

**Undeniable
Biblical
Proof**

JESUS CHRIST

**Will
Return
To
Planet
Earth
Exactly
2,000
Years
After
The
Year
Of
His
Death**

What you MUST DO to be ready!!!

Gabriel Ansley

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Introduction

I, Gabriel, was born December 25, 1970. At 10 years of age in front of a church altar, I was instantaneously healed by God of acute bronchial asthma—which I had suffered immensely from for over 2 years!—and I fell in love with the God who created heaven and Earth. I did not know much about Him as a small boy, but I knew He must have loved me dearly to take away all my hurting. And my heart has been His ever since.

Two years later, when I was 12 years old, my father noticed an ad in the local newspaper about a traveling prophet who was coming to a church in a nearby town. Intrigued, dad decided our family should go. Now we had never stepped foot in the church and did not know anyone there, but near the end of the prophet's preaching, he walked back the central aisle, pointed at me and said, "Stand up, son. Do you know God gave you your name? For your name is Gabriel! And God's placed the creativity of 4 men inside of you. Son, you will be like John the Baptist in the last days preparing the people to meet the Lord, for God is going to place you in a position to be able to influence multitudes of people." I sat back down in my pew in a state of bewilderment. I was still wondering how the prophet knew my name! It has been 25 years since that night and I have never forgotten the words that prophet spoke over my life.

I watched my father die January 2, 1992, 8 days after I had turned 21 years of age. In the fall of that same year, I was lying in bed one Sunday morning viewing a television evangelist program. While the show was still in the music portion, I noticed my dad's Bible—which

my mother had given me after he passed away—lying in the middle of the bedroom floor. For no particular reason, I got out of bed, picked it up, and tossed it gently on my bed. (I guess I wanted it nearby so I could read along with the evangelist when he began preaching.)

About 15 minutes later, commenced to preaching, the evangelist directed us to Mark 16:15-18. When I turned to look up the passage in my Bible, I was dumbfounded to find it lying open to the EXACT page of those verses! Then, for the first time in my life I heard the voice of the Lord speak to me in my spirit, “Listen to this message, son, for it is for you!” The weighty verses read: “*And he (Jesus) said unto them, **Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature. He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned.** And these signs shall follow them that believe; In my name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues; They shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover.*” (Mark 16:15-18). I was astonished: It was the great commission! “How in the world am I ever going to fulfill THAT,” I mused. “I’m just a kid!” Since I had no clue how I was to proceed, I left the years pass without giving it much consideration.

Then, 13 years later at the age of 34, God dropped a supernatural bomb on me. For on a Friday night around 10:45 p.m. May 6, 2005, an angel of the Lord visited me in the most miraculous way. Amanda—my girlfriend at the time—and I had just finished watching a Robin Williams movie about dead people called “*The Final Cut*”. The movie was extremely somber, so to lighten the air in my apartment after it was over I decided to play some music. The choice was easy for Amanda had finally remembered that night to bring over a Joe Diffie cassette for me to listen to. (I had been asking her for months to bring it!) Seeing it sitting on top of the entertainment center, I grabbed it, sat down, and then placed it in my karaoke box tape deck and hit play.

The first song on the album was the one I had been dying to hear. It was entitled “*In another world*”. As the song neared the end, Joe Diffie was wailing the lyric, “*That’s another place in time, back when you were mine, in another world, in another world, in another world!*” At that very moment, I looked up and 18 feet in front of me—yes, I

measured it!—on my refrigerator door, perfectly centered, was a 32 inch tall shadowed profile of my deceased father’s face. The very second my eyes beheld the darkened profile I knew it was him! My mind started spinning in amazement, but somehow I collected my thoughts enough to stammer to Amanda, “My dad’s here now!”

