



JOURNEY TO
HELL

A. W. TRENHOLM

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By A. W. Trenholm

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Perhaps at some time in your life you have felt a presence near you, one that you could not see. Or perhaps you are one of those who have seen. Maybe you have seen one of the good ones. Maybe you have encountered one of the bad ones. Either way you realized there is much about life and yourself that remains a mystery, that there is all around you a great unseen yet all seeing world, and your life can never be the same.

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Foreword

I realize in writing this sequel to *Journey to Heaven* that there is certain information and background that the reader should be made aware of if he is to understand and accept the shocking reality behind what I am about to tell you. I am speaking of hidden worlds, and astounding and terrible events that are rapidly culminating into the decisive moment of history we are about to enter.

It is a troubling fact that our humble planet is not only home to humanity, but that we are presently host to a gathering army of beings not from our world, nor of our flesh, and certainly not of our spirit.—Beings who are locked in continual warring conflict with the wise and ancient ones including the very Founder of our world. He is the Progenitor and Protector of all that is right, and we trust He will make a way of rescuing us in the soon coming battle.

Our Earth is to become the final staging ground for events set in motion millenniums gone by, but so terrifying that even our worst nightmares cannot begin to describe it. The seeds of this great conflict were cast into the soil of creation long before we ever existed. Unfortunately the seeds of this entanglement have grown up and woven themselves into the very fabric of our being. Humanity has become inextricably embroiled in this conflict through our , pride, ignorance, and sins. Although we are destined to play

an integral part in this final great drama, the skills needed to triumph far exceed our human abilities.

We who are human have only a few years of life in which to discover the hidden plan of Him who has kept His power and role in creation a guarded secret since before the world was formed. Even His existence remains such a point of raging controversy that the entire foundation of Christianity has been fractured into diverse congregations. His simple message of love has been diluted by private interpretations, speculations, and theories. Some are so zealous and convinced that their interpretation of Him is correct that any who might interject a variance may pay with their life. Such is the present state of the path to enlightenment.

Who or what then is this mysterious Being, the Prince of Peace who shall prevail in this heavenly conflict? Scripture has left us a clue, "And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us, (and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father,) full of grace and truth." In a certain place the Father of All spoke these words, "Thou art my Son, this day have I begotten thee."

We do not know when He came into being, but we know that God's greater plan is being progressively revealed in Him. The Bible tells us that all things that appear were made in the beginning by the Word of God. He emanated from the Spirit of God the Father, to become a Light to all who were destined to love Him. He was the first born. He became flesh and dwelt among us, assuring us of God's great love. His being became known to us as Jesus. Our human and non-human population are now being recruited in great numbers to Him or to His fierce rival, Satan. At stake is our eternal destiny and the destiny of our planet.

In the book, *Journey to Heaven*, I was supernaturally taken into the heavenly dimension and recorded the things I saw and experienced. Whereas, *Journey to Hell*, which takes place some years later was a different experience. I had

been searching and seeking out the answers to my many questions. For years I have wondered about Hell, where it was and what it was really like? There are so many intimidating misrepresentations of Hell and the Devil, that after taking such a wonderful trip into the Heavens, it only seemed natural that I get to experience the other side as well. The Bible offers only glimpses of this dark realm, some of which seem contradictory. When and why did God create hell? Was it a warning to Fallen angels, and anyone else, of terrible judgment to come? *Journey to Hell* was God's answer to my request. It came complete with scripture references, plus a beautiful guide to answer my many questions.

The following is a description of one man's journey through the forbidden zone, and is intended for mature readers, as a sequel to *Journey to Heaven*. My purpose in recording and writing this book is to focus the reader's attention on the great spiritual battle that is fomenting, and hopefully to help them better understand the world of forces that make war for or against them in the ever escalating cosmic battle which is coming to its climax as we speak. Realizing that some of the situations, ideas, explanations and suggestions found in this book may seem to challenge certain commonly accepted assumptions and beliefs, I have included the Scripture references I received in the footnotes. For the most part unless otherwise indicated, all Scriptures quoted are from the King James Version of the Bible. I pray that this journey to Hell will be as enriching an experience for you as it was for me.

--A. W. Trenholm

1. The Horseman

Sleep eluded me. Somehow I felt the evening was far from over. There was a strange, almost electric anticipation in the air, sort of like the feeling you get when coming into a familiar room and there is something different about it. You look around to see if you've been burglarized or if someone else is in the room. But when you find that all seems to be in order, you ascribe the impression to your imagination. I lay a long while in the dark of my room pondering the strangeness of the events that had brought me to this place in my life. I remembered the wonderful time I had with Jamal in Tricon, and I longed to spend another day in the heavenlies. Slowly the warm waters of sleep dissolved my thoughts and I began to drift off. There is a world of mystery and timelessness in that twilight between the conscious and the subconscious, in that quiet, undefined zone between wakefulness and dreams.

