

Revelation One: The Letter from Juan, Written in Chains

Just as John was imprisoned on the Isle of Patmos, Juan finds himself in similar circumstances. We never know precisely what led to John's incarceration, so leaving questions about Juan unanswered is intentional. This is where the voice of the reimagined prophet first pierces the silence. Juan speaks not from mysticism, but from incarceration--calling out across steel bars and systemic erasure to anyone who still remembers how to listen.

This is the revelation given to me, not by presidents or pastors,
but by the One they could not kill. The message came through
silence and steel, and the command was simple:

Write what you see. Let no one bury it.

I see what they want forgotten.

The cages, the raids, the bribes, and the betrayals.

But I am not just a witness.

I am living proof that truth can survive the storm.

To the ones not yet crushed, if

you still have ears, use them.

If you still have breath, speak.

Because the reckoning is not coming.

It is already here.

To the seven cities that have not bowed to the beast:

New York. Chicago. Los Angeles. Seattle.

San Francisco. Austin. Philadelphia.

This is your brother, Juan, writing from a prison they say does not exist.

I was thrown in a cage because of my Latino blood and heritage,
imprisoned for laboring at wages they scorned.

The empire called me a threat to its freedom,

Yet I only asked for sanctuary.

They caged my body, but my truth stays unchained.

Peace to you

from the One who has never belonged to kings.
From the one who was here before the
empires rose and will be here when the
empires are ash.

And from Jesus, the man, the rebel, the risen.
He was killed for being too dangerous to ignore.
And still, he stands.
Not with the powerful,
but as always, with the forsaken.

Jesus did not offer hope to tame us.
He called us to become the kingdom.
Not to rule over others,
but to stand beside one another.

We are the fire now.
We are the altar and the uprising.

Look up.
Truth is coming!
Not with missiles and drones but with eyes
that see through all lies.
Even those who ordered the detentions will witness it.
Even those who looked away will weep.
He said:

“I am the first word and the final silence.
I was here for millennia before your flags.
I will be here millennia after your borders.”

I am Juan, Your brother.
Your companion in captivity,