

EUTH CAMP



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Foreword

The events in this book take place during the last days of the Global Guardian's reign of terror on earth. This story takes a new look at what the Bible really says about the end of days, bringing the predicted events and persons out of the past into tangible realities.

1. Euth Camp

“Why aren’t you dead yet?” a brazen young spawn of the New Beginnings Youth Movement barked out at me. “You’ve had your chance. This is our world now!” The youth and his entourage of equally rough fellows would have looked almost comical in their bright green government-issued uniforms, were it not for their menacing demeanor. I quickly scanned the street for the nearest call box but saw none.—Not that one would do me much good anyway, considering my current social status. I managed to dodge some object the youth tossed at me as I hurried by.

The taunt, however, was particularly painful on this day, for that very morning I had received an official “Euth” notice from the local Citizens’ Wellbeing Office. My friend Charlie called it a Euth-warrant or a Euth ticket. Charlie tried to hold out as long as he could, but the state caregivers came for him not long after he received his final “invitation” to report for mandatory counseling and life quality assessment.

The caregivers said they had received a number of reports that Charlie had become a danger to himself and others in the community, living as he was in his own apartment. His apartment was suddenly condemned and deemed an “unsafe and unsupervised” environment unsuitable for the elderly by the Health and Public Safety Inspector. A young couple of youth directors of the New Beginnings moved in not long after Charlie was taken away to a Care Center. It was not a well-kept secret that the Care Center they took Charlie to was little more than a holding pen for the Peaceful Waters Facility for the Aged, which is located only a few blocks away. You can see its smoke stacks from here, and on a windy day get a whiff of its furnaces.

Euth, of course, stands for euthanasia. One acceptable way out for us was to accept the Euth solution. The Euth option was advertised as being a free public service, entirely voluntary, no pressures involved, and the only painless and dignified way for seniors over 70 to go peacefully. Of course, as I and any other older person knew, there were plenty of hidden and not so hidden incentives to make us “volunteer.”



Special food and financial credits were offered to friends and relatives bringing in a loved one. Charlie called it “the seduction of the lambs,” because children were encouraged to help their parents accept the Euth option, especially if their parents were older and had spoken against the regime. I had never spoken out publicly against the system of government, but my way of life and existence was a testament to my stance.

Euth Camp was the street name for these state sponsored facilities for the elderly, euphemistically referred to as “transition centers.” “Transition centers, my ass!” Charlie would say, adding many more colorful expletives to his sentence. “It’s nothing but a slaughter house and a termination and extermination center for anyone they want to get rid of! My public duty is not to die but to live as long as I can, and continue to be a total pain for this degeneration of what used to be called a democracy!”

Charlie had a point. Several unofficial studies indicated that the facilities had a disproportionately high use by members of certain unpopular minorities, cults, and members of religious groups that opposed the new Religious Freedom Act. I refused to conform to their offensive, demonic version of a universal religion, and did not recognize the man called the Global Guardian as the inspired authority on earth in spiritual matters.

In all the official records I was labeled a “voluntarily non-compliant” member of society. I had officially refused to accept a 666 New World Order chip and membership. I showed up on exemption day to reject my automatic membership, which was supposed to be every citizen’s right to do, but they made it most uncomfortable not to accept. Many housing and health benefits, as I found out, were, like banking privileges, tied to membership. Unless you were a bona fide member of this new world order, you could not buy or sell anything legally.

An expression that had become common among youth was an old line from a once popular movie, “May the force be with you!”—referring to a god of forces, rather than the one true God. Well, I was

nearly past any feelings of the force being with me, but I felt I still had some usefulness in this world, if only to provide others with hope that life was a meaningful struggle that could be faced no matter what problems it presented. I had gone through difficult times in my life and struggled through wondering what my purpose for living was. It seemed that I had seen and heard or experienced as much as anyone of my age, and sometimes thought that perhaps I should step out of this body into a better world to come. But as I thought about continuing my mortality, I realized that growing older was really an opportunity to grow in new ways and to do new things at a new pace. Those seniors who had stopped living active lives just sort of faded away, because they lacked a purpose in life and they didn't realize that they could continue to grow mentally and spiritually regardless of their physical limitations. The Bible counsels us that though our outward man perishes, our inward man is renewed day by day.¹ And it also says that the Lord does not look at us the way we see ourselves or in the way that others see us. People look at our outward appearance, but the Lord looks at what we are really like inside.²

It was hard to deflect the mental trash thrown at me daily, but I comforted myself in the Lord. I tried not to compare myself to this younger generation and their physical abilities, but rather I would run through a quick assessment of all the things I could do, and see how I could actually enjoy being the age that I was. I even said a little prayer for them. They were just people without a firm foundation on which to build their lives. They knew nothing about the God of love, mercy and forgiveness. I gave my youthful critics the finger sign for belief in God, not the single middle finger sign of contempt for them, but the okay sign with the thumb and forefinger, and the other three fingers held up to visually represent the Holy Trinity.



2. *“The Garbage Pickers”*

For an elderly person, it had become increasingly difficult to survive. I had to rely on a kind of barter system where I traded things of value for things I needed, like food. Scrounging through garbage to glean items that have enough value to be traded had become the unofficial occupation of the non-compliant aged. This further stigmatized us in the community as being those dirty “garbage pickers.” This means of degrading us into submission proved to be a very effective and convincing way of getting those accustomed to



having a better lifestyle to willingly accept a New World Order chip rather than live in such abject poverty.

Some Christians felt it was shameful to have to associate with other fringe members of society like drug dealers, prostitutes, thieves, and the gangs that prosper in the underworld of the “garbage pickers.” But I was faithful to give them the Word I knew, and many received it with gladness. That’s how I became a leader of the “garbage pickers” and helped to spread the message of salvation. The authorities didn’t break up our meetings, as we were simply there to glean garbage. The way it worked was that I would say a verse or passage from the Bible and the person next to me would repeat it and pass it on. I got the idea one morning after I had memorized a section of Jesus’ Sermon on the Mount. I said the first verse aloud while reviewing them in my head, and to my surprise the person next to me repeated it and wanted to hear more. Others were also eager to hear, and they loved to hear verses like “Blessed be you poor, for yours is the kingdom of God. Blessed are you who hunger now, for you shall be filled. Blessed are you who weep now, for you shall laugh. Blessed are you when men hate you... your reward is great in heaven. But woe unto you who are rich!”³ The word soon spread that I was giving people the Words of God and many more came to our garbage heap the following day just to hear the Word.

3. The God of Forces

The Global Guardian had been appointed principal overseer of the ten international regions of the world. The world had been divided in this way after the confusion following the collapse of the world economies. Those were indeed times of sorrows⁴, because of all the plagues and natural disasters that befell people everywhere. People were crying for a savior, someone, anyone, who could restore peace and order. And the man who stood up and took the job was a fierce-looking fellow, so fierce-looking that people unofficially started calling him the Beast of Bible prophecy or the Antichrist. He openly proclaimed his fascination with the black arts, and made a point of speaking against God every chance he got. He said the only god he recognized was a god of forces. He obsessed about it, claiming that force was the only real evidence of god in the world. He even wanted us to abandon our antiquated notions about an unseen God to make room for an expanded, more realistic god, saying that we should worship god in the things we see, rather than some mythical presence.

The Guardian had negotiated a seven year peace between the Jews and the Arabs. His followers even claimed that his diplomatic skills were supernatural and that his solutions to world problems were divinely inspired—definitely not of this world. And truly, the way he brokered deals between the heads of nations was nothing short of miraculous. His openly proclaimed plan and intention of changing the world was immediately and immensely popular. When he first appeared on the Internet, the news about him went viral, virtually forming an army of followers overnight. He used the force of his enthusiastic following to gain control of governments, media, corporations and other offices that had authority over people.

He declared the Catholic Church a misguided relic from the past and a pernicious cult that had long since outlived its usefulness and needed to be eradicated. Everywhere he had the effect of causing great confusion and the falling away of believers from traditional faiths. His great words and convincing speeches tapped into the

willingness of people to listen to anyone who promised them hope after their former world had been shattered and their institutions had failed them. His soporific words and practical sounding solutions were turning people away from God and to himself.

Things went well for him in the beginning. He went from being a world phenomenon to the leading voice for change and for peace in the world. His rhetoric was so appealing that he soon became a political force to be reckoned with. However, his anti-God, anti-religious speeches did not sit well with everyone, and one of the principal regions rebelled. They had tolerated his iconoclastic idiosyncrasies up to a point, but when he claimed to be the actual incarnation of the god of forces himself, that was too much. He was acting like he was some reincarnated emperor from ancient Rome claiming to be God. That was blasphemous, especially to people who were followers of sacred books, like Jews, Christians, Muslims. The Beast was determined to root out all who had rebelled against him. He had subtle ways of eliminating anyone with “reactionary” views, particularly older people who he claimed were permanently polluted from having read such mind poisoning literature.

In spite of this, many believed and followed the Guardian religiously. I myself might have wondered if there could be some truth to his claim, but I had been pre-warned by specific verses in the Bible not to be deceived by all of his lies and marvelous miracles.⁵ He did not like to be called the Beast, although some of his actions made him appear to be very beast-like.

To demonstrate the effectiveness of his god, he had a nuclear bomb deployed in the region that was rebelling, taking many lives and laying waste to large areas. This act dealt a serious blow to his world image as being a champion of peace. But Satan, the true power working unseen behind the scenes, raised up a powerful assistant for him, a second beast, a man who substantiated the Global Guardian’s position as the god of this world. Satan empowered this newly-found



public relations officer with the ability to perform great signs and wonders. This Second Guardian was able to bring fire down from heaven like Elijah of old,⁶ and perform many such signs and wonders in support of the Beast's increasing claims to deity.

The severe events which had been happening were all predicted in the Bible. There had been many false interpretations of the Bible; even the pope and the American president were claimed by some to be part of the Antichrist's system. But such fixating on individuals had not prepared people to recognize the really bad guy when he appeared. He rose so quickly and had such a following, no one could disagree with his wonderful words, and he was like an angel of light in a dark world. He was so popular and spoke openly about world problems, promising such good and lasting solutions that you couldn't speak against him, much less disagree with him. Other than his blasphemous attitude toward God, his dabbling in the occult, and blaming our problems on religion, the things he said about oppressors who fed upon the poor of their nations was right on. His policy of taking the wealth of the rich and giving it away made him even more popular with the common people. How could anyone trying to right so many wrongs be the incarnation of evil?

4. Strong Delusion

Pondering the realm of evil that seemed to surround me, I remembered an event that had happened a few years ago. I had seldom seen or experienced a perfect lie. Who can lie so well that each aspect of the lie is covered by a glossy veneer of transient truth, backed up by using God's own words to sell the lie? Who but Satan himself is able to deceive like that? As Jesus said of him, he was a liar from the beginning⁷, and with all deceivableness fashioned through years of distorting the true, he perfected his skills to where he could take something holy and turn it to his malevolent and evil purpose, and things righteous he can twist to his advantage. He specializes in hypocrisy, and the appearances of good that mask the deadly sting of sin and death. In the time at the end of Satan's power and influence over the people of the earth, the Bible warned us that his delusions would be so strong that even those who were following God could fall prey. How? Why? Because God would remove His hand of protection that keeps people from believing Satan's lies, and let the world be exposed to the full force of his deluge of deception. "For false christs and false prophets will rise, and show signs and wonders to deceive, if possible, even the elect."⁸

I thought I was ready to take on such deceit and keep the faith and not be seduced, but I found out that the knowledge of the truth I thought I had quickly collapsed when exposed to the Devil's cunning deception. Such perfect deception came upon me as I was wandering aimlessly on a city back street some years ago. I didn't have my spiritual guard up and was just coasting along when I happened upon a street evangelist who had gathered a crowd around himself. He was a clean-looking young fellow who seemed to be speaking an important message. But as I listened to him, he really wasn't saying anything of value. It was like watching a soap opera that held the audience's attention while they waited for some promised revelation to make it all meaningful and to make sense. In short, he had sort of hypnotized the

crowd with his many words, and held them captive as he postulated and pontificated so convincingly.

But what made him different was that he could perform miracles of healing right before our eyes. I saw a blind man receive his sight, crippled people rise up and walk, and damaged body parts restored. He was the fulfillment of Jesus' warning that many would come in His name.⁹ When he claimed to be the return of Christ, I thought of the verses, "Even him, whose coming is after the working of Satan with all power and signs and lying wonders, And with all deceivableness of unrighteousness in them that perish; because they received not the love of the truth, that they might be saved. And for this cause God shall send them strong delusion, that they should believe a lie."¹⁰

But my mind fought against what I was receiving. It was like I was caught in a vortex going round and round in my reasoning, but not able to discern the truth. How could this man do these wonderful things if he were not sent from God? He was not doing evil but good. Yet somehow I felt there was something wrong with the fellow; he focused too much on himself as being a great one. At last I could no longer puzzle over the dilemma that had risen in my mind, and I prayed for the Holy Spirit to show me what the truth was. Instantly I felt disconnected from the soft soothing flow of his words; they were like music to my ears, yet so damaging to my heart. I felt a stirring of indignation rising within me, and I wanted to scream out and wake the people. But I could not. They were mesmerized and held too tightly by his spell, and at last I just had to leave the area and walk away. I thought about this event for some time after and eventually came upon a scripture that helped me somewhat, "Many will say to me in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name? And in thy name have cast out devils? And in thy name done many wonderful works? And then will I profess unto them, I never knew you: depart from me, ye that work iniquity."¹¹

It was stunning to think how this event applied to the supporters the Beast.

5. Digital Work Units

The timing of the Beast's appearance couldn't have been better for his play for power. After the chaos that followed the collapse of money in the world and the confusion that followed, the masses were ready for a world leader who could bring them peace and prosperity. And such a man was the Beast, a deeply "spiritual" fellow who promised the world a new beginning. The idea was conveniently interjected into their daily diet of media input. He won them with flatteries and false promises. He was a prophet of peace and plenty and a new world order, and clever enough and powerful enough to make it happen. It had all fallen into place so "naturally" that many just accepted it as the expected path of social development.

How he amassed the control of nations was not so obvious. As his power and popularity grew, so did his ego and his blasphemy of God. His rhetoric had gone so far as to openly say that he was God, worthy of the same praise and worship. He claimed to worship forces, but actually he only worshipped himself. He wasn't even a very attractive individual, but looked like a person with too much hate bottled up within.

He won many through his policy of giving away to the common people the riches he gained from his conquests. Like a modern-day Robin Hood, he appeared to many as an answer to their prayers, declaring an end to many debts and mortgages. On the wave of approval from the population, he introduced his monetary system that promised to regulate all financial transactions so that no one could again oppress others through buying and selling of property. People owned their property for the first time. He was like an avenging angel upon the greedy executives of the earth who exacted huge incomes while their laborers remained in poverty. All of the assets that people personally held needed to be declared by a certain cutoff date or they would become worthless. Money was worthless and littered the streets. Gold, silver, and precious jewels also needed to be declared and were said to have no intrinsic value and were not to be used as an

alternate form of currency. If anyone had any valuables, they were to have them appraised and converted to SOL units. The only legal currency worldwide was to be the SOL units [Digital Store of Labor] and all citizens would receive 1000 of these units as credit toward their implant chips if they signed up early. The line ups to receive this free digital cash were incredible. The source of this free money was the huge amounts of cash collected worldwide by declaring all other currency null and void and illegal to use after the cutoff date. The government even set a maximum amount of SOLs that a person could own. Having more than the allotted amount meant having to pay heavy taxes. Stock values were all but wiped out in the economic collapse. Organized crime had to find a new way of operating without cash. The new economic system was hailed by the common people as the true beginning of fair and honest government now that the flow of money could be regulated.

6. The Second Beast

The two rulers had been jockeying their way into world positions for some years, but certain events had catapulted them into power: the worldwide collapse of all national currencies as the medium of exchange, several large banks folding, and stocks failing. But the real seal of world approval on them came when they brokered the seven-year peace settlement in Jerusalem. It had seemed shaky at first but it held together. These two men nursed it along for a full three-and-a-half years.

The Second Guardian had at first been in the shadows, but from the time that they negotiated the historic peace deal in Jerusalem, he became more of a public figure. I suspected that somehow he had gained access to a military satellite armed with the latest in laser equipment, because he put on a spectacular public demonstration of the power of the god of forces by bringing fire down from the sky, striking specific targets and people.

Just as the Bible predicted, at the halfway point of the seven-year covenant the Beast was killed by a deadly wound to his head, and by satanic workings and power he was raised to life again. This man's death and resurrection caused no small stir among religious leaders, especially since it happened in Jerusalem during a great public gathering. His healing from this deadly wound confirmed in many people's minds that he was indeed a supernaturally gifted individual. Some claimed that his resurrection was a sign that he had been sent to the earth to usher in a new era, others said he was the long awaited messiah, others said he was Jesus returned to judge the world and bring peace. That he received a notable miracle no one could deny, and he, of course, credited his healing to the god of forces and insisted that everyone should worship his deity. That is when the saying "Who is like unto the Beast? Who is able to make war with him?" came into popular usage.¹²

After the assassination attempt, the Beast spoke strongly against the covenant, saying that old religious beliefs needed to be eradicated

to truly make it possible for any new ideas to take hold. Everyone needed to be free to embrace an entirely new world order, and we needed an entirely new mindset to embrace a new way of doing business. His position hardened against all religions, and he declared that all religious literature be banned and burned. He declared war on religions, especially Christians, because it was supposedly a Christian extremist who had shot him in the head, claiming that he was the Antichrist. He decreed that books like the Bible were evil, perpetuating the mistakes of the past. They were homophobic, intolerant, old-fashioned, out of date, and against the principles of world peace. He proposed that everyone worship the god of forces, a god that we could see in action.

The Bible spoke of a second beast called “the False Prophet.” And we saw that, as predicted, the second beast worked to cause everyone to worship the Beast and make them receive a mark in their right hand or forehead in order to buy and sell.¹³ He seemed to complete the unholy trinity of the beastly government. There was Satan behind the whole scheme, acting like a father giving his power and authority to his two sons. Satan seemed to be trying to imitate the life, death and resurrection of Jesus Christ.

