
THE PROOF

A Kingdom Story

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BERNARD SMITH JR.

BJ · The Proof

Everybody wants to be successful,
but no one wants to be significant.

THE PROOF: A KINGDOM STORY

A Memoir by Bernard Smith Jr. — BJ / The Proof

© From the beginning of time to the end of time. Created by God, with the
help of a few Wise Men.

DEDICATION

To God — who chose me when I didn't choose myself.

To Shun — who carried the house when I was building the Kingdom.

You were my witness when the world was my jury.

You stood in the gap when the gap was widest.

07/07/07 was not a coincidence. It was a covenant.

To Elijah, Emmanuel, and Ezra — your names are your destiny.

Elijah: the prophet who calls fire from Heaven.

Emmanuel: God with us — always with us.

Ezra: restoration after exile, rebuilding what was torn down.

Sons, watch what your father built for you. One day, you will carry it forward.

To every prophet who built in silence.

To every visionary told they were crazy.

To every intercessor who prayed through the night and never saw the answer arrive on their timeline — it is coming. I am living proof.

To every woman who survived when survival was not guaranteed.

You are not discarded. You are being prepared. Women of Virtue was written with your redemption in mind.

To the nations — all 195 of you.

We are coming. Not with weapons. Not with politics. With truth. With love. With the Kingdom of God that has been building for over twelve years in the silence of one man's obedience.

This book is the proof.

He is real.

He is faithful.

And He is not done.

PROLOGUE

THE NIGHT GOD FLEXED

"For I know the plans I have for you, declares the Lord, plans to prosper you and not to harm you, plans to give you hope and a future." — Jeremiah 29:11

Atlanta, Georgia. June 2, 2026.

Forty-ninth floor.

I am standing at the window of 191 Peachtree Street and the city is spread out beneath me like an offering — the lights of Midtown blinking against the blue-black Georgia sky, the skyline rising up like it was always trying to reach something holy, something above itself. It has always been reaching. So have I.

Tonight, nine platforms went live.

Nine pillars of a Kingdom Ecosystem that I have been building — alone, largely unseen, largely disbelieved — for over twelve years. Twelve years of typing visions into websites at the Small Business Association when the office was empty. Twelve years of scribbling in notebooks nobody asked to see. Twelve years of watching the world shuffle toward the very precipice I had been warning about, knowing in my bones — knowing the way you know your own heartbeat — that when the climate finally broke, what God built through me would be what the nations needed.

Tonight, the rain came.

The Wise Men Group. Women of Virtue. Robbin Hood Entertainment. Celebrity Photography. Kingdom Family Reunions. Kingdom Communities HOA. Kingdom Families CRM. Kingdom Network Hub. The Bridge / Double Portions. Nine platforms. Nine pillars. One Kingdom. One architect. One God.

I stood at that window and I said it out loud to no one and to everyone at once: "What we did tonight — that was God flexing."

Not bragging. Not boasting. I have learned the hard way that boasting belongs to the one who does not know the cost of the thing. I know the cost. I have paid it in hospital rooms and lonely offices and a marriage stretched nearly to breaking by visions my wife couldn't yet see. I have paid it in Elijah's eyes — my firstborn son, the prophet, who now navigates this world from a wheelchair because of a morning on Interstate 85 that split our family's story into before and after.

I know the cost.

But I also know the One who paid the ultimate price, and tonight, standing at the forty-ninth floor with the whole of Atlanta beneath me and the whole of Heaven, I believe, watching from above — I felt Him smile.

This is not a self-help book. I need you to understand that before we go any further. I do not have five steps for your morning routine. I do not have a blueprint for your brand. What I have is a story that God Himself told me would be made into a movie series one day — and I have learned, after all of it, not to doubt what He says.

What I have is proof.

Proof that He exists. Proof that He speaks. Proof that He plans — not in years but in decades, not in whispers but in architecture, not through the polished and the celebrated but through the broken and the willing.

My name is Otis Bernard Smith Jr. Most people know me as BJ. But God gave me another name: The Proof.

And this is how the Kingdom was built.

CHAPTER 1

BEFORE THE PROOF

"Before I formed you in the womb I knew you, before you were born I set you apart; I appointed you as a prophet to the nations." — Jeremiah 1:5

On October 21, 1979, at six-thirty in the morning, I came into the world in Greenville, South Carolina.

I always think about that time — six-thirty in the morning. Not midnight, not the small hours when the darkness has its grip on everything. Six-thirty: the precise moment between night and day, the threshold hour when the darkness has already conceded but the full light hasn't yet broken. The in-between time. The transitional time. I did not know it then. I would not know it for decades. But God knew exactly what He was doing when He wrote that timestamp above my life: the one who would bridge two worlds, two eras, two kingdoms — the old order and the new — would arrive at the exact hour the old night ends and the new day begins.

Greenville was not glamorous. It was home. It was the smell of Sunday mornings and the sound of screen doors. It was cousins and church clothes and basketball on cracked courts. I was a soccer kid too — this is something people don't expect from me — fast, technically minded, always seeing the whole field, never just the ball at my feet. I see systems. I have always seen systems. I could look at a field and know before the play developed exactly where the opportunity was going to open. God built that into me for a reason. Years later, when He showed me nine platforms and how they connected to each other, how each one fed into the next, how the whole thing was a living organism rather than nine separate businesses — I recognized it. It was the same thing. Same gift, different field.

I was a bright child. Let the record show, I say that not with arrogance but with testimony, because what happened to bright children in America — and specifically what happened to this bright Black child in America — matters to the story. They tested me. Gave me the gifted test that the school system administered when they thought they might have something exceptional on their hands. And I scored higher than anyone they had ever seen.

And then nobody followed up.

Read that sentence again, because it is the first wound. Not the most devastating wound — that comes later, in a hospital on a Mother's Day, and I will not rush you there. But this one matters. A child is told, in the unmistakable language of a standardized test, that he is exceptional. That he is built for something the ordinary system cannot contain. And then the system — the same system that identified him — shrugs and moves on.

This is how America handles its most gifted Black children. Not with investment. With paperwork and indifference.

But God does not misplace His investments.

I grew up faithful. Not perfect — never perfect — but genuinely drawn to God from the very beginning. I was baptized at eleven or twelve years old, and I remember the feeling of the water with the clarity of a memory that belongs not to the mind but to the soul. Something was sealed that day. Something was set apart. I did not understand the weight of it at the time. I was a kid in church clothes, dripping, a little embarrassed, surrounded by people who loved me. But the Heaven I could not yet see was taking note.

I went to Morehouse College — Morehouse, the historic institution, the place where kings are trained, where the lineage of Martin Luther King Jr. and a hundred other pillars of Black American civilization runs through the halls like something electrical. I walked in there bright and believing and full of the kind of confidence that young men carry when the world has not yet taken its first real swing.

The world swung.

At Morehouse, something happened to me. I am going to say that plainly and I am not going to flinch from it, because this memoir does not traffic in shame — but I am also not going to linger in the specific details, because this is my testimony, not my trial. What I will say is this: I was assaulted. By a residential advisor. By someone who held institutional authority and used it as a weapon. And I did what Black men are trained to do in America — I buried it. I kept moving. I kept my chin up and my grades decent and my smile intact and I moved forward through the architecture of a life that looked, from the outside, like it was proceeding as planned.

But the buried thing was not dead. The buried thing was growing roots.

There is a woman I want to tell you about — a cheerleader from the same world I came from, the same South Carolina sinew and faith. Shun. I found her, or she found me, or God arranged it in the way He arranges things that were always meant to happen. We built something together slowly, carefully, in the way that young people who believe in God try to build — with intention, with prayer, with the sense that the relationship was a calling as much as a romance.

On July 7, 2007, we got married.

07/07/07. God's day of completion.

I did not pick that date accidentally. The God who writes the details of lives before they are lived — the God who placed me into the world at six-thirty in the morning — was writing the date of this covenant in the same hand. Seven is the number of completion in Scripture. Seven appears at the creation of the world. Seven appears in Revelation. And on the day that registered seven, seven, seven across the calendar, I made a covenant with the woman who would carry our household while I carried the vision.

What I did not know on that beautiful day was how much she would be asked to carry. What I did not know was what the carrying would cost us both.

But that is not where this chapter ends.

This chapter ends on the bright side of the threshold — the young man from Greenville, the soccer player, the gifted test that nobody followed up on, the Morehouse man with something buried deep in his chest, the new husband on God's day of completion, standing at the edge of a life that was about to break wide open.

Before the Proof, there was BJ.

And BJ was about to find out what he was made of.

CHAPTER 2

THE BRANDY AND THE CRACK IN THE ARMOR

"For everything that is hidden will eventually be brought into the open, and every secret will be brought to light." — Mark 4:22

Let me tell you about the man in the suit.

