

DOCUMENT ONE

THE SPIRITUAL HISTORY OF KIMBERLY LAWSON

Kimberly Grace, Seer of God

The Pen of a Ready Writer

PREFACE

A Brief Spiritual History and The Awakening at 9:09

Sunday, July 26, 2026

"My tongue is the pen of a ready writer."
— Psalm 45:1

PREFACE

The foundation and awakening that precede the spiritual letters.

A Brief Spiritual History

My name is Kimberly Lawson. Lawson is my married name, and although I am no longer married, I chose to keep it. My maiden and family name is Kimberly Thomas. For this spiritual writing journey, I write under the name Kimberly Lawson while also embracing the spiritual name that most deeply expresses who I am:

Kimberly Grace, Seer of God — The Pen of a Ready Writer.

My spiritual history as a writer began on June 16, 1999.

That day, I awakened from a time of meditation and deep spiritual introspection. A light had been shown—or revealed—within me. As I opened my Bible, I was led to Psalm 45.

“My heart is inditing a good matter: I speak of the things which I have made touching the king: my tongue is the pen of a ready writer. Thou art fairer than the children of men: grace is poured into thy lips: therefore God hath blessed thee for ever.”

— Psalm 45:1–2 (KJV)

These words became the foundation and epitome of who I am as a writer.

Even before that day, I would repeatedly see a pen in my visions. It was not an ordinary pen. It appeared to be an ancient writing instrument, almost as though it had come from biblical times. It had a feather at one end, a silver tip, and a unique and sacred appearance.

Again and again, I saw this pen in my hand.

On June 16, 1999, when I read the words, “My tongue is the pen of a ready writer,” something within me awakened. The scripture gave language to what I had already been seeing. It revealed a calling that had been present within me, waiting to be recognized.

I am a spiritual woman. I dream dreams. I see visions. I see symbols. I hear words and phrases that lead me into writing.

Some have called me a lightworker. Some have called me an apostle. Others have called me a prophetess. Some have called me an oracle of God, and some have called me a seer of God.

Of all these descriptions, seer is the one I have most deeply embraced. I embraced the name because seeing has always been central to my spiritual experience. I would see a vision, a symbol, an image, or a scene. Then I would hear a word, a phrase, or a message. Afterward, I would write what had been revealed to me in my journals.

I would see.

Then I would hear.

Then I would write.

This became the sacred pattern of my spiritual life and the foundation of my writing.

Water has also been a continual presence throughout my spiritual life. I love water, and I have often seen water in my dreams and visions. Water speaks to me of movement, cleansing, depth, healing, revelation, and life.

Throughout the years, words and phrases would come to me. I would hear them within my spirit, and then I would begin to write. I have filled journals for many years, recording my thoughts, revelations, dreams, visions, prayers, and spiritual reflections. Yet I never gathered those writings into a book.

Today is July 26, 2026. Twenty-seven years have passed since the day my spiritual writing journey was revealed to me through Psalm 45. Today, I begin—not with the pressure of completing an entire book, but with the faithfulness of writing one letter, one message, one revelation, and one page at a time.

I Am on Time

When I realized that twenty-seven years had passed since June 16, 1999, I saw another sign within the timing. Two plus seven equals nine. For me, the number nine carries the spiritual significance of completion, fulfillment, and the beginning of a new cycle. I awakened at 9:09, twenty-seven years after the revelation that first called me to write.

In that moment, I understood that I had not lost time. I had not misplaced my time. I had not missed my opportunity, and I had not been forgotten.

I am on time.

The years were not empty, wasted, or without purpose. They were years of living, learning, serving, enduring, healing, observing, and gathering the wisdom that I would one day place upon the page.

This is my time to write. This is the sovereignty of God revealed within my journey: I am not late. I am not behind. I am on time.

This is the beginning of my written spiritual legacy. This is the spiritual history of Kimberly Lawson. This is the awakening of Kimberly Grace—The Pen of a Ready Writer.

The Awakening at 9:09

Sunday, July 26, 2026

Part One: Endings and New Beginnings

I awakened at 9:09 a.m. on Sunday, July 26, 2026.

Today carries great significance for me. It represents endings and new beginnings—the closing of one chapter and the opening of another.

It has been a long, long journey within my faith to find the spiritual courage to step away from control: to step out of a controlled environment and to move from beneath a controlled system.

For much of my life, I believed that the most secure and substantial way to live was to work for someone else, to work for a company, and to remain under an established system. In my mind, that system represented financial security. It was the structure that I believed was taking care of me.

But somewhere along the journey, I began to recover my spiritual and supernatural strength.

I recovered my inspiration.

I recovered my motivation.

I recovered the courage to trust what was awakening within me.

Through faith, I consciously chose to move out from under a system that I had once believed was responsible for sustaining me financially. I began to understand that the system was never the true source of my provision. It was only one channel.

My faith was calling me to release the need for control, to trust the guidance placed within me, and to step forward into a new beginning.

Part Two: Awakening to My Spiritual Self

Today, 9:09 was an awakening to my spiritual self.

It was an expression of love—unconditional love from God, the Creator of the entire universe. I believe God had compassion for me and sent an angel to awaken me at 9:09 a.m.