Without the previous guideposts the world had had for markers, the people couldn’t see their way out of the fog of confusion and chaos. The beastly brothers seemed to have incredibly persuasive ways to get people to follow them—if their words and promises of peace and personal prosperity didn’t work, then their dreadful use of force would. The Guardian’s “bee squad” would sweep in and pillage all private collections of wealth, be it art, sculpture, gold plated statues, whatever, declaring it a part of the international treasury. He called them his equalizers, but people unofficially referred to them as the Huns, because they were like the barbarians who had sacked the Roman Empire. In theory his system was reminiscent of the ideals of communism, but in actual practice it was a breeding ground for corruption, bribery, extortion and theft because it had one very weak

link in its utopian sounding chain of idealism, and that was the degenerated and self-serving hearts of people.

7. Temple Trouble

Part of the deal the Beast worked out in Jerusalem was a plan for the building of a Jewish temple. It was, in fact, one of the major results of the signing of the covenant of peace between Jews and Muslims. The Jews had been planning on rebuilding their temple ever since the Romans burned and utterly destroyed their last one. That was predicted by Jesus¹⁴ and occurred in 70 AD. But it wasn't until the beginning of the time of troubles that they really got serious about it, prefabricating the building and preparing all the implements that would be needed for them to resume operating. The ideal location for the temple was where the previous two temples were believed to have been, and that was where the Dome of the Rock had been built, a holy site where many Muslims believed the prophet Mohammad ascended to Heaven. There was some uncertainty about whether that had actually been the location of the first temples. Sorting that out had been part of the covenant agreements, so once the covenant was signed, they were free to go ahead and build. The temple reconstruction committee had been poised with their pre-fab temple, ready for almost instant assembly and re-construction. The funds required to build the temple were raised in a very short time by using the Internet and worldwide community funding campaigns. This third temple was to be a place of prayer for all people.

The building took the Jews no time at all to assemble. According to their tradition they were not allowed to have the sound of hammering and sawing anywhere near the temple grounds. But they made an exception which allowed them to dig underground parking. This also allowed them to explore certain tunnels that were there since the time of King David, that were suspected of containing the lost *Ark of the Covenant*. If that had been the case, it would have been a great treasure for Israel to find and would have given an extra incentive to the project.

The Beast seemed to have a special interest in the temple and presided at its dedication. As it was, just the building of the temple had

caused a worldwide reaction. Hundreds of tour groups poured into the city just to see it being constructed, and then when it was done, waited in long lines to get inside. Temple-mania was sweeping through the world. An animal sacrifice was resumed, and they brought a special red heifer from America to offer as a purification sacrifice.

But there was also much public opposition and arguing for and against the temple and its activities, especially three-and-a-half years after the temple was in operation when the Guardian broke the covenant. All the promises he had made were suddenly abandoned.

He put an image of his own in the holy place, demanding that people worship it and that they stop the animal sacrifices. Some speculated that the huge crowds and interest in the temple had given him the idea.



Needless to say, this action caused no small stir among the Jews who had just gotten their temple operational and had hoped that it would bring salvation through the promised return of the Messiah. They were horrified that the sacrifice was stopped. Several Jewish and Christian extremists committed suicide outside the building in protest. But these acts only caused the Beast and his sidekick to step up their reign of terror over anyone who would not comply.

The image that he set up in the temple was tremendously offensive to the Jews. They called it the abomination of desolation spoken of by the prophet Daniel.¹⁵ The image was no ordinary image, for it could speak and kill anyone who came before it who had not received the mark of the Beast and who did not worship the Guardian as the true lord of the whole world.

Anyone who dared to think differently or who was caught reading or even owning a forbidden book like the Bible was to be instantly terminated. The book that was written to bring life to the world now brought death. I was reminded of the warning from the book of Amos that God would send a famine in the land not of food or water, but of hearing the words of the Lord.¹⁶ So many had turned against religion that it had become anathema to even practice any form of group worship at all other than the Beast's sanitized and sanctioned state-approved variety. What amazed me was the number of congregations that embraced his teachings. It truly had caused a great falling away of believers. They no longer had the Bible to refer to as a standard of behavior. The reason it was banned was probably because it had very specific warnings to people about the activities of the Beast and his helpers. His entire plan of forcing a diabolic subterfuge on humanity had been laid out in a few verses in the Bible, so that everyone would know that he wasn't God. His satanic and twisted intent of enslaving the entire population of the earth with his Machiavellian¹⁷ mark had been revealed by Scripture centuries before, to warn all to avoid his proposed economic solution and the universal worship and devotion that he so desired.¹⁸

8. Reggies

“WHEEEEEEEEE!!”

The terrifying blast of the curfew siren always made me jump. It was just another irritating reminder that we were considered subordinate citizens who at a certain time of day had to be reminded we should be off the streets. Only the registered or reggies, as was the common term for them, could stay out and move about freely after curfew. They had to pay an extra fee for that privilege, but since they were all e-tagged with transponder chips, it was easy for the collection scanner to identify them and transfer a few credits from their labor accounts. These extra perks and privileges remained popular because the funds raised were supposed to go to good causes like cancer research and whatnot (which they did not, and instead were used to fund the oppressive system). But it made people feel good and fashionable about using their privileges to support these state-sponsored scams.

We non-reggies were always setting off identity-check alarms and zone violation buzzers, and FR scanner alerts. FR stands for “facial recognition” scanners. As I was forced to walk around a lot in order to visit all the government offices required and fill out endless forms, I spent a lot of time in front of the copcams explaining to some unseen bureaucrat in an office somewhere why I was where I was and what I was doing.

Woe to anyone who was a non-reggie if they were caught out during curfew. Things could get nasty for us very quickly. And those smart cameras were everywhere. There was no hiding from them. They could spot a newcomer or a non-reggie in an instant. And you couldn't try to hide anything under your clothes. They could see right through clothing. But the worst devices were the MPS machines: the mind-probing scanners they had in airports and government offices and other high security places. They could literally read your thoughts and tell instantly if you were lying or not.

Life during this time of the new beginnings was far from the promised utopia we had expected after listening to the Global Guardian's enthralling speeches. It was amazing how much our lives were controlled by money, and that whoever controlled our money controlled us. Our present government had pretty much taken control of every aspect of human life. You could be sure that anything you did or could imagine doing had a law or an ordinance governing it. Needless to say, the legal system was completely snarled up by clever fellows pulling laws out of a hat, while the confused masses kept trying to muddle their way through a maze of rules and regulations that sometimes applied and sometimes didn't, depending on what your standing was in this new social order.

There wasn't much real food any more since Satano Supplies, a global seed company, had captured the world food market through its diabolically clever scheme of selling its genetically modified patented seeds. Then Satano went broke, and that wiped out most of the productive farms of the world through lack of seeds.

With food supplies so short, the Ministry of Abundant Living cut the monthly food credits in half for all unregistered elderly persons during its "Food for All" campaign. The rationale for doing this, they explained, was to give people like us higher self-esteem by making a personal contribution to those less fortunate. This deprivation, however, did nothing to modify my status or mollify my presumed failure for having to live on state charity, especially since we knew that our food rations had been cut to provide for the Global Guardian's coalition armies who were fighting for the freedom of the oppressed people of Syraq (the new region formed after the obliteration of the former countries of Syria and Iraq). Most of us elderly lived in government facilities and had to try to make our rent each month. During winter, I had depleted my tiny reserves just to keep warm; the central heating in my building had long since given up the ghost.

The whole system of government assistance appeared to be based on some kind of mathematical formula, where our expenses each month always exceeded our income. I was convinced this was done

just to keep us non-reggies in a constant state of anxiety and poverty. But this cut couldn't have come at a worse time for us, as we all had fixed bills—which usually kept us struggling.

I was walking along so distracted by the weight of my daily concerns that I failed to notice a gaping crack in the sidewalk, tripped and nearly fell—which would have been a disaster for me had I fallen and broken my arm. For non-reggies, the state-sponsored free medical program was painfully difficult to access, time consuming and posed a real danger to your health should they find that you had organs that were compatible with those needing organ transplants. Non-reggies did not own their own bodies, but they technically belonged to the state. So stripping bodies of their vital parts for use by others deemed more worthy was quite common, particularly in the free public hospitals.

The deteriorating sidewalks and the boarded up shop windows were indications that I was at least nearly home. The government subsidized housing I lived in was really just a bunch of old apartments that the owners could no longer afford to keep; their land taxes and utility payments had often exceeded the value of the property. But the government granted them special tax breaks, and gave them generous food and fuel credits, as well as access to the privileged inner city housing units as a reward for turning them over. Some of the names on these rundown housing units were now almost laughable: Ivory Towers, Thornington Heights, Tranquility Manor.

In our area, access to the inner city was very restricted. You needed a special pass even to work there, but the jobs were all of the menial labor kind: cleaning houses and yards, sweeping streets, cooking and preparing meals for the privileged, gardening, or maintaining their hydro mobiles, which were very small cars that ran on water and solar power. They needed special permits to drive them outside the city, and the permits were outrageously expensive. Those who chose to go outside the city did so in the full understanding that they would likely get car-jacked and be beaten or killed in the process..

9. *Ms. Sussex*

The fancy name of my dwelling, Melton Manor, did nothing to make the long climb up the old twisting stairs to my fourth floor apartment any easier. The elevator had long since stopped working, and was now used for storage by Ms. Edna Sussex, our apartment manager. I was hoping that I might slip quietly by her apartment door unnoticed. No such luck! I was hardly past when her door flew open and she poked her head out.

“Oh, it is you! I thought so by the way you sneak around come rent time. I see you got a ‘Please report to your Citizens’ Wellbeing Office’ reminder on the e-bulletin board this morning. Can I assume you will finally accept reality, do what is right and turn over your apartment cards early? You can always donate your bonus credits for an early retirement to the Pet Loan Society, of which I am the local president.”

Around her feet were a number of cats, presumably in line to be loaned out for a price. Her apartment always had the unpleasant smell that too many cats living in close quarters can produce. Owning a pet had long since become so expensive that few but the very rich could afford to have one, or have the facilities to protect them from the hungry population, in spite of the fact that it was a capital offence for anyone to kill a pet for food. The Animal Rights Laws had become more punitive than human law.

Self-absorbed Edna always assumed a position of moral superiority in any conversation. Without hesitation or hint of humility, she boldly presented herself as the fount of all that was right and good, and was a self-appointed judge of all that she considered wrong. She lived in a two-dimensional cocoon-like world of her own making. According to her fixed view of things, I was an anomaly, a potential threat to myself and others, and most importantly, a danger to society. Edna felt that my “free spirit” needed to be held firmly in check—which she tried to do by the sheer force of her own all-controlling presence. I seldom contested the socially subordinate orbit that she automatically



assigned to me, preferring to leave her views unchallenged, and I hardly ever openly confronted her. However, this day I did not feel inclined to let her obfuscated commentary on my life go without objection.

“Edna Sussex,” I replied, punctuating my point with the happiest smile I could muster, “I feel very much alive and wonderful. I plan to live forever! As God is my salvation, I intend to outlive you, this apartment, and this world with all its insane rituals, rules, and regulations!”

My defiant buoyancy in the face of her presentation of life’s blunt and brutal reality drove her to distraction. Sputtering and spitting like an alley cat dowsed with water, she blurted out indignantly: “Mr. Fairfield, stop your blasphemous mouth! The Force is the only hope of salvation you have, and without the provisions made for you by our Global Guardian, you would be out in the street. Your invisible God won’t save you then! I should report you! You’re a nut case from the Middle Ages! Insane as they come! You’re weird!—You know that, don’t you? You need counseling! You need therapy and rehabilitation. You need help! And...you need to come up with the rent or you will be out in the streets! The Sweepers will get you, which is just what you deserve!”

Her daily exhortation over, she punctuated her final sentence by stepping back into the gloom of her apartment and slamming the door, but not before she had stepped back onto the tail of one of her furry little friends, which let out such a loud vocal protest that the dramatic effectiveness of Edna’s diatribe quickly dissipated.

The Sweepers!—What a gang of ghouls most of them were; armed thugs in City Sanitation Department uniforms, whose assigned job is to keep the streets safe and clear of any garbage, using huge sanitation containers with hydraulic scoops. They are known to have swept up the homeless and the unregistered. The government had turned a blind eye to this practice since the people who disappeared were usually the disenfranchised members of what had become an invisible class. Sweeping had become a very profitable business for any who were

willing to engage in it and profit from the sale of humans—alive or dead. Many people were swept up and sold to the large government factories that used unregistered people as free laborers in slave-like conditions with little hope of escape or being free. The right to live was something granted to those compliant with state rules, and not something we could assume was a natural right for just being born.

But not all Sweepers were bad, especially the ones that unloaded in our dump. The Word had been passed on to them and they became believers. They even took us in their garbage scoops to where we needed to go, like a taxi service that transported us safely around the city right under the ever watchful eye of the state agents. Their machines bore a symbol on them that told us which ones were Christian-friendly. We couldn't use any known or common symbol to identify a fellow believer, like a fish or a cross, so we settled on a happy face for simplicity— “☺”. The symbol was just scratched or drawn on the side of the vehicle in the collected dust that such vehicles gather.

Reaching the door to my apartment at last, I fumbled with my easy access card, and finally got the stubborn mechanism to respond and unlock. If I had one of the new ultra-chip implants, I would only need to wave my hand across the mechanism and the door would open and the apartment would come alive with lights and music. But the price for that perk was literally your soul.

I simply stood for a moment of peace in the darkness of the entranceway and prayed, “Holy Father in Heaven, I thank You for keeping me another day under the protection of Your wings, and thank You for providing for my daily needs.”

Speaking of daily needs, I was hungry, but the best I could find was a small package of chicken flavored algae cubes and a few slices of dried bread. I made myself a little soup broth with the cubes. As meager and wretched as my situation and surroundings seemed, just to have them was a total miracle. Everything was grudgingly dispensed and rationed to us who were non-compliant, but God had through many miracles provided a roof over my head, and a tiny monthly allowance, for which I was truly thankful.

10. My Apartment Window

Still sipping my soup from a Finex bowl that I won in a promotion, I got up and went over to my small window, remembering to turn off my single LED bulb so that I wouldn't be seen from the outside. I peered onto the alley below. I didn't rate a room with a better view, but actually, more went on in the alley than at the front of the building anyway.

Across the way, in a dimly lit house, I could see Mr. Rothmeyers returning from working in the "Foods for Finer Living" Plant. I knew who he was because I literally ran into him one day on the corner of Victory and Pine. He was hurrying home with a bag of items he had "borrowed" from work. I was momentarily distracted by a Citizens' Patrol Officer taser[ing] a man for jaywalking. (This had become standard practice for even the most minor offence.) But the distraction caused



me to go crashing into Mr.

Rothmeyers, sending his cache of capsulated food goods flying in all directions. I apologized profusely, but he was not about to accept it as a natural human error. He said he would take me to Citizens'

Court for intentional assault and obstruction. I helped him pick up his precious goods. It was all synthesized stuff anyway—synthesized vegetables with some meat-like products thrown in.

Mr. Rothmeyers demanded my ID card so he could swipe it with his portable telecom device. He then hurried off in a huff, leaving me standing there wondering if it was even possible to live without somehow encountering someone in a bad way.

At last I closed my faded curtain, turned the light on, and prepared for bed. I was tempted to dwell on all the negative that had occurred in the day, but I soon snapped out of it when I realized where such thoughts would take me. I would only end up in a downward spiral from which there would be no escape. I had already been down that road, and had decided instead to dedicate myself to engendering in others attitudes of hope and purpose in living. This proved to be a most difficult task with people like Edna Sussex. Any spark of joyfulness or thankfulness for living that I tried to interject was in danger of being snuffed out by the torrent of negativity that habitually poured from her mouth.

I took out my worn Bible to read a little before the electricity turned off at 10:30 pm. I kept it in a can on my food shelf. Not a very secure hiding place, but better than under my mattress. The Psalms were my favorite reading, plus any passages about the final days. The conflicts and comforts that King David knew thousands of years before were just as real and alive for me in those days as they were for him back then. I probably had the last Bible that existed in the city, which, as I said, to own was a crime, since the Guardian had decreed that it was subversive literature.

I thought back to a time when the Internet had almost displaced printed books and was itself a source of information for the masses. But since the great collapse of nearly everything, the Internet, now called Globalcom, had become the principal propaganda device of the state and the mouthpiece of all manner of misinformation. And you now needed a special permit and government approval to access it or be able to use it in any way. So I treasured my worn copy of the Bible,

with its binding gone and a few pages missing, but I managed to keep it in order with the help of a few stretchy bands and a bit of string.

At last the lights flicked off and on, the signal that darkness was soon to follow.—A courtesy I had managed to get put into practice after frequent visits to the building committee to lobby for this warning. My argument had been that to suddenly turn off the electricity was very traumatic to the children in our building. Anyway, they listened and stopped cutting off the electricity without a warning. Now at least I had a few minutes to stop what I was doing and prepare for bed. After reviewing the verses that I had chosen to memorize that day, I put my Bible safely away and shut off the light.

Tomorrow was to be a day off, National New Beginnings Day—one of the few days that people didn't have to work. The old system of having the weekends free was simply a thing of the past. What it meant for me now was that I could sleep in and not have to report to the Citizens' Wellbeing Office.

11. Boots

Living under a totalitarian government, like everything else, was something you sort of got used to and accepted, while trying to find a way to live that didn't highlight your existence. You gradually sunk into a self-erasing mode of living a life of silence and invisibility, letting the powers that be take control of everything and everyone else. You at last became trapped inside yourself by the encroaching forces surrounding you. Occasionally you sent out feelers to test the strength and completeness of the invisible force that enclosed you. I had tested every square inch of the blanket that covered me and taken advantage of every weakness I could find in the fabric. But you had to probe its surface with caution, not knowing what you might do that would trigger an attack. I must have crossed the line somewhere to cause them to zero in on me.

At about two or three o'clock in the morning, I heard the clomping of heavy boots in the hallway outside my door. I heard Edna's voice telling someone where to find me, followed by a heavy knocking and then a crash as my door was smashed down. Black figures dressed in full military gear swarmed in like cockroaches. They instantly began to search every nook and corner of my room, as if they knew that I was hiding a Bible. They soon came up with it from its hiding place in the can on the shelf.

