

Troy Alexander

# **The First Trumpet**

**By**

**Troy Alexander**

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## **Preface**

The traveler hurried on its way through the dark void. As its journey covered billions of miles it sucked in the wayward matter it encountered along its long seemingly endless journey growing little bit by little bit and now had reached a size that would put kings to flight and cause noblemen to faint. No longer a traveler of the Ort cloud it traveled like a giant marble shot out of God's hand as it was nearing its final destination and resting place. It came silently through the near emptiness but it was not alone. It had brought companions whose fate was tied to the traveler's. It did not think, nor was it evil, its purpose was determined from the beginning of time and it only moved according to its designer's plan. But for the emptiness of space it's silent call would be heard as the sound of a thousand trumpets.

**REV 18:12** The merchandise of gold, and silver, and precious stones, and of pearls, and fine linen, and purple, and silk, and scarlet, and all thyine wood, and all manner vessels of ivory, and all manner vessels of most precious wood, and of brass, and iron, and marble,

**REV 18:13** And cinnamon, and odours, and ointments, and frankincense, and wine, and oil, and fine flour, and wheat, and beasts, and sheep, and horses, and chariots, and slaves, and souls of men.

## Chapter 1

“Wake up Jeff, its five minutes to midnight,” he would have to hurry to get to work by one. Linda was back from her shift as a nursing assistant and now it was his turn to put his nose to the grindstone. Linda had already fixed his breakfast and some coffee. She was a sweetheart and he was thankful for such a caring wife. He knew this crazy schedule was maybe harder on her than it was on him. He wondered as he drove his Toyota Camry from their modest northwest suburban home in Rolling Meadows into Chicago if this is how man was meant to live. The traffic on the Northwest Tollway was light for even this early hour. “At least I don’t have to fight rush hour traffic,” Jeff Evers mused. He should get to work with ten minutes to spare.

“Our guest tonight will be Herod Goldstein, noted psychic

and expert on the coming new cosmic awakening.” Jeff scanned the stations for something a little more interesting. It was another lame guest on the program he usually listened to on his late night drive to work. He settled on listening to the preacher claiming to be the last day’s prophet of God. The guy was pretty lame also but sometimes his railings got interesting.

“Jeff we have a big problem,” not the words he wanted to hear walking in the door. “Yesterday’s batch runs posted to the G/L incorrectly It wasn’t caught until after today’s backup.” Delores looked frantic. Jeff looked over the G/L and update summary reports in her hand. It was going to be a busy night doing a reverse back up, correcting the error and rerunning the batch runs for the last two days.

His work as a data processing manager was rarely ever different unless they went and messed up the system with their latest upgrade. It always seemed to take a week or two to iron out the new bugs. Working third shift he was usually the last to be informed of any tweaks and could only get the answers it seemed the next morning. But, there hadn’t been an upgrade for a while and things had been running smoothly, at least until tonight. Well, it was Monday.

“Did you hear about Andrews?” Jeff was startled as he was drinking his third cup of coffee. Third shift was crap on the body, but it was hard to find money to pay a baby sitter so this worked out for now. “Sorry Jeff didn’t mean to startle you.” Jim Schmidt was standing in the doorway holding the end of the month board reports which were now finally correct. “Did you hear about Andrews?” he asked again. “What about Bob Andrews?” Jeff shot back. Bob and Jeff usually had lunch together. At least what would be lunch at 5 AM. Their

discussions were rarely boring. Bob was an older guy and most considered him strange. Jeff considered him thought provoking.

“It seems your friend Bob quit on Friday and won’t be back. Probably ran off to be a hermit in the woods like he was always talking about.”

“Damn! He didn’t say a word to me about it,” Jeff fumed, disturbed that the guy he considered a friend would do something so drastic without a mention. It would be an hour more before Jeff found a letter from his friend apologizing for not talking with him about it before he left and explaining why he wanted to leave quietly. Bob also included directions to his new home in northern Wisconsin, which was surprisingly close to Jeff’s land.

Jeff and Bob had talked many times about the area because Jeff had inherited 40 acres of woodland there and had strongly thought about selling the land. Jeff was a young looking thirty two, tall and athletic with deep brown eyes that had the habit of unnerving people he just met because they appeared to look right into one’s soul. His short boyish looking dark brown hair gave him the look of having just stepped out of a full page magazine ad featuring a hiker overlooking a mountain range, yet he had never been the outdoors type. The money would come in handy making improvements on their house and paying some of the huge mortgage down. Bob had strongly opposed this and many times remarked that if he were a younger man with a wife and two children he would leave this rat race now and save his family from this world while he still could.

Thoughts of their conversations and the fact that Bob had really left the “rat race” stayed with Jeff even on the drive

home. The Northwest Tollway wasn't so nice a drive in the day as it was at 12:30 AM. Even though he was leaving the city while most traffic flowed in, it was still very crowded and cars darted in and out of lanes trying to get where they were going one minute earlier. The morning drive home usually left Jeff stressed. Today even more so as he thought about what it must be like up north where there aren't ten million people all crammed into a small number of square miles. Bob had told him opportunity met with preparation when he found the perfect piece of land he had been looking for and finally had enough money saved up to purchase it, but this was still sudden.

"You wouldn't believe it, Bob Andrews quit work and moved up to Wisconsin!" Jeff announced, as he walked through the door. Linda was busy cleaning up the kitchen and the mess on little Isabel's face, but she hurried out to greet her husband and hear about this new development. "I can't believe he actually did it. We had talked about it, but I didn't think he would really just leave everything and move."

"Well, it's not the end of the world, just Wisconsin," she answered.

"It might as well be. Just leaving everything to live in the woods." Jeff was saying the words but in his heart he knew he was a little jealous. Something about his talks with Bob had planted a seed in him. He also knew while it was easy for a single guy to just up and change his life like that, it wasn't so easy for someone with a wife, two children, a mortgage and responsibilities.

There was another seed taking root and that was about the bible and God. More and more Jeff was finding himself

listening to “Christian radio.” He and Bob had talked many times about religion. While this was another reason people thought him strange, Bob’s ideas sometimes seemed to make sense and this put a desire to find truth in Jeff.

He could almost hear Bob’s words still, “that crap on the radio will rot your brains out. If you want truth, you need to read it from the source, the bible.” But Jeff enjoyed listening to the Christian radio stations at times and even liked a couple of the teachers.

“What’s on your mind Jeff, you’ve seemed somewhere else since you got home.” Linda was getting dressed for work, but took the time to sit down in front of her husband and looked into his eyes.

“I don’t know, I guess Bob’s leaving like that has me thinking a hundred thoughts all at the same time.” Linda could see something was churning inside him.

“I have this weekend off. Why don’t we go camping on our land and maybe visit Bob.” Jeff looked up and smiled, sometimes it seemed Linda could read his mind.

“Maybe that’s a good idea,” he said getting up and walking his wife to the door. He gave her a kiss. Christopher Jeffery, age six and Isabel Grace age three ran to the window to watch their mom leave and wave goodbye after her.

Linda Evers steered her new Beetle north up hwy 53. Her car fit her. They both could be described as real cute. She was 5’7 and had been a swimmer 10 years earlier in school. She was proud that, at age 28, her having two children hadn’t detracted from her still looking good in a swimsuit. While most wouldn’t describe her as a bathing beauty, she had a

youthful healthy look. Long brown hair accented her feminine looks and blue eyes. Linda was the sort of woman that people were attracted to. She had warmth about her like fresh baked bread, some hidden ingredient that seemed to be missing in most people.

The drive to work wasn't far, just the wrong way at the wrong time of day, heading to work in the same direction as others were trying to get home. Hwy 53 was a mess as usual and the stop and go traffic left her time to think. She wished they could live a simpler life without the noise and headaches. She decided to call her mom from her cell phone. "How is it mom, with all the advancements in science, technology, and everything else that we seem to be going backwards? How did you make ends meet while staying home with us children?" Linda enjoyed her job, but she enjoyed being a mom more. If she was able, it was her dream to be a stay at home mom, and have as many children as she could be blessed with. Unfortunately between house and car payments, insurance payments, high fuel prices, electric, water, heat, phone, cell phone, internet, and of course food, there seem to be no end to the bills they had to pay. They just couldn't afford to live on what Jeff made alone.

"You know Linda, its not that things were better in the old days. It was as hard back then as it is now. We think maybe things were better back then, but they were only different. We didn't have home computers, internet, microwaves, cell phones, or cable TV. We only had one car. Your father and I saved and waited a year and a half to get married. We scrimped and saved and sometimes I don't know how we made it. Maybe we did because we had no other choice." Linda listened but she didn't seem to be finding the answer

she wanted. There didn't seem to be any silver bullet.

She was glad that Jeff had agreed about going up north this weekend. She tried not to ask too often, usually Jeff wasn't very keen on the idea. Linda loved the thought of living in the country and having gardens and fruit trees and animals, and especially loved northern Wisconsin. The people up north seemed friendlier. People are people, but when you aren't all smashed together and when your life may be saved by your neighbor, then it seemed at least in that area people were happy to meet you and to see you again. It was nice to go there just for the chance to decompress from life in the city.

**MAT 22:21** They say unto him, Caesar's. Then saith he unto them, Render therefore unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's; and unto God the things that are God's

**PSA 50: 10** For every beast of the forest [is] mine, [and] the cattle upon a thousand hills.

## Chapter 2

Bob Andrews stepped out of his camper and stretched his 5' 11" frame to its limit. "I am sore as hell," he said out loud to the trees and any animals willing to listen. "But it's a good sore." He noticed his stomach didn't hang out over his pants the way it did a week ago. His pants also fit looser. His back was stiff, his elbows and knees ached, but he still felt better than he could remember. It was the last week of April and the ground was soft, but there was much to do. It was exactly one week earlier that Bob Andrews had quit and left Chicago, the rat race, the traffic jams, and most everything he hated in the world, and it felt like he had a permanent smile etched on his face.

Bob thought back to the previous six years that he had spent saving and studying. He had bought and read almost every book on survival and homesteading. He visited forums on the internet. And he purchased the equipment he would need. It was three months ago when he had found the perfect piece of real estate and put in an offer. The offer wasn't a great offer,

but in the middle of winter sales of land slows in a snow covered area like Wisconsin and after a month of waiting the sellers out he was able to purchase his dream land at a good, reasonable price. After purchasing an older 28 foot trailer that would become his home for the next year or two he hooked it to the back of his 4 wheel drive truck and drove it onto his property up an old logging trail. He parked the trailer on a small clearing he made on a high and dry spot, leveled the trailer, eyed up his surroundings and new home and called it good.

Driving his truck south on hwy 45 and taking a short detour on to hwy 8 Bob turned into the local gas station. Pulling up to the gas pump he filled his truck and the two gas cans he brought. Reaching into the back of the truck he grabbed the propane cylinder that was used for heating the trailer, running the stove, refrigerator and heating water for his showers. The trailer had two cylinders and it was good to refill each one as soon as it emptied he figured. Inside he paid for the cylinder exchange, the gas, some 2 cycle oil, bar oil, along with a cup of coffee which he drank while talking with the owner, a middle aged man with a welcoming smile and the same name as his. "Bob, can you think of anyone with a tractor and tiller attachment that will hire out to till up a garden area?" he asked. Taking down a phone number he headed straight back home. Daylight was burning and there was a lot to get done and not a lot of time to do it.

Measuring out two cycle oil into the container of gas for a proper 50:1 mixture was always easiest when you bought the proper amount of gas as the two cycle oil was packaged, which he had done. Just dump it in. After shaking the can to mix well, Bob started filling the gas tank of his Dolmar 7900

chainsaw. He had studied which saw professional cutters liked best and the Dolmar lived up to all the raves of their owners. His Dolmar saw with 18" bar was better than advertised. It was extremely light weight for the huge power output and after a week of trouble free use he found himself in love with his saw.

Bob had grown up in the country on a farm and moved to the city when he was finally old enough. It didn't take him long to wish he never left and over the years he even began to hate cities. After the first couple days he had relearned two important lessons. First that it's best not to go out in the woods until after about ten in the morning when the dew is off the grass or your socks will be wet all day and second there are a lot of ticks in the woods in the springtime. He had seen the effects of Lymes Disease and wanted no part of it, so he made it a religion to clean up when he came in for lunch or dinner. Mornings had become the time for getting his chainsaw and equipment ready for work or splitting firewood. Late morning was for dropping trees and cutting them up. Evenings were for clearing brush or stopping at one of the local bars in the area to do recon. There were two places to gather "intel" in a small town. One was the local gas station which carried a small assortment of groceries. The second was the local bars. Bob as a new resident was making it a habit to visit both when he could.

"Whose turn to die?" Bob said out loud looking over his possible victims. The 38 acres of land Bob had purchased was heavily wooded with a good mix of hardwoods, sugar maple, white oak, and red maple. There were some less desirable trees like birch, basswood, and cedar. The whole mix was as good as he could have hoped for. Especially the white oak, as good stands of it weren't plentiful this far

north. Bob was making hay as the sun shined. He knew he had to get a good clearing done before mosquitoes took over the woods, especially around the trailer. And he wanted to get his fruit trees in next week or he would have to wait another year.

The first step in felling trees is to see where the tree wants to fall and hopefully you can fell it in that direction. Making a face cut in the direction he wanted the tree to fall Bob cut out a v shaped wedge almost a third of the way into the tree and then from the back side made a flat cut straight through the tree at the v. He had helped his father with wood cutting as a boy and had picked up a lot of what he knew watching him. His father used to show him a trick. He would cut the face cut narrow and then curve the v open to one side. When his father would make the cut from the back, the tree would fall forward and then spin off about 90 degrees before hitting. It was a way to make a tree that wanted to fall west instead fall north or south. Bob found himself playing with the trick as a game. He would stick a wedge part way into the ground about 30 feet from the tree and see if he could drop the trunk on the wedge.

Once the tree was on the ground Bob limbed the tree and cut firewood from the branches and tops. The parts that were too small were dragged to the center of the clearing for a bonfire at night. Since the leaves weren't fully out and the woods hadn't greened up, Bob was careful to keep the fire on the smaller side. He also kept a large bucket of water and a shovel handy. After the harvesting of firewood, the bottom log and the log above it in the trunk known as a bolt were cut and left in place for later conversion with a sawmill. Bob was careful to place firewood pieces strategically under the tree before completely removing all the limbs so the sawmill logs

and bolts were not lying directly on the ground.

Come evening, Bob looked over the mess he had made and decided he would have a bonfire night. Later, as he sat warming in a chair near the fire and looking up at a clear sky he thought about how long it had been since the world seemed like a good place to live. It had been a week and while he didn't miss the city or his job, or his old apartment in Des Plaines, he felt lonely for the first time. He thought of his ex-wife and how she had cheated on him, and still was given custody of his daughter and their home. He thought about how he had to pay not only child support but also for the house in which he was no longer welcome. He thought about how his ex had poisoned his daughter against him. She was grown now and didn't seem to want much to do with him. He was glad to be away from that world. The system cheated him of his daughter and of his labors, but that was finally over. He swore he would never remarry and only let relationships with women get so far. But now that he was in a world of his creating the need for companionship was making itself felt again. He knew he wasn't ready yet, but maybe in a year there might be a place for a helper in his life. He sipped on his beer and listened to the woods around him. He could hear an occasional twig snap and thought "come fall Bambi's father will be filling my freezer."

Saturday morning was Bob's first real Sabbath. Things had been too hectic the previous Sabbath with moving and he needed a rest. He decided to stay in bed and read his bible for a couple hours. He had gotten up earlier to use the bathroom and have something for breakfast. But now he was relaxing back on his bed and planned to stay there all day if necessary.

**Isa 14:12** How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning! [how] art thou cut down to the ground, which didst weaken the nations!

**Rev 12:7** And there was war in heaven: Michael and his angels fought against the dragon; and the dragon fought and his angels,

### Chapter 3

The Air Force's observatory in Antarctica had been tracking it for nearly a month and each day they wondered how much longer before some amateur astronomer in Tasmania or other southern location would blow the lid off it. Of all places it turned out to be the Vatican's observatory which had been built in response to the approach of Hale Bopp and had been staffed full time since. Because the Vatican's observatory was the first to announce the new comet's discovery they had the right to name it. The name like the announcement was not approved by the Vatican. In fact they had also been tracking the comet for weeks before the story and name were leaked by an overzealous worker who decided it should be named Lucifer, which means light bearer or splendid star. And it was a splendid light, although only visible from extreme southern locations. That would change quickly.

“Give us what you know so far.”

“Mr. President, Lucifer is roughly 4000 miles across, which is

half the diameter of the earth. The blue spectrum light associated with it suggests it is extremely positively charged. Its atmosphere is mostly a mixture of hydrocarbons; we theorize methane is the most predominant. At its present velocity it will pass approximately 20 million miles from earth in about three and a half weeks.

“Then you would say Mr. Jenkins that it will not pose a threat?”

“Not exactly, Mr. President. Though we only have theories about the electrical nature of the solar system, it is possible according to some theories that a highly charged large comet of this nature can possibly cause destruction at a distance. Also the models predict its return path could be 3 weeks from hitting us square four months from now.

“If needed can we launch a few nukes and blow it out of the way?”

