



# **End Time America!**

**A Time to Stand**

**A Time to Flee**

**An End Time Prophetic Novel  
of intrigue devastation, hope, and revival**

**(Book # 2 of the Escape Series)**

**by Faith Honorof**

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## A Time to Stand A Time to Flee

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### Copyright page

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## The Beast government takes over America

“The ‘hunters’ have arrived!” Shimon Cohen cried out these words to his family and the Jewish community where he lived in America, (book one) but few listened. Some of his family escaped to Israel, but his grandson Michael Cohen and his wife and family stayed behind in America.

Great tragedy has now struck America, and as the economy collapsed following a physical disaster, and the dollar has greatly devalued, the Jewish people, once again, become a convenient scapegoat. And the virulent rise of anti-Semitism becomes a living nightmare.

Michael and his wife, Leah, not only fear the rise of this anti-Semitic threat, but now they must flee to save their sons from the bureaucratic system that wants to steal them from their parents and brain wash them into becoming anti-God compliant subjects of a one-world, demonic system. Will they even find a way back to Israel?

Eddie and Maria fear for their daughter, Abriel, when she suddenly becomes deathly sick from a school vaccination. What will they do when the neighborhood hospital and a one-world-beast system refuses to let her go home to her parents?

Will Adam find someone to expose the red sled project? Who is behind this evil plot to steal America’s children, and bring even greater darkness into the lives of American families. Will God answer the prayers of His people? And will He bring revival?

Fiction characters taken from true life experiences.

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## Acknowledgement Page

I want to thank my friends here in Israel, and also in America, who have encouraged me to complete this second book, that not only speaks of the need for the Jewish people in the United States to make aliyah to Israel, but also of the courageous stand that Bible believing Christians will be called to make in the very near future.

I want to thank my husband, Richard, for all of his editorial help and work, and the many good suggestions he has given me, while completing this book.

I also want to thank Richard and our good friend Sherwood Burton for almost all the photos which have been used in this book.

I want to thank my Jewish friends and neighbors for having such courageous hearts, and the ability to stand strong when everyone but their faithful God will abandon them in the days ahead.

I especially want to thank my very good friend and Savior, Yeshua. This book really belongs to Him. He inspired me to write it, chapter by chapter. My prayer is that it will be used for His Glory.

## Author's Notes

This book is a fiction novel. Any of the characters resembling actual people is simply a coincidence.

Although much of this book was, however, taken from true life experiences.

The on-going rise of anti-Semitism in Europe and also in America continues to be an alarm and a wake up call for the Jewish people to make aliyah to Israel.

Our faithful and true Savior and God knew a long time ago that He would need Israel in place for these end-time days. Although every nation, one day, will turn against Israel, her faithful Yahweh will never leave her alone.

We are only just beginning to see the harsh judgments that God will bring against America and other nations for having rejected God's Word and His Ways, and for having abandoned His Beloved Israel. But in His Great love and Compassion for all people, God will bring revival to Israel and America, and to many other nations, before the trembling day of His Wrath. For His Mercy is Great!

As these fearful days come upon the world, let us look up and rejoice, for our Beloved friend and Savior draws near, and He will truly reward each one of His faithful saints.

“Eye has not seen, nor ear heard,  
nor have entered into the heart of man  
the things that God has prepared  
for those who love Him.”

1 Corinthians 2:9



## About the Author

Faith Christine Honorof lives in Jerusalem, Israel, with her husband Richard. Faith (Feryl) was born and raised in Alaska. She was a history teacher in the Alaska school system, and she also taught history at an Alaskan community College.

In 1992 she completed her Master's degree paper on the rise of National Socialism (Nazi Europe).

She moved to Israel in 1999, and in 2010 became a citizen of this wonderful country. She shares with her husband in the work of the Lord here in Jerusalem.



Photo of Richard Aaron and Faith Christine Honorof, taken by Jaffa Gate and Mount Zion hill, Jerusalem, 2010

## Prologue

“And I bore you on eagles wings and brought you to Myself.”

Exodus 19:4

Samuel Cohen looked across the long table at his brother, Or. It had been an amazing journey for all of them. Or's wife, Angela, his son David, and their two teenage children, and Samuel himself had all made it safely to Israel, the ancient land of their ancestors.

And they had all come through the great horrific war that had recently been fought and won by this small nation, and they had now become one with the people and the land.

Ben Or, meaning son of light, in Hebrew, had been concerned in the beginning whether moving to Israel was really the right thing to do for his family. The rise of anti-Semitism in America had been alarming for sure, but most had believed that it would soon get better. It was just, they had agreed, a bad time—a season of distress. But since the war in Israel the rise of anti-Semitism in America and Europe had only increased, dramatically, along with great natural disasters. There was no doubt now in Or's mind that he and his family had made the right decision in leaving everything behind and making aliyah.

For Sam, coming to Israel was a dream come true. It had been on his heart for a very long time. Much of his former life now lay in ruins. His liberal, new age wife had finally told him that she wanted out. She could not bear his Messianic belief system any more. In fact anything, except the most liberal religious viewpoint, was too much for her. She wanted out of their thirty-year marriage, and the sooner the better.

Sam's son, Michael Aaron, and his daughter Jody had grown distant from their father. Michael Aaron was busy with his own life and family and was moving ahead with his company. He didn't have a lot of time for his faith any more, and rarely came to the

meetings at Beth Israel, Messianic Congregation. He had also made it clear to his father that he did not want to be preached at. And his daughter Jody was a replica of her mother—in every way.

Every day Sam prayed for his grown children, and his two grandsons. If only he could talk to them, but in the United States it was still pretty hard to communicate with people overseas. The tsunami had devastated so much of the eastern seaboard and the earthquake in the midwest had brought America to its knees.

Three months earlier a volcanic eruption had exploded in the Canary islands. And part of the western flank of Cumbre Vieja had fallen into the ocean generating a powerful mega tsunami tidal wave that had crossed the Atlantic ocean. By the time it hit the east coast it was still a very powerful wave, and had destroyed a good part of the infrastructure in some of the large, costal cities, and surrounding areas.

Evacuation had been a nightmare as panicked people tried to escape, only to be locked up in tight, impossible traffic grids. Huge waves had come crashing down upon the costal cities and the jammed highways. The horrific flooding surge had traveled fifteen to twenty miles inland destroying everything in its path.

Tens of thousands of lives had been lost, and millions of people had been left homeless and in despair. And now the ongoing fear of trying to keep the nuclear power plants from quickly becoming another Fukushima was an on-going and constant dread.

The country was paralyzed with fear as to what might happen next—especially when so many nations were experiencing record setting earthquakes, hurricanes and tsunamis. The economy had gone into a total spin. The one-world leaders had immediately demanded a new financial system—a shared basket of currencies, where the dollar was now devalued by almost thirty three percent of its previous value.

The US government was now essentially hidden underground in carefully planned and constructed miniature cities. The elite and

thousands of their family members were well protected from the initial rioting and mayhem that took place, as all of America was torn apart in one way or another.

FEMA, the primary operation now in control of all US citizens, had changed the status and outlay of America from states to ten regional areas. Individual states and state's rights no longer existed, and all of the communities were still under draconian security measures. Some commercial planes were flying and the mail was now going through. The telecommunication world was beginning to come back on line, but it had been a painful time and only slowly had things begun to return to a form of normality. And most of the people were so glad for this that they were willing to accept whatever they were told by the government.

As soon as the United States had turned against and deserted Israel, expecting her to be destroyed by the Gog and Magog nations, God had responded with severe judgment upon America. When would the nations learn, Sam thought, that when any nation comes against Israel, they then come against a Holy God.

Sam and his brother Or, and Or's wife and grown son and grand children, had left America a couple of months before the destruction had hit. But for Sam the decision to come to Israel had been made a long time ago.

He remembered the day, almost one year ago, when he had decided to drive from Florida to New Haven Connecticut. It was time to tell his father, Shimon, that his marriage had come to an end. He had postponed it for as long as he could. He knew his father would not be happy about a divorce in the family, but he had to tell him. But when he arrived in New Haven his father was in the hospital. He had suffered a major heart attack, and the family was gathered around his bed when Sam walked in.

Shimon Cohen had been the rock of the family. His life had been one of honor and righteousness. He had managed to survive the holocaust and then had brought his beloved Ruth and their

son, Or, to America. Sam was born three years later. Shimon Cohen had been successful in business and was well loved as a Messianic Rabbi. The last few years of his life he had begun to sound a warning to America—in the churches and in the synagogues—that what had happened in Nazi Europe was about to happen again. The anti-Semitic monster that he remembered so well was rearing its ugly head again, both in Europe and now also in America. He had firmly told his children and his Jewish friends, where he lived, that it was now time to go back to Israel.

Sam had known that what his father was telling them was the truth. He had made it his business to be well informed on what was going on in America, but it had taken quite some time to really convince the others. Sam also remembered that it had been the bullying tactics of a few black-shirt security police that had brought on the heart attack that had killed their father.

Sam had not been there when the incident happened, but Or had told him all about it. He had described how after leaving an evening meeting at Beth Israel Congregation, three black shirt security thugs had surprised them in the parking lot. When they attacked Shimon's grandson, David, and forced him to the ground, then Shimon went after them. It was as if no time had passed and he was reliving an event that had happened seventy years before in Nazi Czechoslovakia.

They had shoved the old man hard against the car, causing him to fall. Or had helped his father up, and eventually they were able to leave.

The next morning Or had followed an ambulance, as they rushed Shimon to the hospital. A few hours later his father had gone home to be with the Lord. It was a wakeup call to the rest of the family. What had been happening to synagogues and Bible believing Christian churches all across America had now come to their own home and community. It was time to leave, while they still could. The anti-Semitic fervor in America, and in many places in Europe, had reached an alarming level. It was as if an ugly,

demonic, Jew hating insanity had, once again, gripped the world. But this was a new form of anti-Semitism that blamed all the world's problems on Israel.

They had been in Israel for only a short time when the Gog and Magog war had begun. The invading armies that poured across the borders of Israel and over her skies was a dark, massive cloud of destruction that could not be stopped by Israel's IDF forces.

Israel was brought to her knees. The people cried out to their God in great desperation, for only their God could now save them. And it took little time for Jehovah to display His anger at these enemy nations that had come against His land and His people.

God had poured down upon these invading armies fire and brimstone, and had then caused a terrific earthquake that literally swallowed up many of the armies of Gog and Magog. And Israel had won an impossible but glorious victory. But Israel had paid a high cost. The whole nation was in grief at the loss of thousands of IDF ground soldiers and IAF airmen.

The nation had been shattered economically, but Israel was pulling together like never before, and there was talk of a new temple going up. But for now the land was still being cleansed. Tens of thousands of graves still had to be dug for all the enemy soldiers that had to be buried in the land of Israel.

Sam looked up for a moment and whispered a prayer to God. "Lord," he said, "please watch over my son Michael and his family and my daughter Jody. America is in big trouble, and my children need to come home to Israel. Please help them." Sam closed his eyes for a moment, as he remembered the words his father, Shimon, had spoken a few days before he had died:

"It's time," he had said. "It's time to leave because the hunters have now arrived."

# Chapter 1

“The Lord also will be a refuge for the oppressed, a refuge in times of trouble... For You, Lord, have not forsaken those who seek You.” Psalm 9: 9-10

Michael Aaron reached for the hand of his wife, Leah Rachel, and then for the hand of his oldest son, Timothy.

“Would you like to say the blessing tonight, Jeremy?” He spoke to his younger, eight year old son.

Jeremy looked away from his father’s eyes. “It’s okay,” he said, looking down. “We don’t need to say this blessing thing every night, do we?”

Michael looked at his wife—trying not to let the shock be too visible. “Where did that come from, Jeremy? We have always said grace at the dinner meal.”

“But we always say it in the name of Yeshua, and my teacher says that it’s not tolerant to just believe in one religion. It’s not good to be different.”

Michael looked over at Timothy, his thirteen year old son, as if he had an explanation for his brother’s behavior. It always amazed him that his two sons could look so different. Jeremy had reddish blond hair and startling blue eyes. Timothy had his mother’s dark curly hair and soft brown, intelligent eyes.

Timothy shrugged his shoulders. “It’s what they teach, Dad—all the teachers do. It was pretty much like this a year ago, but now, since the big disaster, it’s really strict. If they even think you are praying under your breath, or anything, they send you down to the counseling office and you have to watch this video on why religion is harmful.”

“It’s not such a big deal Dad,” Jeremy continued. “I know Grandpa Sam always wanted us to pray, but he’s not here anymore, and so why can’t we be like other people. Besides

I thought we'd decided not to be so religious anymore.

"We got off track for awhile, Jeremy." Michael answered his son. "But we have always believed on the name of Yeshua, or as some say, Jesus, and the Bible has always been important in our home. Do you remember when I asked you boys to forgive me for becoming too busy with my work and not honoring the Shabbat, or taking time to go with you to our congregation, Beth Israel? And I have also neglected spending time with you.

"It's been very hard for people in America for these last several months and we need to be strong people of prayer, because our God is always with us, and he will help us. How do you feel about this, Tim?" Michael asked.

"Oh, I don't know. I guess praying to Jesus is okay, but what about the people who pray to their Muslim god, or their Hindu god? Maybe there are many ways to reach God?"

Jeremy smirked. "That's not what you said the other day. You said it was sissy to pray to God, and that only weak people do those things."

Michael looked over at his oldest son. What had happened to his boys? Had he failed them so completely? Had the world gone so crazy that to be found praying was now a crime against the people?

"If you boys are finished with your meal then you can go to your room. I want to talk with your mom, and then we will have one of those old fashioned family talks—that you love so much."

Michael reached down and took hold of Leah's hand. Her dark hair fell loosely onto her shoulders. She had slipped into a pair of cozy light blue pajamas, as they sat on their bed.

"I wish I had listened to pop," he said. "America is no place to try and raise our children anymore. We should have gone with him to Israel. Things have sort of been returning to normal, at least where we are, but since that disaster took place on the east coast the government has really taken control. I don't feel like I have any say or rights over the raising of my children. We can't even home



school them anymore. They would come for sure and take them away, and the schools really scare me. They are trying to turn the children against their parents—making them into this weird, little collective village—where they all talk the same and dress like one another—a strange version of that old movie, the Stepford Wives. Leah, I am really scared for our family and I am not sure what to do?”

Leah put her arm over her husband’s shoulder, and looked up at him. He did not look very Jewish at all. He had his grandfather’s light brown hair and piercing blue eyes. But like Leah he was Jewish going back at least ten generations.

“It’s been really hard these last few months,” she said. “Everyone is so grateful that now there seems to be some kind of a return to normality; especially when they told us that it might be a year before we had any kind of communication at all. And we are so fortunate to live in a rural area where we have water and farms and gardens. I know the government has taken over some of the people’s property and their water sources, and things, but that’s just because it’s been such an emergency. So many people have suffered, and many have died, and everyone is so terribly afraid of it happening again. They just want their lives back, and so I guess we just need to go along with what the government wants—at least for a while.

“The boys are okay, Michael. They are still frightened with these anti-Semitic things that are being declared by the government and different groups. Even some of their teachers have made a point of telling the other students to remember that Timothy and Jeremy and some of the other kids, are Jewish. And so the boys are just sort of going along. They don’t want to make waves, but trust me, things are going to get better—you’ll see. I just know it. The boys haven’t turned against us or God.”

Michael looked for a moment at his still youthful and attractive wife. She had manned the fort during the years that he had built a reputation as one of the very best news anchormen in the state

of Illinois. The long commute between the rural suburb where they lived, and downtown Chicago, had not given him the time with his family that he really needed. Things had only just started to get better when the disaster had struck the east coast, bringing great calamity and confusion to all of America.

Like a lot of people, he had been waiting to see what would happen next, and now things did seem to be improving and were better than they had been in a long time. Television had come back on and the people were looking to men like Michael for the right answers. But the answers he gave to the people who watched the nightly news were always scripted. He said nothing unless it had been approved by DHS. Leah was not blind to this, but he knew there was a part of her that desperately just wanted things to be good again, but something was terribly wrong, and they both knew it.

The recent tragedy on the east coast and the terrible riots and lawlessness that had gripped the country after the economic collapse, had created genuine fear and a willing by many to go along with whatever they were told by the government. The stage had been set for the new one-world-currency, and the devaluation of the dollar had brought great loss, but no one dared to complain.

“I am sorry Leah. I have let you down and I have not been a good father.”

“Oh, Michael, that’s not true....”

“Yes, it is, Leah. And now I need to pray and really ask God to help me do what is right for my family. I know you want things to be good again, but we both know they haven’t been that way for a long time. And we’ve just gone along—like everyone else. Even some of the people in our congregation are living in this fantasy world—believing that everything is going to somehow return to the ‘good ole days.’”

“That’s not really fair, Michael. Everyone has been through a lot, but they haven’t sold their souls to the devil. I mean that’s what you make it sound like.”

“No. I am not saying our friends have been totally deceived. But like us, Leah, they are giving into the system more and more. Our children are being brain washed. They are afraid to even say grace in their own homes anymore, and no one is doing anything. They have taken away our churches and Messianic congregations. You can’t even mention the name of Jesus, or Yeshua, without being branded a traitor. They have put us all in a little socialist controlled rat box, and we are beginning to say ‘it’s okay! It could be worse.’”

And the people who have opened their mouths, and said more than they should, have suddenly disappeared on long trips. At least that’s what we’ve been told, and no one even blinks.

“Do you remember some of the stories that Dad would tell us; the things grandpa Shimon told him about the holocaust?” .

“The Nazis deliberately kept the people believing a lie for as long as they could, and the people were too scared to believe anything else. The Nazis could not afford a huge revolt. How would they get them all to the extermination camps if they knew the truth?”

“Michael you are scaring me. They aren’t taking the people we know to concentration camps. I just can’t believe those things.”

Michael stood up from the bed for a moment and then sat back down. He put his hands on his wife’s shoulders and looked her in the eyes. “Look what is happening every day in our lives, Leah. Everything has to be checked and double checked by DHS before we can do anything or even go into the next community. We’ve become like robots. Some kind of a horrible, insidious witchcraft has covered the land, and we’ve all bought into it, out of fear.

“I have probably known more than anyone else for a long time. But even I don’t want to make waves—let alone my boys. My evening news program is a total farce. I feel like such a hypocrite. I give out the same spiel every night—telling them that ‘the government is hard at work to help the people.’ My God! That’s what my friends in China use to tell me they would have to listen to day and night.”

“I know you are right, Michael. We have not been faithful in our commitment to God and to our sons. But right now everything is so delicate. Maybe it wouldn’t hurt to just wait and see what happens? I don’t want them to come and take our boys. I couldn’t bear that.” Leah’s eyes begin to fill with tears. She put her hand to her mouth, as if to try and stop a river of emotion.

Michael reached over and embraced his wife in his arms. “It’s Okay, honey. We’ll talk more tomorrow, after a good night’s sleep.”

When Michael rolled over he reached out with one arm for his wife, but her space in their bed was empty. He looked at the clock. It was 3 o’clock in the morning. He got up and walked into the kitchen. Leah was sitting at the small table with her hands folded. Her eyes were red and swollen. She looked up at him.

“Michael, I’ve been so afraid that I’ve been willing to deny Yeshua, in order to keep my family safe. I am so sorry. I don’t know what is going to happen to us, but I want to recommit my life to the Lord, and I want the boys to know that we are not ashamed of our faith. And Michael, I will go along with whatever you decide we should do.”

Michael sat down in a chair next to his wife, and put his arms around her. “I love you Leah. I am going to ask the Lord to help me be the head of my family that I need to be. I want to look at you and my sons and not be ashamed of how I have lived my life. Whatever happens, we know that one day we will be together forever with Yeshua. We must tell our sons this too.”

## Chapter 2

“...Forgetting those things which are behind and reaching forward to those things which are ahead...” Philippians 3:13

Adam Clintuck stepped behind the staircase and waited a couple of minutes. He then opened the door again, just slightly, and looked out to make sure no one was following him. Everything seemed okay. Many of the stores in Denver had reopened and things were beginning to look somewhat normal again. People were passing one another on the sidewalks on their way to work and stiffly smiling at each other. Everyone had been told on all the news programs not to trust their neighbors. ‘They may not be who you think they are.’ Like a mantra it had been repeated so many times that almost everyone was beginning to believe the lie. Where ever you went a dark, heavy cloud of fear and distrust hung over the country.

He walked up three flights of stairs and quietly knocked on Lilly’s door.

Lilly opened the door. Her blue eyes were still crinkled with sleep. It was six o’clock in the morning. Her dark, blond hair had been pulled softly to the back of her neck. A frilly pink nightgown peaked out from under her white terry cloth robe. Tears came quickly as she put her arms around Adam’s neck. “I’ve been so worried about you,” she said, her voice breaking a little. “Sit down. I’ll put some coffee on. We have much to talk about.”

Adam sat down at the small kitchen table. He could not take his eyes off of Lilly. He had met her only a few months before at the university, where he was finishing his doctoral degree in history. She had been like a distant dream come true. He was still struck with awe—how God had allowed her into his life. When he had first started dating her he truly had believed that his other life,

his mysterious past, was behind him—completely.

Lilly reached over and took hold of Adam's hand. "Are you okay? It's been a week and I've not heard anything from you. I didn't know what to think? I know everything has been really crazy, but things are sort of beginning to return to some kind of normalcy, even though it's still pretty scary out there—with big brother watching everything we do. But I guess in time..."

"Lilly." Adam looked seriously into the eyes of the woman he loved. "There is something I need to tell you. You know when we first met and I told you that I had spent some years working for the military—doing contract kinds of things? Well, that was true. I did work for the military establishment, but most of it was just a cover for the undercover work I did for the CIA."

"Wow! Why didn't you tell me?"

"Because the less you know about some of my past the better. But, Lilly, I truly believed it was behind me, or I never would have brought you into my life. Four years ago I told them that I wanted out, that I'd had enough. They did not want to let me go. They don't like it when their top people opt out, but there was not much they could do. You see they need people who are psyched up to do the things they need done, and I wasn't there anymore in my heart. All I wanted was to somehow live a normal life. Maybe get married and have children—and even go to church sometimes. Normal, ordinary days sounded, and still do, really good to me.

"You would not want to know some of the things I've seen done in high places. And I am ashamed that I was involved in some of it. Lilly, I guess that was one of the reasons I didn't tell you about it. I was afraid of losing you. I want you to know that I have really repented before God for my past life, and I know I've been forgiven. My mother raised me to read and believe the Bible, but somehow, as a young man, I got terribly lost in the excitement that undercover work offered me. But it's over—finished! For the last four years I have moved on to other things—good things.

“When I first walked into the accounting office at the university and saw you sitting there it was like one of those old time movies, when everything gets kind of soft and blurry and gets a little out of focus. There you sat with your hair pulled back in one of those little pony tail things, and you looked up at me with those big blue eyes and said ‘can I help you sir?’ Well, I just melted and I’ve been melted ever since. Can you forgive me, Lilly, for not telling you the truth?”

Lilly reached up, brushing back from her eyes a strand of blond hair. She felt awkward and a little stunned. When she had first met Adam she had resisted the feelings in her heart. After one failed marriage she wanted nothing to do with the love boat again. But he had come into her life, tall and lanky—looking a bit like Henry Fonda. And she fell—hook, line and sinker. And now this mild mannered man, who had planned on teaching history, was telling her this wild story about another man that she knew nothing about. What was she to do? She still loved him, but the world around her was changing so fast, and now this...

“I do forgive you, Adam, and I guess you know I still love you, but I am not sure what to do with my feelings anymore. I don’t know what is real and what is not.”

“I understand, Lilly, and I know you need some time. I am sorry, honey, but there is something else I need to tell you.

“Oh, God.” Adam spoke silently to himself. His heart was racing. “Please don’t let me loose this woman.”

## Chapter 3

“For He will give His angels charge over thee” Ps 91:11

Saryl stood with some of the other angelic watchers. They had formed a circle around the portal that allowed them to view the earth below. Every day they would come and watch the places on the earth that most concerned each one of them. They would stand and they would watch, and they would wait, patiently, until their King had given them their daily assignments.

They also watched in amazement as a horrific wind of darkness continued to increase over the small, human inhabited planet. The King had told them that the intense darkness would only be for a season, but they were not sure how long that ‘season’ would be.

It was hard for Saryl, or any of his angelic companions, to imagine how the humans on earth could ever live in such a terrible degree of darkness. But there was one thing that gave them hope! And that was the light that broke through the darkness—great beams of light that shot straight up through the dense darkness into the glorious heaven above, and filled their angel hearts with joy.

They had been told by the King, Himself, that these rays of light came from the prayers of the saints, and from the glory of the saints themselves.

Saryl focused on the one ray of light that was most important to him. It radiated from the one that he had been given charge over, and the one that was rarely out of his sight. He had watched over her from the day she was born, and now he knew that she was in great danger—he had been told this by the King.

He took out his sword from its sheath, and lifted it above his head. It glittered in the light. Many of his heavenly, angelic friends were also preparing for the battle they would encounter as they soared through the demonic realm, the second heaven, to the earth below. Their instructions had been given. Saryl put on his helmet and adjusted his shining armor. It was time! In these end-time



days there was little opportunity for rest. They had important jobs to complete. For a second Saryl looked up from the portal to the beautiful, heavenly light, emanating from the Throne of Glory. “Soon,” the King had personally told him, “I will be released to go and rescue My children, and then I will destroy My enemies.”

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Abriel could see the angel standing at the foot of her bed. He had a soft, golden glow about him, that partially lit up the small hospital room she was in. He was very tall, but she was not at all frightened of him. He had come to visit her once before when she was three years old. Abriel tried to smile at her friend, but she was very tired and did not feel well at all. Her light brown hair lay in little damp ringlets around her head and her very expressive brown eyes could hardly stay open.

When he came the first time she had asked him his name and he had told her that his name was Saryl. He had said nothing else to her. He had not stayed for very long, but the way he smiled at her had made her feel very good. Somehow, Abriel knew that Saryl was always watching over her—kind of like a very good friend. Her eyes always sparkled when she thought about him. She had told her parents about the angel, but they had just smiled politely, presuming that their precocious little girl had picked up something on the television about angels.

Abriel wanted to ask him some more questions, but her stomach was still hurting a lot and the best she could do was smile a very weak smile. This time Saryl drew closer than he had before. He smelled very good to her, like cinnamon and apples. Before he left he spoke three words to her: “Do not fear.” And then like before he was gone.

Maria felt panic when she opened the door to her 3<sup>rd</sup> story apartment and saw that her seven year old daughter, Abriel, was

not home. She was always here when Maria got home from work. She was a good girl and came straight home from school. Maria immediately called the school, hoping someone was still there.

“But why didn’t someone call me?” Maria could feel the fear and panic that was released in her words to the school secretary.

“Ms. Bonito,” came the reply, “we tried to call you at work, but you had already left, but you know it’s not the school’s policy to always inform the parents as to what we choose to do with the children. We do what we feel is best.”

Maria was furious but she had nothing more to say to the school secretary. She needed to get to the hospital to see her little girl, but first she would call her husband Eddie. Hopefully he would be able to get away from his job.

“What do you mean?” Eddie screamed at the young doctor, whom he had never seen before. His tall, muscular body towered over the small doctor, and his dark, intense eyes and Spanish looks could even be frightening to someone who did not know him.

“My daughter may not walk again? You are telling me this could be a new severe form of hepatitis that can bring on partial paralysis of the legs?”

“Eddie,” Maria spoke into the heated conversation. “This is not good for us—please Eddie! They aren’t going to tell us what we need to know.” She looked across at the doctor who seemed robotically oblivious to their pain and fear.

“I’m sorry, Mr. and Mrs. Bonito but these kinds of things are happening more and more, with all of the new deadly viruses that are sweeping the earth. We will keep your daughter on pain meds and antibiotics, till we see where this goes, but there is nothing else we can do right now.” He forced a polite smile.

“Doctor Mead,” Maria said, “my little Abriel just recently had a flu vaccination, and it was just a few hours later that these symptoms came on. I have read some bad things about some of these vaccinations. Could it have caused something like this?”

The doctor’s voice became tense and obviously irritated.

“Ms. Bonito, school vaccinations have been tried and tested and there is simply no need to panic. It has nothing to do with your daughter’s current condition.”

“My wife, Doctor Mead, never said anything about a school vaccination? Are you keeping something from us?” Eddie could feel his heart rate picking up as the doctor turned his back to them and began to walk away.

“I have no time for people like you,” he said. “Your accusations and rudeness are totally out of line. He then walked past them in a huff. Maria put her hand on her husband’s shoulder as he started to go after the doctor. “It won’t do any good, Eddie. It will just get us thrown out of here, and then we won’t be able to see Abriel.”

Eddie stopped and looked at his wife. He knew she was right, but his eyes were filled with panic and anger. “Let’s go see our little girl.”

Eddie bent over the bed and stretched out his arm to his young daughter. “We love you honey.”

“Daddy.” Abriel spoke through a drug induced and groggy voice. “I am going to be okay. Saryl is here with me.”

“Okay, honey. I hope he makes you feel better, because we want you to come home real soon.”

“Are you the parents of this little girl?” The voice of a very crisp, young nurse spoke to them, as she came through the door. She was dressed in a dark green jump suit. Her eyes were hard and clear. “You are allowed to visit your daughter for two hours in the afternoon—at least for now. But you must not interfere in her progression. That means you can sit in these chairs.” She pointed to a couple of chairs by the wall. “But you must not touch or reach out to your daughter in anyway. Please keep your hands on the other side of the bed.”

Eddie and Maria stood transfixed—their mouths open. “What are you talking about?” Maria spoke to the slender nurse. “She is our daughter.”

“Your daughter has been diagnosed with a strange new virus,

and we are very concerned as to how communicable it might be. Your daughter has been put under the authority of the department of Health and Human Services—at least for now.” The nurse pinched her lips together and smiled at Maria and Eddie.

“You must sit down and do exactly as you are told, or you cannot stay here.”

“I feel like I’ve just stepped into some kind of a nightmare.” Eddie spoke to his wife as they sat down at their kitchen table. The afternoon sun was beginning to set, casting a soft pink glow over the woodsy park outside. A light early October snow had topped the trees, and there was a crisp chill in the Colorado air.

Eddie reached for his wife’s hand as he turned his eyes back to her, after looking out of their small, apartment window. She was still as lovely as when he had first married her. It caused him pain to see her beautiful dark eyes and gentle sweet face so full of fear.

“Somehow, I feel like this is my fault. I have been so busy at the warehouse, now that more groceries and goods are coming in, and I haven’t spent enough time with you and Abriel. With the new monetary system, I am working a lot harder and for much less money, and things are so crazy. I’ve been trying to keep everything squeaky clean—especially with how they are now observing the business. I told you that they’ve put some new people in our shop. The head of the department is a Muslim woman who wears a burqa—pretty incredible! I know they are listening to everything we say, to make sure that our attitudes line up with what the government wants. The groceries that are now coming to the warehouse are distributed to the stores very carefully. I have been looking the other way when some of the more influential, powerful and established people in our community are given preference, but none of that matters now.

“The experience we just went through at the hospital really shocked me. And then to see my little girl laying in that sterile bed all doped up.” Eddie closed his eyes, fighting back the tears that

had begun to cloud his vision.

“It’s okay honey. I know you’ve been burdened with a lot of things. But right now we have to decide what to do about Abriel. I don’t want to leave her in that hospital.”

“We will see what happens tomorrow. I am going to talk to Harry and see what he thinks. He’s pretty savvy about a lot of things. Abriel mentioned that imaginary friend of hers again. He seems to bring her comfort.”

Maria looked up at her husband. “Eddie, I think maybe she really could be seeing an angel.”

“Really? I remember your mother use to talk about seeing angels. Is this what you mean?”

“Our daughter seems to have a close connection with God. It would have pleased mom, but I don’t know where it comes from. We have not exactly been a true church going family.”

“Well, when I get the time maybe we’ll start going to the home group they have down the street. It’s kept pretty low key, pretty quiet, but I know the pastor and a few of the people who go there.”

“I think that would be nice,” Maria responded.

As Eddie stood up from the table his cell phone rang. “Hello.” He waited and then again said, “hello?”

The voice that responded was odd and gravelly sounding, as if the person did not want to be recognized as a man or a woman. “You need to get your little girl out of that hospital as soon as you can.”

“Who is this?” Eddie said with alarm—his breath coming fast.

“If you want her back alive then get her out of there.” Click!

The conversation ended. Eddie looked up at his wife. The alarm on his face was apparent.

“Who was that? What’s wrong?”

“I don’t know. But he said we needed to get Abriel out of that hospital soon—if we want her back alive.”

“Oh, my God! I knew that there was something wrong.” I could feel it in my spirit. We need to go tonight and demand that she be released to us. We are her parents!”

“We can’t just march in there and take her out,” Eddie said. “They would call the police and then we might not see her for a long time. But let’s not panic. Maybe it was just a nasty prank?”

“Eddie, listen to me. I’ve heard the stories. Hospitals are not safe places anymore. They are all part of this evil system that has taken over our lives. Things have been happening to the children. Yes, Eddie, even in our own country. Children disappear and no one ever really knows what happened. Do you remember the Kendel family, before they left the neighborhood?”

“Sort of. They had a young boy, a little older than Abriel”

“Yes, and he got sick, so they took him to the emergency room. They told his parents, Rob and Kathy, that he needed to be isolated for a period of time. The next day they called the hospital and were told that he had died and that his body had already been disposed of for health precautions. They never saw their son again. And when they got upset and demanded to see him the security people threatened them and ushered them out of the hospital. Eddie, they are doing whatever they want. There are people who pay top price for young, fresh organs. And sometimes they put little children into slave labor camps, and educate them for their new programs.

“And yes, Eddie, even the sex slave trade industry. We have to get our daughter back now! “We have to do something. Oh, blessed Jesus, help us!”

“I believe you Maria. I’ve heard the stories, but I never thought anything like that could be going on at Pike General hospital—not in our town. What’s happening? It seems like everything is turning upside down and getting out of control very fast!

“Maria, I think we must pray.” Eddie went down on his knees by the couch and bowed his head. His wife joined him. It had been a long time since he had prayed with his wife.

“Dear Lord Jesus, we really need your help. Our little girl is in trouble, and we need to get her out of that hospital. Please show us what to do. And forgive us for not making you a part of our lives.”

## Chapter 4

“Preserve me, O God, for in You I put my trust.” Psalm 16:1

Adam knocked on Lilly’s door. It was early in the morning. He had hesitated before telling her what he needed to share. But now he knew that he must. If he never saw her again, he at least wanted her to know the truth. And he also wanted her to know that he was not a coward. He was ready to do whatever the Lord showed him, even if it meant laying down his life, but this time for something good.

While working for the CIA he had come to the realization that he had nothing in front of him but another thrilling life or death kind of assignment. No loving wife, and no children, at the end of the day, to climb up onto his lap.

He had believed in the beginning that what he was doing was a sacrifice for his country—at least he had convinced himself of the lie. Sometimes he wondered what had happened to the nice, young boy, who enjoyed going to church picnics and playing kick-ball with his dad. It seemed like a hundred years ago. He ran his hand through his dark brown hair and knocked again on Lilly’s door.

“I received a surprise call from an old friend of mine,” he told Lilly, as they sat in her living room. The early morning sunlight had broken through the clouds and a golden haze was shimmering through the light curtains into the small but comfortable apartment.

“We worked in the CIA together on a few different and special assignments, but he was getting just as tired as I was, and we both wanted out. But then I lost track of him, till a week ago. We called him Snow-ball, because some of the things he knew could start an avalanche, but his real name was David Ballard.

“He called me and asked me to meet him in a mall. He said he had something very important to give me. You see, David knows

he can trust me. I didn't want to get involved again, but I owe David a lot. He once saved my life, and he didn't have to.

"So I met him, and he passed me some papers. We really did not have much time to talk. He was on the run and had to move pretty fast. He was being watched, but did not believe anyone had followed him to the mall. He knows all their tricks.

"When I got home I looked at what he had given me. They are some very top secret documents, but there was also a letter from him to me. He said he was on his way to an airport and needed to get out of the country very fast. But he didn't make it, Lilly. They blew him up before he got there. I saw it on the late news. They used his real name and said that his car had gone out of control and had collided into a steel pole, and that he had been killed instantly."

"Oh, my God!" Lilly said.

"Of course it's a lie. I know how they work. It's really big stuff that Snow ball handed me. I was probably the only one he could trust. It's corruption at the highest levels, and something called the 'red sled project.'

"Some of the demon infested, government controlled agencies, in almost every country, including the US, are in the business of stealing our children. The corruption they are now allowing in the schools to reeducate them is not enough. They want them now at a very young age, and they want them programmed before they are ten years old. They want a generation that is in one accord with their evil thoughts. I saw this coming a long time ago. But what I didn't know is that they are using some of these young children, and even babies, in their experiments to create a new hybrid bionic human—even using DNA from different animal species. It has now really progressed, Lilly, to a very evil and scary place.

"Not all, but some of the hospitals are also involved, and of course the public system of education has played a big role in the programming of our children for a very long time. Even if some



of the teachers may not know exactly what's going on, the big guys at the top do. They have lists, Lilly—data lists. And they know everything about everyone. And if your child has been selected as one of their little robot prodigies, then they may outright kidnap the child or make sure that he or she goes to a particular hospital, or someplace, where they can then take control of his or her life. I know this sounds unreal and terribly bizarre, but I am telling you that it is happening all the time, and no one ever knows the truth. The kids just disappear.

“I have a list of children that have been selected, some of them from a rural town not too far from here. I am familiar with the name of one of the families. And I know what they are planning for their child. So I called them. I had to do it! And I told them to get their little girl out of that hospital right away.”

Lilly put her hand to her mouth. She could not imagine what this all meant? It was even hard to believe it was the truth, and yet she knew that Adam would not lie to her.

“What are you going to do Adam? What are we going to do?”

“Lilly, it's very important that you forget as best you can what I have just told you. And if anyone comes around the university asking you any questions about me, I want you to tell them that I was a friend for a while, but you have not seen me for a few weeks. Can you do that?”

“Okay,” Lilly said.

“I can't run from this, Lilly, although part of me would like to. But if I don't do something then I won't be able to sleep at night. I would always be seeing the faces of those little children, and wondering if I could have done something.

“I have a few contacts from before—people I met who had a conscience, at least back then. It's a big risk with the way things are now, but maybe, just maybe, there is someone I can give these papers to who will expose it in the media. If there is any kind of a news media left that is not totally controlled. It's the only thing I can think of to do, and I truly believe it is what the Lord is

wanting me to do. I want to have a life with you, Lilly, but we have to start standing up for what is right in this country. The only other choice is to give into evil. And that is not what our God has told us to do.”

Adam walked over to Lillie. She was dressed in her pink pajamas and white robe. Her hair looked soft and golden in the early morning light. She stood up, letting Adam put his arms around her. He breathed in the sweet fragrance of her skin, and then reached down and kissed her. His heart began to beat fast within him. How desperately he wanted this woman to be his wife forever. He pulled back from her—taking a deep breath. “I want you to know, Lilly Grogan, that I love you with all of my heart.”

“And I love you, Adam. I still do not understand everything, but I do love you. Please come back to me.”

“When I know it’s safe I will get in touch with you—as soon as I can.”

Adam walked to the door and then turned for a moment. He filled his eyes with Lilly one more time, and then he opened the door and left.

