



Mr. Wayne's BIO:

Born autistic and the second oldest of the four Gibson brothers in Greenville, Mississippi, the urban mystic, Mr. Wayne, is the baddest man in the world in *his* Consciousness.

Mr. Wayne never knew his father and his mother did her best.

He has two daughters, two goddaughters, and hundreds of mentees.

Mr. Wayne prefers to be called 'Mr. Wayne' because that's what the kids call him.

Consequently, for government and business matters, please use WAYNE GIBSON.

As for Education and Certification, Mr. Wayne attended many Universities of higher learning and has many college hours in several human fields of study including Psychology, Philosophy, Criminal Justice, Media Arts, Theology, Hypnotherapy, etc.

For the United States of American Country Duty,

Mr. Wayne was a Combat Medical Specialist for the United States of American Army.

He is now an Honorably Discharged Disabled Veteran that suffered loss of vision, body afflictions, and a traumatic brain injury while serving.

For United States of American Citizenship Civic Duty,

Mr. Wayne is a former Los Angeles Juvenile Probation Department VISTO Program Member, a former California and Mississippi Juvenile Justice Committees Member, and a former L. A. County DCFS Community Cultural Broker.

For Faith-Based credentials and works,

Mr. Wayne became a youth minister at Christian Church Port Arthur, Texas in 2004, and in 2017 started the study of Theology at Religious Monasteries and Catholic Seminaries.

He is now a servant of the Lord that's a light-warrior committed to serving orphans, widows, and the children of God.

Mr. Wayne went from being born a low functioning autistic little chocolate child, to becoming high functioning autistic grown Black man that's a servant of the Lord. Test him. He insists.

And the Founder, President, & CEO of 501(c)(3) New Conscious Guardians, Inc.

For Consciousness Consultations, you can contact **Mr. Wayne** with either of the sources below.

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These are the accounts, encounters, visions, dreams, feelings,
and prophecies of the urban mystic, Mr. Wayne
that are told exactly as I can remember.

I was born September 22, 1966, in Greenville, Mississippi. When I was nine years old, my first supernatural experience involved a giant peppermint stick, which I licked on, sucked on, and ate on for two+ days until I got extremely sick.

It was probably of the sugar poisoning they call Glucotoxicity. Throughout the days, for days, I experienced horrible suffering and severe pain. In the nights, I'd get so exhausted and fall to sleep only to wake up in a dark dimension where I was tormented by hideous female-like demonic entities drenched in black slim attacking me in a pitch-black empty place.

In a conversation in 1990, mom says I was suffering for days, DIED, and then suddenly opened my eyes and woke up. I remember her face when I woke up. She was shocked.

Nothing ever shocked my mother, and especially not at me.

I found out that I'm possibly the product of incest or some messing around that shouldn't have. *

1999:

My first important vision as an adult, was me lying on the couch in my mom's apartment in Port Arthur, TX. I got a strong force to call Groves Police Department. My daughter's mother, Stacie was attempting to file assault charges on me because she was still mad after weeks of us getting into an altercation about her dropping our child off to me sick.

I called the Groves Police. When I asked the officer was there anyone attempt to charge me with anything, he stated that my child's mother was on her way to the station. Stacie was very shocked to see me at the police station when she got there. If I would have been charged with assault, I would NOT have been able to open a youth nonprofit. *

Stacie knows I'm a seer – now. She used to visit psychics. Go figure. And there was that time when her psychic had me kicked out the house, because the psychic said she saw me cheating. Her psychic was wrong. I wasn't cheating. Flirting too much? Yes, but NOT cheating.

Weeks later, Stacie knocks on my apartment door late at night. She was crying and said something came upon her while she was lying in her bed, and it was still on her. I instantly felt horrific dark energy of something. It was a very powerful dark force. I rebuked It in the name of Jesus to leave. It did. A strong force of wind went through my momma's plant and out of a closed patio door, scaring the fuck out of me and her. She asked me did I see that? I stated, yes, I did. Then we did the nasty. Scared screwing is good. But I digress.

2004:

Lying in the bed that night with my 2nd baby's mother Nichole, we both heard a loud gunshot sound. It was like it came from right outside of our bedroom window. It came out of nowhere.

