

I claim the keys of deliverance
from this evil attack!



THE MIRACLE WORKERS

OF THE END

By Michael
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Sharp



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(Jesus speaking in prophecy:) I wish to stretch your faith to limits, which not only you have never experienced, but that no other humans who have ever lived have experienced! This is the destiny of the children of David of the Time of the End--to exercise greater faith than the world has ever seen. I want more than to enrich your faith; I want your faith to reach the outer limits! I want your faith to break all records, for it must, My loves. This is the only type of faith that will overcome the world. This is the faith that I have carefully, lovingly, and wisely cultivated in you, My chosen ones of the Time of the End. (Mo Letter 3316:6,7)

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1. The Jailbreak

Glistening silver rays penetrated the darkness of the dingy cell. Abigail, Abby for short, was sitting upright on her cot. She welcomed the light of the morning sun. *“Thank you Jesus for another day of life!”* she beamed to the Lord. She also said it aloud for the sound of her own voice helped her to face the stark reality of being a prisoner in solitary confinement.

“Please bless all of my precious brothers and sisters wherever they may be and give them a fruitful day in service to thee and keep and protect them and make them a blessing. Thank you for all of my blessings and continue to have your hand upon my life and help me to trust you completely. I don’t know what you’re doing but you do, Lord. I just want to nestle up real close to you and let you lead, for it is obvious that I can of myself do nothing and I know nothing. Do with me as you like. I am your handmaiden. I live only to please You and if my life should end today, I give it to You gladly, my Love, for I can see so clearly now, that each breath is a gift from You and if I live, I live for You, and if I die, I die for You.”

“Please help me to keep my mind stayed on you for the enemy attacks me greatly trying to get me to fear, trying to use my solitude against me. You said in Your Word that your grace is sufficient unto me so I know that you won’t give me more than I can bear.”

“Time to get up!” a voice interrupted her prayer. “And here’s your breakfast! Who are you talking to, anyway?”

“My lover, Jesus!” Abby retorted, in a pleasant, teasing voice.

“Ah, you all go crazy all alone in there.” the jailer threw back. “Why don’t you ask your lover to getcha outta there if you’re on such good terms, if ya know what I mean?”

“Oh, I’m sure if he wants me out of here, he’ll do just that but I’ll take your advice, and ask Him about it.”

“What, girl, how could you possibly think that your Jesus could want you to be in such a hell-hole?”

“Well, maybe He has me here just for you. By the way, what’s your name?”

“Nah, not me girl, I’m nobody. This is a job that nobody wants and they don’t pay very much for it. That Jesus of yours couldn’t be very interested in me. Besides I’ve done a lot of bad things in my life. Don’t tell nobody, but, actually, I deserve to be behind those bars, there. Hey, why am I talking like this? Are you some kind of a witch or something? They said to watch out for your kind, that you’ve got these powers or something.”

“I don’t have anything except what Jesus gives me, and He sure loves you. What’s your name?”

“Oscar” the jailer mumbled as he walked off.

“Thank you Jesus!” Abby prayed out loud again. “Thank you that I’m able to witness even here. I pray for Oscar, that you will work on his heart. He’s my little sheep. The one you’ve given to me. Help me to witness to him. Give me your Words and especially help him to feel your love through me. If you want me out of here please free me but if for some reason I need to stay here, give me the grace for solitary confinement. Please show me your will or at least what I should tell Oscar the next time he comes back.”

“When you feel led that he is ready to receive it, tell Oscar that your God will free you within four days and that you are

here for him and as a testimony against the anti-God world government for although they think they are invincible they will see that they are no match against a girl and her God."

Abby threw her arms up in praise. "Thank you Jesus for freeing me. I know it's already done. Please prepare my heart for the days ahead because I know I'm nothing and it kind of scares me when you talk like this because I don't want to blow it. Please keep me humble and yielded. When I think of all the mistakes I've made in the past I know it's got to be all by your grace. Please help me to use this time however you know is best."

Unbeknownst to her there was quite a crowd of spirit helpers with her there in the cell. There were many demons trying to get in to influence her also but as long as she continued to pray and praise the Lord and resist the fears that were trying to engulf her, they were not permitted to enter. Soon she was in a peaceful sleep.

The next morning she awoke to the sounds of the birds. Even though she had to sleep on a hard bed the Lord helped her to sleep soundly all through the night.

"This must be day two," she proclaimed. "The Lord said I would be freed in four days. Well, I'm not sure if that includes yesterday or not. But anyway I will count this as day two."

"Thank you Jesus for a new day to serve you. Thank you for those precious birdies that remind me to praise You. Thank you for your promise of freeing me. Thank you for this special ministry that You've given me to be alone with you and also for this special ministry of witnessing to my jailer. Help me to be faithful with what you have given me to do. Please help me not to fear but have faith. Please show me how to best use this

time. Help me always to have praise on my lips and not to doubt. Please speak to me and show me what you would have me to do. I'm your servant and I only want your will." Abby waited a little and then the Lord's voice came in so clearly.

"I want you to use this time to be an intercessor for others. You can accomplish so much through the power of prayer. You can be My special operator, pleading the cause of others. Don't underestimate this ministry for prayer moves My hand. Command thou Me. Whatever you ask in faith, believing, it shall be done."

"Oh Lord", Abby cried out, "I know not what to ask."

"Well, ask Me and I will show you. You just be my little switch, receiving from Me, then plead before My throne, then I will act. Plead the cause for the things I show you. You shall move My hand and My hand is all-powerful without limitations, and so you will accomplish much. First of all, pray for your jailer, for his soul, that I may touch his heart, that he may be saved."

Abby obediently poured out her heart before the Lord for her jailer and when she had finished she heard the footsteps of her jailer coming to bring her breakfast.

"Use this opportunity to witness," the Lord told her as the jailer approached and pushed the food through the slot in the door.

"Thank you so much for bringing me my breakfast!" Abby said cheerfully to Oscar, her jailer.

"What? How can you be so cheerful when I bring you this slop." He responded.

"Do you have a family?" Abby asked without answering his question.

“Why, yes I do!” The jailer was caught off guard not expecting another question instead of an answer. “A wife and three children. They’re all grown up now and my wife and I are alone as our children don’t visit us often.”

“We have six grandchildren but we don’t get to see them often for my children live quite far away. People move around so much these days. Old people are looked upon as a burden and the younger families are all so busy they just don’t have time.” His comments were mumbled as though he were talking to himself.

“What is your wife’s name?” Abby asked again with the same cheeriness in her voice.

“Abigail,” he snapped back.

“That’s my name too, but people usually call me Abby.”

“Nice to meet you Abby.”

For the first time Abby thought she caught a glimpse of a smile on her jailer’s face.

“Oscar, do you have any special requests for Jesus? We speak to each other a lot, you know.”

“I’ll bet you do” Oscar responded. This time Abby definitely noted a smile.

“Well, you could ask Jesus why Nancy died. That was my oldest daughter. She died in a car crash. My wife has never completely recovered from it after all these years. She blames herself because she was driving. She was also badly hurt but survived it. She only has a limp in her left leg. Oh, we loved Nancy so. It was so hard for us. She was our little angel. We thought it was so cruel that she had to be the one to go. I’ve often thought, if there is a God up there, why would He have to take our Nancy. It just didn’t seem fair.”

“One thing I know, Oscar,” Abby said, praying as she spoke, “is that God is good, and there is always a good reason for everything He lets happen. You can be sure that I will ask Jesus for you and I know that He will be happy to give you the answer.”

“Do you think so? Do you really think that Jesus would really answer me, Oscar? I’m nobody, and hey, I’m no saint, you know. I’ll tell you, if Jesus can give an answer to me he can give an answer to anybody.”

“You are important to Jesus, Oscar. He sent me here especially for you to let you know how much He loves you and as a testimony against the anti-God world government. For even though they think they are invincible, the Lord wants to use a weak girl like me to show them that my God is much more powerful than they are.”

“You would be willing to be in that dirty little cell just for me?”

“Well, Oscar you know that I didn’t have a whole lot of choice in the matter, but I’m happy to be here if through it I can help you to know how much Jesus loves you.”

Although Abby didn’t know it Oscar was deeply touched by those words. He had felt loved, as he had never felt loved in his whole life, that someone would happily be willing to suffer for his sake. *Maybe there really is someone up there that loves me. What is it about this girl, she’s really having an effect on me.* Oscar thought to himself as he walked on to get the food for the other inmates.

As soon as Oscar was gone Abby asked the Lord for a prophecy for him and the Lord chose to let Oscar’s daughter speak to him. She didn’t have a pencil or paper to write down

the prophecy, but since it was not so long it wasn't difficult for her to remember it.

“Daddy, don't worry about me. I'm still with you and Mommy. I'm your guardian angel, so to speak, my job is to protect you, and inspire you, and help you to come to know Jesus' love for you, and it's partly because of my prayers that you had this opportunity to know Abby. I had to come over here on this side because Jesus had a job for me. Remember when you had to leave because of your work? You would tell me, 'now, don't worry, daddy will be home soon.' Well, now I can say the same to you. Both you and mommy will soon be home with me. It'll only be a little while and we'll all be together again. I love you daddy and remember, I'm not very far away.”

When Oscar came back with more food, Abby asked him for a pen and paper to write down the message she had received from his daughter.

“I already thought of that.” Oscar said and handed her the pencil and paper.

“Come back in a few minutes and I'll have it ready for you, it was short enough for me to remember it all.” Abby said as she started writing.

Oscar was now all excited and paced back and forth in front out of sight from her cell. He was amazed at himself but he really had expected to hear a message from his beloved daughter. Finally he just couldn't take anymore and rushed back to Abby's cell.

“Is it ready yet?” he asked with an obvious desperation in his voice.

“Yes, Oscar, it’s all finished. Here it is.” Abby said as she handed it over to him.

Oscar disappeared looking for a place with better light in order to read what was on the paper.

Abby prayed that Oscar would receive the message in the right spirit with an attitude of faith. But she had no need to be concerned for Oscar. He was deeply touched by the message he had just read. He sat down on a nearby chair and buried his head in his hands crying with joy. He knew the message was from his darling baby. He just couldn’t wait to rush home to show his wife.

“Day three” Abby said to herself as she was waking up. “Yesterday passed much faster using my time to pray for so many things and so many people. I felt so fulfilled as though I had really used the day well. Even though I was alone in this cell I feel like I really accomplished a lot yesterday.”

“Thank you Jesus for showing me to use my time in this way. It’s just fantastic how I can get my instructions from you at any moment and you know exactly the best thing to do. Thank you from delivering me from this place. Help me to be faithful to witness to Oscar and give me the grace to support the rather harsh conditions here. Protect me and continue to use me as you know is best. I’m so excited, Jesus, that tomorrow I am going to be released. Thank you for the miracle that I didn’t feel cold last night even though I didn’t have much to cover me. You’re so good to me Lord, sometimes I think you spoil me. Your love for me is so much that sometimes it makes me cry with tears of thanksgiving and gratitude. I want to pray once again for Oscar’s wife, that her daughter’s message will be a healing balm to her soul. Please show me if

you want me to continue with my prayer ministry today or whatever you would have me to do.”

Just as happened yesterday, her early morning prayers were interrupted by the footsteps of Oscar coming to bring her breakfast. Instead of the tray appearing through the slot under the door, the key turned in the lock, and the door opened. She saw Oscar’s face in the light that came in through the open door.

“How is my girl doing today?” Oscar said warmly. He entered the room with the tray in his hand. Abby was pleasantly surprised to see that instead of the usual porridge there was a half a loaf of bread, a generous portion of cheese, a steaming hot cup of coffee, and a knife to cut the bread and cheese with. As she devoured her breakfast Oscar excitedly related all the events that had transpired the night before when he had read the message to his wife.

“She got all excited and there was a light in her eyes that I hadn’t seen since Nancy passed away” ‘Remember when Nancy would cry when she was little and you had to go on those long trips?’ she told me over and over again. It was just what both of us needed to remember that. It was just perfect. We realized that we were just like that, like little children, that needed the reassurance that they were going to see their daddy again, or in our case, our daughter again”

Oscar wasn’t a bit concerned that there was a sharp knife there. As a matter of fact, he purposely had it there to show Abby that he trusted her completely. She had given him the best present he could ever hope for, that his wife had come to life again. He thought that he could never repay Abby.

“You know, Oscar, Jesus told me that He is going to release me from here tomorrow.” Abby commented nonchalantly as she ate her bread and cheese. That is, unless I counted my days wrong. You see the Lord told me three days ago but I wasn’t sure if I should count the same day He gave it to me or if I should start on the next day. But anyway, I think I counted it about right, that tomorrow I shall be released.” Oscar just stood there with his mouth open. He could tell you even that?” Oscar blurted out. It was obviously quite difficult for him to believe. Oh, Oscar, what’s more difficult, getting a message from your daughter in heaven or having Jesus tell me when He is going to release me?” Oscar raised an eyebrow and crossed his arms obviously pondering that statement. “Do you know how you are going to get out?” He sheepishly asked, showing that he had finally decided to believe it. “Oh no, I don’t have the slightest idea.” Abby answered, while she was still eating, enjoying the food so much that she found it difficult not to eat while she talked. “How do you hear His voice?” Oscar was fascinated with his new discovery. “Is it a booming voice like you hear in the movies or something?”

Oh, nothing like that Abby retorted, and remembered again not to talk while she ate. She finally managed to put down her food, realizing that this was a golden opportunity to witness to Oscar. “You know Oscar, you can talk with Jesus too.”

“Oh, not me!” Oscar responded incredulously.

“Sure you can, Oscar, but there is a special secret about talking with Jesus. Do you want to know it?” Oscar came to sit on her tiny cot and put his ear real close to her as though a spy were going to reveal a very important secret to another agent. Abby had to make a great effort not to laugh as it appeared so

funny to her. Oscar's simple childlike faith truly amazed her. "When you have Jesus in your heart he can speak to you anytime about anything. He's so close, right there inside of you."

"Can I have Jesus in my heart too?" Oscar asked.

"Of course!" Abby replied. "All you have to do is ask him to come in. That's all there is to it."

Of course you can imagine what ensued after that. Oscar repeated a prayer to receive Jesus in his heart along with Abby.

"And not only that, Oscar, but now that you have Jesus in your heart you can go to heaven some day."

"Nah, not me, Oscar threw back at her. "Maybe you can go to heaven but not the likes of me! I've done my share of bad things in my life, you know."

"We all have, Oscar." Abby countered. "But all that matters is that you have Jesus in your heart and that He paid for all of our sins when He died for us."

Oscar put his hands over his eyes and leaning forward, rested himself on his elbows. "And that means that I will definitely be able to see my Nancy some day!" he finally said, obviously moved.

"Yes, of course, Oscar." Abby assured him. "But not only that, she is also here with you, helping you, encouraging you." Abby felt that Nancy wanted to speak again. She remained silent for a few seconds and then Nancy spoke through her one more time.

"Oh daddy, you can't imagine the house that we are getting set up for you and mom here. I get to help out in making it just right, so special, just how you would like it. Auntie Ellen is helping too, and Grandmother. It won't be long, you know, and we'll be here all together and you'll love it so."