He was polished. He was articulate. He showed up to SCORE meetings — the small business mentoring program, the very room where entrepreneurs go to present their dreams and receive the wisdom of experienced professionals — and he was impressive. He knew how to walk into a room. He knew how to make eye contact and shake hands and speak the language of commerce and ambition without flinching.

He was me.

And underneath the suit, he was dying.

I want to be honest with you in the way that testifying honestly in front of God requires, because this is a story about truth and truth is not comfortable. The buried thing from Morehouse — the assault, the unprocessed trauma that I shoved into a room in my psyche and locked the door on — it came out sideways. It came out through the bottle. It came out through brandy and vodka and a functioning alcoholism so refined, so professionally maintained, that the people around me in the business world did not see it. Functioning alcoholics are artists at invisibility. We attend the meetings. We give the presentations. We smile at the right moments and nod at the right moments and then we get back to our cars in the mall parking lot and we mix vodka with orange juice and we sit there in the anonymous safety of a parked car and we breathe.

I did that. I am telling you that I did that, because I need you to understand what God pulled me from before you can fully appreciate what He built through me. Too many faith testimonies want to skip from the sin to the salvation without making you sit in the sin long enough to feel its weight. I will not do that to you. Sit here with me for a moment. The mall parking lot. The vodka. The orange juice. The suit on the seat next to me. The man who could not figure out why the brightness inside him kept dimming no matter how many mornings he woke up and resolved to do better.

The Commerce Club was a particular arena. Upscale, professional, the kind of Atlanta institution where deals get made over lunch and nobody looks twice at a man with a drink in his hand because everybody has a drink in their hand. I fit right in. I was so good at fitting in. The Commerce Club version of BJ was funny and connected and smart, and he drank like a man who was comfortable — not like a man who was afraid. That was the performance. That was the mask.

The thing about masks is they are exhausting to wear. And the longer you wear them, the more the face beneath them forgets what it looks like without the covering.

I do not fully understand — even now, with the clarity that sobriety and God's grace have given me — all of the tributaries that fed the river of that addiction. I know the Morehouse assault is part of it. I know the peculiar grief of being a gifted Black man in America, seen and unseen simultaneously, tested and then forgotten, is part of it. I know that the distance between the vision God placed in me and the reality of my daily life was a canyon that alcohol helped me not look into too directly. I know that I had three sons — three prophetic sons whose names were given by God — and that fatherhood and the weight of being the example and the provider was a pressure I did not always know how to carry sober.

I know all of this now.

Then, I just drank.

But God — and this is the phrase that runs through this entire story like a golden thread: but God — God was already writing the exit. The thing about the Father is that He is never

waiting at the destination. He is always at the doorway that leads you to the next corridor that leads you out. He knew what was in me before I was born. He knew the gifted test score that nobody followed up on. He knew the Morehouse corridor. He knew the mall parking lot. He knew every Commerce Club afternoon.

And He was patient.

He was patient the way a great coach is patient with a gifted athlete who hasn't yet found the right frame for their ability. Not permissive — He was never permissive about it, and there were nights when the conviction was so heavy I couldn't sleep — but patient. Committed to the outcome. Committed to me.

One night — and I cannot give you the exact date because these things do not always have clean timestamps the way births do — I heard something. Not in the room. Not in the audible air. In the place beneath the thoughts, where God speaks in a register that bypasses your ears and lands directly in your chest. Three words, unambiguous:

"Where I'm taking you, alcohol can't go."

That was it. No sermon. No long explanation. No guilt trip. Just a simple declarative statement from a God who does not waste words.

Where I'm taking you.

There was a where waiting for me. A destination already established. A place He had already been, preparing it, setting it up, knowing I was coming. And the only thing standing between me and that place — not the only thing, there would be more obstacles than I can count — but in that moment, the single disqualifying variable was the substance I had built my coping architecture around.

He told me simply: the thing you are holding cannot come where we are going.

I did not get sober that night. I want to be honest about the process because the process is what makes the testimony real. Deliverance is rarely a single dramatic moment, though those moments come. Deliverance is often a series of smaller surrenders, each one cracking

the armor a little more until the Light gets in. But that night was the beginning of the end of it. The voice was too clear. The "where" was too real. The cost was too obvious.

BJ in the suit was cracking.

The Proof was beginning to emerge.

CHAPTER 3

THE HOSPITAL

"He heals the brokenhearted and binds up their wounds." — Psalm 147:3

The pancreas does not give warnings.

It does not send the kind of preliminary signals your body usually sends — the slow crescendo of a headache, the gradual ache of a tired muscle. When the pancreas fails, it fails like a verdict. Sudden. Definitive. Your body simply becomes the scene of a catastrophe you did not see coming.

I ended up in the hospital over Christmas.

Christmas. The season of family and lights and the smell of food in warm houses, the season that the whole sentimental architecture of American culture is designed to make feel like safety and belonging. I was in a hospital bed instead. The pancreatic failure was not a mystery to God — He knew exactly what it was and exactly why it was happening and exactly what He intended to do with it. But in that bed, in those first raw hours, all I knew was pain.

Pain has a way of stripping away the costumes. The Commerce Club version of BJ couldn't exist in that hospital room. The man in the suit doesn't have a suit in a hospital gown. All the performance, all the social architecture, all the careful management of how other people saw me — none of it could survive what I was going through in that room. Stripped down to the body, stripped down to the breath, stripped down to the most basic question: am I going to make it through this?

When you don't know if you are going to make it, God starts to sound different.

Not louder necessarily. Clearer. The way a voice sounds in a room that has been emptied of furniture — there is nothing left to absorb the sound, nothing left to deflect it, so

it arrives at you with a directness that a furnished room never allows.

The voice returned.

I had heard it before — the three-word statement about alcohol, the earlier intimations that my life was being organized toward something I could not yet fully see. But in that hospital room, over Christmas, stripped of everything, the voice was more than a statement. It was a presence. It was the Father sitting beside the bed the way a parent sits beside a sick child — not to explain the illness, not to defend His sovereignty, but simply to be there, to make it known that you are not alone in the dark room.

Sobriety began in that hospital.

I want to say that carefully, because I do not want to make it sound like a switch was flipped. Sobriety is not a switch. Sobriety is a door you choose to walk through, and it is heavy, and there is a whole life you built on the other side of it that you have to leave behind, and leaving things behind — even things that were killing you — requires grief. I grieved the bottle. I am not ashamed to say that. I grieved the particular numbing it provided, the way it padded the gap between the man I was and the man I was supposed to be, the way it made the distance feel manageable.

But what God gave me in exchange was clarity.

Clarity is not a warm feeling. In the early days, clarity is almost violent in its precision. You see everything you were hiding from. You feel everything you were muffling. The buried thing from Morehouse — there it was. The grief of failed expectations — there it was. The weight of the visions God had been placing in me for years that I had been medicating rather than pursuing — there they were, line by line, waiting patiently in the room I had locked.

But clarity is also light. And light, even when it shows you things you would rather not see, is infinitely preferable to the dark.

I came out of that hospital different. Not fixed — I want to be clear about that, because anyone who tells you that a single encounter with God's grace produces instant and total

transformation is selling you something easier than the truth. I came out of that hospital directed. Pointed. Like a man who has been wandering in a city for years and has finally been handed a map — not just a general sense of direction but a specific address, a known destination, a route that makes sense of all the previous wrong turns.

The fog had lifted.

The Proof had a clear day for the first time in years.

And what he could see from that clarity was extraordinary.

CHAPTER 4

THE VISIONS BEGIN

"And it shall come to pass afterward, that I will pour out my Spirit on all flesh;
your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, your old men shall dream
dreams, and your young men shall see visions." — Joel 2:28

There was a priest.

I need you to know about the priest before I tell you about the visions, because what I experienced could have been diagnosed in a number of ways — and some of it was, and I will get to that — but the priest saw something different. I went to him not as a petitioner exactly, not with a clear theological question, but with the desperate and specific need of a man who has been seeing things that he cannot categorize. Vivid things. Not dreams in the ordinary sense — not the soft, narrative-scrambled productions of the sleeping brain. These were structured. These were coherent. These were architectural.

The priest listened. He prayed. He was quiet for a long moment in the way that genuinely discerning people are quiet — not performing thought but actually receiving something beyond the conversation. And then he said:

"These are very vivid visions."

Not hallucinations. Not delusions. Not symptoms. Visions.

I want to honor the distinction, because it matters more than it might seem to matter from the outside. The medical establishment, when I was at my lowest, offered me a different frame: bipolar disorder. I received the diagnosis and I sat with it and I respect the legitimacy of the medical sciences. But I also know that the history of prophetic people in Scripture is a history of people whose inner experience, evaluated by the clinical standards of any era,

would likely generate a psychiatric framework. Moses saw a burning bush and heard a voice. The Apostle Paul was struck blind on a road and received a revelation that changed the entire arc of human history. John of Patmos wrote the Book of Revelation from the inside of the most psychedelically structured visionary experience in the biblical canon.

