

Here there has been much to learn, bought by losses and great hardship, a place where life has been reduced to the simplest elements.

In the beginning I had no measure or desire to prove or disprove anything. It was not on my agenda. Nor was it my intention to challenge some of the most basic tenets of Christianity and deeply held beliefs.

I was just looking for answers to the enigmas that had been presented to me with the creation of the chapel and the cross on the hill above.

In the process I was ineluctably led to discover something greater than I had bargained for – a startling and seemingly preposterous conclusion to one of the greatest puzzles on Earth.

One that will shortly come to pass.

## I

### A leap in the dark

Looking back, the cost of discovery was enormous - seven dead horses from jaguar attacks, snakebite and a lightning strike, another poisoned, 500 truck trips with materials and equipment on a muddy jungle track as far as it is possible to go into the mountains, then oxen and packhorse.

Blood and other messages in the night, an avalanche and volcanic eruptions to order, a tempest, police struck down, rocks falling off a cliff to create panic, enemies pumped full of bullets, murderers seen in the act ... all add to the mysterious powers enveloping the Lost World and the dark secrets of a mysterious chapel within the encircling mountain walls.

Faith is complete trust or confidence in someone or something, perhaps with a degree of hopefulness thrown in. Rarely does it come easily, especially when that faith is in something impalpable and to the extent you are virtually putting your life, or certainly your future, on the line. Sometimes it is by choice, other times it comes from necessity ... and just occasionally it is *thrust* upon you.

And so it happened, slowly at first, deep in the mountains and jungle of Central America, an unlikely place for an old man who, in his twilight years, was lured into an adventure that reads more like a plot from a Hollywood movie.

Perhaps the biggest question is why such a man was led to discover a portal, a gateway into the celestial realm where much has been revealed about end time prophecies and what is to come.

All this, over many difficult years, required a great degree of faith, *but faith in what or in whom?*

All I know and can have belief in is what actually took place here, and during my now more than 15 years in the Lost World I have been thrust one way and then the other depending on the events or circumstances. At times these have clearly been what I would call heavenly or Godly, although being of no religious persuasion when I arrived here it was difficult to judge, but they were certainly from a different dimension outwith this world.

For example, the portal was discovered in the chapel, so why a chapel, and built by an agnostic, verging on atheist, of all people. This makes me think holy, and the first part of the mystery here, solved in 2014, showed this to be so, with a clear understanding of the reasons why the chapel was built – *the message*.



Then there is the large cross I built on a hill above the chapel which 'bleeds' water from its arms. Certainly nothing I could ever have conceived creating. So why did I, and what was its purpose?

The building of the cross started a succession of 'messages' and 'happenings' and the opening shot of a war against everything here ... *the full powers of the government being assigned to destroying a simple Christian cross*. But for the past ten years they have been thwarted at every attempt by an old man and his cat without even a telephone between us.



These to me are heavenly acts. How else, or in what other way, could you even consider or describe them?

One then has to examine the 'messages' each time I was in court defending the cross, whereby volcanoes erupted. And when I asked for a clear message as to 'proof' these eruptions were connected to the cross I received it on the radio the following morning in exactly the way and manner I had requested. *What 'power' can coordinate such things and in such a fashion?*

Moreover, there would have been no chapel and the succeeding events if there had not been an avalanche here, undeniably triggered *on demand* at the time the wood was needed ... and delivered almost to the entry here.

Curiouser and curiouser.

With the opening of the portal and a direct link to the celestial realm it was possible to see both past and future events – because the future in celestial time is already past. These future events as they were shown, clearly verified what (or at least *some* of what) is written in the Bible concerning end times events (and events were shown that are *not* in the Bible, yet clearly connected to the end times – *almost an extension, an expansion and widening of it*).

And some are now taking place as I am writing this, like the coronavirus – *'Plagues and pestilence will be unleashed on the world on an unimaginable scale'*. It was revealed here in 2014 that there would come a time when flights from the United

States and Europe would stop, *overnight*, and the tourist industry would cease to be in an instant – *hotels empty, restaurants deserted, tourist venues abandoned, tens of thousands of people unemployed*.