Abby opened her eyes and saw that Oscar was crying. His hands still covering his eyes, his elbows still propped up on his knees. Abby put her hand on his shoulder “You have a lot to look forward to,” She reassured him.

“I’m sorry.” Oscar said as he stood up. It’s so much for me. It’s beautiful, but it’s just overwhelming. Please I must go out a minute. Please finish eating, I’ll be back in a minute.” He said, as he walked out the cell door, leaving it open. Abby could have walked out then but she knew that it wasn’t the Lord’s time and it wasn’t the wise thing to do so she stayed in her cell praying for Oscar while she resumed eating, her hunger getting the best of her. *“this sure is great food!”* she thought to herself. “I think I’ve never appreciated bread and cheese as much as I do today,” Suddenly, Oscar returned excitedly.

“Could you tell Nancy that I love her so ... Please?”

Abby had to finish chewing, as she had quite a mouthful. When finally she could speak, she waited a few more seconds asking the Lord to help her have patience as she was getting angry and wanted to let Oscar have it but she knew that it wasn’t the right reaction. Finally she put her hands over her eyes and said calmly:

“Oscar, Oscar, Oscar”

Then she put her hands down and looked him directly in the eyes and with a sweet smile continued.

“You’re not getting the point. She is right here with us now. She just spoke to me and she just heard you. I don’t need to tell her as she is just as much here as you and I are.

“Could you ask her where she is standing?”

“Sure, I guess so.” Abby answered, suppressing a laugh again. To her surprise, she didn’t have to ask Nancy as, all of a

sudden, Abby could see her standing right next to her father. A beautiful teen of about 15 with long black hair dressed in a revealing flimsy blouse and short skirt. Although very feminine, she obviously was dressed as a soldier ready for combat with a strange weapon connected to her waist and sandals with lacing crisscrossed partway up her legs.

“Tell him that although I am usually assigned to be with him and mom, I am temporarily assigned to help you escape, along with many other spirit helpers.”

Abby related the message to Oscar and described how his daughter looked.

“Yes, she would have been 15 if she were still alive... well, you know what I mean.”

But his daughter interrupted him.

“Tell him that he and mom must disappear. That they must leave the house tonight, to leave the city and not to go to any relative or friend’s house because when you escape from prison it will be dangerous for them as he will be suspected of helping you. It is very important that my father heeds this warning because no matter whether he heeds this or not you shall be freed.”

Although Oscar couldn’t hear his daughter, somehow he knew that Abby was listening to a message from beyond and he respectfully kept quiet.

Abby then repeated his daughter’s message.

“I won’t be seeing you again Oscar. Thanks so much for the cheese and bread. It was delicious.”

She then walked over and gave him a kiss on the cheek. She then held his shoulders with her hands and with a radiant smile said, “Oh, how sweet, Nancy gave you a kiss on the cheek

too. Now she's fading away. Goodbye Oscar, see you in heaven some day soon!"

"Thank you!" was all he could say, through his tears, as he turned to walk off.

"Oh, Oscar, don't forget these," Abby commented as she handed him the knife and glass which he took and walked off quickly as he was embarrassed that Abby saw him with tears. He wanted to tell her more but he couldn't bring himself to talk, his emotions had overtaken him so.

Abby looked at the open door. Should she close it? The Lord did promise to free her. There was only one way to know. She shot up the question to the Lord.

"This is not the time. You must give Oscar and his wife time to flee. Someone could see the door open and he would automatically be in trouble." So Abby shut the door for the second time for Oscar.

"I want you to spend a great part of today in intercessory prayer also and then I will give you your first instructions."

So Abby faithfully prayed for those situations and people the Lord told her to pray for. He also many times gave her in prophecy the prayer to pray and at other times He gave her in note-point form all of the specifics so that she could pray with precision.

The day passed much quicker than she thought it would and she felt a pleasant feeling of accomplishment that comes when you know without a shadow of a doubt that you are in the Lord's perfect will. Just as she was about to go to sleep the Lord spoke again.

"My beautiful wife, let Me ravish you, for not only do I desire you, but also I must empower you, for in our ecstatic moments

of bliss, as you receive my seeds, I will empower you for all that you must do tomorrow and then as you sleep I will prepare you more as your spirit will be free to travel directly to my side.”

These were not exactly the instructions that Abby was expecting but she happily took the precious Love-up time with her marvelous husband and then quickly lapsed into a blissful sleep. Little did she know that the enemy of her soul had been planning a massive fear attack in her sleep this night but because of her love-up time with the Lord it was impossible for him and all of his arch-demons to penetrate her defenses.

Abby was rudely awakened by the clanging of keys and then a key was placed in the keyhole of her cell door. A hard kick opened the cell door. As it opened, she was startled at the sight of two soldiers with machine guns at hip level pointed at her. Automatically, she started to pray silently, rebuking the enemy and claiming the power of the keys for protection. A warmth enveloped her and the fear evaporated and was no more. She could now see that the young soldiers were nervous and that they were, in fact, afraid of her. She thought that was so funny, that they would be afraid of her, but she knew that it was because they had been warned by their superiors, and maybe they had heard of other miracles done through others. It was difficult but she tried very, very hard not to laugh. She concentrated on their faces to keep the giggles at bay and noted that they were both quite handsome.

“Flirt with them.” The Lord very clearly instructed her.

“It’s not everyday that two handsome young men come to my bed to wake me up!” she said coyly and cheerfully with a demure smile.

“We have orders to bring you to the captain of the guard.” Piped up the soldier on the left. He was obviously trying to appear menacing but Abby could see that her flirtatious ways had caught them off guard and they were trying to appear all the more threatening.

“Well, I need to get dressed. Could you give a girl a little privacy?”

“Oh no, miss, we have orders to keep a close eye on you and to escort you to the captain, immediately.”

“O.K. then. As you wish.” She said as she threw the covers off her to reveal her exquisitely endowed figure and that she had been sleeping only in her bra and panties. “I prefer pajamas, but it seems that someone forgot to put them in the closet!” she joked as she sat up and stretched in a sexy feline way. At the same time, unbeknownst to her audience she was praying that the Lord would refrain them from trying to rape her. Although she knew that sexually arousing the two soldiers was a very risky thing to do she also had the confidence that comes from knowing that she was following the Lord’s instructions.

Although there was a noticeable change in the size of the pupils of their eyes, she observed that they didn’t move a muscle.

“But then again, those soldiers pants are awfully baggy!” she thought to herself as she grabbed her clothes at the foot of her bed and donned them in a flash. Making little jokes to herself helped to keep the fears at bay. Suddenly she became quite aware of the customary need to find a bathroom shortly after awakening but considering the special circumstances in which she found herself, she committed that need to the Lord, that He would work out a solution shortly. As she was finishing tying

her tennis shoes she looked up at the soldiers and asked, "Where to now boys?"

The soldier on the left waved his machine gun indicating the direction she was to go, which, of course, was out of the cell doorway. Abby straightened up and the same soldier nervously jumped out into the hallway outside the cell door blocking the right side thus indicating that she needed to proceed to the left down the hallway.

"So you want me to go first? You could just tell me. Girls don't like the silent treatment, you know."

"His name is Joe," The Lord told her as she passed by the soldier in the hallway. Abby stopped and turned to look him straight in the eyes. He automatically raised his machine gun as though to defend himself.

"You know Joe, I like you. Your eyes tell me that you have been hurt deeply by a girl but don't give up on us, we can be there for you when you need us. Not all of us run away, you know."

Abby had just opened her mouth, by faith, and the Lord filled it, partly by a character reading and partly by a prophecy. She wanted to give him a hug to encourage him but the reality of the metallic object between them forced her to reconsider the impulse. Instead she turned and walked down the hall thanking the Lord for the chance to slip in a brief witness. She didn't know what effect those words would have on Joe, but she knew that the Lord knew what he was doing and that His words don't return void. She also prayed silently that the Lord would protect her and prepare her for whatever was awaiting her. She also prayed against fear and for wisdom in answering any questions.

Before her, at the end of the hallway, was a door and she could hear someone following her a short distance behind, probably Joe. She grabbed the doorknob and opened the door. On the other side was a hallway perpendicular to the one she had come through. There were various doors on both sides of the hallway. She waited for instructions.

“Turn to the right. When you get to the end of the hall turn to the right again and go in the fourth door on the left,” directed a young man’s voice at a safe distance behind her. She followed the directions and was soon inside the small, bare room with one chair. At the opposite wall was a darkened window. She could barely see the outline of a man’s head and shoulders seated on the other side of the window.

“Please sit down.” A chilling voice boomed over a speaker on the wall.

Abby prayed for the lord’s words as she sat down.

“I will get right to the point, Miss Spencer.” The interrogator started. “Your jailer didn’t show up for work this morning. He is not at home. We are looking for him and we will find him and his wife. We are certain you have something to do with this. Why did he run away? You know that we have the means to make you talk!”

“He is a brute beast, incorrigible, only fit to be destroyed.” the Lord whispered in her heart.

“Do you want me to destroy him?” she asked silently.

“No, not yet, Joe is outside the door still. He would have to intervene and I want to spare him.”

“Miss Spencer, you are not talking!”

“Point your finger at the glass.”

Abby did as the Lord instructed her and it shattered into small pieces but it didn't sound like glass breaking. It was thick and only made only a crackling sound as it broke.

"Walk up close to him and tell him that you are not afraid."

Abby walked up and put her head where the window used to be. She looked him directly in the eye and was only about 50 centimeters away from him. She lifted her hand and pointed her finger at him.

"I am not at all afraid of you!"

The man was obviously trembling and with fear in his eyes.

He has a gun under the small counter right below the window frame. Tell him to put his hands on top of the counter. Came the Lord's instant instructions. All those years of hearing from the Lord for everything really paid off now as she could clearly hear Him even as she was talking. He obediently put his hands on the counter.

"Tell him to call Joe in"

"Tell Joe to come in."

"Joe, could you step in here, please?" He was obviously trying hard not to make Joe nervous.

Joe walked in with his machine gun in his hands and pointed it at Abby but did not shoot.

"Shit!" he yelled. "Two inch LEXAN*! This baby can't even put a scratch in it!" he commented, looking down at his weapon. He then threw his machine gun on the floor and raised his hands up over his head and looking at Abby, said, "Hey, I'm not messin' around with you. I've heard about you guys but nobody ever told me you could do this kind of stuff!"

"I can't, Joe"

Abby turned and looked at Joe now and moved a little further away from the interrogator but keeping the corner of her eye on him continually. He knew that he didn't dare move a muscle.

"It's the power of God, Joe. Jesus did it through me and He loves you and He can heal all your hurts and give you a new life if you want Him."

Joe was overwhelmed by the love in Abby's eyes. He was confused also. How could someone with such power be so sweet and loving? He knew that even though he couldn't understand it all, that he needed to make some kind of a decision.

"Tell him to come with you," came Abby's newest instructions.

"Come with me, Joe." Abby knew that she needed to follow the Lord's instructions immediately without questioning them or even thinking of the consequences. Joe hesitated a second. He knew that there would be no turning back. Then he put his hands down and smiled for the first time. He then put his hands at shoulder level with his palms facing her and said, still smiling, "OK, I'm with you come hell or high water."

"Its time to destroy this beast. Raise your finger at him and give the words that I will put in your heart"

She then turned toward her interrogator who now had a look of total panic in his eyes. She lifted her index finger at him and as he shielded his eyes with his arms she said:

"In the power of the keys of the Kingdom be ye destroyed and may your soul get its just rewards!"

He then screamed and slumped over in his chair motionless. She then turned toward Joe. "Pick up your machine gun and

point it at me and lead me out of this place. We don't have much time."

Shaken by what had just happened, he picked up his weapon with trembling hands and as Abby walked out of the door she looked back at Joe and pointed to the left. He then raised the gun, pointing it at her back and walked behind her. Shocked and in awe at all that he had seen, he was also incredibly attracted to this girl and although he didn't understand it he knew that he would gladly give his life for her if necessary.

"What was that scream and why are you going in that direction?" It was his friend, Al, who had entered Abby's cell with him. He turned as though to answer him and rapidly punched him hard in the head and Al fell to the floor.

"Sorry buddy," he said to the motionless figure on the floor. "You would never understand." He then turned back towards Abby and they continued down the hall.

They were now walking rapidly down the hall and Abby looked back at Joe. He was listening very carefully for his next instructions.

"Joe, I've got to pee so bad, I just can't hold it any longer, do you know where there is a bathroom?" Abby said with a look of desperation on her face. Joe burst out in a big spontaneous laugh, as it was the last thing he was expecting. This was the first sign of concern that had shown on her face after all that had taken place. "*What a girl!*" he thought to himself. Never in all of his life had he ever met anyone like her. He pointed to a door that said "men's room".

Abby shrugged and said with a smile, "Well, I have an armed guard outside to keep the men out, don't I?"

“Make it quick, all hell is going to break loose real soon!” he managed to say before the door closed behind her.

Abby decided to use this time in the bathroom to get her instructions from heaven. She had long ago learned not to make a move without hearing from her lover but now she felt the need to be completely alone with Him without any distractions.

“I have seen fit to give you a new gift at this time. Since you will need to practice its use, it will not be essential at this time, but I do expect you to start using it immediately. I know you expected to get specific instructions as to what to do in your escape but I know that you can receive those as you go as you have already learned to ask Me about everything. You probably wonder why I would be talking about receiving a new gift at this time when you are in such a “desperate” situation as the whole prison staff is looking for you. One reason, My love, is to show you how much I trust you and how much you can trust me that these little details of all the people looking for you to capture you is nothing compared to the power of heaven available to you through the power of the keys. Right now we are one. You have taken on My mind and what is happening in the physical realm is insignificant by comparison. I have given you a sheep to take care of. In my mind this is much more important than the bothersome details of the hot pursuit.

This new gift I have given you is the ability to read minds and the ability to see inside things, x-ray vision, as your Father David called it. I want you to exercise both for they are closely related and part of the same gift. Joe must see My power at work and I desire for you to use this new gift to inspire his faith. So go now and I will show you what to do.”

Abby opened the bathroom door and saw Joe standing guard duty with machine gun in hand turning his head to look at her and she knew immediately what he was thinking. She knew that he wanted to see what he had missed the last time.

“What should I do, my Love?”

“Take off all your clothes right now.”

“Do I have time before they find us?”

“I will make the time.”

She then proceeded to do so finding it amusing to see his reaction, which was a combination of shock and enjoyment. If someone had appeared at this time he wouldn't have noticed. She then flung her arms up and gave him a big smile and quickly put her clothes back on. While she was dressing she asked the Lord for the next move.

“Down this way, follow me.” She told him with a mixture of authority and friendliness. He dutifully followed, his mouth still wide open. They followed the hallway and as they walked they heard over the loudspeakers close to the ceiling... “Young female prisoner has escaped, code D, code D”

“The door to the right, go down the staircase. Walk as fast as possible but don't run. A person will appear through the door on the level below. You will have to kill him.”

When they reached the floor below in the staircase the metal door opened and a guard with a machine gun appeared suddenly. Abby pointed her finger calmly and said “The keys!” and he collapsed on the floor before he could raise his gun.

