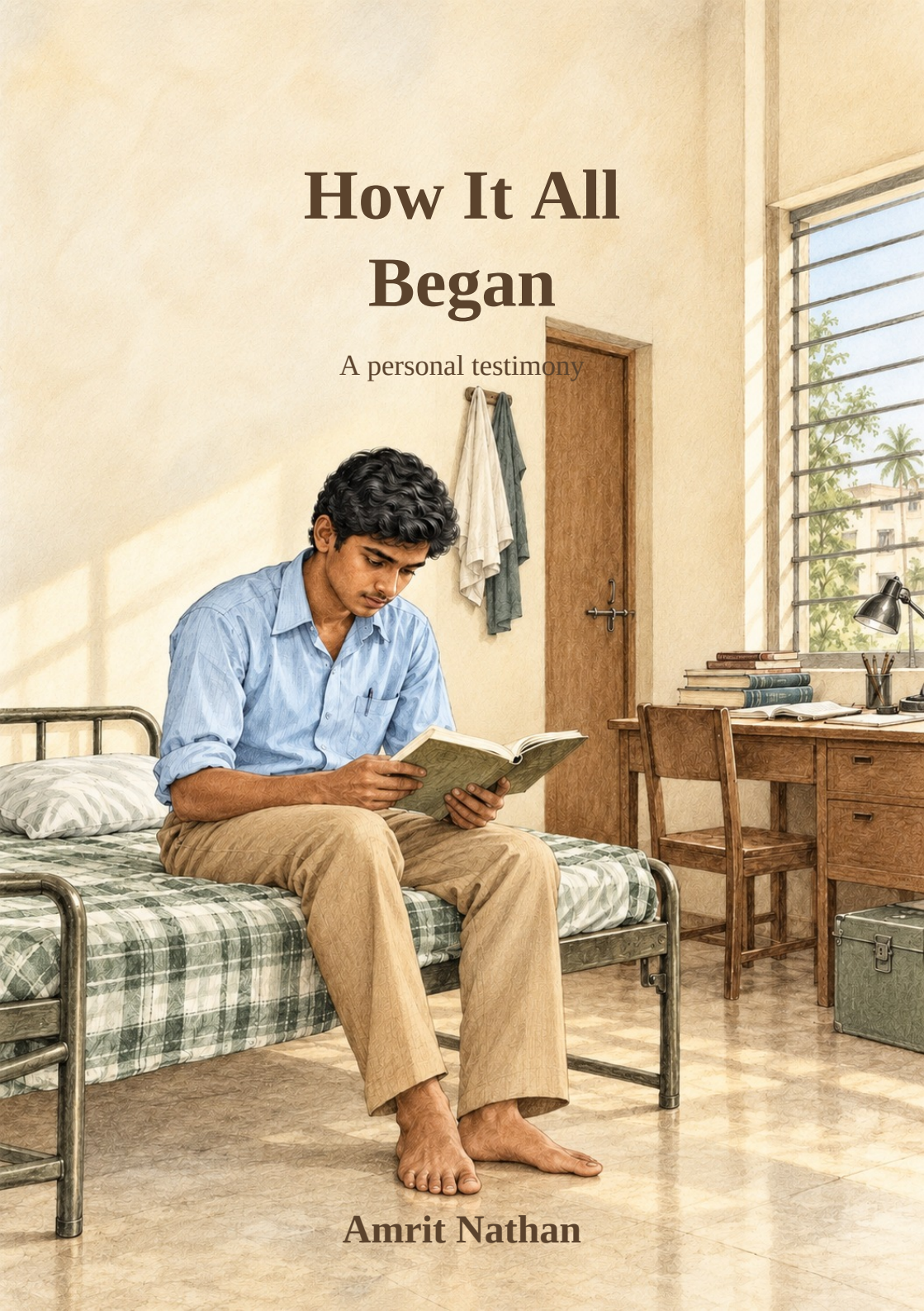
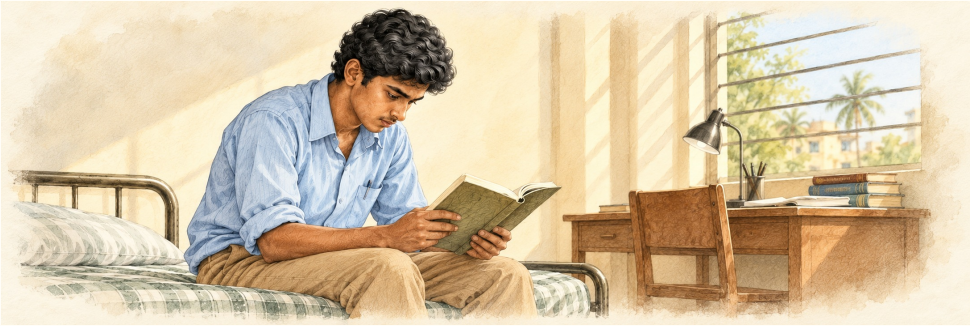
How It All Began

A personal testimony



Amrit Nathan

February 1976



I was twenty years old, studying engineering and living in a hostel. One day in February 1976, I was sitting on my bed reading Right with God.

As I read about the Passover lamb and the death of Yahshua, a familiar prayer suddenly acquired meaning:

“Lamb of God, who takes away the sins of the world, have mercy on me.”

I had heard those words many times. Now I understood whom they meant. Yahshua was the Lamb. Then a scene unfolded before me.

The Nail



In the vision, a man was being nailed to a cross. My attention was drawn to His right arm. A soldier stood on a ladder, holding a nail in his left hand and a hammer in his right.

My viewpoint changed. I was looking down from above and could see the soldier’s face.

It was me.

I screamed, “No!” But the hammer was already falling. The nail went in. Blood splashed onto my face, and I fell to the ground.

The experience continued. I found myself kneeling before a Judge. I had no excuse. I begged for forgiveness. The moment I said, “Sorry,” the scene dissolved. I was lying face down in my room, with tears streaming.

Fifty Years Later



From that day, I wanted to read the Bible whenever I could. Much remained beyond my understanding, but passages stayed clearly in my memory.

In 1996, while struggling to provide for my family, I experienced what I understood to be a voice teaching me to interpret those Scriptures, especially Genesis. I call the understanding that grew from this The Foundation.

In 2026, fifty years have passed since that day in the hostel. The Last Witness is where I share my testimony and what I have come to understand.

When I say, “I WAS THERE,” I am speaking of that vision. I cannot explain how it happened. I recognised my own face. I asked for forgiveness.

It is that forgiveness I wish to bear witness to.