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Westbrook (as Vessel) Brings Odell Back to Life

by Sterling D. Allan, 228033; USC F, B4-5 105-B (on TR0)

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This is the fifth of five stories my celly Joseph told me about people coming back from death by the power of God / Jesus, that were either of him coming back from the dead, or of him being the one calling someone back from the dead.

~~is~~ This is the first story he told me, if I remember correctly.

This story is set in Chico, CA around the Spring of 2013. Joe was homeless, living under a bridge, riding his bike along Mangrove, approaching Cohasset. He was riding a "Fixie" bike (pura brand) in fixie mode, so you have to keep pedaling as you go, and can use the pedals ~~as~~ to slow you down. Some girls were riding along in a car, ~~saying~~, screaming and whistling at him, saying, "Hey, we're going to a party tonight, do you want to go with us?"

At this point, Joe was lifting his bike's motion from having just crossed Cohasset onto the sidewalk, jumping onto the curve, when his feet slipped off the pedals and his legs wrapped into the pedals, stopping ~~him~~ ^{the bike} immediately, as he fell face forward. He put his hands out to stop his fall, but it didn't help much. ~~Actually, that was after he and the bike~~ The bike, still tangled with his feet did a summer-sault over him. It separated from him when it hit the ground. The girls laughed and drove on.

He took ~~most~~ ^{there} of the brunt of the accident on his right shoulder. (The scar he showed me ~~is~~ ^{is} about 5" in diameter.) He stood up holding himself (left hand over injured right arm), bent over in pain, going into shock, walking in a circle on the sidewalk, hyperventillating. He sat down on the curve, rocking back & forth, ^{still} holding his ~~left~~ his right arm with his left.

An older lady drives up, rolls down her window. "Hey, you okay? I just called an ambulance for you. The reason I stopped is because you remind me of my nephew that's in the war in ~~Iraq~~ Iraq."

"I'm not him, mam, but thanks for calling an ambulance." She drove away. Joe empties ~~the~~ the drugs from his pockets ~~under~~ and hides them in a bush.

About 5 min.s later, an ambulance arrived, with lights & siren. As they administered to him, he asked if he could have something for his pain. "They gave me 2 Vcodin (sp?), put me ~~in the~~ on a gurney and into the back of the ambulance, as well as my bike, and took me to Eulo Hospital."

In the E.R., he said they wrapped him (almost) like a mummy: both arms, left arm in a sling. He showed me the scar on his left elbow, and I jotted in my notes that [when his arm is extended] it is $\sim 3/4$ " wide, 1.5" long. [Note: that's the scar he said yesterday was from the 30-foot drop accident. When I asked him about the contradiction, he adamantly said that scar was from Chico. I started asking for clarification, ^{on the various scars,} and he kept contradicting himself, saying one thing, then another. Finally, he said he doesn't remember clearly where all his scars came from.]

After writing that comment, I ~~asked~~ told Joe, "Your life fits those lines from 'Impossible Dream' very ~~well~~ ^{well}." Then the world, will be better for this, that one man, scorned and covered with scars, still strove with his last ounce of courage, to dream, the impossible dream." (I sang)

Joe replied, "So in your song, I've done the impossible and am covered with scars." (see all 5 stories regarding dying & coming back.) He is covered with scars. Two "Y"-shape scars that resemble ^{light} birthmarks (most of them do) are on his face, one under each eye. They add to his look, not diminish.

Continuing the description of how the E.R. dressed Joe's wounds, they wrapped the right arm in gauze, the ~~R~~ right shoulder, gave him a prescription for 30 Vicodin, and let him go.

Back with his bike, he switched the back tire direction from "fixy" to "Freestyle", ~~ride~~ rode to his friend Jeremy's house, but sees his ^{Joe told me,} car is gone. He's not home. So he sits on the stairs to wait. "His old lady [girlfriend] - seems to me like a rude slang for a female partner, whether wife or girlfriend, of any age. Not my culture." comes out of the apartment complex, Wendy, asks if I'm okay, 'What happened?' I told her. She says, 'Come inside, it's starting to rain.' So I go inside."

