

## Revelation One: The Letter from Juan, Written in Chains

*Just as John was in captivity on the Isle of Patmos, Juan finds himself in similar circumstances. We never know precisely what led to John's captivity, so leaving questions about Juan unanswered is intentional. This is where humanity speaks through the voice of the reimagined prophet. Juan speaks not from mysticism but from reality. The message is being sent from behind steel bars, not only to people enduring systemic persecution but to anyone who still listens.*

This is the revelation given to me —  
not by presidents or pastors,  
but by the One they could not kill.

The message came through anguish and suffering;  
the command was simple:  
Write what you see. Let no one bury it.

I am the one who sees what they want to be forgotten.  
The cages, the raids, the bribes, and the betrayals.  
But I am not just a witness.  
I am living proof that we are the truth.  
The truth that can survive the storm.

To those who have not yet been targeted —  
if you still have ears,

listen.

If you have breath,

it is time to speak. ●

Because the reckoning is not coming.

It is already here.

To the seven of the 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 who I represent.

I was already laboring for miserable wages

But they still scorned me.

Empires call us a threat to their security,

When we only seek sanctuary.

They caged my body,

but my truth stays unchained.

Peace to you—

from the One who has never bowed to kings.

From the one who was here before the empires rose—

and who will be here when the empires are ash.

And from Jesus, the man, the rebel, the risen.

He was killed for sharing a message 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

and care for one another.

We are the fire now.

We are the altar and the uprising.

Look up.

Truth is coming!

Not through media outlets and podcasts

but by eyes that see through all lies.

Even those who ordered the detentions will witness it.

Even those who chose to look 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,  
in survival,  
in the hope that refuses to die.

They did not throw me in here for anything I said or did.  
They threw me in here for being who I am.  
For being a man who wants the freedom to live.  
To live free of hatred and harassment driven by the  
inhumane.

I was in prayer  
when I heard it —  
a sound like prison gates collapsing.  
Not like thunder. ●  
Something deeper.

Like a voice who remembered me.

It said:

“Write what you see.  
Please send it to these cities  
who are among those still standing:  
New York. Chicago. Los Angeles. Seattle.  
San Francisco. Austin. Philadelphia.