"We have something here, sir!"

"Obviously subversive literature!" was the commander's curt response. "This man is probably the leader of the Omega clan that we have been looking for!"

True, I was guilty of meeting with people who wanted to know more about the Bible. I had received a serious warning after one of our "garbage picker" meetings that someone would report me. A thin man who claimed to have been a former preacher had disrupted the meeting, saying that I was way off in my teaching about the early church. In the back of my Bible I kept notes of things I wanted to cover in future meetings, but I wrote them in shorthand, something I had

learned in the past. The soldiers were particularly interested in figuring out what the notes said, but I just said I had found them with the Bible. Not telling the whole truth had become my natural response to questions where a wrong answer could mean death. It bothered me



that I lacked the courage and conviction to tell the whole truth, and but I had studied the ways Jesus used to deflect the tough questions that He was confronted with.¹⁹

In spite of my protests to respect my citizens' rights, I was handcuffed and hurried from my apartment. Ms. Sussex stood in her door, viewing the entire procedure with an obvious measure of triumphant satisfaction. Outside I was put in the armored conveyance vehicle and taken to a dark, ominous looking building. My life as an ordinary citizen was over. I had become a public figure and officially declared an enemy of the state.

These men were Special Forces, not the ordinary soldier types. They were handpicked and trained in dealing with "malignant" manifestations such as I was portrayed as being. Dissenters were treated like open infectious sores on the body of civilization. Meeting together in groups of more than six was considered subversive and illegal unless we had a permit—which was seldom granted and only for special occasions like weddings or funerals, not any kind of gathering of people with like beliefs. They seemed to have taken their rules about public gatherings right out of the guidebooks of dictators and tyrants of the past. And as in the past, women and children had become the watchdogs for the regime, reporting everything suspicious they saw to the local constabulary in return for extra food credits or SOLs. In the beginning we had formed our underground church and worship by using our phones and a kind of text coding system involving mainly acronyms and substitute words. However, it had become increasingly difficult to communicate this way since the government had begun monitoring all phone calls and messages.

12. Prison and Chipped

I found myself in a small holding cell with a dirty little toilet and sink that seemed to no longer work. My new clothing, a fluorescent orange jumpsuit, was tossed in my direction with a guttural command, “Here! Put this on!”

My captors continued to talk about me and what was about to happen to me as if I wasn’t there—a common practice among people assigned to manage others thought to be below them. It’s as though they think you only exist as long as they are talking with you. This was a mixed blessing, because for the moment I was no longer the center of their attention. I, with my well-worn clothing stripped off and wearing this garish ill-fitting jumpsuit, had just become an official prisoner of the state.

There could be no mistake about my status now. I was to be chipped; not with the ultra or platinum category of chip that my captors had, but with one of the junk class chips made especially for class “J” citizens, simple ID chips which meant that I was to be kept under close surveillance at all times. This chip didn’t allow me access to the Beast’s system nor give me the right to buy or sell. They implanted the chip in my forehead as a sign of their contempt for my aversion to being chipped. The popular belief of some religious people was that anyone who had been chipped in their hand or forehead was to be damned. I knew enough Scripture to know that as believers, no matter what they did to our bodies, our souls belonged to God.²⁰

A group of us prisoners were then unceremoniously herded into a transport truck. It was a new Tesla machine that was electric and ran on solar power and hydrogen gas. The armies of the Guardians were equipped with the best. Older petroleum-burning clunkers had been sold off to the public years ago. The citizens buying them had to pay a heavy emissions tax each year, plus come up with money for the gasoline which was extremely expensive, and they were required to have a vehicle ownership license to prove they had the right to even buy gasoline.

I was restrained by a proximity band clamped around my neck that would send a stunning shock through my body if I ever managed to get 20 meters away from the transmitter that was located in the cab of the truck—or it could even give me a lethal injection if I were even further away. I learned later that a favorite ploy when the truck crew got bored was to make their prisoners get out and then drive off. But it didn't happen on this trip, as this crew seemed motivated to turn me in, especially to be able to claim their bonus points for capturing a suspected leader of the resistance movement complete with hard evidence—my tattered Bible.

A great misinformation campaign by the Beast's ministry of truth had molded the minds of the general public to accept the guilt of anyone caught by this crack team. The public had been pummeled continually with terms for us like terrorists, malcontents, radicals, extremists, fanatics, subversives, assassins, traitors—until just admitting you were a believer earned you an automatic negative label. These public notices were complete with scenes of suffering children caught in the conflict being rescued by troops loyal to the regime. Another thing was that the English language had become so riddled with words that had been applied to various causes in various ways that it had actually become dangerous to speak. Politicians and people speaking in public had taken to using *I-speak* devices. They would say what they want into the *I-speak* and it recorded their words and removed anything that might offend, and spoke it to the people in any type of voice needed.

My trial was short lived, and the outcome was predictable. I was found guilty on all charges, and sentenced to a Category 1 holding camp for reformation. The nearest holding camp was in what used to be Colorado, now called area 731. I had heard about these camps some years back. They were built in wilderness areas by the government to hold dissidents, but so far I had avoided being sent there. I assumed that I had not received the death sentence just to keep me alive in the hope that I would reveal the names of my associates.

People still referred to these areas by their former names, particularly the older people. How quickly the mindset of people had been changed once the propaganda machine of the dark forces had full control of all media outlets. Their poison had been gradually injected into the feed lines of every agency responsible for keeping the public informed, or should I say deformed.

13. The Wilderness

The next day I was taken to an airport for transport on a military plane equipped for carrying troops around the country. A large TC425 was sitting there, its four huge turbo lift engines already running and ready for take-off. These huge planes were very versatile, a sort of combination of four helicopters with jet engines for upward and forward thrust. They could hover like an eagle and land on any flat surface.

I was reminded of the verse in Revelation about the woman receiving two wings of a great eagle so she could fly into the wilderness. Although this plane was part of the Beast's military, I couldn't help but wonder if it could be the fulfillment of a promise found in Revelation. "To the woman were given two wings of a great eagle, that she might fly into the wilderness, into her place, where she is nourished for a time, and times, and half a time, from the face of the serpent."²¹ I was amazed to see the number of people that had been amassed from all sections of society, distinguishable now only by the slightly different coloring of their prison garb. It was hard to tell by looking at this sorry lot, what social positions they may have held: teachers, lawyers, preachers, bankers, or beggars. Society as it had once been was being disassembled and picked clean of the people essential to maintain it. Years of education and experience were being erased in this purification pogrom to eradicate all opposition to the government. It reminded me of Cambodia under Pol Pot, where just having a pen in your pocket meant death, but that had been years ago.

Like cattle, we prisoners were being herded into the transporter. Seeing the confused faces of some evoked in me a great sense of pity for them. I could not help but realize that I was watching the grass roots development of a new system of government. It was as though I was witnessing the replay of every atrocity done to the people on earth going back to Mao's Cultural Revolution, to the killing fields of Cambodia, to the genocides in Rwanda and Serbia, and the mass killings throughout Africa and Asia. The governments at that time

believed that when people were left to themselves, it created divergence in thought and belief which was the breeding ground for discord, disorder and ultimate destruction. That must be the reasoning the Beast used when he said that people had to be converted, controlled or convinced by force if necessary. By imposing one common belief system and then tying it to money, he proposed to bring the world into a new beginning of peace and harmony. Unfortunately, not everyone in the world was willing to drop their former beliefs and convert to his world plan.

My classification as the leader of an officially banned group surprisingly worked in my favor, as I was kept separate from the rest of the incarcerated to prevent me from speaking to or having contact with them. Calling upon the only source of Endtime scriptures that I had left, those I had committed to memory, I received Daniel 11:35 for my situation, “And some of them of understanding shall fall, to try them, and to purge them, and to make them white, even to the time of the end: because it is yet for a time appointed.” I wondered about the last part of that verse and how long it would be until the “time appointed.”

One of the guards offered me a toke from his ciguana (essentially a marijuana cigarette issued by the government as a perk for its elite troops), but I respectfully declined, fearing that his friendly gesture was simply a ploy to get information from me.

14. The Spark of Life

I could not tell if the young man had within him the spark of life, which was essential to build a foundation of truth upon. I assumed that the young guard assigned to me had received the chip, but I later learned from the conversation of his buddies that his name was Owen and that he was only a level 1 novitiate, as he had not yet received an ultra level of implant. He had not yet taken the Renunciation Oath, in which each person must renounce his belief in God and accept the Beast as the only true manifestation of God on Earth. Since he hadn't made his final commitment, he did not receive direct internal feed and instructions. His eyes were not glazed over like some of the other soldiers and citizens that had graduated to full compliance with the Beast.

There was really only one way to know how "free" any of these partially plugged-in persons were, and that was to expose them to the light of God's Word.

"Is there more to life than this for you?" I asked.

He looked puzzled, and replied, "What do you mean?"

"Is this life the end or only the beginning of all that we have to learn?"

Owen continued to feign his lack of understanding or even interest in the things I had to say by asking me a question.

"Are you a teacher?"

"You might say that. I provide spiritual food and water to people in need."

"You didn't seem to have very much in your apartment."

"Only my Bible. Will I ever get it back?" I queried.

"Why keep a banned book around? You must have realized that it was dangerous to keep."

"It contains the Words that give me peace in this life and the promise of eternal life in the next one," I said, looking him straight in the eyes.

"Or a swift death in this one," he added with a smirk.

“Death is no longer a concern to me, now that I have accepted into my heart the One who conquered death, Jesus.”

“Ha! I’ve seen enough deaths to know that it’s a very final and permanent state for anyone but our great leader. No conqueror ever stood between my ‘eliminator’ and the grave,” he commented snidely, as he touched his sidearm.

“Yes, in this world you seem to be in control and have the power to kill or let live, but in reality, you get your authority from the same One who promised to give me eternal life in the next world. He said in the Forbidden Book not to fear anyone who can kill the body, but to rather fear the Son of God who can in the next life not only destroy your body but also destroy your soul.²² Your body is only part of you. You also have a soul that you are shaping right now by the things you do and the choices you make while in your body.”

Suddenly, one of his loud brothers in arms yelled out to him. “Watch out, Owen! You heard what the commander said about talking to the trash—you soon become trash!”

I could feel his spirit slip away instantly, and then he returned to being the same hard-faced character that had been guarding me. The opportune moment for contact with the Light had passed. The bright excitement of a soul coming so close to understanding but then fading away was like having watched a display of fireworks, which after its brilliance fades back into the abysmal darkness surrounding it.

15. Riot Control

Suddenly I could hear loud arguing voices and yelling in the adjacent compartment of the plane. Some sort of riot had broken out between the guards and the prisoners. The guards obviously were prepared for such a challenge and were determined to snuff out any disturbance before it could spread. The guards in my section quickly opened a cabinet in the side of the plane marked FOR AUTHORIZED PERSONS ONLY. I expected to see them remove some sort of guns and distribute them, but they instead took out Tasers, canisters of neurotoxin and gas masks and went into the other compartment. Within seconds I heard the hiss of the canisters as the compartment doors dividing the spaces in our plane slammed shut. The noise of the men increased in what must have been a terrifying moment of desperation as the neurotoxins filled the air, causing their bodies to go limp.

Then I heard the huge extraction fans click on to quickly clean the air, and a few moments later the compartment door opened again and our guards returned, dragging in their fellow guards from the rebelling compartment to recover. They were laughing at the quick results they had in subduing the prisoners. The compartment door rumbled shut behind them, but I had gotten a glimpse of bodies lying everywhere. I had seen this kind of nerve gas used before in quelling public protest, and knew that it was immediately effective. It came in two strengths—indicated by the color of the canister. The men were using the blue canisters which produced a very temporary state of unconsciousness. The quick acting toxin didn't have a lasting effect on the body and would wear off in a matter of minutes. The red canister was less used, and could kill if too much of it was inhaled. I could not breathe easily until the green light of an air quality device blinked on. The guards removed their gas masks and returned to nonchalantly playing cards and continuing their conversations, seemingly undisturbed by the disruption. Their troublesome cargo had been neutralized in a matter of minutes.

As we approached our destination, I could see a shabby little airstrip just barely visible from the air. I concluded that transporting human cargo must still be considered a clandestine operation, to be kept under government wraps for fear of sparking protests among the population. This would also explain my separation, restriction of speech, and why a special guardsman had been assigned to me. Fear! They were openly afraid of me and my words. Was their stranglehold on power so tenuous that just a few well-chosen words from the forbidden Book could cause their entire house of cards to collapse? I marveled at the influence they had assumed was at my command, or at least within the abilities of the person they thought they had captured. My reputation had grown exponentially, fed by their imaginations. I smiled to myself briefly, until the ramifications of being accused of such crimes hit home. Torture techniques for getting the truth had been perfected by this regime, although they were very vocal in denying their use.

The TC425 landed and taxied over to where a couple of large personnel carriers were waiting to swallow our human cargo, and transport us to the “rehabilitation” quarters, rows of Quonset-shaped buildings. They reminded me of the concentration camps of long-forgotten times. We were treated like carriers of a most infectious plague, being kept separate from others for fear of it spreading. The huge chimney stacks of the incinerators served to warn us that the government was very serious in its intention of completely expunging all traces of us and any threat to the Global Guardian or his rule.

16. Solitary Confinement

Off in a corner of the compound was a small separate building. It was well fortified, made of cement and surrounded by a high-powered electric fence. This was to be my quarters for the foreseeable future. The cameras mounted everywhere never allowed me a moment of privacy. Owen, my guard from the plane, had obviously been assigned to be my guard in the prison as well. Most of the soldiers were hardened by the soul-numbing job of harassing prisoners, feeding them, and escorting those who were expendables to the ovens or “cookers,” as they were commonly referred to here. The prisoners in this exclusive establishment were commonly called “turkeys.” The entire place had a hauntingly extermination camp-like air about it that made me shudder with inner dread and revulsion, recalling images from previous days.

It was a chilly spring morning. A cold breeze had blown in a few marvelously formed snowflakes, which I took as a blessed reminder that at least they didn’t control the elements. I was very thankful for the tiny window opening near the ceiling so I could see the sky. The disadvantage was that I had only a thin blanket that offered little protection from the last breath of winter’s departure. I developed a cough that soon became a rough barking one. Maybe their inhuman treatment of prisoners was another way of disposing of those of lesser value to them.

Being confined to my cubicle and not allowed to speak with others was a cruel restriction on me. I longed for a simple conversation with someone, anyone. My guard acted like a dumb mute and didn’t respond to any of my attempts at cajoling him. As for my appearance, I guessed it must have seemed as though they had captured the wild man of Borneo, though I could not see my face except for a flickering of my reflection in the wash basin. My beard grew out very white, complementing my hair that appeared as white as snow. I must have remained in solitary for a few months, until they finally decided to deal with me.

The questioning they grilled me with in their interrogation sessions was not pleasant. The guards hauled me to the Inquisition Room, where I sat for hours with a series of inquisitors. My inquisitors usually asked the same monotonous set of questions. Was I the Omega man? How many were there in my group? Where did we meet? How did we communicate?—And so forth. Their torture techniques usually involved a round of waterboarding, suffocation, stretching my limbs to the breaking point, cutting me, or making me stand naked while they doused me with ice cold water. Fortunately, most of the things they said they were going to do they did not. Somehow I managed to work my responses into a witness, telling them the whole story of Jesus. All of my inquisitors were chipped, but I had to believe that it was somehow possible to get through to them.

17. The Thought Reader

They did not come for me until it was very late at night. I don't know why my inquisitors liked doing things in the dark, but they seemed to enjoy waking me up in the middle of the night, like some kind of nocturnal predators. It was still very dark outside and most of the compound seemed to be still asleep. My tiny cell window let in a bit of sunshine for a few precious hours in the day, and at night I could see a few stars if the sky was clear.

But this was not to be another typical day of them trying to extract information from me. I sensed the difference immediately; those watching me seemed to anticipate that something interesting was about to happen to me. I bravely walked into what I can now describe as a truth extractor. I quickly surveyed the circle of somewhat bleary-eyed faces, like a dying animal would view a flock of vultures eagerly waiting for him to take his final breath. This group was about to demonstrate some new effective method of extracting truth. They were using an entirely different approach, no thumbscrews, waterboarding or gun to my head. To my surprise, these newbies were alarmingly gracious, to the point of even being hospitable. I was treated with respect, as though this were just a routine visit to a doctor's office. I was openly amazed and suspicious of their "kill him with kindness" approach and looked everywhere for any sign of tools of cruelty they would soon use on me.

The packing crates off to the side and the abundance of VRC (Vitals Recording Camera) equipment that they had set up told me that I was about to participate in a test demonstration of some new electronic equipment. I guessed that the company selling the apparatus was hoping to secure a contract with the government.

A charming young technician took me over to a seat by the machine and fastened a wireless head device on to me, as well as sensor gloves on my hands and several wires to my heart. She explained to the audience, "This is a new MPS (Mind Probing System) equipment". All the while, she assured me that I would feel no pain or

discomfort during this interrogation. I faced a monitor which seemed to show nothing at all but fuzzy forms. Beside it was another similar monitor that glowed green. As she explained what she was doing, she injected me with a combination of mood enhancing drugs plus a sedative to relax me. I instantly felt my will to resist slipping away and being replaced by a warm, fuzzy feeling of trust and affection toward my captors. The green screen began to change its color to a soft pink to visually represent my feelings. I felt no pain and rather enjoyed the interruption of their usual routine.

The machine then proceeded to project a number of holographic images that I reacted to. The first image was of a kitten. I was reminded of Ms. Sussex. Instantly, there before me was a holographic image of Ms. Sussex and her cats. To begin with, they seemed out of focus, but as I reacted to them they became clearer. My moods at seeing this scene flashed up on the mood indicator, firstly a general green which shifted to a red color to signify irritation, and out of a speaker came music as though someone was assigned to playing mood music to accompany the silent movie that I was somehow creating and projecting into the machine. My reaction seemed to interest the technicians greatly, as I went from disinterest to disapproval as I thought about Ms. Sussex and her cats and her willingness to have me arrested.