“Not exactly Mr. President. It would be like trying to blow up a planet.”

“What’s your best assessment?”

“Mr. President,” Tim took a second to collect his thoughts. “It’s going to be a phenomenal show having that large a comet pass that close. There will probably be many people panicking, however I believe it will be a near miss and pass harmlessly back out into the Ort cloud not to be seen for a couple thousand years.” He didn’t mean to but it slipped out, “God willing.”

Tim Jenkins was not new to briefing the president. As a top tier astrophysicist he had overseen many military space projects and some NASA projects that exceeded its normal

civilian parameters. This was the first time something like “God willing” had ever escaped his lips. Tim would spend the rest of the day wondering how he came to say it, but deep down he wasn’t the most confident man in his own prediction.

“How are the underground cities coming along?” Everyone in the group became attentive when Herod Goldstein asked the question and looked to the president for his response.

“They are all stocked and on alert if needed.”

“You know Mr. President, there are some who believe the planet Venus was a comet much like this Lucifer. And that as it passed the planet Mars ripped the atmosphere and oceans away from Mars, maybe even dumped it on Earth causing a massive flood. There are ancient writings that suggest before Venus settled into its present orbit that it caused major catastrophes on Earth..

“It’s that kind of talk that can cause a lot of destabilizing or loss of faith in our government.”

“Of course Mr. President, we won’t allow such talk for the American public, but it doesn’t pay for us to live in ignorance,” Herod responded smiling.

The meeting soon ended leaving only the president and Herod remaining. “My people tell me that your Mr. Jenkins is wrong.”

“How so Herod?”

“From what they have advised me the solar system is more electrical in nature than most believe and the blue spectrum comets are the most electrically charged. They believe that

massive electrical energy flows will continue to increase and the recent string of natural disasters was only the beginning and they will not only continue but increase in strength. While we won't have the hurricanes at this time of year we should begin preparations for what this massive comet will bring, and expect much worse in the fall when it returns.

"I appreciate the input Herod."

"You know I am here to help you, sir."

The president knew it was a two way street, but Herod had been in his corner and helped him many times. It also didn't take him long in office to recognize that Herod's "intel" was almost always more reliable, so he would plan for the worst.

"There is chaos under the heavens and the situation is excellent."

"What was that?" Herod's assistant asked.

"Just thinking out loud," Herod answered with a small smile as they walked out to his waiting limousine. It is time to accelerate the move toward our new world order, he thought.

**Mat 7:24** Therefore whosoever heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them, I will liken him unto a wise man, which built his house upon a rock:

**Luk 6:48** He is like a man which built an house, and digged deep, and laid the foundation on a rock: and when the flood arose, the stream beat vehemently upon that house, and could not shake it: for it was founded upon a rock.

## Chapter 4

The drive north was pleasant. Jeff found it nice having open highway and not having to fight with other drivers trying to win the race. They made two rest area stops and a stop for lunch. It was 2 pm when they pulled into their 40 acre parcel and looked over the old rustic log cabin that sat in front of them. Inside they found things much the same as they left them apart from some minor inconveniences.

Mice had found their way inside at some point and pulled stuffing out of the already old and worn couch. There was no indoor plumbing which worked out well as there was nothing to freeze during the winter. Water was brought in from the hand pump that sat in front of the house. The one modern convenience was the big wood cook stove that was used for cooking meals and heating the cabin. While Linda brought in the supplies from the car, Jeff, Christopher, and Isabel scouted up wood for the stove. Each brought back an

armload for mom to start the stove with and then made a couple more trips to the woods until there was a good pile next to the stove for the weekend. Jeff thought about how interesting it was that at such a young age his children were so eager to work as long as they were working with him.

“How long til dinner?” Jeff asked, sticking his head back in the door of the cabin.

“Dinner won’t be for another hour and a half yet,” Linda replied, knowing what Jeff was going to ask next. “Why don’t you go visit Bob and invite him for dinner?”

“I think I will do that,” Jeff replied, smiling at the fact his wife knew him so well at times.

“Can we go with?” Christopher and Isabel asked.

“I need you to stay here and help your mother,” Jeff said climbing in the Camry.

The drive took only five minutes, and Jeff felt weird about driving up his friend’s driveway. He drove slowly, the driveway was no more than an old logging trail and he didn’t want bottom out his car or end up stuck. Pulling into a space next to Bob’s truck he looked over the area. About an acre of woods had been cleared back. There were assorted large logs laying on short pieces of wood keeping them off the ground, and there were a few fairly large piles of firewood scattered about. In the center there was a slightly smoldering, large pile of grey ashes.

Jeff stopped near the door of the trailer and listened for sounds of life around him. A silly thought crossed his mind. Was Bob crazy like some people at work were insinuating. Some had gone so far as call him a psycho. Jeff wondered if

Bob could be hiding in the woods, maybe even with a scope trained on him, watching to see if he was friend or foe. He knew it was a silly thought, but he felt awkward knocking on Bob's trailer door.

Bob had heard a car drive in but was still surprised that someone was knocking on his door. It was the first time anyone had come to visit him, as if the world had found him in his sanctuary. Yet he was pleased to see Jeff and accepted the dinner invitation immediately.

"Would you like a glass of wine Bob?" Linda asked, as she was already reaching for his glass to fill.

"Yes, thank you. You have a nice little cabin here, a little small and primitive, but looks solid still." It was the first time Bob had been to their cabin, and it looked a lot nicer than Jeff had described it. "If I was Jeff I would move you all here full time and leave Chicago to its own destructions." Linda smiled at the idea but knew that wasn't something in which Jeff was interested.

"How do you like living alone in the woods?" she asked. Jeff sat down at the other end of the thick wooden table opposite Bob and listened for his answer.

"I like it real well. The air is clean, the water tastes fresh and unchlorinated and without sodium fluoride, I might add. There is very little traffic, little noise, and the lights in the sky at night are stars."

"Maybe this is a bit rude to ask," Linda continued with her grilling, "but how will you make money in the middle of the woods? You must have some need of money, how do you plan on surviving? Do you have a job here or plan to get one?" Jeff smiled, it was as if she was reading his mind and

asking the same questions he had.

“I am a single guy with nearly no bills to speak of, my needs are fairly small. Some food, land taxes, and very little for utilities, and occasional entertainment. As for money, I plan to live off the land.” Both Jeff and Linda looked at their guest strangely so Bob continued “I plan to make maple syrup in the spring, grow gardens in the summer, hunt in the fall, and sell firewood in the winter. I have enough mature sugar maple trees for 2000 taps which will produce approximately 500 gallons of syrup a year. Each gallon of syrup will net me about \$30, but plan on only making 200 gallons because I am by myself, or \$6000 a year. I also have enough trees to continuously produce about 30 cord of firewood for sale a year. Each cord of firewood has the energy equivalent of 200 gallons of propane or fuel oil. The increased cost of fuel has increased demand for good firewood also. I expect to net about \$5000 a year off firewood sales from my land alone. I will also be offering tree removal services during the warmer months. A lot of people just have older dying trees around their homes they want removed. I expect to make \$20 an hour offering this service and also pick up additional firewood to sell or logs for making lumber.”

Jeff interrupted “don’t you need an expensive saw mill for making lumber?”

“Yes and no” Bob answered. “Yes, sawmills can be expensive, but for someone like myself making lumber on a limited basis with his own logs, it can be done with a simple inexpensive chainsaw attachment called an Alaskan mill.”

“I have trouble believing that you can make lumber with a chain saw” Jeff challenged.

“Come by my place tomorrow if you like and we can saw some lumber up together. In fact your whole family is invited if you like.” Jeff looked at Linda who gave a small smile and nod.

**Isa 24:19** The earth is utterly broken down, the earth is clean dissolved, the earth is moved exceedingly.

**Isa 24:20** The earth shall reel to and fro like a drunkard, and shall be removed like a cottage; and the transgression thereof shall be heavy upon it; and it shall fall, and not rise again.

## Chapter 5

Skippy Allison was in love with his new friend John. He was young and strong and cute and best of all Skippy thought, he was drunk out of his mind. The silly college boy was not from San Francisco and had never caught on to the fact that it was a gay bar or that Skippy was not a woman. The locals had helped by buying him round after round until Skippy decided John was plastered enough to invite him back to “her place.” John didn’t know that Skippy had planned to number his days as he was led into Skippy’s fashionable downtown apartment. It had been three months since Skippy had tested positive for Aids, and it was his plan to spread the joy. His perverse mind had theorized that the more people who had Aids the more money that would be allocated to finding a cure. One problem Skippy had not counted on was that he wouldn’t be dying of Aids. Before Skippy could enjoy shocking his new love with the facts of life in San Francisco the 50 tons of concrete that made up his ceiling and the floor for the apartments above, came crashing down splattering his Aids infected blood for close to a hundred feet, only no one

would care if they were splattered, as not a single person in his apartment building survived.

The USGS, the California Geological Survey, the California Office of Emergency Services, and the Association of Bay Area Governments had done a joint study on the possible damage of different earthquake scenarios to study the risk assessment, but no one considered the effects of a 9.2 magnitude quake along both northern and southern Hayward fault lines. The only saving grace was that it occurred at 1:34 AM when the business district was empty. The final death toll would be reduced by at least a factor of four in comparison to if the quake had occurred during normal business hours.

By 4:50 AM eastern time, the president had been woken up and was preparing to be flown from Camp David back to the White House. “Ron, give me what you have so far.” Ron Schrader head of the California Division of Homeland Security flipped the page of his note book and tried to remember each point he needed to make.

“Mr. President, as of the first data we have from the US Geological Survey we have an 8.4 magnitude earthquake along the northern and southern Hayward fault lines. Estimated damage is in the hundreds of billions of dollars.

“Am I hearing you correct, hundreds of billions of dollars?”

“Mr. President, The Kobe, Japan earthquake of 1995 measured 6.9, and caused economic loss in excess of one hundred billion dollars. Tonight’s quake is estimated to be thirty times more powerful. Economic losses will likely exceed a trillion dollars. It may not be the big one, but from where I am standing, I can’t imagine an earth quake more

destructive. We have some other serious problems I need to make you aware of, Mr. President. The quake extended westward across San Francisco Bay and the San Francisco Peninsula. The entire financial district is nearly destroyed.” The President listened in stunned silence. “The Bay Area ports and transportation systems are all unusable. The East Bay I-880 corridor all along the fault is destroyed. Also The Hetch-Hetchy aqueduct system is no longer operational and never will be operational again according the engineers. Lastly, the death toll is estimated to be in excess of ten thousand people with four hundred thousand people displaced from their homes.”

The President slowly pushed the button to hang up his phone and boarded the chopper. As soon as he got back to the White House he would begin damage control, he thought. FEMA would have to be mobilized as well as the California National Guard. The disaster would have to be downplayed in the media, and spin would have to be maximized to ensure the people of the country that the government will be able to fix everything. “This is going to be a nightmare when it hits the financial markets,” he thought sighing. As soon as he was back to the White house his staff accompanied him to the war room in the basement. Most of his top advisors and top cabinet men had already been woken up and brought there before he had landed.

“Billy!” he shouted as he walked into the room at the famous TV evangelist who had sworn him into office. “I want you to reel in the preachers. You make sure they convince their sheep that this was not a judgment of God against the homosexuals. I don’t want any crap like was said after New Orleans. This is much bigger and we are going to need everyone pulling in the same direction.”

“Mr. President,” Chief of Staff Hiram Berger spoke up. “The executive laws are in place and this is a national disaster beyond anything we have ever faced. It is time to declare martial law. The financial markets will be crushed if you do not act swiftly. Only a show of stability at this perilous time will give confidence to the market.” The president showed hesitation. “Mr. President, I assure you the financial market will demand to be given security.”

The president after a moment of thought responded, “We do not need to make rash decisions. We will gather additional information and decide on that after we have a better idea of where we are at.”

Secretary of State Ira Bloomberg interjected, “Do you think we can make it look like the work of Islamic extremists?” The glare from the president told Ira this wasn’t the time.

The giant cable news station was the first to break the story nationwide. “A massive earthquake measuring 6.7 on the Richter scale hit San Francisco early this morning. Reports indicate that many buildings have suffered severe damage and the government has issued an order for people to stay away from the area. Traffic will not be allowed into the area until FEMA personnel have been able to help the victims of this disaster. Death tolls are estimated close to 200 people and many hundreds of people are homeless. Electricity is out in many parts of the city, but should be restored to most homes within a few hours.”

A few minutes later on a well known Christian cable station, a broadcaster reported the same story and brought on noted guest, Herod Goldstein. “God is Love.” Herod started and paused to let it sink in. “People ask me why a loving God would allow people to be harmed, or even killed by this

recent earth quake. Our God does not want people to be hurt or die, God loves everyone, especially the misunderstood oppressed homosexuals in San Francisco. My friends what you need to understand is the great teacher Jesus came preaching a message of love and acceptance. This world is going through birth pains to bring us to an awakening of joy, peace and most of all love. It is the sin of hate that causes these birth pains in our mother. Hate and intolerance for people who don't look like you or act like you, or think like you. The great teacher Jesus taught that all races and peoples were the same and that we are all brothers. We must be against those who are always judging others. Remember judge not lest ye be judged."

The perky girl with big hair and a southern accent sitting on the opposite side of the semi-circle interrupted. "Do you think Rabbi that this is a sign that we are entering the end times and Jesus will return and rapture us home soon?"

"I do believe we are in a time of great change and a new world order will soon be established once we wake up to loving each other instead of being prejudiced toward one another."

"You heard it here." The host sitting in the middle of the semi circle with a big grin, big tie and thousand dollar suit interrupted. "The rabbi, one of Gods own chosen people thinks Jesus will be returning soon to take Christians home. Hallelujah! Make sure you are one of His children today by accepting him into your heart. You can go to heaven with us. Just pray with me now. Say, Jesus I want to go to heaven with you. Come into my heart and save me. If you said this prayer with me just now, you just became a born again Christian. You have blessed assurance that you are going to

heaven. Hallelujah!”

“Hallelujah!” The big haired girl next to him answered.

By early morning most gas stations in America had gotten word of the earthquake and had already set the price of unleaded at just over \$4.19 per gallon. The price of oil within a short time settled at \$91 a barrel. One station was shown on every national news service charging \$7.24 per gallon. Of course none of the other stations around them were charging more than \$4.29 but that piece of information was left out, giving the nation the concern that fuel prices would be going much higher than previously thought. This information had the effect of convincing many Americans they needed to fill their vehicle’s gas tank as soon as possible while they could still afford it.

Phone company switching equipment stumbled to keep up with the calls as people tried over and over to call loved ones in the San Francisco area. Most communications in and out of the area were down completely, including the fragile cell phone network. The only word going in or coming out of the area was through government agencies who had patched into the military’s communication network with their emergency field equipment, and a few scattered ham radio operators running their equipment on low power using car batteries. Word was spreading that the destruction in the bay area was bad, really bad.

By 7:00 AM Central time, news stations had upgraded the earth quake to a 7.3 and the estimated death toll was upgraded to 1000 people.

**GEN 25:30** And Esau said to Jacob, Feed me, I pray thee, with that same red [pottage]; for I [am] faint: therefore was his name called Edom.

**GEN 25:33** And Jacob said, Swear to me this day; and he sware unto him: and he sold his birthright unto Jacob.

## Chapter 6

Herod Goldstein was born into a rich and powerful family. His father was a rabbi and had a huge vested interest in a major oil company. Herod proved himself able at a young age. He was sent to the best of schools and was also tutored daily. Herod quickly became a leader, not because of his superior intellect, but it was something sensed by those around him. An instinct told others that he was the leader. It was that simple.

As a boy Herod never played sports, but was always active socially. He never learned how to read people, or control them; it was something that was in him since birth. Herod not only inherited his vast wealth, but also became the proclaimed savior of his people. He was considered by most to be Jewish, but had been taught instead, that he was the direct descendant of King Herod who, while called “king of the Jews” was in fact an Edomite. His holy book was not the Torah or even the Talmud, but the book of Zohar and other Kabbalah teachings he had received since birth. Herod was a

tall angular man who moved in a sort of uncoordinated way for a man, but if one were thinking about how an animal on the hunt might move while watching him, one could think he moved almost gracefully. He was an avid reader whose taste in books ran to those that would serve his purpose from *The Prince* by Machiavelli to writings on Dielectics by Hegel or Engels.

Herod's driving force in life wasn't money, he had more money than he could want to count or spend. Herod also didn't find himself attracted to women, not that he was a homosexual, just most women didn't appeal to him, so it wasn't sex that drove him either. What drove Herod was a lust for power and control. Herod was driven to destroy anything good, clean or loving in the world. It wasn't a conscious effort to destroy, but one that was programmed in him from birth. While he was very intelligent, he knew he was a creature of instinct and he had comfort and trust in that fact. It was this knowledge of himself, which made the incredible strong sexual desire he felt for Taylor Winston, the perky big haired co-host on the Christian cable program, so puzzling. Herod decided to send his assistant to invite her to brunch.