I did not move. I just sat there riveted to the floor, staring at the face on the refrigerator door. The words I had just spoken hung hauntingly in the air. “Why did I say THAT?” I thought. “Why did I not just point and say, ‘Hey, that looks like my dad’? But to declare, ‘My dad’s HERE now’ ...that was spooky!” Trapped in my own swirling fog of shock and confusion, I heard Amanda’s inquiring words cut through my mental haze like a knife, “Isn’t today his birthday?” “Is today May 6th?” I replied! Oh, my goodness!!! It would be impossible to accurately describe to you the overwhelming feeling of awe that coursed through my body when I realized what she asked was correct, but cold chills ran up and down my body like a rollercoaster, forming goose bumps on top of goose bumps until every hair on my body was at attention. It was extremely hard to grasp the fact that I had forgotten my father’s birthday, yet there he was! It was miraculous enough just seeing my father’s profiled face, but to be ON his birthday...well, that was almost too much to mentally process.

I can only guess the shock Moses experienced in the desert when he witnessed a bush burning yet not being consumed, but I understand perfectly well his reaction to the miracle: “*And the angel of the LORD appeared unto him (Moses) in a flame of fire out of the midst of a bush: and he looked, and, behold, the bush burned with fire, and the bush was not consumed. And Moses said, **I will now turn aside, and see this great sight, why the bush is not burnt**” (Exodus 3:2, 3). I, too, having witnessed a great miracle, turned aside to investigate how the shadowy image of my father’s face was being made. But I must back up in time (a little) to fully relate to you the miraculous account.*

About a month earlier, I became infatuated with putting Big Ben 1,000 piece puzzles together—yeah, go figure!—and I had moved a set of saw horses into my living room with a piece of plywood across them for a puzzle table: My seat was a swiveling barstool. Since my 1 bedroom apartment was/is VERY small, this cramped “set up” sat

beside my entertainment center, hogging up most of the living room floor. Then, days before the miracle, I attached a clip-on, aluminum floodlight to a CD rack hanging on the wall above the puzzle table for better light. Alright, so here is what happened the night of May 6, 2005.

Upon returning home from Blockbuster with the Robin Williams movie, I haphazardly grabbed the puzzle barstool and sat it nonchalantly in the “middle” of the kitchen, clearing room to sit on the living room floor. (The living room & kitchen are all one small combined room.) Then, after turning out ALL the lights and starting the movie, I sat down on the living room carpet and Amanda lay down on the couch to watch. When the gloomy movie was over, I got up in the darkness and clicked on ONLY the floodlight above the puzzle table to be able to see to get the Joe Diffie cassette. The rest proceeded as I have written above!

So how was the profiled image of my father’s face being formed? It was a perfect combination of the shapes being created by Amanda’s tasseled pocketbook sitting on the T-shirt toting, V-backed barstool I had randomly sat in the kitchen, which was casting a shadow from the floodlight’s light onto the refrigerator door! Like an inquisitive child hunched over an ant on the sidewalk, I detected the chair’s leather seat made his chin, the pocketbook’s tassels made his lips, the top of the pocketbook made his nose, the chair’s acutely-angled metal back made his glasses, and the gathered T-shirt hanging over the middle of the chair’s back made his hair lines. All of these things were perfectly proportioned with respect to each other to create my father’s profiled head. If anything was moved even slightly, the face was gone!

I stumbled around my apartment looking for a piece of poster-board big enough to trace the profile. Finally finding a piece in the garage, I captured the face! And it now hangs on the wall in my hallway as a permanent reminder of God’s miraculous power! See, Moses’ “burning bush” miracle was created by God simply using natural “things”—namely, a bush and fire. But it was what God DID with those “things” that was supernatural! Likewise, it was what God DID with the “things” in my apartment that created the miracle He performed for me. (Incidentally, my father loved profiles so much so that he sat my brother and me down sideways in chairs when we were small boys in grade school, clicked a floodlight on beside us, and drew our shadowed

profiles on poster-board tacked to the wall. He then cut them out, traced them on plywood, and sawed out wooden replicas that he hung on our respective bedroom doors for years! Who knew one day I would be doing the same of him?)

