

PROPHETIC WHISPERS
Including
The Black Sun Prophecy

Revelations6:12

**I saw when he opened the sixth seal, and
there was a great earthquake. The sun became
black as sackcloth made of hair, and the
whole moon became as blood.**

By
Sistah Sharon Roach

The sun of our age is preparing
to sail into the mystical lands of
the western shores and abodes
of the ever distant celestial sky.

The light that brings truth, illumination
Of the mind and energy to the bone
is beginning to dim as the age of
the black sun descends upon us.

Word to the Spiritual

The light of the nation is slowly going out as the age of the black sun descends upon us and those who hold the light of God within them will have to fight harder to keep from being extinguished altogether. A time is coming when the strength, discipline and courage of the inner-spirit will be put to a test. The wheat will be separated from the tare as the religious lukewarm people fall to the wayside, having no substance or foundation in God, while the spiritual rise to the top to become beacons of light and hope in a world of darkness and fear.

For many year our nation has been under the illumination of a bright sun, a sun which brings growth and life but also burns and scorches. The years have brought no balance between the two aspects of our sun, bringing about a history of distortions. These disparities have slowly opened a new doorway upon our nation, a door way to darkness and chaos, but only for a while. What waits behind this new moment of darkness and chaos is something even more sinister, the age of the Black Sun.

My eyes behold a sight not seen since ancient times, yet here I stand a mortal watching, mesmerized the passing of an age. I see the ships of the ages sailing slowly away into distant unknown lands upon the celestial sphere and a sense of foreboding envelops me because they carry our present age.

God gave me a vision into the future that has been engraved into my soul. Years have come and gone but still the vitality of this vision vexes me. At the time I only shared it with a good friend, how they took it or me, I don't know. One thing I do know is that the vision was not a dream or a figment of my imagination; it was real and as terrifying today as it was back then.

God gave me this vision for a reason and I've kept it locked inside of me all these years. Now it's time to share it with the world knowing full well that only the spiritually minded will be able to understand or appreciate its true meaning. The rest of the world can doubt, laugh, mock or whatever it likes to do but I'm

satisfied because I have fulfilled this mission.

The days, the years all become one with the essence of time in the cosmic order of the Creator. What seems simple is actually part of an unknown complex algorithm far too advanced for the mortal mind to comprehend. Yet, in our simplistic world we have developed crude mortal ways to measure what we call time, to explain what we call sunrise and sunset. On the other side of the universe in some distant space the other end of what we call time, sunrise and sunset is played out in all of its difficulties of understanding. Every so often God gives us a glimpse into this unknown sphere and it's in these rare moments that we realize the enormity of what we choose to call "God".

No eyes can come away from views like this unscathed. No mind can ever think the same after experiences like this or conform to the mortal world's thinking. A mark is left that lasts a life time and sometimes proves hard to reconcile with the world.

There are many who have claimed to touch the sacred sphere of God through

dreams, visitations and visions but the fruits of their experiences are material gain, fame among man and self edification. Who can dare walk away from a moment with the Divine and not be changed forever? Instead of material gain you want higher spirituality. Encounters with God make you see the irrelevancy of worldly goods and the importance of what money cannot buy. The fame mankind can give you is nothing when compared to a glimpse of the immortal world of God and after seeing that God is real you have a driven desire to promote God over self.

I truly know that God is real and that life is not a game but a precious gift from the Divine. Beyond the physical eyes is a wondrous world of things to behold, a spiritual world stretching beyond the confines of a planet or even a universe. It's a blessing to be able to glimpse into this sacred world it gives new hope, vision and determination to succeed spiritually.

Let all who have the spirit of God within them read these words and have confirmation that God is real. Let all who read this who don't believe in God be grasped by the spirit, their eyes unveiled and their understanding

unlocked so that the light of God may shine through their life. May the power of God bear witness to what I write here? May the words be edification to the one supreme God who gave me this vision?

PROPHETIC WHISPERS

The following are revelations God has given me in my spirit to share with the world. May the world be blessed by what is wrote here and the Supreme Creator be edified among all mankind through this work.