Exactly as has now taken place (more later in the warning to the president here a year before it happened, and to prepare).

Thus I had more confirmation that this was heavenly work. Of course, more bizarre and going back further, is that I would not be here at all if an apparition in a private chapel in an ancient house in England had not shown the way.

All these things started to give me a degree of faith, but perhaps the most significant event that happened here, for which there could be no other explanation than it was an act of powers clearly very much beyond our understanding on earth, happened in October, 2016.

That day I had a massive heart attack (the second, but I wasn't aware I'd had an earlier one). It was so bad I was lying on the ground in the dirt for several hours unable to move until someone came who was able to pick me up and carry me to the library.

The 'angel of death' was there, *physically*, looking me in the face, then was called away. A short time after it was as though nothing, NOTHING, had happened and I was able to get up and walk out of here on a muddy jungle track, uphill, for an hour without even needing a rest and certainly no medical attention.

If I had not been later told that much of my heart had been destroyed (more than 60%) I would have thought a muscle spasm or something of the like had caused it. I survived an ordeal that doctors say was *absolutely not possible, it could not happen*; I should be dead. My heart *was* dead according to hospital records but my physical and cognitive abilities were as though nothing had happened.

But even with this event there was a bizarre twist (as I was later to find out) in that I *needed* to have the heart attack (it was induced, brought about), because it was a foretoken to future events here that otherwise could not have taken place. That was the strangest thing to understand until it was made clear.

In a truly bizarre way *my heart attack was needed to protect me, the chapel, and everything I was led to create here*. It sounds strange, I know, that I needed such an event to protect me and, in effect, keep me alive and in good health for the further tasks that were ahead, but it also meant that I would never be able to leave\*.

Again, all these events are what I would deem to be heavenly, empyrean, in a way we, or at least I,

understand the Scriptures. But even here I had to be wary for much else was to come.

So where does 'faith' come into all of this? It is easier, far easier, to believe what is written in the Bible, and have faith in a God – even though I never did or had any reason to. But I also had faith, if that is the correct way to describe it, in that when I was led here to do what was expected of me I spent every penny I had in so doing including my whole savings and pension, some three quarters of a million dollars, without even questioning or worrying about it *or what the consequences would be*. Then came the day when I had nothing, *not a single dollar*, and in the middle of the jungle in a foreign country, with no health insurance, no bank account, no pension, passport expired, nothing to keep me going or live on.

*Except faith. A faith in the unknown.*

*A faith that became a necessity because there was nothing else.*

And since that day, for many years now, my every need has been provided for, often in the most extraordinary of ways. Sometimes at the last minute, but always there, like the day I had no food and then two girls from the 'village' (a few scattered houses a couple of miles away) came down with three small loaves of bread and a manga (large mango), so I had a feast fit for a king.

But when one is convinced of what the powers here are and what they are about, things happen that turn everything on it's head and point to them being from a different dimension. Not necessarily bad, just divergent. This leads me to question everything. Perhaps no bad thing to arrive at the truth, and the truth is not always what it seems, often far from it.

After more than 15 years I have only now been given the final piece of what can best be compared to a giant jigsaw puzzle – the enigma of what has taken place here – a place so strange and mystifying as to belie belief.

I was 'told' when starting the construction of the chapel (that) *One day this will become the most famous (important) chapel in the world*. Later in this book you will find out why and how, what this can mean for *you* and how important it is, for there is no other chapel like this anywhere in the world. A truly humble chapel but one that has been given the key to the future in the most remarkable of ways.

To most people this story will read more like a work of fiction, an *Indiana Jones* saga, but it is real, *it all happened*, and is continuing to happen even as I am writing this.

Looking back, if I'd had any idea of what was to take place here, the overwhelming amount of work coupled with the constant and unending struggles, I would have run away from it as fast as my legs would carry me. But that option was never open to me.