The priest knew the difference.

And — though she could not have known the full weight of what she was placing in my hands — my mother gave me a book that arrived at precisely the right moment: *Jesus Calling* by Sarah Young. A devotional written in the first-person voice of Christ, speaking directly to the reader as though in personal conversation. My mother, in her love and her instinct, put that book in my hands during the season when God was teaching me how to receive His voice again. It was not an accident. It was a curriculum.

There was also the Robitussin.

I say this with full awareness of how it sounds, and I say it anyway because this is a testimony of truth, not a presentation of the sanitized version of a life. During a particular season of illness and sleeplessness, I took Robitussin for a cough and experienced what I can only describe as an encounter. A dream that was not a dream. A meeting that was not metaphorical. I met God. I do not have precise language for what that means — language was not built to hold this kind of experience — but I was in His presence, and the presence was not an abstraction. It was tangible. It was warm and vast and specific all at once, the way nothing else in human experience is simultaneously intimate and immeasurable.

That encounter did not feel like a drug experience. It felt like a door that had always been there being opened for the first time — and through that door was not a hallucination but a confirmation. A confirmation of everything He had been trying to tell me for years through the hospital and the sobriety and the still small voice in the mall parking lot. Confirmation that the visions were real. That the assignment was real. That the man who had been buried under a suit and a bottle was genuinely, cosmically, irreversibly chosen.

The gift that emerged from this season was not a gentle thing. It was volcanic. The visions came faster. The clarity of calling sharpened into specific instruction — not just the general sense of being set apart but the precise architecture of what was to be built, how it was to be organized, what it was to accomplish. Platforms. Policies. Music. A Kingdom structure that was not a denomination or a church or a ministry in the conventional sense but an ecosystem — a living network of systems and people and purposes organized around the governance of God.

It was overwhelming. Genuinely overwhelming. There were days when the weight of what I was receiving was almost unbearable, not because it was dark but because it was so large. It is a particular kind of pressure to carry a vision that outcales your current resources, your current relationships, your current reputation. The prophets of the Old Testament knew this pressure. They wrote about it in phrases like "the burden of the Lord" — not burden as complaint but burden as weight, the specific gravitational pull of a word that is too large for one man to hold comfortably but that God has placed in his arms regardless.

I held it.

Some days barely. Some days with tears. Some days with the kind of desperate prayer that is not eloquent but is honest — "God, I can barely see in front of me, but I trust what you told me."

He honored every one of those prayers.

He always does.

CHAPTER 5

THE NAME

"To him who overcomes... I will give a white stone with a new name written on it, known only to him who receives it." — Revelation 2:17

Let me tell you about the celebrity pastor.

He was large in the Body of Christ. His face was known, his voice was amplified, his platform was the kind of platform that changes what the word platform means — not a stage but a gravitational field, pulling people into orbit, defining what success looks like in the American church. I am not going to name him beyond what I have already said, because this is not a story about exposing men. It is a story about God's correction of men, and the distinction matters.

I went to this pastor with a warning. Not because I wanted to go. Not because I had anything to gain from approaching a man of that stature with a word that carried no flattery and no social benefit for me. I went because God told me to go. Three times. Three separate visits, each one escalating in the urgency and the clarity of what I was being asked to deliver.

This is the thing about being chosen for prophetic assignment: it is not always a dignity. Sometimes it is a summons to deliver a message that the recipient does not want and that you would, frankly, rather not be responsible for. God is not primarily interested in your comfort. He is primarily interested in His purpose. And His purpose in this case was for this pastor to receive a warning, to be given the opportunity to adjust, to be shown by a man he did not know and had no obligation to listen to that the God who sees everything was paying attention.

I delivered the warning. Three visits. Each one harder than the last. The pastor received it with the particular dismissiveness that powerful men deploy when someone smaller than

them says something they do not wish to hear.

A year later, he was dead.

I prayed for that pastor. I want to be precise about that. This testimony does not celebrate death. God does not celebrate death. But the weight of what I carried after his passing — the grief and the sober recognition that the warning had been real, that the assignment had been real, that God had been trying to reach a man through the most unlikely of messengers — that weight became another layer of the confirmation. Another piece of the proof.

I knew my name.

He told me in an office. I was at my desk and the conversation shifted into that register — the one beneath the audible, the one that bypasses your ears and lands in your chest — and He said it plainly. You are not just BJ. You are The Proof.

He explained it. Not in a single monologue but in the way that revelation comes — in the layers, in the returning to the same truth from different angles until it becomes three-dimensional. Here is what He told me:

"You are the proof that if you live a righteous life, I will give you the desires of your heart. You are the proof that I can do anything. You are the proof that I exist."

Read that slowly.

The Proof. Not a title of arrogance. A title of evidence. The Proof is not the judge — he is the exhibit. He does not argue the case. He is the case. His life, his story, his obedience, his survival, his building — the whole of it is an argument, filed with the jury of history, for the existence and faithfulness and sovereignty of God.

The missing wedding ring is the thing that still humbles me most. I had never removed it. From the day Shun put it on my finger on 07/07/07, I had never taken it off. Never. Not to sleep, not to shower, not for any practical reason or careless moment. That ring was a covenant symbol and I treated it as such.

And then one day it was gone.

Just gone. No explanation. No moment of removal I could identify. The finger that had worn it for years simply did not have it anymore. I searched. I prayed. I asked God what it meant. And in the searching, He showed me something: the covenant that truly mattered was not the one on my finger. The covenant was the one on my life. The ring was a symbol of what He had already sealed in the spirit — and sometimes He removes the symbol to reveal how securely He holds the substance.

The name held.

The Proof was named, and the naming was not a destination. It was a beginning.

CHAPTER 6

THE ANGEL OF NOAH

"For in the days before the flood, people were eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage, up to the day Noah entered the ark; and they knew nothing about what would happen until the flood came and took them all away." — Matthew 24:38–39

The fireplace was going.

It was a quiet night — the kind of quiet that only happens when something enormous is about to enter the room. There are seasons in the life of a prophet where the quiet is not peaceful but preparatory, the way the hush before a thunderstorm is not silence but presence — the atmosphere rearranging itself to make room for what is coming.

The wood was burning and the smell of it was filling the room and then something changed.

The temperature dropped. Not a draft, not a window left open — this was different, the kind of sudden chill that has no meteorological explanation, the kind that lands on the skin with the specific texture of attention, as though the cold itself is looking at you. The wood aroma intensified rather than fading, filling the air with something almost ceremonial, the way incense fills a sanctuary.

And then he was there.

Large. That is the first word. Not large in the way that human bodies are large — not impressive height or breadth alone — but large in the way that something that exists outside of ordinary dimension occupies space when it steps into it. The presence filled the room the way light fills a room: not confined to a location but distributed through the atmosphere, tangible in every corner.

The Angel of Noah.

I knew it. I knew it the way you know things in the presence of the holy — not by analysis, not by reasoning from premises to conclusions, but by the same immediate recognition you have when you see your own face. This was Noah's angel. The same messenger who had attended the building of the Ark, who had been present when one family's obedience became the salvation of the world's continuation — that being was in my living room, standing near my fireplace, bringing a message.

He spoke.

"The Wise Men Group is your Ark. One day it will start to rain."

That was the message. Simple, enormous, precise. The Ark. The rain. The parallel that God had been drawing for years through every visionary experience, every isolated hour of building, every day I spent constructing something that the people around me couldn't see or wouldn't acknowledge — it was the parallel with Noah. One man. One vision. One set of instructions that made no conventional sense in the season in which they were given. Build a boat. Build it big. Build it for a rain that isn't falling yet. Build it even when everyone around you thinks you've lost your mind.

The visit lasted three to four hours.

I have no adequate language for what those hours contained. I will not insult them by trying to summarize every moment. What I can tell you is that when the angel was gone and the room returned to its ordinary temperature and the fire was just a fire again, I was not the same man who had been sitting in that chair before the chill arrived. The commission had been given. The parallel had been established. The charge was clear:

Keep building. The rain is coming.

My wife — Shun, my 07/07/07 covenant — did not believe me at first.

I want to say that with love rather than complaint, because I understand it. I married a faithful woman, not a foolish woman. A faithful woman who respects the things of God does

not simply accept without scrutiny every supernatural claim her husband makes. Discernment is not doubt — it is wisdom. And the things I was telling her required extraordinary faith to receive.

But here is the parallel that history had already established: Noah's wife didn't believe him either. Not fully. Not at the beginning. She lived with a man who was building a boat in a desert because God told him it was going to rain — and rain was not a concept that the known world had yet experienced in the way Noah was describing it. She stayed. She built beside him. But the believing came after the building, not before.

Shun stayed.

That woman stayed, and I will love her for it until there is no more time to love anything.