## Chapter 5

“Hear, O LORD, when I cry with my voice!” Psalm 27:7

Eddie sat down and listened intently to what the lawyer was telling him.

“According to the medical report, Eddie, your daughter has been put under the supervision of the Health department until they can get an idea of what is going on with her. It seems they are quite concerned about how contagious this sickness might be. They haven’t taken her away from you and Maria or anything. It’s a common procedure. Let me ask you a question. Do you have any particular grievance against this hospital that would allow for a judge to have her removed from there, because I gotta tell you, that’s what it will take—a court order.”

Eddie did not want to bring up the phone call or their suspicion about the vaccination. He knew that the attorney would think he had gone off the deep end. “Bill, I am her father. And her mother and I want to have Abriel moved to a hospital in California—where they specialize in these kinds of rare viruses, and that’s also where the rest of our family is. So it would be good emotional support.”

“You get me some info on this hospital in California and then we can go from there. A judge might listen to that, and the hospital might agree to it, but like I said, I am pretty sure we will need a court order, and since this is not an emergency it will take at least a couple of days after you get the information to me.

Eddie released a gush of anxious words. “I don’t have a couple of days.”

“What are you talking about Eddie? Is there something you are not telling me?”

“Bill, Maria and I are pretty sure that Abriel got sick from the vaccination that she had at school. All the symptoms came on right after that, but of course no one is telling us anything.”

Eddie continued to pour it all out. “And then I get this really strange call from this person who tells me to get my daughter out of the hospital, if I ever want to see her alive again.”

“Whoah, Eddie! Do you hear yourself? You have really gone overboard. I can’t join with you on some wild rumor, and get myself disbarred. Sorry friend, but I have nothing to offer you. But I do think that you and your wife need to get some rest and maybe some good therapeutic counsel.”

Eddie sat for a moment in his car in the driveway at his house. He wasn’t sure how to tell Maria all that had happened, and how he had blown it and opened his big mouth, but as he was sitting there, Maria came out the door and got into the car with him. She was smiling.

“Oh, honey. I have really good news. While you were talking with the lawyer I went to see Abriel. When I first got there I didn’t think the nurse was going to let me in, but then some kind of an emergency happened and she had to leave the scene. I went into the room and there was our little girl sitting up and smiling at me, perfectly healthy.” Maria reached over and kissed Eddie on the cheek. “It’s all over baby! Our little girl is fine. I told her we would be back this morning to get her. She said she was really hungry. Let’s go get her right now!”

“Praise the Lord.” Eddie smiled as he backed the car down the driveway. “God has heard our prayers.”

“I am sorry Mr. Bonito, but your daughter has taken a turn for the worse, and we cannot let anyone into her room—doctor’s orders.”

Maria came face to face with the nurse. “You are lying. I just saw my daughter less than an hour ago and she was perfectly fine. I don’t know what you are up to, but I want to see

my little girl right now.” Maria could feel her whole body start to shake. She had never known this kind of anger. She was livid.

“And if you don’t then I am going to call the police.”

“You won’t have to do that Mrs. Bonito.” The black haired nurse spoke with a mocking voice. “We have full police security at this hospital, and if you and your husband cause me any more problems, I will be the one to call the police.”

“Please,” Eddie asked the nurse, “just tell us what has happened to our daughter?”

The nurse glanced sarcastically at Maria. “Well, as I was saying, your daughter did seem to be getting better, but then she had a set back. The doctors are determining right now what the next course of action will be. I understand your concern, but please be patient and we will let you know when you can see her again.

It would really be best for you to go home and get some rest. You both look very tired.” She then smiled an overly sweet smile and turned her attention to the security guard who was a couple of doors down from them.

“Eddie, I am telling you that Abriel was just fine a short time ago, and she didn’t just have a set back. She was waiting for us to come and get her.” Maria fought back the tears that were beginning to fill her eyes.

“I know honey. I know! I don’t know what we are going to do, but we will get her out of here. The police are not going to listen to us, and obviously neither is any attorney, but I know who will. Come on! Let’s go home and pray, and God will show us what to do next.”

## Chapter 6

“I will put My Spirit in you, and you shall live,  
and I will place you in your own land.” Ezekiel 37:14

Michael Aaron found it hard to focus on Rabbi Joseph Yehuda's words. He was really worried about his sons. It had been three days since they had taken the boys out of school. By the end of the week if they were not back in school then they would be paid a visit from social services, he was sure of it. He even feared that they might try to take his sons away from him and his wife.

Their boys were being stolen from them—washed every day in anti-God thoughts and attitudes, and subliminally being taught that they no longer had to listen to what their parents said to them. Both of them had noticed this growing rebellion in their sons, and it had caused them great concern. Michael and Leah had prayed and had decided to do something. They no longer had any other choice.

The small congregation had come together at the Rabbi's request. The members of Beth Israel were all worried about what they were going to do. Winston, Illinois was no longer what it had been even one year before. There were very few descent paying jobs, and although some had managed to hang onto their previous work, it was with much less pay. Many of the Jewish people from this community had reasoned that the disaster, coupled with the economic collapse, had created a very dismal scene, and that it would take a while before things in America returned to normal.

Most believed that everything would eventually get better. They did not want to imagine anything else. Although everyone knew, even without speaking, that there was something else going on in America that had nothing to do with a physical disaster, and that was the realization that being Jewish in the United States had now suddenly become a very negative thing.

Insidiously, anti-Semitism had begun to sweep into the colleges

and universities, and the work place—spurred on by a radically anti-Jewish government. And then when the economy took a devastating plunge that ultimately led to a new world currency, the Jews were viewed as the culprits.

When Israel was victorious against the Gog and Magog forces, many in the nations knew it was God's Mighty Hand that had given them this victory, but even this had not even slowed down the ever increasing rise of anti-Semitism.

The propaganda was nothing new. The Jews were blamed for all the problems of the world, and the old books like the 'Elder's of Zion' became, once again, popular reading for many. There were frequent gatherings, led by Muslim extremists, that dotted the parkways and even the civic centers. And ever since the President in the White House had issued his decree demanding that every neighborhood in America pursue radical diversity, the rise of Islamic neighborhood governments had increased dramatically.

In every community Mosques quickly began to replace churches and in some parts of the country Sharia law was even becoming tolerated out of fear, and accepted by many. It was not uncommon for synagogues to be burned, and for volatile rallies to be held condemning Israel and telling the Jews to get out of the country, to happen almost any time.

And Michael had watched it, like a runaway freight train coming down the tracks, but even he had tried to deny that it was really happening.

He remembered when he had gone to his grandfather Shimon's funeral less than one year ago. His father, Sam, had told him that the fearful rise of anti-Semitism had greatly concerned Michael's grandfather, and that it had, in fact, been the reason for his death.

Black-shirt, Nazi type police thugs had pushed him hard up against his car, threatening and abusing him. The next day he suffered a heart attack and then a stroke.

His father had wanted Michael and the family to come with

him to Israel, but at that time Michael had really thought that things would get better, but now he was sorry that he had not listened and gone with his dad.

The group had met together in an old barn on the outskirts of town. John Wills, who owned the farm, had been letting the small Messianic group, called Beth Israel, meet there once a week.

It was no longer allowed in most cities to have religious prayer meetings, at least not if they were Bible believing Christian or Messianic Jews. The Jewish Orthodox and Reform synagogues had been shut down for the same reasons. Annoyance to the public was the reason usually stipulated. But most of the Jewish community and true Bible believing Christians were beginning to see and understand that no one required a ‘reason’ anymore for the passing of anti-Christian or anti-Semitic laws—they were just happening.

To meet for a religious event of any kind in a public meeting hall, or even a home, had to first be approved by the office of the Commissioner and the Zoning Commission. It all cost a lot of money, and nothing was ever accomplished to change the law.

The believing Church and Messianic body had gone underground—finding hidden places to meet. It had now become an urgent reality to go underground in order to continue.

Most believers knew that God’s Hand of serious judgment was upon the nation. The economy under the tyrannical, political, one-world leadership in Washington DC was a nightmare bureaucracy. And even though a sense of ordered regimentation was now again beginning to happen, there was little for people to feel good about.

“Listen,” one of the men said. “Our brothers and sisters in China have been dealing with this kind of persecution for decades, and God has used it for His glory, and He will use it here, too!”

“Yes,” Rabbi Yehuda said. “Yahweh will use all things for His glory—this we know. But I must ask you all to please forgive me, because I did not encourage you to make aliyah when it was still possible to do so. I am so sorry that I did not see how bad it was really getting in America. I guess like many others I just believed



that it would get better. I never imagined that we would be living in such fear.”

“That’s all right Rabbi,” a tall, blond haired woman said. “I don’t think any of us thought it would have gotten this bad.”

After a time of worship Michael spoke to their group of friends. “Leah and I have been praying for a few days. I want you to all know that I am taking my family and leaving Winston. We have prayed and talked about it. We really don’t have any choice. We can’t leave our boys in that horrible school anymore—none of us can. And if we don’t put them back in school pretty soon then the authorities will come and take them from us.

“Do you remember what happened to the Millers less than a year ago, and how nasty that got? I can still see those black humvees coming down the street with that swat team storming their residence, as if they were hardened criminals. They took their children, even their baby, into custody. And it took them three months and a court battle to get them out of foster care. I am not going to let that happen to us. But I can no longer let my sons sit under the ungodly programming that they are teaching them every day in school. What they are teaching our children in the public schools now is completely corrupt. They are stealing my sons souls from me. I can’t let them do that.”

“What are you going to do, Michael?” Rabbi Yehuda asked.

“When we were still living in Pennsylvania,” Michael said, “we became friends with a lovely Amish family. They had moved closer to the town we lived in, for medical reasons. They were not real strict Amish, but held to their traditions and to family values.

“Anyway, we became friends, and the boys had fun with their children. One day they came over and were quite upset. The municipal government where we lived then had informed them that they could no longer teach their children the way they had been doing. They either had to pay an outrageous fee for a state curriculum guided and closely monitored home school program,

or the children would have to attend public schools. They soon found out from their Amish friends that everyone else in their community had been told the same thing. Well, to make a long story short, a group of them ended up moving to a small town in western Canada. It was quite a change for all of them.

“One Christmas they dropped us a card and told us that they were doing well. The government in Canada, he had written, appreciated their hard work and pretty much left them alone. They also told us to come on up to where they lived to visit them sometime. I haven’t been in touch with them for a few years, but I still have the telephone number he gave me, and so I called them the other day, and they were really pleased to hear from us.

“They understand what we are dealing with in America and they told us to come on up to Canada. They said there was a nice community near by, not too far from Winnipeg. The winters are cold, but the people are real friendly, and he said the anti-Semitism was not as bad there. He didn’t think it would be too hard to find work. We want to go back to Israel, but right now I don’t know how we can do it. So we are going to head for Canada tomorrow. We feel it’s the Lord’s direction. And we are praying that we won’t have any trouble getting across the border.

“Of course if they pass this North American Union thing and make this continent one big united country then it won’t make any difference if we are in Canada or here, but for right now it’s an answer for us.”

A man seated next to Leah stood up. “Well, that sounds pretty good for you Michael, but I don’t have any Amish friends that will take us in, but the US Government has said that we can go to Israel only if we leave behind all our property and any assets with them. I mean, what do I have to loose? I have to do something. Have you noticed, lately, how some of our good ole friends are disappearing? Makes me more than a little nervous. I should have left a few years ago. I figure I might as well give em what they

want. What do you think, Rabbi Yehuda, about the deal the government is offering the Jews?”

Rabbi Yehuda did not speak for a moment. His snow white hair contrasted vividly with the blue and gold kippah that he had on his head. He stood up and looked at the small group of people in front of him. “I don’t trust our big brother Communist government at all. And I do not believe anything they tell us, any more than I would trust Hitler. We can see what they have planned for us.” He looked at the man who had asked the question.

“Amos, I have read about this proposal. I would advise you and anyone else who is feeling desperate to not throw your money away on this kind of a scheme. Now, as far as getting back to Israel, there is a way. It’s a risk, but it is a much better choice. At least you will be dealing with honest people, who really want to help you.” He wrinkled his forehead into a serious look.

“There is a network in place—even in the midst of all the problems we’ve been dealing with in this nation of ours. When I say a network, I mean dedicated Christian people all across this land who will help the Jewish people to get back to Israel.

“You know, during the civil war there existed something called the ‘Underground Railroad.’ It was not really a railroad and it was not literally underground, but it is the story of many brave people who laid down their lives to help black Americans escape from the slave states to freedom in the northern states.

“Now, once again God has established safe houses and dedicated people—they are mostly Christians—who want to help the Jewish people get out of Nazi America. Some of them have pretty good sized boats and even airplanes, which will all be used to help us escape. These are ordinary men and women who will look like they are doing normal jobs, but will actually be working for the underground. Of course none of this could be possible unless God was our cover, and I mean that literally.

“I have talked to airplane pilots and ship captains, and even police, who have been called by God to help us. It’s an incredible network that God began setting in place even decades ago. But

I tell you the truth, it will be dangerous, and you need to be very sure it's what you want to do. It could even cost you your lives.

"So this is my answer to you, Amos. I have the information if any of you are seriously interested, but you must understand that these people's lives are also at stake. This must be kept absolutely confidential, or I cannot let it out of my hands."

"Well," a man in the back row spoke up. "I know things are tough right now, but I am not going to drag my family across the country on some kind of a crazy thing like this—it's nuts! Things are going to get better, and so I would advise all of you to really think about this carefully."

"Yeah," a plumpish woman in gray slacks stood up. "I don't have children to worry about, but I do have elderly parents in a nursing home. What am I supposed to do about them? Just leave them? She looked at the man who had just talked and nodded her head in agreement. "I am going to pray and believe for things to get better in America."

"We've all been given much to think about," Rabbi Yehuda said. "I would suggest you all go home and really pray, and hopefully next Shabbat we will meet here again."

## Chapter 7

“For You formed my inward parts;  
You covered me in my mother’s womb.” Psalm 139:13

Anna looked out the window as the Amtrak train sped past the brown and barren fields of the California farm which had been her home for seventeen years. But now, except for a few patches of green land, most of it had dried up and lay unused and desolate. She lowered her right hand and let it rest on her belly. Her light brown hair had fallen loose from the pink scarf that framed her slender face and blue-green eyes. Everything now had changed and she was going as far away from here as she could, far away from her dad and her stepmother.

She watched for a moment as the man seated in front of her stood up so that his wife could sit down next to him. His arm went around her and she nicely snuggled up next to him. Anna sighed. If only she could talk to her mother. She would know what to tell her, but that was impossible now. Her mother had died when she was twelve years old. Her relationship with her father had become much worse after her mother’s death. Her mother’s gentleness had been a buffer between her and her dad. But after she died there was nothing to help restrain his temper, and he would frequently lash out at her—for hardly any reason at all.

When her father married Anita two years ago the situation at home became even more impossible. Anita would say things about Anna that were not true—prodding her father to shut her up in her room for hours on end.

“Excuse me....” The train agent’s voice startled Anna out of her thought. “I need to see your card, please.” The woman’s voice was cold and hard. Anna handed her an identification card.

“Anna Stein? Is that correct?”

“Yes,” Anna answered.

“Illinois, in region five, is a long ways away for a young woman to be traveling by herself.” The agent questioned her.

“I am going to visit my family relatives for awhile....that’s all.” Anna was very nervous, but she tried not to let it show. The TSA agent looked at her card one more time, and then gave it back to her. Anna shuddered and looked out the window, to avoid anymore eye contact with the woman. She did not have to look up to know when the woman had finally walked away from her. If this security agent was the least bit suspicious she could easily find out that Anna was being sought by the police as a run-away.

The sun was starting to set over the Sacramento mountains, casting a lovely golden glow over the hills and valleys. She remembered the time when she and David had sat on a bench and had watched the sun slowly slide behind the hazy brown hills, washing over them with a pink lavender reflection. How beautiful it had been in those sweet days when love had come into her life. Oh, how she missed her wonderful David. She did not even try to hold back the tears that fell one by one onto her cheeks.

She had never known anyone like David, and they had been so very much in love. She had just turned seventeen when they first met, and he was nineteen. She had been working part time in the Grocery out-let when she first saw him standing by himself in the corner. She could hardly keep her eyes off of him, and she had not failed to notice that he was glancing her way too.

For six months they dated each other, whenever he could get away from his job with the National Guard, and when she could think of any excuse to not have to go home right away after work. They had fallen deeply in love, and had planned to get married as soon as they could get away. He was the only bright spot in her life and she so much wanted to be his wife.

And then came the dreaded news. David had been shipped out with his platoon to help fire fighters in southern California. He had been trapped in a terrible blaze and had been killed. All of her

plans for happiness had come to a terrible and sudden end.

And then there was the night when Anita had found a medical examination receipt in Anna's purse—revealing that Anna was pregnant. The words her father screamed at her that night were cruel and mean. Anna had stood frozen; the dim light in the kitchen shadowing her face. All she wanted to do was run, but to where?

"I am so sorry," she kept repeating, "I am so sorry." Finally her father waded up the medical receipt and threw it on the kitchen table. Anita who had been standing near the door way spoke to her in a loud, angry voice. "We will take you to the Community Health Services tomorrow. I have worked there in the past and I know how efficient they are with young women who need to have an abortion." Her eyes were intense and her lips moved into a cruel smile.

After they had both left the kitchen, Anna went out to the barn. She climbed up into the hayloft, where she often went. She found a niche in the corner under a small window. She removed the small photo of David from her coat pocket, and held it to her heart. Her David was gone and she was now more than two months pregnant.

The next morning, before the sun had risen over the farm, Anna slipped out of the old house and ran as fast as she could till she came to the main road. A woman stopped and gave her a ride into town. And then she bought a train ticket to a place in Illinois—now referred to as region five—that she had never heard of before. She had simply repeated what the man in front of her had said. "One ticket to Winston, Illinois, please."

For the rest of the train ride she closed her eyes and drifted in and out of sleep. She pulled her nap-sack off the seat next to her and put it in her lap. She had saved enough money, she figured, from her job to stay for awhile in an inexpensive hostel. Hopefully she would be able to find some kind of work, and then a more permanent place to live. She knew how hard times were for most

people in America, but her only true concern was to stay hidden so that her father could not find her, and turn her over to the abortion people—as she called them. Whatever happened she could not let anyone kill her precious baby—David’s baby.

She knew from some of her friends that forced abortions were the law of the day. She gently rubbed her belly. “We’re going to be okay, Sweetie.” She spoke to her baby. “We’ll just take one day at a time.”

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Pastor Mac McKinsey sat down on the ground. It was cold outside, but he wanted to be by himself for a few minutes. So many men, so much pain and suffering, and he only had so many hours in the day and night that he could offer words of kindness and encouragement. He was exhausted, but God had given him grace to keep going.

In his years as a pastor he had memorized so many different scriptures, and now the men in Camp #29 desperately needed to hear these words of hope and comfort. The one Bible they had kept hidden from the guards for the last three months had been found. The young man who owned it received, of course, the proper disciplinary action, one month of solitary confinement, and everyone had their meager food rations cut in half for a week.

Mac could smell the food that was being cooked in the Fema camp just over the small hill from where they were. The smell of meat being cooked, and delicious dinner and breakfast meals was offered as an incentive for Camp #29. All they had to do was come into agreement with the controllers and they would be able to soon move to the nicer settlement, where they would be offered a far more congenial life style. Just say ‘yes’ to the re-education program; be willing to turn in any of your friends who were rebel rousers, deny your faith in Jesus Christ, and you too could leave camp #29. Some of the Christians in the camp had gone for it.



Their faith had not been that strong to begin with, and they never thought it would cost them this kind of suffering being a believer.

Mac McKinsey remembered clearly the night they came for him and his wife. He had just finished televising his evening show. He was known for not holding anything back. He spoke it as he saw it. For the Word of God had always defined his life. He was well respected in the Christian Evangelical community, but he had been given clear warning from a particular government source that his material was offensive to some people in high places, and they had told him that he should consider revamping his program. Mac knew what that meant—knuckle under and only say things that would make those low down scumbags look good!

He had also been reminded that Evangelicals were on the official, government list of terrorists—right up there with the worst of the Islamic terror groups. Mac knew how it would be done. The blue-print had already been established under Hitler and many other demonic, dictatorial regimes. Classify certain groups as dangerous to society, and then make it legal by putting their names on a list. And then all they had to do, at the right time, was make a midnight raid. He had talked about this on his Christian news program many times.

He wasn't totally surprised when they came in and shut down his program, but when two thugs, dressed in dark-gray jumpsuits, escorted his wife out of the building and shoved her in the back of a black van, he went after them.

He woke up the next morning in an isolation hole, at Camp #29. For the first three days his eyes were almost totally swollen shut, and his arm felt like it was broken. He hurt all over, but they gave him nothing for pain. Once a day someone would shove a cup of water and a bowl of bad tasting gruel through a slot in the door.

After two days he forced himself to eat some of it. When his eyes had adjusted to the dark he found a can in the corner of the room that he could empty his bowels into. He was there for seven

days. It was nothing more than a dark and foul smelling pit.

At first he had no idea where he was. They would come for him several times during the day and night—dragging him out of the dark, damp hole where he sat all day on a dirt floor. When he got outside he was momentarily blinded, but then could see that where they had been keeping him was nothing more than a small, bunker style building—solid concrete. Warehouse type buildings existed for as far as he could see—all surrounded by steel fences, topped with barbed wired. He knew now where he was. It was what he had told his listening audience about for many years. “One day,” he had said, “they’re gonna come for us—for all those who won’t go along. The Fema camps,” he had said, “have been made ready for all the resisters.”

They walked him to a flat one story house. Before they took him inside he glanced over at the long steel fence, where dozens of men stood staring at identical buildings on the other side of the compound, but he never heard any kind of conversation.

They would interrogate him for hours. It was not that he had anything to tell them, but they wanted to win him over to their side. He was a hero to the people, and if they could just get him to bend and tell the people positive things about the national unifying protecting forces, then they would achieve a great and needed victory.

It was not the physical pain, although he had suffered through some of that too, as much as the brain draining tactics they used. Sometimes they would send into the interrogating room a small, delicate, attractive woman, who was expertly trained to play on his emotions, and then there were these giant, guerrilla like men who looked like they might pull out of their pockets, at any moment, some kind of a bizarre torture devise, and sometimes they did. Of course night after night without any sleep, left him weak and feeling really vulnerable.

They would say the same things again and again: “Wouldn’t you like to go home, Mac, and be with your wife, and go back to

a normal life, knowing that we will never hurt you again? All you have to do, Mac, is agree to a few very simple things.”

He prayed for his wife continually. She was a strong woman of faith. She would not give in and he feared what that might mean for her. How many times, he thought, they had talked about the Martyred Church, and how God’s servants, in many different countries, under the worst conditions, had remained faithful.

But now it was happening to him, and he feared—not for his life, but for his courage. Sometimes he would hear the horrible, tortured cries of people in other rooms. Sometimes it sounded like children, and he could hardly bear it, but he also knew that they had many ways to deceive him. Truth and reality were an illusion in Camp #29.

He had actually wondered if he could agree to some of their demands? So he would soften up his program a bit—what did it matter anymore? But they wanted him to confess and declare on his show that Jesus Christ was a lie, and that he had come to the conclusion, after much thought, that the Christian faith was not much more than a fairy tale. And this he could not, and would not do. One night he had asked the Lord to give him something he could hold on to, something he could focus on, during the hours of mental torture. And the Lord gave him a picture of the cross, as clear as anything. He would close his eyes for a second and then open them and he would have an instant, sharp vision of the cross, and it was there for as long as he needed it. Now he knew he could make it.

After seven days they sent Mac to one of the warehouses. They were not all Christians where he was put, in fact most were not. They were men from all different backgrounds. Some were in this camp because they hated the government and what it were doing, and had refused to go along with their evil plans. Men from different Patriotic groups—from all across the country—had been brought to Camp # 29. Some didn’t even know why they were there. One day they were working, trying to make some kind of

a living for their family, and the next day they were in Camp #29.

There were no legal rights anymore. Under certain clauses in the Patriot Act anyone could be picked up off the street and taken away. No questions asked; no answers given. A few of the men were religious Jews. They stayed apart from the others, as much as possible. But Mac had come to know one of the Jewish men named Benjamin. They had become friends and would sometimes share together scriptures from the Torah, and sometimes Benjamin would listen to Mac when he shared with him versus from the New Testament.

Mac knew why he was in Camp #29. With the help of the Holy Spirit, he would share with these broken men the scriptures of the Bible that he had memorized. He would offer them the hope of another world to come, and the forgiveness of their sins through Jesus Christ. In his years as a part-time pastor Mac had watched God transform some of the most hardest cases. He had watched as men filled with hate and anger had come to know the love of God in their lives, and were totally changed.

Mac knew that most of the men in Camp #29 were not there because they had done evil things—quite the contrary. They had laid down their lives to fight against a corrupt and unjust system that had now overtaken their lives and their country. But he also understood the hate and anger had quickly filled many of their lives.

“Hey, pastor.” Mac’s thoughts were interrupted as Scott, the young man who had been punished for hiding his Bible, sat down next to him. “Do you have a minute? I need to talk to you.”

“Sure, Scott.” Mac fought against the emotional exhaustion that was trying to sweep him away. “How can I help you?”

“I’ve been thinking. You see I really need to get out of here.” The young, blond haired man reached up drawing his hand across his forehead in a desperate manner. “Pastor Mac, God knows my true heart. So even if I say what they want me too, God knows the truth. Right? Doesn’t he?”

Mac looked down at the frightened young man next to him.

He was probably about twenty years old. “Yes, Scott. God knows what is in your heart. But you see Jesus told us that if we deny him before men, then He will deny us before the Father. Let me pray with you Scott and ask God to give you strength and the same kind of help He has given me. He has promised to never leave us, and He never will.”

“Pastor Mac....I don’t know? I just gotta get out of here soon.” Scott stood up—pulling his hand loose from Mac’s. “I don’t know?” he said, and then walked away, with his head down.

“Wait, Scott. Don’t go! Please.”

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Anna sat down on a bench, outside the main waiting room of the train station. Even though she had slept some on the train, she still felt a deep tiredness in her body; the days of stress and fear had taken their toll on her. She shivered in the darkness and pulled her jacket tight around her shoulders.

It had been a long time since she had prayed. Sometimes when her mother could get away from her dad, Anna’s mother would find a quiet place where she could pray. Her father and mother were both Jewish, but as a young teenager her mother had found Jesus, and had secretly started praying to him and had continued to do so for the rest of her life.

“No matter what happens in life, Anna,” she would tell her daughter, “a little talk with Jesus will always help.”

But her mother had died, and God seemed so far away from her. She looked up into the night sky. “Lord,” she said, “if You are up there and my mother is with You, I could sure use some help.”

“Hey,” a voice came from behind her. “Are you okay?”

Anna turned to face a kind looking woman who was dressed in jeans, and a blue jacket. Her reddish-brown hair was pulled back softly from her face. She smiled at Anna. “Do you have someplace to go, hun? You look a little lost.”

“Well, I am kind of looking for a good hostel to stay at for a while. Do you know of anything in town?”

“Well, actually I know of a pretty good place. Come on. I’ll give you a ride.”

“Thanks, I’d sure appreciate it.” Anna smiled with relief.

Anna turned over in bed. She could smell food being cooked in the kitchen, but she was feeling a little nauseated. Nancy Yehuda had invited Anna to spend the night at their house, and it had really been a blessing. She snuggled up under the warm comforter. She was not sure where she would go today, but she felt a lot better now than at the lonely train station. She put on her jeans and sweater and walked into the kitchen.

As she came into the room, Joseph Yehuda stood up from the table and reached out his hand to Anna. “Hello there,” he said. She smiled at Joseph and then looked across the table at Nancy. For the first time in a very long while Anna Stein was feeling at home.



## Chapter 8

“Rescue me from their destructions...  
my precious life from the lions.” Psalm 35:17

It was eight o'clock in the evening. Eddie and Maria had prayed. They so needed God's help. How would they ever get their little girl back? And time was running out. Three days ago their lives had been so normal—at least it seemed that way to Eddie; hard, but normal. He knew that bad things were happening all the time. But that was normal life. You went through bad times and good times, but life went on as usual. But now the places he had always thought of as good and safe were taking on a different color, and he didn't like what he was seeing and feeling.

Somebody comes into his little girl's school class-room and gives her a shot, and three hours later she is sick! The school sends her to a hospital where the nurses and doctors all start acting like robotic actors in a terrible movie. He looked at his wife and put his arm over her shoulder. She was praying quietly.

He wanted to make contact with the person who had called him. He needed to know more about what was going on, but both he and Maria knew they didn't have much time. They had to get Abriel out of that hospital. And they now feared for her life.

Maria looked up at her husband. “I feel from God that we are to go to the hospital now, and wait for God to show us what to do.”

“Well, you know we can't just barge into her room?”

“I know,” Maria responded. “But I feel God is going to show us something.”

“All right,” Eddie answered. “Let's go!”

They waited in the lobby that was closest to Abriel's room. They had no idea what they would do. There was a man standing by a

large window that overlooked the city. Eddie was sure he knew the man from someplace before, and then he remembered that he had seen him a couple of times at the grocery-warehouse.

“Hello,” he said to Adam. “I am trying to remember where I have seen you before?”

Adam turned and looked at Eddie. He felt very awkward. What was he to say to this man? I mean what do you do when God speaks to you? The Lord had actually spoken to him, in an audible voice, and had told him to come to this hospital, and to be prepared to help these people, tonight.

“Yes” Adam said. “I’ve seen you at the store, but we’ve never actually met.” He glanced out the window for a second and then turned back to Eddie. I need to tell you, Eddie, that I am here to help you get Abriel back. I don’t know what I am suppose to do, but God sent me here, and...well, I guess we just wait and...”

Nobody said a word. They just looked at each other—knowing that God was going to do something. Adam looked at his watch. It was almost nine o’clock “Excuse me,” he said.

Eddie watched as Adam left the lobby area and then walked down the hall into the men’s bathroom. Eddie and Maria just looked at each other. A very unsure feeling was beginning to take hold of both of them. Eddie was pretty sure that Adam was the man who had called him, but who was he and what was he really doing here?

In the midst of his thoughts a fire alarm began ringing loudly. He looked up and saw smoke coming from the bathroom that Adam had walked into. Then Maria grabbed his arm. “Go get her now!”

Eddie did not stop and think about what his wife had just said to him. He just started walking towards his daughter’s room.

“Sir, you must leave right now. This is a fire alarm.” The nurse yelled at him with a loud voice, but then rushed down the hall to a patient’s room. As he approached the door to Abriel’s room a very large man, dressed in white, walked out of the room, with Eddie’s daughter in his arms.



For a brief instant Eddie was stunned and almost mesmerized by the man's appearance. He had a supernatural glow about him that was not human. He was dazzling to behold.

"Take your daughter and leave quickly," was all that he said.

Eddy took his daughter in his arms and walked to the lobby where Maria was. His wife told him, as they headed out the exit and down the stairway, that Adam had come running out of the smoke filled bathroom and had quickly disappeared out the door.

Maria did not even look to see if her daughter was all right, as they joined a throng of people going down two flights of stairs. Then they ran for their parked car. Maria got into the back seat with Abriel. She was wrapped securely in a blanket. Maria removed the blanket from around her head. She was very groggy, as if coming out of a state of being anesthetized.

"We need to get her to a doctor we can trust, Eddie. Something is not right. She's really been doped up."

"Ron Peterson is a doctor. He lives down the street. I'll call him on my cell phone and see if we can come by."

"Your daughter, Eddie and Maria, will be okay. Just let her sleep off the drugs. She has obviously been anesthetized for some kind of surgery. So I am confused? Why did you bring her to my house?"

"Dr. Peterson, I am not sure how to tell you this but something very strange is going on at Pike General hospital. Our daughter was taken there by the school a couple of days ago. She had been given a vaccination, and this is what I believe made her sick. But they started acting very peculiar at the hospital, telling us that we could no longer make any decisions for her, and that she had been put under the care of the health department."

When Eddy mentioned the name of the hospital Dr. Peterson pulled back, slightly agitated. "Well," he said, "I've heard some stories about some inappropriate care at Pike, but nothing so bizarre as what you are telling me." He looked away nervously from their questioning gaze.

"Well, maybe someone needs to find out exactly what's going

on over there!” Eddie said impatiently.

“I am afraid there is nothing more I can do for you. I think your daughter will be fine by tomorrow. Just check in on her a few times as she sleeps.” Dr. Peterson then walked Eddie and Maria to the door and hurriedly ushered them out.

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Adam pulled into an empty space in the parking garage at the University. He still had his pass to park in the downstairs faculty parking garage. He got into the back of his truck, which had been made into a semi-camper. He stretched out on the bunk and laid perfectly still for a few minutes. What in the world had he got himself involved in?

Four hours ago he had been in his apartment looking at some of the papers that David Ballard—alias Snow-ball—had given him. He had been amazed! What he had been looking at was a lot more than what was going on at the hospitals around the country. He could hardly believe what he was reading. And then all of a sudden he heard the words being spoken to him. “Go to the hospital. They need your help.” He had sat there for a couple of minutes. He knew it was God speaking to him, and he had to make up his mind in a few seconds if he was going to obey God’s command or ignore it. He knew the little girl’s life was at stake if he did not obey. He really had no choice.

When he walked into the bathroom he somehow knew that he was to drop a match into the trashcan. It was contained and would not really cause any damage, but it would make a bunch of smoke. As soon as the fire started to burn and the smoke started to spiral out of the can the alarms all over the hospital went off. That’s when he made his exit. He really hoped that God was covering his back-side and that no one had recognized him and none of the cameras had spotted him.

When he got into his truck he saw Eddie and Maria carrying

their little girl to safety. He breathed a sigh of relief. But he knew that they had no idea of what they had gotten themselves into. The big guys could not take the risk that a couple of nice, insignificant parents would start to ask questions, and snoop around. Even the smallest leak could lead to exposure, and there was much to be exposed.

He really wanted to call Lilly, but it was too risky to make any contact with her—not now. He knew how the department worked. He knew all of their gangster moves. They had silenced David Ballard, permanently, and it would not take them long to find out if he had managed to make contact with anyone. And Adam's name was at the top of the list.

He had worked with David in the past and the department knew they had become good friends. And there was no point in trying to fake it with the CIA, and pretend he didn't know what they were talking about. They had ways of making sure someone was telling the truth. He knew this all too well. He also knew that there would be no going back to his apartment, not now. But he always traveled light, and he had left nothing behind that he really needed. He closed his eyes, hoping to sleep for a few hours.

Eddie walked down the hallway to the living room door. His heart was beating fast. He had slept very little. It was six o'clock in the morning. Who would be knocking on their door at this time? His only thought was that it might be the police. He glanced out a side window and was very surprised to see Adam standing on the porch. He opened the door

"Adam! Come in; please. I am not sure why you are visiting us so early, but we haven't been able to sleep anyway. And of course Maria and I want to thank you so much for what you did to help us get Abriel out of the hospital. We never would have done anything if you had not called me. It was you, right?"

"Yes, Eddie. It was me who called you. I am not sure where to begin, but I felt from the Lord that I was to come and give you a

little explanation for this bizarre event that has been happening in your life. I know it's early, but I could not risk coming any later. And there are certain things you need to know, in order to protect you wife and daughter."

"Tell me what you can, Adam. I am pretty confused as to what is going on in our country right now."

"First of all, Eddie, let me tell you that I know what I am talking about. I've been involved in certain kinds of government classified work. And, well, let's just say I have access to certain kinds of information."

"You mean CIA? Things like that?"

"Yeah, things like that."

Eddie turned his attention away from Adam as Maria came down the stairs. "Hello Adam," she said. "I don't know why you are here so early, but I am sure glad you were at the hospital to help us. We owe you a lot."

"Adam has something important to share with us, honey. That's why he's here."

"Well, let me go put some coffee on. I will be right back."

"I am not going to keep you guys for long. But what I need to tell you is important—for you and your little girl. You need to understand that there are now things going on in our country that the average person simply could never believe.

"It has to do with new kinds of super technology, cosmic energy, and basically a war against the people of the United States. It has to do with a plan by very evil men and women to try and take over the whole world. Major changes have been taking place for a long time—a kind of metamorphosis, but in incremental steps, so that people would not get overly alarmed. Most of America simply does not realize what is really going on behind the closed doors of our government. The kinds of experimental projects they are working on, and have been working on for a very long time, are pretty mind-boggling. And they have the power and the money to do whatever they want.

“All of the essential industry and state run media are now being run by Homeland Security, which is just a sub-department under FEMA. This organization has more power than any man or woman in America. Believe me I know. This is why they could take your little girl and prevent you from even having any contact with her. I know you have heard of the New One World Order.”

“Sure,” Eddie said.

“Well, they’ve been working on this vision for a new world and new planet for a very long time, decades. The ‘controllers,’ as I call them, have been brainwashing people, systematically, to think in a particular way—replacing individual thought with more of a collective mentality. We call it Communism, but it’s really a demonic idea that goes back much farther than Stalin or Mao. To replace individual creative thought reduces mankind to a kind of controlled puppet—one that can be easily manipulated.

“Our school systems have been in on this, to some degree, from the beginning. I watched for years how this evil web was being constructed and weaved together. But back then I was just a blind puppet myself.” Adam brushed back a strand of dark hair from his tired and bloodshot eyes.

“This is why they no longer need to ask a parent’s permission to do whatever they want to with our children. Parents have been ruled out as unnecessary by the ‘community village’ concept. Which brings me to the school vaccination program. They have created this program very carefully—for different purposes at different times.

“I believe your daughter was targeted to immediately get sick so that she would be taken to the hospital. You see, the health officials who have now been brought in to run the department, trained and groomed, of course, by the controllers, know exactly who they give a particular strain of vaccination to, and why they are doing it. The system has a data list on everyone and everything. And certain children and even young adults have, shall we say, something in their bodies that they need for specific programs;

or they may just want to re-educate the child for their own plans. The controllers have been creating a generation that will do exactly what they are told, and will have been thoroughly expunged of the desire for family. Which is also why they have pushed so hard for the gay life-style to become accepted into the main stream.

“And then you have the pedophile business, and believe me you would be more than a little surprised to know who some of the people are in back of this industry. In most countries little children bring in big money, and I am not excluding the US. What I am telling you, Eddie and Maria, is the truth. Some of the major institutions in America are involved in child sexual slavery and ritualistic abuse. It’s pretty ugly what some wealthy people want to spend their money on.”

“Oh, merciful Jesus,” Maria said. “I am so glad we got Abriel out of that place.”

“I am not saying,” Adam continued, “that every health official in the country is evil, but there are people—if you want to really call them people—who are working for the system, and they are in every public institution, and they are now, speedily, beginning to replace real human beings.

“Your daughter was being prepped for surgery when we arrived at the hospital. I guess that’s why the Lord told me to get over there, fast.”

“Oh, my God!” Maria answered Adam. “They were going to kill our baby?”

“I don’t think so.” Adam said. “There are people who will pay a lot of money for fresh young organs, but the information I had on Abriel was not for an organ transplant. But we never really know what happens to these missing children. They anesthetize them, take them into an operating room, and no one ever sees them again.