After the incredible miracle, I turned aside from my life and desires and began drawing nigh unto God. I fashioned myself after Solomon: “*I applied mine heart to know and to search, and to seek out wisdom, and the REASON of THINGS, and to know the wickedness of folly, even of foolishness and madness*” (Ecclesiastes 7:25). For the first time in my life I was now driven to know the historical, archaeological, and scientific proof of the Bible’s validity. I had to know the cold, hard evidence! I HAD to know if God wanted people to believe in Him without a single shred of evidence or if the Bible was something more.

The wondrous appearance of my deceased father’s face was so overwhelming to me, considering the synergy of the song lyric, movie’s theme, cold refrigerator location—dead people are said to be on ice!—and birthday, that it haunted my thoughts for months as to how God setup such an astonishing miracle. Did God place the desire in me to put puzzles together? Did God plant the notion in me to install a floodlight above the puzzle table? Did God stir Amanda to finally bring over the Joe Diffie cassette that night? Did God put the longing in me to purchase a particular style barstool, a year earlier, for a kitchen island I never built anyway? Did Amanda sit her pocketbook on that barstool, for like she said, she always sat it on the carpet beside the couch? How long had God been planning this miracle anyway? And on and on the unanswered questions rolled...tormenting my mind!)

I realize now it was all part of a divine plan for my life, because God recaptured center stage in my heart. He had my full and undivided attention! I thought about Him constantly, day and night. I so desperately wanted to read His Bible that it actually pained my spirit—thoughts, desires, & emotions—to have to go to work! I could hardly wait for the work day to end, so I could get home to read. Eventually, I devised a cure for my predicament; I carried a pocket Bible around with me at work and would sneak a peek whenever I could. (I even read the Bible lying in the dirt under a house foundation with a Bic lighter!)

I have experienced the full truth of the Bible verse: “*he (God) is*

a *rewarder* of them that ***diligently*** seek him” (Hebrews 11:6). Because the last 3 years of my life have been a whirlwind of manifestations and revelations from God. I will share many of these experiences in this book. God has become my closest companion. He is the reason I am breathing, and He is the joy of my life! He is my protector and my provider. And I love obeying His laws, because I love Him. I can truly sing with the psalmist: ***“With my whole heart have I sought thee...And I will DELIGHT myself in thy commandments, which I have loved...Teach me good judgment and knowledge: for I have believed thy commandments...The law of thy mouth is better unto me than thousands of gold and silver...O how love I thy law! IT is my meditation all the day...Depart from me, ye evildoers: for I will keep the commandments of my God...I love thy commandments above gold; yea, above fine gold...I opened my mouth, and panted: for I longed for thy commandments...LORD, I have hoped for thy salvation, and DONE thy commandments...My tongue shall speak of thy word: for ALL thy commandments are righteousness...I have longed for thy salvation, O LORD; and thy law is my delight”*** (Psalms 119:10, 47, 66, 72, 97, 115, 127, 131, 166, 172, 174).

Two years later, during May of 2007, while watching TV one night, God asked me to give \$2,007 to a specific Christian ministry. After I said yes, I distinctly heard God’s voice ask, “What do you want in return?” Now God had taught me to be a generous man long before that night, but I never once considered asking Him for something in return. (When I give to God, I am just elated to be of service to Him.) Thus, God’s question startled me! But I could feel His heavy presence awaiting my answer, so I thought about it briefly and instantly knew what I wanted. I said, “Father, God, I want to KNOW the true meaning of your Bible. I want to really know what it is ALL about. For there are many stories I don’t understand and verses that seem contradictory. So please teach me the absolute truth of your Word!” Once I made my request known, I did not hear a reply: His voice was gone!