“This is called the association reality image generator,” the lovely technician explained to the audience. “We begin with gentle images that will bring to mind associations that the person has with them. It works best with very creative people, and I would say that this is a class A subject. We understand that this man is suspected of being the leader of an underground movement against the government. Well, in a few moments we will know for sure, because he will react to our test objects and show us exactly what he thinks and feels about them. Lying or feigning false behavior is entirely impossible with this machine.”

A holographic image of a state law enforcer appeared. I felt a flash of hostility, and then to my surprise the screen began to show my last memorable encounter with a policeman tasing someone. The mood

screen flashed deep red as anger swept through me. This reaction appeared to get the most response from my inquisitors. Believing they were on to something, the next image they projected was that of our “revered” Global Guardian, but rather than the expected red that would naturally be associated with being the rebel leader that they suspected I was, my mood shifted to pity and sorrow for the man. Details of my inner spiritual beliefs were emerging, and for this I was truly thankful. Because the machine could express my inner feeling to those viewing, the results were that they were compelled to believe that what they were seeing was a look into my very soul, and that what they saw was the absolute truth about me. Surprise and disappointment flashed on to their faces. I did my best then to think about some Bible verses, and to keep my mind focused on the Lord so they would get that for some of their input. A number of other images flashed before me to test my reactions and to get me to project my experiences, but fortunately none caused any alarms to go off. The machine continued to glow a gentle green color for my overall mood. The session was finally over and I was taken to a recovery room while the technicians compiled my final psychological profile, and discussed and argued over the results. Apparently, as I was told afterwards, the main point of contention was whether someone had made a mistake in arresting me and that they had not captured the illusive Omega man after all. When I heard this, I was reminded that someday soon they would stand before the real Omega man—Jesus—and have to explain all the things they did in this life.

18. My Persona

I was returned to my cell, and shortly thereafter I was allowed access to the common room where prisoners from different wards were allowed to mingle together. There was a certain stir among some when they saw me brought in, for here at last they saw who they thought to be the most dangerous prisoner of all, one who had to be kept separate on the plane and who had to be kept in isolation for weeks on end before being released among them. The rumors and stories that were circulating about me were really quite fantastic. I was determined not to speak to anyone too soon, or for too long, as I was certain the guards monitored my every contact. I did not want to be seen cozying up to any of the subgroups or clans that had formed among the prisoners until I could clearly understand what I was getting into.

In the weeks that followed, I found myself praying for discernment often as I was tested in every way possible. There was the sycophant who tried to befriend me to find out more information about all it was believed I had done. Then there was the bully who tried to frighten me into submission, but my inner peace kept me. The local wheeler-dealer was the easiest to maneuver because he was only interested in what I might have access to, things that could be used to barter or to bribe the guards.

Then, too, there were the guards, who seemed always on the lookout for any opportunity to engage in some form of humiliating activity with prisoners, which often involved sexually molesting a weaker member of the group and then berating and belittling him for having submitted. Sexual abuse of prisoners was standard practice for the guards in the male section. I am not sure how they treated the women in their section of the camp; we didn't get to see much of them. I was mercifully excluded from this form of humbling due to my age and my reputation of being someone of unknown origin who had managed to survive repeated government interrogation without breaking. The status a person had depended upon the perception and

interpretation of real or imagined events. I guess I liked the distinction I had, and did nothing to jeopardize my image, though mythical.

The persona I projected served me well, for finally I was approached by the head of the most sinister-looking group in the yard. Most of the men had disagreed with the state religion and were not hardened criminals. Although I agreed with almost everything he said, particularly about our captors, I still had to remain cautious about what I said or did. I was playing a very delicate game on a fragile surface that could crack in a moment.

What characteristics did I have that would reinforce this image of a leader of depth and judgment, but all the while being careful not to make any slip-ups in my speech? I wanted my presence to be a witness and a force for good. The solution came almost naturally—show kindness, patience and tolerance, and do so using few words and simple actions. When two men were arguing and fighting, sometimes it only took a reproachful look and saying a few words such as, “Be gentle with him. He’s your brother.” Then I would walk away, disassociating myself as though I had weightier concerns on my mind.

Placing one’s self on a slightly higher moral plane was a dangerous thing to do, because it could very soon evoke a challenge from those with more malicious tendencies. I needed divine intervention to knock out those who opposed me, and I prayed earnestly, as David prayed in the Psalms when he was faced with formidable foes. And sure enough, things began to happen to my rivals, and soon their numbers were greatly reduced. A verse I claimed often during those times was, “When the wicked, even mine enemies and my foes, came upon me to eat up my flesh, they stumbled and fell.”²³

Little by little, my softer, subtle approach began to erode the onion-like layers of their defenses to where they began to trust me with little comments or admissions of discontent. But I would only smile or react with a slight facial indication that I was listening or moved by what they said. I remained like a black box that listened to everyone, but kept it all inside waiting for the right moment. It was a delicate trust I was trying to establish, using just the right amount of

kindness along with secrecy about myself to keep up the appearance of being an enigmatic figure. I cannot tell you how hard it was for me to play this game, as by nature, I am far too open and outspoken about what I am thinking and what was going on inside. I could never be a poker player, but somehow the situation had dealt me this hand, and like it or not, I had to play my cards well if I hoped to survive.

My caution proved justified when a traitor among us brought down an entire group. For a promise of some sort of reduced sentence he targeted several men who had been so unwise as to tell him their personal feelings and plans. With me, he had come on particularly strong with his anti-establishment tone, but I gave him nothing that could be used against me. The accused men were called out, whipped, and three of them were publicly hanged for conspiring against the Guardian and prison officials. The execution took place before the whole assembly to serve as a warning to any others planning on causing any trouble in the camp. The traitor who ratted on his fellows died shortly thereafter from an unknown cause.

19. Thomas

I first encountered Thomas when doing my daily assigned rounds of cleaning the toilets. Part of my job was to assure that all toilets were kept relatively clean. Our captors were very concerned about keeping all public facilities clean to ensure that they met the Public Health and Sanitary Inspections officer's approval. They were strict about this rule, as an outbreak of Ebola had all but shut down the facility and cost many lives a few months before.

My job came with certain privileges. One such privilege was that I was allowed to have access to the storage shed where they kept all the supplies. However, I was watched very closely to prevent me from stealing anything.

On one particular day I happened to have to return to a group of bathrooms to put some deodorizing tablets in the toilets, and I caught Thomas stealing Handy-Towels from the dispensers. I didn't react negatively to this obvious peccadillo but asked him to simply put some back so that I would not be blamed for the missing towels and be disciplined for not having done my job. He complied willingly and I left it at that. About two days later during the lunch break, Thomas came over to where I was sitting and asked if I would like to attend a gathering. I was immediately curious as to how it was possible to meet together when everyone was locked in their cell. His answer was that it took a lot of collected bribes and special agreements to get a particular guard on duty that night to open our cell block doors by pressing a certain control switch in the security control center. There was something about Thomas' manner that told me that it was a special honor just to be asked. I could only assume that a certain amount of risk was involved. It was to take place after lockdown. It was scheduled to take place at the same time the guards were having their weekly computer tournament and poker night.

So when it came time for the meeting, I was a bit taken back to see that so many men had left their cells to attend this clandestine meeting. It was forbidden to meet with more than five people at a

time. I found a darkened corner of the room that seemed out of the way and was settling in to see how this meeting would go, when a usually quiet man spoke up and signaled to me. “Oh, didn’t anyone tell you? You’re tonight’s guest speaker!” Whereupon he called for the only chair in the room and escorted me to the position of honor in front of the assembly.

It took me by surprise to have to change gears so quickly from my “go slow and keep low” approach to becoming a public speaker at a secretive rally. I stumbled with my words, but finally settled into a general outline of my life of scrounging on the garbage heaps of our city and becoming a Word man to the people there. I brought them up to the point where my apartment was searched by the men in black and I was arrested for having a Bible. This admission brought an audible response from the audience.

“Did you have the Bible for a long time?” Thomas asked.

“Yes,” I replied.

“Can you remember any of it?” was his next question.

“I tried to memorize all that I could, but I am not very good at remembering exact wordings,” I said apologetically.

“Quote something to us from the Bible!” another man implored, and several in the audience voiced their approval. It was strictly forbidden to do so and could bring me a quick death if I were discovered doing so.

I started simply, by quoting as many salvation verses as I knew, and explained the salvation plan to them. I was moved to pray with them to receive Jesus. Almost the entire group opened their lives to the Lord; many of the men were in tears from hearing the words of life, some of the younger men for the first time in their lives.

20. Meeting Adjourned

That was the last thing I remember of our meeting, for suddenly, a tear gas canister was tossed into the room, and guards with protective masks burst in upon us. The meeting was over and ended with Tasers, batons flying, and men screaming in pain from being beaten with a baton or stunned by a blast from a Taser. The scene was utter chaos.

One guard came over to me and secured my hands behind my back with binders. "It took a while to catch you. But now we have you and the proof that you are indeed the Omega man we've been trying to catch. It's back to the cubicle for you. You'll probably lose your head for this."

My cell was cold and dark. They did not bring me any food for the next two days as an added reminder that I had been rebellious and needed to conform. The fact that they believed they had finally caught the ring leader of a dissident group was ludicrous to me, for I really didn't view myself as being such a notorious and dangerous person. I had only organized a few groups of people into underground Bible study meetings, and by a miracle of God's protection we had escaped detection for a long time. But in my current situation I didn't realize the effect that my past was having on the other prisoners. The buzz around the camp was that I was indeed the fabled Omega man who was wanted in all sectors by the authorities for stirring up resistance to divine order and opposing the worship of the Global Guardian.

21. The Great Destruction

As I lay on my bed in my solitary cell, I meditated on the events that had taken place in the last few years and how the two beasts had gained world power in so short a time. The events foretold by Jesus thousands of years ago—the wars and rumors of war, with nations rising up against nation, the famines, earthquakes, pandemics, volcanic eruptions and finally the massive persecution and hatred of Bible believers worldwide—were now being fulfilled. It was truly a time of great tribulation. And there were the rumors of a large global army of 200 million amassing in the East who were killing great numbers of people.²⁴ The government had imposed a general news blackout, but little bits of news leaked out occasionally to confirm our fears and suspicions. As far as I could tell, it seemed like just about every nation was at war, either internally or externally. There was no more peace in the world. Millions were dying in the turmoil. As much as one quarter of the population of many countries were killed in wars or in the great famines that war brings. The Bible told of still far worse things to come: attacks by strange locust-like insects that had the sting of a scorpion, huge hailstones, meteors crashing in to the oceans killing the marine life and turning the waters to blood, solar flare-ups that scorched the grass and trees, people seeking death but unable to die. The atmosphere was becoming so polluted with smoke that in some places it was not possible to see the sun for part of the day, or the moon at night. Freak storms started to happen as a result of all the atmospheric disturbances. Huge hailstones came crashing down. Religious-motivated genocide had become so common it wasn't even news any more. One group or another was being blamed for causing these catastrophes to fall, and frustrated populations of people were all too eager to have someone to blame. The Global Guardian used every incident or occasion to demonize Christians in the public media.

Every day there seemed to be another person claiming to be Jesus returned. A lot of former once-a-week Christians who had only a brief knowledge of the prophecies Jesus told His disciples about His return

and the end of man's rule on the earth had been deceived by these charlatans.

And Jerusalem, that dusty little town, still held the unfathomable key to the entire culmination of events. The Beast had made it the center of his operations. Why or how was it still at the center of world-shattering events? It was not a city with any known resources, no rich oil fields or gas deposits, no minerals or precious metals, not even any particularly gifted craftsmen. All it had was a unique history that bound together three of the strongest faiths in the world. These faiths had brought the world to our present focal point and eschatological definitive. There was a strong belief that a Messiah would come out of this confusion at the end of time and then we would enjoy a thousand years of peace on earth.

Somehow and some way the Global Guardians felt they were meant play a pivotal part in this grand finale and were determined that the eyes of the world should be fixed on them. Such arrogance, such pomposity.

~ ~ ~

JERUSALEM

Oh Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
Like an ancient tapestry hung upon our wall
A part of all that has been done,
The fabric of all that is yet to come
The center, the hub, the axel,
A mysterious timepiece upon the earth
Ticking away the seconds we have in store
Until time shall be no more.
How unfair seem the tears
In thy fabric's fine design and appeal
Of wounds that will not be healed
By weavers ever so clever
With cords and threads.
What ancient secrets are yet to be found
Buried deep within thy temple's ground?
How woven are thy threads
That cover thy stones
That hide your dead.
Saints and sinners,
Martyrs, too,
Fallen in battles
Fought for you.
With words upon their lips they cry
The everlasting question—why?
Why were you of all the maidens fair
Chosen to sit on this eternal chair?
Oh Jerusalem, you are such a mystery
A spectator to the unfolding events of
history.
How silently you sit and slip on and off the
stage of life.
What secrets you keep
Buried beneath your ancient walls,
What dreadful records you must have
Oh mother, quintessential foundation
Chosen from the formation.
The sound of knights and sheiks
Still ring through thy streets
When sleep has taken you again

Into the realms of darkness.
The bold and brave of eons' phase
Have passed before your timeless gaze,
Transfixed by the call
To stand at thy wailing wall.
And for some short spell
They came to stand and watch:
Roman generals, imperial slaves
Kings of Babylon and empires in waves,
But none among them were chosen to be the
one
Who was prophesied to come.
Not the Holy One sent to save us all,
But the man of perdition
Satan's own submission
Who would woo thee in thy bed
Grasping each torn thread
Of thy wounded tapestry
And bind them together?
Who will presume
To be thy groom
A repairer of thy breach—a healer
Who calls all nations great and small
With words woven so cunning, so clever,
There be no space within them
To ponder or disagree?
Only the sound
Of ear-tickling flattery
Well-oiled with wisdom not of men.
What promises of peace tempted
He and the truculent tribes to put their pen
To the paper and with such holy writing
Forever cease their fighting.
What coven or covenant did he use to
conceal
His true intentions in making them yield
To his image of the Beast
From the mightiest to the very least?

22. Cast Thy Bread upon the Waters

So much was happening in the world, and I felt much separated and out of reach of the day-to-day events. Here I was in a cement holding cell, feeling helpless and useless. I prayed that the Lord would show me what I could do to further His Kingdom. A short time later, a dried out dinner roll with a piece of veripap wrapped around it came flying into my cell through the small window opening. I had to control my impulse to immediately pick it up, not knowing if the camera monitoring me was active. When I secured the package it contained a short message that read, "Give us more," a small piece of "paper" (it was a piece of veripap which was made from plastic, as they stopped making all but the most essential paper products years ago) and a stubby little pencil. Was this another ploy to entrap me further and get me killed? Who had sent me this mysterious request? Was it Thomas? Was he a traitor?

I thought long and hard about the possibility, and my mind added many more imaginary scenarios until I had only one viable recourse, and that was to pray. I prayed for the Lord to show me if I should write verses on the paper, and I received the verse, "Cast thy bread upon the waters."²⁵

I was pondering what I should do with the written verse when I realized that the grey water drain running beneath my cell was the only water available to cast my bread upon. Where it emptied I had no idea, or even if the sender of the message had a way of getting it. It was clear that the sender of the note intended that I should write on the paper. Because it was veripap, there was no worry that whatever I wrote on the sheet would become unreadable when it got wet. I kept my work on this project carefully hidden from the ever watching eye of the camera. I ripped a strip off of my bright prison garb and wrapped it carefully. When the package was ready, I slipped it into the drain, while feigning to do some floor exercises to stay limber.

I had to wait almost a week before I received another package from my mysterious correspondent. It was again a piece of veripap

wrapping a dinner roll. Only this time it had a note written on it that read, "Got your package. Eager for more. Water way okay, but we have a guard on our side. Return your next message on your dinner tray."

The thought of giving my penciled verses to a guard seemed like total madness and suicide. I had to receive confirmation from the Lord in prayer. I remembered a few verses: "The Lord is on my side; I will not fear: what can man do unto me?"²⁶ The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?²⁷ Though an host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear: though war should rise against me, in this will I be confident."²⁸ I decided that I would write these verses as my next message. I folded the paper up as small as I could get it, then tucked it into the dried out dinner roll which I put on my return dinner tray. I half expected that I would receive another visit from the head of the guards and be taken away for execution or another grueling truth-discovery session, but the day passed and the dreaded inquisitors did not appear.

By now, I was quite tired of my living quarters and longed for human companionship, but looking at my situation there seemed no hope of that, save a miracle. I remembered a similar situation in the Bible where Paul and Silas were beaten and thrown into prison. Rather than bemoan their lot, they decided to sing hymns, and God sent an earthquake which broke open the prison doors and set all of the prisoners free.²⁹ We sure could use such a miracle now. I prayed for the Holy Spirit to bring back to my memory some songs or parts of songs.

I began to sing, and my raspy old voice could be heard everywhere. I sang as much of "Amazing Grace" as I could remember. Then from somewhere in the camp I heard another voice and then another joining in, until it seemed the whole camp was singing the tune. Then it happened. At first it started as just a rumbling sound, and then I could feel the walls moving and shaking and the door to my cell gave way. My first instinct was to run outside to freedom, but after a moment of reflection I thought of St. Paul and what he did. He remained in his cell

and comforted the jailor who was about to kill himself because he thought that the prisoners had all escaped while he was on watch.

My prison guard came and fell down at my feet and said, "What must I do to be saved?"

I answered him, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and you will be saved."³⁰

"I believe," he said.

At that very moment I heard the boom of a large explosion at the other end of the camp where the soldiers' quarters were. I assumed that the earthquake had broken some gas mains and the leak had caught on fire. The fire alarm in the far section of the camp had the effect of drawing away the guards most loyal to the beastly system, and they ran off to see what the damage was and what they could do.

23. Miracle Escape

Our new convert, Owen, however, did not leave with the other guards. He was so transformed by his spiritual experience, he now stayed to urge the prisoners that had assembled around my cell to flee, to avoid being shot on sight. He informed us that it was a prison policy to execute all prisoners in the event of a calamity. He even showed us where they kept large stores of emergency supplies and useful tools. The warehouse was well-stocked with everything imaginable. He wisely encouraged us to take some of everything we would need to survive in the wilderness. There were backpacks, work clothes for changing out of our prison garb. There were several small arms, Tasers and ammunition, maps and GPS devices, radios, small folding shovels, and mess kits with utensils included. There were large cooking pots, and fire starters and matches.