“On the next level down the door will lead outside the building. Before you open it call on the keys of invisibility. Even though you will still be able to see each other trust that you will be invisible to everyone else.”

“Joe don’t fire your gun. We will be invisible. Don’t worry, Jesus’ power is much greater than their guns.” Abby instructed him and before she opened the last door she called on the keys of invisibility. Outside in the exercise courtyard were hundreds of policemen and guards but they just walked among them towards the entrance gate of the prison.

“Wait at the front gate next to the guardhouse. The metal detector will detect Joe’s machine gun but don’t worry. It is part of the plan. When the alarm goes off both guards will run out of the guardhouse. I want you to signal Joe to wait and I want you to run into the guardhouse and I will show you which lever to move to open the main gate. When the door is fully open go through on the left side. They will shoot wildly but no one will shoot to the extreme left side.”

After she had moved the lever she ran out of the guard house, put her finger to her lips indicating to keep quiet and took him by the hand and they ran to the left side of the big gate which was slowly opening. All of the guards started shooting at the gate and not one of them thought to run to the guardhouse to move the lever back or if they did they didn’t dare try it while all the bullets went flying through the air. In about twenty seconds the gates were fully open and they went out hugging the side of the gate. Not one bullet even came close to them.

As soon as they were outside the prison the shooting stopped and the gates started to close.

“Are we still invisible?” Joe whispered.

“I don’t know, wait.”

“What do we do now?”

“Just walk down the street to the left following the wall. You will remain invisible until it is no longer needed.”

“Come on we’re still invisible.” She told Joe.

“Thank you my Love, you think of everything. It is so exciting to live for you. I love it that you are in the driver’s seat behind the wheel and all I have to do is come along for the ride.” She whispered to the Lord.

“Me too!” Joe piped up, I’m along for the ride too.” Abby gave him a sweet look and then gave him a kiss on the cheek.

“You’re learning on the go!”

They came to the end of the block and Abby waited for more directions.

“Cross the street and keep going straight. You are going to become visible now and you’ll look unusual walking down the street in a prison uniform with a guard with a machine gun at your side...”

After the Lord finished giving her all the instructions she told Joe to get behind her and point the machine gun at her back again. The people in the street were startled but didn’t do anything.

“Just follow me!”

Abby kept her eye out for the police car that the Lord said would be coming as they walked and was surprised to see it come from a side street just as they got to the corner.

“Flag down the police car and ask for help. Make sure he keeps away from the radio. If he goes for the radio threaten him with your gun, but don’t shoot.”

“We need to get in the back seat.” Abby instructed as Joe flagged down the police car.

Happily, the policeman didn't go for the radio and they got in the back seat. Suddenly Abby could hear what the policeman was thinking, that it was strange that they were walking away from the prison instead of toward it. Also that he picked them up more to question them than to give them a ride. She could also feel the fear he had for Joe's machine gun as he felt things weren't right. She also knew he was considering reporting this strange pair on the police radio but the fear of the machine gun was stopping him.

She was also learning how to block his thoughts so that she could hear from the Lord. The Lord gave her instructions and she had to react fast. She repeated what the Lord was telling her just as she would have given a prophecy out loud for the benefit of others.

"Yes, you are right officer, and if you move your hand toward your pistol or the radio you will receive a few bullets in your head. Turn on your siren and lights and turn on to the highway following my instructions." The policeman obeyed. Abby was praising the Lord silently for his perfect timing in that the police car arrived at the street corner just as they did so that the policeman didn't really have time to think or he would have surely been more cautious. It was also another little miracle that the back doors weren't locked. The elements of surprise and moving fast had been crucial to the success of this bold plan. Of course, the plan was the Lord's. Abby just obeyed explicitly and instantly—

The police car was now racing down the highway forcing the cars in the fast lane to move over as they whizzed on by with lights flashing and siren blaring. Abby had instructed the

policeman to keep both hands on the top of the steering wheel in plain sight.

“I call on the keys of protection. Anoint this policeman to drive safely at such a high speed.” Abby prayed.

Abby didn't have any idea what the Lord's plan was.

“Unit twenty three, Unit twenty three.” Came over the radio.

“I have to answer” the policeman explained.

“Tell them you are pursuing a speeding violation”

The policeman picked up the microphone from its hook on the dashboard.

“Unit twenty three” he responded.

“GPS has you heading South on U.S. 95. Please explain.”

“I'm pursuing a speeding violation.”

“OK abandon pursuit and head toward the Rocky Mountain State Prison. There you will receive further orders.

“Affirmative.”

“Keep going at this speed until you get to the next exit ramp, then take the ramp.” The Lord had given Abby the answer for the policeman before he had asked the question.

As the car entered the ramp Abby was receiving her next instructions.

“Tell them that you are having engine problems, that you motor is overheating and that you are going to have to stop. When they got to the end of the ramp and entered the traffic of a secondary road Abby told the policeman to stop the car on the side of the road and to get out and go to the front of the car and to open the hood. She then instructed Joe to pull out the microphone from the two-way radio and take it with them and then she told him to get out and go to the policeman and take

his pistol and to take out a few parts from the ignition system that were easy to remove and they also took them.

“Abby took Joe’s hand. “Let’s go. We don’t have much time before they get here.”

“What about the cop?”

“Oh yeah, I forgot about that.

“Lie down on the back seat” The policeman quickly obeyed as he greatly respected the machine gun that was pointed at him.

“I call on the keys to put a deep sleep over this man.”

She then turned and pulled Joe with her as she was still holding his hand. She didn’t even look back but Joe did and he saw the policeman with his eyes closed. They crossed the road dodging the cars.

“Where to now Lord?”

The answer came right away.

“Just wait on the side of the road”

She let go of Joe’s hand, turned her head and filled him in.

“We just have to stand here and wait.”

“I know that it sounds crazy because I just said that the police will be here soon and, of course, we would have to get out of here as fast as possible but I just know that I can trust Jesus to lead me correctly.”

“OK, Joe said, I can handle that. After all I saw I would be downright stupid to argue with you right now and even stupider to try taking off running on my own.”

“Why don’t we take this time to praise the Lord for all He has done for us and thank Him for what He is going to do for us shortly?”, Abby suggested in a happy upbeat manner.

Joe then got his first praise class right there on the shoulder of the road as three police helicopters and numerous squad cars raced in their direction.

While they still had their hands lifted over their heads in rapturous praise a car pulled off the road slowing down right next to them.

“Dad!” Abby screamed with glee.

Her dad opened the front door on the passenger side and with a smile told Joe , “You can throw that machine gun in the ditch, son, you won’t need it any more.”

“Yeah, if God gives me a finger like Abby’s who needs machine guns, anyway.”

The car had come to a complete stop and Abby’s dad opened the back door. They jumped in and the car took off with dirt flying behind them. Soon they were on the highway.

Her dad then turned around and held out his hand to Joe .

“Hi, I’m Paul and this is Dave,” moving his head in the direction of the driver.

“What’s your name?”

“Oh, I’m Joe.”

“Welcome aboard Joe, here are some clothes for you and Abby,” he said as he handed them the pile of clothes.

“Just scrunch down a little and change into these and don’t worry about being a little nude in front of each other. We don’t make a big deal out of those things. You know, Adam and Eve and the garden and all that. If they weren’t ashamed why should we be, right?”

“Right!” Joe managed to say, almost choking, even as Abby was taking off her prison uniform top revealing a bra trying to retain well-formed and abundant breasts. He was glad that

Abby's dad turned around and was looking through the windshield again as he felt very uneasy at this moment.

"Hey, what's the big deal. You already, saw me nude, anyway, right?" Abby whispered.

"Shhhh! Your dad might be listening!"

"Hey, by the way, how did you know what I was thinking, anyway? That was pretty hairy-scary stuff and wow, hey, the whole fu... I mean, you know, all the goons in the prison are on the lookout for you and you start to take off your clothes right in the hallway like nothin' is happenin' and you got all the time in the world.

Hey, I was scared. I admit it. I'm a guard, or I was one, and I knew that the whole prison was out to kill and I wanted to run and if you weren't so God-damned pretty, forgive my French, I would have taken off like a scared chicken but I just had to see what was comin'. I was thinkin', wow, we gotta get outta here but I'm not missin' this fer nothin'. Tell me, how could you do it? I've seen some pretty scary dudes that I thought were some pretty tough guys that killed people and all that but, hey, they were fairy god-mothers compared to you."

"It's Jesus, Joe," Abby answered as she finished putting on her clothes. "He tells me what to do and then He gives me the strength to do it. I'm just an ordinary girl so whatever you see that is more than that is only Jesus. He loves you, Joe, and wants to live in your heart....."

2. The Hunter Becomes the Prey

Kirk Flanigan sat at his desk with his head down, eyes closed, and with his hand on his forehead. Another migraine was starting. He had been a police detective for quite a few years and was proud of being in pretty good shape even though he wasn't so young anymore. These migraines though, were getting worse. Life was so simple before all these problems with the rebels. There were just the police and the criminals. It was simple but these rebels were something else. Who were they and why did they have all these special powers? Why weren't they grateful for our Supreme Lord? Why did they fight him and all that he stands for? Kirk was not a religious man but he had a respect for these people that defied the whole world order and many of them got away with it. They didn't receive a lot of publicity and most people didn't know what these people were doing but Kirk did because it was his job to know.

"Now there's another one." He was thinking. "A young girl and a pretty one at that. She escapes out of prison, vanishes into the thin air and takes a guard with her. Then she hijacks a police car and then we get there just minutes later and she's gone - just like that - no trace. She didn't have time to run away - how did she do it? How am I supposed to know? They didn't give me training for stuff like this. They find one dead prison guard. No bullet wound. No marks on the body. Not one indication of why he died. Her interrogator the same story. And they expect me to find her?"

Kirk punched the button on his phone that called his secretary.

“Yes, Mr. Flanigan?”

“Martha, get me the file on that sect girl. What’s her name? Abigail, I think.”

“Yes sir, I know which one.”

Martha was a methodical person and prided herself on how well she knew all her boss’ work better than he did.

“Ah, yes, Abigail Spencer. Thank you, Martha. You always know just what I’m looking for.”

“Oh, I could make a nice stinging comment on that one but I’ll bite my tongue this time, anything else?”

“A cup of coffee, please, I’m going to study this for a while.”

Kirk leaned back in his seat with the file held up high so that he had to raise his eyes to read it.

“First offense. Arrested for proselytizing and the dissemination of illegal literature. Quite a mess during her arrest. It took quite a few experienced cops to subdue her. Incredible. Her jailer disappears mysteriously right before her escape. Lets see, her history: born in India, later lived in Indonesia and Thailand , then moves to South America. She only comes to the States on infrequent short visits before her arrest. She’ll probably hightail it out of the States as fast as she can go but it won’t be easy as all immigrations posts have been alerted.

“Oh, Martha, thank you. Just put it down there.”

As Martha was leaving the office the telephone rang.

“Hello”

“Mr. Flanigan?”

“Yes, who is this?”

“Abigail, I heard that you are looking for me.”

“Who told you?”

“Jesus did, Kirk. He talks to me, you know.”

“Sure, sure, and Buddha talks to me. So why are you calling me? You’re supposed to be running away from me and I’m supposed to work real hard to find you. Usually criminals that escape from prison don’t go calling up the police, you know.”

“Kirk, you know that I’m not a criminal. That’s why I called you, because you are a searcher. You’re looking for the truth.”

“What’s the truth, Abigail?”

“Call me Abby.”

“OK, so what’s the truth, Abby?”

“Jesus loves you, Kirk, and He wants you to be free.”

“Nobody is free. We’re all puppets and if you cut our strings we just fall in a heap on the floor.”

“Kirk, don’t play around with me, OK? I know you didn’t mean what you just said but you were just trying to tickle my ears. Look, we both know that I am a rebel against the system and we both know that you are not, so no more games, OK?”

“OK, Abby, no more games. So why did you call me besides proselytizing me which you know is illegal.”

“OK, Kirk, we’ll make this brief. You need to find me and I need something from you so we’ll meet tomorrow. You go to the Crocker Street subway station and bring your cell phone. Be there at exactly 11:00 A.M. Take the southbound train. What’s your cell phone number?”

“743928041”

“OK and if anyone else is with you, you won’t see me and if you use a GPS transmitter the meeting will be aborted”

“Come on Abby, how would you know those things, anyway?”

“I told you, Kirk, Jesus talks to me and He knows.”

“Just one more thing. How did you kill those men?”

“I didn’t kill them, Kirk, the Lord did, in order to save my life. Bye Kirk.”

Kirk sat there a few seconds listening to the dial tone before he hung up the phone. He looked at the file again.

“Nineteen? How could a nineteen-year-old girl speak with such authority? She wasn’t at all afraid of me, either. I felt like she was totally in control and not me. I have never seen anything like this before in all my years with investigations. I think I had better consult with somebody higher up.”

All the home council plus Abby got together at Abby’s father’s home to pray about what to do now as it was an especially delicate situation with the police looking for Abby and although the Lord had guided them to have Abby call the detective in charge of the search, they needed more specific instructions before proceeding.

“We praise you Lord, for all that you are doing. We really are nothing and can do nothing on our own. You are everything. We want to cling ever so closely to you. We know that in these evil times if we don’t stay close to You, constantly hearing Your voice and following You we will be eliminated quickly, and although it would be fantastic to be able to go be with You right now, we want to complete our mission for You here first.”

We want to completely take on your mind. We need You to full possess us not only to survive but also to complete our destiny, the purpose for which You sent us here. Your wish is our command Dear Love. We delight in being so used of You. Your will has become our passion. We can't think of anything else and every new move of the Spirit thrills us. We tremble with ecstasy at every new revelation and the resulting miracles as we obey You until we reach that ultimate orgasm of our final reunion with you. What a life! What a privilege to live for You and to feel Your power surging through us even though we are nothing, so insignificant yet you chose to use us to confound those who think that they are so powerful.

We are united here now to get Your battle plan. We don't know if You are going to show only one more step or maybe more steps but we are sure that You are going to shine a light on our path. Confirm Your will in the mouth of two or three witnesses. There is nothing we like more than sucking Your seeds. Being Your bride is the first thing of the day that we think about and the last thing we think about before we fall asleep at night and it's all that we think about whenever we have the chance throughout the day. Only Your service and showing Your love to others could pull us away from our first job of loving You but it is needful and we can't do it without getting our instructions from You so here we are. Speak Lord, your servants are all ears." All waited for the Lord to speak.

"Nothing is more important to Me than one immortal soul brought back to My Kingdom. My Kingdom is built brick by brick and these bricks are living stones, immortal souls, which are won, one at a time. Never get your eyes off of the importance of one person and how much that person means to

Me. It is so easy to begin to think that other things are more important, the miracles, the demonstrations of My power, even the great love that I have given you for each other, but remember that all of these things have been given you with the ultimate goal of winning souls for Me.” Then everyone waited for another prophecy.