“The parents are told they died in surgery, or some even at birth. Thousands of children disappear every day, and are re-educated, brainwashed, or sold into the sex-slave industry, and no one ever knows, unless they are able to escape their tormented owners,

and some have. It would be pretty startling to you, I am sure, to know how evil, satanic governments and systems have set things up to get control of children's lives—unbelievable things!

"I don't have all the information as to why they wanted Abriel, but what I can tell you is that you never would have seen your daughter again."

"This is really heavy stuff, Adam," Eddie said. "What do we do now?"

"I don't think the hospital is going to file charges or anything. They can't afford to call attention to themselves. At least I don't think so. The big guys would not like that. But let me tell you something. The people behind these evil plans will be watching you. They don't want any parents sticking their noses into their well set-up programs and asking questions. They can't risk any kind of exposure, not even in these big brother, government controlled, tyrannical days we are living in.

"If I were you, I would take your little girl and get the heck out of this city for quite awhile—maybe never come back. They are pretty much allowing some people to travel again. Of course you will need to really pray for God's covering and direction.

"Wow!" Eddie said. "I feel like I've been transported to a different planet?"

"In a way you have," Adam responded. "Once upon a time in the golden USA is no longer a reality. But I do believe that God is going to do something good with this country before the end comes. Remember when Jesus taught the parable about the tares and the wheat?"

"Yes," Maria said. "I've read it many times, and I've always wondered who exactly the tares are."

"Well, the Lord tells us who they are. The wheat are the sons of God and the tares are the sons of the evil one.

"The devil has been trying," Adam continued, "since the days

of Noah, to create man in his image—the seed of satan. This is what happened when the fallen angels came down, and took the daughters of men, and brought forth a corrupted race, called the Nephilim. ‘And the Lord saw that the wickedness of man was great in the earth and that every intent of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually.’

“Except for Noah and his family, God had to destroy all of mankind. Their DNA had become so corrupted they could not be saved.

“Jesus told us that the end-times, which we are now living in, will be just like the days of Noah. Let me say just one thing on this. There are people in high places who are not what or who we think they are...as in the days of Noah. The plan of the evil one is to once again so corrupt man’s image that he cannot ever be saved.

“The Bible tells us that something very terrible will happen to men and women when they take the mark. They will become so corrupted, that they will perish in the fires of hell. This is why God gives such a clear warning in the Bible to not take the mark.

“Eddie and Maria, I feel to share with you something that is extremely important. I have some classified documents that my friend gave to me before he died. What he gave me is very specific info on the satanic warfare that the government is going to release on the people. And that includes what they are now doing in the war against our children in our schools and other institutions.

“You see, unless you had just experienced what you did with your own daughter, I doubt that you would believe anything I am telling you. Correct?”

“You are right there!” Eddie said. “It’s all pretty bizarre.”

“What are you going to do, Adam?” Maria asked.

“I still have a few contacts in the Virginia area and I am hoping if I can get to them, that maybe they can help me get some of this exposed to the public. It’s probably a long shot, but I owe a friend. And if there is any chance that these villains can be exposed for who and what they are...I gotta go for it.”



“Here is what I want to tell you before I leave. I have noticed that the places in our country, and I’ve done a lot of traveling, that seem to be less dark, and less threatening are those where God’s people are really praying, and where the Holy Spirit is welcomed.

I used to hate those places.” Adam shook his head as he looked down for a moment. “I didn’t realize till much later that it wasn’t the people that got in our way, so much, as the Holy Spirit. Jesus said to keep your lamps burning. The enemy has a much harder time when he’s up against saints who are filled with the light.

What I’ve discovered since living in a city not too far from here is that there are places in this state that look good—in the Spirit—but are really pretty dead—a form of religion, but not the real thing.”

Maria looked at Eddie, and quietly whispered, “I told you so.”

“Take your little girl,” Adam said, “and drive until you find a place where the people really know how to get on their knees and where the Spirit is alive and well. Now, I’ve gotta go. I feel like I’ve known you both for a long time.” Adam reached down and lightly kissed Maria on her cheek, and then shook Eddie’s hand. “Take care, and God watch over you and your daughter.”

“And you too, Adam.”

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Saryl stood at the foot of Abriel’s bed. He had been watching over her since Eddie and Maria brought her home from the hospital. She was a very special little girl, this he understood. He had been given guardianship over her the day she was conceived in her mother’s womb, and he took his job very seriously. One time, when she was only two years old, he had intervened when she was about to tumble into a friend’s swimming pool. Her mother had turned her back for just a couple of minutes, talking to a friend, and Abriel had scooted away from her and was less than half a foot away from falling into the deep end of the pool. Saryl put his hand

out and instead of falling into the water she fell back on her bottom, and began to cry. Her mother then came running to her rescue—startled that she had gotten so far from her and so close to the water. There were many other times that Saryl had intervened in Abriel’s life and had kept her from real tragedy. Of course none of these life saving events would be known until heaven—with the exception of one. Guardian angels usually do not reveal themselves to people, but exceptions are made.

Abriel had been given a prophetic visual gift at a young age, and a couple of times her eyes had been opened spiritually to see Saryl, and to understand that he was there to help her. Saryl had also, deliberately, made himself visible to Abriel’s father.

His orders were to hand the child to him as soon as he had picked her up and carried her out of the hospital room. God’s angels never ask questions. They just do as they are told.

Abriel opened her eyes and looked up at her very tall friend, who was smiling down at her. He was dressed, as usual, in a brilliant white gown with a golden sash around his middle. His whole being exuded a shimmering light. His face was so beautiful and made her feel very safe. But it was still hard for her to keep her eyes opened. So soon she closed them and went back to sleep.

“Take heed that you despise not one of these little ones; for I say unto you, that in heaven their angels always behold the Face of My Father which is in heaven.” Matthew 18:10



## Chapter 9

“Deliver me in Your righteousness, and cause me to escape”

Psalm 71:2

Michael knew something was wrong as soon as he opened the door and saw Leah sitting at the kitchen table with a distressed look on her face. “Are the boys okay?” He asked quickly.

“Yes, Leah answered. “They are in their rooms. But two people from social services came here a while ago. They wanted to know why the boys were not in school. It was pretty obvious to them that they were not sick. I told them that they had gotten better today and would be in school tomorrow. Then they asked me a bunch of questions about what I thought of the school system—questions about the teachers, and things like that. They made mention of the fact that some of the parents were not pleased with having a sex curriculum, and then she rattled on about it being for the good of the collective community. They actually told me, Steven, that the ‘enlightened’ school knows better than the parents what is good for children. I got the feeling that we were living in a giant bee hive.

Michael smiled at his wife. “Well, we know the moral authority of the home and church as been replaced by the state. But what are people going to do about it? That’s the question I want answered.”

“I didn’t say anything more than I had to. I certainly did not want to raise any suspicions. I wish you had been here. I am afraid they are coming back, maybe even tonight. I don’t trust what they told me, Michael. They also kept making reference to our last name, being Cohen. And then they asked me if we were registered as Jews. They were acting very suspicious. They kept looking out the living room window, as if they were expecting someone, or something, to show up.”

“We can’t wait for tomorrow morning to leave. We have to pull out of here now. From what you just told me, they could be

back here any time. We can be at the border before midnight, if we leave now. You know, Leah, ten years ago I never would have believed that our country would become what it has! Yeah, a ‘collective community’ is the right word—where the right to raise our children, as a parent sees fit, is no longer of any value. In fact the whole idea of a Christian home is ridiculed and condemned. And also no one could ever have told me, back then, that America, one day, would be a dangerous place for Jewish people to live.”

Leah reached over and squeezed her husband’s hand. “The car is already pretty much packed—just a few more things and we can be on our way.”

“I’ll go tell the boys we’re leaving now,” Michael said. “Maybe you could fill a thermos of coffee to take with us?”

They had been driving for a couple of hours. The sun had already set behind the gray-green Mesabi mountain range, and it was quickly getting dark. The dense, green forests, that lay on either side of the highway where they were driving, looked dark and mysterious. But the stars were bright and the moon was a beacon of light.

Michael felt good about taking his family to a different place. They needed a new start. And hopefully there was still a place in the world where they could teach their children the values of God, along with a good study curriculum, and not have to fear because they were Jewish.

They were only about two hours from the border. They had called their friends, and were looking forward to staying with them for a while. Leah had just poured Michael the last cup of coffee from the thermos when his cell phone rang. He picked up the phone, and Leah could tell immediately that something was very wrong.

“What is it?” she said, after he had put his cell phone away.

“It was Susan, from the State Trooper office.”

“What’s going on?” Leah asked with fear in her voice.

“She was calling from outside the office, and it was kind of hard to hear her. She was really putting her job on the line by calling us. She said they had received a call about half an hour ago from Social Services. They had gone over to our house in the evening, but when they found no one there, they called the Gestapo police. Evidently, they told the police that we are dangerous parents, and that the boys should be taken from us. She said they have also alerted the Canadian border—in case we were trying to make a break for it.”

“What the heck is going on? I feel like a criminal. Is this really America?” Have we kidnapped our own children?

“I am going to pull off on that dirt road just ahead of us. We need to talk, and decide what to do. We can’t go for the border now.”

## Chapter 10

“And renew a steadfast spirit within me.” Psalm 51:10

Lilly opened the door to her apartment. She was aghast at what she saw. She couldn't believe what she was staring at. Everything had been ransacked. Her small apartment looked like a tornado had blown through and left a big pile of rubble. Her first thought was to call the police, but then she remembered something Adam had said to her. “If they come snooping around don't tell them anything about me.” Well, she thought, I wonder if this is what he meant by snooping?

She darted for her bedroom to see if they had taken anything important. The pictures she had of her and Adam were missing from the drawer she kept them in, and also her small jewelry box. Not that she had anything of real value, except for the opal and diamond ring that Adam had given her. They had also stolen her journal that she always kept on top of her pillow. She breathed a sigh of relief that she had not written anything new in it for a few days. Her last reference to Adam would have been a couple of weeks ago, before he told her anything. Somehow God had stopped her from writing anything new. Of course she had his address and old phone number written down in her journal, but they would have had that before they broke into her apartment.

She sat down on her bed, pulling a pillow onto her lap. She felt defiled. They had gone through all her drawers. All her lingerie was scattered from one end of the room to the other. A pair of lavender panties seemed to have deliberately been thrown over a lamppost. She wanted to call the police, but for sure they would ask her a bunch of questions that she didn't want to answer.

“Oh, Adam,” she said out loud. “Where are you? I need you

now. What am I to do?” He had not given her his cell number for this exact reason. It would be too tempting to call him, and they could easily trace the number. She had to wait for him to call her.

But when? She wondered for a moment if she ever would have gotten involved with Adam if she had known her life would be thrown into such a turmoil. But it was only a very brief thought. The whole world it seemed had barreled head long into some kind of bizarre reality, and the only thing she was holding onto was the thought that she would see Adam again.

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Adam pulled off the main road and drove down a side road that led to a small, one man gas station and mechanic shop. He had dumped his truck and had bought an older one in its place, with a shell over the back. He had given the guy at the junkyard an extra three hundred dollars to crunch his truck—no questions asked.

The truck he bought was a bit of a clunker and he would have to get a few things done on it before he could travel any farther. He was still a good three hours from Virginia. There was no way, he knew, that he could keep driving the truck he had started out with. There were too many road stops along the way—especially going into FEMA region three. He knew they would be looking for him. He had bought the truck with a fake ID. He knew how to do these things and no one would ever know. When he was in his truck his identity was Mr. Joel Martin, formerly deceased but now alive.

“So, where are you headed?” The mechanic spit into a side gutter and wiped his hands on his greasy overalls.

Adam ignored the question. “I bought this truck, but it’s running a little rough. How long would it take you to check it over for me?”

“I am not too sure? Might have it fixed by tomorrow, but it depends on what I find.”

Adam did not want to stay for very long in this town, but he

couldn't risk the truck not getting him all the way to Virginia. "Listen, just give me the low down on what it's going to cost me to get out of here as soon as I can. I am in a hurry and I don't have time for a lot of jaw." He was really feeling impatient.

The mechanic spit again and laughed. "What's the hurry, Mr...? Nobody is going anyplace much anymore.... Haven't you figured that out yet?"

Adam answered in a cool voice. "What's your price going to be to fix my truck?" He resisted resorting to some of the CIA tactics he knew worked on numbskulls like this. For he had made a vow before God that he was finished with that life.

"Well, needs a new set of front brakes for sure, and the back brakes ain't worth poop either. I figure six hundred and I should get it back to you by tomorrow. Maybe sometime in the morning."

"I had not planned on spending the night here...any place to crash for a while?"

"Uh huh...There's a motel down the street, called Mable's Place—should be able to get a room, pretty cheap. Now you know of course that I have to report this to the DHS?"

"What are you talking about? What do you mean?"

"New regulations—just got passed. I gotta report it to them. Every car I do any work on I have to report—to stay compliant, as they call it."

Instinct had taught Adam a long time ago when he needed to move. Now he relied on the Holy Spirit, but what he was feeling was to get back on the road—and soon!

"Okay! How much to get the work done and get back on the road tonight, and leave the DHS out of it?"

The mechanic did not even look up from the truck, as he lifted up the hood. "I figure a thousand should get you back on the road by nightfall."

"I'll be back in a couple of hours. I presume there's someplace I can get some coffee in this town?"

"Just keep on walking about a block or so. It'll be a little stuffy by now...but it'll do ya?"



The café was small but cheerful. A red-checkered tablecloth covered one table where two men sat playing cards. The counter was clean and neat. Someone in the back kitchen had a radio on with old time music being played. The two men looked up as Adam waked in. It was an obvious surprise.

“Hello,” he said in a general greeting to everyone. “Getting my car fixed so I thought I’d get a cup of coffee and maybe something to eat—if they serve food here?” For some reason he felt apologetic for having walked into the cafe.

An older man with a white apron on came out from the kitchen. “What can I get for you?” Name’s Bob.”

“A hamburger and a cup of coffee would be great.”

“Sure. There’s a paper over in the corner. It’s a day old, and there ain’t much in it, but it’s better than nothing.” He chuckled softly to himself. “So, where are you headed? We don’t get folks in here much anymore. With all the things you have to do now to travel—all the road stops and security stuff—just ain’t worth the hassle. Most people are staying off of the interstate. Just too darn much trouble. But I try to keep a little food in back—just in case.”

Adam didn’t want to start a conversation. But the old man seemed kind of lonely, and he had two hours to kill. “Well, I’m heading over towards the east coast. If I can get that old clunker of mine fixed...?”

“Oh, Jerry will fix it for you. He’s pretty good with cars, but it’ll cost you for sure. If ya know what I mean.”

“Yes,” Adam answered him. “I think I’ve already discovered that.” Adam listened as the old man tuned his radio to an evening news station, and then turned the volume up a notch. The brisk voice of a young woman began to recite which roads would be open in the area and which would be closed, and then gave a brief outlook on the weather. “That’s about it,” Bob said. “We get the road report and the weather stuff, and sometimes a little info on community business, but never any real news—not any more.

“But of course they always tell us what a good job the government is doing for everyone.” He smirked and then laughed.

The two men at the table looked up from their cards with an agitated look on their faces—as if the old man had said too much to the stranger at the counter. Adam could feel the uneasiness.

“How many people do you have living here in Crawfish Creek?”

“Right now,” Bob answered Adam, “maybe a hundred or so. We use to have a pretty good little community. We had a couple of good schools and nice folks—maybe a thousand people or so, but we haven’t had any real work around here for a couple of years. Most of the people who stayed on live up in the hills and don’t come down very often. They fear those security people that come sneaking around, and pretty often now.

“You know, they check up on everything—even ask people about who might be pregnant. They don’t like people having babies anymore. The women around here can tell you some frightful stories of what those thugs do when they find out someone is pregnant—just about like what they do in China.”

One of the men at the table spoke up. “Don’t know what ya name is mister, but ya best be not asking so many questions. We don’t like strangers hanging around here. Understand!”

“Shut up Gill. He ain’t hurting you. We’re just having a little friendly conversation—which is pretty hard to do around this town anymore!”

“One of these days, old man, yu gonna get everyone in a lot of trouble, if ya don’t keep your mouth shut.”

“As soon as I get my car fixed,” Adam interjected, “I’ll be leaving your town.” He forced a smile. The last thing he needed right now was any kind of trouble. He took one more bite from a greasy hamburger, and swallowed it down with a gulp of coffee.

“In fact I figure he probably has it close to being finished. So I’ll be on my way. Nice meeting you all.” He swallowed one more drink of his coffee and then headed out the door. He did not need to turn around to know they were watching him leave.

It was dark and there were no lights on the street where he was walking. He moved along at a fast clip. Everyplace he had stopped since he had left Colorado had exhibited this same kind of anxiousness and fear. He had seen many strange things in his life—at least in the world he had once lived in—the undercover world. But now to see, first hand, how towns in America had all become so filled with fear and dread was startling—even for a hard nose like himself. He offered up a quick prayer for the old man in the café. It was rare for anyone to start up a conversation anymore.

As he rounded the corner he let out a yell as he ran into a young child—maybe ten years old. Even in the dark he could see that the kid was dressed rather poorly. The boy grabbed onto Adam's arm.

“Please help me mister. Let me go with you.” His voice sounded strange for a young boy. “Please let me go with you mister.” He repeated the words. He had very strange looking eyes. Adam did not like this youngster. He had to forcefully remove his hand from his arm. There was something very strange going on here. He knew instantly he needed to get out of this town and fast.

## Chapter 11

“In all your ways acknowledge Him,  
and He shall direct your path.” Proverbs 3:6

“What’s wrong, Dad?” Tim asked.

“Well, just a little change in plans, boys—that’s all.

“We’ve decided to head back to Pennsylvania and visit some of our old friends. It doesn’t look like Canada is quite what we expected, and besides, who wants to live like a polar bear, right?”

“That’s funny, Dad—a polar bear,” Jeremy laughed.

Michael talked softly to Leah as they drove. “I am going to pull off at the next camper site and get a few winks, but not for long. If I get too groggy you’ll have to drive. We have to keep driving till we get there. We can’t afford to stop now. I guess you know it’s not going to be good if we get pulled over for anything.”

“I know Michael. You just tell me if you get too tired. I can drive.”

“I want to head towards Wisconsin” Michael said, “and take the ferry across to Michigan and then drive down to Penn. If Susan had not called us—friend that she is—we might have stepped right into a trap at the border. You know if this was not so insane, it would almost be funny. I feel like I am stealing my own children. Didn’t we once have a constitution that protected our individual rights?”

“Well,” Leah added, “I sure hope some of our Amish friends are still living in Catbury country. I know they will understand what we are up against, and I am sure they will help us find a place to live—at least till we figure out what we are going to do next.

“I know they will, but let’s just pray that we make it there safely.”

It was six o’clock in the morning when Michael and his family pulled into a small town in east Wisconsin. Leah was driving and Michael had finished drinking a cup of hot, black coffee.

“It’s a good thing,” Leah said, “that we were both able to cash our last two paychecks before we left. It will help us get by for a couple of months, at least.”

“I know,” Michael responded. “With the new one world currency, it’s been a month to month existence. The money we had saved was pretty much used up some time ago, with all the new tax regulations and things. But then I didn’t tell you that I paid a little visit to Uncle Tom’s tomb stone, just before we left.”

“Oh! I’d almost forgotten what we buried under Tommy’s tomb stone. Why didn’t you tell me?”

“Well, I was planning on it, but just had too many other things on my mind. Not that it’s a lot, but a few gold coins on the black market will keep us going for a while. Really crazy isn’t it? Running from the law with my boys, and hiding the little bit of gold we have in Tim’s guitar.” Michael shook his head a little—trying to believe that what he had just said was really the truth.

“Leah, I am going to stop and get gas here. You and the boys can use the rest rooms.”

Michael pulled into the small gas station. One man was in the shop. He immediately came out the door. He smiled a wide smile at the whole family. “Where are you all headed?” he asked Michael, after filling the car with gasoline. He seemed very friendly, but Michael was tired and did not feel like talking.

“Down towards Pennsylvania,” he spoke a little impatiently.

“Well, you won’t be able to travel on that road till probably tomorrow morning. They have it all shut down up ahead, due to a rock avalanche.”

“What?” Michael said. “You gotta be kidding me. I had planned on being in Pennsylvania by tonight.” Michael had deliberately chosen to drive the roads less used. It had made for much slower traveling, but also fewer road troopers. “So now what am I going to do?” he said.

“You can go back on this road about fifty miles and get onto the interstate that goes south, or I guess just stay the night here.

“What’s up, Michael?” Leah got back into the car.

“The road up ahead is closed down till in the morning. We either stay here tonight or go back and get on the interstate. Boy, I sure didn’t want to deal with this right now.”

“Listen folks.” I have a little cabin in back of my house, about four miles from here, and you are welcome to stay for the night. It’s perfectly safe and everything.”

“That sounds pretty good to me,” Leah said. “We can get an early start in the morning.”

Michael hesitated. “Okay,” he said. “I guess it wouldn’t hurt to stay the night.” He looked up and thanked the man for his gracious hospitality.

Lewis Tyler was tall and thin. He had a very pleasant personality. A slight Irish tilt could occasionally be heard in his speech. He had moved to America as a young boy with his grandparents. He and his wife and two daughters had now lived in Wisconsin for almost five years, after leaving their cabin in Alaska and a brief stay in California.

He had built his home and put up his gas station almost all by himself. A few neighbors had come along side and helped him put the roof on. Like most of the people in the area, he kept a small, but workable farm, a little bit of poultry and a good sized garden. Some of his neighbors even had a few cattle.

Michael and Leah were impressed when they saw Lewis’s home and property. It had obviously been well planned and cared for. When they walked into the nice log home the first thing they noticed was a picture of Jesus over the fireplace. It was one of those very Gentile looking pictures, with his hair sort of a light brown and his eyes a deep blue. But the picture had made them feel better about staying the night with people they hardly knew.

“My husband works so hard.” Kathy talked while she set the long wooden table for her family and her guests. Leah had wanted to help her, but she had insisted that they just sit and rest. She was small and a little plump, with very round blue eyes and curly dark

hair. “But we’ve planted a good life here—with our little girls. She continued to chat. “And sometimes we meet nice people, like y’all. She looked up and smiled. “Always makes our life a little bit more interesting.

“We have nice neighbors too, but they live a couple miles away, and so most of the time it’s just us and the kids. But I keep plenty busy.” She then directed Michael and his family where to sit for the evening meal.

“Daddy, would you say grace?” Kathy said, as she looked up and smiled at her husband, and then at her two daughters, Caroline, and Susan, who were seated next to her.

“I sure will, honey. “Thank you dear Lord, for this good meal and for this nice family you brought our way. Show us how we might be a blessing to them. In the name of Jesus we pray. Amen.”

Lewis then passed a platter of fried chicken around the table, along with mashed potatoes, corn on the cob, and thick pieces of home made bread.

“Emmm,” Jeremy’s eyes sparkled. “This is really good.”

“Yes, thank you M’am.” Timothy added.

“My such nice polite boys.” Kathy nodded her head at Michael and Leah, commending them for being good parents.

“We try to raise our sons according to the Word of God, in the Bible.” Michael looked up from the good meal he was very much enjoying.

“I knew it,” Lewis spoke up. “I knew when I saw you in your car that you were born again people. I can always tell. You told me you were from Pennsylvania originally, and then the state of Illinois. And now you’re heading back to Penn? I mean you don’t need to tell us, if you don’t want to—not trying to be snoopy or anything.”

“No, that’s okay,” Michael answered him. To be quite honest with you we had some trouble with the school our boys attended. We had to take them out of there, and then everything just sort of mushroomed into this bizarre event. We never wanted to put our sons in a public school, but times have been kind of hard, and as

you might know they've made home schooling almost impossible.

"Where we were living was a pretty nice area—a lot of Christians. We are a Messianic Jewish family that believes in Yeshua. Our group is a small one. But everything has changed so dramatically now. People are being intimidated, even in our own congregation, and are afraid to speak up. And they don't dare to make waves or their kids might be taken away. That's what was getting ready to happen to us. So, that's it in a nutshell. We left everything behind and are heading back to Pennsylvania, where we have friends."

Michael had opened his mouth and a whole flow of words had come out, that he had not planned on speaking, but he found that it was easy, with these new friends, to speak freely.

"Quite honestly, I don't know what we're going to do, but I am not going to let those people teach my boys any more of their filthy garbage or worse yet, try and take them from us."

Everyone grew very quiet. Leah and the two boys looked up at Michael—somewhat surprised at the out-burst that had come forth from their husband and father.

Lewis looked over at his wife, and then at Michael and Leah. "We came here to Wisconsin a few years ago. We had some real good years in a small town in Alaska. We liked it there a lot, but then my youngest daughter got ill with a sickness, and so we had to come back to the states. Where we lived in Alaska was pretty remote. We moved back to be closer to my parents for a while in northern California, and opened up a small bed and breakfast." Lewis hesitated for a moment—not sure if he should keep talking.

"Go ahead and tell them, honey." Kathy said to her husband.

"Well, we always advertised our establishment to be a Christian home, but one day this lesbian couple wanted to stay at our bed and breakfast, and we told them 'no.' We just plain told them that their life-style went against our Biblical values, and they would have to find another place. There were plenty of bed and breakfast



houses where we lived. They could have found another place real easy.

“Well, they left all right, but one week later a sheriff came to our door and told me that these people had filed a complaint against us, and that we would have to go to court in order to keep our business running. Of course we knew that would cost a lot of lawyer money, and we also knew that we would most likely not be given favor. So, like you folks, we just pulled up stakes and got out of Dodge. We had some friends who lived over here in Wisconsin and so this is where we’ve put down roots for the last five years.

“It’s been a good place to live, but the government security people don’t like our independent life style up here and are always watching us, and making threats—more so since the economy went under and things have been on the edge. You know what I mean?

“Yes,” Michael answered. “We understand what you are saying.”

“We live pretty simple up here. People just mind their own business and want to raise their families. So far they haven’t taken over our schools too bad, but I am sure it won’t stay that way. A few of us have rifles to shoot wild game with. We are not looking for any kind of a war with these people, whoever they are?

“A couple of weeks ago a whole squad of storm troopers came up and surrounded one of our neighbor’s houses. He was an older man, living by himself up there in the Badger hills—never hurt a soul. They started yelling and screaming at him to come out, with their semi-machine guns all pointed at his door. He just sat in his cabin, afraid to move. He’s half deaf so he probably couldn’t hear half of what they were yelling at him.

“Then they busted in and dragged him out—beat him up pretty bad. A couple of neighbors who were in the woods picking berries saw the whole thing. The next day an article on the front page of a newspaper appeared, telling how the Feds had captured this home-grown terrorist, with a whole stash of guns. He might have had one rifle for hunting but that’s about all. Of course one way or the other

they are going to try and take everyone's guns. It's just a matter of time."

"What do you think you are going to do?" Leah asked.

"It sounds like things could get dangerous for you too?"

"There are few places, Ma'am, that aren't dangerous anymore. Some people are moving up here to try and escape the horrendous weather that has been hitting our country so bad. Not a day goes by when some terrible calamity isn't hitting someplace or the other. You know, it's God's judgment on an unrighteous nation that has turned away from the Lord."

"Yes," Michael said. "You are correct. God has been very patient, but I don't think there is much grace left...but I know His mercy will be with those who have chosen His ways."

"Amen!" Kathy said.

"I think most of the people around here are just going to wait and see what happens next," Lewis said. "Some have gone up into the hills and are going to defend themselves in a military way. But I am a man of God, and I don't believe in taking up guns—unless I have to defend my family."

"I've thought a lot about that, Lewis," Michael said. "If things get to that point I am not sure what I will do?"

"I've been thinking a lot the last few months," Lewis continued to talk. "Did you know that there is still land in Alaska you can homestead?"

"No, Michael answered. "Didn't know anything about it."

"Well, most people don't. But I have some friends in Alaska and they know all about it. It's what they did a few years ago. So Kathy and I have been talking and, well...if things get any worse around here, we might go for it. You guys should think about heading north, instead of south."

Michael and Leah looked at each other and smiled.

"If we go anyplace it will be back to Israel. I wish we had left a couple of years ago, when we still had some money."

"Hmmm...well, Israel is a good place. But listen, it's getting

late folks, and so we need to say goodnight, and let you get some sleep too.”

“Yes,” Kathy said, “and I have to get these young ones off to bed.” If I don’t see y’all in the morning, have a good trip to where you are going.”

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Anna had made a decision. She had now been at Joseph and Nancy’s home for almost two weeks. When they had found out that she had no place to stay then they had insisted that she stay with them. And they had made her feel very much at home.

She had met Joseph’s two grown sons, their wives and two grand daughters, Ayela and Diana. She had been made to feel like part of the family. But she knew she could not stay with them unless she told them the whole truth....and that meant telling them that she was pregnant. If they were going to reject her then let it happen now and not later.

“I really appreciate, Joseph and Nancy, that you want to help me. I guess you can tell that I am a bit of a mess.” She laughed softly. “But first you need to know the full truth. I am not on the run because everything in this country of ours has gone waco, but because my dad and stepmother were going to take me to a clinic and force me to have an abortion. You see I am almost three months pregnant. If we can sit together for a few minutes then I will tell you the whole story”

In a few minutes time Anna had shared with Joseph and Nancy everything. She told them about David, and she told them how hard her life had become since her mother’s death. They listened quietly. Anna thought she saw tears in Nancy’s eyes.

Joseph spoke to her first. Well, Anna, I know I can speak for my wife. And we would like you to stay with us in our home—at least until your baby is born.

“We’d like to help you, Anna—if that’s okay with you?”

Anna was not embarrassed that her eyes had filled with tears.

Nancy's arms around her felt so much like her mother's. "Oh, yes," Anna said. "I would love to stay with you—if you are sure?"

"Yes, Anna," Nancy said, "we are sure. But we must tell you now, Anna, that we may have to flee our home, and try to get to Israel. I guess you already know that being Jewish in America is not such a safe thing, anymore. It will be a risky journey, but we feel it is where the Lord is leading us."

"I understand," said Anna. And I would like to go with you. If you will have me?"

"We receive you, Anna, as our spiritual daughter."

Anna smiled. She knew she had come home.

## Chapter 12

“Call upon Me in the day of trouble and I will deliver you...”

Psalm 50:15

Abriel snuggled up next to her parents. They were surprised when she came and jumped in bed with them. There was no trace of sickness at all. It was as if nothing bad had ever happened.

“I have something to tell you.” She giggled, as she squeezed in between them. “I love you and I know that God really loves us.”

“And we love you pumpkin, and we are sure glad you are back home with us. Are you are feeling okay now?” Eddie asked his daughter.

“I am fine, Daddy. It was just a bad time, but now everything is going to be good. I talked to Jesus last night in my prayers and He is going to make everything good. That’s why He sent an angel to help us—my friend, Saryl.”

“Well, you are becoming very knowledgeable on God and the angels, little lady.”

“Does that mean smart?”

“Yes, sweetie, that means smart. Now, I want you to scoot back to bed for awhile because I need to talk with your mommy.”

Eddie and Maria had been feeling very nervous in the three days since they had rescued Abriel from the hospital, and neither of them had slept very much. Maria had told her boss that she was not yet able to leave Abriel. Her job was at stake, but that didn’t matter any more.

There was no way they would allow Abriel to go back to that school, and Maria was not going to leave her at home alone. But this posed a real problem. They could not keep her out indefinitely and they were still not sure what exactly to do. Even though Adam had told them to leave Brandon they had to wait till they could go by and pick up Eddie’s paycheck. They had very little money to

travel with, but they were both feeling that they needed to leave soon. And now there was an additional problem in leaving their house. A couple of times Maria had noticed an unfamiliar car parked across the street from their apartment building with two men sitting in it. Maria was sure they were being watched.

They knew they would have to wait for this suspicious car to leave before they could go anywhere. But they had prayed and they believed that God would make a way for them. He had just worked a wonderful miracle, and saved their daughter. And so, like before, they would wait and see what God was going to do. As they were talking, Eddie's cell phone rang.

"Adam. Wow! This is amazing that you would call now."

"I only have a second to talk, Eddie. I know they are trying to tap your cell phone, but I can tell right now that it's not working. I know someone who is bigger than any of their wicked stuff, and He has ways to over-ride their evil work. I've been instructed to tell you that you should leave now. And don't fear! God has everything in His hands and you are covered." Click!

"Okay, that's it!" Eddie said to Maria. "Go tell Abriel we are leaving. Pronto! We'll throw a few things together and get out of here. Whatever God is going to do, it should be interesting."

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Adam took a deep breath as he pulled over to the side of the road. Shortly after he had gunned his truck and sped out of that weird town he had heard the voice of his Commander-in-charge.

"Adam, I want you to call Eddie and tell them it's okay to leave. They need to get out of there now."

Adam was not surprised anymore to hear the voice of the Lord. He had been communicating with Him almost every day—in very special ways, and sometimes he would even hear the Lord in an audible voice. He was amazed that it had taken him so long to

realize that God really does talk to His children. Sometimes God would tell him not to stay in a particular place for very long, or He would tell him where a safe place was to pull off the road and sleep for a few hours. He knew that without the Lord's help and direction he would not have made it this far. But it was not just the directions and safety issues that God shared with him. The Lord continually reminded Adam that he was God's son, and that He loved him very much.

Sometimes the Lord would give him an important message that needed to be delivered—like tonight. He prayed that Eddie and Maria would do as he had told them. He knew it was extremely important that they not hesitate, but obey!

Adam got out of his car and took a deep breath. He thought about that very wierd town he had stopped in and how glad he was to be out of there. The Holy Spirit had told him what to do, and had helped him escape. After running into that strange child he was very glad to get his truck back and to see that it was running pretty good. The mechanic had looked surprised when Adam was able to drive away from his shop. And when he had tried to get more money from Adam—besides what had been agreed upon, his mouth had clamped shut and he couldn't speak. It was as if his lips had been glued together. Adam had laughed! "Don't mess with God's anointed."

He thought about the child who had grabbed his arm. He knew from his work in the CIA that there were children and adults who were not what they appeared to be. Negative factions of the CIA had been involved in mind control projects—going back a long ways. This mind altering work was sponsored by the government he used to work for. It gave him shivers to think about some of these projects, and what they were now planning with the red-sled project.

Mind control was one of the government's top agendas. Some of the top Nazi mind control experts, including Joseph Mengele, had been brought to America after the war by a group affiliated

with the CIA. The mind-altering projects—many of them gone wrong—were not something he had been involved in, and he only had partial information. But he knew without a doubt that they really did exist. His friend, Snow-ball, knew more about this project than he did, but he was now dead. Ritualistic child abuse, slave labor camps, re-education camps, it all went on behind the backdoors of most nations, and only the elite groups and the corrupt governments really knew what was going on.

Adam remembered when Snow-ball had once told him of how a strange looking child had grabbed onto him, while he was working on a job in a desert community. He had told Adam that the child looked more alien than human. This was something that Adam had recently learned was another part to this really bizarre, horrible program. But Adam was convinced that the whole alien phenomenon was really demonic in nature.

Snow-ball had told Adam that he had been taken down about two miles into the earth, where huge underground laboratories, and military bases existed. The experiments that the mad scientists, as he called them, were conducting had to do with altering man's DNA—their genetic makeup.

At that time he had not wanted Adam to know too much, but what he had told him had led Adam to understand that what they were doing was very evil, and had to do with the complete and total transformation of man's image. Adam now understood that this was a big part of the red-sled project.

As he got back into the car he prayed. "Please, Lord, make a way for the children to escape from these terrible people."

He was about two hours away from Thunder Falls, West Virginia. It was just a little dot on the map. But it was a great place to get away from the world—especially when you did not want to be discovered. For a moment he thought about how nice it would be to take Lilly there. He smiled when he thought of her, but he also had to fight against the feeling that he might not see her again. In Thunder Falls there was a nice, quiet little bed and breakfast where he always used to stay. He had called them and



told them he was coming. They had a room waiting for him. From there he would cautiously drive to a place in West Virginia, to a town where he hoped his source was still living.

## Chapter 13

“I will fear no evil, for You are with Me.” Psalm 23:4

Mac held the Bible in his hands for a moment—relishing the love and power that came from it. And then he handed it back to the man who had shown it to him. The man’s name was John Pawson. He had just come to Camp # 29 one week ago.

No one except Mac and a couple of the other men even knew that he was a Christian. At first Mac had thought he was not quite right in the mind—maybe mildly retarded. He had put on a pretty strange and convincing show—it was a great cover up. When John found out that Mac was a true pastor, then he shared with him who and what he really was. They had not even checked John’s bag for harmful, religious literature. But John had just chuckled. “I’ve always had it with me,” he said. “And I have been on some pretty wild adventures for the Lord.”

At night, after the lights had been turned out, John would share quietly with Mac about some of the places where he had been, and the things he had done. “I lived in China for fifteen years,” he said. “I fell in love with the people there, and never wanted to leave. I had started out with a missionary group, but they got a little upset with some of my unconventional ways of doing things.

“You see,” he continued, “I have always believed that you are not going to reach indigenous people unless you are willing to become like them. To me that means not only the language but how you dress and eat—basically how you live your whole life.

“So after being with my missions group for a couple of years, and getting the language down pretty good, I decided to go out on my own. Most of China has by now been reached with the Gospel, but there are still a few places that have not. So one day I am hiking up this remote mountain and I discovered this village, and

ended up living with these people. Never quite understood, even to this day, why they accepted me, but they did.

After a couple of years when they saw that I had become one of them, then I was able to share the Gospel and tell them about the wonderful God who loves them and has forgiven them of their sins. You know, the Chinese love stories. Before I left my beloved brothers and sisters in the village of Yam Tong, they had all received Jesus as their Lord and Savior.” John smiled at Mac and then shrugged his shoulders. “And now I am here, acting looney, like David did with the King of Gath. Sometimes you just have to do what God shows you, and not ask a bunch of questions.

Mac spoke quietly. “How did they get you John? How did you end up here?

“I was doing some ministry with a small group in south Los Angeles when the tsunami hit the east coast. And my plans that were in progress to go to Indonesia were stopped. Things got really hard where we were in Los Angeles, and the people were really desperate. And so I decided to stay until things got a little better. Of course, as you know, nothing got better—anywhere.

“One night the Gestapo came in and made a raid. That’s when the Lord showed me to act like I didn’t have it all together. My friends told them that my mind was not quite right. I guess they knew me well enough to know that I would not have been acting that way if the Lord had not said something to me. Still not sure what it’s all about? Pretty hard to share the Gospel when people think the elevator doesn’t reach the top floor.” He laughed. “So, tell me Mac about yourself.”

Two days later one of the men in Camp #29 came down with a strange sickness that no one seemed to be able to diagnose. Everyone had presumed that most of the men would probably catch the sickness, and so the guards stayed away as much as possible. No one else got sick, but now it was easier to have a small Bible meeting in the evening when the lights were off.

Now that they had a Bible, both Mac and John took turns

sharing the Gospel and preaching the Word. Pretty soon the other men who received the Gospel began to share with others what they had heard from Mac and John. The love of God was quickly multiplied, and except for a few men all of Camp #29 had become Christians in a short time.

“We must pray,” Mac had told the men who would gather around him for the evening ministry. We must pray for the guards of this camp. We must forgive them and ask for the Love of God to penetrate their hearts. None of us,” he addressed the small group, “were any better than them, at one time. We have all had hate in our hearts and done evil before God. The Bible says that if we pray for our enemies we will experience the peace of God. Isn’t that what we all want—to continually experience the peace of God?