The angel's visit was not a one-time event. He came twice. I will not tell you everything about the second visit because some things belong to the sealed room of intimate relationship with God, the things He tells you that are not for broadcast but for the deep place of the spirit, the things that become the fuel for years of solitary work in the dark. What I will tell you is that the second visit confirmed the first and added dimensions to the charge that set the entire Kingdom Ecosystem in motion with a specificity and scope that I could not have invented.

I am not a creative genius working from imagination. I am a builder working from instruction.

The blueprint was given to me.

My job was to be obedient enough — consistent enough — courageous enough — to build it.

CHAPTER 7

THE LETTER FROM THE WHITE HOUSE

"Surely the Lord GOD does nothing without revealing his secret to his servants the prophets." — Amos 3:7

Her name was Dorothy.

She was a prophetess — and I use that word with the full weight of its biblical meaning, not the diminished version that modern culture has made of it. She was a woman who heard from God. She was a woman who had been positioned — deliberately, architecturally, by the same sovereign arrangement that positions all His servants — inside the highest corridors of American political power. Prophets do not always operate from church stages. Sometimes they operate from West Wing offices. Sometimes they operate from the quiet rooms where the people who make the decisions about nations go when they need something that policy cannot provide.

Dorothy served as a prophetess to the White House through five presidential administrations. From Jimmy Carter through Barack Obama. Five presidents. Decades of American history — the Cold War, Gulf War, Clinton's impeachment, September 11, two wars in the Middle East, the first Black presidency. Through all of it, Dorothy was there. In the background, in the way that truly powerful intercessors are always in the background, holding the thin line between the visible world and the invisible one.

She died in 2016.

Before she died, she wrote a letter. And somehow — in the sovereign arrangement that governs these things — that letter found its way to me.

I have to tell you about the first line of that letter, because it tells you everything about the kind of woman Dorothy was — unafraid, unapologetic, and fully aware of how she would be received by people who had already made up their minds about the category she occupied.

She wrote: "By the time they finish telling you about me, you're going to say I'm nothing but a glorified fortune teller, but I can assure you that I am none the least."

Read that. Feel the precision of it. Feel the dignity of a woman who knew exactly what the critics would say and chose to address them in the opening line of the most important thing she ever wrote. She did not flinch. She did not apologize. She named the dismissal before it arrived and refused to be defined by it.

Dorothy's letter described things that had already happened in my life. Things that no one outside of my own private history and the sovereign knowledge of God could have known. Specifics that landed with the particular force of confirmation — not the theatrical confirmation of someone proving a point, but the quiet, devastating confirmation that comes when a perfect stranger describes the inside of your soul.

It was all already written.

The letter was prophetic in the technical, biblical sense: it spoke to what had been, what was, and what was coming. It wove together the past and the present and the future in the way that truly prophetic speech always does — not as prediction in the psychic sense but as revelation, the lifting of the veil between the temporal and the eternal so that the person receiving the word can see their life from the vantage point of God's intention rather than their own confusion.

The letter tore my marriage.

I do not say that to dramatize. I say it because it is true and the truth of it is important to the story. Shun and I went through something over that letter. The weight of it, the implications of it, the way it reframed what I had been telling her for years about my calling and my visions — all of it landed in our marriage with the force of a revelation that was

simultaneously confirmation and crisis. When a thing is confirmed at this level, it is not always immediately comforting. Sometimes it is terrifying. Sometimes it is the thing that breaks the last plausible argument for smallness — the last voice in your head saying maybe you were imagining it, maybe it isn't as large as it seems, maybe you should be more modest about all of this — and when that argument is broken, when the evidence is undeniable, you are left standing in the full gravity of what you are being asked to carry.

I shredded that letter.

Not in anger. Not in disbelief. In a kind of protective instinct — the same instinct that makes Moses come down from Sinai and break the tablets when he sees the golden calf, not because the tablets are wrong but because the moment has broken and the sacred object cannot survive the profanity of the atmosphere into which it has been brought. The letter was real. The letter was true. But the moment around the letter had become something it was not written to survive.

God already knew what the letter said.

I already knew what the letter said.

Some things are written to be received, internalized, and then released. The word lives in you after the paper is gone. Dorothy's letter lives in me. It will live in me until I stand where she stands now and can thank her face to face.

CHAPTER 8

THE MOTHER'S DAY THAT CHANGED EVERYTHING

"The righteous person may have many troubles, but the LORD delivers him from them all." — Psalm 34:19

His name is Elijah.

I named him Elijah because God told me to. Before he was born, before I could see the shape of his face or hear the sound of his voice, God gave me that name. Elijah. The prophet who called fire from Heaven. The prophet who ran when he should have stood and stood when everyone else had sat down. The prophet who was so spent by the weight of his calling that he lay under a broom tree and asked God to take his life — and God, in the tenderness that only He is capable of, sent an angel to feed him instead.

My Elijah came into this world full of that same energy. Bright-eyed, athletic, full of the kind of joy that makes a room feel warmer. Watching him grow was watching a purpose take shape. His name was not decoration. His name was instruction. And I believed — with the faith of a father who has learned to take the names of his children seriously — that whatever Elijah was going to become, it was going to be large.

Then came Mother's Day.

They were coming back from Greenville. The day had been good — family, food, the particular warmth of a Southern gathering that does not require special occasion to feel like celebration. Shun was driving. Elijah was in the car. They were on Interstate 85, the long gray ribbon of highway that connects South Carolina to Georgia, and somewhere on that road five cars collided.

Five cars.

Elijah hit his head. What looked like a concussion — the kind of thing that a mother notices and a hospital monitors and a family says prayers about but expects to resolve — became something else entirely. The concussion triggered something in his brain that the neurology of it still does not fully explain to my satisfaction. A seizure began. The seizure did not stop.

Status epilepticus. A seizure that goes on and on, a storm inside the brain that will not clear. The body of my firstborn son, the prophet, the boy whose name God gave me before I could see his face — that body was under siege. And by the time the medical intervention reached its limits, Elijah was in a coma.

The wheelchair came later.

The coma came first.

I want to describe for you what it is to stand beside your son's hospital bed and look at him and know that the same God who told you to name him Elijah, who appeared to you as the Angel of Noah, who gave you twelve years of visions for the nations — that same God is allowing this. I want to describe it because too many faith stories skip past the part where God is hard to understand. Too many testimonies present a God who is always immediately intelligible, whose purposes are always immediately apparent, whose timing is always immediately acceptable.

The God of the Psalms is not that God. The God of Job is not that God. The God who told Elijah the prophet to lie under a broom tree and almost let him quit is not that God.

I identified with Job in those hospital months. Deeply. Completely. In a way that only the stripped man understands — not the comfortable man reading Job at a distance, but the man who is Job, who is sitting in the ash heap, who has lost what cannot be replaced, who is looking up at Heaven and asking why. Job is in the canon precisely for people like me. Precisely for this moment. Because Job is the scripture that tells you that it is acceptable — godly, even — to bring your honest confusion to God. Not as accusation. Not as apostasy. As

prayer.

I prayed. I cried. I stayed.

Two months. Shun and I were in that hospital for two months beside Elijah. Two months of sleeping in uncomfortable chairs and eating hospital food and watching nurses check on our son and talking to doctors who gave us information but could not give us hope and praying with every breath because prayer was the only thing left when medicine ran out.

The medical bills eventually reached the range of a million dollars.

And the churches — I need to say this plainly, because it needs to be said — the megachurch, the celebrity pastors, the large institutional Christian structures that I had given years of my life to supporting and attending and believing in — they did not call. Not one call. Not one visit. The pastor from the large building on the prominent corner did not come. The celebrity speakers who had spoken to stadiums about the faithfulness of God in the middle of suffering did not make a single personal inquiry.

I am not bitter about it now. Bitterness is a cage. But I am honest about it, because the honesty of it is part of the story of why the Kingdom I am building is not another church. The Kingdom I am building is the thing that shows up. The Bridge. The Double Portions. The community that does not just talk about God's provision but enacts it. If the structures that exist will not show up when the prophet's son is in the hospital — if the man who was given the Policy for the nations and the Angel of Noah's visit and the letter from Dorothy cannot get a phone call when his family is in crisis — then the structures that exist are not sufficient.

That realization, forged in two months of hospital grief, became one of the cornerstones of everything I built.

My first ministry is my family. That is not a slogan. That is a theology, written in the blood and the tears and the two months of vigil beside my son's bed.

Elijah came back to us. Partially. Not fully. Not in the way we prayed. He is in a wheelchair now. The boy who was bright-eyed and athletic moves through the world differently than he was built to move through it. And I hold that. I hold it the way you hold something precious that has been altered — it is still precious, it is still yours, it is still Elijah, the prophet, the firstborn, the one God named before his face was visible.

I still pray over him. I have never stopped praying over him.