THE BLACK SUN PROPHECY

Joel 2:30, 31

I will show wonders in the heavens and in the earth: Blood, fire, and pillars of smoke. The sun will be turned into darkness, and the moon into blood, before the great and terrible day of Yahweh comes.

On this side of life I reside in Washington DC the nation's capital, I call it the belly of the beast. The great whore called Babylon sits upon this city like a queen. The wine of abomination held in her famed cup dribbles down upon the inhabitants of the capital as she sways and slouches in her drunkenness. Through the physical eyes this is a city of mechanical workings, the government operates upon its designated cogwheels, the District's government turning as it should and commerce and banking running the world as it has for many years. It is a giant machine each cogwheel dependent on another, global empires feeding the motors, growing technology refining each circuit to a perfected art.

This is the new Babel that man has built through the illuminations of his own mind. This is what the world has come to rely on, each individual life dependent upon a cogwheel's turn within this monstrous machine called the beast.

So much potential and promise the hands of man have built so much power over the world they have collected and wielded. The engineers of this global beast are looked upon as gods because

they have the power to either destroy or build up. Their minds border on insanity from their vast concentration of power, drunken from the unquenchable thirst for self edification and aggrandizement. Their wicked minds have long left reality and operate in a world of grand illusions. Their evil edicts seem masterful and grand but to those on the lower end of their spectrum, the edicts are poverty, enslavement and death.

Those of us on the lower end of the machine cannot see all the tiers of controls, that are operating above us, we only see our seemingly smooth operating world of promising, posturing politicians; thundering and redeeming religious worlds; mechanical jobs and mundane lives behind this backdrop of a bubble lies an uncontrollable chaos called the Black Sun.

This is the prophecy of the Black Sun a chaotic entity that is threatening to engulf our world. No mortal hands can control it or mortal mind fully understand it, some call it the wrath of God while others call it chaos. The ancients have seen it in all of its devastating power, they have watched

whole worlds end and new ones begin from the wreckage of the Black Sun. The eyes that behold this awesome power of God is both cursed and blessed forever.

The Black Sun will come when man has elevated himself to the highest of illusions, when the god within is allowed to become a god without, claiming immortality and other sacred things flesh and blood can never know. All men can aspire to grasp the unknown, to become the supreme and to behold the untamable power of the cosmos but once the flesh is allowed to cross this sacred boundary a ripple is sent throughout all creation and the perfect cosmic order is disturbed. Time becomes immeasurable, the sun travels backwards, illumination returns to ignorance and what was once light becomes darkness again. The machine that man has created goes off balance, breaks down and the world in which we see and live becomes strange and scary.

I was taken to a place in Washington DC down in the southwest area by the Anacostia River. All around me was massive machine like buildings sitting upon a concrete courtyard. I looked

around me taking in the monstrous modernization that seemed as if it were trying to swallow me. I noticed the sky was a dark grey as if a great storm was about to come. I felt a chill go up my spine and my body shuddered at an unknown, unseen danger.

There was no life around me, not a fish in the water, a bird in the sky, not even a gnat buzzing, all was lifeless. I thought it quiet odd that in this industrial setting there were no workers. All life forms had abandoned this strange space and the only thing breathing was the monotonous humming of the machines. I walked around looking for any sign of life but found none, so I sat by the rail road tracks not knowing what to do.

A train slowly approached and although it was close it seemed so very far away. I watched it pass slowly before my eyes but then something caught my eye in one of the freight cars. I saw people in one of the freight cars it looked as if they were stowaways hiding in the shadows of the cars. They seemed to be crouching in fear, clinging to one another. I seen guards in black clothing carrying weapons

posted on and around the freight cars, hanging on to the slow train. I hid in the bushes and at the end of the procession of cars while the guards were looking out on the horizon behind them I jumped into an empty car.

