



Caught in Other Realms

The Crown of Illusion and the Voice of the Sons

A Prophetic Engagement, as told by Stephanie Stanfill

Part One

The Crown of Illusion

I stepped into the realms of Heaven the way I always do—with thanksgiving, grateful for the invitation, asking the Lord what He wanted us to know that day. I wasn't expecting company. But there was Ezekiel, standing in my house, and I couldn't work out why he had come in so close, into my own immediate realm. So I did what I've learned to do when I don't understand something: I asked him what question I was supposed to be asking.

His answer stopped me cold. *Where is your angel?*

It was a really good question, and I didn't have an answer for it. I have eight angels, so my first thought was, *which one?* Where is my chief angel? And before I could even finish the thought, Ezekiel reached over and knocked something off my head—a crown I hadn't even known was there. He wanted me to send angels to go and retrieve my angel, so I did. I asked the Lord to send His commanders and His ranks to go and get my angel, wherever he was, and I asked for backup angels to stand in the gap until mine could return. I honestly hadn't realized he was gone. Something had felt *off* for days, and I was only now beginning to understand why.

Then Ezekiel asked me the question that reframed the whole engagement. *Did you know that angels can get caught in other realms?*



I did not know that. And even as I was turning it over, my angel arrived. “Hi, Citadel,” I said. “I’m sorry, I didn’t realize you weren’t with me.” The download I was receiving was that Citadel had been on some kind of reconnaissance mission and had been caught in a different realm. I had so many questions all at once. Ezekiel was already deep in conversation with him, and Citadel was presenting him with evidence—but Citadel was injured. I asked that he be given a reprieve to recover, and my angel did exactly what Ezekiel had once done. He said, “I’m fine.”

He was handing Ezekiel a recording device, and something else—a strange, almost alien-looking weapon he had carried back out of that other place. “It’s a weapon of the enemy,” Citadel told me. He had brought it back as evidence, and as strategy. Ezekiel took everything my angel had retrieved and tucked it into his armor to carry wherever this evidence needed to go.

“As Chief Operating Officer,” Ezekiel said, “you are indeed targeted, and Citadel was sent on a reconnaissance mission.” Then he did what army buddies do—smacked Citadel on the back and said, “Good job.”

But I was still stuck on the crown. I asked Ezekiel what it was, the thing he had knocked off me. When I first saw it, it hadn’t quite landed on my head yet. He set it on the ground and began to step on it, and I could hear it crunching under his feet. It had looked like a really pretty crown, a good one—but as he crushed it, it turned black, and black goo and black oil began to seep out of it. It had *looked* good. It wasn’t.

Dr. Ron asked, “What false crown was that?” Ezekiel hadn’t told me yet, but I knew he would.

It was Citadel who answered it for me. He walked over, knelt down to get closer to my eye level, and said, “I know you have felt off for days. When you experience that, check where your angels are.” That landed, because it *had* been a while that I’d felt that way. And then the word came: this was a *crown of illusion*. It hadn’t landed on my head. That was the whole point—Ezekiel had taken it before it could. “That is the reason it was only within your own realms,” he said. “It hadn’t landed yet. You were *under* an illusion.”

I had been under the illusion that I couldn’t connect. And as I said the words out loud, I realized I had literally been standing *under* that crown even though it hadn’t come



down on me. Somehow there was a realm of someplace else connected to me, and I couldn't yet understand the difference between a realm and a dimension.

Dr. Ron gave me a picture for it. Think of a dimension like the floors of a building, he said—another level. A realm is a different layer altogether. He told me to use my high-rise analogy, and it clicked: Citadel had been in a different realm. In the cloning scenario—where they had been trying to create another *me*—he had gone to stop it, and he had gotten caught in that realm doing it. “It was indeed a reconnaissance mission,” Citadel confirmed. Reconnaissance, Dr. Ron explained, is usually for information. And this was a learning class. I was in class.

So we asked the obvious question: what was the recording device recording? Ezekiel reminded me of two dreams I'd had, both with the same disturbing shape. In them, someone kept saying, “Sign this contract.” I kept answering, “I can't read what it says.” And they said, “We'll read it to you”—and all I heard was a foreign tongue, spoken in a way that felt deeply wrong to listen to.