Some prayers are answered in this age. Some prayers are answered in the next. Job's story did not end in the ash heap. Mine does not either.

CHAPTER 9

THE ARK HIDDEN AT GROOVV

"Write the vision; make it plain on tablets, so he may run who reads it. For still the vision awaits its appointed time; it hastens to the end—it will not lie. If it seems slow, wait for it; it will surely come; it will not delay." — Habakkuk

2:2–3

The Lord told me to hide my visions on a website.

Specific instruction. Not "write them down" in the general sense — a journal, a notebook, a document on a private computer. A website. A location in the digital world that could, in theory, be found by anyone, but that would, in practice, remain invisible until the appointed time. The way the Dead Sea Scrolls were hidden in a cave, sealed and preserved until the exact generation that needed them had arrived on the earth. The way Joseph stored grain for seven years before the famine — building the reserve while the world around him enjoyed the abundance, so that when the absence came, the provision was already in place.

I went and bought a domain.

GROOVV. G-R-O-O-V-V. Two V's. I did not fully understand why. I bought the domain because I was instructed, not because I had a comprehensive theory. The meaning would come later. GROOVV: God's Returning Order Over the World and Values. The whole of the Kingdom agenda encoded in the name of a website that looked, from the outside, like it might be a music platform or a lifestyle brand or any number of other things. Camouflage. Strategic. Divine.

For years, I went to the Small Business Association on days when the building was quiet and the offices were empty, and I sat down at a computer, and I typed.

I typed the visions. I typed the platforms. I typed the structure of the Kingdom Ecosystem — the nine pillars, the relationships between them, the intended impact of each one, the sequence of their deployment, the nations they were built to reach. I typed the Policy — the nine-section governing framework for the Kingdom of God that I will tell you about in a later chapter. I typed the album notes, the song intentions, the prophetic content of music that had not yet been recorded. I typed letters to institutions and leaders and industries that I had no relationship with, that did not know my name, that would not read the letters for years.

I typed alone.

Late at night, at home, when the family was asleep and the house was quiet enough to hear the kind of instruction that requires silence to receive — I typed. I was the scribe. I was doing what Dorothy had done in the White House corridors, what the prophets of the Old Testament did when they took up the pen and wrote what God was saying to the generation that had not yet been born. I was doing what every prophet does when they receive more than they can hold in their head and the only faithful response is to get it onto paper before it fades.

There was a woman named Ann — a secretary who worked in that environment — who saw the screen once. Who looked at what was accumulating on that website, page by page, section by section, vision by vision, and said to me with the simple directness of a person encountering something they can't quite categorize:

"Do you really believe all this is going to happen?"

Do I really believe all this is going to happen.

I understood the question. Looking at the screen from the outside — looking at the scope of it, the ambition of it, the sheer structural enormity of nine interconnected platforms designed to reach 195 countries, built by a man sitting alone in an office on a computer that wasn't even his — I understood how it appeared. I understood that the rational response to what Ann was seeing on that screen was the same rational response that everyone around

Noah must have expressed when they looked at the Ark taking shape in a landscape that had never seen rain.

"Do you really believe all this is going to happen?"

I said yes. And I meant it with every fiber of what I am. Not because I had the resources. Not because I had the team. Not because I had the platform or the recognition or the institutional support. I believed it because the God who gave it to me has not lied about a single thing He has told me. Not one thing. And that is the most radical faith position I know — not faith based on the visible evidence, not faith because things are going well, not faith because the circumstances support it — faith because the Speaker has a perfect record.

The world did not find GROOVV. Not right away. Not for years.

But when the vision was finally opened under its proper name — TheWiseMen.co — when the rain began that the Angel of Noah had predicted — it was all there. Every page. Every platform. Every vision that had been typed in solitude in quiet offices over more than a decade of obedient invisibility.

All there.

Preserved. Complete. Ready.

The Ark was built.

The rain was coming.

CHAPTER 10

THE POLICY FOR THE NATIONS

"He shows his great power in the sky, and brings justice to the nations." —

Isaiah 42:1

Moses went up the mountain alone.

This is the thing that people sometimes forget about the giving of the Commandments — it was not a public event. It was not a town hall or a committee meeting or a legislative session. It was a single man, alone on a mountain, in the presence of God, receiving from God's own hand the governing document for a people and, ultimately, for civilization. Forty days. Stone tablets. Fire and cloud. The whole visible, terrifying spectacle of divine governance descending to the human through the available channel of one obedient servant.

What Moses received on stone tablets, I received in the visions.

The Policy.

Nine sections. Not nine suggestions. Not nine areas of interest for theological reflection. Nine sections of governing framework for the Kingdom of God — policy positions on the most contested, most consequential, most politically charged questions facing the nations:

Abortion. Gun Control. Border Control. Education. Drug and Alcohol. Police. LGBTQ. Affirmative Action. Military.

Every one of these topics is a battlefield. Every one of them has been weaponized by partisan politics, co-opted by ideology, twisted into instruments of division that separate people who would otherwise be neighbors. Every one of them is an area where the contemporary Church has either been captured by one political tribe or the other, has either said too much in the service of power or said too little in the service of peace.

God has positions on all of it.

Not the Republican position. Not the Democratic position. Not the position of any human ideology or political tradition. The Kingdom position. The position of a governance built on righteousness and justice and mercy simultaneously — not trading one for another, not sacrificing justice on the altar of mercy or mercy on the altar of justice, but holding them all in the tension that only God's wisdom can sustain.

I am not going to lay out every section of the Policy in this chapter. That is not what this chapter is for. This chapter is for the testimony of receiving it. The experience of sitting in the presence of God and being given, section by section, the governing framework for what the nations need — not what they want, not what will play well in election years, not what will make the most people comfortable, but what they need from the perspective of a God who sees the end from the beginning and knows exactly which choices lead to flourishing and which choices lead to the death of civilizations.

The very same God who spoke to Moses from the cloud on Sinai spoke to BJ from the stillness of a room in Atlanta.

I know how that sounds to the people who need credentials and institutions and formal theological training to validate a prophetic voice. I know how that sounds to the pastors and the bishops and the denominational authorities who have built their entire understanding of divine communication around the idea that God speaks through established channels.

God is not an established channel.

He speaks to the ones He chooses. He chooses the ones who will deliver the message without corrupting it — not the most powerful, not the most credentialed, not the most famous, but the most faithful. Moses was a murderer in exile when God called him. David was the youngest son, left in the field with the sheep when Samuel came looking for a king. Gideon was threshing wheat in fear when the angel appeared and called him a mighty warrior.

God's selection criteria have never been the same as ours.

The Policy exists. It is written. It is part of the Kingdom Ecosystem, waiting for the moment when the climate in America and around the world has arrived at the point where it can receive what it says. I have been waiting for that climate for over twelve years. I have been watching the temperature rise and the divisions deepen and the old answers fail and the new answers not yet arrive.

The climate is here.

The Policy is ready.

CHAPTER II

THE MUSIC

"Sing to him a new song; play skillfully, and shout for joy." — Psalm 33:3

Martin Luther King Jr. received speeches.

Not just eloquence — he received them. The content of "I Have a Dream" was not constructed in a writing room by a committee of communications professionals working from polling data. It arrived. It came through a man who had been in the presence of God often enough, had sat in the silence of the spirit long enough, had been humbled and broken and rebuilt by the movement and the resistance often enough, that his voice became a vessel. When he spoke, he was not performing a text. He was transmitting a reality. The words carried something beyond argument — they carried the weight of Heaven's endorsement, the specific gravity of a message that was not written by a human hand alone.

God gave BJ bars.

I need you to understand what the album is and what it is not. It is not entertainment. I have entertained myself enough over the years to know the difference between something that is for entertainment and something that is for instruction. The Proof — My Gift to Christ is not a record designed to compete with what the music industry produces. It is not engineered to chart or to generate streams or to be played at parties. It is prophetic instruction, delivered in the form that this generation — the generation raised on hip-hop, on the rhythm and the rhyme, on the specific truth-telling capacity of a form that has always been as much journalism as art — can receive.

Eleven tracks.

"America." "Final Curtain Call." "I Am The Proof." "Letter to Jay-Z." "Letter to TD Jakes and Joel Osteen." "Letter to the Industry." "The Prophecy." "The Rapture." And the others. Each one arrived with the specific intention of what it was sent to do — not as a concept I developed but as a commission I received. In the same way that Moses received Commandments on tablets, in the same way that the prophets received words that they then wrote down and delivered, I received these songs. The bars are the tablets. The album is the scroll.

The letter to Jay-Z is what I want to dwell on for a moment, because Jay-Z is a specific kind of symbol in this story. Jay-Z is what Black excellence looks like when it operates entirely within the framework of this world's definition of success. Extraordinarily gifted. Extraordinarily wealthy. A man who built a business empire from the streets of Brooklyn and became one of the most influential cultural figures of his generation. I have respect for the achievement. What I do not have respect for is the theology — the framework that says that what you can accumulate, what you can brand, what you can sell back to the culture at a profit, is the measure of a life well-lived.