Decisions had to be made quickly, and the prisoners seemed to be looking to me for direction. I gave the job of choosing food stuffs to a few of the men and women, and asked some of the rougher looking men to be our guardians and arm themselves appropriately. I was a bit reluctant to the idea of having our guards carrying real guns. The idea of arming some who were Christians was always repulsive to me, but then I remembered that the Lord the night He was arrested had seen to it that His disciples had a sword. The Bible speaks of arming a strong man—when a strong man armed keeps his palace, his goods are in peace.³¹ The others were carrying as much as they could. I cautioned that we should be selective in the things we took. Rather than loading up on electronic gear and gadgets, I suggested we take a few of the small fold-up shovels, some cooking pots and emergency blankets.

I called for three volunteers to become our first aid wardens, and assigned them the task of taking whatever medical supplies they could find. Within minutes we were loaded up and on our way. From just a few individuals, our numbers quickly grew to over a hundred, as more and more of the incarcerated men and women joined us. A few turned back, preferring the known life of their cell to the uncertainty we were

heading for. We headed toward the nearest mountain, which stood immediately behind the prison grounds. Many of the people we were leaving behind were still in a daze as things had happened so quickly. Military men who would have pursued us were totally occupied with battling the fires, clearing away the rubble that had fallen on their fellows, and attending to their injuries. The escape of a hundred prisoners was by no means a priority for them at this moment. I hoped that the disaster would keep them occupied for some time while we made our escape. We scrambled up a steep slope that led up the side of the mountain. We climbed until we were exhausted, then turned to see what was happening to the camp below. All was in chaos. Fire had swept through an older section that housed the soldiers' barracks, and better buildings in the nicer section of the camp. Apparently the earthquake had damaged the water system, so the men were trying to put out the flames by using any containers and any source of water they could find.

I looked at the group following me. A wave of trepidation took hold of me and I felt nauseated and seriously wondered, "What am I thinking? This is crazy! We will be rounded up in a few hours; probably all get shot in the process. We will just be a fun 'turkey' shoot for the guards." I had to fight off the images of my imagination which showed me the slaughter that I could be leading them into.

It was a lot like the children of Israel fleeing Egypt; only we didn't have any promised land to go to, only miles and miles of wilderness. The military system had tracking equipment that they could use to follow each prisoner with precision from satellites because of the chips that each of us have imbedded in our bodies. They had all-terrain vehicles; we were on foot. We had no weapons to speak of; they were heavily armed and trained in the use of all manner of gas grenades and other crowd controlling weapons. We had no satellites or the latest in killer drones flying overhead as they did; we were just a number of targets on the run.

“Oh Lord,” I prayed desperately, “The situation is impossible but we call upon You to intervene and save us, for our enemies are too strong for us. Arise, Lord, and shake terribly the earth.”

Suddenly the ground trembled beneath our feet in a large aftershock, and giant cracks and gaping holes appeared. Huge boulders dislodged and came rumbling down the mountain crashing down upon the camp below. From our vantage point we could see the confusion and utter chaos unfolding in the camp. I saw their equipment and machinery fall into huge cracks in the earth and disappear. I pitied those who turned back thinking that prison life in the camp was better than the fate that awaited them for trying to escape by scrambling up the mountainside. I bowed my head and said a prayer of gratitude, and for continued protection and provision.

It was hard climbing but we kept going until we found a reasonably level spot where we could rest and regroup. A few men had taken some of the portable camouflage tents that the military use. These were made of lightweight, waterproof and infrared blocking non-reflective fabric called chameleon cloth, which rendered a tent covered with this cloth practically invisible to any aircraft flying overhead.

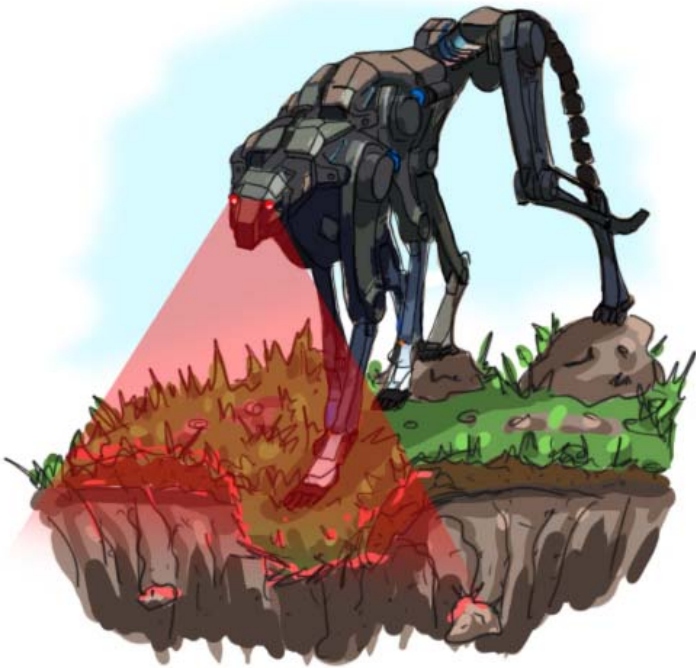
My walk through the group showed me what a tremendous task I was accepting, and I soon concluded that I would not be able to handle this large a number without help. So I picked leaders from among them, and appointed them to each be responsible for ten people. I told them we would meet daily to come up with solutions to whatever problems were too difficult for them to handle on their own. It was too soon to attempt anything democratic such as having elections for leadership. For the moment I had to assume the role of being a benign dictator.

I was almost overcome by the thought of having to establish and rule this tiny society on the run with all its inherent human problems and challenges. First, we needed to find a place where we could set up. Then we would need to decide on toilet facilities, meal prep, sleeping quarters. We would need some sort of dispute management to handle any grievances or complaints. Plus, we would need an efficient early

warning security team to alert everyone of danger, and who would be prepared to act on our behalf should we encounter hostile troops.

24. Killer Bots

A security team was assigned to be responsible for keeping watch of the prison camp to see if an assault was coming. On the second day of their watch, they reported that a couple of large trucks had arrived, delivering two new bots to the camp. A bot was the term for the new killer robots that the military have specifically for search and destroy missions. They were six-legged machines equipped with laser as well as regular machine guns. They were incredibly strong and could travel over all sorts of terrain, plus they had sonar and heat sensors that helped them hunt for victims even in the dark. They had special survival programming that approximated artificial intelligence, so they were able to “think” and “anticipate” the moves and tactics of anyone



being hunted. So it appeared that the soldiers had decided we weren't worth the trouble of trying to round up and had decided to send their mechanical assassins to do the job for them.

I called together our security team, and we decided on a very old and primitive defense that the makers of these killers might not have anticipated in their programming. With all hands digging, we made a pit on the path and covered it carefully with leaves and branches and soil. Then we piled a number of branches to appear to be a barrier for the clever machine to figure out and climb over and hopefully fall into the pit while trying to keep balancing on the stick pile. We piled a number of large stones in such a way that when our handmade trigger device was pulled, they would all come down and crash into the pit, hopefully damaging the bots' sensors and laser apparatus.

Next, we put hidden snares in the pathway, using up all of the rope we had taken. We bent several trees to provide the snare with enough pulling power. And just to be sure, we placed a large boulder into our mechanism so that when the trigger and snare were loosened by the robots, the boulder would also come tumbling down.

We had no sooner finished our task of setting up the traps, when the bots came through the forest below and began shooting at us. Again I called on the Lord for the miracle of His protection, as we were within range of the bots' deadly aim. We hurried up the trail, with the speedy bots coming up fast behind us.

The first bot fell headlong into the pit, but the second stopped short and seemed to be receiving some instructions on what to do. We had to release the huge boulder manually because our makeshift mechanism failed to work as planned. The bot in the pit had his electronics damaged somewhat when the boulder hit, but to our amazement the second bot anchored itself to a rock and reaching down with one of its legs, grabbed hold of the other robot and began to lift it out of the pit. I suspected that it was being helped by a human operator somewhere. The fallen bot soon recovered its footing and resumed the chase. But it had not gone far before it was suddenly lifted into the air by the snare hidden in the undergrowth of the path. It

looked like some huge spider-like creature hanging in the air, flailing about, trying to find its bearings, all the while firing shots at random in all directions. At least one shot hit his companion but did not cause much damage. Again the second bot came to its rescue and cut him down. It appeared that the bots were successfully making their way through all of our devices.

25. Like Moses in the Wilderness

Then I prayed: “In Jesus’ name I command these weapons of war and destruction to be turned back on those who sent them to destroy us!”

I felt a surge through my body in the spirit, and then a force like lightning went out from me to the machines. They stopped their pursuit of us, faltered a moment, and then turned about and headed back down the mountain toward the prison camp. I could imagine the surprise and shock of the soldiers being shot at by their own killer bots, which was what happened next. Those men that saw this happen were amazed, and some fell to their knees and began praising me as though I were a god. I had to command them to stop. I felt the powerful temptation to accept their admiration rather than clarify to them that these things were being done by the Holy Spirit and not by any power or holiness that I possessed. I was tempted to think I had a part in the miracle, and I could feel that thought swell up in pride within me. I had seen good men turned aside and set on a path to self-destruction just by having been instrumental in performing a spiritual feat or miracle.

I prayed on the spot for the Lord to not let me be tempted with such thoughts and not take any of the glory for myself. I used the occasion to give the glory to Jesus and I was able to lead many in a simple prayer of acceptance of Him as their Savior and the One who could forgive their sins.

Some had difficulty at first with this outright salvation message, as there was a mix of Muslims and Jews. Even a few church-style Christians had trouble with it, as they had been taught that the day of miracles was long over and did not feel responsible to bring salvation to others. I am sad to say that some of the people I had the most trouble with were from supposed Christian backgrounds. They had received some teachings and knowledge of the Word of God when they were younger, but it had been twisted up by their traditions.

That evening, I gave them a talk about the Holy Spirit, who many received, and they began praising God for the first time in their lives. A

few protested vigorously when I mentioned that the Holy Spirit could more appropriately be thought of as being the female aspect of God and referred to as She. I told how God in the beginning had created both Man *and* Woman in His image³², but that did little to change centuries of religious teaching. I mentioned how that Proverbs speaks of wisdom as being a woman and says that She was with God in the beginning before the earth existed.³³ But, it wasn't such a significant point to be concerned with at the moment. They didn't have to believe it or receive it—all they needed was Jesus for salvation.

What a strange set of circumstances had thrown me into a position similar to Moses of old who led a much larger crowd of people into the desert. How much I would like his help and guidance now. It never occurred to me that I would have to lead a group this size to a safe place, totally by faith, and that my limited knowledge of the Bible would be my guide. I have never been a great worker of miracles, but I did remember a promise that I could claim, "They that understand among the people shall instruct many."³⁴

Feeling the presence of the Holy Spirit helping me was a great comfort as I faced the impossible set of difficult situations I was presented with in overseeing such a motley crew. I hadn't even been a preacher and I certainly wasn't a great evangelist. About all I could do was talk to the Lord and believe that He would listen and answer. How I wished for a Bible to turn to for comfort and guidance at this time, so I prayed for the impossible. I prayed for many Bibles.

26. Homing Missile

Our former captors were not about to let us go just because their killer bots had mysteriously malfunctioned. We saw a missile launch and head straight for us. I thought of the verse in Psalm 91, “Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flies by day.” The Bible doesn’t speak about missiles, but I figured that this mention of an arrow was close enough.

So I quoted the verses that I remembered out loud so those near me could hear,

“I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress: my God; in him will I trust.

“He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust: his truth shall be thy shield and buckler.

“Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day.

“I will not be afraid of ten thousands of people that have set themselves against me round about.

“The Lord is on my side; I will not fear: what can man do unto me?”³⁵

The rocket, at the moment before impact, appeared to hit some impregnable shield and turned back the way it came, straight toward the prison camp.

The doubters among us were now beginning to believe, having seen these two great miracles of God’s protection on us. I was glad they were beginning to believe. I was thinking about telling them that God’s Word says it is better to believe having not seen.³⁶ But I decided to wait on that, since it did not seem fair to admonish them about their lack of faith, since many had just begun to hear God’s Word for the first time.

I felt badly in my spirit for the men who sent the missile, and at that moment, the missile shifted and hit a spot of open ground beside the camp and exploded. Then the Lord said, “Go down to them, teaching them the meaning of these things.” I was shocked and a bit

afraid. I thought of the prophet Elijah when he was sent by the Lord to King Ahab and the prophets of Baal. I sought the Lord again, asking if He really wanted me to go, but God conceded only that I could take Thomas, who looked pretty doubtful about going down to the camp of our enemies.

So off we went with a white rag on a stick, but this traditional sign of a desire to parley was unnecessary. It seemed like everyone in the camp came out to see us and stood in silent awe, forming a corridor leading to the commander's post. The general was a grey-haired man who spoke with a foreign accent. "Well, the mountain rebels have come down from their perch. What do you have to say for yourselves?"

"Only that it was the Lord's mercy that your missile hit where it did. For by now you must surely see that your weapons are turned against you."

A sneering captain standing by his side pulled his revolver and pointed it at my head. "Those were equipment failures, but this will be your death unless you fall before the all-powerful one whom we serve." A huge television screen blinked to life on the wall behind him. On it appeared the image of a tall man. "This is a live feed of the image of our illustrious leader in Jerusalem, who has commanded that all acknowledge him as the Divine One, the only one worthy of worship on the planet."

I replied, "I do not know who or what this man is, but I do know my God and that is not Him. I worship Jesus Christ and offer you the same terms. If you will just believe in Him and ask for His indwelling Spirit, He will give you eternal life with Him in His Kingdom after you leave your body behind in this world."

"Blasphemy!" cried the general. "Shoot them both!"

The captain fired, but no bullet struck me; rather the captain himself fell over dead from his own bullet. Shock and wonder filled the room. "Shoot them! Shoot them!" ordered the general.

A man standing guard with an automatic weapon seemed very reluctant to pull the trigger, fearing for his life. He sputtered out, "But...but...I will be killed."

“Nonsense! It’s just some kind of hypnotic spell this sorcerer has cast.” Losing his patience, the general grabbed the gun from the soldier and pointed it at us and pulled the trigger. The gun refused to fire; a very good thing, because by this time there were a number of men standing around across from us that would have been shot by the number of bullets that would have come flying back in his sweeping attempt to hit us.

Have you ever seen the face of a man in the grip of unmitigated rage? His skin color was bright red and his eyes were like two black holes in his head that poured out malevolence and hatred. He looked like he was having an attack of apoplexy. Facing him was like going before the Beast himself. Obviously he had never been confronted or challenged by anyone in his life. He was used to having absolute power over people. “The king's heart is in the hand of the Lord, as the rivers of water: he turneth it whithersoever he will.”³⁷ I wondered if God could turn the heart of this demon-possessed man.

Sputtering in frustration he threw down the gun violently and yelled, “Get out of my sight! Your tricks and spells will not save you. The Force is with us!” I took that to mean that our God had turned his heart like He turned the heart of Pharaoh of old for the people of Israel. But I knew it would be only a moment before he turned sour again, and we turned to leave.

27. Pray for Your Enemies

I glanced at the captain lying on the floor and felt in my heart a compulsion to pray for him, though my head argued that this man had just tried to kill me; that he was a follower of the Beast, in fact, an enemy of God. I put my hands on the bullet wound. I prayed for him to live and for his wound to heal like Jesus healed the ear of the servant of the high priest.³⁸ Instantly he recovered, with no sign of having just been shot dead.

“He heals with the power of the false Illuminator and not by god, the god of forces,” the twisted general ranted. I wasn’t sure who or what the Illuminator was, but I could not assume that he was good. The general had just thrown in this explanation of what had just happened in an attempt to explain the miracle to the soldiers who stood watching—trying to deflect the effect of having seen such a miracle firsthand. But then his body gave out and he grabbed his chest and was having trouble breathing; he fell forward and collapsed on the floor. I was not inclined to pray for him.

I spoke to the captain, “I came to offer you peace and life in Jesus Christ; but you chose death and destruction and to worship a god who deals in death.” The bullet in the captain’s head was right where his implanted chip was, and the loss of it had left him receptive to normal input. “Turn from your ways! Reject this false god and serve the living Savior, Jesus Christ.”

With that remark I turned and walked out of the room, for now there were several men surrounding the stricken commander. Thomas trailed right behind, looking a little nervous that we might not make it out alive, but by that time I was pumped with the power of the Holy Spirit and the confidence of the Lord. We walked back the way we came, past rows of silent soldiers who seemed to have been told the entire scenario that had taken place. A few even rushed forward offering us food and other supplies of value for our survival in the wilderness.

28. Flee to the Mountains

As we walked away back to our camp, I got the strong impression that it was time for us to move. So I gave the order upon returning to the camp. Our exodus had begun, through countless miles of mountainous wilderness that was to test every fiber of grace we had.

The soreness of feet was the first big battle, as well as the fact that people's shoes were beginning to wear out. I remembered how the children of Israel had wandered in the wilderness for 40 years and their shoes never wore out.³⁹ I told that story to many of the others around the campfire one night, and then afterwards we claimed the same protection. Thomas prayed for us all, "Dear God, as You provided for Your people in the past, we believe that You can supply for us in this desperate situation. It seems a small thing, but we believe You want to care for us, and we ask that You help our shoes to last as long as we need them. In Jesus' name, amen."

Afterwards, weary and worn and hungry, we called on the Lord to supply those things we needed. I had a hard time imagining how God was going to provide everything we lacked. Then I remembered the verse, "My God shall supply all your needs,"⁴⁰ and I shared it with the others to encourage them. I asked what food we had and it seemed that we only had one small bag of rice, but the woman who had it was reluctant to give it up. It took some persuading to get her to share it with the rest. Thomas was concerned that it would not be enough but I remembered the miracles Jesus did with the small amount of food He had.⁴¹ So we put the rice in a large pot and built a fire under it to bring it to boil. As it cooked, people began to contribute the packages they had taken from the military storage. I prayed that the Lord would multiply the amount of food. We began serving the rice onto plates we had taken from the cooking section. After we had served nearly half of the people, I looked into the serving pot and found that the level of food had not gone down. God was supplying our needs!