2004:

I was miserable and felt myself going into a dark depression. I couldn't explain it to my girlfriend Nikki, and hated the fact that she thought it was because of her. I couldn't sleep. I stop eating. I had no desire for sex. I felt sick all the days and had lots of blood in my stool.

Coming home from work one day, Nichole was on the phone, as usual. But this time I felt something strange. I decided to make a statement to see if I was feeling what I thought I was.

I said something to matter of, "Tell your boyfriend it's disrespectful to call my home when your man is at home." Nichole froze in place, her face turned to shock, and she stated that it was not what I thought it was and her and the guy were just talking.

I packed my things to leave and told her I don't care anymore, he could have her, and I only want to see my child. I discovered later that the guy was a married preacher. If they weren't screwing then, they started, because I found out they were sneaking around on his wife.

When I tried to pick up my daughter, Nichole made it very difficult. Suddenly within a few weeks, every time I went to hold Maddy, she would cry as if she was terrified of me.

I told Nichole I knew what she was doing, planting fear in the child, and I threatened to tell the Child Support Judge. But Nichole L. Johnson made a strong suggestion that she would falsely accuse me of child molestation if I kept trying to see my daughter. I didn't take her threat lightly.

April 2005: (The Year of the Rooster)

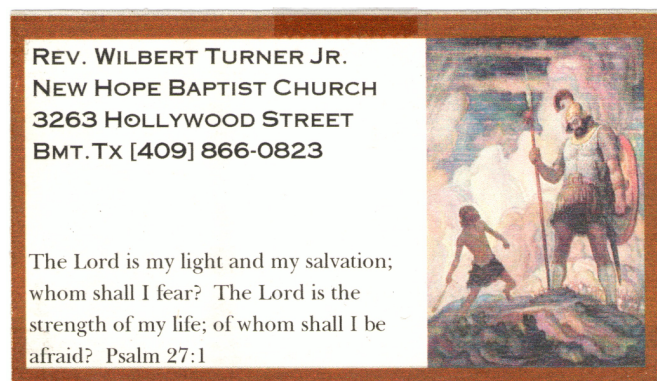
I bought a gun and planned to murder Nichole, but the voice within me asked me a question, "If you really LOVE your child, would you murder her mother? If honesty is on the table, my answer to that was - NO. So, I planned to commit suicide instead, but before I could pull the trigger, I heard a LOUD rooster's crow in my room. I was so bewildered, I didn't kill myself.

Update) On 19Apr2020:

I researched and discovered 2005 is/was the Chinese Zodiac year of the rooster) Wow.

My First Quatrain Letter:

Working at Lincare Inc., I saw a vision of co-worker Charmaine gossiping about me and trying to destroy my name and relationship with Lincare's oxygen delivery guy. She was mad because I wouldn't date her. I wrote a letter and saved it in the company van. The morning it happened, I gave the letter to the oxygen delivery guy, Rev. Wilbert Turner Jr. My then friend and goddaughter's daddy, Steve Thomas witnessed the event. Rev. Turner was shocked and stunned of the accuracy of what I had written in the letter. He said that I was blessed by God and gave me his card.



2005:

While teaching my goddaughter Jalesa how to drive, she informed me that she wanted to join the military, but her daddy was adamantly against it. While she was talking, I had the strong desire to give her a quote that I had heard a few times. It read... *"If I didn't define myself for myself, I would be crunched into other people's fantasies for me and eaten alive."* - Audre Lorde

Jalesa responded with an, "Uhm." I guess that set her free. The next thing I heard, was that she had joined the U. S. Navy, and her daddy Steve Thomas was mad at me. Really? Dude should NOT have asked me to be his daughter's Godfather if he didn't want me to be serious about it and side with her interest, NOT his.

And the nigga should be made at Audre Lorde. It was her words I used. *

2005:

In the summer of 2005, late May or June, I left Texas to go to CA after several visions of seeing me drowning. In August 2005, Hurricane Katrina hit New Orleans. In September of 2005 Hurricane Rita hit Southeast Texas where I used to live. I got a call from Steve Thomas saying the apartment where I lived was under water.