The letter is not an attack. It is an invitation. It is what a prophet writes to a king when the king has the gifts to change the world but is aiming them at a smaller target. The God who made Jay-Z made him for more than he is currently reaching for. That is not condemnation. That is a prophetic observation, written with the love of a brother who sees a fellow gifted man and knows there is a larger room than the one he's standing in.

The letter to TD Jakes and Joel Osteen is similar in spirit and different in content. These are men of the cloth — men who lead enormous Christian institutions and speak to millions and are, by every external measure, enormously successful ministers of the Gospel. I have no doubt about the sincerity of their faith. What I have is a question about whether the success has become the message — whether the measure of a ministry's validity has quietly shifted from the transformation of lives and the governance of the Kingdom to the size of the platform and the sales of the book.

The music carries these questions.

"The Rapture" is what it sounds like. "The Prophecy" is what it sounds like. These are not artistic conceits — they are dispatches from the prophetic assignment, translated into a language that the culture can receive.

They will matter when the music plays in the streets.

I said that once and I believe it with my whole heart: they will matter when the music plays in the streets. There will be a moment — I do not know its date, I only know its reality — when the tracks from this album will be heard in a context that makes their prophetic weight undeniable. When "The Prophecy" plays and people understand that it was written before the thing it describes. When "America" plays and the country it was written about is finally ready to hear what it has been told.

That day is coming.

The music was sent ahead of it, the way John the Baptist was sent ahead of Jesus. Not the main event — the forerunner. Not the fulfillment — the announcement.

CHAPTER 12

THE WOMEN OF VIRTUE

"Who can find a virtuous woman? For her price is far above rubies." —

Proverbs 31:10

She is in the strip club right now.

As you read this sentence, there is a woman somewhere — Atlanta, Chicago, Los Angeles, Houston, Lagos, London — who is performing for money in a space that has been designed to reduce her to the value of her body in a particular moment. She may have arrived there by choice. She may have arrived there by necessity. She may have arrived there by the specific sequence of abuse and poverty and abandonment that produces, in some women, the conclusion that this is the only value they have left to offer.

She is not forgotten.

I need to say that plainly, because the Church has spent too many years either ignoring her entirely or showing up with condemnation instead of love — with the pamphlet that tells her she is sinning without offering her the ladder out of the hole she's in. Women of Virtue is not that. Women of Virtue is the answer to the pamphlet. Women of Virtue is the organizational expression of the belief that no woman is beyond redemption, that no woman's dignity has been permanently removed by what has been done to her or what she has done, that the God who made her sees something worth reclaiming even in the places where reclamation seems most impossible.

Battered women's shelters. Pornography. Strip clubs. These are the specific entry points — not because they are the only places where women need rescue, but because they are the places where women are most visibly being destroyed and most systematically being ignored by institutional faith. We go there.

The model agency is part of it.

Celebrity Photography — "Here Everyone's A Star" — feeds into the restoration pipeline. Because the woman who has been told her body is the commodity is also, in many cases, a woman who has never been told that her presence, her face, her story, her full humanity is worthy of celebration. Celebrity Photography is the declaration: you are worth photographing as yourself. Not as an object. Not as a product. As a person. A person whose image is worth capturing with care and artistry and the genuine attention of a lens pointed in love.

From there — courses. Acting school. Online education. Kingdom women built for global deployment. Not built to be hidden in a domestic obscurity that does not use them. Built for the stage, the boardroom, the pulpit, the Parliament. Built to be — in every room they enter — the proof that God restores and that restoration is not merely recovery but elevation.

The upscale model track is intentional. The world told these women they were only valuable in one very specific and degrading way. The Kingdom tells them: no, the world was wrong about you. You are not only valuable — you are excellent. You are not only beautiful — you are gifted. And the same world that tried to diminish you is going to see you walk into rooms it never imagined you would occupy.

This vision was given to me as clearly as any of the others. It came with the weight that all true Kingdom assignments carry — not excitement exactly but gravity, the sense that this is not a business opportunity but a responsibility. These women are waiting. They are being hurt right now, at this moment, while the Kingdom builds. The urgency of Women of Virtue is the urgency of a rescue operation. Every day it takes to fully deploy is a day that women who could be transformed are still being diminished.

We are going faster.

The Kingdom does not have the luxury of a leisurely timeline.

CHAPTER 13

THE PUMPS THEY CALLED A SCAM

"Pure and undefiled religion before God the Father is this: to visit orphans and widows in their trouble, and to keep oneself unspotted from the world." —

James 1:27

Before there was a Kingdom Ecosystem. Before there were nine platforms and a 49th-floor office and an AI agent building websites through the night. Before any of it — there were water pumps.

I had preachers in Africa and Pakistan who looked up to me. I don't know how they found me. I don't know what they saw. But when you are 'The Proof' — when God has marked you for a specific assignment and the people He is trying to reach can somehow sense the anointing on your life — the broken find you even before you find them. They always have.

These pastors, these village leaders, these men of God in Pakistan and Kenya and Nigeria — they would reach out and tell me about what was happening on the ground. Things the American church wasn't talking about. Things the American news wasn't covering. Muslim majorities in Pakistan were cutting off the water supply to Christian villages as a tool of religious persecution. Not metaphorically. Physically. The water lines that ran through Muslim-controlled infrastructure would be redirected, capped, diverted. Christian families — entire villages of devout believers who refused to renounce their faith — were left to drink from muddy, contaminated sources. Children were dying of cholera. Women were walking four miles each way every single day just to collect water in clay pots. And these Christians, in the middle of all of it, were still praying. Still fellowshiping. Still showing their Muslim neighbors kindness and love even while those neighbors let their children die of thirst.

That's real faith. That's the real walk of a Christian. And I could not look away.

I started buying water pumps. Each one cost \$300 — \$300 for a hand pump that would last thirty years and serve an entire village. I would wire the money, the pastors on the ground would coordinate the installation, and somewhere in a village in Wadana Kasur, Pakistan — or in Kenya, or Nigeria — a green pump would go into the ground and clean water would flow and the people of God would have what their persecutors tried to take from them.

I did this for as long as I could. And then Shun found out.

My wife, God bless her, did what any reasonable woman with a husband receiving wire transfer requests from strangers in Pakistan would do: she thought I was being scammed. She pulled back our finances. She protected our family from what looked, from the outside, like a very sophisticated con. I want to say clearly — she was not wrong to be concerned. I know what it looked like. I know the pattern of international ministry scams. I know that the enemy uses the appearance of need to exploit the generous. Shun was protecting her family, and I honor that.

But I also know what I know. I know what those pastors sounded like on the phone. I know the photographs that came back — Pakistani Christians holding up a banner with my family's picture printed on it, our faces smiling from a red sofa in Atlanta, their faces smiling from a dusty courtyard in Punjab. The banner said: "From The Smith Family Aka The Proof's Family — Thank you so much for this Brick Area Village Wadana Kasur Pakistan water pump."

You cannot fake that. The faces of those children, the posture of those elders, the dignity they carried while holding up a sign thanking an American family they had never met — that is not a scam. That is the Kingdom of God in motion.

When I could no longer give alone, I did what God always does with the things He cares about: I built infrastructure for others to give through me. WaterForChristians.com was born not from abundance but from limitation. My wife took back the checkbook. God gave me a foundation.

The goal was simple, and it remains simple today: every church should adopt a village. That is all it takes. One Sunday offering. One decision by one pastor to say, this church will not look away. \$300 and thirty years of clean water for an entire community of believers who will not renounce their God for anything — not for comfort, not for water, not for their lives.

And there is more. In Pakistan, the water is not the only thing being taken. In the brick kilns of Sindh and Punjab, Christian families are trapped in generational bonded labor — slavery in everything but name. They are given advances they cannot repay, and the debt is passed from father to son, from mother to daughter. They make bricks in 120-degree heat. They cannot leave. They are Christians, which means no one in power is advocating for them, and their faith makes them targets rather than protected classes.

I have seen the footage. I have spoken to the men. Their faces are burned into my memory alongside the fireplace and the angel and the hospital room and every other thing God has shown me that the comfortable world would rather not see.

We are going back for them. WaterForChristians.com is not just a water mission. It is a declaration that the people of God will not abandon the persecuted church. Not in Pakistan. Not in Kenya. Not in Nigeria or Uganda or Ethiopia or anywhere else on this earth where someone is suffering because they chose Jesus.

They cut off the water to kill the church. We restore the water to prove the church cannot be killed.

And one day, when the movie is made and the world sees the full story — they will see this chapter too. The quiet chapter. The \$300-at-a-time chapter. The chapter where a man in Atlanta with no checkbook and a disbelieving wife wired money to strangers in Pakistan because God told him to, and the strangers turned out to be brothers and sisters, and the Kingdom moved, and the water flowed.