In spite of the miracle of supply, there were many in the group that did not share our beliefs, and were on the verge of rebelling. Their

leader called himself Jeremiah. He was an older man who thought of himself as being a prophet right out of the Old Testament. He was not only speaking against my right to lead, but saying that I was not a man of God and was sent to deceive the people. Those who believed his tales were having an especially difficult time moving ahead by faith and making the moves and changes that were needed.

For the first week or so I left Jeremiah to grumble, trusting that those who were willing to follow God's leading through me would continue to make progress. But I was too slow to act against him, and by the time I saw that I needed to deal with his rebellion, he had stirred up many of the people against me and had quite a following. I found this out when I told the people that in spite of the hardships we faced, I had no intention of returning to the compound and surrendering, and that I would rather starve out here. Many of the people agreed with me, but this was probably the wrong thing to say to Jeremiah's followers, who were becoming a crazed mob convinced that I was leading them all into the wilderness to die.

Then, to solidify his authority, Jeremiah claimed that God spoke to him in the night and told him that I was evil and should be burned with fire like a witch. He also claimed to have received the message of Jeremiah that said if we wanted to live we must return to the compound and surrender ourselves to the king of Babylon.⁴²

What a test of our faith had begun! This was certainly not what I had expected. And where would this lead? I remembered reading about the great tests and trials that Moses had experienced in the wilderness from the great mixture of people he led out of Egypt. The Bible says that in the last days perilous times would come and there would be mockers, believers would face great difficulties and there will be grumblers finding fault with everything and speaking arrogantly.⁴³

29. Mob Mentality

I saw that a few of the disgruntled men started to gather up dry sticks and logs that would burn. I tried to encourage them through an example from the Bible. “God will not let us die of hunger out here in the wilderness. He promised Abraham a city of habitation when he was wandering in a wilderness. He believed God by faith, and he kept looking until he came to it.”

This seemed to be too open a promise for the growing mob. They gave me a week to come up with something real they could see, or they would barbeque me and return to the prison camp. I picked out a few of the younger men who were not part of Jeremiah’s followers to go on ahead and find us the place God had prepared for us.⁴⁴ Was there really a place that could accommodate all of us just ahead somewhere? I had spoken out by faith, but I really didn’t know.

It was tough waiting as each day went by without the searchers returning. I must admit to letting a few doubts torment me, especially when the week had passed. The people seemed to have forgotten all of the miracles God had done to get us this far, and Jeremiah had by that time got them worked up enough to actually plan to burn me alive.

In the evening of the seventh day they came for me again, intent on torching me right then and there. I persuaded them to at least wait until the sun was down. I tried to convince them that it was up to them if they wanted to go back and that I had no formal responsibility for leading them, and that following my leadership was completely voluntary and a matter of personal choice. But Jeremiah said that the people looked to me for direction, and that I had cast such a spell on the group that the only way of setting them free was to destroy me. “And that,” he said boldly, “is our God-given duty.”

The sun was just disappearing on the horizon. They had tied and bound me to a dead tree and the branches and logs were stacked below. Thomas had tried to rally support for me but was unsuccessful. I was surprised at how little support I had from the rest, who seemed like zombies when it came to making tough decisions and taking

initiative and leadership in the situation. I personally was struggling under a cloud of condemnation, blaming myself for being such a blind leader that I had failed to teach anyone except Thomas more about faith and God's Word. By now the torch-bearers were itching to get their task over and done with. They seemed anxious that God seemed to be on both sides, and they hoped that their current prophet had gotten it right.

They were putting the torch to the branches when the first searcher appeared. I was in the throes of preparing myself to die when the first scout came into view. Everything came to a halt while the crowd listened to their accounts about a mountain settlement they had found, that was deserted and appeared to have been abandoned in a hurry by the inhabitants. They told of finding a warehouse full of canned goods and grains and supplies. They spoke of comfortable beds and bedding, and houses that could be heated. Their stories so inspired everyone that they forgot that they were about to burn me. At last someone noticed me on the pyre. By this time the flames had taken hold and were licking up toward me. I yelled out, "Get me out of the fire!" and they did so quickly. The mob's bloodthirsty mood shifted to Jeremiah and his cronies who they wanted to burn on the spot. They would have, had I not pleaded for their lives. The searchers said that the town was too far away to get there in a few hours, but that they would show us the way in the morning. The revelry and rejoicing went on quite late into the night, until I encouraged them all to go to bed so they would be fresh for the long walk ahead of us.

30. A Town to Ourselves

I reflected for some time on the miracle of finding this town so fully equipped, and asked the Lord why it hadn't been plundered or burned down by the military in the great consolidation and redistribution of all private lands and housing after the Beast and his forces seized control. He simply answered that this land was classified as uninhabitable because of radiation poisoning. My heart nearly stopped when I realized this. The radiation zone, where the Beast had set off a nuclear bomb, was strictly off limits and a place no one was allowed to go, for obvious reasons.

"But I cannot take this people into a place that contains certain death for us! How shall I tell these people that the houses are condemned and the ground is cursed by this pestilence for centuries?"

The Lord replied with a verse from the Bible to encourage my faith, "They shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover."⁴⁵

The Lord said, "I will clean you, and your people and this place of this plague. Take the first radiation warning sign that you encounter and burn it in the sight of the people. Then take the ashes and anoint the foreheads of all the leaders of the people and go into the houses unafraid, sprinkling ashes before you as a sign to them that I am purifying the ground."

Well, after receiving this prophecy, I was greatly reluctant to share it with the people, but the Lord commanded me not to fear their faces. I did not sleep much that night. I had just escaped being torched and had been told of a place that had everything we needed, but I dreaded having to tell the people what the Lord had said was the reason for its pristine condition. Thoughts and questions spun through my mind,

"Do I really believe that the Lord is leading us or has it all been just a coincidence?"

"If the mob wanted to be rid of me for leading them out into the wilderness, what will their reaction be to me leading them into a

radioactive zone—with little more than memories of promises from a banned Book to hold on to?

“I know some of them even think I might be making up the verses I told them. We have no Bibles to substantiate their accuracy.

“God, please help me! I am afraid that when I do the things You asked of me, that it will confuse them and hinder their faith.”

“I have prepared this as a test of the people’s faith,” He told me. And it was a test of my own faith as well!

“I have something to tell you before we leave,” I announced to the crowd ready to travel. “This is a very difficult thing to say. I asked the Lord why this place had not been plundered or burned by the military. His answer was difficult to take, but when you hear it, please remember that God also has a solution.”



The crowd waited with bated breath as I continued, “The land was classified as uninhabitable because of radiation poisoning.”

There was a gasp, and I quickly continued, “But God has promised to protect us from any harm and says in His Word, ‘if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover.’”

I explained that the Lord had promised to cleanse the place of radiation. There were several minutes of discussion among the people, but I was glad that they all wanted to at least see the town. We headed off on our journey of almost five hours. When we came to the first sign, we saw that it was partly covered over by the undergrowth and bushes, so the survey team had not noticed it. I took the sign and burned it and collected up the ashes and anointed the heads of the leaders of the people. I sprinkled ashes before us as we entered the

town, and by faith believed that when the ashes fell, the area became purified, and became holy ground dedicated to the Lord.

This was a real acid test of faith for the group. Many turned back because of the radiation and would not enter, deciding to camp just outside the restricted zone. Jeremiah refused to partake or participate in what he called “this voodoo-like black arts ritual” of rubbing on and sprinkling the ashes. He instructed the people not to partake in these purification rituals. Jeremiah and the rebels did not accept the Lord moving in this way, saying it was all just a farce and a scam by us to deceive the people. They said the town was safe and had not been truly polluted by radiation. I said if they wanted to believe that, that it was their own business.

We proceeded into the town, some by faith that the Lord was cleansing it, some timid and wondering if they might soon die from radiation poisoning, and some rebellious and not believing. We cleansed the area with the ashes of the sign, and some of the homes had wells that we also sanctified with ashes and prayed over.

At first the people were afraid to touch anything, but as our needs were great, they eventually began to plunder the buildings. We were soon able to secure enough clothing, cooking pots and kitchenware to meet our



immediate needs. I suggested that the people move into any house that they felt the Lord was giving them.

Within a week, those who had not participated in the cleansing, nor believed that the Lord had purified the place with the ashes, were beginning to show signs of suffering from radiation. I again asked the Lord for His healing help. He simply told me to give them water from the wells and they would recover. Those who believed and drank recovered, but those who refused died quickly, including Jeremiah, and we had our first group burial. We lost about one third of our population due to radiation poisoning. Somehow the Lord was keeping the rest of us alive and well in the midst of lethal amounts of radiation.

A few arguments broke out over ownership of houses and they brought the matter to me, but I quickly saw that these were decisions for others to be concerned with. I confirmed the leaders that I had appointed for every ten team members, though most groups had become considerably fewer in number due to the radiation testing. These would counsel together and decide what fair allocations would be. Thomas and I had decided that tents would be sufficient for us to live in. I scheduled that evening for a talk about covetousness. My knowledge of the Bible served me well, as I remembered the verse, "Thou shalt not covet; and if there be any other commandment, it is briefly comprehended in this saying, namely, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself."⁴⁶

There was a small church building there, and a team of scroungers was the first to discover them—a whole box of Bibles. I nearly wept for joy. There were enough to give one to each of the group leaders. There were even some in Arabic, Spanish and Chinese, for those whose native language was not English. From that time on we had regular Bible classes, and the people were able to read for themselves how Elisha and Moses had done similar things to purify the wells.⁴⁷ We were living Bible stories, having our faith tested, and we were overcoming. My own reputation and Thomas' received a tremendous boost when the people realized that I had not just been making all this stuff up, but that others had already been through similar circumstances.

31. The Time of the End

I knew from Scripture that without a vision the people would soon perish.⁴⁸ Every day we spent some time studying the Word, as the Lord had so miraculously provided it

“Although the Bible begins with Genesis, to get a good foundation of Jesus’ life and our salvation, I suggest you start by reading the book of John,” I told the first Bible class. The members of the town were enthusiastic readers, learners and studiers, and we had some good classes together.

Seeing how very receptive most of them were to the message from the Bible, I considered printing a summary of the things we were learning and distributing it to all who desired their own copies. Thomas was very excited about that and began at once to try to revive an old printing press we had found in the basement of one of the town’s houses. But printing had gone the way of the dinosaur some years back, when the world went digital and had neural transponders installed in many people. There was little need for hard copies of printed material anymore. The production of paper was a lost art, since it was so dependent on trees, which had become more protected by laws and regulations than people were, since the destruction of the rainforest and the Chinese tree virus that wiped out a third of the trees on the planet.

But in spite of all that, we found quite a few reams of paper that the former tenants had not used, although there were a lot of little holes in it where paper-loving creatures had eaten away at the stock. We found ink in bottles, and plate-making materials, but we soon realized that we did not have the right materials to begin printing, and for the most part the materials we needed did not exist anymore. Printing was a dead technology, a thing of the past. Like so many other things, progress had rendered it useless and soon had driven it into extinction.

Several people were still proficient at handwriting; the younger ones not so much, as digital technology had mostly replaced the need

for it. People in this day were typing, texting, dictating, videoing, and however else they could communicate without actually writing it down. I remember many years ago reading an article about the question of whether, with all the new digital technology, it was still necessary to teach handwriting in school. It seems they basically decided that, no, it was not necessary. Fortunately, some of the people who could write volunteered to make written notes of the most important classes and pass them around for others to read.

We were fortunate that our forest had been exposed to radiation which killed the Chinese tree virus. I won't bore you with my reminiscing about the way things were in the past, or I will get into all the things I missed from the old days—like seeing honey bees and apple trees. We used to have a saying that there was no use in crying over spilled milk. Well, in these days, if you could even find a bottle of real milk for sale, you would cry. Most people had to be satisfied with synthetic milk substitutes.

Our world had changed so much in the past twenty years, and the reporting of news was now so tightly censored and controlled by the powers that be that it was hard to really know what the truth was. Although written centuries before, the Bible had become my daily guide book and source of information, and it was becoming more relevant and applicable with every passing day.

Thomas was asking me how come the Bible seemed to tell us everything that the Beast was doing or planning. He commented that he could understand it now, but when he read it before when he was younger, he did not understand it.

“Well, Thomas, it seems that the Lord wanted to keep the meaning of His words of prophecy somewhat hidden from anyone of wicked intent, but open to those who would believe. When He gave this prophecy to Daniel through the angel Gabriel He said, ‘But thou, O Daniel, shut up the words, and seal the book, even to the time of the end: many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased.’⁴⁹

“And it is a sign, Thomas, that we are in the ‘time of the end’ because these words are now being opened to us. Even Jesus masked

some of what He was saying to a crowd by speaking in parables, so that only those who were truly His sheep could understand Him, with a little help from God. Isaiah says that God had to render the heart of the people insensitive, their ears dull and their eyes dim⁵⁰ to keep evil persons from understanding.

“And Jesus said, ‘For judgment I am come into this world, that they which see not might see; and that they which see might be made blind.’⁵¹

“We don’t know what His complete plans are, but we know that it will all work out. He said, ‘For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts.’”⁵²

32. War in Heaven

They came in the night like a swarm of killer bees. They were dressed in black body protection gear with special masks protecting them from breathing in radioactive particles.

Thomas came to my tent and woke me with the first report of their attack. "Our defenses are down; the Devil is let loose among us. There are soldiers everywhere. Has God forsaken us and let them in?"

I answered, "No, we aren't doing anything wrong. In fact, this is a very good sign that the end is near, and the Devil is definitely losing and is very angry. The Bible says that there would be a great battle in Heaven between the Devil and all of his angels, and Michael and the armies of Heaven. They have fought a tremendous battle, and the Devil and his minions have lost, and they have been driven down to Earth. The Bible warns us that this will be a very difficult time for us, and that Satan will make war against us."⁵³

The soldiers were going house to house rounding up the "escapees" and not being gentle about it. A soldier opened my tent and ushered us out.

"I got two more trying to hide in this tent! I think this is the last of them!" he called to his companions.

"Okay, get them all together and ready for the pick up! I'll let them know they can come and get them!"

A few minutes later I could hear the sound of the TC425s coming down to pick us up. As soon as the machines landed they started loading us into them, but first checking us all over with special handheld radiation devices to see what our contamination levels were. All the readings were so high that the soldiers were reluctant to ride in the same compartments as we were in. They ordered us to replace our clothes with jumpsuits marked TERMINATE. Our former clothes were burned immediately for fear of the radiation.

"Where are they taking us?" Thomas asked.

"I can't be sure, but I suspect we are going right to the Beast's great city, Babylon, for a quick public trial and execution. I suppose that

with our radiation readings so high, we have literally become ‘too hot to handle’ and they will want to get rid of us quickly.”

My suspicions were correct. After a few hours of huddling together in the darkened compartment, we saw the great city below us—**Babylon!**

33. Babylon

The Beast's great central city. Many of us who had studied God's Word about the Endtime called it "Babylon the Whore" (one Bible translation called it the Notorious Prostitute)⁵⁴ because of the evil that was done there, and the amount of international trade going on there. The city had taken on the persona of a fallen woman, so that we actually thought of it as a person who rode on the back of the Beast. There was incredible corruption, and blasphemy was rampant there, because the whole city was given over to worshipping the Beast and his god of forces. We landed near a large stadium and were herded into what appeared to be common cattle pens.

It was almost a superstitious ritual with the beastly government that they must make blood sacrifices to the god of forces in order to keep the plagues that were happening elsewhere from happening here. He staged so many public executions here that he had built special facilities just to show the world. These public executions had become a prime attraction for visitors to the city, and all you needed to be a spectator was the mark of the Beast in your hand or in your forehead. It seemed that the city was drunk with the blood of saints and martyrs for Jesus and anyone else who seemed to disagree with the Beast's counterfeit representation of god.

We who would not worship the Beast were let in free. This was to be one of the biggest public executions as many more Christians and rebels had been discovered, and it seemed like the whole city was jubilant and had turned out to watch. Several dignitaries from countries around the world were there too. It was every bit the specter of a Roman arena, complete with Christians. It had become so common an occurrence and people had become so desensitized to killing that entire sections of the bleachers were occupied by eager school children.

"Will God rescue us?" someone asked me hopefully.

"I believe He will rescue us, but not in the way we might expect. I believe that this is to be our final witness on Earth."

“Come out of her, my people,” says the verse, “that ye be not partakers of her sins, and that ye receive not of her plagues.”⁵⁵

Well, we were certainly obeying the Lord on that. Our captors were about to make sure we leave Babylon, albeit headless, so we had few worries about partaking of her sins. “Babylon the great is fallen, is fallen, and is become the habitation of devils, and the hold of every foul spirit, and a cage of every unclean and hateful bird.”⁵⁶

I discreetly took out my secretly stashed copy of the Bible. It had been so confusing when they ordered us to strip and put on the colorful jumpsuits, that the soldiers had not noticed when I concealed it under my arm. I shared a verse with our team, “I saw the souls of those who had been beheaded for their witness to Jesus, and for the word of God, who had not worshipped the beast or his image, and had not received his mark upon their foreheads or in their hands. And they lived and reigned with Christ for a thousand years.”⁵⁷ The Bible verses were so specific that they virtually gave us a play by play account of all that was happening or about to happen.

“God always has His perfect reasons for doing things and for the way He does them,” I continued. “I don’t understand it, but we may be killed today to be a help to those who have already been killed here. This is what the Bible says:

“I saw under the altar the souls of them that were slain for the word of God, and for the testimony which they held: And they cried with a loud voice, saying, how long, O Lord, holy and true, dost thou not judge and avenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth? And white robes were given unto every one of them; and it was said unto them that they should rest for a little season, until [we] their fellowservants also and their brethren, that should be killed as they were, should be fulfilled.”⁵⁸

“But wouldn’t it be better to let us live to be His witnesses?” Thomas asked imploringly.

“God sometimes removes the righteous to save them from the evil to come. ‘The righteous perishes, and no man layeth it to heart: and

merciful men are taken away, none considering that the righteous is taken away from the evil to come.”⁵⁹

“What more evil could there be?” Thomas said, gesturing to the horrors going on all around us.