“I want you all to take on My mind right now. Forget about your own personal survival and the survival of your loved ones. Forget about your unceasing fight against the one-world government and the evil spiritual forces behind it. I want you to concentrate on winning one soul, even if it means the death of all of you. Isn't this what you joined My army for, to give your life to give life to others? This precious soul has been given the task of finding you so that you can be eliminated. I want him to have his chance of finding and receiving Me. But for him to truly have his chance he must feel My love and know My true nature for his perception of Me has been greatly distorted and he has been inoculated against Me. This will not be an easy task and you must work in teamwork for he is a wary fish that cannot be caught easily and, of course, ultimately, he must choose whether he wants the light or if he prefers the darkness. If any of you would prefer not to go on this assignment I will give you a transfer to another unit. This is a job for the elite of the elite and if you feel you don't have the faith for it I will not hold it against you in any way and I ask all of you to do the same. I gave My life for each one of you and I am asking each one of you to be willing to do the same for him, but if you are called to give your life in this way you will be received by Me and you will be so happy that you fulfilled your destiny and finished your mission

and you will hear that 'well done, My good and faithful bride, enter into the joy of your Bridegroom.'"

Everyone then spontaneously praised the Lord and quieted down expecting to hear more specific instructions...

Kirk walked toward the subway station with a nervousness that was not characteristic of him. Usually he had plenty of self-confidence in his ability as a detective, the elite of the police force. Normally he could rely on his quick senses, agile brain, extensive training, and especially his many years of experience. Many times his biggest lessons came from his own mistakes or the mistakes of others to learn what didn't work or what to be careful of. But deep down he knew that this time all of that didn't matter. It really bothered him that he was scared of a 19-year-old girl. He didn't like to admit it to himself but for the first time in a long time he didn't feel up to his job. As always, he would put everything he had into it but how do you fight someone or various someones that have all these special powers? Little did he realize that their greatest power was love.

He looked at his watch. Two minutes to eleven. He walked briskly into the subway station and by habit non-chalantly scanned the station, briefly studying each person as he made his way to the turnstiles. He put his hand up to the scanner, listened for the beep and then passed through and crossed over to the right side, as he needed to take the west-bound train. Descending the last stair and rounding the corner he expected to see a young girl waiting for a train. Various pictures were in her file so he would recognize her, but

no, he would have to board the subway train as she was not there. Soon the train came and he got in. The doors closed and it started down the track and into the tunnel. Then his cell phone rang.

“Very good Kirk, You didn’t do any funny business, no tricks. I’m not going to hurt you, Kirk, you have my word on that. Do you see the advertising above the windows in the train? The whole car has advertising from the same company. There is a telephone number on the lower left-hand corner of each of the panels. I want you to turn off your cell phone after I finish talking, then go to the next station, cross over to take the train going in the opposite direction and then go the number of stations that is the last digit of that telephone number not counting the station you start at. If you turn your cell phone back on I will not be there.” Then the phone went silent and he turned it off and proceeded to carry out her instructions. What else could he do? He had talked with his boss who had told him that there was no surveillance technology that could be successfully used on them without them detecting it and there were no weapons that had been used effectively against them in every case. He was told that he would have to work alone and that if he was killed it would not appear in the news. His mission was not to try to capture them this time but to try to get more information about them to use against them in the future. He was given a contact point where he could leave handwritten messages as his boss expected that he would probably not be able to return to his office or apartment until this assignment was completed. After talking with his boss, Kirk knew that they knew things that they weren’t telling him which made him even

more nervous. Two more stations until he reached his destination. What awaited him?

He stepped out of the train and quickly looked both ways and there she was off to the left about a hundred feet away, all alone. As he walked toward her he was stunned by her beauty. He had seen pictures of her face, yes, but he never imagined that she had a body like that. When he got about twenty feet from her she smiled, turned her head a little to the right, looking at him from the corner of her eye, and pointed her finger up toward the ceiling. Kirk panicked inside as he had read what her finger could do but he steeled himself so as not to show it. The only visible reaction was that he stopped in his tracks.

“You’re going to have to throw that gun in the trash can hanging on that wall over there, Kirk.”

“How could you see that pistol? It’s strapped to the middle of my back!”

“X-ray vision. Now slowly reach back under your jacket and take it out and throw it away. OK? No, Kirk, don’t even think about trying to shoot it. I know you’re scared and frustrated but I need you alive”

“What do you mean, you need me alive?” Kirk asked as he reached for his gun.

“If you tried to shoot it, the bullet would be deflected in mid-flight and although theoretically it would return to the barrel of the pistol, because pistols are so inaccurate the bullet would enter your body, but where I don’t know.”

“If the gun is no danger to you why should I throw it away?”

“I can’t tell you that now, Kirk, come with me.” She said as she reached out her arm indicating that they were to walk arm-in-arm. Kirk hadn’t expected this at all.

“Where are we going?” Kirk had mixed feelings as he walked arm in arm with Abbey towards the exit of the subway station. On the one hand he was pleasantly surprised by the warm, friendly way she was treating him, but on the other hand, it really bothered him that she was calling the shots. Things were not supposed to happen this way. She is the “criminal” so she is supposed to be afraid of him and hiding and on the run, but instead she calls him up and she’s all calm and he’s the one that is afraid.

“Well, I thought that we would have a pizza, but if you would prefer something else that’s fine with me, but since it’s kind of hot I thought that a pizza and a couple of beers would be perfect. What do you think?” Abby responded enthusiastically, with a youthful exuberance and so naturally and spontaneously that he couldn’t help but smile.

“I think pizza and a beer would be fine but it’s kind of early for lunch, don’t you think?”

“Yes, but that’s the whole idea, a nice quiet empty place where no one will be listening. I know just the place.”

“I’ll bet you do.” Kirk quipped with another smile.

Of course, other members of Abby’s home were discreetly watching them as they walked along the street on their way to the pizza restaurant. Since each had different gifts almost any eventuality could be covered short of an atomic explosion. Kirk had been expecting that she would not be alone but did not bring up the subject.

“Do you have a family, Kirk?” Abby’s question broke the silence.

“I am separated and I have three teenage children. I visit them almost every weekend. I seldom get to see all three together, though, as they have a lot of activities.”

“My parents separated quite a while ago also. I am visiting my dad.” Kirk made a mental note. His first piece of information. Abby almost laughed, as she could read his mind, but she restrained herself.

“What is his name?”

“Paul, but of course, that’s not his legal name. Right there is the restaurant. You order the pizza, ok?”

“Please tell me, why are we here?” Kirk blurted out. They were seated around a small table and had finished ordering their pizza.

“I need your help, Kirk.” Abby started.

“You know that my job is to hunt you down and you expect me to help you?”

“Well, I want to make a deal. I know that your job right now is to find out information...”

“But how could you know that?” Kirk interrupted.

“I already told you but you don’t seem to get it. I can read your mind, but more than that, I have a direct link to heaven and I can find out anything God permits me to know.”

“OK. So what do you want from me?”

“I want to be completely honest with you, Kirk. I need you to get me a passport with a blue clearance plug-in so I can leave the country.”

But even if I could get that it would have to be in your name and even with a blue clearance you would show a red flag warning with a pop-up explaining why.”

“I know that, Kirk, but that would be my problem.”

“But why would I do that for you. It would be very hard for me to get it without implicating myself and that would mean arrest and probably execution.”

“I am going to make you an offer that will be hard to resist.” I will give you free rein to know anything you want about us. You can come visit us and meet all of us and we will answer all of your questions. We will make no limit to what you can find out about us. Your job couldn’t be easier. We will give you everything on a silver platter.”

“How do you know that I will keep my end of the bargain? It could mean the end of all of you and you could get nothing in return.”

“As I said before, that’s my problem, Kirk.” Just then the waiter came with a large pizza and a couple of beers. They waited until he left and then as they started to eat their pizza they continued.

“Do you realize that what you are proposing is suicide, not only for you but for your friends as well?”

“Do you think that I would be asking for a blue pass if I thought we were going to die?”

“Your chances would be very slim. I could understand why you might risk it but what about your friends and one of them is your dad you said. They would be risking almost certain death just to get you out of the country.”

“When you get to know us I think you will begin to understand. Well, what do you say Kirk? Are you up for it? Of course you know a little about our powers. You know that it will be dangerous for you too.”

“I see that you guys are not fooling around but the truth is, I’m not sure if I am willing to put my life on the line for my job.

I'm willing to take chances but usually they are way in my favor but this is different. I would be all alone on enemy territory and I don't even know very well what I am up against. Even right now I am unarmed and I am sure we are not alone. Normally I would never let myself be put in such a position.

"That's right, Kirk, you're putting yourself out on a limb right now.... Kirk! What did you do? I didn't think you could give them our location without any devices." Abby had just received a warning from the Lord of eminent danger in the middle of the sentence while she was talking. She jumped straight out of her chair almost knocking over the table. She raced to the door and opened it. Outside she could see three helicopters in the distance but approaching fast. She froze. She needed to put on the Lord's mind. She needed to become totally one with Him. She closed her eyes and then opened them. She could now see the three helicopters close up and with her x-ray vision she could see inside each of them. She prayed for any of the occupants that might be in the balances, that they would accept the Lord on the other side. She then concentrated on the fuel tanks of the three helicopters. She could see them all at once with her x-ray vision."

"Abner", she prayed, as he was too far away for him to hear her, "I am locked on the fuel tanks, you raise the temperature fast. Let's channel together."

"In the name of the keys!" they both prayed together and the helicopters became fireballs simultaneously. The explosions broke the windows of the restaurant and also the windows of many of the nearby buildings as the helicopters were close when they exploded. Pieces of metal then hit the roof and fell in the street. Abby and Kirk and the others were knocked down by

the shock wave and Abby and a few others had some cuts from flying glass. Abner, who was hiding across the street was also knocked down but was unhurt. He got up and went over to the other side of the street and entered the restaurant to stand beside Abby. Then she repeated the same prayerful concentration and told Abner, with her eyes closed, “tanks – no, armored personnel carriers. They’re coming from different directions and they are all about three or four blocks away.’

“We’ll take care of them, you decide what to do with him.” Abner said moving his head in Kirk’s direction. Kirk was just getting up, looking at them both. He didn’t say a word.

“I don’t know how you pulled this one off, Kirk, but I’m going to have to take you with me as obviously we don’t have time to finish our conversation. Are you going to pay for our pizza?”

Kirk looked over at her dumbfounded with his mouth open.

“It wouldn’t be very nice to just go without paying, don’t you think? And maybe you could give them a little extra to go towards the broken windows, OK?”

He took out some bills from his wallet, walked over to the waiter who was still on the floor, bent down and gave him the money and then went back over to Abby.

“Give me your hand. This is going to be tricky.”

Kirk sheepishly took her hand. His face was pale and he still couldn’t talk. Abby closed her eyes and prayed, “Lord, I ask for your protection and guidance. I also ask that there be the least killing possible. I call on the keys of the Kingdom to take on your mind, to become one with you and to operate completely according to your perfect will. Help me to protect Kirk as I don’t believe it is his time to go yet. May your miracle

working power be a testimony to him and may it cause faith to be kindled in his heart. All glory to you Jesus, my savior, my God, and my Husband.”

She opened her eyes and looked deeply into Kirk’s eyes with a warm smile. “I don’t know what’s going to happen now but whatever you see will be nothing of me and a sample of the power of God.”

She then pulled him by the hand and started running out the door with Kirk running behind her. She was getting second by second instructions. They ran up the street to the left. There were pieces of metal all over the street from the helicopters which they had to jump over or run around. There was also some blood and pieces of bodies and partially burnt clothing lying around. When they had reached the end of the second block there was no more debris but off to the right they could see a parked personnel carrier halfway down the street. Abby put her hand up with the palm of her hand facing the vehicle. Machine gun fire started immediately but not one bullet reached them. Instead they could hear the bullets ricocheting off the armor of the vehicle. A large ball of fire came out of Abby’s hand and flew through the air towards the vehicle. When it hit the armor of the vehicle it melted a hole in it as though it were a block of butter and entered it as though there had been no obstruction. Immediately the vehicle exploded. Abby kept her hand up and the pieces of flaming metal that came their way were deflected. She was still holding Kirk’s hand in her other one and pulled him again in a run down the street in the same direction that they were running before. Kirk was not used to so much exercise and was breathing heavily. Another personnel carrier came around the corner up in front of them.

Abby put her hand up again to deflect the bullets but didn't stop running. Abby then prayed out loud for the benefit of Kirk.

“Lord, give me three times the strength of Samson so I won't have to kill these men.” They then proceeded to run up to the front of the tank and letting go of Kirk's hand she put both of her hands on the bottom of the front of the vehicle and lifted it up and then pushed the front of the vehicle over her head then putting her hands on the underside of the vehicle she walked forward. The front end of the vehicle went up higher and higher as she moved her hands toward the middle of the under-chassis. Finally it was pointing straight up. She then pushed hard and it fell over on its top, completely inverted in the street with its wheels now up on top with the back of the vehicle facing them. She took Kirk's hand and they ran once more. She kept looking back but there was no firing of guns and no one had tried to get out as they passed out of view and out of firing range. Kirk was now tiring and finding it hard to keep up. Abby looked back at him and prayed out loud, “Give Kirk more strength, Lord!” He then felt a warm sensation pass from his hand, the one that Abby was holding, and it moved throughout his body and the fatigue passed and he could now run effortlessly. They ran a little further until Abby stopped, closed her eyes, raised her hands straight up over her head with her palms up. Kirk didn't understand what happened next. He just heard a loud noise like a bomb or the sound of a plane breaking the sound barrier and then both of them were thrown down onto the street as though hit by something from above. They could hear the sound of breaking glass all around them and then silence. A split second after that a military fighter jet came screaming over at low altitude. Because it came so fast

they never heard it before that instant. Although it happened so fast that they were not aware of what was happening, the jet went out of control, did a few spins and end-over-end rolls and crashed in another part of the city a few seconds later. The Lord had created a powerful shock wave from Abby's palms which went straight up throwing them down to the ground, exactly at the precise instant so that the fighter jet would be thrown up and out of control falling to its fiery destruction. They both stood up. They were unhurt but they couldn't hear anything. Abby reached over and put her hands on Kirk's ears. "Heal him Lord, in the name of the keys." She then put her hands on her ears, "Mine too." They both could then hear normally again.

"OK, lets go!" She then took his hand again and off they ran. Kirk didn't understand why he had to hold her hand but he didn't mind a bit.

Up ahead they could see the same subway station that Kirk had arrived at to meet up with Abby.

"Would it be safe to use the subway, my Love?" Abby consulted.

"It will be when we get finished. Remember, we are in control, not them. I want Kirk to get this point. It will cause faith to spring up in his heart when he sees that one girl and her God are more than a match for anything they try to do to stop us. What is more, we are not on the defensive, my darling wife, because our goal is to rip off this top agent right under their noses. They have no idea of our plan. They couldn't imagine that all of their attempts to stop you and trap you are only helping us to gain him for the Kingdom. He has to make his

decision but so far everything is going along nicely to give him his chance.”

As they were approaching the subway station several soldiers were coming up the steps with machine guns in hand pointing at them but not yet shooting.

“The keys of invisibility!” Abby called out following the Lord’s guidance and immediately they became invisible. Abby pulled Kirk sharply to the right over to the sidewalk. The soldiers then started firing at the spot in the middle of the street where they were last seen.