Days later, while surfing on the internet, His voice was back! This time He asked, “Will you fast 40 days for me?” He told me when to begin the fast (Tuesday, May 29th) and when to end it (Saturday, July 7th). He even informed me specifically on how to observe it, because I

worked as a carpenter Monday through Friday and would have to eat something on those days for strength. Explicitly, I was to eat during a 10 hour window each day—6am to 4pm—and fast the other 14 hours of the day. Well, since my carpentry job ran from 7:30am to 4pm, I knew the week days were going to be difficult. During those days, I would only get breakfast at 9am and lunch at 12pm. Trust me, after carpentering all day, by 7 o'clock in the evening I was real hungry! And I cherished my evening meal and late night snack before bedtime. So I knew this was going to be a HUGE sacrifice for me: Going to bed hungry every night for 40 days was not something to look forward to! Thus, I was extremely tentative about committing to the fast, but with the wind knocked out of my sails, I answered God with a hesitant, half-hearted, "Ok...I'll do it."

As the day to begin fasting approached, I desperately tried to convince myself maybe God was not so serious about this fasting "thing" anyway. Boy, I could not have been more wrong!!! When Tuesday May 29th arrived I was still battling indecision, but I obeyed God. The next night I had my first opportunity to disobey, for I went bowling with a good friend of mine and her niece and afterward they wanted to go to Captain D's to get something to eat. I could hear a voice in my spirit say, "Don't do it, son!" But stupid me, I went and ate with them. That VERY night I was awakened around 3am by a tremendous pain in my mouth! I thought, "My God, what is this?" Standing in front of the bathroom mirror with a flashlight shining into my mouth, I noticed a dime-sized section of flesh behind my lower left, back molar had turned ghost white. It looked like leprosy!!! Horrified that I could barely open my mouth because of the severe pain, I slowly became conscious of God's presence watching me.

Then in a moment, I knew the strange sore was a result of my disobedience to the fast and I asked God how long it would last. Immediately, I heard, "Your suffering will pass in 7 days, but I avidly desire your completion of the 40 day fast I asked you to carry out." Well, needless to say, I jumped on board His way of thinking real quick! The next 7 days were hell on Earth. Even during the time I was allowed to eat, I ate very little because of the excruciating pain of opening my mouth. I would try to push food between my almost closed teeth,

crying in pain. It was pitiful. I hardly slept either, because my entire head and neck throbbed continuously from the pain. I downed Tylenol like it was candy—and I despise taking pain medication!—yet it only mildly reduced the agony. Nothing could mask the brutal, gnawing pain. The only reason I stayed calm and sane during those 7 days was I KNEW when the supernatural plague would end. And sure enough, like clockwork, the 7th day the affliction was gone!

I dropped over 10 pounds that first week! To be sure, I was fasting now! But I never once thought evil of God. I was happy to suffer for Him, because I knew the Scripture verse: “*My son, despise NOT thou the chastening of the Lord, nor faint when thou art rebuked of him: **For whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom he receiveth.** If ye endure chastening, God dealeth with you as with sons; for what son is he whom the father chasteneth not?*” (Hebrews 12:5-7). Deep in my heart, I knew God had some higher purpose for wanting me to fast 40 days. Even though I did not know why, I knew all He wanted out of me at the time was my obedience. I lost over 25 pounds during those 40 wearisome days, but I obeyed my Father God.

My fast came to an end on a Sabbath Saturday, July 7th, 2007, with a required ALL day fast! I diligently and fearfully obeyed, but I spent the last half hour feebly pacing my kitchen floor, counting the minutes down to midnight till I could eat a little something. Lying in bed that night enduring my final hunger headache, I was completely exhausted, scrawny, and very thankful the fast was over. By this time, I had pretty much forgotten my humble request a few months earlier to know the true meaning of the Bible. Little did I know; God had not!!!