“This whole city is to be burned with fire. There is a verse about her destruction that says that the merchants who have gotten rich by trading with her shall stand away from her for fear and watch the smoke of her burning and cry, ‘Alas, alas that great city was destroyed in one hour.’ And an angel will cast a great stone into the sea and say that with violence shall the great city Babylon be thrown down, and be found no more at all.”⁶⁰

A huge cry went up from the stands. Apparently they weren’t killing us fast enough to please the crowd so they decided to use multiple executioners. The fastest man at chopping off heads won the praises of the crowd. Thomas and I and the others were in line to be beheaded and now the line was moving faster. I wanted Thomas to hear one more verse before his execution. By now we were both crying. I hugged him closely.

“These are the last tears we will shed on Earth,” I told him, “for God has promised us that He will wipe away every tear from our eyes; and there will be no more death, or mourning, or crying, or pain.”⁶¹ ‘He will swallow up death for all time, And the Lord God will wipe tears away from all faces.’”⁶²

My mind pondered a collection of other verses about the time we were living in. “These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. They are before the throne of God, and serve him day and night. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst anymore. The Lamb shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters. Here are they that keep the commandments of God, and the faith of Jesus. Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them.”⁶³

Then I saw the man of sin himself standing on the central podium. It was the vile one himself, the man of perdition, but what a roar of

acknowledgment he received from the crowd. Interloper, the man-god himself, was very used to performing before crowds; he wore a long black silk cape with a broad red hem, which he flourished around him for extra effect.

34. Sackcloth Prophets

I suddenly felt very tired and weak. There were TV news cameras from every part of the globe. We were all to be beheaded here in this public square and our heads put up for all to see and be warned of what would happen to them should any waver in their dedication to the Beast.

To our surprise, they then called a halt to the beheading. But it was only to call attention to the giant TV screen that was showing a current development in Jerusalem. It was meant as a further victory display to emphasize more to the crowd that the Beast had complete control. They showed us live footage of two more members of our “fanatic cult.” These two people were constantly interfering with the Beast’s public demonstrations of his powers, but they were invulnerable and impossible to kill. I remember hearing of one incident where the Beast had sent in a battalion of soldiers to shoot them on sight, but the soldiers had become disoriented and started shooting each other instead. For God had protected them with this unique ability: whatever device or evil plan was employed to destroy them, the perpetrators themselves would soon be killed in the same way.

On the screen we saw that troops had them trapped in an alley and were closing in on them. The commentator was explaining how they would be captured within moments, when suddenly fire seemed to pour out of their mouths and destroyed the black-shirted troopers sent to apprehend them.

The Bible foretold that there would come two prophets dressed in sackcloth, and that they would greatly torment the Beast and his kingdom for 1,260 days. I said to Thomas, “God gives them this power of fire to destroy their enemies. They also have power to turn water to blood and cause droughts by stopping the rain, and cause all sorts of plagues as often as they want.”⁶⁴

Thomas was amazed that the Bible foretold the coming of such a powerful pair. He exclaimed that they were like living X-Men of the

now defunct American movie industry. How prophetic some of these fabricated fantasy films from the past were.

“Were the films of God or Satan?” Thomas asked.

I had to admit that both sides had used them to prepare the hearts of people for the things that were coming on the earth. Satan had used his films to forecast the things he was going to do and the Lord used these films to get people prepared for seeing and believing in the things of the spirit world. But these two people were exceptional in that they were “the two anointed ones, that stand beside the Lord of the whole earth.”⁶⁵

The TV operators cut the live feed after the flame throwing scene, and announced that the program was interrupted due to technical difficulties, but mentioned that these two criminals would soon be destroyed before they could do any more harm or further terrorize the citizens in the realm of our “beloved” Guardian.

I was very thankful to have known the Bible verses that told us what would happen next. The Bible tells us that yes, the Beast will kill these two witnesses, but afterwards they will lie in the streets of Jerusalem for three-and-a-half days, because the Beast obviously wanted everyone in the world to know that he was victorious over them. While he is gloating, the Spirit of God will breathe life into them and they will rise again! And God will call them into Heaven, and the cameras focused on them as they lie there will record their triumphant return to life. Everyone will see them rise up and disappear in the clouds.⁶⁶

35. Our Glorious End

Then there was a blast of trumpets and another tribute to the Beast and his god of forces for overcoming this evil, and for protecting the general public from these crazed mutant rebels. The plagues these prophets caused were affecting everyone. These two prophets had been totally maligned by the Beast in the media, and were seen everywhere as being evil, and the forces of the Beast, good, trying their best to restore peace and safety and protect the public.

And now we had to face death ourselves for our treasonous acts against the “good” forces of the Beast who wanted to make an example of us to the whole world.

“But does this mean that the Devil is winning and we are going to lose to the Beast and his god of forces? Have we been fighting him in vain?”

“Do not be deceived, Thomas, our death today is a great victory.”

“But what happens to Satan and to the Beast and his false prophet?”

“Here, read it for yourself in Revelation 19.” He fumbled a bit trying to remember where the book of Revelation was, but he soon remembered it was the last book in the Bible and quickly located chapter 19 and read.

““And the beast was taken, and with him the false prophet that wrought miracles before him, with which he deceived them that had received the mark of the beast, and them that worshipped his image. These both were cast alive into a lake of fire burning with brimstone.””⁶⁷

I flipped to two more verses for him to read: ‘And then shall that Wicked be revealed, whom the Lord shall consume with the spirit of his mouth, and shall destroy with the brightness of his coming.’

““And the devil that deceived them was cast into the lake of fire and brimstone, where the beast and the false prophet are, and shall be tormented day and night for ever and ever.””⁶⁸

He had just finished reading when a guard noticed us and yelled out, “Hey! There is a guy with a book!” They rushed at us like crazed wolves. Their radiation protective suits puffed out, making them look like spacemen. But try as they might they could not take the Bible from me for it seemed to burn their fingers right through their gloves when they touched it. “It’s the radiation!” one man screamed, and they all backed away.

I looked up at the giant display screen showing the audience a close-up view of our execution. Then when they put up the image of the Beast, the whole assembly stood up and beat their breasts and shouted, “Power to the lord of forces. Power to his name!”

There followed a huge fireworks display with appropriate oohs and ahhs from the crowd. Then a series of horns and trumpets announced that the executions were to begin again. I had lived a long and interesting life and had no regrets surrendering my life for Jesus.

A cameraman came up close to me and I saw myself on the big screen. I saw the perfect opportunity to give a final witness. “Citizens, you will be destroyed by fire and your great lord and leader will be cast into a lake of fire. Repent, I say! I go to my end with joy in my heart to have been considered worthy to die for Jesus.”

I could hear a voice announcing my many crimes, everything from witchcraft to sexual debauchery, and that I was the cult leader of a deranged group that had plotted to kill their leader. We heard boos and hisses, and a shower of garbage was thrown at us, along with cries to behead us. I smiled at Thomas, and he smiled back and seemed to have no more questions.

The crowd was calling “Burn them! Burn them!”—Meaning that the Beast should bring fire down to destroy us. Then the wanna-be-god himself appeared to take advantage of this occasion and announced that he had just such a special end planned for us. I could hear in my mind a small portion of an old song, “When you pass through the waters, I will be with you; and through the rivers, they shall not overwhelm you; when you walk through fire you shall not be burned, and the flame shall not consume you.”⁶⁹

The wanna-be-god held up his hands to the crowd for silence, then announced that he would do it. The crowd was cheering uproariously. They were particularly thrilled to get to see a live miracle performed by this pretender claiming to be God.

At the center of the space in front of the audience there was a special open pit with high walls that Thomas and I were lowered into. After a few prayers to his invisible god of forces he called on the audience to unite in prayer to cause the fire to come down and destroy us. "Oh great god of forces, send down your fire and rid us of these evil ones!"

The audience soon joined in on a chant, "Send the fire! Send the fire!" "Burn 'em!" "Scorch 'em!" "Torch 'em!"

Suddenly from the sky came a blaze of bright white light that totally engulfed us. I cannot say that I have ever seen or been in a fire such as fell upon us. The flames burned brightly all around us. Truly it was so hot and intense that I could not help but wonder if it was from the real God or not. The Bible says that God is a consuming fire.⁷⁰ There are several instances in the Bible where God brings down fire from Heaven, so this wanna-be god was doing a great job of imitating the real God in his campaign to win the world over to himself.

But the fire did nothing to our bodies, for we were surrounded by a soft white light. God had given us protection from the searing heat and caused us to shine with a brightness of His own. We began praising God and thanking Him for His intervention.

The bright burning light only lasted a few seconds, but to us it seemed like a long time. At last the fire stopped. To the audience's great surprise and the surprise of our would-be incinerator, we were left standing and praising our Lord. The audience was stunned, and the Beast was shamed before the crowd.

He at last spoke, saying that the god of forces must have gotten mixed messages from some people in the crowd to produce this unusual turn of events. The audience was obviously confused and disappointed that we seemed to be fireproof. We emerged unharmed, our clothing not even smoking. Unfortunately the guards who had



been standing around the rim of the pit were not so blessed. Like Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, we emerged unharmed from the fiery experience, but the guards were charred to ashes.⁷¹

I thought that the fire the Beast called down on us was hot, but I had not seen him angry. He absolutely fumed to see that we had not been burned. He immediately called for our beheading. He attempted to make a joke out of the whole thing by saying, "Well if they won't burn, let's see how they do without their heads."

They made us line up in groups of ten and kneel down. They had a long chopping block that we lay our heads on. It was splattered with blood and revolting to touch. I tried to think of St. Paul and John the Baptist and asked that they be with us and help us through the ordeal.

There was a moment of pain and panic when they cut off my head, then blackness as my body experienced dying. Death had always been such a big deal to me that I was surprised at how easily it came. And singing was the first thing I heard as I adjusted to the experience of being alive in a new dimension. My body seemed to be renewed and felt light and young again. And there was a surprising number of people that I knew come to greet me. The next thing I knew was that I was standing beside my fallen body. I marveled to see the host of heavenly witnesses that surrounded us. I could see into both worlds. They were all cheering as a great light from above shone upon us. The true Lord, the Lord of life and the universe Himself, had come to receive us.

As He drew closer I could see into His eyes. For an instant I felt the sharp pain of knowing how often I had fallen short of His love, but that feeling soon passed as His love enveloped me and filled me. It was wonderful to at last be free from the restrictions, fears and shackles I had become used to in what I called life. The noise of the crowds no longer filled my ears. The trials of life seemed so small and petty now as I began to embrace loved ones who stood all around me. There was my grandmother who I had never known on earth but had always wanted to meet, and there were my own dear parents and friends. At last I could apologize for all the times I had been less than loving to

them. My body was different but somehow it felt real and I was crying and experiencing waves of emotion as I bathed in the beauty of the light pouring down all around us. This light was completely different from the blast of light we had survived earlier. It was the light of God's presence, full of grace and truth. I felt my body being lifted up by it and drawn to its source. All condemnation and sadness were washed away in its purity and truth. My old life looked so transient and temporary. At last I was coming home—my real Home. It seemed that I had been gone for a very long time but a wonderful feeling of peace and rest filled me. Many others from our camp were there, too, and I looked around to see if Thomas had been taken up also. There he was, his face bright and beautiful, filled with love and understanding. Somehow, somewhere in the transformation our jumpsuits had been replaced by glorious white gowns.

In the background I could see seven angels carrying large containers which I assumed contained the wrath of God, and I knew that the beasts and the crazy world they had created was about to be judged. Once those containers were poured out, it meant painful sores would be on anyone who had the mark of the Beast, the sea would be turned to the blood, there would be a scorching heat from the sun, terrible darkness on the kingdom of the Beast, waters would dry up, there would be lightning and great earthquakes, hailstones weighing 75 pounds, and Babylon would receive the fierceness of God's wrath.⁷²

And beyond that, I could make out the preparations for the battle of Armageddon. If I had any notion that I would have nothing to do in Heaven, that all changed in a matter of minutes of being there. Not that I could tell in earthly terms how long this initial encounter was, because they seemed to be measuring time as a series of events that were about to happen: Jesus' return, the rapture, the wedding feast, the seven vials of wrath poured out, the battle of Armageddon, the Millennium, a little season when Satan is released then thrown in the lake of fire, the Great White Throne Judgment, and eternity. These are probably the most exciting times in history for Christians—plus we have a very thrilling eternity to look forward to!

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Allan W. Trenholm grew up on a farm in western Canada. He began teaching at 19. By 25 he had his degree and a few years of experience as a teacher and school administrator. Outwardly his life seemed promising and predictable, but he found himself increasingly despondent and in want of answers to life. When the son of a close colleague committed suicide, Allan was devastated.

Shortly afterwards, in the summer of 1972, Allan was awakened by a Presence that told him to drive onto the freeway and there he “would be delivered”. Once there, Allan felt urged to pick up some hitchhikers, who turned out to be traveling missionaries. He soon discovered that the “Presence” he had felt was Jesus, and he gladly received Him as his Savior. From then on his life was transformed and set on a new course.

For almost 40 years, Allan and his wife, his sweetheart of college days, journeyed across four continents, living and working as volunteers, missionaries, educators and writers.

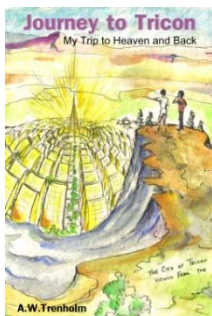
They now live in Canada where Allan continues writing both novels and educational material.



OTHER BOOKS BY A. W. TRENHOLM

The following books are available through the sites listed below.

JOURNEY TO TRICON



What's this book about?

Have you ever imagined stepping through some mysterious portal and suddenly finding yourself in another world, another dimension? Journey to Tricon is an account of what actually happened to me. What amazing truths would we discover if we could communicate with someone good and godly from that mysterious spiritual realm now hidden from us. What if we, by believing, could cross over the threshold dividing time from eternity? I have no explanation for this or how I could possibly be two people in two entirely different places at the same time, or any of the other equally unusual occurrences and encounters I have recorded here. I believe that there is much more to this life and our life to come in Heaven than we realize or imagine. I also believe we do not have much longer to wait before the portal dividing our worlds opens. -- A. W. Trenholm

eBook:

Amazon: http://www.amazon.com/Journey-Tricon-Trip-Heaven-ebook/dp/B00B7VXSU0/ref=sr_1_1?ie=UTF8&qid=1359568507&sr=8-1&keywords=journey+to+tricon

Barnes & Noble: <http://www.barnesandnoble.com/w/journey-to-tricon-aw-trenholm/1114267367?ean=2940015974515>

Audio Book:

Audiobooks.net:

<http://www.audiobooks.net/search/book/jOURNEY%20TO%20TRICON>

iTunes: <https://itunes.apple.com/us/artist/a.-w.-trenholm/id627784439>

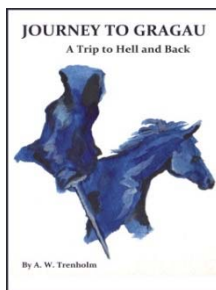
Physical CD:

Blackstone Audio:

<http://www.blackstonelibrary.com/keywordsearch/result/search/?refinements=&q=Journey+to+Tricon>

JOURNEY TO GRAGAU

What's this book about?



Over forty years as a missionary traveling through four continents has brought me in contact with many divergent doctrines and often misrepresentations of about the existence, nature, and purpose for Hell.

Hell is popularly represented as a place of eternal suffering for anyone sent there. In this journey to Hell, unlike in Dante's trip to the Inferno, I was directed by what the Bible actually says about Hell, and had a very lovely and knowledgeable guide to escort me.

I discovered Hell to be vastly different from what I had been led to expect, and came to realize that lot of my preconceived notions about the Devil and the eternal fate of souls sent there are not as fixed as imagined. To my surprise, demons were not confined to a burning lake of fire, in fact no one was, at least not yet.

-- A. W. Trenholm

eBook:

Amazon: <http://www.amazon.com/Journey-Gragau-Trip-Hell-Back/dp/1482961407>

Barnes and Noble: <http://www.barnesandnoble.com/w/journey-to-gragau-aw-trenholm/1116903656>

Audio Book:

Audiobooks: <http://www.audiobooks.net/audiobook/journey-to-gragau-a-trip-to-hell-and-back/204968>

iTunes: <https://itunes.apple.com/us/artist/a.-w.-trenholm/id627784439>

Physical CD:

Blackstone Audio:
<http://www.blackstonelibrary.com/keywordsearch/result/search/?refinements=&q=journey+to+gragau>

ENDNOTES

1. 2 Corinthians 4:16 For which cause we faint not; but though our outward man perish, yet the inward man is renewed day by day.

2. 1 Samuel 16:7 But the LORD said unto Samuel, Look not on his countenance, or on the height of his stature; because I have refused him: for the LORD seeth not as man seeth; for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the LORD looketh on the heart.

3. Luke 6:20-24 (NKJV) ²⁰Blessed are you poor, For yours is the kingdom of God. ²¹Blessed are you who hunger now, For you shall be filled. Blessed are you who weep now, For you shall laugh. ²²Blessed are you when men hate you, And when they exclude you, And revile you, and cast out your name as evil, For the Son of Man's sake. ²³ Rejoice in that day and leap for joy! For indeed your reward is great in heaven, ²⁴ But woe to you who are rich, For you have received your consolation.

4. Matthew 24:6-8 And ye shall hear of wars and rumours of wars: see that ye be not troubled: for all these things must come to pass, but the end is not yet. ⁷For nation shall rise against nation, and kingdom against kingdom: and there shall be famines, and pestilences, and earthquakes, in divers places. All these are the beginning of sorrows.

5. Daniel 11:32 And such as do wickedly against the covenant shall he corrupt by flatteries: but the people that do know their God shall be strong, and do exploits.

Revelation 13:5-7 ⁵ And there was given unto him a mouth speaking great things and blasphemies; and power was given unto him to continue forty and two months. ⁶And he opened his mouth in blasphemy against God, to blaspheme his name, and his tabernacle, and them that dwell in heaven. ⁷And it was given unto him to make war with the saints, and to overcome them: and power was given him over all kindreds, and tongues, and nations.

6. 2 Kings 1:10 And Elijah answered and said to the captain of fifty, If I be a man of God, then let fire come down from heaven, and consume thee and thy fifty. And there came down fire from heaven, and consumed him and his fifty.