"Miss Winston," the dark suit clad assistant interrupted. "Mr. Goldstein asked for you to join him for brunch." Taylor Winston was the daughter of a tent preacher, revivalist and alcoholic, which was the perfect match for a codependent, control freak mother. The combination made for a rebellious preacher's daughter who went looking for love from half the football team in high school. The night after she was dumped at the prom by her sweetheart for being what he called a "skank ho" she found herself suffering through the effects of the bottle she stole from her father's liquor cabinet and for

some unexplained reason watching the Judeo-Christian cable station she now worked for. It was then that she accepted Jesus into her heart and turned from her promiscuous and rebellious ways. Taylor was soon a shining light of what Jesus could do in a person's life. After finishing second runner up in a regional Miss Arkansas pageant she was hired as an intern and sometime fill-in at the cable station.

Miss Winston was escorted to a large limousine which to her surprise was empty. Mr. Goldstein's assistant sensing her question answered, "We will be meeting Mr. Goldstein." How strange she thought, that he left just a few minutes earlier but didn't wait for her. She had heard before the show that Mr. Goldstein was the most important person ever to step into their building, which puzzled Taylor, as she knew the president himself had been there during the previous election campaign. She dismissed it as an oversight on their part, but was still surprised that a man said to be so important asked her to join him for brunch. Thinking back though, she wondered if she was invited or just told to join him.

Brunch wasn't at a restaurant as Taylor expected, but at Herod's penthouse apartment. Taylor wasn't an expert on art, but as she looked around the massive apartment the quality of the painting and marble statues took her breath away. She was led to a large solarium whose windows were opened to allow the cool spring breeze to pass through. "Thank you for joining me," Herod said smiling as he stood up and guided Miss Winston to a seat next to his at a beautiful but borderline gaudy gold and glass breakfast table.

"I think you were great today!" Taylor bubbled, not sure what to say or how to act or why she should even be there.

"Thank you" Herod replied graciously. Herod was very

rarely sexually excited and he wasn't sure one would call it sexual excitement now, but something larger than he could explain was driving a desire in him for her. He told himself that it was probably the intense guilt she would carry with her afterwards, but he knew that was a lie, and he never lied to himself only to others. It was something he prided himself on, but right now he wasn't thinking right and this woman in front of him was the cause. He knew he needed to do something about it. He could feel her sin was pride and he played to it. It was only an hour later that Herod sent her home in a limo, his needs filled. Herod also sent word to the Christian cable station that she was to be promoted and given her own hour time slot. His assistant made it clear that this was directly from Herod and his orders were followed immediately.

Taylor Winston lay in bed the rest of the day feeling guilty that she had so easily let herself be seduced and wondering why she had such a sick feeling of dread that she couldn't explain. Herod had been a perfect gentleman although not much of a lover; in fact he was a terrible lover. She thought back to what it was exactly, maybe the smell of him wasn't right, or the way he took her with no love or passion. What really unnerved her was the uneasiness she felt during the whole experience and the feeling of uncleanness she had since. She had thoughts that maybe he loved her and maybe she would be married to one of God's chosen race, but those thoughts were erased when he quickly dispatched her home afterwards.

**MAT 7:14** Because strait [is] the gate, and narrow [is] the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.

**MAT 22:14** For many are called, but few [are] chosen.

## Chapter 7

The Evers showed up right at 10:30 as planned. Bob was outside sitting at a picnic table drinking coffee. “Where did the picnic table come from” Jeff asked, knowing he didn’t see it the day before. “I just got done making it.” Jeff looked it over as he and his family all found a spot on the new picnic table to sit. Bob continued “they sell a kit at the farm store. Just add boards which by the way were sawed up with this baby.” Jeff followed Bob’s eyes to what looked like a chainsaw on steroids after Dr. Frankenstein was done with it. “Would you like a tour of the place?” Bob was now looking at Linda and the children who all nodded.

Bob did his best imitation of a tour guide as they walked down the logging trail. He pointed out the different species of tree and which trees were healthy and productive and which trees would need culling because of unbalanced growth, dying tops, undesired species, or the roots were coming up out of the ground at the base of the trunk. Jeff was amazed at Bob’s knowledge of forestry. Bob had always seemed like a walking encyclopedia, which had annoyed a lot of people at work almost as much as some of the strange things he said.

Bob also explained how each species was valuable. How sugar maples were good wood for flooring and making syrup. White oaks made good lumber that resisted rot and acorns which animals ate and could be consumed by humans if the tannin was soaked out of them first. The tannin could then be used for tanning animal hides. Birch could also be tapped and boiled for syrup which was prized for its high mineral content. Its white bark made excellent fire starter and could be used as paper to write on, for a covering for canoes or as wallpaper. Red maple could also be used for lumber and was excellent for firewood if you only had green wood as its moisture content was naturally lower than most other woods during the winter. Basswood was prized by carvers. Aspen grew very quickly and was excellent for making paper.

Once back to the clearing Bob continued with an explanation of his plans there. He showed where the wood pile would be stored, the greenhouse, and generator shack, the machine shed, the garden, the orchard, and last but not least his house. As they retired back to the picnic table Bob brought out some juice, water and a beer for himself and Jeff.

“I hope you don’t mind Linda, I took the liberty to pick up some lunch for everyone, and hoped you wouldn’t mind doing the cooking while I showed off my sawmill to Jeff.”

“What do you have in mind for lunch?” Linda asked.

“Well, early this morning I drove down to the lake and caught some crappies. They spawn at this time of year in the shallows and I hit a pretty big school of them.” Bob opened the top to an ice chest and sitting on top of the ice were about sixty of the largest pan fish filets she ever saw. Seeing the surprised look in her eyes Bob added, “most of those are over a foot, the larger ones were as big as sixteen inches.”

“They look great, and I would be happy to fix up lunch for everyone.” Linda asked Isabel to help her in the kitchen while Christopher followed the men outside. Looking around the kitchen of the trailer she was surprised how everything was like a regular kitchen only compact. She found it easy to cook in the kitchen and Bob’s cupboards were well stocked. The small refrigerator was also surprisingly filled for a bachelor.

“I purchased this guide system from the company that makes the ripsaw portable sawmill. It costs a bit extra, but it works so well, it’s a must,” Bob said as he picked up what looked to be a long aluminum 2x6. After securing a mount on either side of the log and placing the guide on top, Bob started his Dolmar chainsaw and positioned it horizontally on the guide. “It uses a special ripping chain!” Bob yelled over the noise of the saw. Squeezing the throttle the small saw mill screamed to life and Bob directed it with light constant pressure down the length of the guide. Jeff helped by removing the cut away part and tossed it to the side while Bob turned the log ninety degrees using a peavey and lined it square with the first cut using a carpenter’s L. Two minutes later Bob was back where he had started and the log was squared on two sides. Bob sat down with the small mill and started adjusting the guide.

“What are you doing there?” Jeff asked.

“I’m adjusting the cutting depth for six inches. We should be able to get three nice cants out of this log.”

“What’s a cant?” Jeff asked, feeling a little like he was a school kid that had missed the previous classes.

“A cant is like a timber that one cuts boards off of. Once we have our cants, we can cut them according to the grain to get

the best possible lumber and timbers. If we cut with the grain we will have what is called plain sawn lumber. This being oak, we want to get boards against the grain or quarter sawn lumber. That way the natural beauty of the wood can be seen.” As Bob started to make his first cut on the cant Jeff noticed that Bob now only laid the aluminum guide on top without securing it.

“Don’t you need to secure the guide?” Bob turned the guide so that Jeff could see the two black strips on the bottom.

“I used non-slip tape, like they use on ladders. It holds the guide flat to the cant.” It took about an hour and a half, but they had a nice pile of lumber to show for it. Jeff had sawn a number of the boards while Bob caught his breath. They were both tired, but had a nice pile of two by six inch boards and one beautiful timber to show for their hard effort. Both men were hungry for lunch.

“I hope you don’t mind I waited to fry the fish until you were done.” Linda was smiling in a way Jeff had not seen for sometime. “The children have already eaten and crashed on the couch in your trailer. Too much fresh air,” she added laughing.

“How much lumber do you figure we made?” Jeff asked.

“About two hundred twenty board feet,” Jeff thought for a second what that meant but Bob was ahead of the question. “A board foot is a two by six, one foot long; or a one by twelve, one foot long; or a four by six that is six inches long.”

“I get the picture,” Jeff replied. Bob continued “A cord of wood is four feet by four feet by 8 feet or 128 cubic feet. A cord of oak weighs about 4000 lbs. The log we cut up today

had a diameter of about 27 inches and was twelve feet long. Being a bigger log and as straight as it was we got a good conversion. Usually a cord of wood using good logs will produce 400 board feet of lumber.”

“Lunch is ready!” Linda announced.

Just in time Jeff thought, “I need the fish for brain food, plus I am starving.” Both men ate as if they would never be filled. Linda had to go back inside twice to fry more fish.

After lunch the men sat back on a couple of lawn chairs and enjoyed the beautiful afternoon. “What made you want to leave everything and move up here Bob? I mean, what was deep down behind it? I understand your plan which makes sense, but it seems you will be working three times as hard to make half as much money.”

“Since you ask Jeff, I felt like I was trapped in Babylon and wanted out.”

“Explain Babylon,” Jeff probed, wanting to have some understanding.

“Babylon represents man’s kingdom on earth as opposed to God’s kingdom. Jeff looked perplexed so Bob continued. “A kingdom has three things, a king, a law, and a judge. In man’s kingdom as it applies to America, there are three branches of government, the executive, legislative and judicial. In God’s kingdom it is different. Our Lord God Almighty is our king, our law giver and our judge. Each kingdom wants their laws obeyed, but we can only follow one king. As for me and my house that will be our LORD.” Bob paused to let Jeff give it some thought then continued. “The bible shows there are two kingdoms, the kingdom of light and the kingdom of darkness. We are born into the

kingdom of darkness or sin. All men transgress God's laws and are worthy of the punishment of death. God's desire is for his people to repent and return to Him, but our sins separate us from God. God Himself was born a man named Jesus, who became a sacrifice for our sins so that we can be reconciled to Him." Jeff was deep in thought, he had heard the preachers on the radio telling him to accept Jesus into his heart, but this seemed different.

"Bob, I accepted Jesus into my heart about six weeks ago." Linda listened closer as Bob continued.

"It is good you want to be reconciled to God, however no where in the bible are we told to accept Jesus into our hearts. In fact who are we to accept Him? It is we that need Him to accept us."

"Then how does one get saved?" Jeff asked.

Bob got up and walked toward the trailer. "I will be right back." A few seconds later Bob came back out of the trailer holding a bible. "That same exact question was asked of Peter at Pentecost in Acts 2:37." Reading, he continued, "Now when they heard [this], they were pricked in their heart, and said unto Peter and to the rest of the apostles, Men [and] brethren, what shall we do? Peter gives the answer in Acts 2:38: Then Peter said unto them, Repent, and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost."

Jeff interrupted "Isn't Baptism just an outward sign of an inward grace?"

Bob turned the pages of his bible quickly and read, "Romans 6:3-4 says: Know ye not, that so many of us as were baptized

into Jesus Christ were baptized into his death? Therefore we are buried with him by baptism into death: that like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life.”

Turning more pages Bob added “1Pe 3:21: The like figure whereunto [even] baptism doth also now save us (not the putting away of the filth of the flesh, but the answer of a good conscience toward God,) by the resurrection of Jesus Christ: and Col 2:12-13 says: Buried with him in baptism, wherein also ye are risen with [him] through the faith of the operation of God, who hath raised him from the dead. Who hath delivered us from the power of darkness, and hath translated [us] into the kingdom of his dear Son.” Bob sat quietly and waited for everything to settle in Jeff and Linda. He had hit them with both barrels and knew the battle inside their minds wasn’t a small one. He promised himself he would not speak first no matter how long it took.

After a couple minutes Jeff looked up. “I want to be baptized. What do we have to do?”

Both men were surprised when Linda spoke up. “I want to be baptized also.” She smiled at Jeff and added, “You aren’t going anywhere without me.”

The entire Evers family and Bob Andrews loaded into Bob’s truck, children sitting on their parents lap, and drove down to the lake. Bob had warned them the ice was only recently off the lakes and the water was going to be very cold, but that did not dissuade either of them. Wading into the icy waters they stopped when the water was about a foot above their knees. The water was so cold it hurt like a knife on the skin. “Do you confess Jesus Christ as your Lord and savior?”

Jeff, replied “Yes, I confess Jesus Christ as my Lord and savior.”

“I baptize you in the name of Jesus.” With that, Bob leaned Jeff back until he was totally immersed. When Jeff regained his feet, he then baptized his wife as Bob had baptized him. Once the baptisms were complete all three returned to the truck exiting the cold water much faster than they entered. Bob had brought almost every clean towel he had for drying with, but the effects of the cold water took sometime to overcome. They drove back to the Evers cabin first for a quick change of clothes, and then back to Bob Andrew’s trailer.

**Exd 5:7** Ye shall no more give the people straw to make brick, as heretofore: let them go and gather straw for themselves.

**Exd 5:13** And the taskmasters hasted [them], saying, Fulfil your works, [your] daily tasks, as when there was straw.

## Chapter 8

“Jeff, I know you have to get going back, but before you go, there is something I want to talk with you about. I believe we are entering a time of destruction on this planet. An example is the Indonesian tsunami, whose destruction I believe was massively under reported. Another example are the hurricanes, and I think they are only the beginning. I know this all sounds a bit out in left field, but I would like you to seriously consider moving up here permanently. I have other business ideas I haven’t discussed with you and feel confident if we become business partners you and your family will greatly prosper.”

Jeff took Bob’s hand and shaking it thanked him for all he had done and also the offer. “I will give it serious consideration Bob, and I want to thank you for everything this weekend, my family greatly enjoyed visiting with you.” Jeff’s respect for Bob had increased during their visit and he was honored that Bob had suggested they be business partners.

“If you can, please come back anytime. Hopefully you can make it back up here soon, there are a lot more things I would like to chat with you about.” Bob had held back a lot of the things he wanted to discuss with his friend because he had seen him as still in man’s kingdom, but now that Jeff and Linda were in God’s kingdom, there were many more things he wanted to say but now he was out of time.

“That was an interesting weekend.” Jeff remarked as they started the long drive back to the city. “I didn’t know what to expect coming up here, but it exceeded anything I could have imagined.”

Linda was quiet but suddenly her demeanor changed. “Jeff! What’s going on?” Jeff followed her gaze to the gas station which had a line of cars so long many people were waiting along the shoulder of hwy 8.

“The price is \$4.39!” Jeff exclaimed. I best turn on the radio and see what the heck is going on.” Jeff scanned the dials until he came upon the news. According to the news report an earthquake measuring 7.9 had struck San Francisco. The death toll stood at 239 but was expected to reach as high as 3000. The report went on to say that FEMA had already been mobilized and food, water and electricity would be provided to the residents as soon as possible.

Jeff thought back to Bob’s words only an hour earlier about destructions from God. Looking down at the gas gauge Jeff was glad he filled up on Saturday when he drove up. They would be able to make it back home without problem, but decided if he saw a station that hadn’t raised its prices yet he would fill up. That opportunity did not present itself.

By evening the price of gold and silver went up over 50% on

the world markets. Gold topped the \$550 mark. Silver responded even stronger jumping to \$21.20 an ounce, the highest prices either metal had seen in 25 years. The U.S. Dollar also fell drastically reaching all time lows on most foreign exchanges. The New York Stock Exchange looked from every indication that come Monday morning it would be down almost as drastically.

In San Francisco aftershocks were slowing the few rescue attempts made by civilians. FEMA and the Department of Homeland Security had only managed to create a barrier around the damaged area. Flights over and around the area were prohibited. One news crew chopper that managed to fly in close enough to take some pictures, was ordered to set down under the threat of finding themselves blown out of the air. Their camera was confiscated and they were held without charges.

It was close to midnight when the Evers pulled into their driveway. Jeff helped carry the children into the house and unloaded the car while Linda fixed a small snack.

Jeff took a quick shower and changed clothes before heading back to work. The drive seemed to take longer than normal. He wasn't sure he wanted to go back to work. Something was different but he wasn't sure what.

Turning the radio on he heard the preacher that called himself the last day's prophet of God. "God is going to destroy this nation. You need to come out from the midst of Babylon lest God destroy you with it." He was giving a message similar to that of Bob's earlier, but this man who claimed to be a prophet didn't seem to have an answer of how one was to come out, or survive if they did come out. He also noticed himself becoming annoyed about some of the things the man

was saying that didn't fit the scriptures. While he wasn't a bible scholar, he had been studying some and knew the man was twisting things. He had seen this done before and dismissed it as just the man's opinion, but now he found he had an almost hatred when it was done.

"Maybe I am just overly tired, it has been a hectic weekend, and I have a lot of new information to process," he thought.

"Jeff, Mr. Klein asked for you to see him in his office as soon as you came in." The secretary usually wasn't waiting near the door where people came in and Mr. Klein was rarely here during this shift. As he approached Joel Klein's office door a coworker was walking out and he didn't look happy. Jeff stopped at the doorway and knocked on the casing.

"Sir, you wanted to see me?"