At first I could not make out what the sound could be. The pounding approached until it seemed nearly upon me, and then suddenly stopped. Only an animal's snorting and heavy breathing could still be heard somewhere close by, very close, in the darkness. I felt the eerie chill of goose bumps and that clammy sensation you get when you realize that you are not alone in some dark and solitary place, and know you are being watched by unseen eyes. I turned my head in the direction of the noise, but saw nothing save the

dark shadows of my own room. My imagination must be feeding me misleading information. How could there be anything or anyone there, for I live on the fourth floor of the building?

“Show yourself!” I called out somewhat hesitantly. “What is it that you want with me?”

Then before my eyes the darkened wall of my room receded like frost on a window pane, revealing what appeared to be a passageway or tunnel-like entrance leading off to another place, coexistent to my own. This other world, however, was vastly different from the world I had visited in my previous adventure. This world was darker, fraught with fears and hidden perils. In short, it gave me a feeling of utter dread to behold.

Alien and foreboding as it initially appeared to be, there was something hauntingly familiar about it. It was as though some part of me had always known this place existed. Perhaps I had seen it somewhere in my dreams, or the inner eye of my subconscious had caught a glimpse of it somehow, somewhere.

The whole experience was like discovering a secret passage in your own home, a hidden stairwell leading off into the darkness. But this portal, I feared, did not lead to a world of flesh and blood beings. It led to a world of spirits, of what kind and nature I hesitated to imagine, but the knot in my gut told me they were most certainly not all good.

I do not remember when or how I got out of bed. I just seemed to be instantly up and making my way toward this darkened entrance, drawn by a great curiosity to at least peer into this foreboding realm. Trembling, I cautiously approached the entrance, wondering what dreaded specter or creature was there, waiting for me in those murky shadows. Was this one of the dread horsemen of the Apocalypse?

As the dark mist dissipated, there standing before me was a very large horse, blacker than the night itself, its breath bursting from its nostrils. On his back was a mysterious shadowy figure. My heart pounded as I approached. Was this the Death Angel come for me? I had never imagined that my end would be as dark and dismal as this.

I expected that the dark rider would suddenly raise an unseen sickle and sever my spirit from my body. I had hoped that my death would have been a more joyful occasion. More along the lines of entering a tunnel of light and seeing dear friends and departed loved ones and angels coming to get me and take me home to Heaven. I had not expected to have to face a solitary dark rider at the doors of what seemed like the entrance to Hell. If this was indeed Death come for me, it was not at all as I had anticipated. I broke the silence, "Am I to die?"

"Not yet," came the cryptic reply from the shadowy figure, in a voice that sounded surprisingly youthful. Feeling a little more encouraged, I stepped forward, approaching the dark specter, a bit surprised by my own boldness in what obviously was a rather serious situation. Still, other than the oddity of it all, I did not feel any real sense of immediate danger. If this creature meant to do me harm I most certainly would already be dead, or at least in a terrible fight for my life.

As I approached I could see that the rider wore a cloak with a cowl covering his face. It reinforced my fear that he bore no good news for me. I noticed too that he was armed. He wore a sword, the hilt of which I could see only a bit of as it glittered in whatever light there was. This strange rider appeared to be a youthful warrior from this mysterious world adjacent to my own. Who was this shadowy person? Why had he come to me? Was he indeed a messenger from

the bowels of Hell or whatever they call this dark region from which he came?

Perhaps we had it all wrong. Maybe Hell was really just an ancient regime lurking in the shadows of our world, an unseen parallel dimension lumbering silently along beside us through time? Reason suggested that whoever or whatever creatures dwelt in this region, they lived more primitive lifestyles, riding horses and doing battle with swords in hand to hand combat. Yet deeper instincts warned me that such a conclusion might be totally wrong. The spiritual forces I felt sweeping over me from this place seemed to render the instruments of modern warfare irrelevant.

A wave of mixed emotions began to sweep through me, partly excitement and the thrill of adventure, partly fear, dread and trepidation. The figure was now very close by and somewhat silhouetted by an eerie glow that came from a murky light that emanated from somewhere beyond. As my eyes adjusted I could see that the rider's hair was long and his features fine. I was more than a little surprised to finally realize that the rider was a young woman, perhaps still in her later teens.

"If you have sufficient faith and courage, Travis, you may come with me on a mission through this region." I was further shocked to hear her use my name. She continued, "I am come to offer to take you on a second journey, but this one involves a certain amount of peril and danger, unlike your last journey."

"Does this place have a name?" I asked, a bit fearful of what the answer might be.

"This place has many names, depending on the purpose of your visit here. Some call it Paradise, some call it The Valley of the Dead, the grave, but the common name for it is Hell."