



שויתי ה' לנגדי תמיד

Visions of the Night

Received by HaRav Ariel bar Tzadok
Motzei Tu'B'Shvat 5767

Once upon a time??

In visions of the night, awake and asleep at the same time, after performing my regular service and midnight devotions, I again traveled to places far away and into times yet to come.

I saw so many things, much that was understood, and much that was explained, yet still more that remains a mystery. Not everything has been ordained; there is still time and room for change. Although the course of human events is fixed and history will proceed according to the ancient plan, the fates of individuals are still undetermined. What is to come will surely be devastating, and it will be quick. Much change will occur in a very short time and it will come from the skies. The very foundations of life and sanity will be shaken. Everything that we know and believe to be true will be challenged and will fundamentally change forever.

As I slept I could see myself flying in the air rising higher and higher, through the clouds to a place, I know not where, but to which I know I was summoned.

I saw myself in Jerusalem, before the holy wall, but this was not the wall I know from this world, this was the Wall Above. As I stood before it, it opened before me like a gate and brilliant light poured forth from within. Before me, I saw a stairway. As I ascended into the light, everything changed and I saw what looked like a man. I could not see the details of his face or any other identifying features, but I could see he looked like an ancient being. I stood there in silence and in anticipation. I waited to be spoken to; it felt like I waited a long time. Then as if the being could sense my impatience and confusion, he spoke to my mind in clear words.

Almost amused with me he said, *"You must share what you see; you will not be believed, but this is not important; witness must be made, and you have been chosen."* In a spirit of mixed seriousness, anticipation and amusement, I acknowledged this charge. I say I was amused because it felt like the moment was rather melodramatic, like something out of a fantasy. I sense the being also picked up on how I was feeling and I received from him a sense of warmth and protection, as if we were just going through the motions instead of having a moment of such profound significance.

Again, the scene around me changed and it appeared as if I was hovering over the earth looking down upon it from space. In my hands, I saw what appeared to be both a



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pen and a pad. I heard the familiar voice say to me, write what you see. I will put the words in your mind and guide your hand to write.

It appeared as if a large number of shooting stars were falling down from space and striking the Earth. Each time one hit there was a flash of light, yet no sound. I thought to myself, am I seeing a coming atomic war, are these nuclear bombs exploding? I could then hear the voice of that ancient being speaking to me, as if he was inside my head and knowing my every thought.

"These lights you see are not what you think; rather they are what they are. These are the fallen ones of old, who came here long ago and were banished, washed away in the waters of the ancient flood. For a long time they have desired to return and take their revenge on Heaven by harming humankind. They have now returned and have been amongst your people for more than a generation. On the outside, they appear as do all humans, but on the inside, they are the fallen ones, the ones of old who have come back to continue their rebellion and to capture the Earth with the intent to hold it and its human soul's hostage. Their plan is well under way and almost all souls are presently under their dominion. Indeed, many of your world's leaders serve them with a combination of both fear and devotion. They all know the great Armada of Heaven has already launched and is presently in transit. They know they have only a few short years left to complete their plans. Heaven has allowed their rebellion to ferment and to be established. They pose no difficulty to Heaven and their power will be broken in a moment. Humanity is subject to this to teach them that in the end to serve the fallen ones will bring them nothing but pain and suffering. As it was in ancient Egypt, the exile of the 50 comes before the redemption of 52. Only the man who embraces the daughter can be called the son. Humanity will learn this great lesson only after the great burn to come. Those who survive will cry out for help, knowing how they have become imprisoned. Know that the fallen ones are among you and it is they and no human power that is in control of planet Earth."

I could see myself writing these words as they were being spoken into my mind. I thought this was all a dream, at least until I woke up and saw that I had actually scribbled all these works on some sheets of paper that I do not remember how I retrieved from my office. I must continue...

I could again see myself in Jerusalem, walking the streets, looking at people. Some people looked rather holy and special, yet for some odd reason, they appeared to be like the fictitious Hobbits, they appeared half the size of normal people. Again, the familiar voice spoke to me and said, "See before you the righteous of Heaven, here on



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Earth they are small, weak and insignificant. This is their protection and strength, in that they avoid being noticed by the present powers that be. Concealment is the key to survival; those who know how to conceal their powers and themselves will be unnoticed in the coming purge and will survive to become the leaders of the new day."

These words struck me with such profound conviction. I now had a brilliant revelation why so many masters of Torah were so unknown. Now I understood why so many of my teachers refused to teach publicly or to draw attention to themselves. They intended to remain anonymous and by doing so, they remained free to pursue their work. This all made total sense to me and, in a way; I mourned not making that same decision myself.

