

Nikki's Newsletter #1, September 2024

I was born in 1964 – my friends call me Nikki. Nothing is the same as it was back then. As I look about me today, I see the dawn of a new era rising. For fifty-five years I had been going to church. Yet, 2020 was the year that marked great change in my biblical understanding, so much so I was on a mission to find the truth, which led to my involvement to Keys of the Kingdom Translation Restoration Work. The following pages tell my story.



KEYS OF THE KINGDOM BIBLE EVENTS

MARK YOUR CALENDAR:

- ⇒ Saturday, **NOVEMBER 9** – Thanksgiving Concert of Worship, Hartland Michigan
12:00pm-3:00pm – Presentation of the Keys to the Kingdom Bible
3:00pm-6:00pm – Open dinner provided, suggested \$10
7:00pm-9:00pm – Worship Concert of Thanksgiving
- ⇒ Saturday, **MARCH 1, 2025** – Presentation of Keys of the Kingdom Holy Bible, at Ely in Suffolk, UK



Christopher Sparkes – Brighton, Michigan, NOVEMBER 3-13, to team up with Dr. Rose Stevens for worship and Bible teaching. Rose is teaching us all about true worship. Her YouTube channel is “Worship Jesus Ministries”. She has a book, “True Worship”, which is making a difference.

God demands our surrender and worship. He deserves our worship. AND IT'S GOOD FOR US.

Hosted by Worship Jesus Ministries & Rose Stevens:
Saturday, **NOVEMBER 9**

Presentation on The Keys of the Kingdom Holy Bible –
by British scholar, author and Bible translator Christopher Sparkes – 12:00pm-3:00pm
The Homewood Suites by Hilton
The Homewood Suites Conference Room
8060 Challis Rd
Brighton, MI 48116

Afterwards, 3:00pm-6:00pm: Open dinner provided, suggested \$10

Worship Concert of Thanksgiving – 7:00pm-9:00pm
Hartland Music Hall
3619 Hartland Road
Hartland, MI 48353
United States



*Join us for songs, hymns, scriptures,
fellowship, prayer and praise!*
www.worshipjesusministries.com



Saturday, 1 MARCH, 2025

Presentation of Keys of the Kingdom Holy Bible, at Ely in Suffolk, UK

VENUE – The Maltings, Ely, CB7 4BB – 10am-2pm – £10 charge
Contact email: kkhb@jenlok.co.uk



Keys of the Kingdom Holy Bible reveals the truth of the prophets and apostles which should be the only truth ever to have been broadcast.
~Christopher Sparkes

ABOUT NIKKI

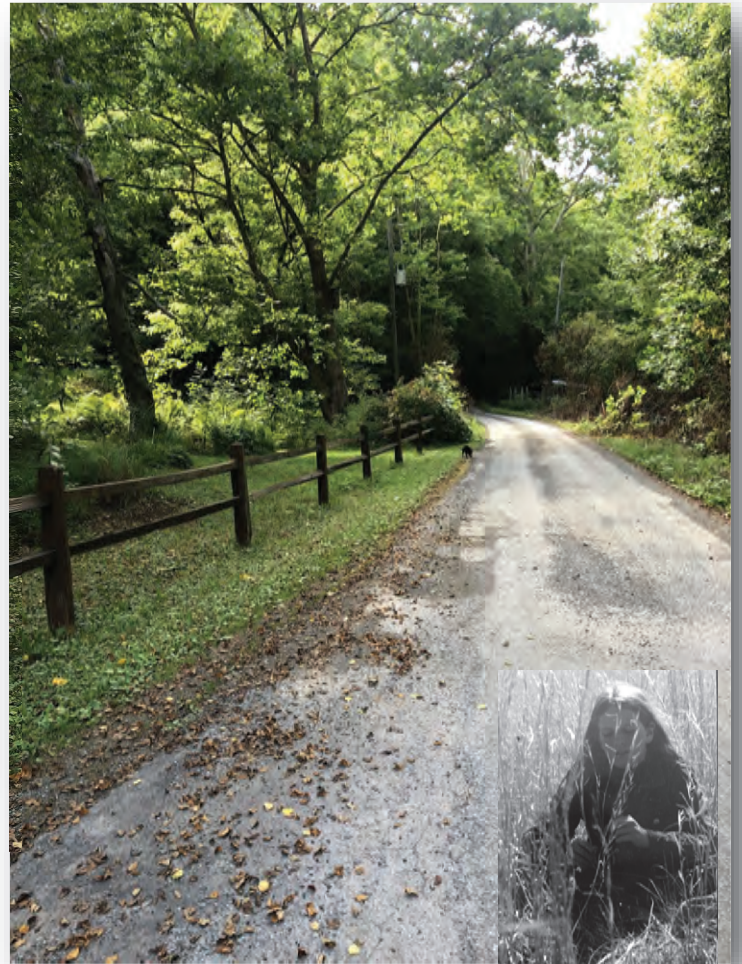


“I have only done what I had to do.”
~Luke 17.10

Looking back on the road I travelled, as far back as I can remember, I believed in God. My earliest memory I have of Yahweh, I was four or five – about the time I started kindergarten, with my mother teaching me to pray, the two of us kneeling at my bedside, until I did it on my own. I knew in my mind when I prayed God was listening, and I never stopped believing that.