Hmmm. Okay, did you hear the sound. A hurricane came, the psychics drowned, but a mystic saw the water coming and got the fuck out of town. Just saying. *v*

2006:

For three years, I had visions of me living in California at a place I worked.

In June of 2006, I got hired as the Caregiver for the Woodley House of the Therapeutic Living Center for the Blind. It was a place I lived and worked. Wow. It was better than I imagined.

2007:

I was a student at Pierce College. Professor Jeffrey Cohen gave our class some type of Psychological Memory test. He read out a long list of numbers. He asked if anyone in the class could read the numbers back to him. I read ALL the numbers back to him. I had a feeling of being outside of myself and a part of everything. He was shocked, smiled, which was the first time I'd see him do that, and asked me, "How did you do that?" I told him, I thought I had to.

Professor Jeffrey Cohen was the best psychology professor I ever had.

2010:

I was single, but wrote a letter to my girlfriend, that I didn't have. Months later I met Gabriel Hilliard. We were intimate one night and I gave her the letter I wrote to her before I even knew her. She was stunned of the details in the letter and was very giving in the bedroom after that.

December of 2010:

I brought my girlfriend, Gabriel, to my last standup routine at the Laugh Factory Show. We met very funny Tiffany Haddish. People at the show stated that me and her were the funniest.

Me and Tiffany connected and began to call each other. During Christmas time, she revealed to me that she was homeless and living in her car. I took her to lunch at Cheese-Cake Factory on Ventura Blvd, CA, gave her a \$100, and prophesied to her that I saw her making it big one day.

She joked about me wanting some booty for giving her the money. I responded, NOPE. I told her she needed to stay focused, stay her, and she would be making many movies. We hugged goodbye, and I never heard from her again, until I saw her again in the movies.

2011:

Living in Woodland Hills, CA, I saw a vision that Stacie Mae Williams, my first daughter's mother, came to LA, and we would ride towards mountains. We didn't get along, so it was a stretch. But something happened. She came. We rode towards the mountains. We did the nasty. She left. She was so annoying; I was glad she was gone.

2011:

I got strange experience of people in Porter Ranch Wal-Mart reacting to me entering the store with a gun. A week later, Oct 14, 2011, police were called on a man with pellet gun in that Wal-mart.

2011:

I got the hunch to buy slip resistant shoes. A week later, Nov. 16, 2011, we had a very bad water leak from ceiling in home and when I stepped on the wet floor, I almost slipped and fell, if NOT for those slip resistant shoes I had just bought.

November 29, 2011:

I worked for The Therapeutic Living Center for the Blind. I had premonition not to throw away an extra Christmas tree the company bought. When my staff, Summer Whythe, came to work, I gave her the tree. She then stated that she just had a recent encounter with a woman with kids that wanted a Christmas tree. I told her it's for the kids.

2011:

Days before 5 June 12, in a vision, I saw a big spider on the wall.

I was about to take a shower and a big Black Widow spider almost got on me. Damn!

2011:

My friend Rachel called about her friend Michele possibly faking a pregnancy. Rachel was disgusted with Michele because the guy was her friend. She made me call Michele.

When I spoke with Michele, it was strange. The only way I could explain it to Rachel, was that I told her I could NOT feel a second spirit or soul while I was speaking with Michele.

Rachel said, she just knew it, and said, "That's my boy," and hurried off the phone to call the guy.

Many months later, Rachel discovered Michele was indeed faking a pregnancy to trap the dude.

October 19, 2011:

I had a nightmare of 2 Bullies in classroom never stop harassing me ...

October 25, 2011:

I had a dream of Stacie M. W. being assaulted by man in the dark ...

November 15, 2011:

I dreamed I had slipped down in a pit or marsh and could not pull myself up out of it ...

December 1, 2011:

Premonition - TLC Donna House Supervisor will fall from what they find out.

Update 2012: She did. They found out the TLC Donna House Supervisor was abusing the clients.

February 20, 2012:

In a dream, I got lost in a neighborhood in my home city Greenville, Mississippi and couldn't find my way out. Update: 2018, I moved back home to work with the kids, and I got lost driving around Greenville, Mississippi.