“What Citadel brought back,” Ezekiel said, “is information about how they're using a recording. They're recording your voice.”

That's when my mind blew wide open. You know how AI can capture your voice and then make it say things? They were misusing our voice—because our voice carries power. They had an actual recording of mine; that was what Citadel had turned over to Ezekiel. In that upper dimension they were running my voice through what we would call AI and making it say certain things to *unlock realms*, because they couldn't do it themselves. “There's power in the sons' voices,” Ezekiel said. The connection point they had to me was my voice.

So we moved to lock it down. Dr. Ron asked how, and Ezekiel's answer was almost funny in how simple it was. Just as Citadel had been caught in that realm, he said, we could use the same kind of technology to keep that entry point closed. “What technology?” I asked. “Your voice, of course.” Why is it always so simple? It seems so complicated, and then it turns out to be simple.

He led me in what to say, and I wanted it recorded—encoded with my own voice as a governing son. I spoke it for everyone connected to me by blood, marriage, adoption, and



covenant, and specifically over all of LifeSpring—over Dr. Ron and Adina, President and CEO and CFO. If I was targeted merely as COO, then I was only the example; this was for all of us. And I saw that Ezekiel had already retrieved four recordings on Ron's behalf. He had been teaching my angel how to do this the whole time. He had *sent* him.

The Decree Over The Voice

As governing sons—Stephanie and Ron alike—we speak John 1:9: that we have confessed our sins, and He is faithful and just to forgive us and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness, and that this cannot be used against us.

We restrict any spirit, living creature, or entity from using our voice. I lock you out and I lock you in. This is encoded with my voice as a governing son that speaks to every age, realm, dimension, time, and pathway—and in between realms. I forbid my voice from being used in any AI or other technology to open realms, dimensions, pathways, times, doors, floors, walls, halls, ceilings, or any access point, in the name of Jesus.

As a dominion, governing son who carries voice activation, I close every access point and destroy every realm opened by my voice, for this was taken without my knowledge or permission. I forbid the recording of any part of my DNA, RNA, epigenome, vocal cords, or any other means of communication, to be used by anyone other than myself. I do this by the finished work of Jesus Christ, the Son of the Living God. I stand at this gate and prohibit the misuse of my voice in any age, realm, dimension, time, and pathway. We do this in Jesus' name.

Then we sent the angels to finish the work. Citadel showed me that these devices could be destroyed by the enemy's own weapon—that we could turn his strategy back on him. The strange weapon he had carried out looked like a sickle, and it was exactly what was needed. We requested that the enemy's own sickle destroy the recording devices that had been used against us. I asked whether Citadel had been able to close any of the realms my stolen voice had opened, and he showed me a portal, already opened, and then showed me striking through it with their very own weapon. There was something deeply satisfying about that—his own weapon, turned against him.

I thanked Ezekiel. It meant more than I can say that he was there, that he had been teaching my angel all along without my even knowing. And I apologized to Citadel—I



hadn't been aware enough to notice he was gone. With as many angels as I have, I hadn't been personal enough with him. I thanked him for his strength and for what he had done. His answer surprised me: "I had fun." I still don't quite know what to make of that.

Ezekiel told him, "Go rest, my brother," and told me, "I will be with you until he comes back." So I wasn't left uncovered. Who would ever have guessed the enemy was using our voices to open other realms? If he can't have pieces of us, he'll find other ways to try to use us—always after the creative parts. And I still never fully settled which dimension it had been. When I pressed, the number twelve came to me. "Something like that," Ezekiel said. From the twelfth dimension and up, it seems, they hold higher technologies. "That would be correct."

Part Two

The Parallel Universe

I came back the next time still carrying questions from the last engagement—about Ezekiel coming into my realms, about my angel being caught in a dimension. I told the Father we wanted to know His heart, and I asked to be taught. I called Ezekiel near, and my angels near, Citadel and whoever else needed to teach us.

And there was Malcolm, standing in front of me, with the thirty-three floors of a building rising right beside him and a teaching pointer in his hand. He reminded me that we were discussing the upper dimensions—the twelfth and above—the very place where those AI recordings had been happening.