"Yes, Jeff, please come in." Mr. Klein was smiling, but it didn't have warmth like most people's smile. It looked more like an animal's smile just before it ripped you to shreds. Jeff thought to himself, "I wonder why I never noticed that before." Jeff's thoughts were interrupted as Joel Klein continued, "The Company had been planning to make cost cutting moves, but with the recent events in San Francisco and the markets, they have been forced to accelerate their plans and make even more drastic changes. While we have regrettably had to lay off a large number of the staff, your hard efforts have not gone without notice, and I personally fought for you to remain part of the team. In these difficult times we are facing we are all going to have to make extra effort and pull together. This may mean unpaid overtime, and doing whatever is needed to get the job done. I believe in you Jeff and that is why I went out on a limb and fought for you. Can I count on you Jeff?"

While Mr. Klein was reeling off this crap, Jeff was wondering to himself how many of the smart ones told him to stuff it, and how many times Mr. Klein was going to use that crap “I fought for you” in the next hour. Unfortunately he didn’t have the luxury to be one of the smart ones. He had a wife, two children, and a large mortgage payment to make every month.

“Yes, sir,” Jeff answered though his tone didn’t quite have the enthusiasm Joel Klein was hoping for.

Jeff went back to his desk and got to work getting the job ahead of him done. Unfortunately it looked like he would also have to get two other men’s jobs done. Jobs he wasn’t as familiar with as he would need to be, which only made things harder. The five minutes he stole in the lunch room for his 5AM meal showed tired faces of the remnant, the other workers who like Jeff didn’t have the luxury to not be “team players.” Staying two hours late Jeff was able to keep his end of the “team’s” head above water and headed for home.

“I wish you had called to let me know you were going to be late,” Linda said, catching Jeff as he entered the door. “I know you are tired, but the hospital called me in, said it was an emergency because of the earthquake.”

Jeff looking puzzled asked “how does an earth quake in San Francisco cause an emergency in Arlington Heights?”

Linda shook her head “No, some of the personnel are going to California to help the victims and the hospital is understaffed. Well, it was understaffed to begin with but now...” Linda looked troubled and a tear was forming. “I’m sorry Jeff, I know you are really tired and need sleep.”

Jeff pulled her to himself and held her. “It’s ok sweetheart,

I'm fine." Jeff didn't have the heart to tell her what happened at work. He knew she loved him so much that any pain he had she felt twice, and he could see she was under her own pressures as badly as he was under his.

Jeff turned on the TV to see what the latest developments of the world were. The large cable news station was reporting that trading had stopped temporarily on the stock exchange after losing twenty five percent of its value in the opening hour. New reports were released that the quake had been more destructive than previously thought. Communications into the area as well as all other services were still non-existent. A spokesman for FEMA claimed they were unable to make rescue attempts because Islamic terrorists had moved into the area fueled by their hatred for America's desire to help those in need. Film showing a man wearing a red checkered scarf and shooting an AK 47 wildly at people on the street was simultaneously shown on every major news outlet across America.

As the day continued to drag on, Jeff couldn't believe it was only the day before that he had been in the woods saw milling lumber and getting baptized in an icy lake. "Things were harder there, more uncomfortable physically, but mentally and spiritually," Jeff search for the idea that seemed to be eluding him, everyone seemed happier. What was he attempting to do? What was his goal? Was it just survival or did he have a dream that was lost somewhere along the way? Jeff looked up and noticed Christopher was just getting off the bus. "Wow", he thought "where had he been the last few hours? "

Jeff's welcoming Christopher home was not the normal routine. "Where's mom?"

Jeff explained his mother had to work extra but that he was there for him. They sat on the couch in the living room and Jeff asked what his young son learned in school today. “We learn that in some families the daddy works and the mommy stays home and in some families the mommy and daddy both work, like in ours, right dad?”

“That’s right,” Jeff told him. “What else did you learn about?”

Christopher fidgeted uncomfortably, “The teacher said in some families there is only a mommy and in some families there is only a daddy.” Christopher looked like it was getting harder to speak. “She said in some families there are two mommies but no daddy, and in other families there are two daddies and no mommy.” Jeff closed his eyes and held his head in his left hand. Was there no end to this day, he thought? Jeff didn’t have to wait for an answer.

**2Ki 8:12** And Hazael said, Why weepeth my lord? And he answered, Because I know the evil that thou wilt do unto the children of Israel: their strong holds wilt thou set on fire, and their young men wilt thou slay with the sword, and wilt dash their children, and rip up their women with child.

**Eze 16:21** That thou hast slain my children, and delivered them to cause them to pass through [the fire] for them?

## Chapter 9

The front door bell rang and Jeff slowly walked to the door hoping to gain his wits before answering. There was a lady with short cropped hair and a smug smile with a County Sheriff's Deputy standing behind her. "Mr. Evers?" She asked, "I am Brittney Summers of Child Protective Services." She paused to let her importance sink in to his brain. "We have a complaint that you have been abusing your children."

Jeff interrupted "Who would make such a ridiculous charge?"

"Mr. Evers, we are not allowed to release that information."

Jeff had enough of the world today, but it didn't seem to have enough of him and he was tired of taking it sitting down. "Excuse me, did we become the Soviet Union? Since when can't a man face his accuser?"

Ms. Summers had been taught about this type. She sneered as she wrote on her clipboard. “Sir, I would like to come in and inspect your home and interview your children.”

Jeff had enough with the little miss know it all college twit. “Do you have a search warrant?”

Ms. Summers smiled; she liked this part the best. “Mr. Evers, I don’t need a search warrant. I have the right to enter your home anytime I choose and to interview your children whenever I choose and if you continue presenting a problem I will have you arrested and your children taken into custody.” Her lips curled involuntarily. Jeff remembered a discussion he and Bob had about CPS and how they were an attack on white families.

According to what Bob had said, CPS collects more than ten thousand dollars for every child kidnapped. They also had a policy to place white children only with minority families, Blacks, Mexicans, Orientals, or homos. There were thousands of reports of children having been abused, molested, and even killed under CPS care.

Jeff had no idea what to say or do, so he silently prayed, “Dear God, please help me. Give me wisdom to handle this.” Jeff began remembering more of Bob’s words, “if those bastards tried to kidnap my children I would shoot them where they stood.” Of course Bob didn’t have children, but Jeff believed he would. Maybe I should have bought a gun like Bob suggested, Jeff thought.

“Mr. Evers, I am waiting.” Ms. Summers showed her impatience by placing her right hand on her hip. Jeff looked at the County Sheriff deputy behind her. He looked like he hated this and her almost as much as Jeff did. His look was

one of “I have bills to pay and children to feed and I am just doing my job.” Jeff didn’t have pity on him and wondered if that was how the Roman soldiers felt when Herod the Edomite king of the Jews ordered the Israelite children murdered in an effort to kill Jesus. “Sorry ma’am for killing your child. I am just following orders. Just doing my job, ma’am.”

“What are the allegations brought against me?”

Brittney rolled her eyes. “What is wrong with these people, don’t they understand I am here because I want to help children and because I love them?” she thought. Didn’t they also realize fighting her was futile? She had the power to take their children. She was in control and a good thing too she thought because these people are too stupid to have the right to reproduce.

Even though he wasn’t supposed to interfere the Deputy spoke up. “They have surveillance film of you spanking your child in the parking lot of Wally World on Saturday evening.” Ms. Summers was furious; she swore to herself she would have that deputy’s ass on a silver platter.

“Christopher!” Jeff yelled. Christopher Evers age six, their oldest child came to the door to see what was happening. “Where did we go this weekend?” Jeff asked. Christopher’s eyes lit up.

“We went to the woods and our cabin, and the lake and to see your friend.” Thoughts of the past weekend had Christopher’s energy level at maximum levels.

“Christopher, where is the cabin?”

Christopher thought for a second for the best way to answer.

“Far away, in Wis-consin,” not sure how to say it. “It was a long drive and we ate at a restaurant going there Saturday, but we didn’t eat at one coming home Sunday because it was late and I was asleep.” he explained. Jeff stared at Ms. Summers expecting their conversation to be over.

“I still need to come in and inspect your home to make sure the children have safe and proper living conditions,” she ordered.

Jeff held his ground knowing this was just a reason for her to go fishing and find something else she could try to pin on him. “The allegations brought against me have been proved erroneous and I want you to leave my property now.”

Ms. Summers tried to walk past Jeff, who stood his ground in the middle of the doorway. “Officer,” Jeff said, “please escort this woman from my property. She is trespassing and trying to forcibly enter my home.” The deputy didn’t move, he knew his ass was already in a sling for speaking up and he wondered how or why he had done so.

Ms. Summers knowing she was at a standstill and that the power was still on her side decided on a temporary retreat, but she let Jeff know as she was leaving that she was not through with him.

“I will be back Mr. Evers, with court orders and warrants.”

“You do that,” Jeff retorted. Because I will sue you, CPS and the Sheriff’s Department for abuse of power.” Jeff figured in reality he was probably screwed, but he didn’t want to show weakness. He also wondered if his threats had anything more to them than just hot air and decided to do something distasteful. He would call a lawyer. “Too bad I don’t know any,” he thought.

His day just seemed to get longer. After remembering a lawyer he sometimes ran into and chatted with at the health club, he looked up his phone number and called.

The guy seemed like a stand up guy in the gym, and seemed even more so professionally. “Jeff, if I understand what you have told me correctly,” David McDowney paused to find the proper word, “legally you are screwed. However CPS may not want to push against a respectable suburban family like yours as they have so much negative publicity and public sentiment already. Hopefully they will look for easier fish to fry.”

Jeff understood but still couldn’t believe what he was hearing. “I thought this was America, Dave? What happened to legal rights? How did a crazy law like this ever get past Congress and the Supreme Court? Isn’t it unconstitutional?”

“Jeff, I know you are upset and have good reason to be. These laws aren’t passed by Congress, they are administrative law.”

Jeff had no idea what was just said. “I thought only congress has the power to make laws,” repeating something he heard in Jr. High School.

Dave explained, “Congress, in an effort to govern more effectively, empowers agencies to have control of certain aspects of our society. These agencies have the power to create laws for the areas they were given the responsibility to govern. An example is Illinois’ Department of Natural Resources. The DNR can create laws that govern the use of land, hunting and fishing and any other areas they were given the power to oversee.”

Jeff did not like what he was hearing. “What protects us from

them becoming power mad and overstepping our rights? At least with Congress we can vote them out of office. What can we do to stop an out of control CPS?”

Dave thought he was getting nowhere but answered him anyway, “There is nothing we can do outside of going back to Congress and demand they be held accountable.”

Jeff knew David was trying to be helpful. It wasn't David's fault the answers sucked, and he recognized that he was trying to offer him help in a stressful situation. “Dave, I am sorry, I am very tired and a bit emotional. It is wrong that Congress creates a Frankenstein and doesn't take responsibility for it, but that is not your doing. You have been extremely helpful and I am very grateful. Thank you.”

Jeff looked at the clock. It was almost time to fix something for the children to eat. He hoped Linda would have time for a phone call and dialed the hospital. After getting transferred to his wife he explained about the whole mess with CPS. Linda was shaken by the news but did her best to stay calm and offer Jeff the support he needed. She knew he hadn't been to bed since Saturday night and she asked God to strengthen her husband in a short silent prayer.

“Jeff, try to get the children to bed early and get some sleep, you need some rest. I love you very much, and I am proud of you for handling today so well,” Linda said in her most loving tone.

**ZEC 2:7** Deliver thyself, O Zion, that dwellest [with] the daughter of Babylon.

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

## Chapter 10

“Wake up Jeff, it’s almost midnight.” Linda’s voice sounded like an angel calling him. Jeff Evers opened his eyes. His body hurt from being so tired and wondered if he even slept. He realized he had been sleeping the last four hours, and still felt like crap. It would be a rush again to get to work on time.

He could still feel the anger from the day before when he switched on his car radio and steered onto the Northwest Tollway. Deciding to find something new he scanned the channels. Skip was usually good on AM radio around twelve in the morning. The phrase “God’s kingdom” caught his attention. It was a phrase Bob used often when they talked about things of the bible. Listening, the preacher continued. “Many preachers today of the false church will tell you that God’s laws have been done away with while pointing to Romans 13:1 and saying, God says we are to obey the government. If you go to a church that says Gods laws are done away with that is a sign you are in the false church. The word Baal means lord. People of the Baal church love the

Lord; they just don't know the God of the bible. We can know God by knowing his requirements or desires for our life by learning His laws. We know what is right and wrong, not according to our hearts, but according to His word. The early church obeyed God not man's government. Acts 17:7 says Whom Jason hath received: and these all do contrary to the decrees of Caesar, saying that there is another king, one Jesus." Jeff was amazed at how much different this preacher was to all the other preachers on TV or radio.

The preacher continued "In the Garden of Eden, Adam and Eve were told not to eat of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, otherwise they would die. The tree of the knowledge of good and evil was a metaphor. The question becomes what gives us the knowledge of good and evil. The answer is God's law. But because we all transgress the law, we come under the punishment of the law, which is death. By Adam taking on the law he condemned himself and his seed to the judgment of the law. Because we are under the condemnation of death, our only hope for us according to God's law is a blood sacrifice. God became a man, Jesus. Jesus was sinless and shed His blood for us as a sacrifice for our sins. The book of John, verse 1:29 says: "The next day John seeth Jesus coming unto him, and saith, Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world. And 1Cr 15:22 says: for as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive." Jeff noted the station on his radio and programmed the radio so he could find it quickly.

"If we repent and turn back to God and His ways instead of following our ways and are baptized into Christ then we are washed of our sins and translated from the kingdom of man into the kingdom of God. He also sends us a helper, His holy spirit. Colossians 2:12 through 14 says: Buried with him in

baptism, wherein also ye are risen with [him] through the faith of the operation of God, who hath raised him from the dead. And you, being dead in your sins and the uncircumcision of your flesh, hath he quickened together with him, having forgiven you all trespasses; Blotting out the handwriting of ordinances that was against us, which was contrary to us, and took it out of the way, nailing it to his cross.” The preacher paused for a second to highlight his point “Does this mean God’s law is done away with? NO. It means that the price or judgment from God for our breaking His laws has been paid. It does not mean we can do anything our hearts desire again. Romans verse 6:1-2 says what shall we say then? Shall we continue in sin, that grace may abound? God forbid. How shall we, that are dead to sin, live any longer therein? And Romans 6:15 says what then? Shall we sin, because we are not under the law, but under grace? God forbid.” Pausing again he continued. “Right and wrong did not cease to exist at the death of Christ. Only the judgment of death ceased for those who come to God through Christ. As Jesus said in Matthew 5:18 for verily I say unto you, till heaven and earth pass, one jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law, till all be fulfilled.”

Jeff was amazed at the clarity of the teaching and how the man’s words sang of truth to his soul.

“Even though we are no longer under the penalty of the law, we, out of our love for God, want to serve Him and please Him. John 15:10 says If ye keep my commandments, ye shall abide in my love; even as I have kept my Father’s commandments, and abide in His love. And first John 5:3 says: for this is the love of God, that we keep his commandments: and his commandments are not grievous.”

Jeff realized he was pulling into the company parking lot. He had been so engrossed in the bible teachings, the drive went by before he realized.

Jeff was in a better mood as he sat down behind his desk. He looked over the large amount of work that waited for him and sighed.

“Jeff, I have something that needs your immediate attention.” Jeff looked up to find Joel Klein holding some type of report. “We need this proposal redone in two days so we can submit it on time.”

Jeff slowly accepted the report and quickly looking over it replied, “This is from the sales department for what looks like a government proposal.” Jeff had no idea why he was asked to redo it.

“That’s exactly what it is and we need the numbers redone and the proposal ready to submit before the end of work today.”

Jeff’s face had to show his confusion but Mr. Klein just didn’t seem to understand. “Sir, that’s a sales issue, I oversee operations.”

Joel Klein sat on the corner of Jeff’s desk and put on his best imitation of a close friend, only it just wasn’t working. “Jeff, since this proposal is for providing processing services and you oversee said operations, I thought it would be best to bring you onboard as we seek to optimize the use of our data processing services. Jeff, this is not only a chance to bring back some of the staff we had to lay off, but an opportunity for you to show your value to the company and that you can contribute to its success. I want to see you advance in this company Jeff, and this is an opportunity to do that.”

“What about my other work?”

Joel Klein smiled. “Go ahead and get today’s processing done and take the proposal home with you. You can do it at home.”

“Somehow I think he seemed to think I would take that as doing me a favor,” Jeff thought.

Jeff was only an hour late getting home and was happy Linda was neither frustrated with him or would need to be going to the hospital for two shifts today. Jeff laid his homework on the kitchen table. After receiving a greeting the way he preferred, a kiss and a smile, he decided to take a nap before starting work on the proposal.

As Linda finished cleaning the kitchen her curiosity led her to pick up the proposal and read it. The concern on her face was still there two hours later when Jeff sat down at the table to take a better look at the proposal so he could figure out what was expected of him.

Linda watched her husband and thought about keeping quiet, but decided this was serious and asked, “Jeff, what is the deal with that proposal you brought home?”

Jeff finished reading what he had started and looking up replied, “I am not sure what they want. I was told it’s a government contract for data processing services and was told I needed to redo it by tomorrow so it could be submitted.”

Linda was confused. “Then you never saw it before?”

Jeff wondered where she was taking this. “No, I’ve never seen it before. Why do you ask?”