March 16, 2012:

Living in CA, I had a terrible dream of being burglarized and having great losses of items. on **March 28, 12** TLC Woodley House was burglarized by a former employee, but nothing of mine was taken.

April 3, 2012:

In a dream, I was walking in rain, a nice young white boy offered and gave me a ride... his daddy was rude and untrusting... not wanting him to do it...

April 8, 2012:

In a dream, I was in hospital waiting on them to come get me for surgery... decide to go for a walk and got lost in the building... ended up outside trying to get back to the floor... asked the nurse at the elevator outside what floor to go... she says **158**.

April 13, 2012:

In a dream, I was entering mall with Maddy and Nikki, and I see Troy Lee, who bullied me back in Elementary School. We exchange words... and I was NOT scared of him anymore.

June 23, 2012:

In a dream, me and Alan Sacks at some event and we get into it with a loudmouth and a big fight breaks out.

June 29, 2012:

In a dream, I looked out of a window and a tree is pulled up from the ground, striped of all branches a log was staying suspended in the air. It was a Hurricane. I saw water and wind all around... and a pretty Asian woman in a white dress in dire danger.

July 4, 2012:

In a dream, I was working at a Care House with a client who was NOT quite Developmentally Disabled. We have good relationship until I make a mistake and spill his medicine on the med cart. He turns on me and starts being rude. One of his sayings, "You've been slacking lately." we almost argue until he leaves. Then it's Mike Z's turn to get meds and he wouldn't shut up.

A month or so later, my employer, the Therapeutic Living Center for the Blind, brought in a client named Freddy Doty to our peaceful facility. He was aggressive, rude, loud, and cussing out everybody. But the only thing TLC cared about was the money they'd get for his behavior.

August 19, 2012:

In a dream, I'm at some type of meeting. Something like a senior resident meeting. I must be one of them. The seniors don't like the young brunette that's in charge of operations. They all stand against her and give her some type of report papers. They all get up and move to the other side of the room. I'm the only one that stays in place to supports her.

I can see me doing that. I'm loyal to a fault.

October 2012:

I was moving from CA back to TX to be with my daughters. I got exhausted and pulled over late in the night to rest. Arizona Highway Patrol Officer Cuen woke me up early that morning on the side of the road. He told me I was too close to the edge and didn't want someone to hit me. When having the conversation, I told him things I should NOT have known about him and his wife.

I drove away, and he pulled me over again, to asked me how the hell did I know what I did about his life and his sick wife? I told him I didn't know.

If I had to guess, he was a good man. His energy gave me sight to see into his life and read him. I was just the seer; he was the saint that day, with the thought of not wanting me to get hurt.



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December 2, 2013:

A dream: 1930s, 40s, 50s, or 60s era – ???

Black police officer (tall, slim, light skin) rapes and kills a young boy.

He may have rape and killed many young black kids. He was serial killer.

2013 - 2014:

After moving back to Texas to be with my daughter, Madisyn's mother, Nichole, was on the same wicked shit of limiting my access to my daughter and never attempting to reinforce the father daughter relationship. Feeling myself falling back into depression, I moved back to CA and was homeless for a stint before I got a job a Junior Blind of America working with foster kids.

Because of the stress of experiencing the stories of the children that had been harmed, and the sorry immature staff, I only lasted a few months before I had a dizzy spell and fainted.

At the hospital, after the medical test, the doctor advised me to find another means of employment because of my traumatic brain injury, the stress would make it worst.

I left JBA but kept going back to volunteer and do workshops with the kids and we put on a play. And after the play, the President and CEO of the Junior Blind, Miki Jordan, requested to meet with me, stating she had never seen something so wonderful involving the kids. In the meeting I informed her of my concerns about the staffing NOT being trained enough to handle the new type of kids that were being brought in. JBA was no longer just catering to sight impaired children, but now foster kids who were traumatized.

Miki Jordan and the rest of the room agreed with me, but they didn't change anything.

Miki Jordan even offered to donate \$1000 to my nonprofit because she heard I had spent over \$3000 of my own money producing the play, but she NEVER did.