Exactly 5 months to the day after my fast ended, I lit a Sabbath candle as the sun was setting in the sky on Friday evening, December 7, 2007. Holding the flickering light up high, I offered up a prayer of thankfulness to God for the beautiful world He created and the opportunity to live in it and work for Him. Then I welcomed the Holy Spirit and asked Him to uncover deeper things concerning God’s Word to me. Later that evening, I was stirred to randomly search for Biblical knowledge online. I stumbled across a website touting physical evidence of the Israelite’s Exodus out of Egypt and, subsequent, Red Sea crossing. The site displayed ancient Hebrew inscriptions on cliffs

in the Sinai area collaborating Moses' Biblical account of the Exodus, coral encrusted chariot wheels at the bottom of the Red Sea, sandstone inscriptions supporting Biblical happenings of the Israelites 40 year wilderness journey, and writings by ancient historians of great Egyptian plagues with a belief that some God was punishing them because of strangers in their land. By this time it was late at night; so I turned off the computer, blew out my candle, and went to sleep.

Around 8am Sabbath morning, I awoke to the presence of the Spirit of the Lord!!! As I lay in bed, He began explaining the real meaning behind the Israelite's story. I was told their 400 years of bondage in Egypt, escape into the wilderness, and 40 year journey to the Promise Land was all planned by Him! It was ALL a massive, detailed, PROPHETIC parable explaining EVERYTHING concerning God's plan of salvation for mankind's souls—e.g. mankind's souls were in bondage, mankind's souls needed to be delivered, etc. Then, God began walking me through New Testament Scriptures, verse by verse, explaining how they related to the Israelite's story. I was floored! All seemingly conflicting passages in Paul's New Testament letters—concerning what mankind must DO to obtain eternal life—were now crystal clear. And there was NOTHING conflicting at all!!!

Thus, on a Sabbath morning, Saturday December 8, 2007, the Lord first revealed the true meaning of the Bible to me. Oh, but that was not the end of it, for more revelations continued to happen. For months it was like God sat down with me, wrapped his right arm around my shoulders, and carefully explained the meaning behind every detail of the ancient Bible stories. Friend, the ancient Bible stories are ALL prophecy: God caused and controlled every detail in them to happen to foretell the future!!! In due time, the entire purpose and significance of the Bible was made clear to me. Knowing the true implications behind the details, I voraciously reread the first 5 books of the Old Testament and the whole Bible sprang to life! The verses literally leapt off the pages with spiritual prophetic value! The Bible's true significance is flabbergasting, and I bowed on my knees in reverence to God many times for what He was revealing to me.

Then, during February of 2008, God asked me to quit my carpentry job to write a book on what He taught me. This is that book!

If you have a thirst to know why God wrote the Bible; please read this book. If you really want to know what it is ALL about; please read this book. You will learn the stunning secrets behind the “wording” in the 7 day Creation story, what really died the day Adam & Eve ate the forbidden fruit, why God destroyed the Earth with a flood while having Noah build an ark to save his house, why God created a people called Israel and put them in bondage 400 years, why God sent 10 plagues on Pharaoh, why God picked the 10th & 14th days of a lunar month for the “choosing & killing” days of Israel’s Passover lamb, respectively, why God wanted Joshua’s army to walk around Jericho for 7 days, and a whole HOST of other things in the pages of this book! Once the true meaning and purpose behind the ancient Bible stories is realized, many details undeniably reveal Jesus’ 2nd Coming will take place exactly 2,000 years after the year of his death, resurrection, and ascension! But more importantly, in this age of Biblical confusion and deception caused by Satan, you will learn the undiluted Biblical Truth of what EVERY mankind’s soul—no matter when or where they were born on Earth!—has had and still needs to DO to obtain eternal life. And this is the REAL purpose of this book! For it is useless to know the approximate time of Christ’s 2nd Coming, if you are not properly prepared to meet Him.

I can tell you from the outset, the overall reason God wrote the Bible was simply to increase mankind’s faith in Him. Paul wrote: *“So then faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God”* (*Romans 10:17*). As you read this book and learn the amazing prophetic truth behind the ancient Bible stories, your belief in God is going to soar! It will become obvious mere mankind could not have secretly concealed the breadth of prophetic information contained in the details of the Old Testament stories. Thus, the Bible proves God’s existence! So I am inviting you to take a journey with me through God’s written Word for the amazing Truth contained in its pages. I believe you will be astonished at the magnificence of what God did and said in “It”.