“Why are they shooting at the middle of the street?” Kirk asked.

Abby stopped, put her finger to her lips, signaling him to keep quiet and then whispered close to his ear, “We are invisible now but they can still hear us. Walk quietly but as fast as you can.” It was unnerving for Kirk to walk right past and very close to the soldiers who were still shooting down the street. He was still holding Abby’s hand as they walked down the stairs into the subway station. More soldiers were coming toward them and they needed to be careful to keep out of their way.

Abby, of course, was getting her next set of directions as they walked, *“Let me present myself. I am Anthony. You can call me Tony. I have been here a short time but I have been asked to help you in this very technical job that you must do now. I am getting help in beaming these instructions to you because I was a computer expert while on earth and I am familiar with this equipment so I’m going to talk you through this. It’s kind of like you’ve seen in the movies of how a pilot talks to a person over the radio with instructions on how to fly the plane in an emergency situation. This station is a junction*

point between two lines and one of the lines starts here. You must take the line that starts here but before you do you must enter the computer control room that is in this station and make some changes. Walk towards your right and I will show you which door. I can see everything you do. Your eyes are like a television camera for me. Yes over there, the second door."

"We're going to have to make some changes before we hop on the subway. Kirk."

"How do you know how to do that?"

"I'm getting technical help from heaven. I can get help from any kind of expert that I need for any situation. There are so many that have passed over to the other side." They were still whispering to each other even though there were no soldiers around them now.

"We're going to do something real special for Kirk to inspire his faith. It requires a whole team up here." Jesus filled Abby in. *"Go and knock on the door and wait a few seconds and then Tony will give you more instructions."* Abby went to the door and knocked, still holding Kirk's hand. They were still invisible. Then Kirk started talking but another man's voice came out of his mouth and this time he wasn't whispering but he called out rather loudly, "Hey Matt, could you come out here a minute? I need your help with something."

"Sure Jack, be right there," was the response from inside. Then the door opened and a man was in the doorway holding the inside doorknob. He looked first one way and then the other and then wrinkled his forehead and scratched his head with his other hand. As he was doing this Abby pulled him out of the doorway and into the large open public area of the station. Since Matt couldn't see anyone and he was not expecting

someone to pull on him it was very easy for her to do it. She then pulled Kirk into the room and shut the door behind them and it locked automatically so that it could only be opened with a key.

“You pull on the handle so that he can’t open it when he uses the key. He won’t understand so he won’t pull too hard.” Abby instructed Kirk.

Abby then sat down in the chair and waited for instructions.

“It’s me, Tony, again, Abby.” I’m going to get you through this. Remember, for me it’s very easy. I’m familiar with all this equipment.”

“OK, Tony, tell me. What do I do?”

“We are just going to work with the keyboard. Push ‘alt’ and then the ‘u’.”

“See the dialog box on the screen?”

“Type this in for the user name.”

Tony helped Abby take one section of the subway system off of automatic control, which included the station she was at, so that the computer had no control from any other terminal over that section, but the power rail remained on so that the train could be operated manually. She then got up from the computer terminal.

“OK, Kirk, let’s go.”

She took him by the hand again and out the door they went.

“Are we still invisible?” Kirk asked. “I can still see you.”

“Well, yes, we can still see each other but we are still invisible to everyone else. They then went over the turnstile and down the stairs to the waiting subway train, which was empty.

When they got to the conductors cabin, they saw that the conductor was still seated with the door open.

“We need to wait right outside the door a little bit,” She whispered in his ear. It was difficult for Kirk to just stand there. He wasn’t sure that he was invisible and he expected soldiers or the police to rush down the stairs any second as he knew they were right up above them looking for them. Finally after receiving instructions over his radio, the conductor left the subway train and Abby and Kirk got in. Abby, following Tony’s instructions, took over manual control of the train. The conductor turned around as he heard the train starting up but it was too late to do anything so he ran up the stairs to report what had happened. After they had passed through two subway stations Abby was warned that they would have to stop the train between stations.

“First, on the left side of the cabin, down low near the floor, there is a compartment with emergency tools...” Abby opened it and Tony indicated which tool to take, a large wire cutter.

“Slow the train down and look for the next ventilation opening to the right.” They saw it and stopped the train, got out, and were careful not to touch the electric rail as Tony instructed them. They could see light streaming in up above them and then the metal ladder attached to the cement wall of the large ventilation shaft which they proceeded to climb up. They soon reached the heavy metal grate at the top of the shaft. At the top of the ladder was a trap door in the grate sealed closed by two metal straps. Abby used the wire cutter to cut the two straps. The trap door opened upward and they climbed out, of course looking out first. There were a few people walking in the street a short distance away but they didn’t seem to notice the opened grate and since Abby and Kirk were still invisible, they didn’t draw any attention.

“We only have a few minutes, Kirk. Although they couldn’t take control of the train they know where it stopped and will be here soon. Off they went running again, Abby following her step-by-step instructions.

“Kirk, we are going to become visible again.” Abby announced.

“Why don’t we just stay invisible? Wouldn’t that make it easier?”

“I don’t know, Kirk. That’s not my business. I just follow instructions and everything works out. And even when things appear to go wrong, God has a purpose for that too.”

They ran through the grass and past the bushes of a poorly kept square, crossed a street and proceeded down a sidewalk.

“How will we know when we are visible again?” Kirk continued his questioning.

“I will be told and then I will tell you.’

“How can you trust so much in these voices? One mistake could cost us our lives?”

“It has taken years to hone the gift. In the beginning there wasn’t so much at stake and I didn’t always get it right and it caused me a lot of disappointment and discouragement but I learned little by little. Then by the time it became a matter of life and death Jesus gave us a special anointing and channel because then it became necessary. It’s very important that I don’t doubt what I receive but that I act on it immediately. Now we are going to be visible again.”

“Jesus can speak to you even when you are talking?”

“Oh yes, His presence is very real to me. In the beginning it was only an impression or a whisper, but now His presence is ... overwhelming.

Abby and Kirk talked as they jogged through the streets, turning down this one, then going up the other one as Abbey followed her instructions. Kirk was amazed at how much strength he had now after Abby had prayed for him. As some of the street corners had cameras high up on poles with automatic face scanning software checking immense data bases, their location soon became known and the police and military were alerted and soon were mobilized, coming in on them from many directions. Kirk's curiosity had been aroused and he continued his barrage of questions.

"How could another voice come out of my mouth so that the technician thought that it was his colleague and opened the door for us?"

"Well, I don't know how the Lord did it but in the bible once He made a donkey talk to one of God's prophets so if He could make words come out of a donkey's mouth why couldn't He make words come out of your mouth too?"

They were then approaching a tall modern office building and Abby filled Kirk in.

"This is our destination. I don't know what we will find here but we are supposed to go inside." They went in to the elevators and took the first one available up to the 15th floor. The door opened up revealing the reception area of a luxury office complex of a large company. Obviously the company owned the whole floor. Even Abby wondered how they were able to enter the elevator without the chip implant that was necessary to make the elevator doors open.

There in front of them was a middle-aged man dressed in an expensive suit and next to him was one of the members of

Abby's dad's home. The businessman reached out his arm with a smile to shake Abby's hand as they approached them.

"I am so happy to finally meet you, Abby, I have heard so much about you but unfortunately we don't have any time to talk. I will personally take you up to the heliport as I am the only one authorized to use the helicopter." He led them over to another elevator door, put his hand up to a scanner plate and in a few seconds the door opened and they all went in. In another few seconds it opened again and a strong wind hit them as the door was opening. They could see the helicopter in front of them and they walked toward it. Abby said something to the young man next to her and he answered her but because of the noise of the helicopter Kirk couldn't hear them. They all stopped for a moment as the two were obviously discussing an important matter. Then they went toward the helicopter again. The three of them got in and waved to the executive as a man in a jumpsuit closed the door and the helicopter started to lift off. They were quickly airborne high above the city. Abby gave a hug to the young man sitting next to her.

"Abner! How did you get here? I left you back there by the restaurant not too long ago."

"I told you that we would take care of them, didn't I? Well, of course, we didn't but the Lord and his heavenly forces sure did. I'm so happy that you made it here safely."

"What were you guys talking about on the way to the helicopter?" Kirk asked.

"I asked why the man that let us use his helicopter didn't come with us as it will surely cost him his life for helping us."

"I explained to her that he couldn't come with us because he is the C.E.O. of a very important multinational corporation and

his sudden disappearance would mean certain death for his family, friends, and other executives of his company. He has invented a story which might save his life but he cannot save his job. He is risking his life and sacrificing his career to help save our lives. Oh, by the way, Kirk, this is Abner, from my father's home. Abner, this is Kirk, who as you know is our number one enemy assigned to gather information to destroy us.

"Nice to meet you, Kirk." Abner said as he extended his arm to shake Kirk's hand uncomfortably after that candid introduction. "We are all volunteers of a special unit that has the sole purpose of filling you in on our lifestyle and beliefs, the rules of our organization, or motivation for doing what we do and even some of our plans for the future. Of course, we will not jeopardize other units' security nor give away information that could lead to their capture, but you can learn anything you want about our team."

"But that kind of information could cost you your life even with all your powers." Kirk interjected.

"That's why we are volunteers, Kirk."

"But why would you do it? What's in it for you?"

"Nothing, Kirk. We're not here for what we can get out of it. We are only here to please our Lord Jesus Christ, who you are now persecuting." Abby answered.

"Hey, I used to be a Catholic. I know that Jesus was a good guy trying to do good. I don't have anything against Him. I just have to stop your subversive activities, that's all.

"Kirk, you've seen miracles right before your very eyes. Who do you think did those miracles? Do you think I have the strength in my body to lift up an armored personnel carrier? Do you think I can create fireballs by the power of my mind or

something. Come on, Kirk. You know that Jesus did miracles in the bible. You know that He was miraculously resurrected and went to be with His father in the spirit world and that He is the one that works through us. These ‘subversive’ activities that you talk about, you have seen with your own eyes that they are Jesus’ activities to keep us alive. And not only us but they have kept you alive too, Kirk. If they would have been successful in stopping our ‘subversive activities’ you would be dead right now and your body would already be starting to decompose. Have you thought about that, Kirk?”

“You have a way with words.” Kirk mumbled with a serious face looking off into the distance. For the first time in his life he couldn’t think of anything to say. He was totally humiliated by a young girl and he didn’t like it but he couldn’t deny anything she said. He felt like crawling away in a hole somewhere.

”Can you feel it?” Abner asked Abby.

“Yes, it’s above us, in back of me to the left. It’s a jet, coming up fast. The situation is complicated because the helicopter’s main propeller is between us and the plane and it is heading directly toward us. If we blow it out of the sky, the flying debris might damage our own propeller. I’m not sure what would happen and we only have a minute or two to decide what to do.

“They probably already thought about that and are using it to their own advantage.” Abner commented.

“Jesus, please show us what to do. We don’t know but you can show us. We claim the keys of knowledge. We want to take on your mind for the solution to this problem.” Abby prayed out loud.

Both received the answer at the same time. They looked at each other and with a smile nodded. Then Abby went to the door, pulled down hard on the handle and slid the door open. At the same instant that she got up to go to the door, Abner grabbed Kirk around the waist with both arms, pulled him out of the seat and jumped toward the door which Abby now had open. Since Kirk's seat was close to the door and he was unprepared it was easy to pull him out of the seat and with the momentum of Abner's weight, thrust them both out of the door into the air. Abby then jumped out after them. All three were now falling through the air without parachutes. Both Abby and Abner started counting in their minds. One. Two. Three, four, five, six, seven, ... then there was a loud explosion and they could feel the shock wave hit them but, thank God, none of the debris from the exploding helicopter reached them. They had had a couple of seconds more than they had expected before the missile hit the helicopter.

The Lord showed Abby how to position her body so that she fell faster than the men and rapidly caught up to them and caught hold of Abner's belt. She put her arms around him as best she could as he was holding Kirk, holding him from behind as his back was to her. Abner was pleasantly surprised as he felt her up against his back. They couldn't talk as the air was rushing past so fast. They could barely hear Kirk screaming in panic. They were prepared to go be with the Lord but they really didn't think that they would right now even though they didn't have the slightest idea of how the Lord could possibly get them out of this one.

"Claim the power of the keys to defy gravity," they both received. "You have heard most of your lives that the keys can

do anything. Well, now you need the keys to defy one of my natural laws and because of the circumstances I will permit it. Both of them called on the keys to modify the law of gravity and immediately they could feel the speed of the wind rushing past them diminish. After a few more seconds the Lord told them to look down and they could see a lake far down below them but a little to one side. The Lord gave them instructions on how to move their bodies so that using the air resistance they could change the angle of their fall to be over the small lake when they hit. Since the speed of their fall was becoming less and less they had much more time than they normally would have had in a free fall. Abner had to let go of Kirk and Abby let go of Abner and they put out their arms and legs and indicated to Kirk to copy their actions which he did. He had calmed down now as he realized that the velocity of their fall was diminishing. Following the Lord's instructions they managed to change the course of their fall so that they were heading directly for the lake. Abby and Abner then put their legs straight out below them with their toes pointed directly down and then crossed their arms over their chest which Kirk copied, understanding why they were in that position. Although they hit the water very hard it was bearable. They plunged down quite deeply into the water. All three frantically kicked and pulled down with their arms trying to reach the surface as fast as they could, finally managing to surface still holding their breath. The lake was calm so they could take off their shoes while treading water. They then swam on their backs to conserve their strength during the long swim to the shore.

As they pulled themselves out of the water Abner and Abby raised their hands in praise for the miracle the Lord had just

done in the power of the keys. Kirk first looked at them, scratched his head and then decided to do the same. He didn't realize it at the time but that decision changed the course of his life.

Without saying a word Abner and Abby started disrobing and putting each piece of clothing on a bush or on a rock facing the hot sun. It was kind of shocking for Kirk but he had to admit to himself that it was the logical thing to do and that, yes, it was necessary to hang up his underwear too. After all, there did exist nudist beaches. He tried not to look too much at Abby but her spectacular body was quite difficult not to look at. Abner also found it difficult to concentrate on the problems at hand.

“OK gentlemen,” Abby started. “As you both know, the Lord has given me the ability to know what people are thinking although in this case this gift is not necessary to know what you two are thinking about. However, being able to read your thoughts helps me to put myself in your shoes, so to speak, as our shoes actually are at the bottom of the lake... Well anyway, Kirk, you know from your research on us that we are very different from other religious groups on our beliefs about sex.” She then walked towards him holding out her hand, which he took when she reached him. So first of all, you are going to have a crash course on why we believe sex between consenting adults is not a sin. But don't worry, it's not going to take so long.” she said with a radiant smile. Then she looked at Abner. “I'm so sorry but you are going to have to have a little patience. Maybe the Lord could show you how to round up some food and start a fire. What do you think?”