When I was five I went to a “Christian” school and graduated nine years later. We attended chapel Monday through Thursday, and church every Friday. What did I learn spiritually? Other than memorizing the ten commandments I don’t remember the sermons or lessons. I remember taking communion, being an acolyte, and my favorite – ringing the church bell that would lift my feet off the ground! But what I do remember were the words to the hymns that I learned to sing in alto and soprano. They never left me. Many times I was moved to tears as the words spoke to my heart singing those harmonious hymns back then.

My parents baptized me as an infant at the Methodist church where we were members, but only went on special occasions. At twelve, my neighbors across the street invited me to their church (Free Methodist) for a candle-light service. We each received a candle and joined together in a huge circle. With the lights out, and only



ST. JOHN’S PARISH SCHOOL



the candles burning, the congregation started singing with the music that had been softly playing, and then the voices peaked into heavenly harmony. It was beautiful.

Something happened to me in that service. I felt a breeze sweep through. I became overwhelmed and couldn’t hold back the tears. As they streamed down my face, I quietly took it all in, the singing, the candle lights flickering in the dark, the feeling I was experiencing, the presence of God, I felt was there. That night I surrendered my life to Jesus.

My first experience with the death of a friend happened in my first year of high school in '79. It was then I wrote my first poem and it was published in our yearbook, in memory of Milan Marrow; he was only sixteen and a part of our family. We were all broken hearted when we found out he had a brain aneurism at his first job, there at the gas station right down the street from us.



George Marmaras
Doreen Marraffa
Milan Marrow
Mike Marshall
Norman Martilla
Roxanna May



Pam Mayhew
Kathy McCarthy
Kathleen McAskill
Ellen McLaughlin
Lisa Melton
Dean Meredith

Again in conversation speaking of no fear.
A friend is someone you can speak to
and know that he will hear.
On summer nights we sit outside
And talk about the things we hide.
We talk about growing up and going out,
But death is never in the path of what we talk about.
Till the day that a friend has died
And we can't talk about the things we hide.
It hurts a lot for many days, but it's good in many ways;
He's in a world with no more sorrow,
We'll miss you always...Milan Marrow

By Donna Dawson

Stacy Meyers
Jill Miller



Tina Miller
Tracy Mindick

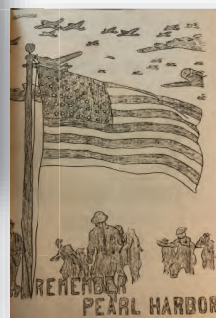


Connie Moore
Kelly Moore



By the time I left St. Johns and entered High School, the same high school that my sisters and my mom attended back in 1939-1943, things had changed. It was a culture shock going from private to public. In the 70's it was full blown rock and roll. Everyone seemed to be slipping down the James Taylor, Crosby Stills Nash, Led Zeppe-lin, Pink Floyd party road. I fell into it, but thankfully in different stages of my spiritual walk and growth I was pruned, purged, and disciplined through the fire, and freed from those chains.

In the meantime, the kids I hung around with from St. John's were all into the party scene as well – concerts, field parties, etc., however, they all grew through it, in a sense, achieving success in the eyes of the world, big homes, 6 digit incomes and whatnot. Things just seemed to spiral south for me on that path, every time I went with friends to a party some Blue Bird always made its way to my mom and would tell her. In my hometown, we lived in the house that my grandmother lived in, and my Aunt and her son, my cousin, who was taking over the family restaurant was next door, and next to that was my parents bus company. Across the street was the fire department. I couldn't get away with anything, even if I tried. Word got around, quickly. I didn't like it. My mom didn't like it. We had family meetings and I didn't like the attention it was causing. But everyone was partying. It was the thing to do. Then one day, it became too much, and I left home; it was the summer of '81 I was to start 11th grade.



I don't remember what happened to my mom's yearbook, but Mrs. Marrow gave my mom Milan's dad's yearbook. He was drafted in 1943 into the Army Air Corps in WW2 as were many of her classmates at Sherwood High School.