“Well,” Linda paused while she thought what to say. “It has your name on it as the submitting agent.” Jeff turned the pages until he found that part of the form. “Jeff, I am concerned. The revisions they want made look like they will triple the cost from the original proposal. Could someone be covering their butt by having you do the proposal?”

Jeff pulled his wife close to him and guided her to his lap. Giving her a kiss he thought about how wise his wife was and how much he appreciated her. He probably would have figured it out himself, but she recognized what it was much faster than he ever could. She always seemed to have a sixth sense that way. He had theorized that women can parallel process information while men take much longer processing a step at a time. She couldn’t tell him why she didn’t trust someone or why she thought something was a bad idea, but she seemed to always be right and he tried to have the wisdom to listen when she had something to say.

Jeff and Linda talked about possible options before them. Jeff told her more about the ordeal with CPS and how their son had been taught about homosexuality in first grade. The first thing they did was to pray and ask God to bless the direction He wanted for them.

“What do you think we should do?” Linda asked, taking her husband’s hand. Jeff looked her in the eyes and thought how blessed he was that God had given him a better wife than he could ever hope.

“I really don’t know sweetheart. I keep thinking about something Bob told me just before we left. I didn’t tell you earlier about this because I didn’t know what I thought about it. Bob said we were entering a time of destruction, then we start on our way home and first thing that hits us is news

about the quake. I don't know if he knew about it, or if it was just a strange coincidence. Bob also talked about our moving up north there and becoming business partners."

"Business partners at what? Making syrup and cutting firewood?" Linda asked.

"I'm not sure, but he did mention he had other plans and that he thought we would prosper. I thought we could sell our house, quit our jobs and live in the cabin. Spring wouldn't be too awful, but then winter might be hell. I am concerned with the earth quake and the change in the economy that this might not be the best time to sell the house though." Linda was smiling. Jeff suspected she liked the idea of moving to the country.

Linda added the point, "I could work at a hospital in Wisconsin if needed," but in her heart she was hoping she could be a stay at home mom and home school the children. Especially after what she heard was taught to her son.

"If we were to move there," Jeff answered, "maybe it would be best if we home schooled the children. We wouldn't have many bills and hopefully we would have enough equity we could take out of the house to be secure til things are producing there." Linda smiled bigger, she liked that Jeff seemed to read her mind. They decided together that the wisest way to handle the situation with the proposal was to redo it as requested, but in the place where Jeff's name appeared as submitting agent, he placed Joel Klein's name and left the place for the submitting agent's signature blank.

Jeff was awake when Linda returned home. He wasn't worried how Joel would respond anymore. In fact he was looking forward to seeing how Joel Klein would react.

Perhaps he would be fired tonight. He had spent the previous fifteen minutes thinking how blessed he was and thanked God for his family, his friends and for God's word and truth that He had been revealing to him. He had no fear of what Joel could do because he trusted that God would bless him. It might be harder and it might be painful. But he knew it would be for good in the end.

As he headed off to work he turned on his car radio. The news coming out of San Francisco was worse. The Stock Exchange was trading at only forty percent of its value the previous week. There were also reports that pressure on the financial markets would be eased if a national state of emergency was to be declared and a temporary state of martial law put in place until the country could get back on its feet. Rioting and vandalism were reported as a response to anger over recent price increases, massive layoffs and welfare payment delays in California due to gridlock of the entire Financial Reserve System in California.

Jeff pulled into the gas station before the tollway. The price of unleaded had now reached \$4.89 per gallon. It wasn't that the price of oil had increased world wide, but that the value of the dollar had continued to decline due to worries of hyper inflation as the government was expected to try to spend its way into recovery.

Getting back in the car Jeff realized it was the time the preacher from the other night came on. Switching the channel he heard his voice. "Man's kingdom is built upon the corporation. Corporations are easy to start and can be built quickly, however, they are also unstable. Corporations can merge, fail, be reorganized and experience hostile takeovers. God's Kingdom is built not upon the corporation but the

family. The false church as a part of man's kingdom is also built upon the corporation. God's Kingdom started with Abraham. It took Abraham 100 years to father two sons. Of the two sons only one was the son of the promise. Romans 9:7-13 reads neither, because they are the seed of Abraham, are they all children: but, In Isaac shall thy seed be called. That is, they which are the children of the flesh, these are not the children of God: but the children of the promise are counted for the seed. For this is the word of promise, at this time will I come, and Sara shall have a son. And not only this: but when Rebecca also had conceived by one, even by our father Isaac; For the children being not yet born, neither having done any good or evil, that the purpose of God according to election might stand, not of works, but of him that calleth; It was said unto her, The elder shall serve the younger. As it is written, Jacob have I loved, but Esau have I hated.”

“God's covenants were made with one man's family. And God's Kingdom is built with the remnant of that one family. Where our limited human minds want to build now, today, in God's Kingdom a day is like a thousand years. We are given a dominion or kingdom building mandate in Genesis 1:28: be fruitful, which is productive; multiply, which is having children; and have dominion or build God's Kingdom. Notice that the first step, being productive qualifies us for the second step, having children, and the second step qualifies us for dominion. Many men want to jump straight to step three, but it doesn't work that way. God's Kingdom is described as the stone kingdom. Jesus is the chief cornerstone. Daniel 2:34 reads Thou sawest till that a stone was cut out without hands, which smote the image upon his feet that were of iron and clay, and break them to pieces. Psalms 118:22 reads: the

stone which the builders refused is become the head stone of the corner. And Isaiah 28:16 reads: therefore thus saith the Lord GOD, behold, I lay in Zion for a foundation a stone, a tried stone, a precious corner stone, a sure foundation: he that believeth shall not make haste. And lastly first Peter 2:7-8 reads: unto you therefore which believe he is precious: but unto them which be disobedient, the stone which the builders disallowed, the same is made the head of the corner, and a stone of stumbling, and a rock of offence, even to them which stumble at the word, being disobedient: whereunto also they were appointed.”

Jeff realized he was already almost to work and thanked God for directing him to the preacher he was hearing. The radio preacher continued “While Jesus is the chief cornerstone in the Kingdom of God we are all stones being built into the Kingdom. John 1:42 reads: and he brought him to Jesus. And when Jesus beheld him, he said, Thou art Simon the son of Jona: thou shalt be called Cephas, which is by interpretation, a stone. Ephesians 2:20 says: and are built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner stone.”

“What is interesting,” the preacher continued, “is the Hebrew word for son is ‘ben’ and the Hebrew word for stone ‘eben’ both have their roots from the word ‘banah’ which means ‘he built.’ God’s Kingdom, the stone kingdom, is built from sons. Psalms 127:1-5 reads: a song of degrees for Solomon. Except the LORD build the house, they labor in vain that build it: except the LORD keep the city, the watchman waketh but in vain. It is vain for you to rise up early, to sit up late, to eat the bread of sorrows: for so he giveth his beloved sleep. Lo, children are an heritage of the LORD: and the fruit of the womb is his reward. As arrows

are in the hand of a mighty man; so are children of the youth. Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them: they shall not be ashamed, but they shall speak with the enemies in the gate.”

Jeff was pulling into the parking lot at work, but he had an epiphany. What the preacher had said touched and woke up something deep inside him.

“Jeff, my man!” Joel was doing his best friend imitation again Jeff thought. Jeff hadn’t been in his office five minutes before Joel Klein had walked in. “You got my proposal with you buddy?” Jeff nodded and handed him the proposal. “I knew I could count on you Jeff.” Joel was saying the words but the emotion was leaving his voice while a small involuntary grin was coming over his face. The evil in his smile reminded Jeff of the encounter he had with Ms Summers two days earlier. “Umm, Jeff, we have a small mistake, it’s nothing serious and this page can be redone in a couple minutes. Where you have submitting agent, you put my name. Pay attention, you are moving up. You are the new submitting agent for our team. You did a great job on this, take some credit. Let people know you are a big dog now. We expect to be bringing in a lot of these new government contracts and I am going to need you to work with me.”

Jeff waited while he wound down before speaking. “I didn’t do this proposal; I only made the changes you specified. I don’t appreciate your trying to make me your secretary, nor am I going to stick my neck out while you bilk the government and use me to cover your ass.” Joel Klein’s smile slowly transformed into a snarl as his whole demeanor changed or maybe even transformed, Jeff thought.

He had transformed into something that was less man and

more creature. “You will make those changes,” Joel Klein hissed, “otherwise you will find yourself in the soup lines with the rest of your friends. I will fire your ass and make sure you don’t find work anywhere.” Joel’s demeanor softened and he continued, “Jeff, neither one of us wants you to have to explain to your wife and two children that you lost your job over some silly misunderstanding. That would mean losing your home and having no means to support your family. It’s stresses like loss of job, not being able to pay that big mortgage payment every month and other money problems that are the leading cause of divorce in America.”

Jeff noticed Joel’s grin was back and believed he did enjoy taking away a man’s ability to support his family and watching families be destroyed. It was as if he somehow fed off their misery. He also wondered if Joel had some inside information about his finances, especially his mortgage.

“You can bring the missing page when you have it corrected and signed to my office.” Joel turned to leave, but Jeff caught him with a verbal right hook before he could get out the door. “And if I don’t?”

Joel stopped and turned, “Well, if you want to stick to your morals instead of taking care of your family, then you can empty your desk and take your morals home with you.” Joel hissed, his eyes narrowing.

“Are you saying you are firing me if I don’t sign my name to your proposal?”

Joel’s involuntary smile was back “Yes, that’s exactly what I am saying.” Joel started to wonder what he was missing, was he not making it clear enough or was Jeff Evers that dumb? He decided it was Jeff not him, at least until Jeff opened his

desk drawer wider and turned off the tape recorder, removed the tape and put it in his coat pocket.

After cleaning out his desk into his briefcase Jeff walked out to his car to drive home. Halfway to his car he was met by three security guards who demanded the tape. Jeff feigned ignorance but they held him and patted down his jacket. Finding the tape in his coat they let him leave peacefully. After pulling onto the tollway he let out a small chuckle, pulled the tape out of his briefcase and put it in his cassette player. The sound quality was perfect. He had suspected Joel would try to retrieve the tape. So he left him a tape to retrieve having switched the tape Joel wanted from his coat to his briefcase. At the time it felt like he was playing a spy game and really didn't expect it to actually be needed. The message on the tape which Joel retrieved was short. It said "I know what you are and you will not win."

**ZEC 9:9** Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion; shout, O daughter of Jerusalem: behold, thy King cometh unto thee: he [is] just, and having salvation; lowly, and riding upon an ass, and upon a colt the foal of an ass.

**COL 1:13** Who hath delivered us from the power of darkness, and hath translated [us] into the kingdom of his dear Son:

## Chapter 11

Jeff climbed quietly into bed as soon as he got home. Linda was startled when he entered the room but didn't show it. She had suspected Mr. Klein was not going to like the way Jeff had done the proposal. She smiled because she liked him there and had an unexplained peace about the future. "I was fired tonight," Jeff whispered.

Linda turned smiling and kissed her husband passionately. "I thought you might have been." She giggled.

Jeff had not been sure how Linda was going to react to the news but trusted their relationship was much bigger than anything the world could throw at them. He was pleased she was not worried. Jeff sensed she was ovulating and his desire for her was suddenly overwhelming. Pulling her toward him he rolled her under him and began to kiss her passionately while his hands found their way under her night gown. "I want you to bear me many strong children my beautiful

wife,” he whispered in her ear as he kissed on her neck and nibbled on her lobe. “Once we are on our property in Wisconsin you are going to stay home and raise our children. No more working at the hospital, I plan to keep you busy 24/7.”

Linda felt more alive hearing these words than anytime in her life. She pulled her husband into her and whispered in his ear “plant your seed in me my lord, I wish to please you greatly with the fruit of my womb.”

Waking up the next morning Jeff felt like he had slept the sleep of kings. Even the morning news did not disturb the feeling of well being that permeated him to the soul. A special bulletin was reporting the president had declared a state of emergency and that executive orders giving him the power to restore the stability of the democracy had been activated. The financial markets reacted positively to the news and had already regained thirty percent of their lost value. The news from San Francisco continued to be bad as the earthquake was now reported to have been an 8.3, much more powerful then they initially thought. The toll was reportedly now over two thousand dead and many thousands still missing. Tens of thousands were reported homeless and were relocated throughout areas of the country. The true death toll was closer to one hundred and fifty thousand, and the government was working overtime to try to find a place to put four hundred thousand plus people who were now homeless.

After talking it over they decided to sell Jeff’s Toyota Camry and keep Linda’s diesel beetle as it got close to fifty miles per gallon. Jeff, looking at car values on the internet found his Toyota had held its value well, as all cars that got

good gas mileage were now selling at a premium. Jeff also called a real estate agent and asked her to come out and give them an appraisal and to discuss possibly listing their home. That afternoon they met Julie Crawford from RealMax and were immediately impressed by both her professionalism and her integrity. She explained to them that while the listing price she was suggesting was in line with similar houses sold in the previous 6 months, the housing market was hard to predict at this time because of the economic swings caused by the disaster in California. They listed their house with her on a six month listing deciding if they couldn't sell it after five or six weeks they could look at reducing the asking price. They figured if they got close to their asking price then they would have enough savings to live on for close to a year. It was the next day that the car ad for their Camry was in the paper and was sold for the asking price before the end of the day. They quickly canceled the ad in hopes to put a stop to the seemingly endless calls. It seemed with the huge rise in gas prices everyone in the northwest suburbs of Chicago was looking to purchase a Toyota. The additional funds assured them their large monthly bills could be met until their house sold. They were also saving on car insurance, income taxes, additional fuel, repairs, and other miscellaneous expenses. When they sat down and figured it all out they were surprised to find that having them both work had only marginally added to income they had. This made them both feel better about the decision that Linda would not be working once they made the move.

“Do you think we could go up to Wisconsin this weekend?” Linda was hoping to get a start on preparing their new home.

“I was thinking about that also” Jeff replied. “I would like to see Bob and let him know our plans. I am curious what his

other business ideas are and he mentioned there were other things he wanted to discuss now that we are Christians.” Linda looked like she might jump up and down because she was so excited that Jeff had agreed.

Christopher yelled into the room, “Dad, are we going to live in Wisconsin all the time?” Jeff called Christopher and Isabel to come sit on the couch with him.

“We are all going to move to Wisconsin. Your mother and I decided it would be better if we lived there and mom stopped working and instead of going to school, mom will teach you school stuff at home.” The children smiled at the announcement.

“Daddy when we go to live in our cabin, can I have a cow for my birthday?” Jeff tried not to laugh.

“Isabel you are silly, what would you want a cow for?” Isabel didn’t care for Christopher calling her silly and decided she would show him that she was thinking ahead. “Milk comes from cows, and if I had a cow he would give me his milk and then I could have milk to drink and I could share it with you too.” Christopher started to tell Isabel how only girl cows made milk but Jeff broke it up and sent them off to play.

“What do you think sweetheart?”

Linda was still grinning like a cat “about?”

“Do you want a cow for your birthday?”

Linda laughed. “I thought about that, I think it might work out better if we get a goat. Milk goats produce close to a gallon of milk per day and for now that is enough for our family.”

“Ok,” Jeff said laughing now also, “do you want a goat for your birthday?”

“No,” Linda replied “I want two goats for my birthday that way they keep each other company and we can overlap on their breeding so we are never without milk.” Jeff walked over and hugged his wise wife.

Friday brought a day for getting ready for the trip north, only God seemed to have other plans. Julie Crawford from RealMax called and asked to show the house, so packing up the family in their car they drove out to Woodfield mall in Schaumburg. Jeff remembered as a child Woodfield mall had been the largest indoor mall in the world. They usually didn’t shop there but thought it might be fun to visit one last time. Jeff thought about how things had grown up so much since he was a boy growing up in the area. He had never lived anywhere else and he watched as the city spread out to what was once referred to as the boonies and was now like a second city to the second city.

When they came back home they were greeted with the good news. “They want to buy your house and are pretty serious,” Julie informed the shocked couple. “They offered close to full asking price on the condition that they can move in as soon as possible. They are displaced survivors from San Francisco. They are relocating here and the husband seems very intent on settling his family down right away. How soon can you close?”

Jeff and Linda had hoped their house would sell quickly for a good price but weren’t ready for this quick. The change was too sudden. Looking at each other not knowing what to do, Jeff realized Julie was still waiting for an answer. “Well, we have a place to go so we just have to pack, I suppose.”

Julie tried to lead them. “Will you be ready to move next Thursday?”

They both nodded slowly. Looking over the offer, they were both still shocked at the giant leap they were taking and that it was happening so fast. The offer was for a couple thousand more than they had hoped to settle on so they signed the sales agreement.

The trip to Wisconsin was postponed and they couldn't help but chuckle when they thought about the surprise they had for Bob. They wanted to call him but since he was a bit of a stubborn old man he didn't have a phone. Linda called the hospital and gave notice that she was not going to be able to continue working there. She had wanted to give more than a one week notice but explained the circumstances and they seem to understand. They did however want her to continue working when she could for the next few days if possible because of being short staffed. Linda used every possible minute she could to pack for the trip and involved the children in helping her. Because there were some furnishings already at the cabin they decided to trim their belongings that would be moved and had an impromptu garage sale. Bob set up his computer in the garage so to learn online as much as he could about homesteading. The garage sale went very well and they sold off their stuff toward the end at huge discounts.