There I sat in the shadows of that car scared to breath, scared to move an inch. I rode the car until it came to a stop in a little clearing amongst some tree's and shrubs. Quickly I leaped from the car into the bushes and waited to see what was going on. My spirit did not trust these guards. I watched as they began to search the cars crying out for stragglers to come forward. They offered help, food and protection and guidance to a safer place. Slowly the frightened people began to hop out of the freight cards one by one and the guards greeted them with smiles and pats on the back. The people begin to sigh with relief and ask questions to the guards.

All of a sudden without warning the guards begin to step back from the people positioning themselves in front of them and they pointed their weapons and begin to massacre the people, killing all of the people, killing all of them until a bloody pool formed upon the ground. I watched as mothers

with babies were sprayed with bullets, old men crouching trying to protect themselves and children screaming trying to run for cover. I sat in the bushes shivering and crying at what my eyes had just beheld. I was taken up from this location and in a twinkling of an eye was placed by a roadside. I begin to walk came upon the highway and walked until I met some people waiting at a bus stop. They were murmuring impatiently, talking amongst themselves anxiously. It became apparent to me that I could see them but they could not see or hear me. Some of them had deep looks of worry upon their faces as they anxiously watched the highway for the bus. Finally the bus came and the people boarded quickly. The bus moved slowly through the jammed traffic but eventually made its way up the hill past the hospital.

The further we moved into town the worse the traffic became and people were running about pulling luggage, packs and bags. I heard screams and yelling horns blowing and tires screeching. The people on the bus became panicky calling loved ones and talking fast and fearful. We appeared at the top of a hill still stuck in traffic and I could look down and see

the Anacostia Subway Station below it was packed with what looked like thousands of people crowding and shoving trying to get both in and out of it. It was a sight of pure chaos and at the sight of this, people on the bus began to get off and run down the hill towards the subway and the beltway.

A white being appeared at my side like an elderly white man with white hair. He had a calm gentle look about him as he looked at me. I knew I was in the presence of a heavenly host and so I remained silent. I watched with curiosity and fear as the host pulled from his clothing a white paper. He held the paper up and began to read off a list of the subways that had been destroyed and as he read I heard the loud explosion of a bomb coming from somewhere in the city. After he read his list he began to walk among the people saving souls from death. He moved with the quickness of lightening zipping from car to car, I lost sight of him as he moved into the Chaos.

I looked around me at the terrible landscape before me and my heart wept for all of the innocent people injured and dead. In all of my days I had never seen a sky so red with billows

of black reddish smoke cascading everywhere. There was no sun in sight. For a moment I thought I was in hell as I listened to the screams, cries and crashing that seemed to be coming from the four corners of the city and breathed the smell of burning flesh. I closed my eyes in pain and sorrow for mankind.

I found myself instantly back in my bedroom staring at the darkness around me, listening to the sound of silence, at that moment it seemed as if the whole world had come to a stand still. I prayed to God as my heart pounded in fear and found solace in reading Psalms 91:

1 He that dwelled in the secret place of the most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

2 I will say of the LORD, He is my refuge and my fortress: my God; in him will I trust.

3 Surely he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, and from the noisome pestilence.

4 He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust: his truth shall be thy shield and buckler.

5 Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day;

6 Nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness; nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday.

7 A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee.

8 Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold and see the reward of the wicked.

9 Because thou hast made the LORD, which is my refuge, even the most High, thy habitation;

10 There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling.

11 For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.

12 They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.

13 Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder: the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under feet.

14 Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him: I will set him on high, because he hath known my name.

15 He shall call upon me, and I will answer him: I will be with him in trouble; I will deliver him, and honour him.

16 With long life will I satisfy him, and shew him my salvation.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Sistah Sharon is a spiritual woman of God, an unconventional spiritual leader in these uncertain times who instead of following the dictates of man adheres to the instructions of God. Author, evangelist and counselor her spiritual mission is to edify God among man and help individuals become more spiritual in their lives.

Sistah Sharon is the author of "America in Prophecy 2009-2018" and the monthly email newsletter, Sistah Sharon's Prophecy Digest. She is a patron of the global religious tolerance movement. She is the founder of the global Sacred Prayer Circle.

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