"Do you know what a parallel universe is?" he asked.

I had an idea, but I wanted his definition. "If you could view these upper dimensions as parallel universes," he said, "your mind would be at ease. Has the enemy not created kingdoms? Would he not want to create a kingdom in the image of what God has already made?" Yes, I said. He always steals. "So think upon these things."

And then he reminded me of the table—the one prepared for us in the presence of our enemies at the entry of each dimension, because God created everything, these



dimensions included. So I came and took a seat at that table, with Jesus, with the Father. I saw myself seated in the twelfth dimension, the thirteenth, the fourteenth, all the way up to the thirty-third. *I'm quantum.*

“In these realms,” Malcolm said, “you can receive divine encoding.” He showed me light—light moving the way it does through a kaleidoscope. “These dimensions move and shift, just like light would.” I watched them move through light, and *as* light, like watching a sunrise-to-sunset recording sped up. There are different times you can enter these dimensions, and different times you can leave, depending on when each one opens and closes—all of it pictured in the way light moves.

“Is this not shifting?” he asked, pointing to the light. “Is it not true that everything is around the timing of the Lord? In every dimension there is a proper time. You may enter as the light shifts and the portal opens; you may exit as the light shifts and the portal closes.”

So the entities in those places can only come and go when it's open, I realized. “Time is relevant in these realms,” Malcolm said. “Your angel was caught in the realm as time shifted. There are mysteries to each realm of every dimension.” Then how was my angel rescued, I asked—because it seemed the moment I asked, he was brought straight back. “Does not the Father know the mysteries?”

He does. And the download landed all at once. Those in those dimensions can only travel to and fro when the portals open and close, just as the light shifts and keeps shifting, constantly moving. But because the Father made and created these realms and dimensions, time is relevant *on our behalf*. As governing sons, we hold the authority and the dominion to open and close them with our voice. *Everything is voice activated*. Because I said I wanted a rescue mission for my angel, the door opened. The enemy doesn't have a constant pathway to us, precisely because of the shifting—there are times his fallen creatures and spirits simply cannot come and go freely through those dimensions. And we can. *Wow.*

Dr. Ron asked Malcolm whether anyone on our team had an angel that needed rescuing—he wanted to see a demonstration. And Malcolm gave me a truer picture of what rescue even means. It's a bit different than we imagine. Our angels, when they're caught, are in stealth mode. They're not bound in chains; they're simply not able to be



reopened without our voice during that time. They aren't free to move. He let me know that Ron, too, carries authority—over those who work for him, because of the position he holds. I wondered whether each person had to use their own voice; but as governing sons, we can do this.

“What do we need to know?” I asked, and Malcolm came in close, setting his pointer down beside him. “You need to know that you have dominion, and these thirty-three dimensions have nothing on you. Govern! The sons need to awaken! These are not mysteries to be afraid of—these are mysteries to mine out!”

I admitted I'd been concerned about the dimensions, because I'm just me, and I don't have the full understanding yet. “Oh, ye of little faith,” he said—walking back to the high-rise picture to show me the dimensions again. “This is your dominion. Is He not greater? Did He not make everything? Your angel took a risk *because* you have been governing.”

That reached me. I've been saying the enemy will have nothing on me—and my angel had gone to the very place they were holding my voice, done his job, and come back with intel on top of everything else. So I commended all our angels to the Lord as we learn to do this, and I told the Father we would work with Him on the timing, because it's relevant, and I was grateful the enemy doesn't have access to us all the time—that these dimensions He made shift, and their entries close.

The Commissioning

We choose to sit at the table, Jesus, and to learn. We take our seat with You, and we govern. We speak that if any of our employees or contractors have had their angels caught because of the good work they are doing on behalf of the sons, we now speak the opening of those dimensions and realms, and we commission the release of those angels to return to their person. We thank You that we do not have to be afraid of any of this.

“This is true authority in Christ,” Malcolm said, leaning in. “Don't ever be afraid of what the Father has made.”

He's right. We're afraid of the things we don't understand—but if we look at them another way, He made every dimension, and everything He made He called good. And as



Dr. Ron put it, just because the enemy corrupted something, we get to go and make it right. He's using us to do it.

*