag he was holding, and so I sat next to him and asked a very simple question. After introducing myself, I said, "Is the trinity and a different understanding of God being spoken of often around here or is it not spoken of very much?" he immediately took offense and told me that I did didn't have a right to ask him such questions. I wondered why not, then he said I didn't even know him and how could I ask for statistics on something so broad. I assured him I wasn't asking for specific statistics, just his personal opinion and experience. He was very dogmatic that I was wrong in what I was doing, how I was claiming to have a better understanding, how when I told him that one things he said wasn't quite accurate that I was now the standard and I was unwilling to learn, etc., etc. Within a few moments, I realized that the conversation was not going to be good, so I told him it would be better if I just went back to sit where I was. He agreed, and then laughed with his friend that he had everything he needed. I heard him say those words. I said loudly with a bit of fire, "that sounds like a very Laodicean thing to say!" He was laughing with his friend when he when I said that, so he didn't hear it, for which I was thankful. 🙏

It was just after that that I met a oneness Pentecostal. He was kind, he was friendly, we talked about God in various ways. We differed, yet he was still very willing to speak with me and share his thoughts, listening to the thoughts that I have as well. I was astounded at the difference! I later learned that my friend Anthony that traveled with me to Kenya was able to sit with him in New York! They were able to talk together as well about various different things, so I was assured that God had put him within both of our paths, though Anthony in it and I did not fly on the same planes.

God has His people scattered abroad, and we are regularly led to them in His perfect plan...

Hearing from 4.35 Miles (7km) Away

The former Vicar from the Anglican Church named Absalom was with me in Kenya again. He mentioned how his wife, 7 km from the meeting location, had heard the sermons. He had come home from the meetings late in the evening. She asked what the latter rain meant. He asked what she was talking about, and she said the meetings that you were at... I heard them very clearly. He was wondering how, and she mentioned that it was loud because of the speakers we had. Knowing that 4.35 miles away from the meetings she had heard the sessions, we calculated that four or five other islands around that area must've heard the messages too!

RevelationWithDaniel

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