Things progressed well but on Wednesday Linda realized that Jeff had disappeared for a few hours. She thought about calling him on his cell phone, but thought maybe he just needed some down time and went back to packing. It was about four in the afternoon that she heard what sounded like a semi pull into their driveway. Looking out the window she saw Jeff jumping out of the driver's side of a huge black

pickup truck hauling a long flat bed trailer. “Where did you get that?” She exclaimed smiling. “I have been researching homesteading and from what I gleaned this quad cab truck with an eight foot bed and flat trailer are an essential tool. As a 1997 model it doesn’t have a computer controlled engine so it is not susceptible to EMP.” Linda could not believe he went and bought a truck so out of the blue.

“What pray-tell is EMP?” She asked.

“Electro-magnetic pulse, it can fry an engine’s computer and strand you, but this truck’s diesel isn’t computer controlled. Only the older models don’t have computers, so we were lucky to find one in this good of shape. We were going to have to drop a lot of money renting a moving trailer so I figure when I saw this for sale locally, that it would be handy. I used the money from the sale of my Toyota, and I thought having two vehicles was nice. I didn’t like being stranded at work, so I didn’t want to strand you in Wisconsin.” With reasoning like that, she thought, how could she argue as she gave him a big wet kiss.

“What happens if it rains tomorrow?”

Jeff could only smile. “Let’s pray it doesn’t,” he answered.

The next morning it only took an hour at the bank to close on the sale of their home. Cashier’s check in hand from the profit of five years of housing cost inflation they headed back to load the truck and trailer with their possessions and make the trek to their new home in the woods. Traffic was much lighter than times past because he wasn’t traveling at the same time as the vacationers. There had been only one bottleneck of vehicles forced to exit at the new port of entry at the state line. Thankfully it didn’t rain, Jeff thought

smiling as they neared the end of their long drive. While listening to the radio during the drive, Jeff heard the first news report about the huge comet that was seen in the southern hemisphere and would be visible in the Northern hemisphere in a couple weeks. That should be cool to see, he thought.

The occupants of both vehicles were excited for beginning their new adventure. No sooner had they pulled up to the cabin than both Christopher and Isabel jumped out and ran around the yard. It was no longer just a cabin they sometimes visited but home and this change of perspective showed as they charged from one place to the next. Jeff brought in the furniture first with Linda's help and then brought in the boxes alone while Linda did the unpacking and turned their cabin into a home. Christopher and his little sister searched for sticks alone while their father continued bringing in the last boxes. By the time Jeff was done Linda had dinner cooking and even a few of the boxes emptied and the contents put in their right place.

Jeff had given a lot of thought to what needed to be done over the coming days. The cabin had no electricity and he would have to look into having power run, wiring done, and before winter came indoor plumbing was sure to be appreciated. The first thing needed he thought, was refrigeration. Filling the cooler everyday with ice wasn't going to be very efficient. After dinner Linda settled into cleaning things up and continuing unpacking the boxes. Seeing there was still an hour of daylight left Jeff decided to drop in on his new neighbor.

Bob Andrews could hear the sound of the diesel powered truck rumbling up the logging trail he used for a driveway

and stopped to see who could be so lost. Opening day of fishing is Saturday so it could be some lost anglers or some yahoos out to party in the woods, he thought. "At least they have good taste in vehicles," he laughed as he saw the black quad cab four wheel drive truck come around the bend. "Oh my goodness!" Bob exclaimed, when he realized who the driver was.

Jeff was grinning ear to ear. He knew Bob seeing him drive up in the truck was going to be a shocker but that would only be the beginning. "Howdy neighbor!" Jeff shouted as he jumped down from the cab. Bob dropped the last piece of firewood and greeted his friend with a hug. It was something Jeff wasn't accustomed to but he hugged his friend back. The men sat at the picnic table with beers in hand as Jeff told all about what transpired the previous two weeks. "Tell me the truth now, did you know about the earthquake when you told me that destructions were coming. You know that has kept me up at nights."

Bob laughed. "I swear I didn't know. You know when I found out later that night I knew that would get you," he said still laughing. "What do you think of that? First, God wipes out the pedophiles with a tsunami, and then He floods the heathen in New Orleans, and now shakes and bakes the queers."

Jeff wasn't sure what he thought of that. Looking around, Jeff examined the changes he noticed driving in. "I see you put up your big open firewood shed as planned. Looks like you have a lot of wood already."

"Its only about eight cords so far. I have been working on some other things also. The greenhouse is coming along." Jeff noticed an enclosed structure on the end of what would

be the greenhouse. “What is the enclosure for?” Jeff asked, not remembering it from the tour two weeks earlier.

“That my friend, is the generator room. I plan to make my own electricity. I will be putting grow lights in the greenhouse for additional light during the winter and the excess heat put off by the generator will supplement the greenhouse.”

The two men sucked on their beers and sat quiet for a few minutes enjoying the peace and last bit of sunlight. “Damn, Jeff! I can’t tell you how happy I am you decided to move up here. I have been praying for you and your family and hoping it could be God’s will that you move here.”

Jeff was glad that Bob’s heart was for him and his family. “I know I have a lot to learn and it will be an adjustment. I don’t think I could have moved us here if I didn’t know you were here.” Jeff was thankful for his friend and meant every word of it, even if it did come hard telling him.

“Bro,” Bob added, “and I do consider you as a younger brother, I have your six.” The two men tilted their beers towards the other and slugged them down. “Now, let’s have a look at your truck,” Bob said as he got up.

“What do you think?” Jeff asked hoping for the older man’s approval.

“You did good Jeff, real good.”

Jeff was glad it met with Bob’s standards. “I also bought an 18 foot flatbed trailer we used for moving our stuff up.”

Bob looked the truck over and thought about how handy the trailer was going to be for what he had planned. “I always

knew you were brilliant Jeff,” both men laughed.

“I have one last surprise,” Jeff added, opening the door to the cab and inserting the cassette he took from the center fold down. Both men howled as they listened to the cassette and when Jeff explained the look on Joel Klein’s face the moment he pulled the tape from the cassette player, he thought Bob would have a stroke from laughing so hard. Jeff added the part about the tape switch and the message he left on the second tape.

“I wish I could have seen that dirty snake’s face when he listened to that second tape.” Bob said between tears he was laughing so hard. “My friend, it’s probably time you got back to your bride. I have a surprise for you and you will see it tomorrow morning. Go home and get some rest, I will be there in the morning.” Bob closed the truck door and slapped the truck goodbye sending Jeff back to his new home.

**Pro 21:5** The thoughts of the diligent [tend] only to plenteousness; but of every one [that is] hasty only to want.

**Pro 22:3** A prudent [man] foreseeeth the evil, and hideth himself: but the simple pass on, and are punished.

## Chapter 12

The next morning as Linda was preparing breakfast the sound of a loud diesel engine startled the house and sent the children running to the window to see what was happening in the front yard. They could see Mr. Andrews, now known as Uncle Bob backing a tractor with a bucket on the back attached by an arm.

“What have you got there?” Jeff yelled over the noise of the tractor as he walked out to greet Bob, the children in tow behind him.

“This my friend, is a tractor with a backhoe attachment.” Bob yelled back before shutting the noisy engine down.

“And what are your plans with this tractor?” Jeff asked smiling, almost afraid of the answer.

“We are going to plant apple and cherry trees for your family. I planted mine last week but it should still be early enough to get yours in the ground. I went back to where I bought mine and got most every one they had left.” Bob answered, grinning ear to ear.

“Do we have time for breakfast first, Bob? Or do we need to plant them right away?”

Bob smiled “You know I always have time for Linda’s cooking.”

As they sat down to breakfast Bob explained to everyone how the first 4 years they were to pick any fruit off the trees so more strength could go into the tree for growing and then later the tree will produce stronger. “I hope I wasn’t too forward buying you fruit trees, but I wanted to get you a gift that I thought would bless you for many years, to welcome your family here.”

“Thank you Bob, it was very kind of you,” Jeff answered. Linda nodded in agreement. “Where did you get the tractor and backhoe?” Jeff asked.

“I am glad you asked that. I don’t know how well you are set for money but I think this tractor is something you should buy. I rented it for the day but the owner of it is looking to sell it and the price is very reasonable. It would be great for the work you need to do around here, and would compliment the skid steer I am looking to buy for the work I think we can do.”

“What kind of work is that?” Jeff asked, while Linda listened carefully. She knew they wouldn’t be able to just sit around and expect to keep food on the table and was as interested as Jeff what their plan would be now that they were here.

“Building houses,” Bob answered leaving Jeff and Linda looking at each other and then at him in puzzlement.

“I don’t know anything about building houses, Bob.”

“That’s what they have books for and I know you are a sharp man and can learn quickly.”

“Why building houses?” Linda asked.

“Because we have the resources, the ability, and because we can make money doing it without paying taxes.” Bob answered smiling at the last part.

“I’ll bite.” Jeff interjected. “How do we do it without paying taxes?”

“There is a tax law that says any house you live in for two years or more can be sold without capital gains liability. That means you can build a house for twenty thousand dollars and sell it after living in it for two years for two hundred thousand and not owe any money on the one hundred and eighty thousand dollars of profit.”

Linda took the men’s glasses and refilled them with water that was brought in from the pump. “Is that really possible?” She asked handing both men their glasses.

“I believe it is,” Bob answered thanking Linda for the water. “In the mean time that tractor out there can not only plant fruit trees but can till your garden; be used with a snow blower; or a sprayer; or the front bucket, called a front loader which can move objects or manure for you. The back hoe can dig trenches, a basement, or foundations.” Jeff looked at Linda to see what she was thinking and Linda returned Jeff’s look with a smile and almost unnoticeable nod.

“Let’s see how well the tractor works for us today.” Jeff said, getting up and grabbing a light coat to work in.

The tractor worked amazingly well. The whole family

worked getting the fruit trees planted and watered. The tractor first dug holes where the trees were to go. Then it was used to scrape the aged manure from the back of Bob's truck using the front loader and driven to each hole. Two shovels worth of manure were added to the soil from each hole. The trees were planted by hand and the dirt moved back into the hole covering the roots. Christopher and Isabel were at first hesitant to mix the aged manure into the soil, but once they saw the adults actually wanted them to get dirty they went at it with all their might. Water was pumped and brought by buckets and each tree was well watered. A job they expected to take all day to plant a hundred fruit trees took only three hours. While Linda took Isabel in the house to fix lunch and Christopher scouted up sticks for the stove, the men sat back and admired the work.

"Bro, what are your plans for your 40 acres here?"

Jeff thought about the question some before answering. "We want to put a garden in south of the house here where it can get full sun. That's about as far as we have gone. Why do you ask?"

Bob's smile gave Jeff the feeling Bob was setting him up again. He knew Bob was always planning things out and while Jeff liked to learn and tried to emulate his friend, he knew that Bob was a tactician while he was a hands on sort. It was probably why they got along so well, he thought.

"Well bro, my thought is this, your open field here is about 20 acres and I only have wooded land. Would you be interested in working together? We can fence most of this in and put steers on the land to raise for beef. When they are of age they can be sold, or we can butcher them together and split the meat." Jeff like the thought of this as he and Linda

had discussed such a possibility. “I also think,” Bob continued, “you would do well to put a greenhouse near the house. I have a plan that can work and get you electricity for your home.” Bob paused, “I hope I am not coming across as too pushy, its almost mid-May, and summers here are short.”

Jeff smiled. “You are a bit pushy Bob, but you have also been a great blessing to my family and thank you.”

Just before lunch a familiar brown truck drove up the drive and everyone came to see what the package delivery driver might be bringing. Jeff accepted the package and opened it so everyone could see the interesting radio with a crank handle on the side. “I ordered it on Wednesday off the net. It’s a survival radio and doesn’t need batteries.” After a minute of cranking, Jeff turned the knob until a station came in clearly. The speaker was speaking German which didn’t help anyone understand what was said. “It has AM, FM and Shortwave. We are listening to a station in Germany right now.” Linda took the new toy into the house thankful for something to listen to while working in the kitchen while the men got back to marking out the land.

Jeff decided during lunch that they would buy the tractor, a Massey Ferguson 150 Diesel with back hoe and front loader. Bob pointed out that if they did really big gardens the 150 was one of the few tractors of its kind that could have mid mounted cultivators placed on it to weed the garden quickly. This didn’t make much sense to Jeff and Linda at the time, but they could see the tractor would be a huge help in the work they needed to do.

After lunch the men drove in Jeff’s truck to see the old farmer selling the tractor. After closing the deal, drove the ten miles further south to the farm supply store in Antigo.

Jeff had driven past the farm supply store a few times over the years but could not believe the selection inside. “They sell clothes, tools, building supplies, tractor equipment, animal supplies, car parts, my goodness!” Jeff exclaimed. After purchasing an oil filter and a couple gallons of oil for Jeff’s new tractor Bob led him to where the implements were sold. The six foot rotary tiller was on sale for \$1098 which was a couple hundred dollars off its normal price which worked out well since Jeff planned to purchase the tiller for working up the garden soil. On the way out they also looked at fencing supplies that would be needed to fence in the area to raise cows.

Once back home the two men disconnected the backhoe and attached the tiller. Jeff had some experience turning the small garden they had in Rolling Meadows using only a shovel so was amazed when it took less than half an hour to till a half acre garden area. Jeff then drove the tractor the few miles to Bob’s place and tilled another eighth of an acre garden there. That evening back at the Ever’s homestead the three adults discussed plans for making themselves more self-sufficient and their land productive.

**Exd 20:8** Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy.

**Exd 20:10** But the seventh day [is] the Sabbath of the LORD thy God: [in it] thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy manservant, nor thy maidservant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that [is] within thy gates:

## Chapter 13

The next day was Sabbath. Jeff and Linda decided to stay up a little later and listen to the little radio and talk while they lay in bed. Even though they were very tired from the day, Jeff hoped they would be able to stay up until the preacher he had been listening to came on as he wanted Linda to hear him too. The radio proved handy in that it had a built in led flashlight so they had a little extra light during the night if needed. A few minutes after midnight, Jeff found the familiar preachers voice he had been looking for.

“There are two kingdoms in the world: man’s kingdom, and God’s Kingdom. Daniel 2:35 reads: Then was the iron, the clay, the brass, the silver, and the gold, broken to pieces together, and became like the chaff of the summer threshing floors; and the wind carried them away, that no place was found for them: and the stone that smote the image became a great mountain, and filled the whole earth. The stone is Christ and the mountain is God’s Kingdom. The image that is destroyed and replaced is man’s kingdom. When the

Pharisees sought to trap Jesus, He pointed out there were two kingdoms and you are to obey the "governing authorities" of whose kingdom you exist. Either Caesar is your king or Jesus is your King. Matthew 22:17 through 21 reads: Tell us therefore, what thinkest thou? Is it lawful to give tribute unto Caesar, or not? But Jesus perceived their wickedness, and said, why tempt ye me, ye hypocrites? Show me the tribute money. And they brought unto him a penny. And he saith unto them, whose is this image and superscription? They say unto him, Caesar's. Then saith he unto them, Render therefore unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's; and unto God the things that are God's. If you are in God's kingdom you understand God owns it all. If God owns it all then what does Caesar or the president own? Psalms 50:10-12 says: For every beast of the forest is mine, and the cattle upon a thousand hills. I know all the fowls of the mountains: and the wild beasts of the field are mine. If I were hungry, I would not tell thee: For the world is mine, and the fullness thereof."

"The bible calls man's kingdom Babylon and God's Kingdom Zion. They are also compared with other imagery, The Kingdom of light and the kingdom of darkness, The Kingdom of the Word vs. the kingdom of the image. When spoken of prophetically they may be referred to as the "daughter of" as in the daughter of Babylon or the daughter of Jerusalem. Micah 4:13 reads: Arise and thresh, O daughter of Zion: for I will make thine horn iron, and I will make thy hoofs brass: and thou shalt beat in pieces many people: and I will consecrate their gain unto God, and their substance unto the Lord of the whole earth. Zechariah 9:9 reads: Rejoice greatly, O daughter of Zion; shout, O daughter of Jerusalem: behold, thy King cometh unto thee: he is just, and having salvation; lowly, and riding upon an ass, and upon a colt the

foal of an ass. And a verse I feel fits today as closely as any verse possibly could Zechariah 2:7 reads: Deliver thyself, O Zion, that dwellest with the daughter of Babylon.”