In January of 2021, a 25-year-old youth counselor at Wayfinder Family Services, formerly the Junior Blind of America, was trying to break up a fight, when the kids turned on him and beat him to death. Sad. *

2017

After seeing my Facebook, my cousin John Braxton, who I hadn't seen in over 30 years, came to LA because he saw I had my own company and thought I was rich. I didn't know he was a drug head that had went to prison. I had only done marijuana but once in Texas with a girl named Amy. He begged me to go to the dispensary to get marijuana.

I gave in to my sorry ass cousin John, and we went and bought some weed. I bought a candy bar. Back at the house at the kitchen table, I broke the candy in half and ate it.

Later to find out that it was 75 milligrams, after consuming, it took a while. Then I heard a click sound on the right lower back side of my head. I started laughing and couldn't stop for hours. Worn out and exhausted, I lay on my bed and had an experience. I was alive without a body. I was aware of me traveling through black space.

I saw a quick vision of thousands of white or light grey-ish heads looking like they were all seated at their computers. There were other visions, but I can't seem to remember them. After the visions, I felt the need to communicate. I asked questions with my thoughts. Something answered them and IT was very clear and decisive.

Consciousness was alive and speaking to me within me?!?

2017:

I felt I was falling back into depression and thoughts of suicide because of the loss of my brother James Gibson, who died in 2015. I had a strong feeling to go hear the African mystic **Bro. Ishmael Tetteh** speak at Agape Spiritual Center.



I dragged myself out of bed and went. During his session, Bro. Ishmael said he felt powerful energy in the room and asked if there were any mystics in the room. I felt energized when he said that and confident enough to yell out, Yes! At that moment, I felt energy radiating through and from me. There was a young black guy seated to my right.

He began to start breathing hard, sweating, moving funny. I asked him was he alright. He says, yes, and he felt something unlike anything he'd ever felt before.

I had a strong urge to give him a message. I don't remember what I said to him.

Before I turned away to leave, something told me to ask him his name. He responded, James, and at that very moment, I felt the presence, or energy, of my brother James there with me. It was a wonderful experience, and it destroyed my thinking about depression and suicide.

(2017 - The Year of the **Rooster**) I started seminary training to become a priest.

2017:

I had a vision about Andra Day when I woke up. Played that song she sang, “Rise Up.”

Later that evening, I went to the laundry mat on Ventura Blvd and there she was. Andra Day was there at the laundry mat washing her clothes.

2017:

I was on a phone call with my daughter Ebony. Her friend Alexis and Stacie phones called me... but they said they didn’t dial me. Their phones just turned on and I was on the line.

All I know is that I wanted them to hear me talking to Ebony.

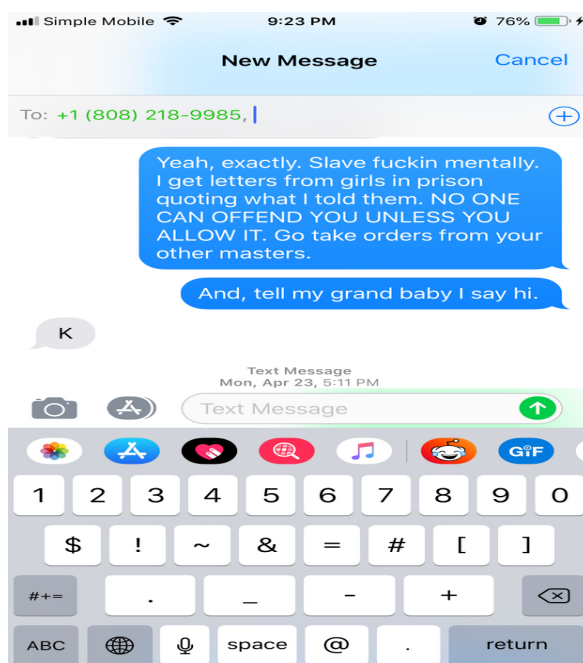
It was my first indication that I’m possibly able to move or manipulate energy. I don’t know. *

2018:

I smiled at the thought of a strong feeling my daughter Ebony pregnant. A baby was coming.