“Sure,” Abner responded shrugging his shoulders as Abby and Kirk disappeared into the forest. Abner then prayed for the Lord’s guidance and the Lord showed him in what direction to go to scout out the things that they needed. It was hard for him to imagine how people could get along without the weapon of prophecy. He walked along the edge of the lake expecting to find something as he long ago had learned that everything the Lord shows you always works out. He had to walk along slowly and cautiously as he was barefoot as well as bare everything else too. He hadn’t walked very far when he saw a house on the shoreline facing the lake. As he approached it he could see that it was a vacation house all boarded up and locked up by its owners. Normally, this would be a nearly impossible situation. How could he possibly enter without any tools? It was time to pray again.

“First of all, Lord, should I break in? It is illegal and it is an unloving act.”

“You won’t have to break in and you won’t have to do anything unloving. Walk up to the front of the house facing the front door. Look to the right to the two o’clock position. You will see the corner of a low stone wall. On the bottom edge of the corner of the wall, the stone will not appear to be loose but if you pull on it, it will come out easily and behind it you will find the keys to the front door; One key for each lock on the door.”

He easily got the keys and opened the door and walked in looking at a nicely decorated and comfortable living room.

“Go the kitchen. There you will find the matches you need and some newspaper to help start the fire. Also borrow some pans and bowls and silverware etc. I want you to look through the food and only take the cans and packages that are way past

the expiration date and could already be bad or soon to be bad and will have to be thrown away anyway when the owners return.”

He followed all those instructions and then went upstairs to a closet and borrowed some blankets and a large backpack to put all the things in and locked up the house again putting the keys back in their place, returning to where the clothes were drying. Abby and Kirk had not returned yet so he started a fire and began cooking their dinner. He had to check the food carefully and fortunately much of it was still edible. Part way through the cooking of the food he started to feel a cool breeze on his back and went over to the clothes and discovered that they had dried and so he put his on and returned to his job. It had been a hot day but now that the sun had set, it was cooling off. The cool air also sent Abby and Kirk back and to their delight they discovered Abner sitting on a tree trunk near the fire preparing their dinner. They greeted each other then Abby and Kirk put on their clothes and joined Abner. Abby gave Abner a hug and then told him excitedly,

“Kirk received Jesus into his heart, Abner! We have so much to be thankful for. Why don’t we take a little time right now to thank the Lord for all He has done for us? I’ll start off. Thank you Jesus for the miracle of Kirk receiving You. Of all the miracles we have seen today that is My favorite. OK, now you, Kirk.”

“Thank you, God, for saving our lives first from the soldiers, tanks, and airplanes, but especially thank you for saving us from sure death from the free-fall from the helicopter. I don’t know how you did it but there is no doubt in my mind that miracles do happen and also that you are on Abby and Abner’s side. I am

also happy that Abby gave some lovin' up time to an old koot like me. I know she did it because you told her to so I want to thank you for that."

"How sweet, Kirk, but remember it's not that He is on our side but we are on His side and we simply follow His orders. And you are not old. People are only old if they refuse to change no matter what age they are and you sure are changing Kirk."

"OK, it's my turn," Abner piped up. "Thank you Jesus for this food and for our home so fair," he then raised his arms pointing to the trees and the lake, with a big smile, "help us Lord to do some good and keep us in your care." And then Abby and Abner sang the song.

"The food is ready! Let's eat!" Abner announced. While they ate Abner explained how the Lord had led him to the house and showed him how to use only the food that would have gone bad shortly anyway and that the other things taken from the house would be returned. While they were eating it became totally dark except for the fire.

"Do you think this fire will put us in danger of being detected?" Kirk asked, looking at Abner.

"I don't think there is much chance that they would accidentally spot us and take the time to find out who we are. Remember, for them we are dead. We were in a helicopter that was blown to bits by an air to air missile. Even if we had jumped, they knew that there were no parachutes so we had no chance of surviving. They won't be looking for us." Abner answered.

Soon they finished eating and Abby spoke up,

“OK guys, We’ve had a big day, to put it mildly and it’s time to hit the hay. Kirk, Abner needs to get his time in the woods too, don’t you think?” Kirk shrugged his shoulders exactly the same way that Abner did before with a smile and everyone laughed.

“Do you think we should pray about sleeping in the house? It would be more comfortable.” Abner asked.

“OK, let’s ask the Lord.” Abby answered and the Lord showed them in prophecy that the house would be too much of a security risk so they decided to stay where they were for the night.

“If you have any problems just give a shout. We won’t be that far away and we’ll come back here after and all sleep together.” Abby instructed Kirk. Then she went over to Kirk and said softly, “I hope you don’t feel too bad. Remember Kirk, learning to share is an important part of your new life now that you have Jesus in your heart.” Kirk put out his right fist with his thumb pointing straight up. “Right” he said with a little smile.

As they walked into the woods with blankets in hand Abner asked Abby, “Do you think it was OK to share with him? The rules have changed somewhat but it’s still not generally recommended”

“Well, Abner, I did exactly what the Lord told me to do and I didn’t do what He told me not to do. I also asked Him if Kirk could get tripped off in having feelings for me and the Lord assured me that he would keep things in control and use it to teach Kirk some important lessons. He also told me that although normally this is not a good thing to do, in this situation under these circumstances and with the particular people

involved and considering future events it was the correct thing to do.”

“What future events?” Abner was curious.

“How do I know. I didn’t ask.”

“Why didn’t you ask?”

“Why don’t you shut up and give me a kiss?” Abby taunted.

“Not a bad idea.”

When they got back Kirk was asleep and the fire was out. They decided to put one blanket on the ground and one over them and they soon fell asleep under the stars in each others arms.

Abner and Abby woke up to the sounds of a fire and looked over to discover that Kirk was now the cook preparing breakfast in a pot over the fire. It was not a traditional breakfast but he did the best he could with the food that they had.

“Good morning, Kirk!” Abby spoke first. “Thank you for making breakfast for us.”

“I have an idea!” Abner suggested enthusiastically. “Abby, why don’t we review verses while Kirk is cooking? It could be our devotions.”

“Yes, a good idea. And we could explain them to you, Kirk, and turn them into a class!” Abby added.

“Well, it’s all new to me so show me how it goes.” Kirk commented. Abby and Abner got up and enthusiastically rolled a fallen tree trunk near the fire to sit on and Kirk joined them on the trunk. They started with salvation verses and explained each one to Kirk who then asked many questions which led to more explanations and more verses and so the

class extended way past the breakfast. Although Kirk had many questions, he accepted the answers given and showed to Abby and Abner that not only did he have a hunger for the Word, he accepted it by faith. It was such a pleasure for them to feed him as he didn't once balk at what they told him.

When the class finished Kirk commented: "Wow, that was fantastic. I've made a decision. Last night I couldn't sleep very well and I thought a lot about what I will do now. I also thought about what you said yesterday, Abner, how to them, we are dead. That could give you a lot of interesting possibilities but if I went back to my old life you would lose those possibilities. You were also willing to put your lives on the line to let me know how you live and what you do. You know, I didn't have anything to do with them finding us at the restaurant. I didn't know how they did that but they were sure willing to sacrifice me to get you guys so I sure don't owe them my loyalty. Also, after seeing all the miracles God did through you and for you, I have no doubt in my mind now who the good guys are so what I am trying to say is that I am in with you guys no matter what happens. I should be dead right along with you two so I figure that this second lease on my life belongs to God so I'm game for whatever. I no longer want a comfortable life or things for myself. God can do with me what He likes."

Kirk and Abby gave him a hug. Abby had tears in her eyes and it was hard for her to speak but she finally managed to say, "Welcome aboard, Kirk, you'll never regret this decision."

3. The Dead Squad

Abby, Abner, and Matt (who had changed his name from Kirk) along with the shepherds from Abby's father's home were now sitting around a table in a restaurant, the owner of which was a secret friend. One of the shepherds was now speaking.

"We have received word from Mama and Peter about your situation and, of course, they asked the Lord about what you should do now and they have passed on the prophecies received through various channels. Would you like to hear them? I thought so."

"You three have survived certain death for a specific purpose. As far as the system is concerned you no longer exist. All of the dead are automatically eliminated from the databases of the world. When they finally realize that you didn't die they will reconsider and change this procedure but in the meantime I want to use this advantage so I want you to be a new unit, the 'Dead Squad'. I will add some more members to your unit soon who will also escape certain death and their survival will also be unknown to the system. Once you are discovered your mission ends, of course, and the 'Dead Squad' will be disbanded and you will all be assigned to new missions. Like always this mission is voluntary but if any of you chooses not to accept it you will have to choose a 'behind the scenes' job as obviously if your existence is made known to the system the whole mission would be thwarted. Matt, your knowledge of top key people and secret procedures and plans will be very helpful for future assignments but you must have it very clear in your mind that you are a new disciple and must trust and obey explicitly all the

other members on the squad. Even though you are much older than them you must take the lower seat. If you feel this is too much for you, I understand and I will not condemn you. You could still contribute what you know from a remote location and the Squad could continue on without you. I promise that you will enjoy and feel fulfilled in your new ministry if you choose to leave the Squad.

I want to encourage all of you that even though you will be mobile and highly secret, it will be arranged for you to get the new wine at regular intervals and you will be able to carry a digital library with you, in pocket form, of course. I am proud of you, my radical brides. We are always at least one step ahead of the Enemy and I will use you as a special secret unit that will strike him blow after blow that will send him reeling backwards in disbelief for he will not know what happened. It will be exhilarating, thrilling, fascinating, better than any action movie you have ever seen. There will be necessary sacrifices and you will need to discipline yourselves but it will be worth it all, especially when you come to be with Me and time will be no more and you hear My 'well done thou good and faithful servant enter thou into the joy of your Lord'." ...

“Crouch down, Abner whispered. “Matt, do you remember everything, every word?” Matt nodded. “Abby, are you sure you can go through with this?”

“By His grace, yes, I think I can.”

“OK, take your positions, Lord we are in your hands.”

The three moved out from behind the low wall and walked down the road toward the airport with suitcases in hand. This unusual approach to the airport was necessary because of the standard security measures used with vehicles. Since the airport was outside the city, with only one access road, it was assumed that all passengers would enter or leave the airport in some sort of vehicle. Soon they came in sight of the main security gate and Abby took the lead as she was appointed to talk. As they were nearing the guardhouse a loudspeaker blurted out:

“Stop! Put your hands on the top of your heads and wait where you are.” They were expecting this. They lowered their suitcases to the ground and obeyed. A guard came out with a machine gun in one hand and a walkie-talkie in the other. When he got within talking range he stopped.

“Why are you walking to the airport? It’s a long walk just to get this far and there’s quite a bit more to go on the other side.”

“Our car broke down and we have to catch our plane,” Abby explained.

“Just a minute.” The guard then talked into his walkie-talkie, “Greg, could you do a GPS TAG scan of all vehicles within 3 miles of the airport, for stationary vehicles?” He waited for a few seconds and then received the answer. “OK, thanks Greg.”

“OK, so there is a car about one kilometer away, but we are going to have to get instructions on what to do because this just doesn’t happen.”

“Oh, please officer, our plane is scheduled to take off soon!”

“I’m not a policeman, miss, so don’t call me officer and we can’t let you pass without the TAG number of the vehicle.

“But you don’t need to raise the barrier,” Abby said as she silently claimed a key promise.

“Yes, I don’t need to raise the barrier, so I don’t need a tag number. You can walk around to the right of the barrier. I don’t know why I’m doing this.” He said, smiling at Abby.

“Please keep away from the road or I’ll get in trouble. O.K.?”

They didn’t answer as they walked toward a group of trees inside the airport complex.

“Let’s keep away from the road until out of sight of the guard house. The others followed Abner in a fast walk.

“The car is scheduled to arrive in fifteen minutes. Let’s go over the plan. Abby, you first.”

“First, the two police motorcycles will come. They will automatically scan me and find no match. They will radio the first car to stop and the car behind it and the other two motorcycles will have to stop too.”

“Matt”

“We will come up from behind a tree to the side. They will do a scan and come up with nothing. We wait and don’t make a move unless they do something.”

“Abby”

“I approach the motorcycles, smiling, ready for their reaction. Our objective is the second car. I explain to the policemen on the motorcycles that our car broke down and ask if one of them could take me to the airport and, of course, he refuses. I start to walk toward the cars. I call on the keys to pull down the locks on all four doors of the first car and to jam the windows from lowering. Then the motorcycle policemen call me but I keep walking, calling on the keys for bullet deflection.”

“Matt”

“We move forward to control the front motorcycle policemen keeping an eye on the two rear motorcycle policemen also.”

“Abby”

“I run to the second car, call on the keys and open the back door and get in.”

“Matt”

“You run towards the second set of motorcycle police as I run toward the second car, claiming the keys and open the drivers door, pull him out and I drive.”

“OK, that’s enough for now.” Abner concluded the plan review. “Remember that the elements of surprise and moving fast will give us the advantage and the power of the keys will do the impossible. Matt, especially you will have to be on guard on not limiting the keys by your lack of faith, you have come a long way, just watch out about doubting what the keys can do. Remember that they can do anything if it is the Lord’s will. O K, Let’s pray. Forever Love, we can’t do anything. We have to depend totally and completely on You. You have given us the general plan but we can’t foresee everything. We call on the keys of protection and the keys of faith. Give us faith to do whatever we will need to do. We also pray for the President. You said that he is searching and he has to have his chance and we are the only ones who can reach him. Not having an identity gives us a few seconds of confusion, as they have never come across it before. In any case, you have to give us the victory of infiltrating the tightest security that exists. We thank you for this exciting witnessing opportunity. This was your idea and we are only flowing along according to your plans. Please give

us great unity, great faith and great love for this soul that is searching for you even if he doesn't know it. You promised that we would snatch some of those who are even among the closest to the beast. We call on San-bahd-mahl for help in witnessing to the President, in the name of Jesus and the keys. OK, let's get into position." Abner added and they moved to their places and waited for the presidential entourage.

Finally the first two motorcycles came around the curve up ahead. Abby stood in the middle of the road and waved her arms over her head. The left motorcycle did a scan and came up with nothing. The policeman tapped the screen as this had never happened before. His heart started to pound as he had been trained how to respond in a certain way to each situation but he had not been trained how to respond to an unexpected situation. He called the security car behind him shouting, "no reading! no reading!" The lieutenant in charge didn't understand what he meant but realized that something was wrong. He instinctively pulled out his pistol. The two motorcycle policemen came to a full stop right in front of Abby. She started to walk past them as she talked, asking them to give her a ride. The security car came into view around the curve. Just as the officers saw Abby the locks came down on all four doors. The driver hit the unlock button but nothing happened. He tried to lower his window but nothing happened. He then tried the other windows. "Everything's jammed!" He cursed in frustration. Even though the Lieutenant had his gun pointed at Abby he knew he couldn't shoot as the windows were bullet proof. Abby was now alongside their car and running towards the President's car, which was now coming into view around the curve. The lieutenant shouted into his radio microphone but

the two motorcycle police couldn't hear him but he could hear them. "Requesting orders, sir! Requesting orders!" If the scanner had worked it would have identified Abby instantly with orders to shoot to kill. Also all the backup security measures would have been set in motion automatically. The helicopter, which just happened to be slightly delayed, would have been warned plus alarms would have gone off in both the security car and the President's car. Also the total security force of the airport would have been alerted. A backup warning system should have been installed in the security car but because the scanning system was "foolproof" no one had thought it necessary. As Abby passed the security car the scanner installed in the car also gave no reading. "Impossible!" shouted the lieutenant. The front motorcycle policemen had finally decided to shoot at Abby but the security car was in the way as they were at a curve in the road. The back motorcycle policemen came into view and also Matt and Abner appeared out of nowhere - also no readings on the scanners and no reaction from the automatic systems. The President's car now stopped and as Abby approached it the lock on the back door next to the President went up. The special security agent next to the driver took out his gun and aimed it at Abby who was now near the President's door. The president put up his hand.