I could see myself moving through Jerusalem. Yet, it was as if I was moving without walking. The sensation seemed strange; but I was there to go along for the ride, so I did not allow myself the distraction of the moment. I had a feeling if I allowed myself to pay attention to how I was moving I would miss the point of where I was being taken. I focused my attention and then I saw him.

I was no longer in Jerusalem, as I entered a long dark hallway into an inner room in a building in a city I know all too well. Inside there he was, surrounded by a very small group of students, maybe less than a minyan in number. I saw the deep harsh, yet royal tone to his face, the intense color and look of his eyes, he imbued kingship. Yet, here he was far from Israel in a place unseen and clearly unknown to all around him. He noticed me as I recognized him. It seemed as if he had always known me and was revealing to me his whereabouts, for I would have need of this information in short time.

He spoke to me, this time with real words, and told me what it is that I must do. Mind you, he did not ask me, nor did he order me, he simply spoke in a matter of fact way and I automatically sensed the truth of what he spoke. He was in hiding, disguised; no one will ever find him until he himself wishes to make himself known.

Then, there came a great storm, rushing waters, like a tidal wave. The city was literally being washed away, taken to the bottom of the sea. He sat in his hiding place with his students in complete calm. Although some of them began to raise alarm, he quieted them and said, wait and watch. Suddenly they just simply vanished. Together as a whole, he took his people out from before the floods by what I could only call kefitzat haderekh. He opened a portal in space and simply went from one space to another. I knew that he was returning to Aretz. His time to be revealed was at hand.



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As he left and went his way, I saw myself going mine. Many things were shown to me, those that I am allowed to reveal I have done so. Yet, there are so many more details that I was clearly told to conceal. I did not need to ask why, that answer I already knew. What this vision left me with was a clear sense of the reality of our times and what we all need to do to get through it.

Heaven has already ordained the future course for mankind. The coming of Mashiah will soon be at hand. Yet, not as fast as many think. Great upheavals must come first, and then a rebuilding. Only after the rebuilding, will the Armada arrive. For the great war will come only for the sake of the rebuilding. While the survivors will be led to believe that the rebuilding is the redemption. Indeed, it will be nothing other than the 50th chain of slavery around our necks. Beware of technology, it is the Pharaoh of our day, he who will capture and hold knowledge in prison through the implant under the flesh.

The entire world will be turned against the Torah, Israel and anything associated with Heaven, and the great deception is that this will all be done in the name of G-d and Heaven. Truth will be reversed. Those who are fallen will be called holy and the holy will be called the enemy. The entire world will unite to stop their advancement. The whole world will be led to believe that the Armada of Heaven is not an army of redemption, but an army of conquest. In a way, this is true. Yet, their purpose is to release humanity from their bondage. Yet, if the slaves chose to fight for their masters, then they will share their master's fate.

Mashiah will not rise up from the land, he will come in his own way, with his force that will overwhelm all who oppose him, those forces on the earth, under the earth and above the earth; he is able and prepared to conquer them all. Only then will we be free and given the eyes to see the true reality of all the forces that have kept our minds imprisoned. Until then, he remains safely anonymous, hidden from all eyes, expect from those whom he wishes to see.

Until this day, cultivate your personal connection with Heaven; this alone will save you, or the lack of this alone will seal your fate. I am not allowed to share more, regardless of however much I wish to. I have already said too much. Those with understanding will perceive all the hints I have made throughout this short work. Those who do not, so be it. I was told that I would not be heard. Therefore I do not expect most reading this to understand. However, some will, those who least expect it and appear the most confused are the ones who will be reached.



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As for the arrogant who always think they understand, who always think they know; well, their knowledge comes to them from a source that will forever seal their fate. There is no talking to them, nor reaching them. I stay away from the arrogant and the know-it-alls. Let them have their delusions, as for me, I must live in reality; a reality which very few are willing to see, and even fewer know what to do with it.

The end will indeed come, yet, not so quickly. Prepare yourselves psychically, spiritually, intellectually, emotionally and physically for the long haul. Do not grow impatient. Do not seek human salvation, for even when it comes it is destined to fail. This too is part of the great test. Do not be distracted by false signs, for they will abound.

Separate, focus, surrender, and cultivate the intuitive knowledge of the Will of Heaven. This is the key. Heed it well. As for the rest who have ears but do not hear and eyes but chose not to see; smile at them and flatter them. Patronize them and then at first opportunity, flee. Distance yourself in all ways from those who by their very nature will bring you down into the depths of despair and defeat.

Do not try to save the world, work upon saving yourselves instead. The fate of the world is sealed, your fate, however, is still in your hands. These are the words spoken to me and which were written through my hand. I have now fulfilled my obligation. It is now up to you to choose your course.