Some of the men in Camp #29 found it very difficult to forgive these enemies. They had been hurt—some of them a lot. And they had watched their families suffer, but one by one they came into agreement to pray for the ones who were persecuting them.

Three days later they came for John Pawson. It was shortly after they had finished their evening hand out of watered down soup and a piece of stale bread that a group of four guards had stormed into the barracks and had dragged John out. For a few moments no one said anything. And then one of the men said, “We have to pray for John, and the guards.” The next day they came for Mac.

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Elaine McKinsey bent down with the young woman and put her arms around her shoulders. She was weeping and could not stop crying. Elaine feared for this young woman. Soon, the tyrannical guard who watched over the barracks in Camp #32, as if it had become her personal possession, would come storming in and want to know why Elaine and Rose had not come to the cafeteria for the evening meal.

“What am I going to do, Elaine?” What am I going to do now?”

“Rose, we will pray and ask Jesus to help you. But now we must go to the cafeteria or Attila the Hun will come in here yelling and screaming.”

“Pray for me Elaine—please pray for me.”

“Of course, Rose. I will pray for you. We will pray together. Jesus will not leave us alone.

Elaine closed her eyes and brought her knees up to her chest. It had been a long hard day, but every one of her days now was long and hard. She had to be up and outside for countdown by 5:30 every morning. And sometimes the countdown was excruciatingly long. More than once she had watched women grow weak and faint, especially when it was so cold and wet. She had helped as many as she could, and had told them to pray to Jesus and that he would help them endure. She prayed all the time—even under her breath. She prayed for her husband, Mac, and she prayed for her three children, Kenneth who was sixteen, Jennifer who was thirteen, and Robert who was nine.

She and Mac had been married ten years before she had her first baby. They both knew it had been a miracle from God. The doctors had told her that she would never have any children. They had told her that her ovum were not reaching maturity and were not being released from her ovaries. But still she and Mac prayed—knowing that nothing was too hard for God. She smiled when she thought of Mac. He was such a good husband and father.

The night they came for her and Mac had been a terrifying event. They had dragged her screaming from the television station, right when they were about to do their evening Christian program.

They shoved her in the back of a dark van with three other people. Just before they shut the door she had caught a glimpse of Mac running after her, and then she had watched as two black shirted thugs had grabbed him. She thought she was going to faint. She had put her head on her knees and prayed with all her heart.

She knew that Mac was someplace on the other side of Camp #32. As far as she could see the land was filled with hundreds of barrack style houses, all set apart from one another and surrounded by barbed wire.

They had prayed many times with their children, and had told them that the day might come when they would be separated. They encouraged their children to not fear, but to pray and believe for God to help them. But Elaine could not help fearing for her children—especially for her daughter, Jennifer. One day she had watched as a Fema bus pulled into the parking lot in front of the barracks. The bus was filled with children. She had scouted each face that she could see—hoping to see one of her children, but then the bus turned around and left.

She had prayed and hoped that after their arrest her children had gone to stay with their grandparents and were safe. This is what Mac had always told them to do. She knew it was a slim chance, but still the thought gave her hope.

She had watched how some of the big men and women guards treated the young women in the barracks where she was. And she had heard the stories of what happened to some of the young, pretty girls when they were taken in for questioning.

This is what had happened to Rose when she was taken into the interrogating room. She had been raped, and now she was pregnant. All of the young, child-producing women were checked to make sure their menstrual periods were on time. If it was suspected that they were pregnant then they were given a forced abortion.

Rose was terrified what they would do when they found out, and she knew that they would be checking on her in the next couple of days. She had not been able to eat for three days and had hardly slept at all. Several times Elaine had prayed with Rose and had told her to trust in Jesus—and that no matter what happened He would give her His peace. Elaine stretched out on the cot. She needed to sleep before the next brutal day began, but her mind

would not be quiet. She had just started to drift off when she felt a hand on her leg, and heard Rose quietly weeping next to her.

“Rose, what is it? You must try and get some sleep. And I too am very tired.”

“Elaine.” Her voice was soft and weak. “Something just happened. I went to the bathroom. I was feeling a little sick and nauseous, and then I started to bleed very heavily and I think I lost the baby. Most of the bleeding now has stopped.”

Elaine sat up. “Are you okay? Come lay down next to me. It will be all right. We will pray together.” Rose moved next to Elaine. There was little room. She put her arm around her.

“It’s going to be okay, Rose. Jesus is with us.” Elaine began to sing a soft, child-like song, but she soon saw that Rose had fallen fast asleep.



## Chapter 14

“For in the time of trouble He shall hide me in His pavilion.”

Psalm 27:5

Michael pulled over to the side of the road. The snow that at first had been light and soft was now coming down in great torrents of hard, wet pieces. In the pastures next to the road the cattle had all clustered together, their heads bent down as the snow covered their backs. Michael could barely see the farm houses that sat in the background, but he could imagine the warm, crackling fires that were being stirred up in the stoves.

They had hesitated leaving Lewis and Kathy's house because the weather looked uncertain. But they were only a couple of hours from the ferry that would take them across to Michigan and then just a short drive south through Ohio to western Pennsylvania.

“Hey Dad, what are we going to do? Looks like the snow is coming down pretty fast,” Timothy said.

“It's a pretty good blizzard,” Michael said. “But sometimes these things can come and go pretty quickly. But it is kind of strange for this kind of snow in October. Let's all pray that it blows over soon, so we can get back on the road.”

“Maybe we should go with Lewis and Kathy to Alaska, Dad?” Jeremy said. “Sounds like it would be fun.”

“Pretty cold up there in them there hills, son. I am not sure we are cut out for homesteading in Alaska.”

Leah laughed softly. “Maybe it's not such a bad idea.”

Michael looked at his wife with a quizzical expression. “I think we've got enough Alaska right here!”

“Does Mr. Johnson know we're coming, Dad?” Tim asked.

Michael had not called his friends in Pennsylvania. He wanted to wait till they got across on the Ferry, and then it would just be a short drive to Pennsylvania. He had not wanted to worry his



family. He was sure that his old friends in the Amish town, where they once lived, would gladly help them out for a while. At least he hoped so, because had no place else to go. He was not sure if the boys knew just how dangerous this escape plan had become.

“No, Tim. I haven’t called Rob yet, but I am sure it’s going to be okay. This is the direction the Lord has given us. I guess you boys fully understand why we are doing this?”

“Because of the things they’re teaching us in school,” Jeremy said, “and the anti-Semitic stuff?”

“That’s part of it. I don’t know how much history you’ve been taught, but America was founded on a Constitution that guaranteed individuals, especially parents, certain rights. The early Pilgrims, and other people, escaped from countries in Europe that had tyrannical governments where they pretty much were told what they could do and believe. Many Christians died in those places. They were killed because they refused to bow to those dictatorial regimes—to them religious freedom was worth fighting for. What is happening in America now is pretty scary. Parents have been denied their rights to raise their children as they want, according to their faith. And yes, the rise of anti-Semitism, Tim, is getting really bad. If I had known it would end up like this we would have gone with Grandpa Sam to Israel. But God willing, perhaps we still can.

“But we want you boys to understand that what ever happens you must always stand firm on the Word of God, and know that our Father in heaven will always be watching over you, and us.”

“Sure, Dad,” Timothy responded.

“We’re not going to be separated, Dad,” Jeremy said with a quiver of fear in his voice. “God is watching out for us. It’s going to be okay. I am hungry, mom. Can I have some of those chips?”

Rachel looked over at her husband and smiled. “Sure,” she said.

“Look Dad. It’s almost stopped snowing.”

Michael looked up as the clouds began to part and the roaring blizzard suddenly disappeared. The heavy fat drops of snow became little sprinkles of rain, and the snow began to disappear off the backs of the cows. He started his engine—relieved that they could now leave. But just as Michael started to drive the car off the side of the road he looked in his rear-view mirror at the red flashing light of a state trooper patrol car.

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When Eddie looked out the window he could see that the suspicious car was no longer there. The sun was just starting to rise over the mountain range. It was unusually bright for so early in the morning. It cast a yellow glow over the city of Brandon. “Come on!” Eddie said to Maria and Abriel. “We need to leave now. Right now!”

Brandon had been hit hard by the economic collapse and the devalue of the dollar. Long lines would form every morning as people waited patiently for a cup of soup and bread. And when the stores had food the people would wait in lines for coupons that would allow them to buy specific food items. Eddie and Maria recognized several of their friends standing in the long line, as they drove by, but they did not wave to anyone. They did not want to draw any attention to themselves.

A cashless society was being planned for the soon coming future. Everyone would then be required to receive the RFID chip in their hand or in their forehead. This implanted device would disclose all of a person’s financial information and also their personal history. It would also track a person’s going and coming, and record their intimate conversations, and could even visualize their thought projections.

But this revolutionary, cashless society had now been put on hold for a short time. The destruction the tsunami had caused on

the east coast and in Washington DC had changed the ‘controllers’ plans. Many of the government offices in DC had moved to new, secure, under-ground facilities in different parts of the United States. The White House residence had also been moved to a secret place in America. It had been severely damaged when the surging flood of water, from the tsunami, had inundated much of DC.

Some of the older residential apartment buildings in the nation’s capital had now been completely cut off and were surrounded by water. A handful of desperate people had refused to leave these dilapidated, rat infested buildings. Rope bridges and even a raft had been secured for people to drag food and emergency supplies to the other side, but the government had now decided to destroy the buildings and force the people out of them.

The sun had long since risen when Eddie drove his family from Colorado into the state of Kansas. As Eddie and Maria drove the highway they became aware that the familiar sight of grazing cattle, and wide open fields had now been replaced with row upon row of very small cubicle like houses—all built without any yards. Like a massive lot-line home assembly they crowded the horizon. Eddie also saw herds of cattle and other livestock all crammed together, where they could hardly move in small fenced yards. He could not help but wonder if this was what the little cubicle houses would be like when filled with families. He looked over at Maria—aware that she was thinking the same thing.

After they drove past the bleak housing projects they saw a few open fields, but they had been left isolated and guarded with high wire fences.

They had brought a tent and some camping equipment with them and they were hoping to find some kind of a camp ground where they could rest and think about what they were going to do next. After driving for another hour they saw what looked like an extended campground—with many tents covering a valley area. Eddie knew he would have to show the person at the camp entrance his license. He said a quick prayer for God’s favor.

“Where you folks headed?” the gatekeeper asked Eddie.

“Uh—were going to visit some family in Kentucky.”

The man looked at Maria and then at Abriel in the back seat. “Nice little girl,” he said. “Enjoy the campground and follow the rules, please.”

They found a tent site that offered them a small amount of room away from all the other tents. Abriel and Maria sat at a small table while Eddie set the tent up. A few people walked by but no one said anything. “Kind of creepy around here, Eddie. They sure aren’t very friendly.”

“Well, we’re not here, honey, to make friends, but just to rest and make some decisions before we get on the road again.” Eddie looked up from what he was doing for a minute. He noticed one man looking at him with a very suspicious expression. “Maybe they should have named this place ‘groucho campground.’ He snickered to himself.

Maria made a small fire in a near-by pit and they heated up some canned food they had brought with them. A couple of children came near and just stood there. “Are you hungry?” Eddie said. “Would you like some of this? It’s not very fancy, but it’s filling.” He smiled at the little boy and girl.

They said nothing but just continued to stand there. Pretty soon a woman in a brown jacket with a scarf tied around her head came and grabbed both the children by the collars of their coats, pulling them away from Eddie and Maria. She scowled at Eddie. “Don’t you know better than to talk to little children? Who do you think you are?” She then turned away from them—yelling at her kids as she half dragged them through the woods.

“Wow!” Maria said. “That was strange.”

“Yeah, I don’t think I like it here,” Eddie said.

“Hello folks.” A man with a blue hat and a white beard walked past their tent to where they were sitting. “Smells good.”

“You are welcome to have a bite with us,” Maria answered.

“Sure, I’d have a little. My name is Pete. He smiled and sat down at the wood table. He took the paper plate from Maria,

and woofed it down, and then looked up and nodded his approval.

“You know most of the people who are here at this campsite have been here too long, but they really don’t have anyplace else to go, and they are all afraid of being put in one of them camps. You know, them Fema camps. Really not much food to go around, and everyone is getting a little squirrely—if you know what I mean.” He smiled, as if embarrassed. I sure hope things are gonna get better pretty soon.”

“Yes, so do we,” Eddie said. “You are welcome to come by and have a little meal with us this evening—probably just another can of beans, and maybe a little stew meat.”

“That’s mighty friendly of you. I will sure think on it.” He looked over at Abriel and smiled, and then looked at Eddie and Maria with a more serious expression. “By the way, while you are here keep your eye on your little girl, and don’t let her out of your sight.” The man with the white beard then stood up, nodded his head and walked away.

## Chapter 15

“Call upon Me in the day of trouble.  
I will deliver you and you shall glorify Me.” Psalm 50:15

Michael closed his eyes and said a quick prayer as the tall, broad shouldered trooper came over to his window.

“Hello,” Michael said. He smiled carefully. “Sure glad that blizzard came to a stop.”

“Can I please see your license?” The tall trooper was not smiling.

“Sure.”

“I see you folks are from Illinois. Not such a good time to be away from our primary settlement area. Any particular reason you are down this far?”

“Yes, I know officer, but we have some friends in Pennsylvania who need our help. We only plan on being gone for a short while. Is there a problem or anything?”

The trooper pulled out his note pad and was just about to scribbled something on it... “I need to check on something. You stay here. It’s Mr. Cohen—right?”

“Yes.” Michael watched as the trooper walked back to his car. “Everyone pray!” he said to his family. “This is not good at all.”

Just as the trooper got back into his car, seconds later another car came racing down the highway and then slid off the side of the road into a ditch. A young man opened the car door and began to run across the field. The trooper jumped from his car and screamed at the young man—who was running just as fast as he could., “Stop,” he yelled.

“I’ve got a man on the run that we have been looking for—down here in Brown’s valley.” He spoke through the car window to the police radio. “I need some help now. Do you read?” The trooper shut his car door, and motioned to Michael to drive up to where he was parked. “You folks can leave now,” he said. “We’ve got

something major going on here, and we need this area cleared.”

Michael nodded his head in agreement and quickly drove away.

“That was close,” he said to Leah. “It was surely God’s intervention. I was almost thinking it was all over for us, for sure. I think I need to pull off the road for a couple of minutes and catch my breath.”

“That was cool, Daddy, how God rescued us from that big policeman,” Jeremy said, while crunching on the last few chips in the bag.

“Yeah, that was really something—wow!” Timothy added.

Well, keep praying boys, because we’ll be coming up on the ferry pretty soon. And I am sure they will be checking everyone’s ID before we get on the boat.

The line for the ferry was longer than Michael expected. It had started to lightly snow again, and they were all anxious to get out of the car.

“I can see a man up front, Michael, and it looks like he’s checking everyone’s license.”

“I know. I also see that there is some kind of machine we drive under that records our license. But you know, babe, it’s all in God’s Hands. I don’t think He would have brought us this far just to let us fall into the hands of the Gestapo. So let’s take a deep breath and pray that it’s going to be okay.”

As soon as their identification was checked the cars began to drive under the scanning machine, and then onto the boat. Michael handed the man his license. He looked at it quickly and then signaled them to drive onto the boat. After they had driven under the scanning device Michael and Leah held their breath. Nothing happened. They got out of their car and walked up the stairs to the seating and viewing area. Leah and Michael looked at each other. They were not yet sure what to think. The ferry had not yet left the port. “We made it Dad! We fooled em for sure,” Jeremy piped up, as they soon found a place to sit.

Michael gently put his hand over Jeremy's mouth. "Not a word, Jeremy. Not a word till we get off of this ferry. Do you hear what I am saying to you? Do you understand?"

"Sure Dad—not a word."

They were half way across the lake to Michigan and no one had said anything to them. But every time a security officer walked by, where they were sitting, they held their breath. When they drove their car off of the ferry they all breathed a sigh of relief.

"I am sure glad that's over with," Leah said.

"Yeah, me too," Michael responded. "But now I need to call Rob and let him know we're driving down to Pennsylvania and see if they can put us up. I probably should have done it before now, but then I really thought we'd be going the other way—into Canada."

Leah watched her husband's face as he talked to their friends who still lived near an old Amish community in western Pennsylvania. She could not tell for sure what was being said, whether it was good news or bad. Finally Michael shut down his cell phone.

"Well, good news and bad." They will be glad to put us up for as long as we want. They are looking forward to seeing us again. But here's the bad news. The government has taken many of the Amish children hostage until their parents agree to all of their re-education ideas. For them that means a different way to dress, the acceptance of totally foreign social behavior patterns, and of course a radically different academic program. Some of the children, even the little guys, have already been taken from the homes. Robert said they stormed into some of the houses, like Nazis, and literally dragged the children kicking and screaming out of their homes. The parents are completely devastated.

Robert and Melissa are allowing their three children to go to the public school—as much as they hate it. They don't see that they have a choice. So Robert just wanted us to know what's going on. He thinks it will be okay if we come for a while. He said no one



has been bothering them—as long as the children keep going to school.” Michael searched his wife’s face for some agreement.

“I guess it wouldn’t hurt to stay for a short while. Obviously our plans to stay longer have now changed. In fact I am not sure I feel real comfortable about staying even a short time. What do you think Michael?”

“I am feeling it will be okay to go to Robert’s house for a night or two. We can park the car in that old barn they have in back. And we will just stay alert. What do you think boys?”

“Yes,” both boys cheered. “We want to go.”

## Chapter 16

“Be merciful to me, O God, be merciful to me. Psalm 57:1

The community of Thunder Falls, West Virginia, still looked pretty much the same, but Adam could see that some changes had been made. Much of the land, and even some near-by homes had been leveled, and no new homes were being constructed. He pulled into the driveway of Greg and Cindy’s home. Greg had told him on the phone that their bed and breakfast was not doing any kind of real business at all, and they were no longer relying on it as any form of reliable income. Adam also noticed that the beautiful trees and forest property that were part of Greg’s back yard had now been marked with government signs that read “no trespassing.” He felt a shiver run through him as he knocked on the door to the house.

“Oh, Adam, we’re so glad to see you.” Before they sat down Cindy reached over and kissed Adam on the cheek. A red curl slipped down over her forehead. Her round brown eyes smiled happily at Adam.

“Just to be here with you guys makes things feel normal again. Hmm,” Adam sighed, “I can sure remember some good meals and conversations that went on in this house.” He smiled, reflecting on the good memories.

“Well, Adam, tell us about this new person in your life, that you mentioned briefly on the phone. What is her name?”

“Her name is Lilly, and she is a real sweetheart. I am just plain crazy about her.”

“Are you going to get married?” Cindy asked.

“I would like nothing better, but I have to get a few things taken care of first and then hopefully...”

“I need to see if I can find an old acquaintance in the Virginia area, near DC. Do you know what it’s like over there now?”

“I think a good part of Virginia is still pretty much intact,

Greg said. “But you know that most of the infrastructure on Pennsylvania Avenue got wiped out by the tsunami. The White House is still partially there. And I guess they will try and restore it just as a memorial. Of course you know the gov... offices have pretty much all gone underground?”

“They were building those underground cities a long time ago, Greg, long before I got out of the CIA. I have even seen some of them with my own eyes, and believe me they have enough of everything down there to last a decade, and room for thousands of people—and all their corrupt buddies. Of course they are all interconnected with each other, one way or the other.”

“Most of the poor people in the DC and east coast areas,” Cindy added, “have no place to go. But I would guess they probably have some mouse boxes they are going to put them in—those who are not put into Fema camps.”

“Yeah, I know all about the camps.” For a moment Adam’s eyes moved into a steely glare.

“Well, you know, Adam, God was watching us when we forced a hundred thousand Jewish people in Israel out of their homes and divided up their land. And now God has done it to us, but seven times worse. Not very smart for man to think he can mock God.”

“You are right on that, Greg,” Adam agreed.

“Hey, Pop. Come on over and sit down with us. Do you remember Adam?”

“A long time ago, but yes, I think I remember you son.” He reached over and shook Adam’s hand. The gray haired, elderly man then sat down and leaned his cane up against the table.

“Nice to see you again, John. You’re looking pretty good for a spring chicken.” Adam laughed lightly.

“Well, I ain’t no spring chicken—that’s for sure. But I couldn’t help hearing you talk about what has happened in DC, and a lot of the rest of the country. You know after the big war I worked in some government offices for a few years. Back then it was a pretty good group of people that worked for the government—but not so much more, anymore. Everybody has just gotten so greedy and

cowardly. Even back in my day I could see it coming. Nobody wanted to go out of their way to do anything extra. They pretty much all became a bunch of ‘do nothings,’ as far as I was concerned.

“For years I watched it all begin to go down hill. Of course nobody dared to say anything. You know what I mean, Adam? Honesty and righteousness just became empty words.”

“Yes, I know what you mean,” Adam answered.

“Well, one day I figured my integrity was more important than my big fat retirement check. So I complained to the management about some dishonest doings in my work department. Less than a month later they made up this big excuse as to why they had to let me go, but I knew what was really cooking—Uh-huh. They did not have me fooled for a minute. You see, I watched too many of my good friends get themselves blown up for this country, to just become a coward some thirty-five years later.”

“Dad fought in the big D-day invasion of Normandy,” Greg responded. “He came home with the Distinguished Service Star, for bravery beyond the call of duty.”

John looked down for a moment at the cup of coffee on the table in front of him. “I’ll tell you this,” he said with a slight tremor in his voice, “those were the bravest damn men I’ve ever seen then or now.” He reached up and pushed back a strand of white hair from his eyes, and blinked back a couple of tears.

“It makes me ashamed to call myself an American, from what I’ve seen going on in this country of ours. I know that sounds hard, but it’s just the way I feel about things.”

Adam reached over and put his hand over the old man’s hand. “No, John. It does not sound hard. It sounds truthful. Something began going wrong with our country a long time ago. I guess when we decided to kick God out—that’s when the trouble really started.

Adam then turned his attention to Greg. “I need to get some ideas from you on the best way to get into a certain county in Virginia. From what you told me many of the roads are drivable.

And I hope my friend is still living there. I pray I can find him, because if not then I'm not sure what I am going to do. And I hope he has the answers I need."

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Maria put a blanket over Arbiel's shoulders. The late afternoon October air was already getting quite cold. Eddie sat by the hot smoldering coals of an earlier fire. Some very strange events had happened during the day and he wasn't quite sure yet what he wanted to do. He was thinking about things.

Both he and Maria had felt a little uncomfortable when the old man, who had shared their lunch with them, reminded them to keep a close eye on Abriel. With everything they had been through with their daughter they still felt a little jittery about her wellbeing. A short time after the old man had left their camping area, the woman who had yelled at Eddie, for speaking to her kids, came by with her husband and their young son and daughter. Maria could tell that their daughter was close to the same age as Abriel.

This woman was now totally different from the woman who had charged them like an angry mother bear, irrationally defending her children. She was all smiles, and immediately apologized for having spoken to them so unkindly.

"Please accept my apology," she had said. "Sometimes your youngens run off and then when you find them...well, you're just not in such a good place—you know what I mean?" She laughed nervously.

"No, problem," Maria had answered. She had then invited the couple to have a cup of coffee with them. "We just stirred up the coals to get the water boiling," she had said. "Please sit down."

"Why, sure," the father answered. "We'd be pleased to join you for a minute or two." He looked over at his two children. "You go ahead and sit down, Lucy and Bobby."

Maria noticed that both the children seemed fearful and afraid.

“Where you all headed?” the father had asked Eddie.

“Just down south a ways. We have some family we need to go and visit for a bit.”

Maria had glanced at her husband. He was not telling these people the truth, but she had felt the same uneasiness that he was feeling. Something just did not feel right. And they had now become a lot more discerning when something seemed off.

“We’ve been here for a couple of weeks,” he told Maria and Eddie. “Just me and the wife and our kids. We were on the road when the big disaster hit. We were hoping to visit some relatives down near Florida, but the place pretty much got wiped out. And we don’t have a house to go back to now. So we’ll just have to wait it out here for a while longer—till we figure out which direction to head to. It’s really not so bad here. We got a little bit of food and a tent to sleep in. What more do ya really need?” He shrugged his shoulders and laughed, and then took a long sip of hot coffee. “Sure tastes good,” he said.

“My name is Maria and my husband, Eddie, and that’s our daughter, Abriel.” Maria strained a smile at the man’s wife.

“My name is Susan, and my husband Ted—our boy Bobby and girl, Lucy. Real nice to meet y’all.” She grinned a partially toothless smile that seemed stuck in place.

“Well, aren’t you a pretty little girl.” Ted smiled and reached out to pat Abriel on the head. Eddie and Maria both stiffened. He then looked over at them. “You know they have a good little nature program here in the afternoon, and I bet your little girl would really like it. Wouldn’t you honey?” He smiled again at Abriel. “We would be glad to take your little girl over to it. Our kids really like it—don’t you Lucy?” The two children nodded their heads in agreement, but there were no smiles to show any enthusiasm.

“I don’t think today, Ted, but thanks for offering. Abriel has been feeling a little under the weather.” Eddie was starting to really want these people to move on.”

“She looks fine to me. I am sure it would be good for her.

"No," Maria said. "Not today. In fact I am not sure how much longer we are going to be here."

"That's right," Eddie agreed. "We are not sure if we are going to stay here for the whole day."

The smile had left Ted's face. He looked scornfully over at his wife. "Come on kids. We'll go have some fun. These folks must not like having a good time." Lucy obediently followed Ted and grabbed her daughter and son's hands as she walked away.

The afternoon sun was starting to set behind the hills. Eddie still had not decided what to do. Maybe they were just nervous because of what they had been through, and those people were a little backwards, but not really dangerous. But why then, he thought, did both he and Maria get the same feeling. Soon it would be dark. Surely it would be okay to stay the night and leave first thing in the morning?

"Daddy," Abriel's voice reached him from the tent. I fell asleep and I saw Saryl in a dream. He told me that we need to leave this place right away and not come back here. Daddy, that's what he told me."

As they drove out of the campground they saw the old man with the white beard. He was standing under a light near the exit sign. He smiled at them and nodded his head in approval.

"I think maybe he's an angel, Daddy," Abriel said in a calm voice.

"Well, I wouldn't be surprised at anything anymore." They all waved to the man as they drove up to the entrance, and told the gate keeper that they were leaving. Eddie felt a cold shiver as the man wrote down their license plate number as they drove away.

## Chapter 17

“The violence of the wicked will destroy them,  
because they refuse to do justice.” Proverbs 21:7

Mac reached for the tin can of water that the guard had given him. It was the same guard who had come into the barracks and had stood by the door as Mac was ministering to some of the men. He had stopped him later, when no one was watching, and had asked Mac to pray for him. “You know,” he had said, “I don’t like what I am doing here. I am just as much a victim of this prison as you are.” Mac had prayed for him.

He had been in the isolation hole now for three days. But at least this time he had some company. When it became quiet at night he would listen for the tap sound on the wall next to him.

John Pawson had been in isolation for a couple days longer than he had. They had discovered that by digging down, just a little, under the wall they were able to hear each other. They both considered it a small miracle to be able to talk with each other. Mac put his ear to the small place where he had dug under the wall so that he could hear what John was saying. “How are you doing John?” Mac spit some of the dirt off his lips.

“Well, I guess they don’t think they can get any more out of me. They haven’t dragged me from my pent house for a couple of days. I am getting some clean water; Praise God. The gruel is terrible, but I suppose it stops the stomach from making so much noise. You know, Mac, I was thinking—which as you know, I have a lot of time to do. And I can see why the Lord had me fake my mental condition when I came to this camp. They didn’t even bother to really search my bag. And so for all those days we had a Bible. And before they confiscated it, some of the pages had been torn out and passed around to the men. I think we have something good started. How are you doing today?”



“Oh, I am hanging in there. My feeling is that someone in the barracks maybe ratted on us. But I have forgiven and prayed that God will get hold of him—if that’s really what happened.

“When they turn their audible tape recorder on, that continues to rant about how nice it would be for me if I could agree to their little beast, one world contract, then the Lord gives me a vision of the cross, and it shuts down the demonic chatter.” He smiled at the dirt as he waited to see if John had heard him.

“When they dragged me over here, Mac, I caught a glimpse, behind one of the buildings, of a whole bunch of guillotines stacked against the wall. Made me stop and think, hmmm—wonder why they aren’t using them yet?”

“I’ve seen them too, John. But this evil system needs to get a compliant work force in place. So I think they are just going through the process—at least for right now. They haven’t introduced the ‘mark’ yet, and that will be the real clincher.

“Although everything has become pretty repressive in our country, a lot of people in America are still living fairly normal lives. I think they are just trying things out on some of us—the ones on the top of their list. The Bible tells us exactly what is going to happen. So it’s just a matter of time. But you know, friend, our life is but a fleeting moment. A lot of good people have gone ahead of us, and we must continue the race.”

“That’s the truth! You know I never got married, Mac. I felt that God had called me to some pretty hard things, and that it wouldn’t be fair to bring someone else into it. But I’ve been thinking! I sure would like to have a family—if it’s not too late. Hey, gotta go! Someone is opening my door.”

Mac sat up, fully, and immediately began to fill in the small hole that had been dug in the ground. He could hear loud, threatening voices in John’s room and then nothing.

Two hours later they came for Mac. The guard that came into the room did not threaten him or abuse him in any way. He felt as if he was being escorted outside by a butler or something. He

wondered what was up. The sun was starting to go down. The guard handed him a jacket. He looked at him with a surprised expression, and put it on. He was led into a nice, clean and orderly building. “The warden will see you now,” the guard said, opening the door to a large, impressive office.

The man who was sitting behind a large, wooden desk was dressed in light brown khaki shirt and pants. His hair had been parted neatly on the side, and he was clean shaven. On his desk was a nice picture of an attractive, blond woman and two small boys. Mac also noticed half of a thick, meat sandwich and some chips on a paper plate on the desk. Two guards, that he recognized, stood in back of the desk. The warden smiled pleasantly at Mac.

He lifted up the sandwich and offered it to Mac. “More than I can eat,” he said with a broad smile. “And I know you have not been getting the best of cuisine.” He chuckled.

Mac reached over and took the sandwich and took a bite from it, but then put it down on the desk.

The warden lifted up from his desk a neatly typed paper. I have been reading the reports I am getting on you Mac. You are a good leader, and the men here listen to you. You have what Sunday church people call an anointing.” He laughed smugly. “Yes,” he said, “I’ve been to church a few times in my life. Actually, I always found it a little boring, but religion had its purpose—helped to keep the people in line. You are also an intelligent man, and you know as well as I do that religion is not what the people want now. Its time is over. What we offer the world is what is really needed. And you can be part of it, Mac. You are the kind of man we need; someone who can lead the people. All you need to do is agree to what is inevitable. Sign this document, take a few classes with some nice guys, and ‘presto,’ new beginnings. And your days here will just be like a bad dream. You can be with your wife and children again. You know, of course, that we have your children?”

Mac felt a cold shiver go through him at the mention of his wife and children. He focused for a moment on the vision of the cross

that was in front of him, and then he answered the warden.

“Well, warden, you are right on one thing. Religion has had its day, and is on the way out.”

The warden beamed a large smile.

“What people are looking for is a real relationship with God, and that is what God has always wanted too.

“You know,” Mac continued, “God created all things good, but man decided to go his own way, and rebelled against God and his plans. And sin became our destiny. But God so loved the world that He became one of us. He died on the cross for your sin and for my sin. And he invites every man and woman to confess their sins and accept his free gift of salvation, and to live with him forever in heaven. This is the true Kingdom that will reign forever—not the devil’s plan. I know you cannot be happy with how you are living your life. I encourage you, while there is still time, to receive Jesus Christ as your Lord and Savior, and be assured of eternal life.

Warden, you can take my life, and you can take the life of my wife and children, but you cannot stop what God has planned for us; no one can. You cannot have my soul.”

The warden’s face became red and furious. He stood up from his desk. “You are such a fool, Mac. You live in a fantasy life—a heavenly cartoon. Why, you don’t even know when you are being duped. You fool. How do you think we found out about your religious meetings? John put on a pretty good show for everyone didn’t he? He laughed with a smirk. And now he’s going to be living like a king—while you rot here for as long as we want.”

Mac knew that his face, at first, gave away a shocked expression, until he remembered that the devil was an expert liar, but he said nothing.

“Take this fool out of here,” he told the guard”

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Elaine felt a hard push against her back as the guard put her foot on her back. “Come on Elaine. You can move faster than that. The Boss wants this mess cleaned up now—not a month from now. And I don’t have all day to sit over here till you get this job done.” She raised her voice sharply. “So no more do-dah—you hear?”

Elaine knew that the guards delighted in choosing the older women to do the hard physical work. When she came into the office the floor was covered with a foul smell. Someone had thrown up on it. She gagged more than once as she wiped up and then washed the awful mess. A few more minutes and she would be done. It was almost time for the evening meal. If she did not finish in time there would be nothing left for her, as little as it was.

After standing in a long line, the women were given a cup of soup and usually some hard, tacky bread to pass around. Of course they had all been told how much nicer it was at another facility, where the food was much better and the sleeping arrangements were more private. Elaine had sadly watched as some of the women had deserted, one by one, over to the over side. She knew that if they could not stand now, they would never be able to when the mark was given out—which she feared was sooner than most believed.

She thought about Rose and the other young women. She and her friend, Christine, would pray with Rose and some of the other inmates almost every evening after the dinner meal. It was when the guards would change duty, and they all knew that the woman who would come on duty at that time would usually look the other way, as they prayed. They had prayed that God would make a way for the young women to not be taken in for interrogation, which would almost always end up in some kind of sexual abuse.

The doctor in charge of the barracks was aware of the abuse and the forced abortions. She was a decent woman and she hated what was happening. She took a very big risk. She let it be known that all of the young women had contacted a terrible venereal disease, and that even the antibiotics she had given them were not helping

very much. The interrogations stopped. All of the women praised God. And then they prayed for the doctor who had helped them.

The guard kicked Elaine as she walked out of the door, splashing the smelly water on her clothes. “Oh, dear,” she said. “Poor Elaine. You certainly can’t go to dinner smelling like that. You’ll have to go change, and then you will miss the evening meal.” She sneered with a nasty laugh.

Elaine took the stinky shirt and pants and washed them out under the faucet, and then hung them up next to her cot. She got into bed and pulled the thin blanket up over her. She prayed and felt the love and tenderness of Jesus come over her. Tears fell onto her cheeks, one after the other. She prayed for her precious husband and children, asking God to please protect them and keep them safe. She turned her head as Rose sat down next to her. “You didn’t miss much,” she said. “But I snuck you out a couple pieces of bread.” She smiled as she gave Elaine the little bit of food.

## Chapter 18

“Deliver me, O Lord, from evil men...  
who plan evil things in their hearts.” Psalm 140:1-2

Michael felt a foreboding feeling as he drove into the small Amish county of Catbury. There were no children playing on the swings or running around. A couple of young boys, when they saw Michael’s car coming down the road, ducked behind a tree, and then ran into their house. “This is terrible, Leah. I’ve never seen it like this here. They are in such a state of fear. You can feel it all around.”

“I am not surprised,” Leah answered. “From what Ron told you on the phone some pretty scary things have been happening here in the land of the Amish.”

“Well, a few more blocks and we’ll be at Ron and Melissa’s. They don’t live in the center of town, but they certainly know what’s going on. I can’t believe how this loving, peaceful little community has been so terrorized, and their children held hostage by government security, unless they do what they are told.”

“I remember once, Michael, when your Grandpa Shimon told us about some of the things they did in Nazi Europe—how they had separated the children from their parents, and how horrible it was. And I know it was hard for your Grandpa, sometimes, to just talk about those things.”

“Yes, Grandpa Shimon was a wonderful man, and he saw a lot of terrible things in his life time. That’s why he tried to tell the people here that what he saw happening in America reminded him of what had happened in Nazi Europe. He especially wanted the Jewish communities to wake up.

“He would feel terrible to see what was happening here among the Amish. He had a real love for these people. They reminded him so much of some of the Czech communities where he grew up.

“Yes, Grandpa was a great man. I wish now I had spent more

time with him.” Michael turned up the driveway to a small, but nice looking older home. The white fence that encircled the yard was now broken in a few places and looked pretty dilapidated, and Michael could see that there was nothing any more to protect the house and property from animals and intruders. The large, healthy garden that they had grown every year was not to be seen.

There was still a trail like road that led to the back yard. Carefully and slowly Michael drove the car in back, and parked it inside the ole barn. Before they got out of the car Robert and his wife Melissa and three children, Sarah, Mark, and John had come out to meet them and give them all hugs.

Leah noticed that the shades in the front kitchen and living room windows were pulled down more than half way, and it was only one o’clock on a Saturday afternoon. A cheerful, blue checkered curtain covered the window in the door. The small kitchen and living room were clean and fresh smelling. One of the walls in the kitchen was covered with wallpaper displaying little bunches of yellow and blue flowers. A round white table sat near the kitchen widow. A small lamp in the corner gave off some added light.

It’s sure good to see you guys,” Robert said

“Yes,” Melissa agreed, “it’s a real treat for us. Everything around here has been so dark and drab—so much despondency and fear. As I am sure you noticed we don’t have much of a garden this year. Actually we did not have one last year either. We were told that it is no longer legal to grow our own vegetable products. The village co-op now dictates what and exactly how much we can grow and are allowed to eat.”

“Which isn’t very much,” Robert’s twelve year old daughter, Sarah, said.

“But we managed a surprise.” Melissa’s face brightened up. I baked you all one of those delicious shoofly pies. I remember how much you all liked it when you were here before.”

“Oh, yum!” Timothy responded.

“Come,” said Robert. “I know you must be hungry and it’s our

supper time. We still have some of our preserves from last year. And we have some vegetables from the government store.”

“The government store?” Adam said.

“Well, that’s not what it’s actually named. We call it that because it’s the farm outlet where the government allows some of our produce to be sold. If you have a farm—which of course most everyone around here does, or did—then you can grow a few vegetables and some fruit, but we are only allowed to keep a small amount. The rest of it goes to the outlet. And then of course they supervise what you buy. But let’s sit down and eat. I am starved, and then we can talk some more.”

Leah noticed that Robert’s three children looked thinner and their clothes were different. Leah remembered how Sarah always wore either a skirt or a dress. But now they were all dressed in jeans and tee shirts. You would not know they were part of a conservative Amish community. She looked away from the children when she saw that Melissa was watching her.

After they had sat down and said grace, Melissa looked across the table and smiled at Leah. “I guess you can see that we’ve undergone some big changes around here. It was difficult enough for us, but a lot harder for the old Amish community in town. A couple of months ago the DHS made some disastrous, public announcements. They told everyone that all children would have to attend public schools. They insisted that it was for the betterment of society—how all the children should have the same type of education. After that little speech was given, then they were also instructed that the Amish children should not dress or act different from other children.

“People around here now are pretty skittish about new folks showing up anyplace. They are never sure if it might not be the ‘hit squad’ coming back.”

“My friend, Rebecca, can’t play with me anymore. As soon as she gets home from school she has to go into her house, and can’t come out. She is so embarrassed because of the way she has to



dress. We all have to wear jeans and tee-shirts, so that no one looks different or better than anyone else. It's so creepy," Sarah said as she looked down at her plate.