“Kosher conservative talk show hosts, want us to see the battle between democrats and republicans, or liberals vs. conservatives. It is part of man's kingdom warfare. The true fight is and always has been between man's kingdom and God's Kingdom. The battle began between Esau and Jacob before they were even born. Genesis 25:23 reads: And the LORD said unto her, two nations are in thy womb, and two manner of people shall be separated from thy bowels; and the one people shall be stronger than the other people; and the elder shall serve the younger. Verse 26 continues: And after that came his brother out, and his hand took hold on Esau's heel; and his name was called Jacob: and Isaac [was] threescore years old when she bare them. Esau was born first and had the birthright to God's kingdom but chose man's kingdom in verses 30-34: And Esau said to Jacob, Feed me, I pray thee, with that same red pottage; for I am faint: therefore was his name called Edom. And Jacob said; Sell me this day thy birthright. And Esau said: Behold, I am at the point to die: and what profit shall this birthright do to me? And Jacob said, Swear to me this day; and he sware unto him: and he sold his birthright unto Jacob. Then Jacob gave Esau bread and pottage of lentils; and he did eat and drink, and rose up, and went his way: thus Esau despised [his] birthright. Note that both boys inherited a kingdom with specific blessings. Esau received the blessings of gold, silver, and the power over men's minds. Jacob received the blessings of the land, and the strength of its production. If you want to find those people today, look for who has those blessings.”

“It is the children of these two men that make up the two

kingdoms that war even to this day. An interesting view of the values of man's kingdom are given in Revelations 18:12-13 which read: The merchandise of gold, and silver, and precious stones, and of pearls, and fine linen, and purple, and silk, and scarlet, and all thyine wood, and all manner vessels of ivory, and all manner vessels of most precious wood, and of brass, and iron, and marble, and cinnamon, and odors, and ointments, and frankincense, and wine, and oil, and fine flour, and wheat, and beasts, and sheep, and horses, and chariots, and slaves, and souls of men. It is interesting that in man's kingdom gold is first and men's souls are last. In God's Kingdom the list is reversed, men's souls are first and gold last. That is why they said of Christians in Acts 17:6: And when they found them not, they drew Jason and certain brethren unto the rulers of the city, crying, These that have turned the world upside down are come hither also; Christians do turn the world upside down because their values are turned upside down." Jeff looked over at Linda who had fallen asleep and turned the radio off for the night. He was having trouble keeping his eyes open also.

The next morning, being overcast and rainy outside seemed to trigger everyone's bodies to sleep in late. After a simple breakfast the children were found playing in their rooms and Jeff sat back on the couch to read the book by Alex Wade that Bob had lent him.

"What are you reading?" Linda asked sitting next to him looking for some attention.

"It's a book Bob lent me on building houses. The ideas in this book are fantastic. They show how to build a superior house using new techniques that are faster and more efficient. We could build a house using mostly wood we saw up

ourselves in about a third the time as building a house using older standard methods. The house we build will be superior in strength, looks and efficiency.”

Jeff looked like a wide eyed child with more energy and enthusiasm than she had seen in him in years, Linda thought. Jeff studied Linda back for a few seconds before speaking again. “What’s on your mind, honey?”

“I was thinking about the preacher we listened to last night. Do you think there really are two nations of people? The children of Jacob and the children of Esau who are warring with each other to this day?”

Linda could see Jeff was in deep thought for a minute before answering. “I know the concept is pretty far fetched sounding, but it seems to fit, and it is God’s word, so I believe it.”

Linda nodded. It does seem to fit she thought. “How are you handling all these changes?” Jeff asked, knowing it must be stressful for his wife.

Linda smiled, “it is a lot different but I love it, it is wonderful being together and home with the children. I know it’s harder in many ways but it feels like we are on vacation and don’t have to go back home,” she said, snuggling into her husband. The couple stayed there for sometime just enjoying the comfort of resting together.

“Are you ok with Bob? I know it’s a lot to see him most everyday now and our working together.” Jeff wanted to make sure Linda didn’t have any problems that their fate was tied with Bob’s in many ways.

“I think Bob has been a great blessing to you and our family

Jeff. I can't believe how generous he has been towards us, especially the fruit trees, in fact I feel a bit awkward about it all, because he has been so nice. And I will never forget that it was he who explained God's true plan of salvation to us. It is hard to admit that if we hadn't been baptized we would still be in man's kingdom, but being here now and doing what we are doing with the land and the way we are living, I feel that we are part of building God's Kingdom even if it is only a little bit."

Jeff hugged his wife closer and kissed the top of her head "I agree honey."

**Pro 12:11** He that tilleth his land shall be satisfied with bread: but he that followeth vain [persons is] void of understanding.

**Pro 12:27** The slothful [man] roasteth not that which he took in hunting: but the substance of a diligent man [is] precious.

## Chapter 14

Sunday morning turned out to be even busier than Friday. Jeff and Bob used both trucks to haul in aged manure and high calcium lime from the farm supply store which was added to a couple bags each of fritted trace elements and seaweed to the garden areas and tilled again to mix them into the soil. The front loader was already proving to be a Godsend. Garden seeds were also purchased from the farm supply store for planting along with five pounds of onion bulbs and two hundred pounds of seed potatoes purchased from a potato farmer near the store. The onions and potatoes were set in the ground immediately while the rest of the seed would wait two weeks before they could be planted. That afternoon was spent by the two men with help from the children putting up a top notch high tensile electric fence around 15 acres that would be perfect for holding cattle. The acreage was divided into quarter areas of close to 4 acres each with gateways to allow the cattle to be moved to each new section, so the land could be rotationally grazed. “Before winter we need to get a shed up for hay storage and

also a place for any cows or calves to be out of the wind.” Bob recommended. “We will put up some hay in about a month, so sooner would be better.”

Linda came out just before dinner time to see the new fencing. “It looks great, but if all our field area is used for pasturing the cows what will we do for hay to feed them with in the winter?” Jeff looked at Bob in a concerned manner, he hadn’t thought about that, but now that Linda brought it up he was wondering the same thing.

“I have a deal to rent two hay fields. We will make hay off those fields on a shares basis in partnership with a farmer friend of mine who has a baler, with each of us receiving a quarter share of the hay. This farmer friend, Alex, says we can put up about 800 bales per day, which works out to about 200 bales each per day. The current selling price of hay is \$1.50 so we will be making about \$300 a day each tax free. By importing the hay we also will over time increase the fertility of the land here.”

By evening everyone was tired to the bone, but feeling the satisfaction of a good day’s work and the sound sleep of those who earned it.

The following morning seemed to come almost before they had fallen asleep. As Linda started cooking breakfast the familiar sound of Bob’s truck could be heard coming up the driveway. The children as usual ran to the window to get a first look at what was going to happen today. Behind Bob’s truck was a funny looking machine. The children watched as Bob backed it off the trailer.

“What do you think that is for?” Christopher asked his younger sister. Isabel just smiled because her new Uncle Bob

was here and he was always nice to her.

“I thought today we could build a greenhouse and generator room for you,” Bob announced as he walked into the kitchen.

“Sit down and make yourself comfortable, you are just in time for breakfast,” Linda replied. “I made enough for everyone.” Except Linda found the fresh air and hard work had increased even the children’s appetite as she had to go back and make twice as much food as she had planned. Everyone ate their fill except Linda, which Jeff noticed.

“What’s the matter honey? Why aren’t you eating?” Jeff asked his wife as he grabbed her from behind while she continued fixing breakfast.

“I’m fine,” she said grinning, “maybe, I will have something in a little while.”

Bob used the small skid steer to level and pack the ground where the greenhouse would go. The two men then reattached the backhoe to the tractor and marked out with stakes and string the outline of the greenhouse base. While Bob dug the foundation’s perimeter to a depth of three feet, Jeff ran to town to purchase the needed supplies which included concrete block, two inch thick four foot by eight foot pink insulation boards and bags of concrete and special bonding cement. By the time Jeff returned Bob had the foundation perimeter trenched. The first row of concrete blocks was laid carefully to make sure it was level. The men then hand mixed bags of concrete in a trough which Bob had constructed and using 5 gallon pails salvaged from a bakery for free poured the concrete into the perimeter trench creating a footing integrated with the first layer of block. The hardest part of the job was hand mixing the concrete using just a

shovel and both men agreed they would purchase a three point concrete mixer that could be used on the back of the tractor for their future building plans.

After lunch while the men waited for the concrete to set, they headed to Bob's land to get the timbers needed for the greenhouse. "Come take a look at this Jeff," Bob said, motioning his friend to the far side of the greenhouse Bob was constructing for himself. In the far room Jeff's eyes opened wide as he stood face to face with a thousand plus pound dinosaur looking engine attached to a generator head by a wide flat pulley.

"What the heck is that?" Was all Jeff could think to say.

"Brother, that is a Listeroid diesel generator. I found out about them on the internet a few months ago and ordered it just before moving up here. The Lister CS diesel engine was designed in 1929 to run on high speed diesel, which is the fuel your truck runs on, or straight vegetable oil. Which means we can, for argumentative sake, grow our own fuel." Jeff was still wide eyed looking at the huge green metal monster

"Do you think we should grow our own fuel?"

Bob thought carefully before answering. "I think it might be wise to look at, but until then we can use waste vegetable oil from restaurants or bakeries to generate almost free electricity and as I pointed out before, the heat from the generator can supplement the greenhouse during the winter. One can also install grow lights in the greenhouse and increase both light and heat simultaneously during the cold parts of the year. If you are interested you can buy the parts for a set and take this one now and I will take the next one

when it gets here, that way we can have you hooked up with electricity sooner.”

Since they were headed back to town to pick up concrete pavers for the greenhouse floor they stopped at the library and Jeff ordered the engine, generator head, and pulley online making payment electronically. The men also purchased the electrical receptors, boxes, and wire they would need for installing electric service in the house.

Before starting back they stopped at the Chinese restaurant and after a few minutes discussion with the owner had permission to take the waste vegetable oil stored in an area behind the restaurant. Bob hooked a 12 volt pump to his car battery and placed one hose in the large waste oil container and the second hose in a 15 gallon drum in the back of his truck. Three filters inline with the pump removed water and particles. The pumping took about 15 minutes and netted close to 12 gallons. From there the two drove to a gas station a block away and filled the drum the rest of the way with 3 gallons of #1 diesel. Bob explained they could preheat the waste oil so it could flow easily through the pump and injectors but for now the #1 diesel would thin the fuel as well. On the way back they saw a sign advertising 55 gallon drums for sale and decided to purchase all they could and to keep two empties in either truck when going to town to fill at every opportunity.

Once back to the Ever's homestead they decided the concrete had not set enough so they wet it down to help the concrete harden stronger and started trenching a ditch back to the house to run the power line. It took almost the entire day but the house was soon wired for the generator. Wiring the house had turned out easier than expected as they just ran the wire

between the logs with the plan to mortar over the exposed wires. The receptacles easily screwed into the logs. Before the daylight was gone the men set to dry stacking the concrete blocks in a staggered pattern to a height of just shy of two feet above ground level, except for the back wall which extended another eight feet higher. Surface bonding cement was then applied over the inside and outside of the stacked wall. Rebar was placed in every other opening from the top of the block wall and concrete poured into the holes. Finally the pink insulation board was placed on the outside of the wall and back filled in. It was dark when the men finally dragged themselves back inside and ate dinner.

“Why did you go to all the trouble for the foundation?” Linda asked.

“What we have done is create a large thermal mass to store the greenhouse’s heat in.” Bob explained, “by isolating the mass under the greenhouse from the rest of the ground we created a giant fly wheel with that mass. The ground under the floor will warm the greenhouse in the winter and cool it in the summer.”

**Pro 11:22** [As] a jewel of gold in a swine's snout, [so is] a fair woman which is without discretion.

**Pro 20:11** Even a child is known by his doings, whether his work [be] pure, and whether [it be] right.

## Chapter 15

It was 4AM and she was too sick to sleep. Taylor Winston had already thrown up once and it felt like her stomach was in need of throwing up again before it might give her relief. She dreaded the thought but knew it was true. She was pregnant. She also dreaded the thought of how Herod might react. Fact was she had not heard from Herod since they slept together. The only reminder had been that she was given a promotion the next day and her own hour show. That was until now. She decided she would wait til eight before calling him.

Herod Goldstein was busy that morning in his New York City penthouse putting his touch on the Quake-Aid concert.

“Mr. Goldstein. Taylor Winston from that Christian cable station is calling and says she can only speak with you about an urgent matter.” The disdain was evident in his assistant’s voice.

“Put it through,” Herod said which surprised his assistant.

“Yes Taylor, what can I do for you?” Herod answered as

soon as he heard the call connect.

“Herod, I know you are busy and I am sorry for bothering you,” Taylor replied, flustered at the thought and not sure how to say it. “I am pregnant.” She blurted.

Herod was rarely caught off guard but this was one of the few times he didn’t have an answer before the question was posed. Slowly he replied “What shall we do about this?”

Taylor started rambling quickly about how abortion is wrong and why she wanted to have the baby but wasn’t sure what to do or what he wanted, it was all hard to make heads or tails of what she was saying other than she planned to have the baby.

Herod thought how upsetting his fathering a child with a Goyim would be taken by those who followed him. His first thought was to tell her to get an abortion and if she refused his investigators would dig up dirt on her within a few hours and by night’s end it would be a scandal covered by every major news market in the country. He would destroy her and any chance she had to support a child. Then another thought occurred to Herod and a smile slowly crept across his face.

“I think we should get married,” he answered. “I will send someone to get you right now.” Taylor was silent. She had not expected this and she hardly knew Herod, but she respected that he would marry her if only for their child’s sake

“Ok,” she said, but Herod had already hung up.

Herod placed one of his top assistants on Taylor. While flying to Atlanta to pick her up at her apartment, Isaiah Brown called the cable station to let them know Taylor

would be taking the week off and that it was per Herod's direction. Of course, there was no problem. It was close to noon when the limo drove up to her address and Isaiah introduced himself and took Taylor's bag and handed it to the chauffeur to be loaded into the trunk.

"I will be assisting you Miss Winston, in planning the wedding which will be the Saturday after next. We would have it this Saturday but Mr. Goldstein felt it would detract from this weekend's Quake-Aid concert which Mr. Goldstein has personally endorsed."

Taylor felt like her head was whirling. Things were happening so quickly and she could only answer, "that will be fine." Taylor was surprised when they reached the airport that she would not be flying in a Lear Jet but a customized full size 767 but Taylor not being familiar with planes was only surprised by the huge size and the full compliment of crew made up of former top military aviation personnel. She was so enthralled with the size of the plane she missed the fact that all commercial traffic was put on hold while they immediately taxied into position and took off.

"Oy Vey!" Rabbi Finklestein shouted as he entered Herod's penthouse. "Vat is dis I hear dat you are marrying a Christian Goyim?" He shouted even louder as he entered Herod's private office staring the man directly in the eyes and waiting for an explanation.

"My dear Rabbi, what you hear is correct."

"Vat do you mean correct?" the Rabbi's shouts increased even louder. Herod could only smile

"Perhaps Rabbi, if you do not die of a heart attack you will be able to appreciate my plan behind my actions."

The rabbi stopped and a small smile appeared on his face which quickly grew into a huge smile. "I knew my Herod would have a good reason to do such a thing. So vat is dis plan of yours."

Herod walked around his desk and put his arm around the Rabbi. "In good time my dear Rabbi," Herod said as he escorted him out of the office. He knew the Rabbi would report that Herod was still on top of things and there would not be any trouble.

**Pro 24:27** Prepare thy work without, and make it fit for thyself in the field; and afterwards build thine house.

**Pro 5:15** Drink waters out of thine own cistern, and running waters out of thine own well.

## Chapter 16

Bob came down the driveway at breakfast time like clockwork. “He must love your cooking honey,” Jeff said laughing as he saw Bob’s truck coming down the drive. On the back of the truck Jeff could make out what looked like timbers and greenhouse panels.

After a hearty breakfast which left Linda amazed at the amount of food she was cooking, the men set to enclosing the greenhouse and generator room. The generator was placed on the far side of the greenhouse in a 12 foot wide enclosure giving plenty of work and air space. The cooling system of the genset was connected to a large water tank in the greenhouse itself in order to use the engine heat to help the greenhouse during the colder months. A second cooling loop was added with help from two valves for sending the heat to an outside radiator which would be used during warmer temperature. The greenhouse panels were attached between the oak timbers angled at 60 degrees to optimize catching the winter sun for their northern climate. The rest of the greenhouse’s heavy insulation aided in storing the sun’s heat.

Windows were installed on the ends and a fan placed in the window to give needed air flow to keep the plants from overheating during the summer months. Other than breaking for lunch the men worked until evening.

Once everything was hooked up Jeff turned off the circuit breaker at the house before starting the Lister diesel whose fuel tank they had filled with their mix of waste vegetable oil and #1 diesel fuel.

Jeff let Bob have the honor of cranking the twin cylinder diesel over by hand until Jeff flipped the compression relief valves. The Lister engine sputtered once, then again, slowly picking up speed until it was chugging along in a slow lazy manner. Jeff switched the circuit breaker back on and Bob used an electric drill he had brought over to check each plug in the house to see that it had been wired correctly.

“What do you think?” Jeff asked, smiling.

“Bro, I think we did real good.”

Linda spoke up. “You know I can’t even hear it running from in here.”

“Bob, should we be charging batteries and get an inverter? I read up on installing a remote power system before we moved here and that’s what the experts recommend.”

Bob smiled as he had been waiting for Jeff to ask more about the engine. “Bro, the Lister CS is not only a legend because of its quiet running and ability to burn vegetable oil, but it has an incredible record of longevity, with some engines running almost continuously for forty years. Because it runs three times slower than an 1800 rpm engine it lasts about ten times longer. So while a commercial diesel genset might last

20,000 hours this genset is designed to last 200,000 hours. This lowers the cost of operation from twenty cents per hour to two cents per hour, making it more economical to run without the added expense of batteries and inverters.”