"Don't shoot! I want to talk to her," the President commanded. The security agent thought it was a mistake but he had to obey the President. Abby opened the door and the President scooted over as Abby plopped down next to him, held out her hand and with her normal bubbly manner introduced herself as the President shook her hand.

"Hello, Mr. President, I'm Abby. Nice to meet you."

“No reading, Mr. President, all automatic security systems inoperative, shall we activate the reserve system?”

“No, you fool! Don’t you know that this pretty young lady has the power to kill us faster than you can blink and that gun is useless? Please put it away!” As he talked all of the motorcycle policemen fired at Matt and Abner. They both called on the keys to absorb the bullets rather than deflect them which rendered them useless, to the chagrin of the policemen, who didn’t realize that their lives had been spared.

“And tell them to stop shooting.”

He then turned to address Abby, “Please invite them in. As you can see, this limousine has enough room for all of us.”

Abby opened her window and stuck her hand out motioning the men to come. They both raised their hands praising the Lord as they ran toward the car, opened the door on Abby’s side, and sat down on the seat facing Abby and the President.

“Tell the police escort to continue,” the President instructed the security agent in the front seat, which he did immediately. Abby then tuned in to his thoughts as she had received a warning from the Lord that this man was dangerous.

“Don’t do it!” she yelled out towards the front seat but he wouldn’t listen. She had no choice but to say the word ‘keys’ in her mind. Then a gunshot hurt everyone’s ears in the car. The agent slumped down in the front seat, dead, killed by his own bullet. The president knew what had happened as he had been briefed many times after strange occurrences of this nature performed by these religious people.

“The fool!” the President commented. “He had heard about the powers you people have but he obviously didn’t believe it. He just saw the policemen shooting at your friends without any

harm being done to them but even though he saw it with his own eyes he still didn't believe it. How do you people do it? How can you make nothing come up from the databases when you get scanned. It's impossible. All our lives information is poured into the databases, from the moment we are born. Nobody can escape it, not even me. It would be easier for me to believe that you could walk on water."

"We can't tell you that, Mr. President, but we can tell you that the power of God has no limitations. The same Jesus that walked on the water does these miracles through us. It is nothing of ourselves.

At the sound of the gunshot the convoy had stopped again. The President motioned to Abner to open the sliding glass window so that he could talk to the driver who was also a security agent. "Please, tell Roger that I am fine and that we can continue. Could you then pass me Craig's communication unit and headpiece, please. He won't be needing it now." The driver then communicated to the other car and the entourage started up again in a few seconds. The walkie-talkie was passed through the window and then it was closed and Abner passed it on to the President who put it on giving him direct communication with his top security man in the first car who wanted an explanation.

"Yes Roger, it was his fault, he should never have shot at them. No, don't give any report yet. This is a very delicate situation and I don't want any more silly moves. We'll pass through the airport gate and continue on our planned route. What? Yes, I know the stop has been detected. Make up something for now, damn it, I've got enough to think about. bye.
"

The president then addressed his visitors, “I’ve been curious about you people for quite a while, actually. I really have wanted to ask you some questions but I never thought we would meet like this.”

“That’s why we are here, Mr. President. We mean you no harm. We only want to talk.”

“Yes, I am not afraid of you as in all the reports I have on you, and I have many, not once has anyone from your group ever initiated violence. It has always been a reaction in self-defense or to protect someone else. Now, please, Abby, introduce me to your friends.”

“Oh yes, this is Abner and Matt. We work together a lot now.”

“Matt, have we met before, your face looks familiar?”

Matt shot up a quick prayer, calling on the keys before answering, “I don’t think so, sir. I am sure that I would have remembered it.”

“Well, as I said, I’m happy to meet you all. I’m afraid we don’t have much time so let’s get right down to it. Tell me, where do you get these powers from.”

“As I told you, Mr. President,” Abby answered, “our power comes from Jesus. We have no power in ourselves. All of the miracles that are done, He does in answer to our prayers.”

“I keep hearing about the keys. What are the keys?”

“They are a mystery, but simply put, they are like shortcuts or hotkeys that give us a direct access to all the power of God that we need,” Abby continued.

“No limitations?”

“There are no limitations as to how much power they can access or as to what they can do but there are limitations as to

who can use them and under what conditions. For example, the keys will not work if what is being asked is not God's will or if the person's heart is not right with God the keys will not work for him."

The President thought about that a bit and then asked. "Why are you against the New World Order and our Divine Guide?"

"Because the Word 'divine' means: pertaining to God, Godly and your 'Divine Guide' is certainly not of God but is of his father the Devil who has been in rebellion against God since almost the beginning. His new government is the last attempt by the Devil to create his last kingdom on Earth."

"But he has done so much for the world."

"Yes, he deceives many by all of his great accomplishments but Jesus said that a bad tree cannot produce good fruit so even though he appears to be so good he is in fact rotten from within. He has revealed his true self in declaring himself God and demanding that everyone worship him and soon he will require that everyone have the chip implant"

"How do you know this?"

"It was written in the bible over two thousand years ago and because the prophecies are so specific we know it will happen."

"Why is Jesus so important in all of this, hardly anyone talks about Him anymore."

"God sent Jesus into this world to show humanity how much God loves us. Jesus also voluntarily gave His life so we could live forever in God's eternal paradise. He loves and cares about you. That's why He sent us here to tell you that you only have to ask Him into your heart and you will live in Heaven

forever as a free gift. All you have to do is ask. I'll help you. What do you say?"

"The President was looking deeply into Abby's eyes, drawn by her sincere and simple presentation and moved by her disarming gaze and warm smile. All three were praying, calling on the keys to help him make the right decision, knowing that a battle was raging inside him. Abby could read his thoughts and prayed accordingly. They did all they could but when all was said and done, he had to make the decision.

"What do I do?" He finally said.

"Just repeat with me...."

The car whizzed past the airport main gate and into the highway. The security helicopter was now within sight and a course of action needed to be laid out.

"What do I do now?" the President asked.

They had previously brought this possibility before the Lord and he had indicated various courses of action depending on the President's decisions. Abner had been praying about this possible question as Abby prayed with him.

"Come with us. Abner stated simply. "You can help us leave the country and we will take it from there. Of course, you realize that you would have to disappear."

"OK, say I disappear. What would happen to this country? I have new bills that I am pushing through the Congress. I am reorganizing my cabinet. All that I have been working for could go down the drain."

Now Abby spoke. She had been monitoring the President's mind and she knew these thoughts before he could articulate

them, giving her time to pray for the answer and the Lord was faithful to give it to her. She took the President's right hand in hers and looked him deeply in the eyes and the Lord gave her great love for him. In this moment he wasn't the president of a super-power. To her, he was simply a precious, lost sheep. She called him by his first name.

"Don, you have given much of yourself to the people of your country but very soon everything will change. Democracy will be no more. The so-called 'Divine Guide' will take over completely and if you would be permitted to remain in your position, you would only be a figurehead but you would have to follow orders explicitly. Whether you decide to come with us or not, his will, will reign supreme over the entire world. You must decide. What do you want to rule over you, fear, hate selfishness and deception or love and truth? Do you want to help enslave men by the Devil's lies or do you want to help free them by God's love? You only have a few seconds to decide. All that I ask is that you follow your heart and not your mind."

The President was silent and all three prayed fervently for him.

"Ok, I'm in with you guys. I have seen enough and heard enough to know that what you say is true. I've felt that something was very, very wrong for quite a while. I have felt that something much greater than me and very evil was manipulating things behind the scenes. You three are a fresh breeze, an incredible tranquilizer. I've never met anyone even similar to you and I'm going to jump without really understanding it all. I will repeat, what do I do now?"

Abner received the specific instructions. "Stop the car. Tell your man in the first car to radio the helicopter to tell them

that you are having car problems and that they need to land and take you up.”

The President obeyed Abner’s instructions and soon they were in the helicopter. The pilot called the airport tower only to find that his radio didn’t work. He asked the Roger, the chief security agent to radio in on his channels but they soon discovered that they were on total radio black-out. Roger reported this to the President and also asked who the people were.

“Hitchhikers” Abby answered for the President, which produced a strange look of unbelief and shock on his face. Abby scanned his thoughts and asked the Lord for instructions at the same time. The Lord’s answer was not at all what she expected.

“ I want you to use your x-ray vision to scan for a special weapon hidden in this helicopter. Take it out, explaining to the President what you are doing and point it at the agent. He will respect this weapon much more than he will your powers. This will save his life.” She tried to scan the metal walls. At first nothing happened and then she started to see behind the sheet metal, making out the supports and then finally she saw it, a large, strange looking rifle inside the wall under a seat. After explaining briefly to the President what she needed to do and after asking Matt to distract the agent she felt under the seat for some kind of handle.

“Use your eyes!” The Lord lovingly chided her. She then looked through the seat and on through the wall under the seat and concentrated on what was right behind the sheet metal looking for a handle mechanism. The Lord then said, *“Put your finger on the wall on this side of the place where the weapon is*

and when your finger is touching the exact spot the trap door will open automatically.” As she obeyed the instructions the rectangular door under the seat opened and she took out the rather large, thick, hi-tech rifle. Putting her finger on the trigger, she pointed it at the agent, walking toward him.

“Slowly put all your weapons on this table,” she commanded as she pointed with her other hand, not taking her eyes off of him. She then scanned him for weapons and realized that he had a small knife still strapped to the middle of his back right over his belt.

“The knife too.”

“How could you know?” he blurted out but obligingly took off his jacket and then reached back and pulled out the knife and threw it on the table.

“If you fire that laser weapon at me you will also put a big hole in the side of the helicopter behind me. It’s not designed to be used in such closed quarters. It was made for shooting down aircraft.”

“If you make one false move we will all see what happens, won’t we?” Abby responded.

“How could you have possibly found it?” Roger asked in total amazement.

“These people have amazing powers,” the President answered him. “She can also read your mind so if you try something she will know as soon as you think it,” he added. Abby wondered how the President knew that but before she could give him a scan he said with a smile, “I’m pretty smart, am I not?”

The Lord then gave Abby her instructions and she then said to the President.

“Mr. President, could you ask the pilot to take us back to the international airport?”

“Sure thing. Where at the airport?”

“Could we land near your ‘airforce one’ plane and take that?”

“No problem, but you and your friends are still going to have to pass through immigrations to get your permission to leave the country, if you plan on leaving, that is.”

“Let’s cross that bridge when we get to it, shall we?” Abby answered. “Instruct the pilot to tell the traffic controller that your mission has been aborted and that you will return to your plane.”

When the pilot attempted to contact the control tower he discovered that the radio was working again.

“Abby, why do you use this weapon when you could easily kill my security agent without it?”

“First of all, Mr. President, I don’t kill anyone, the Lord does it through me. The reason I am using this gun is because the Lord told me to use it, that this man would respect it more than just seeing an unarmed young woman before him and thus very likely saving his life.

“She could kill me without it?” the agent asked.

“Oh yes, the president answered, “she appears to be weak and harmless but appearances can sometimes be deceiving. So where are we going, Abby?”

“To your jet.”

“No, I mean, where will we go in the jet?”

“I’ll let you know once we get there. You won’t have to wait. Look.”

The helicopter landed close to 'Air Force One'. The stairs leading up to the "passenger" door were already in place and the door was open.

"Excuse me, Mr. President, but I am going to have to point this ridiculously large weapon at you now. It's the only way we will be able to enter your plane." Then she addresses the agent. "I want you to get out of this helicopter first. Walk away about 50 yards and then lay down on the pavement, face down and put your hands over your head. If you don't comply I will be forced to kill you. Mr. President, you will go out next and we will follow. Go directly to your plane. Speed is very important. I suggest that we all run."

The operation was carried out. There were three more security agents in the plane but they dutifully obeyed Abby as they knew of the powers that these people had, not to mention the large weapon she wielded. Following her instructions they gave up their weapons, gingerly walked down the stairs, and then lied down on the pavement with the others. Now that they were alone inside the President's jet, Abby flopped down into one of the plush seats.

"It's not that I doubt your words, Lord. But to take off without air traffic control clearance is unheard of and extremely risky. Would the pilot do it?"

"No, of course he wouldn't. It would be like running a red light blindfolded. Only by being tuned in to the spirit world and following instructions explicitly and doing everything at the precise instant is it possible."

"Who should do it?"

"Both you and Abner. You can choose who will be the pilot and who will be the copilot. Also both Matt and Don need to be

in the cockpit to see how finally tuned to Me and to their spirit helpers My Elite can be. It will inspire their faith.”

“Abner, we’re going to be the crew. They can leave too. Could you escort them out?”

“Sure thing Abby, could you loan me your persuader?” Abner quipped. The Lord had already told him that they didn’t have much time so he knew he had to persuade the flight crew to leave rapidly.

The President turned pale seeing the flight crew being whisked out through the passenger compartment and then out the boarding ramp. His eyes, now filled with panic, shifted over to Abby.

“Yes, Abner and I are going to fly this baby, but don’t worry, expert pilots will talk us through the whole operation. Heaven has quite a labor pool of experts for any need.”

“They will never give you clearance for take off.”

“Abby shot up a quick plea for help as this was a delicate point and had to be handled very carefully.”

“Are you absolutely sure?”

“Yes.”

“Well then, you don’t have to worry because then they will storm the plane by force, rescue you and we are finished and since I forced you to board the plane at gunpoint you’re covered, no problems for you.”

“Somehow, I think it won’t turn out like that,” The president volunteered. “You do realize that an attempt to take off without flight control clearance would be foolhardy, don’t you?”

Abby sat silently for a few seconds receiving the precise answer. “Do you think we are able to run a red light blindfolded without getting hit?”

It was the president's turn to sit in silence as he pondered that one. "Do I get to watch?"

"Of course!"

Abby just couldn't help herself. She just had to fling herself at Don and give him a big hug and a kiss on the cheek. She knew that for him to take such a big leap of faith and put his own life on the line was a greater miracle than what was about to happen next. It never ceased to amaze her how the Lord could cause such a dramatic change in people from one moment to the next, resulting partly from a decision on their part to believe.

The dead squad sprung into action. Abby and Abner took their seats at the controls. Although either one could have been the pilot, the Lord showed them that it would be better for Abby to take the pilot's seat as Don had seen her in action more than Abner and he would be more confident in her "supernatural powers". Matt sat at the communications module and Don sat in the little used folding down seat. The rest of the plane was empty.