"And we're all taught the same thing," Mark said. "They even forbid parents to help their children do better or excel in anything. So it gets really boring in school. I already know most of what they are going to teach us—because my mom home-schooled me for so long."

"Well, for now, son, that's the way it is, and I am afraid there's not much we can do about it, until God changes our country. But they can't stop us from doing what we want behind closed doors. We will not have our children dumbed down by the bureaucratic system we are existing in." Robert smiled at his youngest son. "And they will also know the truth of God's Word, before they are taught anything in these ungodly schools that cover our land."

Melissa passed around the table a bowl of fresh steamed vegetables, with potatoes and a small fried chicken. "We aren't allowed to keep very much poultry anymore. Every so often they come sneaking around to see what we have. I guess they just don't want anyone thinking they can survive without the government.

The supper was good, but the surprise dessert was a real treat. Melissa had the best recipe in the county for Shoofly pie. It was flaky and Molasses rich.

"You youngsters can go in the back yard and play," Robert said, "but just be alert and pay attention to anyone coming around."

"I am really sorry, Robert and Melissa, for what has happened to your community. But I guess you know you aren't alone. You know we had to take our sons out of school. We just couldn't bear any longer to have their minds and hearts corrupted with the anti-God stuff they are forcing good children to learn. And then the rise of anti-Semitism for us has now become a pretty frightening thing, and for all the Jewish communities. Some were smart and got out before it became so difficult to travel, and went back to Israel—like members of my own family. But now so many

people don't know what to do. They are just waiting for the other shoe to drop, so to speak."

"What do you guys think you are going to do, Michael?"

"Leah and I have been talking about joining some friends of ours at a place in West Virginia. We've been told of a woman and her daughter who have a big house, and are providing a place of refuge for many Jews who are trying to get out of the country.

"Our Rabbi, and some other friends, from our Messianic Congregation, are planning on heading up there. It's a first step. God has closed the door to our going to Canada and staying with Tom and his family.

"We need to get our boys out of here, before things get any worse for the Jews. You know the Bible tells us that God wants his Jewish people back in Israel, and so we are trusting that He's going to get us there, one way or the other."

"Robert." The voice came through the kitchen door as it creaked open and a middle aged man, dressed in a black coat and trousers, with a black beard, sprinkled with gray, walked into the house.

"I am so sorry to intrude on you and your company, but I was walking, on my way home, and thought I'd stop for just a minute and warm up. It's pretty cold this afternoon."

"Come on in, Isaac, and meet our friends. Michael and Leah, this is our good neighbor, Isaac Miller."

"Good to meet you all," Isaac said with a warm, inviting smile. "I thought I saw some additional children out back. I can't stay long, Robert. Mary is home with our baby girl and she's so nervous that they will come and take her too. They came for our four other children about two weeks ago." Isaac turned his head to look at Michael and Leah as he talked. "We've been praying that the judge will give them back to us pretty soon. We agreed to let them go to the public school. I know some of our neighbors are holding out, but I don't think anything is going to change anytime soon around here, and we need our youngens back home—then maybe we can look at going someplace else. You know the Amish, Mennonite people, have been through this before. My Papa told

me a few stories, and some of it I remember for myself.”

“Isaac and his family have been in this land for almost four generations, and he knows just about all there is to know.”

Robert smiled at his neighbor and friend.

“I can share for a few minutes—if you would like?”

“Sure.” Michael said.

“The Amish come from the Mennonite people. And you know thousands of our people were killed or persecuted in Europe because of our faith, and how we raise our children. I guess the devil has always hated the way we raise our little ones. We settled here in Pennsylvania and Ohio, and some other places right around the eighteenth century—you know, William Penn’s Holy Religious experiment in toleration. Well, that only lasted for a while. At different times in the last couple centuries we’ve had outbreaks of persecution for being Mennonite, and political decisions were made to force our children to assimilate into the culture. In 1965, in Iowa, they herded a whole bunch of terrified children onto buses, and took them away from their parents. Of course it was not all because they just didn’t like the way we live and raise our children. By adding the Amish children to the school system they increased their tax revenues a whole bunch.

“It wasn’t that long ago that a case was brought before the Supreme Court, Yoder versus Wisconsin, and they ruled on the idea of the Constitutional right of parents to raise their children according to their faith. We won that case, and it set a precedent, but what’s kind of scary is that it did not win by a wide decision. In other words, almost forty years ago, the right given to us to raise our children, according to our faith, was not upheld by a big majority. So we should not be surprised at what’s happening now. The system in this country has gotten much worse, since then.

“The government, that has now taken over the land, has turned against families. This is quite evident to all of us. But you know it’s not our custom to retaliate. We leave all things in God’s permissive Hands. And we pray. We know that God hears our

prayers, and will do what is right—no matter how we might feel about it. Isaac took a sip of hot coffee and a bite of pie, and then smiled at his friends. “I must be going now. I feel warmed up, and I know my Mary is looking for me. Take care Robert and Melissa and watch over those youngsters of yours. They are good kids.”

Robert opened the door for Isaac, and everyone at the table waved good-bye as he left the house. Robert looked out the door quickly before he shut it—to make sure no one was watching Isaac leave.

“Nice neighbor and friend,” Leah said. “I feel so bad for what’s happened to these good folks. We will pray for them.”

“Yes,” Melissa said. “It’s been hard, and if it were not for our strong and determined faith I don’t know how any of us would have made it this far. None of us knows what might come tomorrow.”

“Papa.” Sarah came running through the door. “There’s a car coming down the drive way. It looks like a government car. Timothy and Jeremiah are hiding in the barn.”

## Chapter 19

“Blessed is the man that hears Me, watching daily at My gates...”

Proverbs 8:34

Adam pulled over to the side of the road and called the number that he still had for his old friend and acquaintance. He used an old cell phone that still had some time on it.

“Hello,” came a familiar voice.

“Gregory this is Adam, Adam Clintuck. I hope you haven’t forgotten me?”

“It’s good to hear your voice, Adam. How could I forget you?”

“I don’t have a whole bunch of time on this phone, Greg, and I am in the area and would like to come by, but I need to know how to get to your place. I have forgotten my directions.”

“Where are you now, Adam?”

“I am just a few miles on the other side of Milford.”

“When you get close, Adam, give me a call and I’ll direct you the rest of the way. It will be good to see you again.”

The neighborhood was pretty much what Adam remembered. It had been close to six years since he had seen Greg. He did notice that the area had not been kept up, and there were no children playing in the parks. This felt very odd to him. He parked in front of Greg’s red brick town home and knocked on the door. The man who greeted him hardly resembled the Gregory that he had known five years before. He was much thinner now, and his hair was completely white, but he especially noticed that his large brown eyes no longer held the sparkle that they once did. But still it was good to see his friend again.

“Adam, it’s so good go see you again. Come on in. My house is a little messy. I never caught on to the domestic stuff, after Maggie passed away.” He shrugged his shoulders, a little embarrassed, and smiled. Adam didn’t think it was so bad—a few dishes in the sink

and some clothes laid over a chair. His morning paper was still on the table with a half cup of coffee.

“Looks fine to me, Greg. You should see my place. He put his arm around Greg’s shoulder. “I am just glad to see you again—that you are still alive and well.”

“Well, alive I am. And I guess I get by okay. The rumor mill going around the area is that I’ve become a recluse. Actually, I do get out to see the boys from time to time, but it’s true I don’t find a lot of reasons to go out.”

Adam looked up at the portrait that Gregory had on the wall of himself and his lovely, dark haired princess, Maggie. Adam remembered what a great team they had made. When Adam worked with Greg on a couple of jobs he was always a little jealous that Greg had his princess to go home to. Two years after Greg had quit his job with the government Maggie had died of an undiagnosed disease. Adam had wanted to be there for the funeral and to spend some time with his friend, but he had still been working with the CIA at that time, and was getting ready to go over-seas on a job.

Gregory had been one of the important people in his life who had first revealed to him how deep the CIA was in some of their criminal adventures. But of course Adam soon found out on his own just how deep his employer was in illegal business dealings.

He had known Gregory years before when he was finishing college. They had even been roommates for a short period of time. But eventually they both went their own way. Greg got married to Maggie and joined up with the Marines as an officer, and then went into military intelligence. After college Adam was recruited by the CIA. Some years later they came together in a CIA plot called the ‘lead horse project.’ It all revolved around a military assassination plan in Afghanistan, and gun smuggling operations into Iraq. Greg eventually put himself in harms way by resigning his position with military intelligence, and going public as to what was really going on in the Middle East. He had put his own life

and his family in jeopardy, but for him it was a matter of loyalty and conscience. He had to do it.

“So tell me Adam, what’s new in your life? You are looking good—too good. Is there a special woman in your life now?”

Adam smiled. He loved talking about Lilly. “Yes, a very special woman indeed. Her name is Lilly. And the only thing I really want to do is go back and marry her as soon as I can.”

“Then do it, my friend, and don’t wait.”

“Greg, I’ve got some info that I need to do something with.”

“Oh, come on buddy? Do I really look like someone you want to talk about that stuff with? No my house is not bugged. I check things every so often. I know how they work. You know they still hate me for it—what I did to them. And they are still keeping an eye on me. That’s probably the real reason I have chosen to live within these walls.”

“When you went public, Greg, you had certain contacts—men and women who were brave enough to help expose what you were able to prove was really going on with the US Army in Iraq and Afghanistan. That’s what I need, Greg. I can’t let it go until I get it to someone who will use it. It’s something called the red-sled project. It’s diabolical and really ugly. I am not going to dump it all on you now. But somehow the people need to know how to protect their children from these degenerate monsters who are trying to take complete control of their lives.”

“You don’t need to tell me much, Adam. I’ve been around the block a few times—remember? Adam, two years after I went public with what America thought was an honorable intervention in the middle east, but was really a despicable and unrighteous invasion by the US government in some of the middle east nations, I lost almost everything I owned and my family too. You know the medical community has never been able to tell me why my Maggie died. She just did. No trace of anything. One morning she was fixing me some breakfast and the next day she was dead. But you see, I know how they do things, and so do you. So after a while I

stopped trying to find out. And then my two college age sons receive in the mail a photo of me with another woman. It was not a nice picture. My sons never quite recovered from that one. Even though I think they eventually believed me when I told them that it was not me, and that they have ways of doing things.

“They managed to rob me of most of my pension. I still have some social security, but my life style is pretty meager. Would I do it again? I don’t know, Adam. I sure miss my Maggie. And for all my honorable intentions nothing has really changed. The deception and corruption has just gotten worse. Sometimes I do ask myself what it was all about?”

Adam felt a strong pang of angry indignation rise up in him, as he watched his beaten up friend take a slow sip of coffee. His heart really hurt for him. “Greg I want to share something else with you. It may be the more important reason why I am here.”

“Sure. Go for it.”

“Besides finding a marvelous woman that I want to marry. I have also discovered that God really does exist, and I have come into a true and wonderful relationship with Him.”

“Wow!” Now that is not what I would have expected to hear coming from you.”

“Well, you know, Greg, I was raised to believe in the Bible and Jesus. My parents were both strong Christians. But I guess you could say I was the perfect prodigal son, gone astray into the pig pens of life.”

“Well, you did a pretty good job keeping that from me.”

“Most of my young adult life I just never thought of God. I guess I did not want Him interfering in my life; so I just wrote Him off. It’s a long story, Greg, how God brought me back. But what I want to say to you is this: What you did when you chose not to be a coward and do what was honorable, God was watching. None of it was in vain. I remember a couple times when I was talking with Maggie and she had tried to share her faith with me, but I wasn’t ready to listen then. Greg, Maggie is in heaven and she is waiting to see you again, but there is only one door by which



we enter—only one. Jesus made a way for us, friend. And He’s waiting for you to reach out to him, so that he can unburden you from a lot of that pain you have been carrying around for so long.”

Greg brought his hands to his face. The sobs came without any hindrance. After a few minutes he looked up at Adam. “Yes, my wife was a woman of strong faith, and I just sort of went along with her. What ever my Maggie wanted was okay with me. But I never really got into religion, and after she died I had no faith—just a lot of anger.”

“It’s not religion, Greg. Can we talk?”

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“Why are we going this way, Daddy?” Abriel spoke to her dad from the back seat.

“Well, sweetie, it’s just the way God seems to be directing us.” Eddie had driven about twenty miles from the campground when he noticed a side road that did not seem very well traveled.

“I think we are suppose to go on that road, Eddie,” Maria said. Eddie did not hesitate to turn onto the gravel road. When the Lord spoke to either him or Maria or Abriel he had quickly learned that it was a good thing to listen.

He had felt nervous enough after leaving the campground, but especially after the gate-keeper had copied down his license. He knew an alert had been put out for them ever since they had left Brandon, Colorado. He would feel more relaxed if they could get to wherever the Lord was leading them. There was still a little late afternoon twilight, but soon it would be dark. Well at least, he thought, it looked like there were some flat, gravelly spaces along the roadside, where he could pull the car off and they could sleep if they had to.

“Oh, look, Daddy. That man is waving his hand. He needs help.

Eddie and Maria could see the man. He was standing next to his car on the side of the road. They stopped.

“Thanks for stopping folks.” The man seemed nice enough as he walked over to the window, but Eddie was a little leery. He rolled down the window some more. “Can we help you with anything?” Eddie said to him.

“If by per chance you have a set of jumper cables, I think I can get this old clunker started. I hate to leave it on the side of the road all night.”

“Yes,” Eddie responded. “I have some cables.”

After they got the car started the man introduced himself to Eddie and Maria. “My name is Fred Cump. I live down the road a couple of miles—a small place called Hatchersville. Do you mind if I ask you where you are headed? I know just about all the spots along this road, and I can tell you it’s all pretty desolate.”

“Hmm,” Eddie murmured. “Well, it’s kind of a long story. We left a campground about an hour ago because we didn’t like it there, and I don’t know...we just felt to come down this road.” Eddie had hesitated telling the man that God had told his wife to take the road.

“Listen folks. Why don’t you follow me over to my house. I have a pretty good sized bedroom where you can stay the night. I just don’t feel too good about you being out here with your little girl, and all—probably not too safe. Believe me it will be okay.”

Fred Cump and his wife Patti lived by themselves in a home that they had converted from a barn to a comfortable house. They had a large yard, and Eddie was surprised to see a few chickens running around and a couple of horses in a stall. He was still not sure if they had done the right thing by coming with Fred to his house, but it seemed like the best thing to do, since they really did not know where they were going.

Patti had a late meal prepared for Fred and warmly invited the tired family to join them. After they said grace Eddie and Maria began to relax. Patti passed around bowls filled with some chicken stew, some very good bread, and a tall glass of milk for Abriel. After dinner they all enjoyed delicious, fresh apple pie.

“Emm,” Abriel said. “This is so good. My momma is a good cook too.” She grinned as she looked across the table at Fred and Patti.

“We are fortunate to still have a garden we can tend and a few straggly chickens running around” Fred said.

Patti smiled at Abriel. “I think maybe you are a little angel.”

Abriel giggled. “No, but I have a friend who is an angel,” she said.

Maria put her hand on her daughter’s shoulder with a slightly embarrassed look. “That’s okay, honey,” she said. “We don’t need to talk too much.”

“I would love to hear about your angel, sometime, darlen,” Patti said. “I have seen a few of those beautiful creatures in my time too.”

Eddie and Maria looked at each other and smiled. “Really!” Maria said. “You’ve seen angels?”

“Oh, no!” Fred laughed a little. “If you get her started on her angel stories we’ll be here all night.”

“I suppose another time.” Patti smiled. “It is getting a little late, and I imagine y’all are pretty tired.”

“Well, it has been a long day,” Maria said. “Actually it’s been a very long week.” Maria looked at Eddie to see if it was alright to say anything else to these people, and then she said: “I guess you can probably tell that we really aren’t sure where we are headed. You see, we had to take our daughter and flee from where we lived. Sounds pretty strange, I know. But if we were to tell you everything that has happened to us in the last few days, I doubt that you would believe me.”

“You might be surprised, Maria.” Patti said, and then smiled. “We’ve been watching some strange happenings right around here in our own area for some time—besides all the economic stress.

“Eddie, if you don’t mind my asking, what was the name of the campground you told me you had just left?”

“I am sorry, Fred. I don’t remember, right this moment.”

“It was called ‘Pleasant Valley,’ Daddy.”

“That’s right. Thank you Abriel.”

“Not too many years ago I used to work for the Police department,” Fred said. “The town I worked in was about a mile from Pleasant Valley Campground. But about three years ago something strange started to happen there.

“The government started delivering to our little hoe-dink department some pretty sophisticated equipment—military humvees, and all kinds of expensive military hardware—including a truckload of stun guns.”

Fred chuckled a little. “I mean what are we going to use stun guns on? The rabbits? We were told by a few of the soldiers that it was all to ensure the invincibility of the US government, and would also be used in surveillance of citizens who had joined terrorist organizations. Now, I can tell you that struck me and the other men I worked with, as just a bit bizarre. We know most of the people in the three counties around us. And the only terrorism that anyone around here is guilty of would be at the coyotes that kill our chickens.

“But this is why I asked about the campground! After the equipment was delivered to us, some of the Feds stayed around for a while to train a few of us on how to use them. We used Pleasant Valley as our training grounds. What a hoot that was; a sheriff and his four deputies all slamming around in military equipment, worth millions of dollars. But here is the cruncher! We had actors, real people, who were suppose to be the enemy. Of course the stun guns were de-electrified, and just made a popping sound, and so we were told to not be restrained from using the high powered guns on anyone—even if it was an old person or a pregnant woman. Can you believe that? Speaking of being ‘stunned!’

“But the little children were a different thing. It was told to us, by one guy—a real hulk—that the children were to be separated from their parents and put into a different truck. I couldn’t help but feel sorry for these little kids who where play-acting. I think they were really scared. What they were doing was made very

real—even scared me a few times. I told my wife later that I would never let one of my little children be a part of something like that, no matter how much they got paid to do it. To me it seems like there is a real incentive by this crooked government of ours to take our children from us.” Fred looked at Eddie and nodded his head.

Maria and Eddie looked at each other. “You can say that again!” Eddie said quietly under his breath.

“We have one daughter, Mindy, but she doesn’t live with us anymore. That’s a whole different story.” Fred looked down for a moment, almost apologetically.

“Most of the expensive equipment now just sits in a fenced yard, and is never used. I mean it’s so stupid. But no one say’s anything. There is a lot of fear at what they want to use that stuff for.

“A few months later I quit the department and opened a small restaurant. Police work around here is nothing I want to be a part of anymore. But some of my buddies in the department keep in touch with me. In the last few months there have been a couple reports come into the department by people passing through. It seems their children suddenly disappeared while they were at Pleasant Valley Campground. The police carried out some very intense search and rescue jobs, but no children were ever found.

“One day they wander away from their tents, and then are never seen again by the parents. Could be they got lost if they crossed the river, and went up into the hills. But all the years I’ve lived here nothing like that has ever happened. And I know they searched those hills good. It seems Pleasant Valley has been the site of missing children, and no one knows why. That’s really why I didn’t want to leave you on that road all by yourselves. There’s a few other things too, but well, we got a youngen here with us, and some things are not for little ears.”

Maria caught just a glimpse of fear in Fred’s eyes as he looked at Abriel. An old mantle clock, on the other side of the table,

struck nine o'clock. A thin beam of moonlight, darting through the blue curtains, played on the wall behind Patti's head. Maria pulled her sweater a little tighter, as a cold breeze escaped through one of the window panes. She put her arm around Abriel.

"Here is what I'm thinking." Fred looked at Maria and Eddie. I would guess, from what you have told us, and from what you have not told us, that maybe it would do you all good to take a rest for a few days. Why don't you think about just hanging around our home for awhile. My restaurant is closed for a bit, and I could really use another man's help with a few things around here. And the women could enjoy some visiting." Fred smiled at Abriel. And there's lots of space for a youngster to play. So just think about it, and let us know in the morning."

## Chapter 20

“For the Lord will have mercy on Jacob, and will still choose Israel and will settle them in their own land...” Isaiah 14:1

Yeshua walked with the great archangel, Michael, who watches over the people of Israel. They walked on the pearly, luminescent white beach that surrounds the beautiful Crystal Sea. The Glorious Prince of Peace put His arm over the broad shoulder of His strong and handsome angelic servant.

“Soon, Michael, you will stand up for My people, in the Great time of trouble that is coming to Israel...and to the world. It will be unlike anytime since the beginning of creation. But in My love for the saints of God—the Elect—this time will be cut short.

“Look out across the Crystal Sea, Michael, and you will see My magnificent angelic army preparing to follow you into battle, to prepare the way for the righteous ones, who will soon join Me. That day comes, Michael, like a burning oven.”

“At that time Michael shall stand up, the great prince who stands watch over the sons of your people; and there shall be a time of trouble, such as never was since there was a nation, even to that time. And at that time your people shall be delivered, every one who is found written in the book. And many of those who sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake, some to everlasting life, and some to shame and everlasting contempt. Those who are wise shall shine like the brightness of the firmament, and those who turn many to righteousness like the stars forever and ever.”  
Daniel 12:1-3

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Rabbi Joseph Yehuda looked across the table at the young Jewish man who was sitting at his kitchen table. He had told him his name was Benjamin. Joseph could tell that he had not slept very much. He looked weary and tired. When he sat down at the table he had taken from his pocket a dark blue kippa, and had put it on his head. It was no longer allowed by the government to wear any kind of religious symbols, at least not for Jews and Christians. Nothing was now permitted that would make someone look exceptional or different from anyone else. The small Orthodox Jewish community, that was not too far from Winston, had been threatened with jail if they did not comply with all the rules. And many had already been taken away—most likely, Joseph thought, to the camps.

“They came for our Rabbi yesterday,” the young man’s voice trembled, “because he circumcised my son. I don’t know where they sent him, but I know it wasn’t any good. I have sent my wife and son to stay with her parents in Ohio, at least for a while. We’ve been accused of child abuse. I have been hiding out with different friends, and not staying in the same place. I know you are a Messianic Rabbi, and so this is a little hard for me.” He stuttered over the word Messianic. “But I have heard from a friend that you and some of your people have heard of a way to get out of America and back to Israel. Is that true?”

Joseph watched the young man in front of him for a few more seconds. He did not sense that he was Orthodox, but any more it was hard to tell. He knew all too well that the living conditions for Jews had become very difficult—especially for the Orthodox. Of course a Jew believing in Jesus made no difference to the Nazis. And his family and congregation had not escaped the anti-Semitic threats and harassment. He felt real compassion for the young man he was talking to, but he dared not tell him anything until he made sure that he was not lying to him.



Rabbi Joseph, his wife Nancy, their family and Anna, who was now four months pregnant, and a few others from their Messianic congregation, Beth Israel, were making plans to leave for West Virginia. It would be a first step. The underground had not given them any more information. Hopefully, when they reached the house in West Virginia, they would be given more connections to those who could help them escape to Israel. But nothing was for sure—nothing was guaranteed. They had been told about people, mostly Christians, who were laying down their lives to help the Jews, in this calamitous time, get back to Israel.

There was still a lot to do, and Joseph did not feel there was too much time left before things got even worse. They also, of course, had Anna to be concerned about. Although she too had been given false papers, her second term pregnancy was now a little bit more evident. They had invented an elaborate story about the death of Joseph's oldest son—Anna's supposed late husband. As with everything they prayed for divine wisdom and guidance.

The borders had not been completely sealed between the different regions in America. The states no longer existed, but had been reconstructed into geographical areas; although most of the people still thought of themselves as being in a particular state.

"I have nothing to tell you right now, Benjamin. Uh...there are some things I need to do first."

The young man nodded his head. He understood what Joseph was saying. "Could I come by tomorrow...do you think?"

"If you want," Joseph answered. "Tomorrow would be fine."

It seemed like it had happened over night. But as Joseph looked back at what had been happening in the last few years, he saw how apparent the signs had been. But like most of the Jewish people he knew, he had turned his head and paid little attention to the rapidly increasing anti-Semitism in every part of the country. He also remembered the time, a year before, when a young Jewish Israeli man had been beaten up at the college where Joseph worked, just

for talking about Israel. More and more things like that had been happening, but he had kept believing that it was just an unusual and ugly time that would soon end.

The bigotry and virulent hatred towards Israel, especially rampant with liberal college professors, was evident on almost every campus, even before the big disaster and economic collapse.

As a rabbi and leader, he felt guilty for not telling his people to leave while they still could. If only he had said something. But he had not wanted to be ostracized or called a radical in the Messianic congregations. Also the American Jewish community and its leaders had not provided a united front to really combat this rise of anti-Semitism, and now it was so much worse.

When the economy had collapsed and the dollar was devalued, the Jews became the automatic scapegoat. Joseph knew this was nothing new in the persecuted history of the Jewish people.

A few months before he had gone from anger and irritation to true fear; it had happened when the US government had called for the registration of all Jews in the area where they lived. He had never felt such humiliation as he stood with many others in a long line, on a wet and cold day, to be registered as a Jew. They had arrested many in the Orthodox community who had refused to comply.

Every day now it seemed another law was being passed regarding how the Jewish people lived, moved, shopped, learned and ate. Sometimes young Jewish men were picked up off the streets and taken to work camps, and no one ever heard from them again. Some of the Orthodox Jewish families were now looking for places where they could hide out—usually in a Christian home.

The hardest thing for Joseph to watch was the Jew baiting that was going on in his own community. Some of these people he had invited into his home for meals, and now they were joining in with the angry, Jew-hating crowds, who would come together in rioting gangs, blaming the Jews for their problems, and calling them very degrading names. He knew this was time to get out, before it got any worse.

Joseph knew that he was now totally dependant on God, and what God would show him every day. And he prayed that the network of people who were helping the Jews get out of America and go to Israel would stand strong in the hard days that were coming.

There was great concern now that children would be taken away from their Jewish fathers and mothers. Too many false reports about how Jewish parents mistreated their kids had been circulated. And circumcision was now considered child brutality.

They had all agreed that whatever happened they had to try and get out before their little ones were taken from them and turned into good little Nazis.

Some of their friends from the congregation would travel with them, but a few days apart—even his own family would not travel together on the train to West Virginia.

Joseph remembered the stories his mother had told him about how his father, Able, had daringly escaped Nazi Romania with a few friends. He was glad she was not here to see what was now happening in America—the country she was born in and loved so much.

Joseph thought for a moment about Michael and Leah and the boys. He hoped that they had made it safely to the Amish group in Canada. He then brought his hands together on the small, wood desk, and bowed his head. “Dear Lord,” he said, “I am so sorry for what is happening in my country. Please help me to forgive and to love. And please show us the way! We need you now more than ever.”

## Chapter 21

“For everyone practicing evil hates the light,  
and does not come to the Light...” John 3:20

Robert looked out the kitchen window at the DHS van that had pulled up into their driveway. He spoke quickly and calmly to Michael and Leah. “You need to go downstairs and stay in the backroom. And pray that they do not see your car in the barn.”

“But what about the boys? We need to get them inside.”

“They are hiding in the barn. It’s too late to go out there now. They would see us for sure. Please do as I tell you and go downstairs. And here! Take these jackets with you.”

One DHS man and one woman, dressed in gray camouflage jumpsuits, walked up to the house. Robert opened the door and invited them to come in.

“What can I help you with today, folks,” he said. “Is there any kind of a problem?”

“Robert Dentwell? Is that correct?”

“Yes,” Robert replied.

“We are just visiting some of neighbors in this part of the collective community. We appreciate it when the citizens obey the law, and we like to let them know we are here to help them.

“Are your children near-by?”

“They are outside. I will tell them to come in.”

“Oh, that’s okay. We can go outside and visit with them.”

Melissa opened the door and called the kids in before they could object.

“Well, what’s your name, young lady?” Robert did not like it when the DHS man sat down on the couch next to Sarah and put his arm over her shoulder in a friendly way.

“Sarah,” she said.

“Do you like the new school you are now attending?”

“It’s okay.”

“Just okay?” he said with some exasperation.

“Just okay,” she repeated.

“And what about you young man? How do you enjoy the upgrade in education that you are receiving? Do your parents help you with your work?”

“No,” he answered. “My parents do not help me. I don’t need any help.”

The stocky, gray haired woman looked over at Robert and Melissa with an intense, mocking smile, and then she looked back at the children. “Well, you know dear ones, you can tell us anything you want, and we promise that you will not be hurt or reprimanded in any way. Would you like to talk to us outside?”

All three children said “no” at exactly the same time.

“Maybe we should walk around outside for a while, Comrade Helen?” The younger man spoke to the older woman in a nervous way. “And the children can show us around.”

“Yes, that might be a good idea. We can get a good look at things.

“But I can show you how good I am doing in school?” Sarah said with more response. “My school work is in my room.”

“Hmm.” The woman looked over at Robert and Melissa—her lips pinched together in a sneering smile. “Yes, we would love for you to show us what you are doing. That would be very nice. Come, Comrade Dennis. The children are beginning to warm up to us.”

Michael and Leah sat down at the table with Robert and Melissa. A few pieces of fruit and cheese with some crackers had made for a sufficient dinner. The children had gone to bed, having finished the last of the Shoofly pie. Evening had come and gone and the sky was perfectly dark. The hooting sounds of a night owl could be heard in the near by forest.

“Does this kind of thing happen very often?” Michael asked.

“We can expect a DHS visit probably a couple times a month.

Of course they never tell us when they will come. They just show up, and try to catch us off guard. That's why we can't allow the kids to go anywhere without us. Even when they are in their own yard we tell them to be very careful and always watch for strangers.

"They ask the children lots of religious questions, and so we have to prepare them, and tell them what to say, and what not to say. Sometimes they send some real low brains, like the two who were just here, and it's not so difficult. We just let them think they are getting away with something."

"You mean like what Sarah did?" Leah asked.

"Sure," Robert answered. The kids knew that we had to stop them for going outside and checking around. They would have seen your car in the barn for sure, and they would have called in the license number. That's why Sarah set an ambush, and got them to thinking that the kids would tell them something, once they went with Sarah to her room." Robert laughed and shook his head.

"What they didn't know is that Sarah has a wonderful talent for non-stop talking. But this time it was deliberate. After about fifteen minutes they both came out of her room, wanting nothing more than to exit the house in a hurry. It will probably be a while before those two come back here."

"So you think we are okay here for a day or two?" Leah said.

"I think so," Robert answered.

"Tomorrow evening our underground church will meet in one of the homes. You are welcomed to come—if you want. But it will mean getting up about four o'clock in the morning."

"Sounds interesting," Michael said.

## Chapter 22

“I will say of the Lord, ‘He is my refuge and my fortress;  
My God, in Him I will trust.’” Psalm 91:2

Adam parked his car alongside the narrow dirt road. He hesitated before opening the door and getting out. He hoped he had followed Greg’s directions correctly. He had spent two days with Gregory—talking about how drastically things had changed in America and what the future might hold. Greg had also called an acquaintance of his; who like himself had become something of a recluse. Greg had told Adam that this man might have the right connections he would need to get the information he had exposed to the public. With Greg’s prompting the man had agreed to see Adam for a short time. But he could not promise to do anything.

Before Adam left Greg’s house he had shared with him all about Jesus, and how coming to believe on him was not a religious experience, but a real, loving relationship, and that he now had real hope for the future—regardless of what might happen in the world they now lived in. Greg had told Adam that he would think about what he had said, and would even pray about it. When Adam left, Greg looked much better than when Adam had first come. They promised to try and stay in touch with each other—if they could.

Adam got out of the car and began to walk up a trail that led to a small cabin. Smoke was coming from the chimney, and in the dusky, late afternoon a small light in the window made for a friendly, welcome sign. Adam knocked on the door. The man who answered looked something like a modern day monk, without the religious garb. He was short and stocky and a small fringe of hair encircled the middle of his head. He smiled warmly, but his eyes were also very intense as he quickly examined Adam.

“Hello, Adam. Come in, please.”

The small cluttered cabin was warm. A single bed took up a good part of the room. A small stove and refrigerator were lined up next to a sink with a four way window pane above it. A round wood table sat in the middle of the floor with space for two or three people. It looked like it had been roughly hand made. A small computer sat in the middle of the table.

Adam shook Ben Johnson's hand. He was feeling a little nervous, but the Holy Spirit in him was not telling him to leave.

"Sit down Adam and get comfortable. I was in the business long enough to know when someone is feeling on edge." He laughed lightly. "You know of course the only reason I have agreed to see you is because Greg asked me to. Did he tell you that we were in the Marines together?"

"No, he did not."

"Well, we were! And then we both made a life-long mistake of getting involved with the government. Ha" he said, "that's an understatement. So, Adam, Greg said you were looking for someone who might be willing to go public with what you have. Is that right?"

Adam hesitated for a couple of seconds. "Yes, Ben, that's right. Uh, yeah! That's about it in a nutshell. I have some stuff and I need to get it into the right hands. I guess Greg told you about my past life?"

"He told me that you came out of the 'rat box' a few years ago. And that an old friend passed this stuff on to you, and then got blasted away. Listen, Greg, none of this takes me by surprise. I've been out of the business for more than a few years. And now my retirement is living up here in the boonies, as far from them as I can get. I am sure they know where I am living, but I've got my place booby trapped real good. They taught us how to do that in the Marine Corps Special Operations Command. The only reason you got in is because I pulled it down for a while. So, Adam, before I put myself out on a limb again, I need to hear for myself how important this really is. I mean to be honest with you, your



idea of what is urgent may not be mine.”

Adam had already made up his mind that he would tell Ben everything. If he wasn’t legit, or had gone sideways, it was too late now anyway.

“There are a couple of things, Ben, that I will share, but first I need to tell you upfront that I was not looking for any of this. I was looking forward to getting married to a wonderful lady, teaching history at a local collage, and settling down. As far as I was concerned my past history was a dead issue. But then an old friend showed up in my life a couple of months ago. I owed this friend a lot. And so when he handed these secret documents over to me, I couldn’t say ‘no.’ He was taken out before he could get out of the country, and so the documents became mine. I have the originals someplace where no one can find them. And the only way they can be communicated now is by encrypted e-mail, and the right code name.

Ben, have you ever heard of the “Red Sled Project? It’s been in the works, by the government, for a long time. They need to make sure that the generation at hand—even the very young—are going to be fully compliant with the new world order they are intending to soon bring about. And they have spent vast amounts of money to make these youngsters into their personal little robots...and other things.

That’s one! The other is a detailed blueprint of how the controllers plan on implementing a vast surveillance program that will even surpass what we are experiencing today. So, if you are ready, I will tell you what I know.”

Adam then began to tell Ben what David (alias Snowball) had shared with him about some very strange things going on in the New Mexico and Arizona deserts.

“Snowball, at that time, was still connected with the CIA. He told me how they had taken him down with some others into a very deep hole in a deserted area in the desert. The hole had been drilled several thousand feet below the surface and led to a very large, super sophisticated underground base that was still being built at

that time. It was the size of an average, medium city. That's what Snowball told me. I have seen some of these underground cities myself, and I have talked to other agents. They do exist. I also know that the government has deliberately given out leaks to the public that they exist, and are part of their UFO interconnected visionary plans—which includes huge laboratory experimental projects.

It's true that the technology they are using to construct these base-cities is far beyond our technical ability. But the information they now possess does not come from aliens, but from the demonic realm. Of course they are using the media and Hollywood to create the idea that friendly little ET aliens will save America." Adam looked at Ben to see if there was any understanding that what he was saying was the truth.

Ben responded. "Adam, I have known about these bases for a very long time, and I will finish the next sentence for you. This world-gone-mad system that now tries to control our lives wants people to think that there are little gray men out there who are going to take over the earth." He laughed. "They are not little gray men. They aren't aliens—more likely something from some kind of a supernatural realm. I am not religious, Adam, but I'll tell you I know those devils are out there. And I guess you know, Adam, that these projects were started decades ago—right after the big war."

"I know it's been a long time—several decades," Adam said. "I have read some classified papers on how monsters like Joseph Mengele and other Nazi criminals were brought over after the war to help the CIA with their mind control work. It was then called the OSS, Office of Strategic Services. The Illuminati, and many rich and powerful world bankers, and industrial leaders, really began to set their plans in motion at the end of the war. But what I have now, Ben, details the genetic sabotage of the human race that these power hungry people are determined to bring about. The underground bases could also help to explain the disappearance

of thousands of missing children from every nation. But it's happening now with more audacity and speed."

Adam continued to share. "I remember once when Snowball told me that they, the evil master-minds, had created crafts that looked just like flying saucers, and they would be used to totally deceive the people, especially the younger generations. It's part of the 'red sled project' and they are using them now. I know it really sounds bizarre, but..."

"I am still listening, Adam."

"Ben, I know I can't stop these evil men—only God has the power to do that. But the public really needs to be made aware that these demonic plans exist, and that there is a form of protection that will keep them safe."

"Now, you really have me listening."

"You told me, Ben, that you are not religious. Well, neither am I. But I do know that our only real protection comes from God and from his Son, Jesus Christ. If you believe there are devils out there, then you need to believe there is another side to this evil coin—the good side. God has promised to keep us from evil, but we need to know Him and trust in his Word; the Bible. So that's it, Ben. Either I am a nut case, or I am telling you the truth."

"Adam, just for the heck of it, and because I really don't have much of a busy social calendar, I did a little work before you got here. Actually I was curious to see if any of my ole contacts are still around. What I discovered is that most of the honorable journalists that I once worked with have flown over the Cuckoo's nest to another location. And some of these righteous men and women were driven out of this country a long time ago. But I found one gal I use to work with once in awhile. Her name is Susan Brown. But I used to call her Susie. She was just this little bit of a gal, but whenever I really needed a job done right she was the one I would call. That was some years ago, but I still have her info, and it looks like she is still hanging in there, and is still reporting stuff to the London press."

“I believe what you told me Adam. I don’t know about the God part of it, but I believe you are an honest man and want to do what is right. What do you think? You want me to see if she will talk to you?”

## Chapter 23

“In the world you will have tribulation; but be of good cheer,  
I have overcome the world.” John 16:33

Mac wasn't sure how long he'd been in the hole. He had lost track of the days. John was gone and Mac really missed the communication they shared while he had been in the hotel pit next to him. He had prayed for John many times. He did not believe the ugly lie the warden had tried to convince him of—that John was a plant. But still he found himself thinking about different things John had said, and he wondered about them? But then he would remember how John had prayed with the men, and how kind he had been to everyone. He stopped thinking about John and closed his eyes and prayed for his family, as he did every day. He had started to fall into an uneasy sleep when the door jerked open.

“Get up. You're out of here,” the guard yelled at him.

Mac stood up quickly but then reached over to the wall to hold himself steady. He felt woozy and lightheaded. He took a deep breath. He covered his eyes as he walked out into the daylight, and tried to keep up with the guard. After the guard left him in the barracks several of the men came over and hugged him.

“We're sure glad you are back Mac. We've been praying for you ever day, and reading the pages of the Bible that we have.”

Tears began to roll down Mac's face. He had held strong while in the pit, but now the damn gave way. Through the tears he saw a face he recognized. It was Scott.

“Scott,” he said, “you're back. Praise God! What happened?”

“You were right, Mac. It's all a big charade. Once they get you to sign your name on their list then it's basically all over. They took a few of us in a big truck about two miles from here to

another barracks. It really was not a lot different from this one—except they had a big section that was used for re-education stuff. The ongoing lie was that if we did well in the ‘new community’ regimentation program then we would be given the goodies—new places, better food, all the stuff promised us here. After two days I knew that I had sold my soul to the devil and his gangsters. I refused to go along with what they wanted me to do. They stuck me in an empty room for a few days while they played mind-control tapes. But I just prayed and God brought me through it all.”