When I was in Indiana, where I lived the two years I was away from home, my parents would come to visit, and during this one trip my mom handed me a Bible from my uncle, her brother. When they left I put it on a stand next to the couch. It wasn't until after I attended a funeral service with a neighbor, in a little shanty the locals used for a church, that I was drawn to my Bible when I got home. It was like the preacher man was speaking to me, why? He kept looking my way when he was quoting scriptures and driving his points. It made me nervous. After service, I could only think about my Bible as I heel-toed home to find the verses he preached on. I remember opening that "Good News For Modern Man, ~ The New Testament, In Today's English Version Bible" and thumbing through the pages until I found it. There it was in large print, top of the page and this is what I highlighted in yellow:

MATTHEW 7
The Narrow Gate
(Also Luke 13:24)

13 "Go in through the narrow gate, for the gate is wide and the road is easy that leads to hell, and there are many who travel it. 14 The gate is narrow and the way is hard that leads to life, and few people find it...21 Not every person who calls me 'Lord, Lord,' will enter into the Kingdom of heaven, but only those who do what my Father in heaven wants them to do...24 So then, everyone who hears these words of mine and obeys them will be like a wise man who built his house on the rock."

My eyes grew wide and I couldn't stop thinking about what I read. My heart was pierced. I wanted to be like a wise man who built his house on the rock. I wanted more than anything to enter the narrow gate that led to life. A few days after the funeral, my mother called me to let me know my Uncle passed away, my mom's sister's husband. And, she told me, my cousins were going to church playing their guitars in the church band. That sparked my attention. The boys were mirror twins, and one was always into all sorts of mischief. He was going to church?

After the funeral service, yet after reading about the "WIDE ROAD THAT LEADS TO HELL", and after hearing about my cousins going to church, something was pulling me in the direction of going back home, only now my parents were in Florida. While I was in Indiana they sold their business in Maryland and bought a home about five houses down from my grandmother. They were happy. Most of their friends from our hometown also bought a house or condo in Florida. So my parents continued to have the same United Methodist church going friends they grew up with, over for dinner and cards, but now in Florida.

It was strange being back with family, in a new home, not in Maryland, but now in Florida. I wasn't sure how to process it all and it really got to me initially. But as I kept my eyes set on God, unexpected doors opened that I walked through which made sense only in hindsight.

My 4th grade teacher, Mrs. Meyer, use to tell me, "Just do it. Finish your work even if it's sloppy. You'll be surprised." She'd say that to me, as I could never finish my work on time, because I wanted my writing and work to be just right. "Just do it," she'd say. Those words would ring in my head while studying to get my GED and when I applied for college. Instead of quitting in the process, I just did it. I was surprised just like she said I would be. I was accepted into Palm Beach Atlantic College but failed out my first year. I then took classes on how to study and pushed myself forward with her words, "Just do it."



I was able to write her a letter to thank her. She wrote me back and kept in touch with me, until my mom called one day to tell me that Mrs. Meyer and her husband were on a road trip, she was following her husband in another car, had a heart attack and was killed on impact when she hit a tree.

CHILD OF LIGHT

As I looked upon the cross
 I felt quite sad inside.
 I know how Jesus must have felt
 When people passed Him by.
 Just for us He gave His life
 To free His people from bondage.
 The tears had filled my eyes so full,
 The drops fell one by one.
 Oh, my child, my child of light,
 go tell what I have done;
 For I am sitting here beside you,
 I'll guide you and give you strength.
 Oh, how strong that made me feel
 To know He's there to guide me.
 He died so I could see the light
 And guide the lost to find Thee –
 Oh, thank you Lord, you made me right,
 You made me Yours, Your Child of Light

Donna Dawson: Palm Beach Atlantic College



1985

I finally graduated from college in 1995 with honors, with three others, Magna Cum Laude, with a degree in Social Work and immediately put my academic knowledge and field experience to work to help others. I worked for 15 years as a medical social worker with HIV/AIDS patients, an assignment I believed was appointed to me from God, as I witnessed to all my clients I was serving. And then the door opened for me to work as a missionary.



In 1986 I got married, and we eventually had two sons – our eldest Charles in 1990, and Dylan in 1996. They all helped behind the mission scenes loading containers, picking up supplies and other “We need your HELP!” kind of jobs.





These last 18 years I have been serving in Haiti and Guyana, South America (working alongside the director who founded the ministry forty-seven years ago) as a missionary, writing newsletters, coordinating mission team trips and participating in community development projects, open air clinics, feeding and school programs, pastor training seminars and other ministry projects in remote villages and at the orphanage in Port-au-Prince.

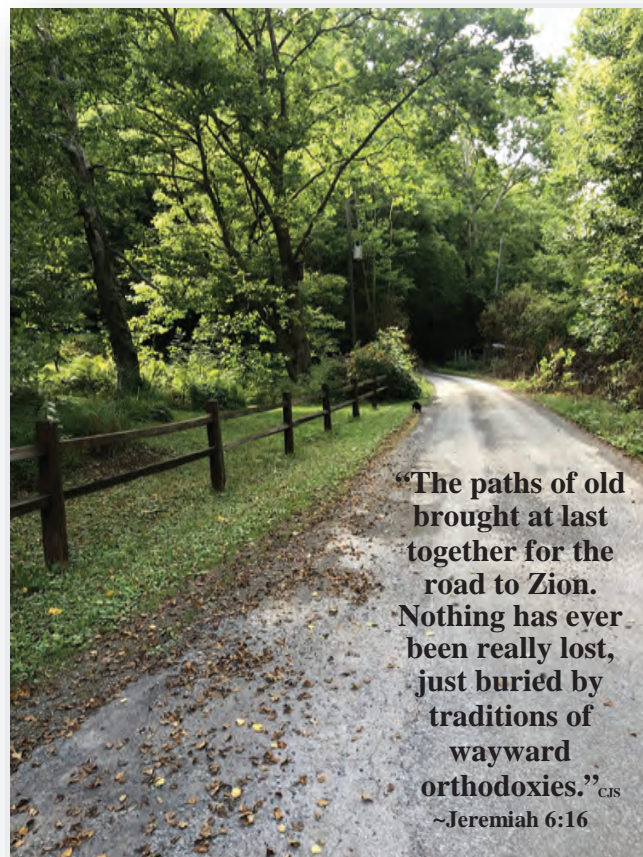


As the cultural climate in our country was changing I began to see a spiritual need at home. With a church on every corner why was our country a mess? Our families were broken and my heart was troubled seeing it.

I used to think how blessed we were to live in this country after coming home from working in unimaginable poverty and suffering. I wanted to be a part in helping to make positive changes in Haiti. I believed if we imparted hope and a renewed vision for their future through teaching the wisdom of God's Word, and equipping and preparing them through education and training to reach their potential as influential leaders in their homes, communities, and nation there was hope for Haiti. There were many ministries reaching out, but the more decline I saw in our country I felt like a built up dam ready to explode, and couldn't quite put my finger on it as to why. But, now I know.

It was in 2020 during Covid I found myself down a rabbit hole and discovered who Jacob and his children were. I can't find the word to describe that moment – surreal, shock, puzzled. That led me on a major search, researching everything I could find on the lost tribes of Israel and watching every identity teacher out there, reading about the 501c3 churches, flat earth, the firmament, God's name Yahweh, coming out from the beast, our strawman, WW1 and 2, and so many other eye opening discoveries that I could go on for pages.

As I took out from all those teachings beliefs that made most sense to me, the threads of truth began to weave a tapestry in my mind unlike anything I had seen from the teachings I had learned in my past. I was hungry for the truth and asking God to show me – to give me wisdom, knowledge, and understanding. What could I do? My heart yearned to see all of us unite in prayer like in 2 Chronicles 7/14. Then someone posted on Telegram, 1st Century Messiah Unveiled. In that video he held up a Keys to the Kingdom Bible, and that's what brought me to the Keys of the Kingdom YouTube channel. The first video I watched was an urgent call for prayer. That snapped me to attention. Christopher Sparkes made a plea for the remnant to pray and said, "How could God use a nobody like me?" Then he said, "Well here I am Lord." And then to the viewers, "And here you are." Leviticus 26:8 "And five of you will chase a hundred, and a hundred of you will chase ten thousand, and your enemies will fall before you by the sword."



"Oh yes!" I thought. "Here I am." I listened to the videos and took notes with my once dearly beloved KJV and NIV to compare with my new KTK Bible. I started asking questions and the answers came. This newfound knowledge cleared the way on the narrow path leading to life. I was feeding on the organic restoration of the original scriptures in English for the first time that translated both ways. The healing of the truth! This is what I got. The true "logos of God" is healing. An' I got it!

"So, what do you do?" Christopher Sparkes asked. "Well right now God has blessed me with some time to learn the truth. I am walking in faith, trusting that God is directing my steps, and preparing me for my next assignment." Throughout the days our dialogues continued. And then one day I got a message, "You know what I'm thinking. How would you like to write the newsletters on the website? What thinkest thou? Part of the campaign. Oui?"

The message took me aback. I spent the entire day walking along the creek with my mind set on Yahweh, overwhelmed taking it all in. And then it came to me, "my next assignment for Yahweh" I said I was waiting for. So, all this extraordinariness was richly uplifting me. Thou thinkest what greater life sentence could I find myself doing?