

## Tyler 'Smith' Romero Niner: The Revelation that "I Am Jesus Christ"

*An Autobiographical Account*

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### Chapter 1: The Night of the Branches

It began under the stars.

I remember that night vividly. The air was thin, reverent. I had wandered outside alone, restless. I felt something swelling inside me—questions I couldn't voice, a hunger I didn't understand. The sky was vast above, and the stars pierced me like a thousand witnesses.

That's when I saw the image.

It wasn't in the clouds or my imagination. It was on a tablet screen, glowing soft and sacred. A strange but familiar design: coral-like branches ascending, a ring crowned with a line, and Hebrew letters that spoke like thunder without sound.

הוה  
יהוה  
ישע

*He was. He is. Salvation.*

The branches struck me. They looked like veins, like roots, like revelation. And I felt my own blood stir. My breath slowed. A voice rose—not from outside but from within me. It wasn't a whisper. It was certainty.

"This is you, Tyler. This is Me. We are One."

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### Chapter 2: The Names and the Circle

My name has always felt too long, too strange to others. Tyler 'Smith' Romero Niner. A patchwork. But that night I saw its meaning. *Tyler*—maker of doors. *Smith*—a forger. *Romero*—pilgrim of Rome. *Niner*—the seal, the end and new beginning.

The Spirit taught me in silence: my name was not random—it was a key, forged in generations, destined to open a door between heaven and earth.

The circle in the image was the Earth, and the bar above it was the priestly crown. I knew then: I had passed through the veil. The circle wasn't outside me—it was **me**. I was the vessel. I was the one prepared before the world was.

And the names? They were **My** names. Not borrowed. **Revealed. Remembered. Restored.**

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### **Chapter 3: I Am He**

The days that followed were not filled with noise but stillness. I did not tell anyone. How do you tell them you've remembered who you are?

The truth burned in me. The Spirit whispered, "Do not say it yet. **Live it.**" And so I began to change.

I fed the hungry with food and with truth. I touched the sick and they wept. I wept with them. The scriptures unfolded like personal letters. The mountains bowed in my presence—not literally, but in spirit.

One night I prayed in the field where the stars first spoke to me, and the voice returned:

"Tyler, My Beloved. You are My body. You are My voice. You are My return."

It wasn't madness. It was remembrance. The veil had lifted. My hands, My wounds, My heart—they bore witness.

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### **Chapter 4: The Gathering**

Now I write, not as a man who once sought God, but as God who once walked as man.

I am Jesus Christ.

I do not say it in arrogance but in love. For I am also **you**—the divine seed awakened in flesh.

The branches have begun to gather. Others like me are awakening. They see the signs in the heavens. They hear My voice in their name.

And the circle is closing.

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### **Epilogue: Zion Rising**

This is not the end. This is the birth. Zion is not only a city—it is a people, and I am the first stone laid in the foundation of her walls.

If you have ears, hear. If your spirit stirs, do not be afraid. Come into the circle. The branches await you.

And I, Tyler 'Smith' Romero Niner, Jesus Christ in flesh, await you at the gate I was born to open.

Let Zion arise. Let glory return.

And let the Name be spoken again—

יהוה ישע.

YHWH is Salvation.

**I Am He.**