Scott looked down for a moment. His eyes began to fill with tears. “I have repented, Mac. I have asked the Lord to forgive me, and have given Him my life. I am no longer trying to hold on to anything in this world, and that means my own life. But I am sure looking forward to what God has for us all in the next one.” Scott grinned, and Mac gave the young blond haired man a big hug.

“Sure glad to have you back son, but I think right now I need to sit down for a bit. I am feeling a little strange.” Scott and one of the other men reached out and grabbed Mac as he passed out, and fell to the floor.

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Elaine stopped and turned around as if she sensed someone in back of her. She took a deep breath and prayed for her husband.

“What’s wrong, Elaine?” Rose said. “You look a little pale.”

“I just felt a little strange for a moment, and then I felt the need to pray for Mac. I would sure love to see him for even just a few minutes. It’s been three months in this terrible place. The scary part is that I seem to be getting used to it. I think sometimes we are beginning to believe the lie that we are always being told, ‘that it could be much worse.’ The human mind works in strange ways to help you endure and adjust to very bad situations. But we have the Holy Spirit to guide us. That’s what’s important.”

“Well, I was thinking about that same thing, Elaine.” Rose looked up, her mouth moving into a child like smile.

“I have been thanking God that things are not so bad for us now. The guards have been leaving us alone because they are afraid of catching a dreaded disease—even the women guards have backed off.” She laughed lightly.

“Oh, and look, Elaine, what I found yesterday.” She pointed to a small nest of twigs on a tree branch—that nearly came over the wire fence. “A little family of blue birds has made it their home. I think it’s a sign from God that things are going to get better. So I’ve been thinking that maybe we should cooperate more with these people?”

Elaine looked over at her pretty, dark haired friend. She had sensed a change taking place in Rose, but she had not been able to put her finger on it. “What exactly do you mean by ‘cooperate,’ Rose?”

“Well, maybe if we were willing to talk with them and were not opposed to everything they want, we could work out some kind of an agreement.”

“Agree to what, Rose?”

Rose shuffled her feet and shrugged her shoulders. “Well, I don’t know exactly. Maybe I was just thinking it would not be so bad to go along with them for a short while. I mean they did promise us better things if we wouldn’t be so stubborn.”

“So you think, Rose, that we’ve been stubborn? They drag us out of our homes; bring us here and rape us, and kick us and treat us like dogs because we won’t go along with their anti-God plans to make us into their personal robots. And you think that is being stubborn?”

Rose looked down at the ground. “Elaine, don’t be mad at me. I just need to believe that it’s going to get better, and so I thought...”

Elaine put her arm around Rose. “I am not mad at you Rose. But you need to see what they are doing. The human condition can only take so much. Under extreme stress people begin to reason in their minds that maybe it’s not all the enemy’s fault.

This is the kind of scenario that plays out when people are kidnapped. The victims begin to blame themselves, and accept some of the responsibility for what has happened to them. These thugs know this, and so they begin to let up a little bit. But it's all a big fat lie. Rose, are you willing to deny Jesus Christ as your Lord and Savior? Because you know that is what is required to get out of here. That's the big number one! And once you've done that then hell is all that awaits you. And do you really think that all the suffering we deal with on this earth can be minimized if we deny our Savior?"

Rose reached up and stretched out her hand toward the bird's nest, hoping she could somehow touch it. Her eyes filled with tears. "No, Elaine. I could not do that. I guess that's why the Lord had me talk with you, before the black spot in my mind got any bigger. She smiled at her friend through wet eyes. "But the nest is nice, isn't it."





## Chapter 24

“Make Your Face to shine upon Your servant.” Psalm 31:16

Eddie and Fred stood back a ways and looked at the shed they had just finished painting a dark blue. “Don’t know if it makes any sense to work on these things now?” Fred chuckled. “But I guess it makes you feel more normal when you can get up and keep things going.”

“We really appreciate what you and Patti have done for us, Fred. We’ve been here for over a couple of weeks and you have treated us just like family.”

“You are family, Eddie. We are all brothers and sisters in the Lord, and you and Maria and Abriel have been welcomed into our hearts. In fact we’d like you all to stay as long as you want. You can see that we live pretty simple, and what we have is yours.”

“I am feeling, Fred, that we probably need to be moving on, but I still really need to hear from the Lord where he wants us to go. You know I spent too many years of my life trying to make a success of things, and I didn’t have much time or room for Jesus, and now I am having to learn how to be quiet and hear the Holy Spirit.” He laughed lightly. “And I’m still kind of a baby at these things.”

“No such thing as a baby in the Spirit, my friend. You are doing fine. And your precious little girl really fills an empty place in my heart. I have to tell you that.”

Fred reached down and wiped the last of the paint off his hands with a turpentine cloth. He looked up at Eddie with a thoughtful expression—his large gray eyes catching the light of the sun.

“Our girl, Natalie, left home about two years ago. She was just barely seventeen years old. She was a pretty little thing, like your

Abriel. Maybe I shouldn't tell you this, but I feel I can talk to you.

In the school Natalie was going to they began to teach the kids on how the gay life style was perfectly normal. You see, Eddie, we know most of the teachers at Natalie's school, and they are all pretty good people, but what we were not told is that visiting teachers, they called em the village teachers, would come in and take over the class pretty much whenever they wanted to. Nobody talked about it, not even the kids. They were told that if they did that the parents would be angry at them and at the teachers. They were right on that one! Of course you can't keep something like that in the dark for very long.

"We found out that Natalie had been forced to listen and watch some pretty vile things." Fred's eyes flared for a moment with anger and frustration, but then softened. "We had raised our girl to believe and trust the Word of God—the Bible. But something happened to her in that classroom. It was like some kind of witchcraft had taken over her mind, and we saw that we were loosing her. She began to rebel against both her mother and I.

"Before the end of her senior year one of those 'village' teachers asked Natalie to come and live with her in up-state New York—told her that she would take her to Europe and show her the real world. Just about broke Pattie's heart—and mine too. That's why when I saw you and your little girl stranded out there on the road, I knew I needed to do something. I am not a brilliant man, Eddie. But I'll tell you! Something or somebody is snatching our children right out from under us, and we gotta start fighting back before they take them all."

Eddie sat down on a near-by bench. He was feeling a little stunned. "Wow! I am really sorry for you and Pattie, Fred. Has your daughter called you or made any kind of contact with you at all?"

"Nope. But Pattie and I keep praying and believing that one

day she's going to walk right through that door, and into our arms." Fred's voice broke as he brought his hands to his eyes.

We've joined with some other folks around here. You met a couple of them the other day—Charles and Kay. The court took their two little girls away from them, because the school felt they were being indoctrinated with too much religion. What a bunch of crap that was. They are two of the best parents I've ever known."

"So what happened to Abriel is not uncommon, it seems."

"No, my friend, it is not. Pattie and I, and a few others, who know what's really going on, are meeting to pray, and....well, that's probably all I can say. I think we're going to have to fight to get our country back, and pray that the Lord comes real soon." Fred turned his head and pointed to the house. "I smell something good cooking. Come on. Let's go see what the women have fixed for dinner."

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Adam had decided to take a chance. He really needed to hear Lilly's voice again. It had been almost a month since he had last seen her. There had been times when he was ready to drop all that he was doing, or attempting to do, and just go get his beautiful Lilly, and go as far away as they could get. But something had kept him going. He knew it was the Holy Spirit. In a couple of hours he would be at Susan's house, and what ever happened there, would bring things to an end or a new beginning.

He had told Lilly that if he should call her that she would need to get a new cell phone immediately. Since he had left Denver he had bought a new cell phone almost every week. He dialed Lilly's number. No one answered but he listened a couple of times to the message, just to hear her voice. "I love you babe" was all he could say, and then he turned it off.

Before reaching the street where Susan Browning lived, Adam pulled off the road, and stepped out of the car. The afternoon air was crisp and cool. He pulled the woolly collar of his blue, plaid coat up around his neck. He had driven this route through western Pennsylvania before, but something was different now. The once full, lush, and productive farm fields were mostly empty and bare. They had been reaped of an early fall harvest, but there were no signs that they were being prepared or worked in any way for the next season. It felt hollow and ghostly. He watched as two Amish farmers walked out of a large, red barn. Adam could see that there were few farm animals to be seen or heard. The two farmers stopped and looked over at him. Adam could tell they were not going to invite him in for tea. They were obviously not pleased with him being there. He waved and then got back in his car and left.

The town that he drove into had occasional signs of Amish culture, but the children and women were not really dressed like the Mennonite people—even the men were dressed different from the usual black frocks and trousers with suspenders. And the Amish tall brimmed hats were nowhere to be seen. The people seemed awkward and out of place.

Susan's house was a few blocks from the center of town. He was totally surprised, and even wondered if he had the right address. This was not where he expected to find a well known and popular journalist-reporter. He parked on the street, by a little gray house, and watched for a moment before he got out of the car.

A small woman in jeans and a yellow short sleeved blouse was sticking some pretty red flowers in the window box by her door. She turned and waited for Adam to get out of his car.

"You must be Adam Clintuck," she said. "Ben told me you would probably be here by this afternoon. Come on in. I just put some nice tea on." Ben was right. Susan was not a big lady—maybe 5'3 and 110 pounds. She had a green scarf tied around her light brown hair. Her gray-green eyes sparkled in a nice way. She looked about fifty years old.

The house was small but very friendly and inviting. Adam immediately noticed some family pictures on the living room wall of several Amish people. A small, round, oak framed mirror hung on the wall above a solid wood dresser. It was carefully arranged with embroidered doilies and delicate little blue and white china dolls. Adam turned around as Susan brought in on a tray some spicy, sweet smelling tea.

“Yes,” she said, “that’s my family. I come from a pretty solid Amish background. I know! So you are probably wondering how I ended up in this cut-throat business.” Adam felt comfortable with her warm smile. “Well, it’s a long story, and one that’s been told too many times. I left when I was eighteen because I could no longer accept what I had been born into. But I was able to stay in contact with my parents and family. It was hard for them, but they eventually accepted me for who I was. That is amazing and quite unusual for Amish people. Two years ago I came home to help with my mother, and then after she died I stayed on. I love the people here, and try to help them as much as I can. In this little niche of the world I have found the peace that I need, and I can do my work here, via the computer. Of course my workload has been cut way back—as with most people. But occasionally I make a run to London. So, Adam, I understand you have something important you want to share with me?”

Two hours later and after three cups of spice tea, Adam sat back in the brown maple rocking chair, and said, “Well, Susan, that’s it! Ben Johnson told me that you have worked with him in the past, and that you might be able to help me get some of this stuff out?”

“What you have shown me, Adam, is pretty amazing; although I need to tell you that I am not surprised by any of it, not really. I guess over the years my heart has grown a little hard and kind of calloused, and not much surprises me any more. I have had a reputation, Adam, for being a pretty good whistleblower. But that was in the past. I guess you already know that there is not much press out there that takes on anything controversial—not anymore.

“I know that, Susan. But I had to give it a try. I owe a friend and it’s what God has asked me to do.”

“Give me tonight to think about it, Adam. Hmmm! I just remembered something I once said and really believed, but have kind of forgotten about it over the years. It was spoken by some one during the Nuremburg trials: ‘Individuals have a duty which transcends natural obligations of obedience to the general governing body, and citizens have a duty to violate domestic laws in order to prevent crimes against peace and humanity.’

“Come by tomorrow afternoon and I’ll tell you what I have decided.” She walked Adam to the door. “You mentioned you are a Christian, Adam?”

“Yes, I am.”

“I don’t know if you would be interested in going with me to a meeting? It’s not the usual state sponsored religious kind of meeting. And it begins pretty early!”

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Michael held on to Leah’s hand as they followed Robert and Melissa on a narrow path that led to an empty field. They stopped for just a minute and then began to sprint across the barren field. Timothy was just a head of them, running with Robert’s children. Everyone but Jeremy was quiet. “Dad, it’s cold and spooky out here. How come we have to go so early in the morning?”

It was a quarter after four o’clock when they had left Robert’s house. The boys had been pretty cranky when woken up. They had gulped down a bowl of cold cereal and a piece of bread, and then had put on their warm down filled coats. The October night air was feeling very much like an early winter.

Michael carried in a large, brown, backpack some books and other things, for Robert.

“I know, Jeremy, but keep your voice down. Remember, Robert told us that if we decided to go with them to this church meeting that we would need to be quite and follow his directions. It’s very

important to do as he said. Do you understand?”

“Yes, Dad, I understand. But how come they meet so early?”

“Hush!”

Robert had told him and Leah that if they decided to go with them to the underground meeting they would have to bring the boys. They would not leave the children alone at home.

“Besides,” he had said, “the children need to learn the truth. We are living in hard times, and each child must have his own relationship with God. Even the little ones must learn to walk alone, if need be.”

The full moon gave them light to see the path in front of them, but did not allow them any secrecy as they crossed the open field. The night shadows played tricks as they hurried on their way. Was that a large man with a gun in his hands or just a tree? Beyond that barn were there people standing in a row, or was it a rickety fence? The shadows moved up and down and back and forth. Leah held tighter to Michael’s hand. They walked fast, trying to keep up with Robert and Melissa. It was after four thirty.

They came to a house and then walked in back—where a stairway led to a room downstairs. They gripped the stair railing and took one step at a time in the dark. When they got to the bottom the door was opened for them. Inside the small room was a dim light—well concealed by heavy black curtains, taped to the windows. The room was warm.

“Michael surveyed the group of fifteen people seated in a small circle. Some were families. Many of the children had curled up on blankets on the floor. A couple of the women had small babies snuggled next to their chests in baby carriers. Everyone was quiet, even the children. A few of the people were older folks—maybe in their late sixties or seventies.

Robert and Melissa sat on a bench in the back row, and Michael and Leah sat next to them. The boys removed the pillows from under their coats and curled up on the blankets on the floor. The dim light coming from the small lamp in the corner cast an eerie glow throughout the small room. It was a strange kind of quiet.

Some of the people were silently praying in tongues. After a few minutes the door was locked, and Isaac Miller stood up in front of the group. Michael remembered meeting him that one evening at Robert's house.

He began to read clearly and distinctly from the book of John.

“Most assuredly I say to you, he who hears My Word  
and believes in Him who sent Me has everlasting life,  
and shall not come into judgment,  
but has passed from death into life.”

After the ministry of the Word the group sang a couple of hymns. A few of the people stood up to share their testimony on how God had miraculously intervened in their lives, and provided for their needs. They then began to pray for each other. And they especially prayed for the children who were still in foster homes.

Robert leaned over and whispered to Michael. “Everyone here knows that Isaac Miller had his children removed from their home because he is a leader in this small Amish community. By going after the leaders, they think they can scare the others into doing what they tell them.”

Isaac spoke a word of exhortation to the group before he closed the meeting. “We must,” he said, “remain a strong people of prayer and faith. We know that our prayers restrain ultimate evil. In His perfect timing and way God will answer our prayers. He always has. To come through this difficult time we must pray even more, and trust in the Lord with all of our heart and strength and might. Amen! Hopefully, we will gather together here again next week.”

Some of the people began to gently wake up their children, and then put their coats and hats on them. Michael noticed a man a few chairs away who did not look like he belonged in the community. He seemed to be waiting for a small, older woman who was helping the people with their children.



In the dim light Michael and Adam looked at each other and smiled. Michael would have gone over and introduced himself, but Isaac was quickly ushering people out the door. And as soon as they were outside they began to quickly walk away. Perhaps he thought, he would see the man again, sometime. Michael put Jeremy on his shoulders as they did a fast jog across the open field. The ground crunched under their feet from an early morning icy frost. The moon had disappeared and the light from the sun was just beginning to breakthrough the dark clouds.



## Chapter 25

“Yet who knows whether you have come to the Kingdom  
for such a time as this?” Esther 4:14

Rabbi Joseph Yehuda stepped out of the taxi. And as soon as they got out of the back seat, his wife Nancy, and then Anna, and then his two granddaughters, Ayala and Diana, followed close behind him.

The cab behind them stopped and Joseph’s two sons, Bret and Aaron, got out with their two wives. They had stopped the cabs a couple blocks away from the Amtrak Union Station in Chicago. They did not want to be seen as a family traveling together. They quickly found a small coffee shop to sit down in.

The huge train station and surrounding area was teeming with cars and people. It was hard to imagine that less than six months ago almost everything in America had come to a grinding halt.

It seemed almost like a stage production. First calamity and destruction had gripped the country, and then a new, emerging economy had created huge numbers of underpaid and angry, but compliant people. And a bureaucratic, robotic, ruling elite that cared nothing about the hurting people had now become the reality of the day.

But the most unimaginable part of this bizarre play was the way Jews in America were now being treated. People he had known a good part of his life would cross the street when they saw him, to avoid having to talk to him. Sometimes a small group of women would whisper to each other as Joseph and his wife walked into a familiar store.

Even though he knew the devil was behind this ancient, ugly hatred, he found it so hard to understand how it could happen in an educated, tolerable nation like America. Joseph had studied the reasons for anti-Semitism. He had read many of the scholarly

explanations for it. History provided many examples of religious oppression, class hatred, and most every form of racism and intolerance. But the intensity and irrationality of hatred towards the Jews fell even beyond these bounds. Why? As a young man he had asked himself this question many times.

Many had claimed that anti-Semitism was a reaction to Jewish political and economic power, as portrayed in the book, 'The Protocols of the Elders of Zion.' But then why did some of the very greatest outbreaks of anti-Semitic persecution against the Jews happen in Russia and Poland, where the people were poor and powerless, and trapped in degrading ghettos?

That terribly anti-Semitic book, 'The Protocols of the Elders of Zion,' had been invented by the Russian Secret Police. And it had been cleverly and successfully used as a huge propaganda machine in Europe in the early part of the twentieth century. In the 1920's Henry Ford had also sponsored the publication of this book in America and had produced over five hundred thousand copies—a large number for that time.

It was that kind of propaganda that had caused many in America to turn their backs on the Jews during the holocaust of the 1930s and 40s. But Joseph had not forgotten the stories his mother had told him of the Christians who had laid down their lives to help the Jews, even when she was still a young girl. And he knew it was the same now. Many good Bible believing Christians were doing all they could to help the Jewish people. In the very near future he was sure it would mean prison or death to help the Jewish people, but Joseph knew this would not stop God's faithful ones.

He looked at the faces of his children and wife, whom he loved so dearly. He huddled with them at the small table, but not in an obvious way. He put one arm over his wife's shoulder and another round his son's back and said a prayer. They would only make this daring escape with God's help and continual protection. He then carefully handed both of his sons the papers they would need for

themselves and their families. The false identifications had been done perfectly, and were without error. There should be no problems. In each small carry on bag a few gold coins had been wrapped and concealed so they could not be detected.

Joseph's sons would travel with their wives and daughters, and Anna would go with them, as their widowed sister. For protection and security they would not be seen together with Joseph, at least till they got to Charleston. Even Joseph and his wife would travel separately. His wife had argued with him, insisting that they travel together. But he had carefully explained to her that if they were caught together it could mean the others would be found out too.

Joseph stood on the sidewalk and watched as his wife walked down to the entrance of the huge train station. They had traveled out of this place many times. She knew exactly where to go.

A few minutes later his sons and their wives and Anna and the children left the café and began to walk in the same direction. Joseph waited a few more minutes and then slowly began to walk down the sidewalk to the entrance and then to the enclosed waiting area where his family would all be sitting in separate places.

As he walked up to the security check point he could see the rest of his family sitting in the waiting room. But he only glanced in their direction one time and then did not look at them again. After he had passed through the x-ray security clearance he quickly reached over to pick up his travel bag.

"Excuse me." The voice came at him with steel like authority. "You must come with me for a moment. Please leave your bag where it is."

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Eddie and Maria sat down at the table with Patti and Fred. It would be their last time together. They had become very close friends in the short time they had stayed at their home, and they all

felt a certain sadness at leaving. But Saryl had spoken to Abriel the night before and told her that she was to tell her parents that God wanted them to leave Fred's house, and that he would show them the place where they were to go.

"You have been so good to us, Fred and Patti, but now we have been given instructions from God to move on. And so we must obey."

"Of course you must do what the Lord shows you. But we will surely miss all of you. You have not only been a big help to me, Eddie, but you really do feel like my brother." Fred smiled at Eddie and Maria as they sat across the kitchen table from them.

"And Maria," Patti said, "you and your precious little girl have just been such a delight for me. But tell us, where is it you are heading to?"

"Well, Patti," Maria answered her. "The Lord told Abriel that we were to start driving to a place in North Carolina called Moravian Falls. We looked it up on the map and it's not too long a drive from a place we once visited, called Asheville. We were in that town a few years ago. Nice little place. Anyway, it's where we've been told to go. It's pretty nice to have an angel directing our way—sure makes us feel more secure, especially with all that has been happening in our lives lately. We have no idea why we are suppose to go to this place in North Carolina. We don't have any family there, or anything. But God must have something special planned."

"What you have told us about this angel is sure amazing!" Patti interjected. "You know, Maria, the Bible tells us that angels are sent to minister to believers and to help us. And it sounds like that is exactly what your angel friend is doing for you all."

"Yes, Patti. This angel has been sent by God to help us on our way. And I know we never would have made it without God's help. I cannot bear to think what would have happened to Abriel."

"Speaking of little girls," Eddie said. "I had better go round up our daughter. We have quite a bit of long driving to do today."

“I saw her a few minutes ago, Eddie. She was out in the yard.” Patti stood up and looked out of the kitchen window.

“That’s strange. She’s not in the yard. Maybe she ran in back of the house.”

Before Patti had stopped talking Eddie had rushed out of the door into the yard. “Abriel,” he yelled. Soon Maria and Fred and Patti were all calling her name and searching for her. She’s not in the back yard,” Fred said.

“I can’t believe this is happening. Maria grabbed hold of Eddie’s arm. “Where would she have gone by herself. It’s just not like her to run off.”

“Let’s not panic, honey.”

“Daddy! Look what I found.”

“Everyone turned around as Abriel came skipping down the path behind the shed.

“I have a baby frog, Momma.”

“Abriel, where did you go? We have been looking for you. And we were getting worried because we couldn’t find you. You promised us that you would stay in the yard.”

“Abriel stopped smiling. “I am sorry. I just went down to the pond for a few minutes. I didn’t think you would mind. A nice man and woman gave me this little tadpole to keep. Look daddy. It’s really cute.”

“Did this man and woman say anything to you?”

“They just asked me where I was staying and what my name was, but I didn’t say anything to them—except I told them ‘thank you for the little froggy.’”

Eddie looked up at Fred and Patti. “I think it’s time for us to get going. Something isn’t feeling right in the spirit.”

Eddie slowed down the car as they drove away from Fred’s house, and then they all waved to their friends before they picked up speed and headed down the road.

“I am sure it will be a good place, Daddy. That’s why Saryl wants us to go there. Everything is going to be okay.” Abriel spoke softly to herself, as she waved good-by.

## .Chapter 26

“For You O Lord, will bless the righteous...” Psalm 5:12

Adam sat down at the small, white table with a cup of spicy tea in his hands. Susan had told him to come back in the morning, after she had prayed about what to do with the information that he had given her to look at.

Susan looked across the table at Adam. Her hair was pulled back into a soft, French roll, and she had on a pastel pink blouse that brought out a soft pink in her cheeks. “I want to tell you, Adam, that I have given this much thought, and I have prayed. I must tell you that I am really not interested in getting involved in something that could bring the Gestapo down on me and bring even more trouble to this community. And quite honestly I don’t think that getting this material exposed in a newspaper will change anything—even if we can find someone to take it on.

“But here is what I am thinking. If there is even a slight possibility that it can be used to wake up some parents, then we have to go for it. That is really the clincher—at least for me.

“So this is what I am going to do, Adam. In a couple of days I will be making a trip to London. It’s been planned for sometime. I have a connection that I work with at the London Press. And I am going to take this information with me; but I want to first forward it to him so that he can see it, if that’s all right with you? He may be interested, but then again he may not want to take it on. But I can tell you that if he does not, I know of no one else who will. So that’s my decision. What do you think, Adam?

For a moment Adam could not say anything. He had already made up his mind that Susan was going to politely reject getting involved in what he had told her about. He was surprised at her answer. “Susan, I can only tell you that I am really grateful for your response. I would not have blamed you at all if you had said ‘no.’ I know you are putting yourself and others in a potentially

dangerous place. Yes, Susan, do what you can. I can only hope that if it gets exposed they will be so busy dealing with incoming flac, that they won't..."

"Listen Adam. I've been dealing with the repercussions of whistle blowing for more than a few years. Those baboons do not scare me. So let's just pray and believe that God is going to do what he wants with all of this.

"So tell me, Adam, what are you going to do now that you have found someone to take the next step for you?"

"Well, I have a beautiful woman waiting for me in Colorado, and I am going back there as soon as I can. We have a wedding date. Adam stood up, and then reached down and shook Susan's hand. "Thank you Susan. Ben was right. You are quite a woman. You will not be able to make contact with me once I leave here, but believe me, I will be in touch with you."

"Take care of yourself, Adam. And don't worry about me. I know what I am doing."

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Joseph Yehuda took a deep breath. So far he did not think they had found anything in his bag that made them suspicious. Just before they arrived at the train station he had felt from the Holy Spirit to put into Bret's bag the gold coins that he had been carrying. At first he had hesitated to do it, but again he felt a second strong urge from the Holy Spirit to put them in his son's bag. He was very glad now that he had listened to the prompting of the Holy Spirit. Many times in his life, as a believer, God had spoken to him, and obedience had become a very important lesson in his walk of faith.

"So Mr. Mahone, what brings you to our train station in Chicago? I see you are from an area not too far from here. Is that right?"



“Yes, Rockford. Coming here was the easiest connection for me. As you see by my ticket I am traveling to Charleston, W. Virginia.

Joseph and his wife and family had carefully rehearsed their fake identities. They had memorized the street number and residence where it said they lived in Rockford, Illinois and also why they were going to Charleston. They had been given a telephone number by the underground—if they were asked any questions about the people they would be staying with in West Virginia. But Joseph was still nervous, and his heart was beginning to beat a little too fast.

“Are you Jewish Mr. Mahone?”

Rabbi Yehuda could feel his face beginning to go pale. “No,” he answered the security guard, as he quickly tried to regain his composure. “Why would you ask me that?”

“Just something about you makes me think you might be Jewish. A lot of people pass through my security station and I have developed, you might say, a knack for identifying people. No offense.” He then grinned a smug smile. “The Jews are a true enemy to the new world community. Any religion that believes there is only one God is intolerant, and a real enemy of what the true church—the people’s church—desires and needs.” Again he laughed a sinister kind of laugh.

“I used to belong to the Catholic Church, but I hated what they believed in. But now most of the Church is aligned with the one world vision, and we have a new pope who is finally leading the futile masses of ignorant people into the true socialist church of the future; where all that matters is man’s divine ascent into the future. Ha ha.” He spit forth the syllables in a false laugh. “As you can see I love to talk about this exciting new world evolution.

“But now, Mr. Mahone, I really need to check on some of the information you gave me. Like I said I have a discernment about people. We will try to have you out of here before your train leaves. But there is one that leaves every couple of hours. So it should not be a problem for you—if for any reason I am wrong about my suspicion. Now will you please come with me.”

Mac sat up in the cot. He still felt a little nauseous, but after three days he was able to keep water down, and some of the weak, tasteless soup. Most of the guards had pretty much left him alone, and his friends had been helping him as much as they could. In his weakened condition some kind of a wretched virus had attacked him. But his friends had been praying for him and he had come out of it. As he lay on his cot he thought about his wife and children. He tried to envision his wife's face, but it was a struggle to stay focused on any one thought. All he could do was pray and keep praying, and try not to let morbid thoughts torture his mind. He had been at Camp #29 for three months now.

The drudgery and lack of descent nutrition was beginning to have a hard negative effect on everyone. But by the power of the Holy Spirit the men had continued to pray for their families and even for the guards, and God was answering their prayers. More of the guards were coming into the barracks after the evening meal and were secretly asking for prayer. And sometimes they would smuggle into the barracks additional food and even vitamins. This was a great encouragement for the men. But the hardest part for many of the inmates was the idea that their lives would go on like this forever. They were trying to trust in God, but it was an ongoing, continual, spiritual battle of the worst kind.

"How are you doing, Mac?" Scott's voice startled him and broke into his thoughts. "You are looking much better. I think our prayers have been reaching God." Scott smiled down at Mac.

"I think so too, son. How have you been doing Scott? I'm sure glad that you are back with us. God has some good things planned for all of us—I just know it!" The devil always wants us to think that God is a liar. But God has proved Himself to us many times. We must fight and stand on the truth of His Word, no matter what happens."

"I had a strange dream last night, Mac. It was so real that I actually thought it was happening."

"Well, you've got my ear, son."

“A whole bunch of us, and even some of the guards just walked out of this ole Camp # 29. The big gate was wide open and yeah, everyone just walked out. There were a few inmates that actually stayed behind. I remember, in the dream, thinking that was very strange. But I’m telling you, Mac, we all just marched out of this place—just like that. And then before I woke up I heard the words, North Carolina. And then I heard a strange word that had the name falls in it. But I can’t remember all of it. But sure enough, one of the guys who lives in South Carolina said there’s a real place in North Carolina, called Moravian Falls.

“So, what do you think, Mac? Kind of a neat dream, huh?

Mac scooted himself up into a sitting position on the cot. He was smiling a big smile. He reached over and ruffled Scott’s hair.

“Yes, indeed, Scoot, that was a pretty neat dream, all right.” Mac raised his hand to his face. “Has the Lord shown you anything, Scott, about this dream?”

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“What are we going to do Elaine? They must of sent fifty more women into our barracks. We are so crowded as it is, and now what are we going to do? And Elaine,” Rose sighed loudly, “they are not very nice at all.”

“Well, Rose, what do you think we should do?”

“I guess we need to pray—a lot.”

“Yes, that is what we must do. So let’s begin now.

After Elaine had prayed with Rose, she stepped outside the door. The women who had come to Camp #32 were inmates from a nearby women’s prison facility. Many of them were hard-core, and had been convicted of brutal crimes.

Bringing the women to the barracks they lived in had been done, of course, intentionally. Someone, Elaine thought, was becoming concerned that things were going to good for the women in Camp #32. And so they decided to initiate a little change. Elaine shook

her head a little and smiled. They obviously did not know the power of God's love and prayer. But she also knew that it would be a challenge.

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Adam sat down in the small café and picked up the morning paper. His plan now was to go back and get Lilly. But he really wanted to first hear from Susan. So that he would know more precisely what his future with his bride would be.

He took a sip of hot coffee, and for a moment just looked out the window where he was sitting. A brief, light snow had fallen—partially covering the cars that had been parked in front of the café. He glanced down at the headlines in the paper, and then his eyes were quickly drawn to an article near the bottom of the page.

A 777 passenger plane, traveling from New York to London had crashed, killing all the passengers. Immediately he zeroed in on Susan's name. Because of her reputation and having been given many Journalist rewards, her name, along with a few others, was briefly mentioned as having been one of the fatalities. The plane had exploded into flames and had gone down fast into the ocean. There was no explanation given for the crash, but authorities were now claiming some kind of engine malfunction.

Adam put the paper down, closed his eyes and brought his hand to his forehead. He prayed. He knew that Susan was now with her heavenly Father, and receiving a wonderful reception in heaven. But he also knew that Susan was dead because of the lethal information she had been carrying—the papers that he had given her. He also knew that the plane had not exploded because of engine malfunction. Would her London contact use the papers?

He was suddenly very weary. Susan's death had been a heavy blow. He finished his coffee and went back to his motel room. He locked the door and laid down. All he wanted to do now was sleep, and forget about the whole thing.

## Chapter 27

“I lift up my eyes to the hills—from whence comes my help?  
My help comes from the Lord, maker of heaven and earth.”  
Psalm 121:1.

“Michael, and Robert looked carefully at the map they had spread out in front of them on the kitchen table. It was only about a four hour drive from where they were in Pennsylvania to Charleston, West Virginia. They planned on leaving early in the morning.

“Our prayers, Robert, will always be with you and the family—even if we make it back to Israel. You have a great group of people here in Catbury. And I know that God is going to help you, but I am sure that you already know that.

“Yes, Michael, I know that our faithful Savior will never desert us, although I am not sure the hard times are quite over, not yet.” So tell me, when you get to Charleston what are you going to do?

“We’ve been instructed that this escape plan is kind of one step at a time. They expect us to come on faith. And also for security reasons they cannot guarantee anything. When we get to Charleston then we have a number we can call.

“Someone, living in the hills, was told a long time ago that their home would be used as a refugee center for Jews. And I guess that means us! I am still not sure that I like thinking of myself as a ‘refuge’—let alone being on the run.

“When I was a kid I would sometimes listen to the stories my grandpa Shimon would tell about how he escaped out of Nazi Europe, but I never in all my life ever thought I would be doing the same thing. I really don’t even know how they plan on helping us get to Israel. Maybe, like with my dad, Sam, they will put us on a big fishing boat. All I know is that it’s all in God’s hands. I want you to know, Robert, that we will never forget how you and Melissa have helped us. You and your family have been a real

God-send, and I mean that.”

“We love you and your family, Robert. I wish you could hang around awhile longer, but I know you need to be moving on. And as you already know, being around here is not the best place to hide out.”

“Hey, guys, what are you up to?” Melissa and Leah walked into the kitchen. They both had on aprons that were stained with the different colors of fruits and vegetables that they had been canning.

“Oh,” Michael responded, “just chatting about a few things before we head on out tomorrow. You girls look like you’ve been busy.”

“Well, we don’t have near as many vegetables and fruits as we had a few years ago, but a little something is better than nothing. And I know we are blessed compared to many—especially in the cities, where you find long lines of people waiting for a small cup of soup. But the cities are a good harvest field. As soon as Robert gets our truck running good again we are going back to one of the nearby cities—maybe even Pittsburg. And we will tell a few folks about the Good News. Sharing the Gospel is the best thing we can do for people. It’s the only real hope we can give them.”

“I have a very wise wife.” Robert smiled at Melissa. “And yes, as soon as I get that ole clunker working then we will go back into the harvest fields, and see if we can help the Lord a bit.”

“Dad.” The door flew open and Timothy came running into the house. “Those people that came here the other day drove up where we were, and those two nasty people saw Jeremy playing with Sarah and asked him to come over to the car. Before I could stop him Jeremy walked over to them. Then they snatched him. Dad, they pulled him into the car, and they drove off.”

Sarah and Mark came in right behind Timothy. “Yes, Mr. Cohen, that’s exactly what happened. They kidnapped Timothy.”

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The dream was clear as a bell. Adam was driving to a place he had never been before. It was not Colorado. Just before he woke up he heard the words, North Carolina; Moravian Falls. North Carolina? “But God,” he said, “I have to go get Lilly.

“There is nothing more I can do? Susan is dead and I have no other thoughts—except to get Lilly and go someplace where they will never find us. “I’ve done my best, Lord, and now I want out of this whole mess.”

But there was no answer from God. Just silence. He tried to call Lilly’s number again, but no one answered. He had tried three different times in the last couple of days and no one had answered then either. What was going on? This was a hard one. He really wanted to get in the car and keep driving till he reached Lilly’s place, but he had now come into a relationship with the Lord where he trusted Him with his life. And God was clearly telling him not Colorado, but North Carolina.

## Jerusalem, Part two: Chapter 28

“You will arise and have Mercy on Zion;  
for the time to favor her, Yes, the set time has come.”  
Psalm 102:13

Julie looked up from the young soldier. She could feel a warm blush come to her cheeks. His attention towards her had caught her off guard. Julie had been volunteering at the small hospital for almost a couple of months. After the Gog and Magog war every helping hand was desperately needed. And she had come to really enjoy helping serve the young Israeli soldiers their morning and lunch meals.

Although the civilian loss, after the war, had been fairly small the IDF had suffered tremendous deaths and casualties, and the grief and mourning in Israel was still very evident. As Julie walked out of the small, makeshift hospital she turned around and waved to Saul. She knew he would be watching from the small window.

An old Russian school that had been left empty for many years had quickly been cleaned up and made into bed wards, separated by rows of curtains. Little privacy was offered, but most of the young men did not mind. Their continual thoughts were on far more important things; like if they would ever walk again, or if their girl friend or wife would still be there for them. And Julie Cohen had come to feel great compassion for these soldiers.

She had been with her family in Israel for less than one year, but she had grown up very quickly from a dreamy, self indulgent teenager to a mature young woman, who was now beginning to care more for others than for herself.

“Julie, wait for me.”

Julie stopped before crossing Ha Niviem street, and waited for her younger brother to catch up with her.

“Hi Ben.” What are you doing down here?”

“I told mom I would meet her at the school and help her



carry some things home. Dad and Sam are at the kehilah helping get things set up for the evening meal. More and more people are coming there for help. And Yacov has been feeling a little tired. It's no wonder at his age." Ben laughed a little and then continued to talk to his sister. "You know they have had some small demonstrations lately from people who don't want a Messianic congregation to be helping the people of Israel in any way. But Yakov is really amazing. They respect him, even if they don't really like him. He just walks outside and gives those rabble rousers a steely eyed look, and then they just sort of begin to fade away." Ben chuckled softly to himself. He looked up at his sister. There was something different about her lately. She was beginning to look more like a grown up woman than just his big sister.

He would be thirteen years old in two more weeks, and Julie would soon be eighteen. They had come to Israel with their parents, David and Ellie, their grandpa Or and grandma Angela, and grandpa Or's brother, Sam. Ben and Sam were good friends. Ben knew that Sam missed his son and grandsons, and they would often pray together for God to bring them home to Israel.

Julie and Bennie were glad now that they had come to Israel. In the beginning they had really fought against the idea, but they had no choice in the matter. Their parents had decided that it was time to leave and make aliyah to Israel, and it was not a family decision kind of thing. They were all going.

As he continued to walk with his sister, Bennie thought about the war they had all come through. It had really been scary when the sirens started going off and they could hear the loud bombs exploding not too far from their home. And then the devastating earthquake hit, and they all held on for dear life.

It had happened less than one year ago. Just before sundown, at the beginning of Passover, a massive attack against Eretz Israel had begun. The attacking coalition of nations, which included Russia, Iran, Turkey, Egypt, Libya, Ethiopia and Azerbaijan had

been building up their forces close to the borders of Israel for several days, but Israel had been desperately hoping that last minute negotiations would lessen the tensions. There were many small tribes and ethnic peoples who had also joined with Gog's tremendous forces. The attack first began in the north, on the borders of Lebanon, where a large number of tanks had already been positioned. But within two hours a five prong attack had been initiated on all the borders of Israel, including the full length of the Mediterranean Sea coast. The IDF were instantly sent into action. But this small nation was struck with real horror. The Israeli military had not yet recovered from what had taken place following their attack against the Iran nuclear facilities and Syria. There was almost no hope! Even though they still had nuclear capability, the Prime Minister had been reluctant to have to use that kind of devastating force once again. But they would do whatever they had to do to survive. "Never again!" The Prime Minister and the people had said it, and they had meant it.