Abby started to get her guidance. "The security forces have already been alerted. Vehicles are approaching but because the President is aboard there will be no shooting yet. Their first tactic will be to try to block the plane from moving so you must start moving. Mauricio will be your special spirit helper guide. He will guide you step by step and if more precise controlling is necessary he will take temporary possession of your extremities and move the controls himself. At these times you must be totally yielded to him. He has had more than 1000 flight hours of experience with this aircraft and others of similar characteristics before passing on to this side.

You are in good hands. Mauricio took over and Abby understood that he was now talking. “Since the wheel chocks had already been removed before you entered the plane, which is unheard of but was engineered by us, and since the driver of the boarding ramp pickup truck has already left in fright, and since the engines have already been warmed up, we can get right to it.”

“You guys think of everything!”

“We try to do our best. Now, all you will need to do is slowly move the throttle controls until I tell you to stop. There are four and you will need to move them all at the same time but don’t worry because they are made to do this easily. You will see them down there between yours and Abner’s seat. Abby pushed slowly on the controls and the plane’s engines started to rotate much faster and the jet started to move slowly.

“Push them up a little more. Now stop. Take the wheel with both hands and look out the window. Over to the right is a more narrow entrance ramp to one of the runways. Steer the plane toward it. Now you need to push the throttle forward a little more until I tell you to stop... Unknown to those in the plane, various vehicles were pursuing the aircraft and would have caught up to it if Abby hadn’t speeded it up. Inside the jet they seemed to be moving slowly but actually the speeding vehicles couldn’t keep up with it now.

“You’re going to have to lower the throttle as we make a turn onto the runway. Pull back a little, just a little more, stop there. Now turn the steering wheel a little bit to the left. More, now straighten it out. Normally you would now start racing down the runway but there is a plane coming in for a landing from the opposite direction and you are going to have to do this

just right so that it passes over you before it touches down. You can't go too fast because there is another one behind it also coming in for a landing and if you take off too soon you will rise up right into it. Turn the wheel a little to the right to get you right in the middle of the runway. OK, straighten it out, good. Now push the throttle forward a little more, good. Keep going at this speed."

The vehicles were still pursuing the jet but because a plane was about to land on the same runway (actually planes were not allowed to take off from this runway) the vehicles were soon ordered by radio to abandon the chase.

"OK Abby, we have to make a little adjustment. Move the throttle a little ahead. Good. Wait a little." All in the cockpit saw a brief flash as the plane passed overhead, its wheels and underbelly not very high up over them. "Just wait a little more, OK now, push the throttle up all the way to the end little by little. Good."

The plane pushed forward as the four jet engines raced at their maximum speed and soon the aircraft was airborne. OK Abby, first listen, then do. You need to turn the wheel a little to the left and at the same time push a little on the right peddle. All pilots need to learn this. Don't worry, the onboard computer will adjust for slight errors as long as it is close to correct. Abby prayed, calling on the keys, as she tried it.

"Very good. Straighten out as you move the peddle back, good. Lower the throttle, stop. Now Abner's helper will show him how to activate and enter the numbers into the autopilot. When he finishes he will signal you and then you can take a break."

“Abner had not been just sitting there all this time. His spirit helper had been giving him his directions at the same time. He had to cut off the communications equipment so that Abby wouldn’t be distracted by the shouts and curses of the air traffic controllers. He needed to be checking different gauges and making adjustments so that the engines would continue working properly. After the aircraft lifted off he needed to raise the landing gear. And now he needed to put the aircraft on autopilot.

Abner, over the windshield, a little to the right of the center of the plane are various controls together and a screen. Move your eyes up and slowly move your head to the left and since I can see with your eyes, I’ll tell you when you are looking at the right controls. Right there. Put your finger up, a little to the right, stop. This is the autopilot. With the keys, enter these numbers... “ Soon Abner signaled Abby that the plane was flying on autopilot.

“Now, my love, I need to prepare you for what is coming.” Abby recognized that it was now her Husband that was talking to her. “As you guessed, the air-force has already been put on red alert and the pilots are entering their high-tech fighter planes. The decision has already been made to shoot you down, sacrificing the president. Of course, they realize it won’t be easy so they are sending a large number of aircraft hoping that sheer numbers will overwhelm you. They are so foolish because in their carnal reasoning they leave Me out of the picture. Even the demons who inspire them know that they are making foolish calculations but they can’t get through to them as they would wish. I will permit this loss of life not because I want to see the death of all these pilots but so that it can be a

great witness to those few who will know about it, for the world will not be informed of the great defeat they will suffer today. Let everyone know what is happening and hear from Me together.

After Abby explained to the others what she had received the President suddenly became very expressive. “Who decided so quickly that I was expendable?” I know how our government works. Nobody has that kind of authority in that short a time.” Then it dawned on him. “So that’s it. The whole thing is a farce, a joke. Our whole system is a lie.” He was now raising his voice and getting more and more angry. “All of my work, all that I have dedicated my life to was a play. It really didn’t have any importance. I was the main actor making the people think that the great United States still existed. The land of the free and the home of the brave, when really the shots were being called somewhere else. I suspected it. There were little telltale signs here and there but the implications were so great that I just couldn’t believe that something so grotesque could really be true. Boy oh boy, if the president of the United States was blinded to reality how could anyone else see it? But you people saw it and have been trying to tell others. How did you do that?”

“I already told you, Mr. President..”

“Call me Don, please, the title seems so ridiculous to me now.”

“OK, Don, I told you that it isn’t us. It’s all Jesus. He has shown us what is happening and not only that, He revealed it 2000 years ago in the book of Revelation in the Bible. But now Abner and I need to prepare for battle as it’s Jesus and us versus

the U.S. Airforce. Could you excuse us? We need to go and pray.”

“Of course, I wish I could help.”

Abby and Abner left the flight deck and went back into one of the executive compartments. Soon they were sitting, pouring their hearts out to the Lord, calling on the power of the keys and pleading for a supernatural anointing such as they had never known before. They knew that although the Lord had used them to perform dramatic miracles in the past, this would be a big test. The Enemy was mustering up tremendous force against them, and they knew that only great desperation and reliance on the Lord, would do it. They knew that only the Lord could save them, that all that the Lord had done through them up until now was little compared to what would now be needed.

“Matt, I know that I’ve seen you before. Help me to remember. Well Don, I was Kirk Flanigan. I was in charge of the investigation of this group. I have since changed my name to Matt because I am not the same person that I once was.”

“But you are dead!”

“You are as good as dead too. But do you really think that you are going to die?”

“I see what you mean. I really don’t believe that we are going to die even though it’s one unarmed plane against the Air Force. Amazing! But, really, nothing should amaze me anymore.”

“Excuse me, Don, but, as you know, we are about to be attacked. I just want to go and see if there is anything I can do to help.”

“Of course.”

Matt opened the door a little and stuck his head through and asked, “Is there anything I can do?”

Abby stopped in mid-sentence, pointed over to Abner, signaling him to receive something. After a few seconds Abner responded with a question.

“What about his gift?”

“Yes, I got the same thing.”

Should we ask Don to come in here to pray for us?”

“Yes, but warn him that he can’t voice any doubts.”

“OK. Matt, bring in Don, will you?”

After they had taken their seats Abner began to explain, “Don, all of this is new to you. The three of us are going to have to fight against a massive attack of the Air Force. Of course, we can’t do it but our savior, Jesus, can defend us along with a combat-ready force of spirit helpers from heaven. All three of us have special spiritual gifts, which we will have to use along with Heaven’s help. We will also receive a force field similar to that of science fiction stories. The Lord gives us a spiritual force field that protects us from spiritual attacks but this force field specifically withstands the physical attacks of the air-to-air missiles. We would like to ask you, Don, to pray to Jesus to help us and also to pray against our enemies. We also ask that you use the phrase ‘I call on the keys’ when you ask for something as it will give your prayers more power. You will find that the words will come to you. We also ask that you be careful not to say anything that is doubtful as we have to be full of faith for this mission.”

“I would be honored to pray for you and I will be careful with what I say, if I say anything.”

Now Abby addressed Matt. “Matt, I know you haven’t had a lot of practice but we need your gift of discernment and getting readings on people.”

“But how could that help in a battle against fighter planes and missiles?”

“We will need to know who to spare. Normally the Lord shows us this indirectly by how he leads us to deal with our persecutors but because of the sheer numbers and the speed that we will be forced to work with, we will need to use your gift, to know immediately the fate of each pilot. The Lord is so merciful. He has given us the power to destroy all the fighters and kill all the pilots but he has indicated that He does want to spare some, and He has told us that He will reveal this to you.”

“OK, I’m in. What do I do?”

“You will see a vision of each pilot’s face. His name will come to you. You will get a reading on him in a flash and you will know right away his fate and you will tell us, OK?”

“Right”

Now Abner spoke, ‘Let’s all pray together, calling out to the Lord with our whole hearts, shall we? We have never faced anything of this magnitude before and its really good as it drives home the point that it’s nothing of us and all the Lord and His power, and all the glory belongs to Him.’ They then burst into praise and Don joined in following their example. Abby poured out her heart pleading for the Lord to show His power to defeat His enemies, prayed in tongues with Abner and Matt joining in, and then there was silence. The Lord spoke through Abby, “*I have already given you the victory over your enemies. Stand back and see me fight. How puny are the efforts of man. He thinks that his machines are so clever but they are nothing*

compared to the raw power of god. This day you shall know the full meaning of taking on My mind and full possession for although you have done well in the past in letting Me take control of you, the sheer magnitude of this will force you to finally let Me have full control. It is the nature of man to try to hold on to the last vestiges of independence, so it usually requires a desperate situation to bring you to the point of total submission. But I tell you that you will love it. It will be thrilling. OK, my loves, let the battle begin.”

At that moment the fighter jets arrived. Most had air-to-air missiles. A few had the latest high-power lasers designed to cut through a plane causing the jet fuel inside the plane to explode. There was also present, at a higher altitude a special communications aircraft that coordinated the efforts of the individual fighter planes, some of which could travel up to three times the speed of sound. Some of the pilots of these fast planes were willing to crash into the president’s plane, giving their lives for the cause, as their planes could travel much faster than the missiles they carried. Suddenly there were hundreds of missiles racing at their plane, all coming from the same general direction.

“Don’t worry about those. Concentrate on the high altitude command plane first. As you can see there are ten men aboard. Have Matt check each one. If even one needs to be spared only destroy its computer and communications equipment.” Then the missiles exploded as they reached the force field sending shutters through the plane. The team waited for Matt’s answer. Two needed to be spared. Then Abby and Abner worked patiently overheating certain key equipment while listening to

special technical spirit helpers. More reverberations as more missiles hit the force field.

“Now concentrate on the few planes with the laser cannons. Although I have sent an angel to stop each beam, these must be eliminated first.” Abby focused her x-ray vision on one of these fighters, then beamed an image of the pilot to Matt, who then sent a telepathic message to Abner, this time it was “destroy”, not “spare”. Abner heated up the jet engine causing it to explode. The second one received a “spare” rating so Abner caused the plane to malfunction forcing the pilot to eject his seat. This took more time. Some of the “spare” assignments were given to Abby to take care of as they didn’t require Abner’s gift of heating up objects. After they had finished with the laser cannon jets they started working on eliminating others. Only a few of the pilots received the “spare” decision so the process went fast, about ten to fifteen planes per minute. The fighters tried coming in from all directions, from above, below, from the front and back and from the sides but it really didn’t matter. Then the Lord warned them that they would have to give special attention to the supersonic kamikaze attacks that were to happen soon. He asked them to ask Don to pray for special help for those planes, which he did, and the Lord sent special helpers to take care of them and the few planes that tried it mysteriously veered off course and crashed to the ground.

All the time Don was faithfully praying for victory over their enemies. Although not so eloquent, they were sincere, heartfelt prayers. The battle was long as there were many planes amassed against them but even though it was quite evident by radar that many planes had exploded and their plane

continued on unaffected, it took quite a while until the order was finally given to retreat. Then, unexpectedly, the president's plane disappeared from the radar screens. Abby and Abner took their seats again on the flight deck and were instructed on how to change the plane's headings so that they were going towards Abby's former missionary field.

"What do you think, Abner, would you like to try out my Home?"

"Well, we already are a team. We'll just have to see if your Home will except us all." They were then instructed on how to land the plane at the international airport of the country of Abby's Home. Of course it had to be done with perfect timing, as again they couldn't benefit from the help of the air traffic controllers, being still invisible to radar. All in the tower of the airport's traffic control were shocked to see a plane unexpectedly come touching down on the runway without ever seeing it on their radar screens, especially so as many recognized it as the famous "Airforce One", the President of the United States' personal plane. They immediately asked for an explanation and Matt talked with them by radio, his helper showing him how to operate the radio equipment. The emergency vehicles were alerted and the security forces as well and there was a lot of confusion as no one really knew what to do. As the plane came to a full stop, Abner and Abby received what would be the best course of action for them to take.

"Well Don, Abby said, you are used to waving at the people with a big smile. Why don't you try that tactic?"

"Even though the security forces will have their weapons pointed at us?"

“What we received, Don, was that one should never show fear when a dog attacks you so smile and ask to see a representative of the government. That should give us a little time. Besides, we know some people high up here in the government that are not on friendly terms with the new world government, so if we can just get a hold of one of them I believe the Lord will do some kind of miracle to get us out of this mess. What do you think, Don?”

“Well, I know that I don’t have a better idea so I guess I’ll try to put on the best show I can. One thing I’ve learned is that we should pray first, right?”

Abby, Abner, and Matt, all three pointed their thumbs up and with the other four fingers bent around into their palms, said in unison, “RIGHT!” with each one doing their best to imitate the way a black person would say it.

Epilogue

The presidents' accidental death was top news all over the world for the next few days. Of course the world never heard of the great air battle defeat. The vice-president was sworn-in as the new president soon after the president's accident and the dead-squad won a new behind-the-scenes member. The government of the country they had arrived at decided to hide the fact that the president of the United States really wasn't dead and asked the international airport personnel to help them keep their "little" secret.

Abby had originally gone to the States to visit her father who had been called by the Lord to stay there to "warn the wicked of their wicked ways" and to witness to the sheep who would still listen. Her stay turned out to be much longer than she had planned but now she was finally back in her own Home on the field that the Lord had called her to.

The Dead Squad was still in existence, as the World Government had not yet discovered their secret. Abby and her team were now and then called on special missions but in between those missions she and her team, which had grown, faithfully witnessed and helped to minister to their home's flock and do their assigned jobs in the home the same as anyone else.

Although Don could not go out in public without a disguise, which limited his open witnessing, he was able to do follow up and he had a behind the scenes ministry in the home which he liked very much. He also went, with a disguise, on some missions with other members of the dead squad team.

The World Government had existed for the last few years and had the co-operation of most of the world's national governments. The "Divine Guide" had just recently declared himself God, and would soon take over almost complete control. He had not yet consolidated his forces and had not yet come close to forcing everyone to take the chip implant but all of the Lord's children knew that these changes were eminent. Although the Lord had already done many mighty miracles through His Children of the End, the best was yet to come.

The End

* LEXAN: A bulletproof clear polymer originally developed by the General Electric Company for fighter plane bubble windshields. Now used for many security applications.