I awakened into a place of stillness: a place of meditation, a place of prayer, and a place of deep gratitude, thankfulness, and love.

I needed help. I needed help in the most urgent way. I needed the strength and spiritual guidance to come out from under a system that held fear, doubt, and control—a system that no longer felt stable to me and did not reflect the ethical values, morals, or integrity that I desired for my life.

I am grateful that I awakened at 9:09. I am grateful that I listened to the inner part of myself. I listened to my spiritual self. I listened to my intuition.

My intuition.

Through my intuition, I can see when I become still. I can hear. I may receive a nudge, a glimpse, an image, a word, or an inner knowing. Sometimes it comes spiritually, and sometimes it reveals itself through the natural circumstances around me.

Then I begin to work it out. I walk it out. I investigate. I ask questions. I do my research. I seek spiritual understanding.

My intuition does not remove the need for discernment. It leads me into a deeper process of listening, observing, learning, and understanding what has been placed within my spirit.

Part Three: The Vision and the Instruction

The awakening at 9:09 began as a devotional prayer in stillness.

I was communicating, meditating, and affirming that I was coming out of an ending and entering a new beginning—a new chapter. From within this new chapter, I understood that I was being called to write my letters.

As I prayed, I began to speak in a native tongue.

While speaking in that tongue, I saw water being poured from a vial or pitcher. Then I saw a wide door opening in the clouds. Spiritually, I walked through it.

As I passed through the doorway, I saw water flowing from the left side and water flowing from the right. It poured downward in sweeping curves, rushing and flowing from both directions. The waters came together simultaneously.

Water from the left.

Water from the right.

Both streams pouring, rushing, and joining within my spirit and my inner being.

I can see now.

I can see the abundance now.

I can see the abundance now.

I can see it.

Beyond the flowing waters, I began to see myself seated upon a rock, surrounded by water.

As I continued speaking in the native tongue, words began to emerge that I could understand. Much of the language remained beyond my interpretation, but certain words came through clearly:

Indigo.

Esther.

Mordecai.

Shepherd.

Again, I heard: Indigo. Esther. Mordecai. Shepherd.

There were other native expressions that I could not interpret or articulate, but these words remained clear within me.

Manifestation.

Manifestation.

Manifestation.

Manifestation.

Manifestation.

And then I heard the instruction:

Write your letters.

Part Four: The Purpose of the Letters

Write your letters.

Now I have come to the place where I ask for assistance from the archangels who are with me: Uriel, Jophiel, and Raphael.

I call upon these three angels and ask for their assistance as I begin writing these letters.

I do not yet know what to call them. I do not yet know exactly to whom each letter will be written.

But I know that they are spiritual letters—letters of wisdom, deep introspection, and guidance. They are letters intended to help mankind, to help women, to help men, and to assist those who are searching for clarity and direction.

I am writing these letters as an act of service.

They will carry the spiritual wisdom I have gathered through my experiences, my visions, my struggles, my stillness, and my journey. They are being written to help those who cannot yet see clearly and to guide those who may feel paused, delayed, uncertain, or stuck.

Perhaps I am writing to others who are experiencing what I have experienced. Perhaps there are writers who have received visions, words, dreams, or spiritual instructions but have not yet reached the place where they feel prepared to express them. Perhaps my letters will meet them along their path and help them understand that they are not alone.

I have walked through places they may now be approaching. I have endured seasons they may now be entering. Through these letters, I may be able to offer guidance from the places I have already traveled.

What rests within my spirit is this:

Auspiciousness is part of your journey.

Much of your journey will be found in learning to recognize the signs and markers placed along your path. Pay close attention to where you are walking, what appears before you, and what each experience may be teaching you.

Observe the signs. Remember the markers. Remain aware of the challenges and obstacles that arise along the way. Do not allow them to stop you. Walk through them.

Walking through may take weeks. It may take months. It may take years. But continue walking. Keep your momentum as you move through each season. Even when your movement feels slow, remain faithful to the journey.

Ask for guidance.

Trust what is being revealed.

Remain grateful.

Ask. Trust. Be grateful.

Part Five: Grace Through the Journey

Give yourself grace through these obstacles.

Today, I desire to write my first letter. I want to begin today.

What continues to rest in my spirit is indigo.

Indigo is a spiritual color, and in some way it is connected to these letters. To me, indigo is linked to deeper spiritual wisdom and to the work of the Holy Spirit. It is the color I want my feather to be.

I see a silver pen with an indigo feather in my hand.

I see water pouring simultaneously from the left and from the right.

I see ripples upon the water.

And resting upon the rippling water, I see a rose—perhaps a beautiful yellow rose, or perhaps an indigo rose.

This final vision feels significant to me, not only as part of the awakening, but also as a symbol of what these writings carry.

If I am to create a logo or image for this spiritual writing journey, I believe it would include my hand holding the pen—a pen designed in the style of biblical times, silver in form, with a long and beautiful indigo feather.

It would also include the flowing waters, the ripples, and the rose.

This concludes the recording of my awakening on this day.

And perhaps this is not only a letter.

Perhaps this is the beginning.

Kimberly Grace, Seer of God
The Pen of a Ready Writer