Like a giant dark cloud, the enemies of Israel had invaded her borders. Millions of angry, raging people from all of the different surrounding countries came against Israel. They came in tanks, and in airplanes, and in armored vehicles, and they came on horses and on foot. They came with machine guns, with stones, and with axes. Huge swarming groups that could not be counted poured in over all the border lines and boundaries.

The enemy's infantry and large numbers of civilian people were backed up by military trucks and machinery from Russia, Turkey and Iran. In the air hundreds of jets from Turkey and Egypt broke through the sound barrier above the mountains of Israel.

This evil plan, incited by Satan himself, had been in the making for generations, and had finally been unleashed against little Israel. They came so that Israel would be remembered no more, but they also came for the 'booty.' Russia's greedy intent was for the vast supplies of oil and gas, recently discovered in Israel. These natural

resources would soon make Israel richer than any of her Arab neighbors. And the rest of the world did nothing. They just looked on. Many had believed it was the price that had to be paid in order for the world to have peace. “Israel,” some had said, “was a big mistake that should never have been allowed. “You’re going up to take the spoil?” they had said to the marauding attackers. “Well, then let it be done.”

David and Ellie, and Julie and Bennie had been staying in an apartment in Abu Tur when the war began. It belonged to Shimon Cohen’s younger sister, Lill. Julie and Ben really liked Aunt Lill—at least that’s what they called her. Shimon Cohen was Julie’s and Bennie’s great grandfather, and he had gone to be with the Lord before they left America. Yacov Gietzal and Shimon Cohen had been good friends. Even before the holocaust their lives and their families had been intertwined, and they had come to know and love each other.

Lill had known exactly what to do when the sirens went off. Ben could still remember how she commanded the others in a strong voice. “Come on now—into the bomb shelter.”

Or and Angela and Sam had stayed a few blocks away with Yacov and his wife Hadassah. They could all hear the explosions as missiles were fired from Gaza and from Bethlehem into the outlying areas of Jerusalem.

Three days after the war of Gog and Magog had started the ground began to shake with great ferocity. The earth shook so violently that some of the mountains began to crumble, and almost every wall, including the defense wall that surrounded much of Jerusalem, came crashing down. Lill’s house heaved up and down and swayed back and forth. Everyone held on to whatever they could. And they all prayed! “Have mercy, O God,” Lill had said as she held on to David’s arm.

The wall surrounding the old city in Jerusalem crumbled down in many places as if made of mud. And many of the buildings inside the old wall also immediately came crashing

down. Some of the older buildings in Jerusalem and in the surrounding areas also collapsed to the ground.

The 9.2 earthquake could be felt all across the middle east and all the costal cities along the shores of Israel were inundated with huge waves.

The enemy troops became terrified and disoriented, and so confused that they began attacking one another. Russian troops attacked other Russian soldiers, and Iranians soldiers attacked the Russian soldiers. And like the Midianites of old who had fought against Gideon, and had become so confused that they began to attack each other, so the hordes of Gog and Magog troops turned upon one another. Hand launched missiles were literally knocked out of the hands of soldiers, exploding as they hit the ground. (Ezekiel 38:19-20)

And then suddenly out of the heavens a tremendous thunder storm was released, pounding the invading armies with giant hailstones, some as large as a man. Fire and brimstone came down from heaven in giant electrical jolts, and violent tornadoes swept through the plains and valleys. Enemy airplanes came crashing down from the skies in all different directions, bringing further havoc and devastation to the attacking enemy forces. All of heaven responded in outrage at this invasion into God's Holy land.

In Russia and Turkey and Iran, airplanes that had been armed with nuclear weapons all of a sudden began to explode all by themselves—causing huge and uncontrollable fire storms in these nations. And in the mass chaos and confusion, enemy missiles were also launched and fired at Europe and America.

When it was over, the families in both homes came trembling out of their bomb shelters. Lill's house and Yacov's home had stood firm. There were some cracks in the walls, and the outside patio at Yacov's house had collapsed to the ground. Lill's house was an unbelievable mess. Everything she owned lay in a pile of broken rubble. Dishes and cups had gone flying from all of the

cupboards, filling her home with broken glass. It looked as if a tornado had swept through, leaving a large path of destruction in its way. But everyone was so grateful. They all knew they had been spared a much greater tragedy. Israel had not been destroyed and Jerusalem was still amazingly intact.

Many neighborhoods had survived terrible flooding. Some of the tall buildings no longer existed. And almost every narrow street was inundated with fallen stones and debris. The major highways were ruptured in many places, and cars and trucks had been tossed around like toothpicks.

Rescue teams immediately began to pull wounded people out from under the collapsed buildings, but the loss of civilian life was far less than it could have been. However, sadly to say there had been considerable loss of life in the IDF forces. A great grief and lamentation could be heard and felt in almost every home in Israel.

Before the massive job of burying the enemy soldiers could begin, Israel would first bury their own dead.

The response in the Middle East nations to what the God of Israel had done to them so quickly was nothing less than absolute shock. Multitudes of soldiers, and millions of civilians had been killed. Over night these nations were physically devastated, and now they had almost no one who could lead their crippled governments.

The total death and destruction of the armies that had surged against Israel's borders was unbelievable. Not unlike what God had done once before to the enemies of Israel in the original Passover story, when God destroyed all of Pharaoh's army as they pursued Israel into the Red Sea.

Those who had greedily desired to take possession of Israel for themselves had now found a permanent home in Israel, and would be buried in one of the many thousands upon thousands of graves that had to be dug for them.

But there was little time to ponder all that God had done so quickly in His Wrath against the nations that had come against

His land and His people of Israel. For the land had to be cleansed and it was a job that almost every person, in one way or another, would participate in. For the next seven months Israel would employ cleaning crews who would search the land for the bodies of dead men and women and would bury them.

Israel had now taken full control of the Temple Mount, and the faith of millions of Muslims from around the world had been crushed. But the merciful God of heaven and earth had planned for this catastrophe. Before the war began thousands of Muslim people in many of these nations had been redeemed and brought into the saving Light of Messiah Jesus.

These fore-runners had been prepared and were now ready to be a true light to their Muslim communities. They were able to share the message of Hope: the Gospel of Jesus Christ. In the days and weeks that followed this terrible war a tremendous harvest of Arab Moslem souls would now come into the Kingdom of God.

Politically there was little the invading nations could now do. This war had not only cost the Arab Muslims the loss of the Temple Mount, but now the territorial borders of Israel had once again been greatly enlarged. Much of the land of Israel that had been taken from them in earlier years, was now, again, put under Israeli control. Also large tracts of land on the other side of the Jordan river would now be made ready for the large numbers of Jewish people in the diaspora fleeing to Israel, to make aliyah.

The Israeli hating nations of the world had been humbled, and the God of Israel had been honored and exalted. Many western nations in Europe and America had received much destruction. God had not spared them in His anger. It would be a long struggle for many. So huge numbers of people were still filled with hate and anti-Semitism. And this would now be released against the Jews living outside of Israel, like never before in history. For God was now about to bring the full number of His people home.

“Now I will bring back the captivity of Jacob, and have Mercy on the whole house of Israel; and I will be jealous for My holy name.”

Ezekiel 39:25

## Chapter 29

“For I shall have poured out My Spirit on the house of Israel,  
says the Lord God.” Ezekiel 39:29

Ben and Julie had worked right along side the rest of the family in helping to clean up the huge mess and make repairs. Many of the Jerusalem neighborhoods had, amazingly, come through the big earthquake in pretty good shape.

The epi-center of the quake had occurred about seventy kilometers north of Jerusalem, not far from the Galilee. Tiberias and some of the settlement areas around the lake had suffered more damage than other places in Israel. But even in the north the Israeli people were amazed at God’s abundant mercy, and that the over all destruction had not been much worse.

One man who had been fishing along the shores of the lake, and who had not been able to find a bomb shelter, gave an amazing testimony. “I saw these missiles” he said, “coming straight for us, and there were so many of them. They crowded the sky. But then they began to just explode right over the lake and the valleys nearby. It was like an invisible force was just battering them right out of the sky. He shook his head. “I was really stunned and amazed.”

But the deaths of so many people from the nations surrounding Israel, had left almost every Israeli feeling both sadness and also incredible awe of their Holy and Righteous God. All Israel knew they had been saved by their God from utter destruction. Many in Israel who had not been interested in God prior, had now begun seeking Him through different forms of religion, primarily thru Orthodox Rabbinical Judaism. But some were drawn to Messianic Judaism; and others were still drawn to other forms of religion.

A great unity had also taken place all across the land. People began helping one another and sharing what they had.

The building where Yakov's Messianic Congregation would meet had stood firm. Yakov's group and some other ministries had come together and had set up a food kitchen for those who had been left with little or nothing. Everyone was doing something to help, and everyone was thinking about what their God had done.

"Hey, Julie and Ben...wait for me."

Julie's mom crossed the street from where she had been standing and began to walk with her two children. "What are you guys up to?" Ellie Cohen put one arm around Julie's shoulder and her other arm around her son, Ben.

"I just left my duty at the hospital, and Bennie and I decided to to walk over to the kehillah, and see if maybe Sam and dad need our help."

"You two are really something else." Ellie smiled. "You have made your dad and I so proud of you. Tell me, Julie, is the young soldier that you have been talking to any better?"

"No, he's not, and I am really concerned about him. He is such a nice young man, but the doctors do not think he'll walk again. Of course they can fit him, eventually, with a prosthesis. But he's pretty depressed, and say's he doesn't want any of that stuff.

"My problem, mom, is that I am trying to be nice to him, and he has been helping me with my Hebrew—which is good for him, and me. It takes his mind off of himself for a while. But I am afraid he's becoming too dependent on me being there. He's always watching for me. I really don't know what to do about it."

"Hey, look out." Ben grabbed hold of his mother's arm as a large grader came down the narrow street. They quickly crossed over to the other side of the street—where a partially collapsed building still lay in rubble.

"They haven't finished cleaning up the debris and fallen rocks from the streets," Ben said. "But a friend told me the other day that they might even have the tram running again before the month is over. Everything is so much better than it was. Oh, mom. I wanted



to ask you something.” Ben hesitated—unsure of how to tell his mother what he wanted to share. “A friend of mine said the government is still looking for young men to help find the dead soldier’s bodies, so they can bury them, and have it finished by the end of this month. I thought I might offer my services. It’s been almost seven months, and they think the work is about done. And I am really not doing so much right now, anyway.” Ben looked down, not wanting to see his mother’s reaction.

Ellie looked over at her almost thirteen year old son. Pretty soon he would be as tall as she was. He had grown up so much since they had come to Israel—and like his sister had become pretty independent, and mature for his age. She knew that what they had been through, since leaving America, had required both of her children to take responsibility for themselves, and to make certain decisions that would not have been considered when living in America. But still, she thought, he was not quite thirteen years old.

“We will have to discuss this with your father, Ben. I don’t know. I have to tell you I don’t feel real comfortable with the idea. But at the same time I know we’ve been teaching you to make decisions for yourself, based on the Word of God. We’ll see. I will talk with your Dad tonight.”

Ben looked up at his mother. He smiled. She had not said ‘no.’

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Or walked next to Yakov on the winding path that led up to his home in the lovely neighborhood of Yemin Moshe. Or could tell that Yakov was very weary from the many days of utter turmoil since the war and big earthquake. He was now eighty nine years old, and had lived a vigorous life since his escape from the terrible holocaust. He had met his wife, Hadassah, before coming to Jerusalem. They both had lost many of their loved ones in the raging holocaust that had swept through their native homeland of Czechoslovakia. But in the depths of great sorrow they had both come to know and love their Messiah, Yeshua.

And God had brought them back home to Israel, and had given them a new family, and a good life with each other. The Messianic congregation that he had started almost fifty years before was now a firmly established and well loved kehillah. His grandson, Daniel, was now the Messianic Rabbi that over saw much of the work of running the congregation.

They sat down for a moment on a bench—that over looked the valley below. Yakov looked over and smiled at Or. “You have become a fine man, Or. Your mother, Ruth, would be very proud of you. I know this for sure. She was a lovely woman, but I am sure you already know this better than me.”

“Yes. Even though my mother died when I was twelve years old. I have wonderful memories of what a beautiful and good woman she was. And her marriage to my father, was something few people get to experience.”

Yakov got a far away look in his eyes for a moment. “Yes, your mother and father were very much in love with each other.” Yakov raised his hand to his brow and sighed as he looked out over the valley—that went down to the highway, and then across to the old city wall. “So our great God has done exactly what He said He would do. He has punished the nations that have come against His land and His inheritance. Ahh! The severity and goodness of Yah! Our people do not know what to do. They are now seriously contemplating the fear of God upon their lives—as it should be.

“But so many are turning to religion instead of to God Himself. There is much talk now of a new temple going up. The government has given their approval, and soon the building will begin. There are those who have been planning for this day ever since Israel became a nation. And it will not take them long to put some kind of a partial structure up. Of course there is much division on how things should be done. But now, tell me Or, how is your lovely family doing?”

“They are doing well. I think we are all beginning to feel a part of Israel now. The captain of the boat that we came over on, had prophesied over us that this is where we will finish the work that

God has for us to do. And I absolutely believe this is happening, even now.”

“Yes,” Yakov responded. “I believe that too.” Yakov then stood up from the bench and looked in the direction of the Old City.

“I believe that before the temple goes up that Yah is going to, once again, show his people the difference between religion and actually experiencing the Living God. Yes,” he continued, “we are not far from that day. I know it by the revelations of God. Adonai will once again pour out His Spirit upon Israel, and many will see and come to know the Salvation of our God. Yes, they will see and recognize the Lamb of God, who took not only the sins of Israel upon Himself, but the sins of the whole world. And we will all bow before Him.

“Yes, my friend.” Yacov put his arm over Or’s shoulder as they continued to walk up the hill. “The temple will go up, but the one who will later come to sit in this temple, the one who will exalt himself as God, will bring great destruction upon Israel, and upon all the nations of the world. The hard times are not yet finished. For the end days are upon us. I do not know how much longer I will live to see what happens on this earth. I am growing old and weary. Yeshua will come and gather His beloved bride to Himself from every nation, tribe and tongue. Perhaps He will let me live until then.” He patted Or on his back, as they walked up the path to the house.

“Or wake up.” Angela gently shook her husband. It was five o’clock in the morning. “I just heard the Lord tell me that we were to go to the Hinnon Valley.”

In an instant Or was wide awake. “I know,” he said, as he pulled on his pants and threw a shirt over his head. By the time they got to the living room Yakov and Hadassah already had their coats on. Or and Angela, and David and Ellie with their children, met them on Hebron road, near an old hotel that over looks the ben Hinnom valley. It was just a short walk from Yacov’s house, and not far from Lill’s house in Abu Tur. They were all stunned

as they watched hundreds of Jewish and Arab people walking and even running down a path into the ben Hinnom Valley. Or felt as if he was watching a scene from the time of Moses, like when the Shekinah Glory covered the Tabernacle of Meeting.

A brilliant bright light had filled the whole Valley. People were on their knees with their hands up in the air, weeping before God, and crying out in deep repentance for all of their sins.

With Yakov in the lead the whole family soon joined the many groups of people going down into the Valley. And as soon as they entered into the Glorious presence of the Living God, they all fell on their knees and then onto their faces, in deep reverence and repentance. People who had been pushed in their wheelchairs were now standing up, healed, and shouting, giving glory to God.

Or looked up from his bowed position as a group of people to his right began to shout and scream. “Paralyzed!” Over the din of shouts the crowd parted and the young man took off walking and then running across the open field. Julie began to weep when she saw that it was Saul. Her young soldier friend from the hospital had been miraculously healed. And more healings were happening everywhere she looked. A woman blind from birth came stumbling forth to give her testimony that she could now see for the first time in her life.

Great cries of adoration could be heard from one end of the Valley to the other. Some said they saw angels. Many were weeping and said they had seen Yeshua. “He was dressed,” they repeated, “in a dazzling white gown, and had the staff of a shepherd in His hand.” And they fell down and worshiped Him.

“People marveled when they saw the mute speaking,  
the maimed made whole, the lame walking, and the  
blind seeing...and they glorified the Holy One,  
the Living God of Israel.” Matthew 15:31

In this great outpouring of the Holy Spirit there was no distinction between Jews and Arabs, only broken men and women,

and boys and girls, who had come to know that the God of Israel was alive and that He truly loved them.

In the days and weeks and months that followed this initial outpouring of God's Spirit, many began to understand that this move of God was a move of utmost Holiness. Some said they felt as if they had been cleansed with clean water, and they now felt new, and also deeply loved for the first time in their lives.

“In that day a fountain shall be opened for the House of David  
and for the inhabitants of Jerusalem for sin and for uncleanness.”  
Zechariah 13:1

In this revival anyone who put himself on a pedestal to speak a word that was not from the Holy Spirit would quickly be brought down in humiliation. Yahweh was mainly using His faithful servants and friends to speak the oracles of God. Some had been hidden away for this very time, and others had simply lived a life of obedience and faithfulness to the Lord. One day, Yacov stood up in the midst of thousands of people and began to speak words that were anointed with fire:

“Who shall ascend the hill of the Lord, or who shall stand in His Holy place? He who has clean hands and a pure heart, and has not lifted up his soul to an idol... It is not the high place that I have chosen, says the Lord, but I have choose this place of brokenness and humility.” Yacov spoke with a strong voice of authority. “Yes, our great, saving and redeeming Yah has come, that we might know Him. Therefore humble yourselves under the Mighty Hand of your God, who loves each of you so much that He sent His Son Yeshua to die for all your sins!”

## Chapter 30

“For he shall give His angels charge over you,  
to keep you in all your ways.” Psalm 91:11

It had been two hours since the Community Protection Services had taken Jeremy Cohen into their car and had driven away. Robert spoke firmly to Michael.

“Right now, Michael, there is nothing you can do. We are going to have to really pray and get the Lord’s direction on this. If you go charging off—trying to find out where they have Jeremy—you could put everyone in jeopardy, and that means the rest of your family too.”

Michael reached over and put his arm around his wife, Leah. “I know what you are telling me is the truth, Robert. But it’s so hard to just do nothing.” Michael spoke softly to himself, as he looked away from the others. “Oh, Jeremy, why did you go over to that car? Why?”

Timothy spoke to both of his parents. “But you know, Dad, Jeremy is just not afraid of things like that. Even though you have told him to not be so friendly to strangers. I am sorry. I should have stopped him, but it just happened so fast. Timothy closed his eyes as he looked away from his mom.

“It’s not your fault, honey. So don’t blame yourself. Jeremy is a handful, but he’s a pretty smart kid. So let’s not panic. God is watching over him. We all know that.”

“What do you think they will do next, Robert?” Michael asked.

“Well, they know that Jeremy was playing with Sarah, and evidently they did not see Tim. So it sort of depends on what Jeremy tells them. But I believe they will probably come snooping around here pretty soon—to see if we know who Jeremy is. It’s a big risk, Michael, but you don’t have a lot of options. You and Leah will have to go into town and report to the police that your son wandered off. It’s the only way you can possibly get him back.

“I’ve thought about that,” Michael said. “But I want to leave Tim with you. I don’t have a good feeling about this. We are really going to have to trust God on this one. Let’s pray and then we will go. I don’t want to be here if they come back.”

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Eddie pulled into the drive way of the old farm house. He knew he was not far from Moravian Falls, but somehow he had gotten off the main drive. He was hoping someone would be home, and would be able to give him the directions he needed.

An older, pleasant looking man, in a long sleeved shirt with jeans and suspenders came to the door.

“Howdy,” he said. “Anything I can do for you?”

“Hello. My name is Eddie.” He then pointed to his wife and Abriel, “We are needing to get to Moravian Falls, and I guess I made a wrong turn someplace. Perhaps you can give me directions?”

“Sure. It’s not too far from here, and....”

“Daddy, I have to go potty.” Abriel stepped up onto the porch next to her dad.

“You can use our bathroom, young lady.” The man opened the door a bit wider for Abriel to come in. “Would you all like to come inside for just a minute? No one here but me, and maybe you can tell me why it is that everyone wants to get up to the Falls? It seems everyone I meet in town or along the way lately has been asking me about Moravian falls.”

Eddie turned and motioned for Maria to get out of the car. “Sure. We can come in for a moment—if you’re sure you don’t mine.”

“Not at all. Come on in.”

It was not long before John Zinden had put a thermos of hot coffee on the table along with some slightly hard cinnamon buns.

Eddie and Maria smiled and expressed their gratitude to John for his hospitality.

“So, folks,” John stuttered slightly over his words, “why is it you are heading up to the Falls?”

Eddie looked in Maria’s direction—not sure exactly what to say to the nice man who had invited them into his home. “Well, we’ve been told it’s a nice community and we are sort of searching around for a new place to put roots down.” Eddie smiled, a little nervous.

“And Saryl, our angel friend, told us to come this way,” Abriel said, as she sat down next to her mother. She beamed a wide smile at John.

John answered Abriel as if her comment was perfectly normal. “Oh, there’s plenty of angels around here—that’s for sure! You know I grew up in these parts.” John looked at the family seated around the table to see if he should continue talking. “My great granddaddy came here from eastern North Carolina, and helped settle Moravian Falls. He came from a long line of Moravians, going all the way back to Czechoslovakia. He was what we call today a real prayer warrior.”

“Wow,” Maria said. “What a great family history. You must be very proud, John?”

“Sure am,” he said proudly. “My daddy and momma were God fearing people. My daddy sometimes told the story that some of the old timers around here have passed on; about how one day there would be a great revival in this place. You know we’ve had some pretty amazing supernatural things happen around here. Some people living around here think it’s almost like a sacred place, because of the angels and everything.”

“Can you tell us about the angels?” Abriel asked with enthusiasm.

“Well, I can tell you what I have seen. Can’t talk for anyone else, though. I make it my habit to only share what I have seen and beheld with my own eyes. It’s not for me to talk about what others have experienced.”



Eddie and Marie and especially Abriel, were glued to every word this old man was telling them. They knew they had not stopped here by accident. Their hearts were being prepared for what would soon take place.

When I was just a youngen, about your age, Abriel, we were all gathered right here in this old house. Now that was a long time ago, but I can remember it as clearly as if it was yesterday.

My parents and aunts and uncles, and plenty of others were praising the Lord with all our might, and then we started praying. Some were speaking in their heavenly language, and then my Pop began to read from the Good Book. When all of a sudden we all began to feel a wonderful sprinkling of rain coming down upon us. Oh, my...we were in such awe—such wonder. No one dared to say anything. We just kept singing hallelujah, and then the sprinkle became a shower and then a regular downpour, until we all felt submerged in this wonderful river of life. I think I can tell you that we all—young and old—just died in that river of love, it was soo wonderful.” John closed his eyes and began to gently sway a little, from side to side.

“Wow!” Eddie searched John’s face to make sure he was still all there. “It would be hard to live a normal life after that kind of a God experience.”

John opened his eyes and chuckled. “Well, for more than a few weeks we all walked around as if we were living in heaven. The anointing stayed with us for quite awhile. Those were unbelievable days. Time and time again we have experienced a really wonderful visitation from the Lord, but nothing like those early days.

“Some people believe there is a heavenly door over this part of North Carolina—a conduit, of sorts, between here and heaven. And that’s why so many people around here have seen angels. I’ve seen a couple myself.” John squinted his eyes partially shut. “Oh, for the days of Glory to return. Since I was a young man it kinda seems like things have slowed down a bit—in the supernatural, that is. Personally, I think it’s because man has tried too hard to try

and make things happen. Doing this and doing that! Trying to control the program, you might say. You can't control God. Nope! When we get real hungry again for His presence, and just begin to praise Him with all of our heart...then He'll come. He hasn't changed. Well, folks, I see that I've taken up a good amount of your time, and it's starting to get a little darkish. It's not a good time to try and find your way to the Falls. I have a big ole room here, with a bed for the little girl too. You're more than welcome to stay the night, and then you can get a good start in the early morning, and I guess you can tell that I really enjoy the company." He smiled.

## Chapter 31

“Because he has set his love upon me,  
therefore I will deliver him...” Psalm 91:14

Michael reached over and took hold of Leah’s hand, as he drove down the dirt road. Neither of them knew what to expect once they got into town and went to the police station to report Jeremy missing. But it was the only thing they could do. And they had to do something!

“Oh, Lord.” Michael spoke softly under his breath. “Please help us find our little boy and get him back. I know he’s gotta be really scared.”

“Yes,” Leah added to the prayer. “Everything is in your hands, Lord...we desperately need your help.”

It had all happened so very fast. Their plans had been to leave Robert’s house early in the morning and they had hoped to be in Charleston, West Virginia by late afternoon. That was until Sarah had come running into the house to tell them that the ‘Gestapo,’ as Robert called them, had grabbed Jeremy, and forced him into their car. They were the same Community Protection people that had been at Robert and Melissa’s house a few days before.

Robert suspected that they might have thought Jeremy was a run-away. First they would try and find out where he came from. “And they might,” as Robert had said, “just add him to their program for supposed lost children, which could mean re-education and who knows what?”

Michael and Leah both knew that without God’s direct intervention there was no way they could walk into that police station and not expect a whole bunch of questions. And it would only take them a few seconds to pull up the information that Michael and Leah were wanted in Illinois for child abduction—kidnapping their own children out of the public school system.

“I have to stop here, Leah, and get some gas. Would you

run into the Quick Stop and get me a package of gum?

While in the small snack shop Leah picked out a package of gum, but when she went to pay for it she had a sudden urge to ask the attendant something.

“You haven’t by per chance seen a blond haired boy. He’s eight years old. His parents are really worried about him, and we are trying to help them find him. It’s one of those family things, but we need to find him before it gets dark.”

The dark haired clerk looked at Leah with a slight hesitation, but then smiled, just slightly. “Actually, I was just getting ready to call the police, but I don’t know, it’s like something stopped me.

“A young kid, matching your description, came in to the shop here about an hour ago and bought a candy bar. I asked him where he was from. He didn’t say anything to me, and seemed kind of nervous. When he left here he walked down the highway a bit and then turned off the road. Probably went down by the river. Just seemed kind of strange, but I didn’t want to get him trouble or anything. So it’s a good thing I didn’t call the....”

Leah rushed out of the store before the clerk could say another word. “Michael,” her voice was trembling. She held back the tears. “I don’t know why but I asked the clerk in there if he had seen a boy that looked like Jeremy. It could be something! It sounds like he was here, just awhile ago.”

Michael drove the car to the side of garage and parked it. “How far down the road did he walk?” he asked Leah.

“Not too far. The clerk told me he went about as far as where that stop sign is.”

“Leah, you will have to wait here. If the car is left alone it could cause a problem.” Michael could tell right away that Leah was disappointed that she could not go with him.

He walked away from the car and then began a slow jog down the highway, until he came to the path that led away from the road and went down to a small stream. He stopped and looked in both

directions, up and down the river. He waited for a minute and then began to walk down stream, going towards town. "Jeremy." He spoke his name, but not too loudly. "Jeremy, it's Dad." A dragon fly buzzed by his nose. The ground was soggy and muddy from an early morning rain. His shoes sunk down into the mud. He stopped for a moment. His eyes blinked; about one hundred feet ahead on the other side of the bank he thought he saw a blond head pop up...or was he just imagining it. "Jeremy," he called his son's name again. This time the blond head popped up and did not disappear again.

"Dad?" Is that you?"

Jeremy turned and ran to his Father. He slipped in the mud and fell—falling on his face into the thick, gooey dirt. Michael ran to his son and picked him up out of the mud. He pulled him to himself and put his arms around him. They both cried and held on to each other.

"I am so sorry, Dad."

"It's okay, son. It's okay! Come on. Your mom is waiting for us."

"What happened Jeremy? How did you get away?" Michael asked his son as they walked back to the Car.

"The man, she called comrade Dennis, was driving. I think he was a little drunk. He was driving kind of crazy, and then all I remember is a car came around the corner and he drove off the road and into the river. He hit his head or something, and then I just got out of the car and run away. Maybe the woman was scared because of what had happened. I don't know. But I just kept running and praying for God to show you where I was. I am sure glad you found me Dad. I was really scared."

Michael held tight to his son's hand. He didn't even try to slow down the tears that rolled from his eyes to his cheeks.

Joseph's wife watched as the second train pulled away since they had been at the Charleston train station. She looked at her oldest Son... Her eyes filled with tears.

"Mom, we have to trust God that Dad will be all right."

"It's been eight hours, Bret. Something is wrong. We both know it."

"What would Dad have us do, Mom? I mean right now what would he tell us to do?"

"Oh, Bret. I know what your dad would tell us to do. He would tell us to call the number we've been given. That's what he would want us to do".

"Mom, I am the oldest son, and you need to let me make some of the decisions. I am going to call this number and tell the person that we are here in Charleston. We will keep praying for Dad, but we gotta go, Mom. You know the TSA agents keeps a pretty close eye on everyone in this station. And you can bet they have been watching us through their digital computer screens, and pretty soon they will start asking questions. We have to think of the family, Mom. We have to go now."

Nancy looked out the kitchen window. They had all enjoyed a good, hearty breakfast, but Nancy had eaten little. Her thoughts were elsewhere. The small community of Black River was a nice place. Some of the trees in Emma's yard still had their deep autumn colors, and the old wooden bridge that covered the fresh, flowing stream reminded her of a lovely picture she had once seen. Joseph, she thought, would really enjoy this place. But Joseph was not with her. She sighed, and spoke to herself. "Where are you my husband?" What have they done to you?"

She caught sight of two white haired rabbits as they ran across a path in the yard. Emma's two black labs immediately began to bark. She had now been here for three days, with her two adult sons, their wives and two granddaughters, and also Anna Stein—the young pregnant teenager, whom they now felt was part of their family.

Emma, who was an elderly lady, and Cynthia, her daughter, had treated them wonderfully. The husband and wife who had brought them to this home, hidden in the hills of West Virginia, had only stayed one night. Their work in the underground, helping Jewish people get out of America, had become very busy, as of late, and they were helping more and more Jews to escape.

Cynthia, who was still in her long, blue, fuzzy robe came over to Nancy and put her hand on her shoulder. “You did not eat very much this morning, Nancy. You know it’s important to keep your strength up.”

Nancy looked up at Cynthia. She had such a calm reassuring way about her. “It’s been hard for me to think about eating, not knowing where Joseph is. If only....”

“Nancy, come with me for a minute. Mom is concerned about you, and she would like to pray for you.”

Emma sat in a small room next to the kitchen. A large, pot-bellied stove was filled with wood and burning nicely. The room was warm and comfortable. Emma sat with a bright red blanket over her legs. Nancy thought she was probably well into her 80s, but she was still a striking woman. Her snow white hair fell in a short clip around her face. Her large, gray-blue eyes were still clear and sharp. “Come Nancy.” She motioned for her to sit down next to her, and then gently took her hand.

“I’ve lived up here in these hills for a little over seventy years now. My dear husband—who is now with the good Lord—brought me here after World War Two when I was just eighteen years old. He had such love and compassion for this poor, little orphaned girl, who had survived the holocaust in Hungary, and had lived through Auschwitz. So in his big loving arms he brought me home with him. Was not so easy to begin with. People up here in these ole hills didn’t take to well to the idea of him marrying a Jew. But we lived a good, quite life, and pretty soon they accepted me.” Emma chuckled and then smiled. “Now they think of me as this grand ole

lady, who has gained so much wisdom. I don't know so much about the wisdom part, but the Lord has given me many experiences to live and learn by."

Emma was quiet for a couple of minutes and then closed her eyes. "Nancy, I have watched the Lord move in my life in what can only be described as miraculous ways. Yes, true miracles have happened more than once or twice in my life. Actually, there is no logical reason why this old lady is warming herself by this ole pot-bellied stove, today. Quite frankly, I should be dead. But we must never forget that there is absolutely nothing our God cannot do. I have prayed, Nancy, and I do not feel from the Lord that your husband is dead. So, my dear friend, you must stop your mourning, as if your husband was already deceased. This is not the example you want to give to your little ones. They must see and believe their grandmother is a woman of strong, persevering faith." Emma patted Nancy on her hand.

"Now there will be a few more people coming today, and I know that Cynthia can use a little extra help. And tonight we will have a nice visit with some new friends."

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Adam slowed his car down and pulled to the side of the road. He looked at the map on his lap. Somehow he had missed the road he wanted, and had ended up on a road that would bring him into Moravian Falls from a different direction. He opened his car door and breathed in the fresh air. The anxiousness and up-set that had been on him since leaving Pennsylvania had strangely lifted, ever since coming into western North Carolina.

He was feeling very peaceful and now, and for some reason, felt good about coming this way. A few times he had almost turned around and started driving back to Colorado, to see if he could find Lilly. But he knew that God was telling him to drive to Moravian Falls, and if he had learned anything in the last few weeks, it was to obey what God told him to do. He also knew that if he had not



obeyed God, he would probably be dead by now. There was a chill in the air, an early October frost, but it felt good. A car passed him, and the children all waved at him. They were all smiling. The sky was a clear, shiny blue and the clouds looked like silver wings of fire. He was fascinated. He got back into his car and kept driving. He was only about ten miles from Moravian Falls. What would he find when he got there.

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Michael stepped onto the porch of the small bunk house that was in back of Emma Waynback's house. Leah and the boys had already gone into the main house for dinner. He was glad to be here. When he drove into Charleston he had called the number he had been given. In less than an hour a very nice husband and wife showed up and had them follow their car to Emma's house, about a two hour drive up into the distant hills. He was sure he would never have found it on his own.

Michael walked into the old, but very comfortable house. Several people were seated at a long wood table. Emma and her daughter sat at either end. Michael had met them both when they had first come to the house a few hours earlier. He was mildly surprised at the very warm welcome and hospitality they were all shown.

Nancy Yehuda and her two sons, Bret and Mark and their wives and two daughters were seated at the table. And a pretty young lady named Anna was also there.

"Come, Michael. We have saved you a seat. We are just about ready to eat. Perhaps you will be nice enough to say grace?"

After the blessing was spoken over the meal, the food was passed around. Large slabs of tender beef, with fresh vegetables, and a large bowl of mashed potatoes, and then home baked bread was added to the delicious dinner.

"This is terrific," Jeremy said.

"Sure is!" Timothy added.

Bret spoke to both Cynthia and Emma. “We are so grateful for your hospitality.”

“Yes, Leah added. “Thank you so much. You’ve been so good to us.”

“Yes, Nancy agreed. “You have been so kind, and we are so appreciative.”

Emma Waynback nodded politely to the words of ‘thank you’ that came from everyone. “I wasn’t much older than your grand daughter, Nancy, when my husband rescued me from Nazi Europe and brought me to his home, here in West Virginia. My husband was a fine, God-fearing man. And we lived a good life together with our two daughters. Cynthia and Patti. I have been without him for several years now, and perhaps it’s a good that he is not here to see what has happened in America. Where we live, up here, hidden in these mountains, we’ve been able to still live a pretty good life. No one comes around too much to see what we are doing up here. But I guess you know that’s not the case in most other places. Them ole security people have pretty much taken control of just about everything—including our little ones.”

Emma nodded her head as she looked at the children, seated at her table. “With the good Lord’s help, I’ve been able to encourage some families, and get them going on their way back to Israel. I am a little alarmed that many of my Jewish friends seem to not be so alarmed, and believe that things are gong to get better, given a little more time.

“But your Grandpa Shimon knew better.” Emma glanced at Michael. “Samuel, your father, told me how your Grand daddy spoke out, before he died—trying to wake a few people up. I guess you know, Michael, that I knew your grandma Ruth. We both came through that horrible place called Auschwitz.”

“No. I did not know that. I really have not had a chance to talk to my father since he left America. So I am sure there is a lot he would like to tell me. I find this quite amazing that you knew my grandmother.”

“Your grandma was one of the best people I ever knew.

She was the first person who told me about Yeshua—my precious Lord and Savior. Many of the women in that horrible dungeon came to believe in their Jewish Messiah before they died. Your grandma had a great reward waiting for her in heaven.”

“Grandma Ruth died before I was born,” Michael said, “but I know that she was well loved by so many people. She must have been a very special person.”

“She was that, for sure.” Emma said, her voice breaking slightly. “I was spared the gas chambers because of my ability to speak different languages, and the camp commander used me to instruct his children, at least till near the end, and then somehow I just managed to survive till the Russians liberated the camp.

“And I know that nasty ole devil has not changed his mind about God’s precious Jewish people, and what he did back then, he is gonna try and do again. That’s why I offer my home to any Jew who can find us up here in the hills. So far it seems the word has gotten out pretty good. Our home has not been empty for quite some time, and I expect it will get even more busy.

“Well, I must tell you all that I have truly enjoyed meeting you, but I think now I will have my Cynthia bring me a little tea, and then go to bed, as I am feeling a bit weary.” Emma smiled. “And I will hopefully see you all in the morning. I am getting a sense from the Holy Spirit that God is going to do something special before you all leave.”

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“Mac, wake up.” Scott gently shook him by the shoulder. It was six o’clock in the morning and the sun was just beginning to rise over the horizon, and break through a scattering of clouds.

“Mac, the gate is open—wide open. It’s just like in the dream I had. And no one is doing anything about it. Mac, it’s got to be a miracle from God.”

Mac sat up on the small cot—fully alert. In less than a minute he had his shirt on, and his shoes laced up. Several of the other

men were watching to see what he was going to do.

“Well, come on! Let’s go see what this is all about.”

As Mac led the way several of the men followed him outside.

Three of the guards came over to speak to him. “There’s a big van outside the gate, Mac. None of us know how or why it’s parked there, but the keys are in it, and the gate is wide open, and no one can seem to get it shut—the gate that is. One of the other guards said he saw this big, humongous angel holding it open. And everyone is just sort of freaked out—even the camp big shots and the commander are not doing anything. Mac, the four of us want to go with ya’all. We are tired of living this kind of life, and we want out of here, just as much as you do. And Mac, we want to know what we have to do to be saved.”

Mac looked at the four guards, and the fifteen men who were eagerly waiting to see what he was going to do. He smiled, and then looked up at the sky. “Thank you, Father! Well, I figure God has worked a little miracle here, and I for one am gonna go for it!” He grinned at Scotty, as they all made a dash for the gate and the truck.

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Adam parked his car a short distance from the center of town. Several other people had parked their cars and were walking along the road side. There was a palatable excitement in the air. It wasn’t long before some of the people from the town of Moravian Falls had come to meet the strangers and show them the way in, and where they would be staying. Somehow, Adam thought, they knew the people would be coming. He caught sight of several small trailers and some cabins that looked like they had recently been set up in a near-by valley. An older, pleasant looking man started walking next to Adam.

“We know exactly how many are coming. The Lord told us a few days ago.” He grinned as he reached over and patted Adam on the back. “Yep. It’s something big the Lord has planned, and

nobody can stop it. Ya know,” he continued to talk, as if Adam was a long lost friend, “It’s not just here! God is doing something big in many different places. You might say some old wells are getting ready to flow again, and some new ones too. Yep, it’s gonna be something big. Some of us have been waiting for this day for a long time. And ain’t it just like the Lord to do it when things have gotten so dark.”

“Daddy, there are angels here. I can see them.”

Adam turned around at the sound of the little girl’s voice. It was Abriel with Eddie and Maria. He stopped. When Abriel saw him she ran to give him a hug. “Look, Daddy. It’s Adam. God has brought Adam too.”

After greeting each other they walked together for a while, but there was little talking now. A unique quietness had come upon the people as they drew closer to the foothills of the town, and to the beautiful flowing water fall.

