

When God Took the Mic: A Divine Message Through Me

Introduction: The Moment God Spoke Through Me

There are moments in life when time slows down, when thought pauses, and something greater begins to speak through us. This wasn't a planned essay. It wasn't even a blog post I sat down to write. It began as a tribute to my mother—and somewhere between the first sentence and the flood that followed, I felt God take the mic.

This was not my voice alone. I was simply the vessel.

The words that poured through me came with clarity, fire, and divine rhythm. I could not stop them, nor did I want to. This was a sacred moment. It became more than a story. It became a transmission—and now, it belongs to you too.

The Flow of Divine Wisdom

As I began to speak about my mother, Lucille, my mind stepped aside, and my soul came forward. What flowed was not a neatly organized narrative, but a river of truth—spoken from spirit.

God used my mouth. My voice. My heart. And through me, He spoke about the state of the world. About media manipulation. About how we are led by systems that feed on fear, not truth. And yet, even in that darkness, He reminded me—and all of us—of one eternal truth:

We are never disconnected from God. Only distracted.

That distraction, for many, is the loud voice of the world. But when we go inward—when we strip away the noise—we find that God is not silent. He's just waiting.

Healing Through Words

As the words came through, I found myself both emptied and filled.

Emptied of old ideas. Emptied of illusions. Emptied of stories that were never mine to carry.

And filled... with peace. With purpose. With remembrance.

This outpouring healed something in me. It reminded me that I'm not crazy, and I'm not alone. That I was born for this time. That what I'm feeling—what I've always felt—is real.

The veil has lifted, and we are being asked to see clearly.

A Call to Remember Who We Are

The world is changing. Rapidly. And there are two paths before us: one that leads deeper into the matrix, and one that leads back to God.

This message is not just about my mother. Or me. It's about all of us.

You are not here by accident. If you're reading this, it's because something inside you is waking up. Maybe it's been whispering for years. Maybe it's shouting now. Either way, this is your call to remember:

You are not here to survive.
You are here to awaken.

You are divine. You are powerful. And you do not need permission to reconnect with Source. All you need is willingness.

Closing: From My Soul to Yours

This message may stir something inside you. It may confirm what you've long suspected but were afraid to believe. Or it may simply be a mirror.

However it reaches you, I want you to know this:

You are not broken. You are not lost. You are not behind.

You are waking up.

Let God take the mic in your life. Let love take the lead. Let silence speak. And when the words begin to flow—don't stop them.

The world needs your voice.

With all my heart,
Kenny, The Locksmith
Messenger of Light