Because the Lost World is situated in the remotest part of Costa Rica everything was many times more difficult, and everything I had to do alone. When I arrived I spoke no Spanish (I don't speak much now), there were no communications, no electricity, nothing, save but the crudest of shacks reached by a muddy jungle track (for a difficult 17 miles). Not at any time did I have

anyone to take the load off my shoulders. Many times I thought how nice it would have been for a meal to be ready at the end of a long hard 12-hour day, or help with the finances, the organization, or with the huge volumes of materials that had to be brought in, much of it by oxen and packhorse in true pioneer and frontier style.

For many long, lonely, years it was all upon my shoulders and on my shoulders alone, both mentally, financially and physically – as it is to this day (I am now 77 years of age). And fifteen years is a long time to spend alone in the jungle living solely on faith, with almost no communications to the outside world, nobody to really talk to, working on something that for many years I had no idea what it was even for.

*To have faith in a noble outcome is to have the courage to wait*, even if that means spending all you have and many years of hard labor with constant debilitating attack – the big guns of government trained upon you in a war of attrition – before the pieces of the puzzle finally start coming together.

Little did I realize when I arrived here that, much like Daniel, I had been 'thrown' into the lions' den – but equally would survive the many onslaughts, often in ways only a higher power can marshal.





No writer of thriller stories could ever have dreamed up such a saga as to what has taken place here, but in this instance everything set out here actually happened. An endeavor of utter madness or one so singular as to defy description? I'll let you be the judge.

In this book you will read about things you would rather not know or be conscious of, but while you go about your daily routine you need to be aware of an approaching storm – a terrible storm. One that will affect the lives of everyone, everywhere, the rich and the poor, the young and the old, those in cities and those in the country – YOU. The coming catastrophes will be on a scale beyond imagination.

You cannot stop it, but there is still time to prepare if you start without delay. And that is the whole purpose of everything that has taken place in the Lost World and thus the warnings in this book.

So nobody can be in any doubt.

As to what awaits them.

Unless ...

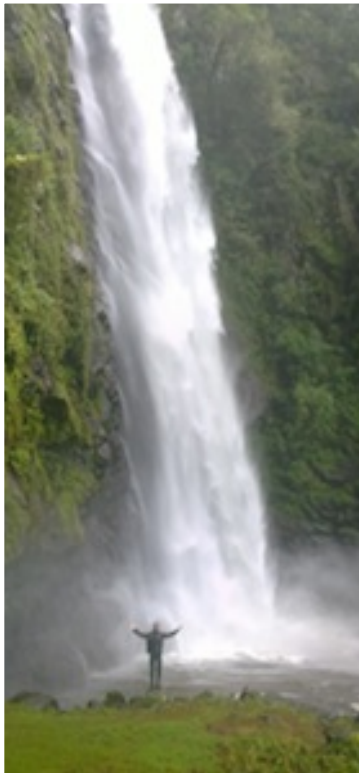
*John Howard  
The Lost World  
January 2022.*

\* Perhaps I knew long ago that I would never be able to leave because I wrote several years earlier ...

The Twilight Zone is an area that is undefined, uncertain, and unpredictable – a sphere of existence that can seem sinister or dangerous because of its uncertainty – a zone between this world and what is yet to come ... one step beyond. *But in consciously taking that step it is not possible to go back.*

But I never imagined it would be a reality.

The horse in the picture is called Land Rover and belongs to a neighbor, Olger, who acts as guide to the many waterfalls here. A few years ago Olger had an old Land Rover (1970) to sell and the prospective purchaser couldn't come up with all the necessary funds. The horse made up the difference and given the appropriate name.



## II

### The Lost World

The LOST WORLD is a wild and mysterious place. A situation and prospect where time has taken a new dimension revealing events yet to take place - like the opening of a book with deep and dark 'secrets' known only to a few.

*After leaving the nearest town and bumping along a rough track for a journey of some two hours by jeep deep into the mountains and jungle as far as you can go, and then an hour or more on foot or horseback, you'll be more than surprised to arrive at the most extraordinary place ... a place so incongruous it shouldn't be there. A place where the mist and clouds drift and hug the mountains creating a scene more reminiscent of the setting for a Jules Verne or Conan Doyle thriller or a Steven Spielberg movie.*

...

*Did you enjoy the first chapter?*

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*HOW THE VULTURES CIRCLE*