“I am just excited to have power,” Linda added smiling.

“I guess it’s time we go buy a bunch of new appliances honey.”

“Nothing doing,” Linda replied. “With your permission I would like to borrow your truck later this week and go to some garage sales with a nice woman I met in town today when I was picking up groceries and ice. We can maybe purchase good replacements for the appliances we sold with our old house at a savings.” The men looked at each other with Bob giving Jeff an impressed look.

The next morning the two men worked on installing plumbing. Bob dug a trench for the water line to the house and then trenches for the septic line, tank and field, while Jeff made a run to town for their needed supplies. Bob, the night before after calling friends, was able to find a plumber that would do the final connections and sign off on their work if it met standards and scheduled him for later the following day. After more calls around he also arranged the septic tank to be delivered that mid afternoon. Everything went as smoothly as either man could hope and by the next day they were working inside installing fixtures.

A small storage room was volunteered to become an indoor bathroom. It was decided that grey water would be routed to a trench heading away from the house to the northwest and sink and shower water was sent to the grey water trench while only toilet water was routed into the septic tank. For

hot water, a small on demand hot water heater was installed. In all the plumbing was kept simple and routed only a few feet either way because of the bathroom sitting back to back with the kitchen. That afternoon the plumber inspected the men's work and connected the house to the water supply.

"You guys did a great job and kept it simple and efficient. If you ever become plumbers let me know." Was all he had to say while accepting a fairly large payment for so short a job. If professional plumbers had done the entire work it would have cost a small fortune, so Jeff was happy for the smaller sacrifice. The septic field was then buried and Linda and the children were thrilled not only with having hot and cold indoor water, but that they would not have to find their way out to the outhouse in the middle of the night anymore. Jeff had been worried about little Isabel falling in and he or Linda always had to escort her.

The following morning was Thursday and being late spring meant the peak of garage sale season. Linda's friend showed up five minutes before Bob and was invited immediately to sit down and have breakfast which Linda had cooked on the woodstove. Even though she now had electricity Linda had fallen in love with her old cook stove and planned to use it whenever possible. She wouldn't use it during the heat of summer but all other times she figured was fair game.

Kathy Larson was an attractive 33 year old woman, about 5'6 and of proportionate weight. Her shoulder length hair was dark brown and matched her large brown eyes. She had a very quiet and gentle spirit about her. Kathy had married her high school sweetheart, but was widowed at the age of 29 due to a car accident. Outside of her part time bookkeeping job she had not done much in the four years that followed.

Meeting Linda Evers in town and their immediate friendship was her first step back into the world from her self imposed seclusion. She had not always appeared shy but a lack of interaction with other people for the past four years had created that impression. With Linda, she felt like her old self drawn out by an underlying feeling of finding a kindred spirit.

“Well, good morning, and who are you?” Bob asked as he walked into the cabin. Kathy could only blush as Linda made the introductions. “I am very glad to meet you Kathy.” Bob said taking her hand and looking into her big brown eyes.

While most of the time Bob found an empty two dimensional look in people’s eyes, he found himself staring maybe a second too long into Kathy’s eyes as he felt a warm connection to someone that was not only three dimensional but possibly had more dimensions that he couldn’t yet describe.

“It is nice to meet you also,” Kathy responded, wondering if he was going to hold her hand and look into her eyes all day. She didn’t mean to but a very small, very quiet, school girl giggle came out and Kathy could only blush more. Her cheeks must surely be bright red by now, she thought.

“I don’t want to break this up, but we want to get to those sales early. I have a long shopping list and a bootlegger’s roll of money to shop with,” Linda announced as she led Kathy away from Bob’s grasp and gathered up the children while heading out to Jeff’s truck.

Jeff walked into the room just as Linda and Kathy were walking out the door. “Dang, I didn’t even get a kiss goodbye.”

“That’s ok bro, neither did I.”

“What’s that?” Jeff asked and Bob could only laugh.

“I like Linda’s new friend Kathy is all,” Bob replied. “I think I am in love. I know I swore it off, but there are forces greater than I at work here.”

“What is on our schedule today?” Jeff asked.

“I thought we would get back to making improvement cuts on my woods, milling timbers and cutting firewood.

“I have a surprise,” Jeff said running out of the room and then quickly returning with a chain saw in hand. “I took your advice and purchased a Dolmar 7900 saw.”

“Awesome!” Bob replied smiling ear to ear. “I expect that will speed our work up quite a bit.”

The men worked all day only taking occasional breaks for food and drink to restore their energy levels. Jeff noticed that Bob in the previous month of outdoor working had not only lost his gut, but looked ten years younger. He was finding it hard to keep up with the energetic pace with which Bob attacked the work at hand. Jeff was no slouch either. He had struggled the last week but also found that he had gone from city slicker couch potato to feeling able to whip his weight in wild cats. The hard work and incredible nine hours of sleep a night he was getting was hardening him into a man that would have to be reckoned with.

Come evening the two men each opened a beer and watched the last light fade from the sky. “What do you think the damage was today?” Jeff asked.

“Bro, I think we did real good. My best guess is two cord of

firewood and 600 board feet of lumber and timbers. At this rate we will have enough wood to build a house in a about a month. Not to mention, when we sell the wood we can expect about \$150 each for today's cuttings. On the flip side we used 3 chains worth about \$20 and about \$12 worth of gas and oil, a pretty good trade."

"I loved the way you made the chains yourself, what are those things you used?"

"A breaker and spinner. I got them from a mail order woodsman catalog for \$80. Otherwise we would have to pay to have our chains made and that would cost about \$10 extra per chain. Whereas it only takes us 5 minutes using the same tools the saw shops use."

"Did you hear about the comet?"

"Actually I was expecting it, just not this soon."

"What do you mean?"

"Bro, the sun has been doing very strange things. During periods of what should be a solar minimum we have had record numbers of massive x-class flares. Also our weather patterns have been off the charts. Add to that the massive earthquake in San Francisco. I figured something may have been moving in closer to trigger all this."

"So you think they are all related?" Jeff had noticed that Bob's voice had changed and no longer had its cavalier tone but had become very serious.

"Bro, do you remember in 1996 when comet Hyakutake moved through the sky during the late winter and spring?"

"Yes?"

“That was the first time I saw a comet in my whole life and that’s more than 40 years to that point. It was amazing. Then just one year later an even bigger comet moved through the sky.”

“I remember that it was Hale-Bopp. I could even see it through the city lights from Chicago. I used binoculars one night for a better look and it was incredible.”

“Did you know their paths crossed? Or even more remarkably that the spot they crossed was exactly one year apart? The same space comet Hyakutake was in on April 10<sup>th</sup> 1996 was the same exact spot comet Hale Bopp occupied April 10<sup>th</sup> 1997.”

“That is pretty freaky.”

“Bro, it gets freakier, the spot was in the constellation of Perseus. Perseus is a warrior holding a sword over his head in one hand and a severed head in the other. In Hebrew the name of the head is Rosh Satan, or the head of the adversary. The place where the comets crossed on the same day exactly one year apart was right between the eyes of the severed head. I believe it was a sign that the beginning of the final war was about to begin. I have been busting my butt preparing ever since. Don’t know why, because it is just me now, but that’s what I have been driven to do for some reason.”

“That is something Bob. I have cold chills on my arms.” Jeff paused to regroup himself. “What say we see what Linda has been cooking up?”

Back at the homestead Jeff found Linda had been busy all day as she excitedly showed him all she had found during the day. The refrigerator, stove, washer and dryer, and

microwave, all looked nearly new. He was as proud of her as she was of herself.

“Guess how much I spent?” she challenged, while both Bob and Kathy laughed watching on.

“I have no idea,” Jeff responded.

“Come on guess!” Linda pushed joining Kathy and Bob in their laughing.

“Ok, \$500.”

“Nope.”

“Just tell me,” Jeff answered, not caring for games, but now laughing along.

“Only \$200,” Linda answered proudly. Jeff wasn’t the only one whose mouth was open as he looked around and saw the surprised look on Bob’s face too.

“I will tell you what,” Jeff said returning his look back to his proud wife. “I am so pleased with how well you did; I will give you the difference to spend however you choose.” Linda jumped up and down like a school girl as she peeled off three hundred dollars before handing Jeff back the money he had sent her out with.

“I am going to use it to go garage saling every Thursday with Kathy if that meets your approval. I also got for that \$200 some clothes for the children that are new or as like new as I could hope. I even got some stuff for the baby.” The words had come out before she could stop herself.

“Baby?” Jeff asked not sure he heard right even though he had. A huge grin formed on Jeff’s face as he hugged his wife

until he was afraid she would need to breathe. Bob and Kathy both felt awkward looking on but enjoyed sharing in Jeff finding out.

Everyone sat down to dinner and Jeff offered a toast to their one week anniversary of moving there and to all that they had accomplished. He thanked Bob and Kathy both for their help. Everyone agreed how amazing it was that they had fencing for cows, a garden, electricity, hot and cold running water and even appliances. Their cabin had become a home. It was after dinner that Jeff noticed Bob had been holding a booklet.

“What have you got there?” Jeff asked.

“I am glad you asked bro,” Bob answered smiling. “I ordered these plans for making a Procut chainsaw sawmill. Since we have a skid loader we can bring all the smaller logs to a stationary sawmill and should be able to double our output and do so with less backbreaking strain compared to running the Alaskan mill.

“That Alaskan mill does take it out of a guy,” Jeff agreed.

Jeff had noticed that Kathy had been paying attention to the men talking and Bob seemed to be looking at her every chance he could steal. The two men decided they would spend the next couple days building the sawmill, since it should save them a lot of time in the long run. They also agreed that both Jeff and Kathy would come over for Sabbath on Saturday.

The next morning the men decided since it was cold and rainy to do some garage saling of their own to look for things that would be needed for building a house and the parts they would need for their sawmill. They also decided to place an

ad in the paper for low cost tree removal and that they offer discounts to seniors. In order to give people a number they could call they also bought pay as you go cell phones, but registered them under fake names and addresses.

There were three major finds for them that day. The first a small used cattle trailer which they would need for moving cattle. The second was a treasure trove of “scrap” iron that they were able to pick through and purchase most of what they needed for building the sawmill for the scrap price of twenty five cents per pound which was roughly estimated a bit low. The third was a good quality stick welder they found at a garage sale of an older woman whose husband had died. They also were able to buy some nice hardware and tools at a great savings there, so they were extremely pleased with their efforts for the day.

A slightly out of the way stop also yielded the men four 55 gallon barrels of methanol which they planned to use for making bio-diesel since they had been having such success garnering waste vegetable oil from restaurants.

Most of their purchases were stored in the greenhouse out of the rain since only starter plants for the garden were in there at the time. The men agreed they would have to build the hay shed soon as it would double as a nice work area. Using his new cell phone Bob also discovered the Lister engine and generator parts had arrived that morning at the shipping dock in Wausau, so the men finished the day off moving the engine and setting up Bob’s homestead with electricity.

“I am so tired,” Jeff announced as he climbed into bed that night. “But I still want to listen to that preacher tonight. Friday night is the only night I dare stay up late enough to hear him.”

“I was hoping we could listen tonight too,” Linda said yawning. It took extra effort but both stayed awake till midnight then cranked the radio handle for a minute to charge it up. They soon were rewarded with the preacher’s familiar voice.

“I am hoping to find out this guy’s name. I seem to keep missing it and I want to tell Bob about him,” Jeff whispered.

“Comet Lucifer, as it is called, is now able to be seen from most of the southern hemisphere and will soon show itself above the southern horizon to us in the northern hemisphere as it makes its way through our solar system. Despite its awesome display so far we have been assured by scientists that comet Lucifer posses no threat to our planet or ourselves, but is this true?”

The preacher paused to let what he was saying register before continuing. “I want to tell you tonight about the seven trumpets of the book of Revelations. In Revelations 8:6-7 we read: and the seven angels which had the seven trumpets prepared themselves to sound. The first angel sounded, and there followed hail and fire mingled with blood, and they were cast upon the earth: and the third part of trees was burnt up, and all green grass was burnt up. The question is raised, what does the sounding of the trumpets represent and when will these things happen? We can let the scriptures interpret themselves. In Leviticus 12:9-10 we read: Then shalt thou cause the trumpet of the jubilee to sound on the tenth [day] of the seventh month, in the Day of Atonement shall ye make the trumpet sound throughout all your land. And ye shall hallow the fiftieth year, and proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof: it shall be a jubilee unto you; and ye shall return every man unto his possession,

and ye shall return every man unto his family. We can see that a trumpet was sounded to announce a fiftieth year. Is there scripture in Revelations to suggest that these trumpet calls announce 50 year periods? Actually there is, Revelations 8:13 says: And I beheld, and heard an angel flying through the midst of heaven, saying with a loud voice, Woe, woe, woe, to the inhabitants of the earth by reason of the other voices of the trumpet of the three angels, which are yet to sound! And continuing in Chapter 9 verse 5: and to them it was given that they should not kill them, but that they should be tormented five months: and their torment was as the torment of a scorpion, when he striketh a man. For the time period of the last three trumpets men would be tormented five months. How many days in 5 months? Prophetically that would be 150 days. In the book of Numbers 14:34: After the number of the days in which ye searched the land, [even] forty days, each day for a year, shall ye bear your iniquities, [even] forty years, and ye shall know my breach of promise. We can theorize that these 150 days represent 150 years. Dividing the 150 years by the three last trumpet periods we get 50 years per trumpet, the same exact length of time as a Jubilee. What else can trumpets represent? In the book of Numbers again this time verse 10:9 reads: and if ye go to war in your land against the enemy that oppresseth you, then ye shall blow an alarm with the trumpets; and ye shall be remembered before the LORD your God, and ye shall be saved from your enemies. So we see that trumpets were also blown as calls to war. Who is going to war against whom? It appears it is God going to war against the kingdom of man, the daughter of Babylon.”

Jeff looked over at Linda to see if she was asleep. Linda was far from asleep and returned Jeff’s look wide eyed as if to

say, wow!

The preacher continued. "If we look at Moses' life as representing the 6000 years of man or the six days of man, keeping in mind what 2Pe 3:8 says: But, beloved, be not ignorant of this one thing, that one day [is] with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day. And we divide the 6000 years by the years of his life which were 120, we come back to the fifty year jubilee period. Keep in mind that Israel was given the kingdom forty years earlier but were afraid to fight so were forced to walk in the wilderness for forty years. We see this also in John 18:36 when Jesus answered: My kingdom is not of this world: if my kingdom were of this world, then would my servants fight, that I should not be delivered to the Jews: but now is my kingdom not from hence. This is a second time Israel did not fight to take the kingdom so again we were sent into the wilderness but this time for forty jubilees or two thousand years. It was only after the wilderness period that Joshua, who shares his name with our savior Jesus, led the armies of Israel to take the kingdom. And it took seven years to do so. Do you see the parallel? There are six days of man and then the day of the LORD and it is during this day of the LORD that the kingdoms of man become the Kingdoms of God as God judges and makes war with the earth destroying man's kingdoms. Isaiah 13:6 reads: Howl ye; for the day of the LORD is at hand; it shall come as a destruction from the Almighty. Joel 2:1 reads: Blow ye the trumpet in Zion, and sound an alarm in my holy mountain: let all the inhabitants of the land tremble: for the day of the LORD cometh, for it is nigh at hand; We are doing just that sounding an alarm for those with ears to hear and eyes to see. For we believe that this comet called Lucifer is a bringer of some of those

destructions. And for those of you who have believed the lies that we will be taken out of the way in some secret rapture reread 1Cr 15:52: In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump: for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed. Our being caught up with the Lord will be at the last trumpet.”

Jeff and Linda looked at each other for a couple minutes without speaking, and then Linda smiled and kissed Jeff. “I am so thankful God chose to show us the truth and save us and for you my husband, moving us here so we can prepare for what is coming.”

“It wasn’t me honey, that brought us here, we can see God clearly orchestrating every step, for what purpose I can’t even guess.”

**Pro 4:16** For they sleep not, except they have done mischief; and their sleep is taken away, unless they cause [some] to fall.

**Mal 1:4** Whereas Edom saith, We are impoverished, but we will return and build the desolate places; thus saith the LORD of hosts, They shall build, but I will throw down; and they shall call them, The border of wickedness, and, The people against whom the LORD hath indignation for ever.

## Chapter 17

It was 12:30AM, the time she had been told to be ready for the flight to Anchorage, Alaska the site of the Quake-Aid concert. A 24 hour music marathon by the days biggest idols held in a place where the sun would shine for all of those 24 hours. “Bringing light to the rest of the world” was its motto. Taylor Winston had not seen her soon to be husband since the day they conceived their child but she had been kept busy making the arrangements for their wedding along with picking out the 8 carat round cut flawless diamond engagement ring that now adorned the ring finger of her left hand. She looked forward to spending time with Heord on this trip even though she had been reminded that it was a business trip and not to expect too much. Isaiah Brown took Miss Winston’s bags down to the limousine and drove her to the airport where Herod was already waiting. He must be a total night owl she thought after seeing how awake and active Herod was for 1:00 in the

morning. