THE MAKING OF GOD'S DARKEST SOLDIER



WISDOMPARKER

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OCTOBER 20, 2026

The Making of God's Darkest Soldier — Part One

"Whoever sheds human blood, by humans shall their blood be shed; for in the image of God has God made mankind."

Genesis 9:6 (NKJV)

Before you were ready. You were forged. Not made gently, not shaped by kind hands in a quiet room. You were hammered in the dark where no one watched, where no one came, where the only sound was your own breathing and the slow grind of something heavy being made. You felt it. You called it bad luck. You called it God turning His back. You were wrong about all of it. Every blow had a purpose you could not see. Not iron, not rope. Something older fixed there long before you understood what it was for. And you hated it. You hated the restraint. You hated how every door closed the moment you reached it. You watched smaller men walk through the gates you were barred from. And you asked the silence "Why?" The silence said nothing. So you decided heaven had forgotten your name. It had not. It was simply not finished with you. Understand this because everything turns on it. God did not chain you because you were weak. He chained you because of what lives inside you. There's a fury in your blood that doesn't belong to this world. A fire lit before your first breath. Carried down through every ancestor who refused to stay buried. It was never evil. It was unfinished. And raw power with no aim is not a gift. It is a flood. It drowns the land. It drowns the man who holds it. So, heaven wrapped a chain around your spirit and spoke on word. "Not Yet!" Not like this. God said, "First | must teach you where to aim." And trust me the teaching was not gentle. He did not seat you in a classroom. He threw you in a classroom. He threw you into ruin and let ruin do the work. Every person who left was a lesson. Every locked door was instruction. Every collapse you did not deserve was the hand of God stripping away everything soft until the only the thing that could not be broken remained. You begged Him to stop. He did not. You screamed into the dark and the darkness swallowed every sound. You fell to your knees so many times that the floor learned the shape of you. And the cruelty of it, the part that nearly ended you was the silence. No answer, no sign just the weight pressing down and a sky that would not speak. We're going to stop right here for today and resume tomorrow morning with Part Two of today's edification. Until then stay in your word and we'll talk tomorrow. God Bless!!!

OCTOBER 21, 2026

The Making of God's Darkest Soldier — Part Two

"For the righteous falls seven times and rises again, but the wicked stumble in times of calamity."

Proverbs 24:16 (NKJV)

Blessings and good morning brothers and sisters. Let's jump right into Part Two of today's edification. We left off on the uncomfortable silence from the heavens. But silence was never absence. It was just the blacksmith holding the iron in the fire a little longer because shortcuts make weak blades. You know the nights. The 3am scrolling on your cellphone. Looking at pictures and videos of people who look like they're winning. While you were drowning in a quiet no one could hear. The message that you typed out four different times. But erased them because you couldn't stand being a burden again on your friends and family? The call that finally came with good news and the second call an hour later that took it all back? You remember and your body still remembers. You remember preparing another bowl of Top Ramen Noodles watching the hot water being drained from the noodles as it flowed down the sink? You remember rehearsing "I'm fine!" In the mirror until it sounded true enough to fool you? You remember the friends who stopped calling, not because of a fight. Just a slow fade into nothingness? For a week, then a month, then until your name didn't light up on their screens anymore. Remember that? You learned to carry it alone. You told yourself that was strength. It was only survival. Some typical Green Beret and Navy Seal shit a brother just gotta do. And then there was the betrayal, the one you did not see coming, from the hand you would have bled for. The promise broken so casually it told you exactly what you were worth to them. You replayed it for months, looking for the moment you should've known. But, you found nothing. Because there was nothing to find. Some people simply leave. Some people were never holding the rope as "tightly" as you believed. You learned that the hard way. You learned almost everything the hard way. The people around you saw the chain around your neck and chest. They just didn't know what they were looking at. They saw a man that worked harder than everyone and still lost. A man whose prayers just seemed to bounce off the ceiling and fall back down to the floor unanswered. Some of them pitied you. Some of them prayed for you in a soft voice that was really condescension wearing the mask of mercy. Reread that once again for impact. They thought you were cursed, forgotten. A cautionary tale. Someone to stay far away from. They had no idea they were watching a weapon being made by the Most High God Himself. But, here's the part they'll never understand. You kept getting up! Not because you had hope. Some of those dark silent nights, hope was dead on the floor beside you, cold and still. You got up anyway. We're going to stop right here for today and resume tomorrow morning with Part Three of this mornings edification. Until then stay in your word and we'll talk tomorrow. God Bless!!!

OCTOBER 22, 2026

The Making of God's Darkest Soldier — Part Three

"Do not rejoice over me, my enemy; When I fall, I will arise; When I sit in darkness, The LORD will be a light to me."

Micah 7:8 (NKJV)

Good morning and blessings to everyone. Let's jump right into part three of our edification series. As I remember, we left off yesterday with you (God's Darkest Soldier) consistently falling and failing for a good amount of time. But never throwing in the towel. You got up with nothing in your hands and nothing in your chest but a "refusal" that had no name. Down and up. Down and up again and again until the word "quit" lost all of its meaning. And the only language your body still spoke was FORWARD! That refusal was the "THING" The Most High God was always protecting, not your comfort, not your plans, not the life you thought you were owed. He was guarding the one piece of you that would not die. And He hid it in the dark so it could grow without any interference. No applause to make it vain. No comfort to make it soft. No easy love to make it dependent. Just you and that nameless "THING" inside of you, locked in a room with no windows, learning each others language in a void of darkness and silence. And the language that you two learned in that room is the language of a man who did not find God in some popular gospel song. It was the language of a man who met God on the field of battle, who looked up at a sky that would not yield to him, nor answer him. But, with blood on his teeth he said, "| Am Still Yours!" That sentence changes a man permanently. It can not be faked. It can not be borrowed. Its only earned in places where everything has been taken from you and you stay anyway. Why? Because that is what happens to a man being forged by the Lord God Himself. The fire was never there to hurt you. The fire was there to soften the iron enough to reshape it. Every blow that landed was a blow with intention behind it. Every time the metal was folded back upon itself, it lost nothing. It only grew harder, stronger at the exact seam where it had been broken. That's not destruction my guy. That's the oldest method ever known for making something that will not shatter. So, your "haters" were wrong about silence and they were wrong about you. They counted all the years you spent losing and called it your verdict. They added up the failures and decided that was the final sum of your life. Your "haters" have no idea what God is about to unleash upon this world. Let's stop right here for today and we'll pickup tomorrow morning with Part Four of our edification. Until then stay in your word and we'll talk tomorrow. God Bless!!!

OCTOBER 23, 2026

The Making of God's Darkest Soldier — Part Four

"For a righteous man may fall seven times And rise again, But the wicked shall fall by calamity."

Proverbs 24:16 (NKJV)

Good morning my dear brothers and sisters, let's dive right in. Yesterday we ended by talking about your haters and their complete "miscalculation" of your situation. And due to their short-sightedness. Now they're going to be completely blindsided by God's unveiling and the eventual release of His "perfect weapon." We'll pick it up from there. They saw a man being punished. What was actually happening in that dark room was a man being prepared. There's a vast difference between those two things. So vast that most people will live and die without ever actually knowing the difference. Look at what the dark taught you without your permission. It taught you to stand without an audience. To keep a promise no one was watching you keep, to pray with teeth clenched and fists closed. Because all of the soft prayers had run out months ago. It taught you that worship isn't always a song. Sometimes worship is standing up one more time, when every part of your body was begging you to stay down. You learned that! You learned it in rooms where no one came. It trained you in places that have no name. In the long quiet nights and days when the last friend stopped calling. In the abandonment that taught you to need no witnesses. In the failures that burned away everyone you were trying to impress until it was no one left to perform for. And you finally met the man underneath the performance. He was harder than you expected. He had been there the whole time waiting for the noise to die. So you could finally hear him breathe. And the strange thing about it is. You trusted the reason even when you could not see it. Reread that one once again while you commute home from work. You could not feel the purpose. You could not name the plan. There was no proof anywhere that any of it meant anything at all. And you kept walking through it anyway. That blind trust, bleeding and unrewarded, is the thing that made you worthy of the "unchaining." Because God does not break the chain for men who demand truth FIRST. He breaks it for the ones who fought without any. We'll stop right here for today and resume tomorrow morning with Part Five of our edification. Until then stay in your word and we'll talk tomorrow. God Bless!!!

OCTOBER 24, 2026

The Making of God's Darkest Soldier — Part Five

"Do not gloat over me, my enemy! Though I fall, I will rise. Though I sit in darkness, the Lord will be my light."

Micah 7:8 (NKJV)

Good morning and blessings my brothers and sisters. Before we get started let's make ourselves a quick breakfast together. How about we do something are little different today for the sake of time. Something that'll hit you straight in the "bread basket" and last you a few hours before lunch. Let's make a large bowl of Oatmeal with chopped apples and bananas, a generous handful of brown sugar thrown on top to sweeten up your disposition. A couple of slices of "lightly buttered" five grain toast. And I'll let you chose your beverage of the day. ! typically go with a cup of hot water with a couple of lemon wedges squeezed in for that perfect "Counter Balance." But, to each his own. So, with breakfast served. Now let us get back to the continuation of our edification series (Part Five). Yesterday we ended our edification talking about your transformation and your eventual release. We'll pickup from there. Now look at your hands. The same hands that shook. The same hands that reached out in the dark and came back with nothing. The same hands that pounded the floor at 3 o'clock in the morning asking a question that never got an answer. Those hands are different now. Not because they grew stronger, because they grew empty. A man who has held nothing learns to grip everything differently. He does not clutch out of fear anymore. He commands. There is no desperation left in his touch. Only weight. And your eyes. Your eyes used to search every room for permission, for one person to see you, to nod, to give you a small sign that you were allowed to exist there. That hunger is now gone. You didn't decide to kill it. The dark killed it for you. It happened somewhere between the third and fourth time, life put you on your knees. The man who needed approval did not survive that room. Something quieter walked out in his place. Something that no longer asks to be let in. So, pay attention now this is where the story takes a turn. There comes a day and you may be standing in it as these words reach you when heaven looks down at the war below and decides that the "reserves" have waited long enough. And when that day comes, the chains do not loosen by degrees. They do not ease. They break all at once with a sound that reaches the foundation of everything that ever held you to the dam floor. And everything that fed on your weaknesses feels the ground move beneath it. The day God broke the chain on His darkest soldier was not a day of celebration. There was no music, no crowd. It was a VERDICT. It was heaven turning to every force that ever tormented you and the reading of the sentence aloud. "His time of waiting is over." | did not keep him from you to protect him. | kept him from you to protect you from what he would become the moment | let him move. And the chain did not fall quietly. It came apart like a thing that had been straining for years. And now you move differently. Not faster, not heavier. There is a weight to your presence that was not there before, and you did not add it. The forge added it. Let's stop right here for today and resume tomorrow morning with Part Six of our edification. Until then stay in your word and we'll talk tomorrow. God Bless!!!

OCTOBER 25, 2026

The Making of God's Darkest Soldier — Part Six

"We are hard pressed on every side, but not crushed; perplexed, but not in despair; persecuted, but not abandoned; struck down, but not destroyed."

2 Corinthians 4:8–9 (NKJV)

Blessings and good morning brothers and sisters. Let's do some light calisthenics a few neck rotations. Let's grab a croissant. Lightly toasted, add a couple of eggs over medium, some nice Italian breakfast sausage and a few slices of Colby-Jack cheese. Just enough to melt perfectly without leaving too much on your plate. Grab a large cup of Parker James Costa Rican "Gold" coffee and | think we're ready to go! So, | think we left off yesterday with God finally releasing you. Let's dig in from there. Your footsteps land with more meaning. Your voice carries further while saying less. Air in a room shifts when you enter it, and people feel the shift before they understand it. Something ancient woke up in your chest during those silent years, and it has decided it is not going back to sleep. Not for anyone. You do not argue anymore. You used to. You used to explain yourself to explain yourself to people who already decided not to understand you. You used to beg for seats at tables you could now build with your own two hands. That man is gone. He died quietly somewhere between the third and fourth collapse. And you did not mourn him long. What stands in his place needs no permission. It needs no applause. It does not require a single living soul to believe in it because it already been believed in by the only voice that ever mattered. And that voice never told you that you were special. Reread that one again for maximum impact. It did not call you chosen or gifted or rare. It said something far heavier than any of those. It said you were ready. There's a canyon between a man who has been blessed and a man who has been broken down to the foundation and rebuilt from iron up. The blessed man is grateful and gratitude is good. But the rebuilt man is something else entirely. He is terrifying because he has already lost everything and survived it. Every soft thing in you has already burned away. There's nothing left in you for fear to grab onto the threats that used to bend. You have nothing to grip. What remains after the forge took the rest is iron and intention and very little else. That's exactly what you are now. The dark soldier. Not dark because you turned evil. Dark because the place where God trained you had no light at all. We'll stop right here for today and resume our edification series tomorrow morning with Part Seven. Until then stay in your word and we'll pickup tomorrow morning. God Bless!!!

OCTOBER 26, 2026

The Making of God's Darkest Soldier — Part Seven

"But those who wait on the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings like eagles, they shall run and not be weary, they shall walk and not faint."

Isaiah 40:31 (NKJV)

Blessings and good morning everyone. Let's dive right into this mornings edification. We left off few days ago with the understanding that the darkest soldier is not evil. You're dark because you were trained in a place that had no light. So, let's begin there. You learned to fight blind. You learned to swing into the "blackness" and still land a blow. Look at your hands again now that you know what they are. They are not weapons because they're strong. Plenty of strong hands have done nothing. They are weapons because they have been emptied. And a man that has not held nothing for so long stops grasping like the desperate do. He reaches with authority instead. And your back? Let's talk about your back for a moment. That back carried weight no one ever saw. That no one ever offered to help you lift. That back does not stoop now. It is the straightest thing in any room now. It learned its shape under a load that would've folded most men in half. Your silence changed too. It uses to be the silence of a man with not power, swallowing what he wished he could say. Now it's the silence of a man who has decided that the words aren't worth spending. Those are not the same silences. One is a cage. The other one is a choice. Reread that one again for maximum impact. People who knew the old version of you cannot tell the difference yet. So, they mistake your calm for distance. Your stillness for coldness. Let them. The ones who matter will feel the warmth that is still there. Guarded behind iron. Kept for the few who earned it. And your eyes walk into a room before your body does. They used to scan for an exit, for approval, for any sign you were welcome. Now they arrive first and they say one thing without a single word. | did not come here to fit in. | came here because something in this room needs to change and | was sent to change it. People feel that way before they can explain it. Some will love you for it. Some of them will not. Neither group will be able to ignore it. You will be misunderstood. Accept that as the cost because it's not going away. The chained version of you was easy to love. He was manageable. He laughed when it was expected and stayed quiet when it was convenient and fit inside whatever box he was handed. This version of you does not fit to the comfortable people in your life. And a man that does not fit is a problem because your freedom holds a mirror up to their chains. We'll stop here for today and resume tomorrow morning with Part Eight of our edification series. Until then stay in your word and we'll talk tomorrow. God Bless!!!

OCTOBER 27, 2026

The Making of God's Darkest Soldier — Part Eight

"Do not fear what you are about to suffer. Behold, the devil is about to throw some of you into prison, that you may be tested, and for ten days you will have tribulation. Be faithful unto death, and I will give you the crown of life."

Revelation 2:10 (NKJV)

Good morning everyone. I hope this week is giving you the victories you've been expecting. If not remember what the Bible tells us that "This too shall pass.." Let's grab some breakfast. How's about we grab a huge breakfast burrito this morning. Stuffed with eggs, sausage, cheese, hash browns, chopped green onions, red peppers, a couple jalapenos. Topped with few shots of Tabasco sauce. And for the finishing touch before we roll it up. How about a couple of tablespoons of medium salsa just because | see staring at me in the refrigerator. Grab a large cup of Parker James Costa Rican coffee. Now we're ready to roll, both physically and figuratively. So if memory serves me correctly. We stopped yesterday with your hard won attributes. Causing psychological problems with your haters. Because the new you reflects the chains they're still dragging around like a ghost on a sunken pirates ship. Most people will not break their own. So they will politely ask you to put yours back on. You better not. What God has broken, no man reassembles. Not with guilt, not with manipulation, not with a reminder of who you used to be when you were easier to control. That man has served his purpose and his purpose was holy. He carried this the weight long enough for this version to be forged underneath it. So honor him. Thank him. He was the cocoon. And cocoons are not failures. They are necessary. But you do not climb back inside a thing you have already outgrown. What crawled out does not return. It was never built to go backward. Now here's the thing that they got wrong from the very beginning and the thing you almost believed yourself. You spent those years certain you were prey. The one being hunted, the one life kept cornering, kept wounding, kept dragging down to the floor. You were never the prey. Reread that one slowly once again. You were the thing that had to be kept locked away. The one heaven could not afford to release too early. Because the world on the other side of that chain was not ready for what you would do once you were free. The hunters in your story were never above you. They were circling something caged, mistaking the bars for your weakness. When the bars were the only thing protecting them you. That's why the abandonment never finished you. That's why the betrayal didn't end you the way it should have. You were not built from the same material as the things that came against you. They were temporary. You were made permanent. And the day the cage opened, the entire shape of the hunt reversed, and they still have not understood it yet. Let's pause for the cause right here. And let's pick up tomorrow morning with Part Nine of our edification series. Until then stay in your word and we'll talk tomorrow. God Bless!!!

OCTOBER 28, 2026

The Making of God's Darkest Soldier — Part Nine

"The Lord sustains all who fall, and lifts up all who are bowed down."

Psalm 145:14 (NKJV)

This promises that God helps carry and restore those who are struggling.

Good morning brothers and sisters. Yesterday we ended our edification series speaking about the opening of the cage and the entire shape of the hunt being reversed. Let's continue from there. So, they're studying you now, the ones that watched you crawl and they will not be able to describe what they see. They will see the scars and the strange steadiness and the calm sitting behind your eyes like something very old and very patient. And a question will rise in them, the only question that really matters. "What in the hell happened to him?!" How does a man go through all of that and come out sharper, wiser and more polished than when he went in? He's supposed to be broken, bitter and groveling like any outmatched and beaten foe? Oh, they will begin to search for answers. However, in all of the wrong places. Because the real answer can never be visible to anyone standing outside of the darkness. But understand this very clearly, because this is the part that will reorder everything. The war you were built for is not against them. It not against the ones who left or lied or laughed while you were bleeding out on the floor. They were never the real enemy. "They Were Just Weather My Brother." The real war is larger than any name or face that ever hurt you. It is against the lie that a man who has walked through hell cannot carry heaven inside him. It's against the whisper that says your wound is the thing that disqualifies you from your purpose. Because somewhere out there tonight is a man on his knees in the exact dark room you used to live in. Same silence. Same unanswered sky. Same 3 o'clock in the morning asking God does any of it ever get any better? Does the weight ever lift? Does life ever get better? And your life is the answer my brother that he is waiting for. Not your words, your survival. The fact that you are standing at all is the evidence he is praying to be given. You are the proof that the chain comes off. So, walk like it, talk like it. Walk like the chains never held you back. The truth is it was the chains that held you together. "Walk like every step you take is a sentence God's writing into the earth with your feet." Reread that one again for maximum impact. Not the march of a man who needs applause. The march of a man who was given an order and found that order to be good enough. We'll stop right here for today and resume tomorrow morning with the (Conclusion) of this edification series. Until then stay in your word and we'll pickup tomorrow morning. God Bless!!!

OCTOBER 29, 2026

The Making of God's Darkest Soldier — The Conclusion

"But those who wait on the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings like eagles, they shall run and not be weary, they shall walk and not faint."

Isaiah 40:31 (NKJV)

This offers hope that physical and emotional strength will be restored.

Good morning brothers and sisters, let's dive right into our edification. Yesterday we left off with the understanding that all the people that didn't appreciate you and treated you terribly. Were never going to be your target. God had something greater planned for your new skill set and purpose. Your haters were merely gusts of wind in your sails. They were simply energy being used by God to propel your ship through this journey. God wants you to be the recruitment poster for brothers and sisters who are currently traversing those treacherous waters. Letting them know in no uncertain terms that surviving this forging is absolutely possible. The world will feel you before it ever sees you. And when it finally turns and look, it will already be too late to chain you again. That door is closed. That man is gone. This was always the day. The day God forged His darkest soldier and then opened his hand and let the blade leave the fire at last. Not to be admired on a shelf, but to be used. The training is over. The silence has spoken its final word, and the word was ready. So carry what the dark gave you, and carry it without apology into every room that still needs changing. The war you were built for has finally begun. You were only waiting to be sent. And on the nights it turns dark again and trust me, it will. The forge is still warm. The door stays open and the soldier it was built for will always have somewhere to return for the fire. I hope you enjoyed this edification series as well as | did writing it. Please feel free to share these edifications with your friends and family. Until next time. Stay in your word. Blessings


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DAILY DEVOTIONS FOR REAL LIFE