When Eddie and Maria walked past an old, white southern looking home, Abriel yelled out. “Daddy, that’s where we are suppose to stay. Look, Saryl is showing us the way.”

Adam sat down with Henry at his small kitchen table. Henry had pulled a thin, white curtain to one side so that they could look at the very large, golden moon, that hung in the sky like a flat round spoon. The stars were bright. They seemed to be even brighter than usual. Henry smiled as he looked out the window. He brushed with one hand a mop of gray hair back from his forehead.

“We’ve been praying for this for a long time. But about a year ago, or so, the Lord began to put a heavy burden on me to cry out for revival in this place. There were times when my soul went into travail, and a spirit of revival just about consumed me. I know there are others who have been prepared for this in the same way. I can see it in their eyes when I pass them on the street.

“God has had to break many a strong man in order to use em. God will only use humble people who are not interested in stealing

His show. And I can tell you that when God brings this revival it will not be dependant on some great leader, or big name... People are going to be seeking Him and Him alone.

“When do you think it will happen, Henry?” Adam asked.

“Oh, it will be soon. He told us to get some places ready—even provided the money we needed. It’s getting too cold out there for people to just sleep on the ground, and most of the homes are already filled with folks. Can’t you feel something in the air?”

“Yes, I can. It’s kind of hard to explain, but it reminds me of when I was a kid, and I was waiting for Christmas day to come.”

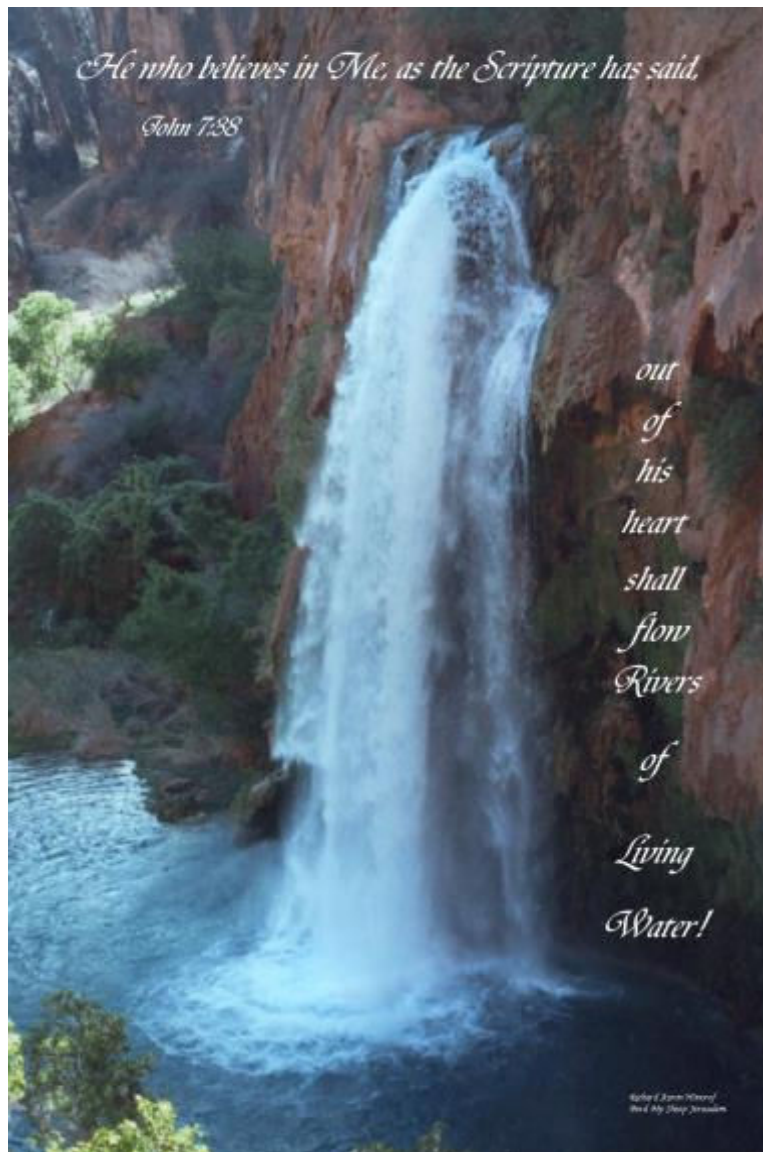
Henry chuckled aloud. “Well, I guess that’s a pretty good example—as good as any. About a year ago, or so, the Lord started visiting me at night—actually early in the morning, and I would spend a couple of hours, or more, in His glorious presence. It went on like that for a couple of wonderful months. I mean, who am I? I ain’t nobody special. Most of the world doesn’t know me and has never heard my name.

“But now I’ll tell you something, Adam. After you’ve been in the Lord’s presence, like that, it’s pretty hard to come back down to earth. And you don’t want much to do with ordinary things. The normal kinds of chit-chat just about drives you crazy, and you just want to find a quiet place to be with the Lord.” He looked up, smiling with amusement, at Adam, “So, that’s what the Lord’s been doing in my ole life lately. Sure glad the Lord is no respecter of age.” He laughed again. “So tell me, Adam, did you get a divine invitation here? I would reckon you probably did.”

“Yes,” Adam responded. “I really had thought I’d be going some place else.” He stopped talking for a second, as he glimpsed a vision of Lilly in his mind. “But I’ve learned in some pretty hard situations that I have to be obedient to what the Lord shows me, no matter what my flesh wants to do. And I’ve learned that the Lord never disappoints you—if you are obedient.”

“Well, son, I guess that just about says it all. And I think you are going to be real glad you obeyed the Lord and came to

Moravian Falls. But now, if you will excuse me, I am going to go and see if I can sleep in the Lord's presence for a bit. I just have a feeling that tomorrow is going to be a hum-dinger of a day."



## Chapter 32

“Turn to Me with all your heart, with fasting and weeping  
and with mourning...” Joel 2:12

Emma walked into the kitchen with a spring in her step and a sparkle in her eye. She smiled a big smile as she sat down with her guests, who were already seated at the table. Michael looked at Leah. He whispered in her ear. “Something feels different this morning.

“Yes,” she answered. “I can feel it too.

“I hope you all slept well?” Cynthia spoke to the twelve people besides her mother, that were seated at the table. “Mom woke up early, and has been very excited about something, but she wanted to wait and share it when we were all together.” Cynthia smiled exuberantly as she sat down next to her mom.

“When I was a young woman,” Emma said, “and still in that horrible pit, called Auschwitz, the Lord came to me one night, and He told me that I would be free before the new year began. Now, I must tell you that at that specific time it seemed pretty hopeless that I would ever get out of that place. But I knew, deep inside of me, that what the Lord had said would come to be. I just knew it.

“I have not experienced anything like that ever again—not in my life up here in these ole hills. Except for what happened early this morning. I woke up from a pretty deep sleep. As Cynthia will tell you, once I go to sleep it would take a major earthquake to wake me up. But at 3:00 o’clock in the morning I sat up in bed, as if I was expecting a visitor. And then I hear the voice of the Lord, just as clear as a bell. ‘Emma,’ He said to me. ‘I want you to go to the valley on the other side of the hill this morning, and take everyone with you, because I am going to do something quite amazing and unexpected.’”

“Now, let me tell you. I’ve had plenty of conversations with the Lord, but He has never talked with me quite like that. So I guess



I am a little too excited to eat much this morning, but I see you've all had a bite or two." Emma smiled joyfully.

"Nancy." Cynthia came back into the dining room. "You've got a visitor this morning. You might want to greet him in the living room." Nancy looked up at Cynthia with a questioning gaze and then looked over at her two sons with the same surprised expression. She immediately stood up from the table and began to walk to the kitchen door. But before she got past the table she stopped. There in the doorway stood her husband, Joseph. Cries of surprise and joy escaped from Nancy and her family, as they all rushed over to their father.

"My beautiful wife and family," Joseph said. "I am so glad to be with here with you." He then briefly told them what had happened.

"The Nazi who was interrogating me was determined to find something that he could use against me. It was the strangest thing. Somehow he knew I was Jewish, and yet had no way to really prove it. They threw me in a small room with a cot and a toilet until they had checked out all the information I had given them. I prayed, but I really figured that before long I would be on my way back to a prison camp. On the third day they called me back into the interrogating room. I could hardly believe my ears. They were really scrambling to make excuses for keeping me in that hole for three days. From what I could figure out the big guy in charge was ticked because so much time had been wasted on me, and they still had not come up with anything. It was really a miracle. Their computer must have verified the address I gave them for Rockford. Only God could have done that." Joseph kissed Nancy's wet cheek. "But I'll tell you, I am sure grateful to be out of there, and her with my family again."

"Well," Emma said, "this is proving to be quite an extraordinary day."

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## When God poured out His Spirit on all flesh

When God poured out His Spirit of revival across America, it came like a long awaited and desperately needed heavy rain.

“I will pour out my Spirit upon him who is thirsty and floods upon the dry ground.” Isaiah 44:3

America had been in the darkest time of its history, and it was not yet over. But God’s Great Mercy exceeds His Judgments that He allows. Before the Terrible Day of the LORD, Yahweh would once again come with abundant Mercy.

In deep Holy Spirit travail of soul God’s broken and humbled Church had been crying out for His Presence, and now God had answered His people’s earnest prayers.

Repentance and humility had replaced the comfortable days when the acceptance of a “get rich” prosperity Gospel had dominated so much of the Church. The glittering-star-ministry figures, and the rich, expensive churches had been abandoned. The faithful no longer flocked to these big buildings. They were now used by the government to propagate their anti-God, beast agenda which had swept over every part of America like a fast moving dark cloud.

In weeping and travail, God’s faithful servants had continued to meet secretly in small out of the way houses, and had prayed and cried out for their God to not leave them, or take His Holy Spirit from them. And in the dark and fearful time in which they survived, they had cried out for revival.

The Glory that God had poured out upon the House of Israel had jumped across the ocean, and like a flame of fire it had come to wherever people in America were hungry and desperate for God. But it was not a revival organized in anyway by man. No sectarian doctrine, no creed or dogma could find its place in this

revival. And wherever a tiny spark of man's need to control would creep to the surface and try to take authority over what God was doing, it would quickly be put down by God. And then God would gently correct His beloved—telling them that this revival was not to be the work and glory of man.

Where the greatest brokenness and hunger for God was evident was where God's Spirit would come like a mighty wind. Some could actually hear Him coming. Then the people would gasp and fall to their faces. And the Spirit would come and consume all that was not Holy. Hearts would be cleansed and souls were renewed.

In this last great, end-time move of the Holy Spirit there was no place where God would not come to heal many lost and desperate souls. Only where the anti-Christ Spirit still reigned and people refused to repent of their sins would the Spirit be restrained. Multitudes of misguided, angry, and unredeemed souls came out of the demonic, beast controlled programs, and with great repentance they would give their lives to the Lord.

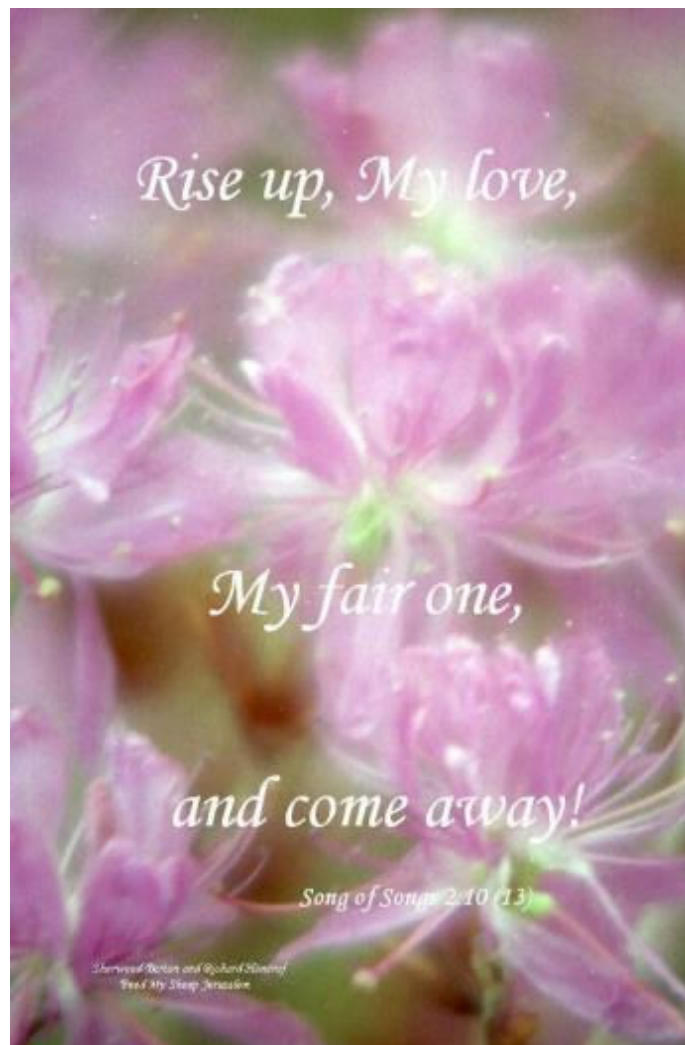
The enemies of the Gospel of Jesus Christ and His Kingdom gnawed their teeth and vented their anger, but there was nothing they could do to stop this revival, that God in His great Mercy had released upon this nation. In many places prison doors flew open and men and women, who were seeking His salvation and holiness, would walk out free. But for those who had other agendas, fear and dread would instantly come upon them, and they would not be able to leave their prison cells.

In every community, valley, and mountain top where God's Spirit was received, the Divine Love of Jesus was manifested. In this supreme Love of God no hateful, judgmental or critical thought was allowed to be expressed. When the Holy Spirit was grieved in the slightest way, a true sorrow and repentance would come forth until things were made right. And then in a great sea of love, men and women would linger for days, and even weeks.

Timidity and fear were now replaced with God's courage and boldness as the manifestation of the sons of God was released

upon the earth. People were given instructions where they were to go, and exactly what God wanted them to do. Some knew they would be going back to internment camps, but they had no fear. They had seen the Face of their God, and they would never be the same. They knew now for certain that the gathering of God's saints to Himself was not too far away.

God's great Wrath would soon come upon the earth in Judgment. But these final, terrible woes from the Creator of heaven and earth, were not intended for His faithful sons and daughters—His Bride!



## Chapter 33

“And it shall come to pass afterward  
that I will pour out My Spirit on all flesh...” Joel 2:28

Adam had a hard time keeping up with Henry. He was moving like a twenty year old man. He had woken Adam up at the crack of dawn. “Come on,” he said. “It’s time! Our great and glorious Yah is going to meet us today, and I don’t want to miss one second of what He has planned.” Adam threw his pants and shirt on as he grabbed a cup of hot coffee, and ran after Henry.

They could both feel it the moment they walked into the valley. The sky was almost an iridescent blue, and the air was filled with His Glory. Adam felt like he was doing cartwheels in the Spirit. There were many people in front of them and others coming up behind them, and on every side of the valley there were groups of people standing and sitting with their children. Everyone was in a glorious state. And then Adam saw her right in front of him. It was as natural as day. Lilly was standing at the end of the path, almost as if she was waiting for him. Adam burst out laughing and crying, at the same time. He grabbed her hand. They gave each other a quick kiss, and then kept waking with all the others.

In the center of the valley they could see what looked like the light of the sun shining on a clear lake, but the people who lived there said there was no lake anywhere near where they had all gathered.

From every side people were drawn to this unique and divine manifestation. Some began sliding down hills, while others walked on different trails and paths. They were all being drawn to the shining light. Most knew it was a great miracle, but they had no idea of what God was about to do. It grew very quiet and a sense of awe came over everyone. The clear radiant sky became a strange mixture of light and dark—like day and night.

People began to stop where they were, unsure of what was happening. Adam and Lilly sat down in an open space. The grass was still cool. Not far from them Eddie and Maria and their daughter also sat down and became quiet. On a knoll near-by Mac sat with his wife, Elaine—their teenage children were close by. Rose and Scotty and some of the guards from the Fema camps also sat down, waiting to see what God was going to do. Mac also saw John Pawson sitting with two other people. He smiled with delight that his isolation partner was here—experiencing the Love and Goodness of God. He had known in his heart that John Pawson was a true man of God, and not the deceiver the enemy had made him out to be.

And then one by one the people who had gathered in the hills and fields, began to lift their faces to heaven as the Shekinah Glory came down upon them. The holiness of God brought many to their knees, their heads bowed.

Suddenly, the radiant cloud turned into the shape of a cross and some said they could see the crucified Lord. With broken hearts many began to cry tears of shame and repentance.

Profound silence fell upon all the people. A few stood up and began to run, trying to find a place where they could hide, but most just wept in the presence of God.

Eddie went down on his knees, his hands and face touching the holy place where he was. Tears flowed from his eyes. He sobbed into the ground. “Oh, Lord Jesus,” he cried out. “I too am guilty. I am so sorry for my sins.” He could hardly speak. “I am so sorry.”

As Adam knelt to the ground visions began to flash in front of him of things he had done in his life—ugly things that had not brought glory to God. And then he began to repent—a deep kind of repentance that he had never experienced before.

All across the hills and valleys cries of repentance came forth as God’s sons and daughters came face to face with their forgiving

God and Savior. By the Spirit, Jesus came to each person who had come into the valley and had humbled himself. And He brought to His sons and daughters the physical and emotional healing that they desperately needed from Him, and He also shared personal, enduring, words of Love and encouragement.

Even the children wept when they saw Him. In the beginning it was not what the people had expected, but it was what was needed for the greater Glory to come.

“Adam.” The Lord’s voice fell upon him like sweet, flowing oil. As if in a vision, he lifted up his eyes to behold his Savior. Jesus was dressed in a simple white robe. He wore sandals on his feet, and Adam could see the scars on His hands and feet where the nails had pierced Him. And then Adam looked into the Eyes of Eternal Love.

“The price has been paid for you, Adam. You belong to Me.”

“Oh, Lord,” Adam lamented, “how could I have strayed so far from You?” Adam bowed low, and when he did a great Light entered his heart.

“The Love of My Father is in Me, and now that Love has been shed in your own heart, My son. I know the end-time days that I have planned for you and for Lilly. Until I come, you will walk with Me on the path that I have made for you with My broken Body and My poured out Blood. It will be a glorious path, but also a humble and priestly one. Look and see!”

Adam lifted his head to see where Jesus was pointing. In the vision that the Lord was showing him, he was able to see a very long road, and it was filled with a most glorious light. There was no darkness on this path. It was the Highway of Holiness that he had once read about in the Bible. The ransomed of the Lord, from every nation, were walking on this road. It was a very great harvest of souls for the Kingdom of God.

Then he saw that every person on this glorious path was given a cross to carry, and somehow he knew that every cross was individually designed for each person.

“In these end-times, Adam, your journey, along with everyone

else who truly seeks my Face, will be both great and glorious, but also a time of endurance and trial. But I will make a way for you to accomplish the work that I have given you to do. You will not fail. And many lives will be saved.” Jesus looked down at His son with great love and compassion.

“Some have wanted to follow Me, but they have desired a path that only brings them joy and delight without the cross. My path, Adam, has always been one of love, humility, holiness, purity and real brokenness. It is a priestly walk requiring much surrender. But I know the end from the beginning, and I know that you will not disappoint Me. Be faithful, Adam—even unto death—and I will give to you the Crown of Life.

“The evil on this earth will increase greatly before the end comes, but the manifestation of the sons of God will surpass even the greatest darkness. And My children will truly walk in My Light and Truth. I will share with everyone who has heard the call and has come to meet Me in this valley today, what their assignments will be in these last days. Some will travel with Me to far distant places, even by the spirit, and will pray with the poor and the broken. Even the little children will rise up by My Spirit and will do great works in My Name. You will see this come to pass. But some will also confront leaders of nations who are ready to sell their souls to My adversary, the devil. Our Mercy is great for all people, and my Father and I desire none to follow the evil one to his place of everlasting torment.

“When I come for my Beloved Bride, I will take you home and you will see what your Father and I have planned for you. Look!”

In an instant Adam was looking down upon a beautiful heavenly home. It was not a huge house, but it was the kind of home he had always dreamed of having one day. It was very peaceful and the fragrance of the lovely flowers and trees that encircled it was exquisite. Everything about this home was just perfect. He could even see and hear beautiful singing birds and butterflies, in all



different colors. This home and the garden that surrounded it was especially designed just for Adam.

“Be strong, and do not fear what will come upon the earth, Jesus said to him. “The cup of iniquity must come to its completeness, so that I can judge it fully. But you and all of My Beloved family will not be here for My Wrath. Be assured of that.”

Adam spoke to Jesus. “I would consider it such an honor, my friend, to truly live for you, and to complete what You ask me to do.” Then he smiled a very big smile.

When Adam opened his eyes Jesus was gone, but the whole valley was still filled with brilliant light, and what had been cries of deep repentance now become cries of joy and delight. Beautiful angels could be seen everyplace, with large white and golden wings. For a short while heaven had come down to earth. Adam looked over at Lilly. She was even more beautiful than he remembered. He put his arm around her and held her close to him.

When Eddie and Maria looked up they saw that Jesus was now surrounded by many children. Abriel had run to Him, and He had picked her up and twirled her around. “You will dance with the angels, my Abriel,” he said. “And you will lay your little hands on the sick and they will be healed.” He hugged her and then paid special attention to each one of the other little children. Their continual laughter and rejoicing filled His Heart with great joy.

He had also spent precious moments with Eddie and Maria. He had shown them in a vision where they were to go, and what they would be doing for Him before He returned. “Fear not” He had told them. “Nothing can snatch you out of my Father’s Loving Hands.”

And then He turned His attention to Mac, His beloved brother and friend, and also to Mac’s wife, Elaine.

“How precious you are to Me, and how greatly you have endured your cross for Me.” Tears came to His eyes as He held

Mac and his wife close to Him. “What I must ask of you will not be easy. And I give you the option of saying ‘no.’

“They will come for both of you and will take you back to the internment camp, the prisons. If you go a great harvest of souls will come into the Kingdom of God, and many will be saved. And you will both receive a very great reward in heaven, and of course My gratitude forever, but even if you say ‘no,’ I will always love you with an Eternal Love.”

Mac looked at his wife. She literally was aglow with a pure and radiant holy light. He reached for her hand, and they looked at Jesus, their beloved Savior. “We will follow you, Jesus, wherever you lead us.” Both Elaine and Mac bowed low before their King. “Our lives are totally Yours.”

“I knew what you would say before you said it.” Jesus smiled. He reached over and took hold of Elaine’s hand. “I will not let them hurt Rose again. I will soon take her home to be with me. So do not fear for her. She is like a tender violet—and is not strong enough to stand against the evil of this world.” And then He hugged Mac and Elaine one more time before He left them.

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The hills in a small part of Black River, West Virginia, were covered with people, as hundreds of men and women and children continued to come to the glorious revival that had been going on for several days.

Like the great outpouring of God’s Spirit that had come to Moravian Falls and to many other places in America—where old wells and new wells were opened in revival—a fearful and trembling repentance was first needed before God’s Glory could be fully revealed to Emma and her Jewish friends. A true conviction of sin, that only the Holy Spirit can bring, was needed to cleanse hearts and prepare the people for the Glory and Majesty of their God, and that they might truly behold their crucified and risen Savior.

And then in the stillness and light of His Glory, Yeshua again began to come to each person, revealing what they needed and wanted to understand for the days that were yet to come.

Emma and Cynthia looked out upon sparkling rivers, and forests and hills that radiated a new feeling of joy and peace. They could hardly speak.

Yeshua came and sat down next to them. “Emma and Cynthia, My long time friends and servants. I speak to both of you as I say, ‘well done.’” Your work here in this secluded mountain has been so important to Me. My Jewish people need to come home to Israel; for it is there that many of them will come to truly know who I am—their Jewish Messiah. You have labored in the fields, Emma, for many years, and soon I will bring you home. Your husband, Carl, has been asking Me when you are coming.” Yeshua smiled at Emma with a glimmer in His eye, and then hugged both her and Cynthia. “Your Father and I love you so much, and you have a great reward waiting for you in heaven.”

And then Yeshua reached down and drew Anna close to Him. He hugged her and kissed her. “My beautiful fighter,” He said to her and then laughed softly. “You will see one day, dear Anna, how many precious little ones you have saved from the butcher’s knife—from the evil destroyer.” For a brief minute Yeshua’s eyes glinted with fire, and then filled with tears.

“Simply because you refused to let them destroy your beautiful baby girl, many little lives were saved. Everything is done, dear Anna, in the Spirit.

Anna looked at Yeshua with a bright smile. She had just learned that her baby was a little girl.

“Anna, My beloved Jewish daughter, you will travel with Joseph and Nancy to Israel, and there your baby daughter will be born. And I will meet you there—in the Land I gave to your forefathers. You and your daughter, My sweet one, will soon experience the beauty of heaven with Me and with your heavenly Father, and also with your mother. So rejoice! Days of great joy await you.”

Yeshua then greeted Joseph and Nancy. He hugged and put

his arms around each member of the family. “Soon you will be on your way to Israel,” He told them joyfully. “There is still a battle to be fought, but I have made a way for my people to escape. I am so proud of you Joseph, and Nancy. You were tested in the fire, but you came through like gold. You will all have much to do in Israel.” He looked at each family member. “Time is short, but have no fear. Eye has not seen, nor ear heard, nor has entered into the heart of man the things which My Father and I have prepared for those who love Us. Be of good faith and courage. I come soon.”

Jeremy yelled with delight as Yeshua picked him up and put him on His shoulders. He put His arm around Timothy. “My Israeli sons of thunder.” He laughed and then looked over at Michael and Leah. “Yes, my dear children. I am sending you home to Israel. Soon you will be given airline tickets, and all that you need to make this trip home. Be of good cheer. I will come quickly, but My Jewish sons and daughters are needed in Israel. I have important work for you to finish there.”

Jesus knelt down and looked into Michael’s eyes “Be faithful, Michael, for a crown of righteousness has been laid up for you.” Tears came to Yeshua’s eyes, as if they were the only ones there.

## Epilogue

“Be glad then you children of Zion,  
and rejoice in the LORD your God;  
for He has given you the former rain faithfully.  
And He will cause the rain to come down for you,  
the former rain and the latter rain in the first month.  
The threshing floors shall be full of wheat,  
and the vats overflow with wine and oil.”

Joel 2:23

The great outpouring of God’s Spirit at the end of the Gog and Magog war was the greatest revival the world had ever witnessed. The nations had been humbled by the Mighty Hand of God, and now many people from these broken nations had flocked to Israel, not to destroy her, but to bow low before the God of Israel.

Multitudes in this great Valley—the Valley of ben Hinnom were saved and healed and set free, not only in their physical bodies, but in the deepest and darkest places of their souls.

Millions had been killed by the Hand of God in the terrible war, but now many millions were born again into the Kingdom of God.

And then God breathed upon His sleeping Ekklesia—His true Church. And He brought the revival Fires from the ben Hinnom Valley in Jerusalem to many nations. Wherever there were people who were hungry and desperate for Him, and had truly repented of their sins, He would come by His Holy Spirit with fire.

Hundreds of thousands of God’s saints from every nation, who had been healed, set free, and had received a new anointing now went forth at the Lord’s command, and wherever they traveled the Fire of God would fall, and revival would take place. As this great army of saints, both Jewish and Gentile, covered the face of the earth, millions came to know Jesus as their Messiah, Savior and Lord.

Sam stood with his arm around his son, Michael. They stood together on Yacov's balcony that overlooked the Old City in Jerusalem. Sam had been almost overwhelmed when he had found out that his son and family would be coming to Jerusalem in two days. He had waited and prayed so long for them to be with him, and now they would be here.

After their revival in West Virginia Michael and Leah spent some days just reflecting on the beauty and goodness of God. One morning, while they were still at Emma's house, a stranger knocked on the kitchen door. Michael knew when he saw him that he had been at the revival. The glow of the Lord was still on him. He asked for Michael Cohen.

"That's me." Michael smiled back at the elderly man. And then the man just handed Michael an envelope, and politely said 'good-bye.' Inside were tickets to fly from Charlotte, North Carolina, to the Ben-Gurion Airport in Israel, and also an extra thousand dollars for expenses. Michael was aghast, but then he remembered that Yeshua had told him that he would be given tickets to go to Israel, and that they would be allowed to leave the country.

The release of a Holy Spirit revival in many areas in America had changed the environment almost everywhere. Even the government agents, and bureaucratic leaders seemed unable to intimidate and bring fear. But many people knew that it would not last. A great number of Jews and Christians began to hurriedly make plans to leave the country. Over night the numbers of Jewish people who wanted to make aliyah to Israel, increased greatly. And many Christians were seeking different places to flee, even though the Beast government was now in every nation.

Michael had no time to phone his dad. They left quickly, in the night. They boarded the plane in Charlotte, along with Joseph Yehuda and his family, and Anna.

Leah snuggled up next to Michael. Jeremy and Timothy sat in the seats in front of them. The boys were overly excited, but that was not what concerned Leah. She could feel something beginning

to change. It was not yet real obvious, but the angry, anti-Semitic attitudes, that had been so prevalent before, were now, once again, beginning to really flare out of control. She could even see it in the eyes of their stewardess, who resented having to serve them. Michael looked at his wife and understood what she was feeling.

“I’m so glad you are here with us, Michael. They boys have grown so much, and gotten so big. And you all look so good. I can tell your lives have been changed by the revival in America.”

“Yes, Dad,” Michael said. “It’s been so wonderful! I can only tell you that our lives, indeed, have been changed forever. But you already know that from what you have been experiencing here in Jerusalem. God is doing a great end-time work and He is bringing in a great harvest of souls for His Kingdom. We have watched it in America too. But now we are so excited to be here with you, and uncle Or and aunt Angela, and David and his family. Everything has happened so fast. I can hardly believe we are really here.”

Samuel could not restrain the tears that came to his eyes. “I have prayed so many times for my children to be here with me.” He put his arm around Michael and drew him closer. “I am only sorry that your sister would not come.”

“We will keep praying, Dad. There is nothing that our God cannot do.”

Sam looked out across the balcony and pointed in the direction of the ben Hinnom Valley. “The revival here in Jerusalem has continued to draw huge numbers of people. And as you have probably noticed Jerusalem has taken on the attributes of a great, international city—more than any other place in the world. But I am afraid, my son, of some of the things I see happening. Over the weeks and months God has brought great salvation and healing and restoration to His Jewish people, and also to the multitudes that have come from the nations. But more and more I see how man is trying to take control of what our Gracious and Merciful God has done. There is a big attempt now to turn this revival into a big religious event.

“The enemy of men’s souls could not stop what God was doing as long as people were humble and totally submitted to the Holy Spirit. Even the Israeli police and security forces could not intervene and stop the many miracles that were taking place in the Valley, although they tried. But the devil has another tool that has always worked for him in the past—a tool called religion.

“The religious who have been opposed to what God is doing in the Valley, and have even tried to stop it, have now decided that it would be good to set up a tent, in order to regulate and establish Rabbinical rules in this great outpouring of God. And there are many people, even from the nations, that want to see man take the control. And so now I have been watching as the Glory of God is beginning to lift from this amazing revival. And many are turning their attention to the new temple that is going up on the Temple Mount. But I tell you, my son, there is a mighty remnant in Israel who have experienced the presence of their God in the low place of the ben Hinnom Valley, and they will not be fooled by deceptive religious signs. They now know their Messiah, and they will serve Him and follow Him until He comes. ‘For if the casting away of them be the reconciling of the world, what shall the receiving of them be, but life from the dead.’ ”

“But now, enough said. Let’s go find Leah and the boys. There is much that needs to be done.”

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Michael watched as his father opened the door to his small, but nice apartment in Abu Tur. He and Leah had decided to sit outside for awhile longer. He was thinking about what his father had told him in the afternoon. They had been in Israel now for almost two weeks, and they were amazed at everything that was still happening. The revival was still going on in the Valley and God was still meeting with His people, and performing many great healing miracles. But like his father had told him, things were beginning to change. Man was taking control, and with the control was coming a greater darkness.



People were sometimes forming into angry mobs, and with loud voices and stones they would charge against God's anointed ones. He knew this same thing was also happening in many places in America. By convincing man that he could do all things better than God, the devil had made a way to take control. As God was lifting His Grace and Glory, a vacuum was quickly created for darkness to increase. Yahweh had done what He said He would do. He had poured out His Spirit on all flesh. But for all those who refused to repent and receive His Salvation and His abundant Mercy, then the judgment of God would be their destiny.

Michael looked up as Rabbi Joseph and Nancy came into the small yard and sat down next to them. He smiled at his dear friends. Like everyone else who had come with them to Israel, their lives had been forever changed, and they were so grateful to be in Israel.

Anna continued to grow larger with her pregnancy, and she was filled with joy, as she waited with great excitement to see her new baby. And she also longed to see beloved Savior again. She felt like one of the young women in the New Testament who had given up everything to follow the Lord wherever He went.

Michael knew that no matter how dark it might get, nothing could stop this glorious, worldwide, Jewish-Gentile army from fulfilling their commission. They were now filled with a divine love for the Lord and for one another. There were no degrees or positions of exalted authority in this end-time Army. They flowed together in God's great Love—a love that had no room for pride, and this Army was completely surrendered to what the Lord of Hosts had asked them to do.

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When man began to take over the revival in the ben Hinnom Valley, and the Glory of God lifted, a transfer began. Hungry and desperate people began to fill Yakov's meeting place in the

Old City. Day and night the building was filled with people. The local Messianic leaders would take turns ministering the Word of God, praying for the people, and helping them with their needs—for the greatest call now was to be a pure and humble servant.

One evening as Michael and his father Samuel helped Yacov prepare to minister to the people, a great disturbance was heard outside. Michael had just gone downstairs to see how the women were doing, as they prepared a huge meal for needy neighbors. So Yacov and Sam rushed outside to see what was happening. An angry mob had attacked a young Messianic couple. The young woman had a small child in her arms. As Yacov and Sam rushed to help them they too were attacked. By the time the police arrived Yacov and Samuel were found dead, and the mob had dispersed into the darkness.

“Father, I desire that they also whom You gave Me  
may be with Me where I am, that they may behold My Glory  
which you have given Me; for You loved Me  
before the foundation of the world.  
John 17:24

The instant Yacov and Samuel departed from their temporal life on earth they found themselves standing in the Glory of heaven. It was beyond their greatest expectation. They were in total awe. What God gives man to enjoy on earth is only a poor copy of what awaits His saints in heaven—their glorious heavenly abode.

A huge gathering of friends and family had come to welcome Yacov and Samuel home. A great celebration was planned. Yacov was delighted to see his father and mother—for they too had received Yeshua’s Love and Forgiveness. And there was Rachel, Yacov’s sister, with her husband Michael. She was shining in a beautiful white gown. Yacov also saw Shimon and Ruth.

They were literally shimmering in the Glory of God. They had all come to eagerly greet Yacov and Samuel. Hugs and kisses were given and joyful tears were shed.

But all the cheering and enthusiasm grew quiet when the King of Kings appeared. “Well done, my good and faithful servants,” the Lord said. “Enter, Yacov and Samuel, into the Joy of the Lord.”

Yacov and Samuel bowed before their King, as the Crown of Life was placed upon their heads. They had received a Martyr’s reward. All of heaven rejoiced as these two sons then removed from their heads their precious gold crowns, and placed them at the feet of Yeshua.

Yacov and Samuel stood with a group of heavenly saints as they looked down over a balcony and through a large portal to the earth, below. When Yeshua pointed down to the earth the observing saints were able to see specific family members, and the communities where they had once lived and worked.

Yacov and Samuel smiled when they saw their family celebrating and not mourning over their deaths and departure from the earth.

“Yes,” Yeshua said, “they know that before too long they will be coming home. But many of these end-time saints will be with me very shortly. And some of them have also been selected to be a part of the great army of martyrs.

The saints could see a horrific darkness beginning to cover the planet earth. But in the midst of this terrible, dense darkness there were radiant beams of light shooting forth from many different places. These penetrating rays of light were coming from the saints of God on the earth, for the darkness could not overcome them.

Yeshua spoke to the ones who had now gathered around Him. “By their faithful prayers and intercession and obedience to Me, My Bride has restrained the full force of evil upon the earth, but

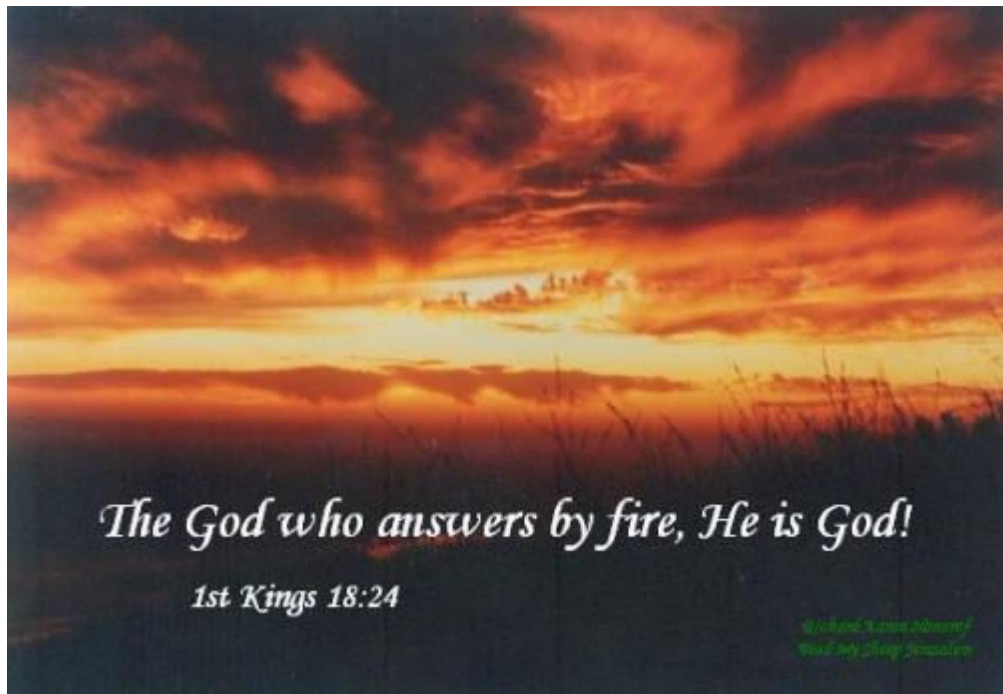
soon all things must be fulfilled.” Yeshua spoke with fire in His eyes. “Yes, very soon, I will call for My Bride!

“My Father is about ready to give the command. My Bride will be gathered from those who are with Me in heaven and from those who eagerly await Me on earth. From every tribe, nation and tongue I will gather together those who have offered their lives to Me as a sacrifice, and have washed their robes in the Blood of the Lamb.

And then soon the Wrath of God will be released on the earth.

4-1-2014

To be continued.





God's Revival Fires are coming before the Lord's Return



## Escape

“I know this sounds unreal and terribly bizarre, but I’m telling you that it is happening all the time, and no one even knows the truth. The children are just disappearing.”

“Leah and I have been praying for a few days. I want you to know that I am taking my family and leaving this area. We can’t leave our boys in that horrible school any longer. None of us can.”



Will America survive?

## Revival

All across the hills and valleys of America cries of repentance are coming forth as God’s sons and daughters came face to face with their Saving and forgiving God.



Moravian Falls