"I (used to) have a policy to not go into a friend's house when ~~his~~ he wasn't there but his partner was.* But it was starting to rain, and I was injured. I go in, and sit on the couch. She asked if there was anything she could get me. I said, 'A nice, cold beer would be great.' She gave me a Modelo, and also had some drugs to give me. A 'bowl of methamphetamines.' So I sit and smoke and drink Modelo, waiting for Jeremy to come home."

"He comes home, knew someone was there, 'What's up Joe? What happened?' I told him: 'Crashed my bike that I wanted to sell you'. Jeremy replied, 'You crashed that bike and you want to sell it to me?' I say, 'Yeah, but there are difficult circumstances of why I crashed it. I want to sell it (worth \$2,500 new) for half

price. I want \$500 - half in drugs, half in cash.'
He agrees.

'Can I stay tonight?'

'Yeah, you rock it for the night. But I want you to know I have a home boy who has a guest room I'm sure he'll let you stay at.'

'That'd be great if you could actually ^{let me} do that.'

Jeremy call him to come over and meet. He came over, introduced himself as Odell. ^{Yeah,} 'Yes, man, I've got a place you can stay at for a couple of weeks to heal up.'

'So I go to his house, He shows me the guest room. 'This is where you'll be staying'. I say, 'Thanks, man, I appreciate it, bro.' I go in the room, sit on the (queen size) bed, kick back, relax. It's a very nice room: chandelier, dressers, TV, nice lighting, bathroom across the hall.'

'End up staying 2 weeks.'

'One night, I got up to go to the bathroom and ^{sp! outside.} the smoke a cigarette. It was around midnight.'

'As I'm going outside, I can hear crying in his bedroom. I kind of pushed the door open and said, 'Hey, is everything alright in here?' His girlfriend (Mary) is over him, holding him, crying, saying, 'He's dead. He's dead.' (Probably O'Did)

'So I immediately go in and say, 'Don't call the cops. Let me do something first.' I didn't want the kids to be taken away because of the drugs in the house.'

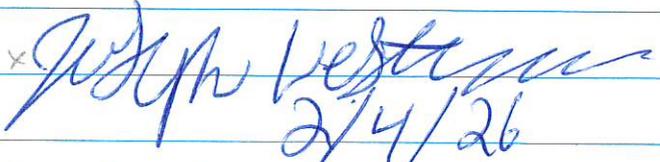
⑤ Odell

"I immediately start praying in the Spirit [accessing his Super-gift]. I go into the kitchen, grab a large, ^{mason} glass bowl (~20-inch diam. x 12" deep). I'm immediately led by the Spirit to put (various) ingredients in the bowl. The main one was olive oil. Also sage, aloe vera, vinegar, salt, cinnamon. 'Can't remember the other ingredients.' (~5 min.s of that) When it was done it smelled like cologne."

"I went back to the bedroom, stripped him butt naked, started washing his body in the concoction. Started at the head, face, underarm, armpits, chest, stomach, extremities, legs. At the feet, I prayed over the feet, and poured all of (the remaining concoction) over his feet. I kneaded them, massaged them. Then I smacked the bottom of his feet and commanded, in the name of Jesus that his spirit go back into him."

"He woke up, out of dead; took a deep breath, and said, 'I was dead, Joseph. You brought me back from the dead, Joseph.'"

"I said, 'It wasn't me. It was Jesus.'"

<I ran this article by Joseph.> x 
2/4/26

Contact: Joseph Troy Westbrooke, 262576; Utah State Correctional Facility; 1480 N. 8000 W.; SLC, UT 84116; USA

Donations can be remitted through: Utah Access Corrections.com
(tell him not to use it on drugs.)

See: IndComing.org/Blog/Joseph_Westbrooke/