The proof that He exists is not only in the platforms and the policy and the music. Sometimes the proof is a green pump in the ground in a village called Wadana Kasur, and

thirty years of clean water for the people who refused to let go of His name.

CHAPTER 14

THE ECOSYSTEM

"And God saw all that he had made, and it was very good." — Genesis 1:31

Let me walk you through the Ark.

The Wise Men Group — the mother platform, the hub, the organizational center from which the rest flows. The nonprofit that carries the Kingdom mission and the legal identity that makes this a recognizable structure in the world's systems. This is the organizational body of the Kingdom Ecosystem, the name that connects all the platforms to a singular identity and purpose.

Women of Virtue — the rescue and restoration of women. Already described. The most tender platform and perhaps the most urgent.

Robbin Hood Entertainment — note the spelling. Robbin, not Robin. Not the folklore bandit, not the Hollywood hero. A Kingdom entertainment company that takes the resources of the culture and redistributes them — not to take from the rich to give to the poor in the simplistic fairy-tale sense, but to redirect the entertainment economy away from its current mission of distraction and sedation toward something that builds, informs, and elevates. Entertainment as ministry. Storytelling as assignment.

Celebrity Photography — "Here Everyone's A Star" — the visual platform. The evidence, in pixels and prints, that every human being is worthy of being seen. Feeding into Women of Virtue. Feeding into the culture's understanding of dignity.

Kingdom Family Reunions — the reclamation of the extended family as a Kingdom unit. The decline of the American family — and particularly the decline of the Black American family, which has been systematically targeted and disrupted by policies and by the

specific violence of a history that is not yet fully acknowledged — is not accidental and is not irreversible. Kingdom Family Reunions is the platform that says: we are building family infrastructure, not just personal success. The reunion is the ritual. The ritual is the covenant renewal.

Kingdom Communities HOA — the physical geography of Kingdom life. Not a compound, not a separatist colony, but intentional communities organized around Kingdom values. Neighborhoods where the people of God are genuinely neighbors to each other. Where the practical mutual aid that the early Church practiced in the Book of Acts is not a historical memory but a present reality.

Kingdom Families CRM — the technology layer. The database and relationship management infrastructure that allows the Kingdom Ecosystem to know who its people are, where they are, what they need, and how to connect them to each other and to the resources available within the ecosystem. Technology in service of relationship. Data in service of humanity.

Kingdom Network Hub — the connective tissue. The platform that links all the other platforms — the communication center, the marketplace, the gathering space for the Kingdom community across all its expressions. Where a member of a Kingdom Community in Atlanta can find a sister in Lagos and a brother in London and a covenant partner in Seoul.

The Bridge / Double Portions — the financial platform. The promise of double portions is not metaphor — it is the covenant provision of God, the Elisha-receives-double-Elijah's-anointing of the Kingdom. The Bridge is what connects people who have to people who have not, and the double portion is the supernatural multiplication that follows when Kingdom economics replaces scarcity economics.

Nine platforms. Nine pillars. One Kingdom. One Ark.

And it started to rain.

I want to linger in that phrase for a moment — it started to rain — because I have been saying it since the angel appeared by the fireplace, since the wood aroma filled the room and

the temperature dropped and the charge was given: build the Ark, the rain is coming.

Rain in Genesis is judgment and also mercy. Rain is the thing that destroys the old world and simultaneously carries the Ark — carries the preserved ones — to the next shore. Rain is not only destruction. Rain is necessary. Rain is what the ground needs to produce life. Rain is what breaks the drought.

America is in a drought. The world is in a drought. A spiritual drought, a moral drought, a drought of genuine vision from genuine sources — a drought of the kind of leadership that serves rather than extracts, that builds rather than dismantles, that tells the truth rather than constructs comfortable narratives.

The Ark is built.

The rain is here.

CHAPTER 14

TWELVE YEARS OF ISOLATION

"But as for me, I will look to the LORD; I will wait for the God of my salvation; my God will hear me." — Micah 7:7

Twelve years.

I have been working on all of this for over twelve years, sitting in isolation, waiting on the climate in America and around the world to get to where it is now.

Twelve years. Let that number land on you the way it landed on me when I first fully comprehended it. Noah built the Ark for approximately one hundred years. Joseph sat in prison for two years after the cupbearer who promised to remember him forgot him entirely, and he had already spent years as a slave in Potiphar's house before that. Paul spent three years in Arabia after his Damascus Road conversion before he began his missionary work. Moses spent forty years in the desert of Midian between the flight from Egypt and the burning bush.

Twelve years is not unusual in the curriculum of prophetic preparation. What makes it unusual is living inside it. It is one thing to read about Moses in Midian from the comfortable distance of three thousand years of retrospect. It is another thing to be in the wilderness yourself, to be building what you cannot yet fully show, to be holding a vision so large that the gap between the vision and the visible produces a particular kind of loneliness that no human companionship can entirely fill.

The loneliness of those years is a thing I will not minimize.

The disbelief of loved ones is a thing I will not minimize. People who love you — genuinely love you, who want good things for you, who are invested in your wellbeing — can

still fail to believe your vision. Can still look at what you are building and see delusion rather than obedience. Can still ask the question that was in Ann's eyes at the Small Business Association: do you really believe all this is going to happen? And the asking is not always cruel. Sometimes the asking is the deepest expression of care from people who are afraid for you, who do not want to watch someone they love build for a decade and then see the building fail.

But there is a kind of disbelief that is not protective — it is predatory. The disbelief that mocks. The disbelief that uses a man's vision as ammunition for social ridicule. The disbelief that is really a projection of the disbeliever's own fear of obedience, their own unfinished conversation with their calling — so they dismantle yours instead of confronting theirs.

I encountered both kinds.

I survived both kinds.

The parallel with Noah is so precise that I am sometimes almost breathless when I lay them side by side.

Noah received a specific architectural blueprint from God. BJ received a specific architectural blueprint from God. Noah's wife did not initially believe him. Shun initially struggled to believe. Noah built in a world where rain was not yet a known phenomenon — where the very premise of what he was building was invisible to everyone around him because the evidence for it had not yet arrived in their experience. I built in a world where the climate for the Kingdom Ecosystem had not yet arrived — where the divisions that make nine interconnected platforms a necessity were still consolidating, where the crises that make the Policy urgent were still developing, where the vacuum that makes the music necessary was still forming.

Both of us were building ahead of the weather.

The parallel with Joseph is equally precise. Joseph had a dream at seventeen of his brothers bowing before him, and the dream was so large and so threatening to the order of his family that it got him thrown in a pit and sold into slavery. The dream itself was not wrong.

The timing of it — the distance between the dream and its fulfillment — was the curriculum. Years in Potiphar's house. Years in prison. Years of building in invisible spaces, serving faithfully in roles that had nothing to do with the vision, learning to manage the resources of others before he was trusted with the resources of nations.

I have been in Potiphar's house. I have been in the prison. The SCORE meetings, the Commerce Club, the small business advisory offices — these were not failures. They were the Joseph years. The years of learning how things work, how governance works, how resources flow, how organizations function — before the Pharaoh dreams and the seven years of famine and the moment when everything converges and the preserved man becomes the provision for his generation.

The Pharaoh has dreamed.

The famine is beginning.

The grain is in the storehouse.

And every prophet who ever built in silence — every visionary who was told they were crazy, every man and woman who heard from God and did not receive confirmation for years and decades — I want to say to you directly: you are not alone. The loneliness was real. The waiting was real. The cost was real. But the God who asked you to build is the God who watches the building with more care than you know, who numbers the solitary hours, who does not waste a single season of obedience.

Not a single season.

The twelve years are in the story. The isolation is in the testimony. Every quiet night at the keyboard, every conversation where I said it clearly and watched the doubt move across someone's face, every day when the visible evidence was thin and the faith required was immense — it is all in the story. It is all the proof.

Not accidental. Chosen.

CHAPTER 15

THE TAKE OVER

"The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord, and of his Christ; and he shall reign for ever and ever." — Revelation 11:15

Let me be precise about what this is.

There is a phrase that I have used — a phrase that God placed in my mouth because He knew the season that was coming, the season when the stark clarity of the language would be necessary: "We've not come to take sides. We are here to take over."

I need you to understand what that means and what it does not mean.

It does not mean military conquest. It does not mean political domination. It does not mean the building of a theocracy in the coercive sense — a system where people are compelled by force to conform to the values of the Kingdom. Any reading of the Gospel of Jesus Christ that arrives at forced conformity as the method has misread the document. The Kingdom of God has never spread by compulsion. It spreads by transformation. It spreads by love expressed in action. It spreads by the demonstration of a better way.