7. John 8:44 Ye are of your father the devil, and the lusts of your father ye will do. He was a murderer from the beginning, and abode not in the truth, because there is no truth in him. When he speaketh a lie, he speaketh of his own: for he is a liar, and the father of it.

8. Mark 13:22 (NKJV) For false christs and false prophets will rise and show signs and wonders to deceive, if possible, even the elect.

9. Matthew 24:5 For many shall come in my name, saying, I am Christ; and shall deceive many.

10. 2 Thessalonians 2:9-11 ⁹Even him, whose coming is after the working of Satan with all power and signs and lying wonders, ¹⁰And with all deceivableness of unrighteousness in them that perish; because they received not the love of the truth, that they might be saved. ¹¹And for this cause God shall send them strong delusion, that they should believe a lie:

11. Matthew 7:22, 23 ²²Many will say to me in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name? and in thy name have cast out devils? and in thy name done many wonderful works? ²³And then will I profess unto them, I never knew you: depart from me, ye that work iniquity.

12. Revelation 13:4 And they worshipped the dragon which gave power unto the beast: and they worshipped the beast, saying, Who is like unto the beast? who is able to make war with him?

13. Revelation 13:17 And that no man might buy or sell, save he that had the mark, or the name of the beast, or the number of his name.

14. Matthew 24:2 And Jesus said unto them, See ye not all these things? verily I say unto you, There shall not be left here one stone upon another, that shall not be thrown down.

15. Daniel 11:31 And arms shall stand on his part, and they shall pollute the sanctuary of strength, and shall take away the daily sacrifice, and they shall place the abomination that maketh desolate.

Daniel 12:11 And from the time that the daily sacrifice shall be taken away, and the abomination that maketh desolate set up, there shall be a thousand two hundred and ninety days.

16. Amos 8:11 Behold, the days come, saith the Lord GOD, that I will send a famine in the land, not a famine of bread, nor a thirst for water, but of hearing the words of the LORD:

17. Machiavellian: using clever lies and tricks in order to get or achieve something; clever and dishonest.

18. Daniel 8, 9, 11 (See Bible.); **Revelation 12, 13** (See Bible.)

19. Matthew 17:24-27 ²⁴And when they were come to Capernaum, they that received tribute money came to Peter, and said, Doth not your master pay tribute? ²⁵He saith, Yes. And when he was come into the house, Jesus prevented him, saying, What thinkest thou, Simon? of whom do the kings of the earth take custom

or tribute? of their own children, or of strangers? ²⁶Peter saith unto him, Of strangers. Jesus saith unto him, Then are the children free. ²⁷Notwithstanding, lest we should offend them, go thou to the sea, and cast an hook, and take up the fish that first cometh up; and when thou hast opened his mouth, thou shalt find a piece of money: that take, and give unto them for me and thee.

Matthew 22:17-21 ¹⁷Tell us therefore, What thinkest thou? Is it lawful to give tribute unto Caesar, or not? ¹⁸But Jesus perceived their wickedness, and said, Why tempt ye me, ye hypocrites? ¹⁹Shew me the tribute money. And they brought unto him a penny. ²⁰And he saith unto them, Whose is this image and superscription? ²¹They say unto him, Caesar's. Then saith he unto them, Render therefore unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's; and unto God the things that are God's.

20. John 10:27-29 ²⁷My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me: ²⁸And I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand. ²⁹My Father, which gave them me, is greater than all; and no man is able to pluck them out of my Father's hand.

Psalms 116:8, 9 ⁸For thou hast delivered my soul from death, mine eyes from tears, and my feet from falling. ⁹I will walk before the LORD in the land of the living.

Psalms 145:19 He will fulfil the desire of them that fear him: he will also hear their cry, and will save them.

Isaiah 43:1b, 2 ^{1b}Fear not: for I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine. ²When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee.

21. Revelation 12:14 And to the woman were given two wings of a great eagle, that she might fly into the wilderness, into her place, where she is nourished for a time, and times, and half a time, from the face of the serpent.

22. Matthew 10:28 And fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul: but rather fear him which is able to destroy both soul and body in hell.

23. Psalm 27:2 When the wicked, even mine enemies and my foes, came upon me to eat up my flesh, they stumbled and fell.

24. Revelation 9:13-21 ¹³And the sixth angel sounded, and I heard a voice from the four horns of the golden altar which is before God, ¹⁴Saying to the sixth angel which had the trumpet, Loose the four angels which are bound in the great river Euphrates [*fallen angels*]. ¹⁵And the four angels were loosed, which were prepared for an hour, and a day, and a month, and a year, for to slay the third part of men. ¹⁶And the number of the army of the horsemen were two hundred thousand

thousand: and I heard the number of them. ¹⁷And thus I saw the horses in the vision, and them that sat on them, having breastplates of fire, and of jacinth, and brimstone: and the heads of the horses were as the heads of lions; and out of their mouths issued fire and smoke and brimstone. ¹⁸By these three was the third part of men killed, by the fire, and by the smoke, and by the brimstone, which issued out of their mouths. ¹⁹For their power is in their mouth, and in their tails: for their tails were like unto serpents, and had heads, and with them they do hurt. ²⁰And the rest of the men which were not killed by these plagues yet repented not of the works of their hands, that they should not worship devils, and idols of gold, and silver, and brass, and stone, and of wood: which neither can see, nor hear, nor walk: ²¹Neither repented they of their murders, nor of their sorceries, nor of their fornication, nor of their thefts.

25. Ecclesiastes 11:1 Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days.

26. Psalm 118:6 The LORD is on my side; I will not fear: what can man do unto me?

27. Psalm 27:1 The LORD is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? the LORD is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?

28. Psalm 27:3 Though an host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear: though war should rise against me, in this will I be confident.

29. Acts 16:23-34 ²³And when they had laid many stripes upon them, they cast them into prison, charging the jailor to keep them safely: ²⁴Who, having received such a charge, thrust them into the inner prison, and made their feet fast in the stocks. ²⁵And at midnight Paul and Silas prayed, and sang praises unto God: and the prisoners heard them. ²⁶And suddenly there was a great earthquake, so that the foundations of the prison were shaken: and immediately all the doors were opened, and every one's bands were loosed. ²⁷And the keeper of the prison awaking out of his sleep, and seeing the prison doors open, he drew out his sword, and would have killed himself, supposing that the prisoners had been fled. ²⁸But Paul cried with a loud voice, saying, Do thyself no harm: for we are all here. ²⁹Then he called for a light, and sprang in, and came trembling, and fell down before Paul and Silas, ³⁰And brought them out, and said, Sirs, what must I do to be saved? ³¹And they said, Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house. ³²And they spake unto him the word of the Lord, and to all that were in his house. ³³And he took them the same hour of the night, and washed their stripes; and was baptized, he and all his, straightway. ³⁴And when he had brought them into his house, he set meat before them, and rejoiced, believing in God with all his house.

30. Acts 16:31 And they said, Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved, and thy house.

31. Luke 11:21 When a strong man armed keepeth his palace, his goods are in peace:

32. Genesis 1:26, 27 ²⁶And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness: and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth. ²⁷So God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them.

33. Proverbs 8:1-4, 22 ¹Doth not wisdom cry? and understanding put forth her voice? ²She standeth in the top of high places, by the way in the places of the paths. ³She crieth at the gates, at the entry of the city, at the coming in at the doors. ⁴Unto you, O men, I call; and my voice is to the sons of man. ²²The LORD possessed me in the beginning of his way, before his works of old.

34. Daniel 11:33a And they that understand among the people shall instruct many:

35. Psalm 91:2, 4, 5 ²I will say of the LORD, He is my refuge and my fortress: my God; in him will I trust. ⁴He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust: his truth shall be thy shield and buckler. ⁵Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day;

Psalm 118:6 The LORD is on my side; I will not fear: what can man do unto me?

36. John 20:29 Jesus saith unto him, Thomas, because thou hast seen me, thou hast believed: blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed.

37. Proverbs 21:1 The king's heart is in the hand of the LORD, as the rivers of water: he turneth it whithersoever he will.

38. Luke 22:51 And Jesus answered and said, Suffer ye thus far. And he touched his ear, and healed him.

39. Deuteronomy 29:5 And I have led you forty years in the wilderness: your clothes are not waxen old upon you, and thy shoe is not waxen old upon thy foot.

40. Philippians 4:19 But my God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus.

41. Mark 8:2-9 ²I have compassion on the multitude, because they have now been with me three days, and have nothing to eat: ³And if I send them away fasting to their own houses, they will faint by the way: for divers of them came from far. ⁴And his disciples answered him, From whence can a man satisfy these men with bread here in the wilderness? ⁵And he asked them, How many loaves have ye?

And they said, Seven. ⁶And he commanded the people to sit down on the ground: and he took the seven loaves, and gave thanks, and brake, and gave to his disciples to set before them; and they did set them before the people. ⁷And they had a few small fishes: and he blessed, and commanded to set them also before them. ⁸So they did eat, and were filled: and they took up of the broken meat that was left seven baskets. ⁹And they that had eaten were about four thousand: and he sent them away.

Luke 9:12-17 ¹²And when the day began to wear away, then came the twelve, and said unto him, Send the multitude away, that they may go into the towns and country round about, and lodge, and get victuals: for we are here in a desert place. ¹³But he said unto them, Give ye them to eat. And they said, We have no more but five loaves and two fishes; except we should go and buy meat for all this people. ¹⁴For they were about five thousand men. And he said to his disciples, Make them sit down by fifties in a company. ¹⁵And they did so, and made them all sit down. ¹⁶Then he took the five loaves and the two fishes, and looking up to heaven, he blessed them, and brake, and gave to the disciples to set before the multitude. ¹⁷And they did eat, and were all filled: and there was taken up of fragments that remained to them twelve baskets.

42. Jeremiah 27:8 The nation and kingdom which will not serve...the king of Babylon, and that will not put their neck under the yoke of the king of Babylon, that nation will I punish, saith the Lord, with the sword, and with famine, and with the pestilence, until I have consumed them by his hand.

43. Jude 1:16 These are murmurers, complainers, walking after their own lusts; and their mouth speaketh great swelling words, having men's persons in admiration because of advantage.

44. Revelation 12:6 And the woman fled into the wilderness, where she hath a place prepared of God, that they should feed her there a thousand two hundred and threescore days.

45. Mark 16:18 They shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing, it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover.

46. Romans 13:9b Thou shalt not covet; and if there be any other commandment, it is briefly comprehended in this saying, namely, Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.

47. Exodus 15:23-26 ²³And when they came to Marah, they could not drink of the waters of Marah, for they were bitter: therefore the name of it was called Marah. ²⁴And the people murmured against Moses, saying, What shall we drink? ²⁵And he cried unto the Lord; and the Lord shewed him a tree, which when he had cast into the waters, the waters were made sweet: there he made for them a statute and an ordinance, and there he proved them, ²⁶And said, If thou wilt diligently hearken to

the voice of the Lord thy God, and wilt do that which is right in his sight, and wilt give ear to his commandments, and keep all his statutes, I will put none of these diseases upon thee, which I have brought upon the Egyptians: for I am the Lord that healeth thee.

2 Kings 2:19-22 ¹⁹And the men of the city said unto Elisha, Behold, I pray thee, the situation of this city is pleasant, as my lord seeth: but the water is naught, and the ground barren. ²⁰And he said, Bring me a new cruse, and put salt therein. And they brought it to him. ²¹And he went forth unto the spring of the waters, and cast the salt in there, and said, Thus saith the LORD, I have healed these waters; there shall not be from thence any more death or barren land. ²²So the waters were healed unto this day, according to the saying of Elisha which he spake.

48. Proverbs 29:18 Where there is no vision, the people perish: but he that keepeth the law, happy is he.

49. Daniel 12:4 But thou, O Daniel, shut up the words, and seal the book, even to the time of the end: many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased.

50. Isaiah 6:10 (NASB) Render the hearts of this people insensitive, Their ears dull, And their eyes dim, Otherwise they might see with their eyes, Hear with their ears, Understand with their hearts, And return and be healed.

51. John 9:39 And Jesus said, For judgment I am come into this world, that they which see not might see; and that they which see might be made blind.

52. Isaiah 55:9 For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts

53. Revelation 12:7, 8 ⁷And there was war in heaven: Michael and his angels fought against the dragon; and the dragon fought and his angels, ⁸And prevailed not; neither was their place found any more in heaven.

54. Revelation 17:1 (TLB) One of the seven angels who had poured out the plagues came over and talked with me. "Come with me," he said, "and I will show you what is going to happen to the Notorious Prostitute, who sits upon the many waters of the world."

55. Revelation 18:4 And I heard another voice from heaven, saying, Come out of her, my people, that ye be not partakers of her sins, and that ye receive not of her plagues.

56. Revelation 18:2 And he cried mightily with a strong voice, saying, Babylon the great is fallen, is fallen, and is become the habitation of devils, and the hold of every foul spirit, and a cage of every unclean and hateful bird.

57. Revelations 20:4b (NKJV) I saw the souls of those who had been beheaded for their witness to Jesus and for the word of God, who had not worshiped the beast or his image, and had not received his mark on their foreheads or on their hands. And they lived and reigned with Christ for a thousand years.

58. Revelation 6:9-11 ⁹And when he had opened the fifth seal, I saw under the altar the souls of them that were slain for the word of God, and for the testimony which they held: ¹⁰And they cried with a loud voice, saying, How long, O Lord, holy and true, dost thou not judge and avenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth? ¹¹And white robes were given unto every one of them; and it was said unto them, that they should rest yet for a little season, until their fellow servants also and their brethren, that should be killed as they were, should be fulfilled.

59. Isaiah 57:1 The righteous perisheth, and no man layeth it to heart: and merciful men are taken away, none considering that the righteous is taken away from the evil to come.

60. Revelation 18:16-21 ¹⁶And saying, Alas, alas, that great city, that was clothed in fine linen, and purple, and scarlet, and decked with gold, and precious stones, and pearls! ¹⁷For in one hour so great riches is come to nought. And every shipmaster, and all the company in ships, and sailors, and as many as trade by sea, stood afar off, ¹⁸And cried when they saw the smoke of her burning, saying, What city is like unto this great city! ¹⁹And they cast dust on their heads, and cried, weeping and wailing, saying, Alas, alas, that great city, wherein were made rich all that had ships in the sea by reason of her costliness! for in one hour is she made desolate. ²⁰Rejoice over her, thou heaven, and ye holy apostles and prophets; for God hath avenged you on her. ²¹And a mighty angel took up a stone like a great millstone, and cast it into the sea, saying, Thus with violence shall that great city Babylon be thrown down, and shall be found no more at all.

61. Revelation 21:4 And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away.

62. Isaiah 25:8 (NASB) He will swallow up death for all time, And the Lord God will wipe tears away from all faces, And He will remove the reproach of His people from all the earth; For the Lord has spoken.

63. Revelation 7:14-17 ¹⁴And I said unto him, Sir, thou knowest. And he said to me, These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. ¹⁵Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple: and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them. ¹⁶They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. ¹⁷For the Lamb which is in

the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.

Revelation 14:12, 13 ¹²Here is the patience of the saints: here are they that keep the commandments of God, and the faith of Jesus. ¹³And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, Write, Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them.

64. Revelation 11:3-6 ³And I will give power unto my two witnesses, and they shall prophesy a thousand two hundred and threescore days, clothed in sackcloth. ⁴These are the two olive trees, and the two candlesticks standing before the God of the earth. ⁵And if any man will hurt them, fire proceedeth out of their mouth, and devoureth their enemies: and if any man will hurt them, he must in this manner be killed. ⁶These have power to shut heaven, that it rain not in the days of their prophecy: and have power over waters to turn them to blood, and to smite the earth with all plagues, as often as they will.

65. Zechariah 4:11, 14 ¹¹Then answered I, and said unto him, What are these two olive trees upon the right side of the candlestick and upon the left side thereof? ¹⁴Then said he, These are the two anointed ones, that stand by the LORD of the whole earth.

66. Revelation 11:8-12 ⁸And their dead bodies shall lie in the street of the great city, which spiritually is called Sodom and Egypt, where also our Lord was crucified. ⁹And they of the people and kindreds and tongues and nations shall see their dead bodies three days and an half, and shall not suffer their dead bodies to be put in graves. ¹⁰And they that dwell upon the earth shall rejoice over them, and make merry, and shall send gifts one to another; because these two prophets tormented them that dwelt on the earth. ¹¹And after three days and an half the Spirit of life from God entered into them, and they stood upon their feet; and great fear fell upon them which saw them. ¹²And they heard a great voice from heaven saying unto them, Come up hither. And they ascended up to heaven in a cloud; and their enemies beheld them.

67. Revelation 19:20 And the beast was taken, and with him the false prophet that wrought miracles before him, with which he deceived them that had received the mark of the beast, and them that worshipped his image. These both were cast alive into a lake of fire burning with brimstone.

68. 2 Thessalonians 2:8-9 ⁸And then shall that Wicked be revealed, whom the Lord shall consume with the spirit of his mouth, and shall destroy with the brightness of his coming: ⁹Even him, whose coming is after the working of Satan with all power and signs and lying wonders.

Revelation 20:10 And the devil that deceived them was cast into the lake of fire and brimstone, where the beast and the false prophet are, and shall be tormented day and night for ever and ever.

69. Isaiah 43:1b, 2 ^{1b}Fear not: for I have redeemed thee, I have called thee by thy name; thou art mine. ²When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee: when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned; neither shall the flame kindle upon thee.

70. Hebrews 12:29 For our God is a consuming fire.

71. Daniel 3:20-22, 27 ²⁰And he commanded the most mighty men that were in his army to bind Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, and to cast them into the burning fiery furnace. ²¹Then these men were bound in their coats, their hosen, and their hats, and their other garments, and were cast into the midst of the burning fiery furnace. ²²Therefore because the king's commandment was urgent, and the furnace exceeding hot, the flame of the fire slew those men that took up Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego. ²⁷And the princes, governors, and captains, and the king's counsellors, being gathered together, saw these men, upon whose bodies the fire had no power, nor was an hair of their head singed, neither were their coats changed, nor the smell of fire had passed on them.

72. Revelation 16 (See Bible.)