I even made a trip from Las Vegas to Houston, Texas to advise and enlighten Ebony and her boyfriend Sam, NOT to bring a baby into their chaos and dysfunction until they fix it.

They didn’t listen. And kept irresponsibly screwing.



2018:

I had a premonition about impending doom coming to Tiffany Haddish and it had something to do with children. I sent an email to her manager and spoke with him again. In the email I pretended to still desire her help with my nonprofit. I told Mr. Robinson on the phone that something was coming for Tiffany, and to tell her to call me ASAP. He said he’d tell her, but I never heard anything back.

(Update) In August of 2022, I discovered that Tiffany and comedian Aries Spears were being sued for grooming and sexual abuse of two minors.

April 27, 2018:

In a dream, I saw people suffering from a terrifying virus. I sent a letter to the Mayor of Los Angeles, CA, Eric Garcetti. It read something like, "Get the homeless off the damn streets and back into mental hospitals. With the mix of filth, the heat, and chemicals, I believed that we should work fast to get these people off the streets and back into hospitals!"

I never heard anything back from them. So, they might have not gotten it, or just ignored it.

I had a quick vision of a lot of folks wearing mask. Jokingly, I sent a letter to the VA in Greenville, Mississippi asking could I get a prescription to wear my "The Miraculous Black Rooster's" mask in public. They responded. So, somebody in town should remember it.

Update: I thought it would come off the streets because of the homelessness issue, but the...

Man-Made Coronavirus Pandemic started in China and hit the US in **Feb2020**.

And... the virus I saw seemed to be much worse than what we experienced in 2020+.

I found out my cousin James Moore passed due to complications from the Coronavirus.

December 18, 2018:

In a dream, while taking a nap, approximately 3:17pm, I was in a home that could have been ours from my childhood. The presence of my brother Steve was there, welcomed me and gave me his bed.

I began to fix up the bed and clean up around, getting the clutter off the dresser. I look in the other room to bring Steve his things he left around the bed, and I see Steve and James lying on their bunkbeds taking naps. I got the thought, of them saying to me that they napped around the same time as me. A strong presence of my mother was there. And I heard her say, "You always did leave things better." It was a wonderful dream.

January 3, 2019:

I had a quick vision about the scene "They'll fix you" in the 1987 movie Robocop.

On the 5Jan2019, the movie came on and caught it just in time to watch all of it again.

May 8, 2019:

I had dream that I was murdered in my hometown of Greenville, MS. I spoke to my friend Rachel and told her about it. She wasn't cool with that and asked me not to go. I told her that God was sending me there because of the youth going to prison and killing each other in the streets.

After 30 years, I moved back home to Greenville, MS to work with the at-risk youth in the community. Once back "home", I was disrespected by a lot of black folks, including my family members.

On 23Mar2020 my nonprofit NCG's Bldg. in Greenville, MS was burglarized and there were **great losses**. The big head dumb Duck ex-convict nigga named Moses Hughes was behind it because I fired him for NOT really wanting to work with the youth.

He threatened my life. So, I got my pistol and went to his house to play the game of life or death. He didn't want to come play. I left GreenNiggasVille, MS and dusted its filth off my feet.

April 1, 2020:

In a dream, I saw my daughter Madisyn was grown and in an abusive relationship with an older man.

April 15, 2020:

In a dream, I was on a spaceship traveling in the universe. When I woke up, I made this note saying... "I suddenly realized that I REMEMBERED my past life of this time now. I had an epiphany and finally understand that Consciousness reincarnates. Consciousness, enlightenment, awakening, whatever spiritual high level of mental prowess is only realization of yours and God's imagination, which is the same. *v*

April 2021

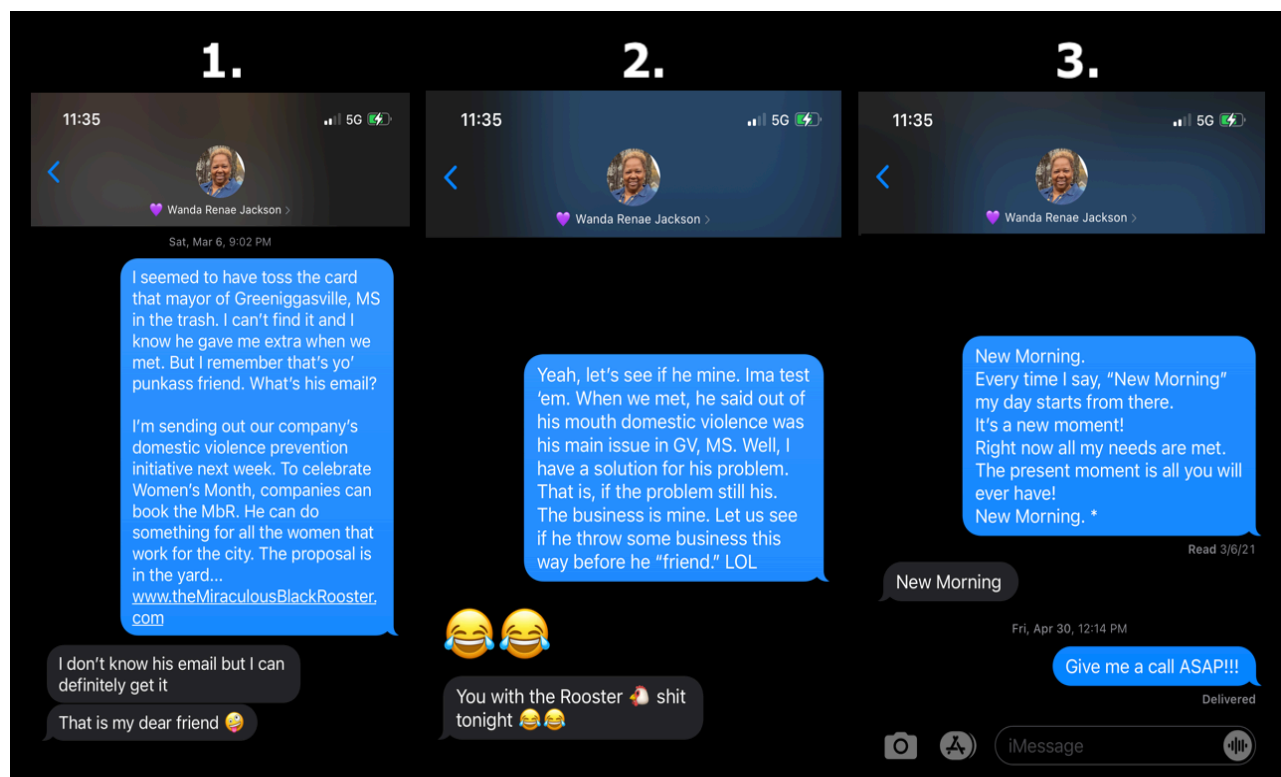
My friend, Wanda Renee Jackson, had stopped calling me after I voiced that I didn't feel right about her going back to her ex-husband, who she said was very abusive when they were together.

I had an awful feeling like something bad was going to happen to her. I told her... he's going to kill you, but she laughed it off.

I wrote her a letter and thought it be best to send it to her by snail mail. But I hesitated because I thought she'd think I was crazy, cuckoo for cannabis puffs, wouldn't believe me, and laugh it off again. So, I stopped trying to bother.

On April 30, 2021, my dear friend, and NCG's first Missionary Associate, Wanda Renee Jackson was murdered in her bedroom by her ex-husband. I was devastated. *

The image below is our last texts...



October 2021:

Living in Houston, I felt something about my nice Asian neighbor with the cute dog. I felt the need to try to tell him I saw him being attacked or something. I ran into him outside our apartment complex and pretended I was going to shoot a movie and needed a Bruce Lee look-a-like martial artist. He stated it was funny I asked, because he was just thinking about taking karate classes. Months passed, and I saw him walking his cute dog, but he had injuries. He told me that he got attacked by 6 black guys that tried to take his cute dog. He never took the karate classes, and he said he forgot to take his gun to the place where he was attacked.

My fault. I should have told him to take his gun everywhere with him from now on. LOL.

October 2021:

In a dream, I saw something happening. It was catastrophe and horrific. I got so much drenched in fear, I was screaming for God to help them! In my dream, I was terrified and whatever it was, it was happening all around me. Was it a dream of the end of the world? I don't know.

But something is coming, it does NOT look good, and nobody can make you see it but yourself.

All the pictures and movies are NOT able to portray what I saw. The best way I can explain it, whatever scares the fuck out of you, triple it by 1000x. I was very afraid of what I envisioned. Something is coming. *v*

April 2022:

Remembering the death of my friend Wanda Renee Jackson, I started working again on TMBR as primarily a Domestic Violence Prevention Initiated.

While taking a nap, in a dream, I saw a massive Grim Reaper like Demonic creature at the foot of my bed. I was frightened and couldn't move or wake up.

With its finger, it started to slowly scratch the calf of my left leg in a curve like motion, and I could literally FEEL the pain.

A week or so later, while pulling up my socks, I felt a scab on that same leg the thing scratched. Believing nobody would believe me, I went in my bathroom and took a picture of it.



December 2022:

I had a strong premonition that something horrible was going to happen at one of the Los Angeles County Probation's Juvenile Halls. I contacted the ones I knew to attempt to return to doing workshops in the Juvenile Halls.

I thought I would be able to stop whatever it was from happening. I sent out emails. I called. I tried to get there, but I was ignored because I'm not rich and famous.

On May 2, 2023, an 18-year-old housed at Barry J. Nidorf Juvenile Hall in Sylmar was found dead of an apparent drug overdose.

December 2023:

I had a vivid dream about mystic Bill Donahue of Hidden Meanings.

He wanted me to trick somebody.

March 2024:

I moved back to Los Angeles to continue doing workshops in the L A County Juvenile Probation. I was living in the hood/shits and got tested by many idiots. I'd never been around that many idiots in all my life.

When I moved out, I found myself in a Psychological and Spiritual War with a butch lesbian named Brittany Edwards. We met in the hallway, and I gave her my card.

She came to my room, said that she read on my card that I work with Exorcisms, and said she felt like she had a Demon in her. She had FOUR Domestic Violence Abuse Cases.

I rebuked her, and told her if she didn't want it there, try Holiness, and it would leave.

I started giving her free Spiritual Consultations, money, and gifts. She played like she wanted to be a part of our organization, but I caught her playing, being lazy, and not taking our company serious.

We detached from her, and she began trying to harass me, like she did to those women in her Domestic Violence cases. She still had Demons in her and one of them is a Master of shaming. But shame does NOT work on me. And when I fought back, she got scared and call the police.

One night, I had an annoying inkling to call the crackhead Gangsta Slim, who's room is right next to her. And who has also received a lot of money and gifts from me.

When I called Gangsta Slim, the lazy butch lesbian cow Brittany answered the crackhead's phone.

She and the crackhead were in his room slandering my name. I guess it was one of those Ezekiel things with some idiots in a room, telling lies and saying nasty things about me, and thinking a servant of the Lord as low as me, cannot feel them and God can't see them. Complete Idiots.

I rebuked the lesbian butch bitch Brittany to spiritually slap the shit out of her, her Demon of shame, and I made the crackhead Gangsta Slim an offer he'll wish he had not of refused. *v*

April 29, 2024

While driving down the highway SR-138 on the early morning of April 25, 2024, I got several flashes or quick visions of crashes. I also got scared, thinking one of them would be me.

It seemed like every idiot behind me was driving too fast and too close.

A few days later, I was looking up the Antelope Valley School District on Google, when I saw the news of 6 drivers killed overnight in 2 car crashes on that highway SR-138.

Prophets are nothing new under the sun.
I'm not crowing anything that hasn't already been written
about what I am, and what I'm able to do.
The Visions, Dreams, Feelings, and Prophecies of Mr. Wayne Gibson
will be updated frequently, as long as I'm alive.

But I have faith that my spirit/energy will never die,
and my reward for my works awaits.
When I'm finished having new mornings on earth,
I've already seen one of my new mornings in my Heaven.

Mr.  Gibson
Founder, President, & CEO
New Conscious Guardians, Inc.