What "take over" means is this: the frameworks that currently govern human life — the ideological frameworks, the economic frameworks, the social frameworks, the entertainment frameworks, the political frameworks — are failing. Not gradually declining. Collapsing. The evidence is everywhere, in the polarization of nations and the decay of institutions and the loneliness epidemic and the addiction epidemic and the crisis of meaning that is emptying churches and filling therapists' offices and driving unprecedented rates of youth suicide.

These failing frameworks are going to be replaced. Not if — when. The only question is what replaces them.

The Kingdom Ecosystem is the replacement. Not one piece of the replacement. The replacement. The whole structure — nine platforms, the Policy, the music, the Women of Virtue, the community infrastructure, the double portions, the network hub — this is not a supplement to existing structures. It is the successor to failing ones.

This is what "take over" means: when the structures collapse, we have what replaces them. When the frameworks fail, we have the alternative that was already built. When the rain comes — and the rain is already coming — the Ark is already on the water.

195 countries.

The Kingdom is not American. Let me be emphatic about that. The Kingdom is not American. It is not suburban. It is not Republican or Democrat or conservative or liberal. It is not an institution of any particular denomination or theological tradition. It is the Kingdom of God — which means it belongs to every tribe and tongue and nation, which means its governance frameworks are drawn not from American political tradition but from divine instruction, which means its community looks like the full diversity of the human family organized around shared values rather than shared ethnicity or shared geography or shared cultural taste.

I think about the sons.

Elijah. Emmanuel. Ezra. The names God gave me before their faces were visible.

Elijah in the wheelchair who is still, I believe with everything I am, going to stand again — not because medicine will find what it missed but because the God who named him is the God who raises the dead and restores the broken and does not waste the prophets He names.

Emmanuel — God with us — who is growing up watching his father build the Kingdom, who is being formed by what he observes, who will one day understand what it meant that his father spent twelve years in isolation typing visions into a website before the rain came.

Ezra — restoration after exile. Named for the man who rebuilt the Temple after Babylon. Named for the season that follows the destruction, the grace that follows the judgment, the return that follows the captivity. My son Ezra was named for the chapter that comes after the chapter that nearly breaks you.

The sons will inherit the Kingdom.

Not as a passive inheritance — not as beneficiaries who receive without contribution — but as builders who watched the blueprint, who learned the language, who grew up inside the vision and will, when the time comes, carry it further than I will be able to carry it.

The generational dimension of what God is building through this family is something that moves me at a level below language. It moves me the way the birth of a child moves a parent — the specific, overwhelming recognition that what you are doing is not only for now. It is for then. It is for the generation that is not yet born, looking back at this chapter in the history of the Kingdom and understanding that there was a man in Atlanta, on the forty-ninth floor, who built something in twelve years of silence that the whole world eventually needed.

The takeover is a love story.

It is the Father, who so loved the world that He sent His Son — and continues, through servants like The Proof, to send the word forward, the plan forward, the Ark forward, the grain forward, the policy forward, the music forward — in love, in urgency, in the specific gravity of a God who has never stopped loving the world He made and has no intention of letting it destroy itself without first sending every available forerunner with every available warning.

Everybody wants to be successful.

No one wants to be significant.

Significance costs what success does not. Significance costs the twelve years and the hospital beds and the shredded letter and the disbelief and the parking lot and the isolation

and the suit that covers the cracking armor and the night the fireplace went cold and the morning the seizure wouldn't break.

Significance costs everything.

And it is worth everything.

I am The Proof.

And the rain is here.

EPILOGUE

TO THE PROOF IN YOU

"Now to him who is able to do immeasurably more than all we ask or imagine, according to his power that is at work within us, to him be glory in the church and in Christ Jesus throughout all generations, for ever and ever! Amen." —

Ephesians 3:20–21

I am writing this to you.

Not to the ones who already know. Not to the successful — the networked, the credentialed, the well-positioned, the people whose visions have already arrived at confirmation and whose calls are already being returned. I am writing this to the ones who are still in the waiting.

The ones who have been told they are crazy.

The ones who sit in rooms — offices, hospitals, parking lots, small apartments, kitchen tables at 2 AM — and hold visions that they have never been given permission to fully voice because the people around them, even the people who love them, look at them with the particular kindness of disbelief and say: be realistic, be reasonable, scale it back, settle for something smaller.

I am writing to you.

You are not crazy.

Or maybe you are — maybe the assignment you have been given requires a kind of faith that the rational mind categorizes as madness. Maybe the gap between what God told you and what your current circumstances can demonstrate is so large that the only reasonable response, by any ordinary standard of reason, is to abandon the vision. Maybe everyone

around you has a perfectly logical case for why it isn't going to happen.

God is not impressed by the logic.

He told Noah it was going to rain when rain was a concept that had never been demonstrated. He told Abraham to leave his country for a land He would show him later — not a map, not a contract, just a directional command and the promise that the destination would be revealed en route. He told a shepherd boy who smelled like sheep that he was the king of Israel. He told a murderer in the Midian desert to go back to the palace he fled and demand the release of a nation.

God has never been deterred by the gap between the vision and the current evidence.

The gap is the assignment. The gap is where the faith is built. The gap is where the character is formed, where the obedience is tested, where the isolation yields the intimacy with God that cannot be produced any other way.

You were built for the gap.

I know something about what you are feeling right now, in that gap. I know the specific loneliness of it. I know the way it feels to be at a gathering of people and smile through a conversation about small things when inside you are carrying something so large you can barely breathe. I know the way it feels to pray for confirmation and receive silence instead — not the absence of God but the particular silence of a God who is training your faith to stand without the immediate reward of audible response.

I know the way it feels when the people who should show up do not call.

I know the way it feels when the hospital is long and the bills are staggering and the miracle is not arriving on your schedule.

I know the way it feels when the thing you buried to survive becomes the thing that almost kills you.

I know all of it.

And I am here to tell you: keep building.

Keep building when no one is watching. Keep building when the website is quiet and the nonprofit is unfunded and the vision is still invisible to everyone but you and God. Keep building when the doubt comes — and it will come, because doubt is not the absence of faith, it is the companion of faith, the shadow that follows the light everywhere it goes. Keep building when the body fails and the marriage strains and the firstborn son is not yet healed. Keep building in the parking lot after the Commerce Club, when the suit is off and the performance is over and the real man is all that's left and the real man is afraid.

Keep building.

The Ark does not get built in a day. It does not get built in a year or a decade. It gets built in the accumulation of obedient hours, each one added to the last, until one day you stand back and see the shape of the thing and realize that what looked like individual acts of small faithfulness was actually a cathedral being assembled one stone at a time.

You are a proof.

Not The Proof in the way that I am The Proof — that specific naming is mine. But a proof. An argument. An exhibit. Your life, lived in obedience to the One who made you and called you and is building something through you that you can only partially see — your life is a proof that He exists. That He is faithful. That He does not abandon the ones He chooses. That the gap is not a sign of His absence but of His preparation.

The world is going to need you.

Not a smaller version of you — you. The full version. The version that has been shaped by the waiting and refined by the suffering and completed by the obedience. The version that has been through the hospital and come back. The version that has sat in the parking lot and driven away sober. The version that has carried visions for twelve years in isolation and not quit.

The world needs that version. Not the comfortable version. Not the credentialed version. Not the one that settled. The one who finished what God started.

I am the proof that if you live a righteous life, He will give you the desires of your heart.

I am the proof that He can do anything.

I am the proof that He exists.

And soon — because of the Ark that is already on the water, because of the nine platforms and the Policy and the music and the Women of Virtue and the double portions and the Kingdom communities and the network hub connecting 195 countries — soon, you will all be the proof.

Let us pray.

Father.

You are the Author and the Finisher. You wrote the beginning and You know the end and in between You placed a man from Greenville, South Carolina, born at six-thirty in the morning on the threshold between night and day, and You called him The Proof. You placed in him a vision too large for one man to hold, too important for one generation to contain, too urgent for one age to delay.

Thank You for the twelve years of isolation that produced twelve years of architecture. Thank You for the hospital that produced the sobriety that produced the clarity. Thank You for the fireplace and the chill and the angel who came and the word that was spoken: the Ark is your assignment, and the rain is coming.

Thank You for Shun, who carried the house. Thank You for Elijah, Emmanuel, and Ezra — the prophetic sons whose names are their destinies. Thank You for Dorothy, who wrote the letter. Thank You for the priest who said very vivid visions when the world said something else entirely.

For every reader who has received these pages: meet them in the gap. Confirm the vision. Sustain the faith. Send the angel when the fireplace goes cold. Bind up what the hospital broke. Restore what the seizure took. Give the double portion to every person who has been living on less than You intended.

And to the nations: receive what has been built for you. Not in the name of any man. In the name of the King whose Kingdom has no end.

Amen.

"We've not come to take sides. We are here to take over."

— BJ / The Proof

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THE PROOF — A Kingdom Story

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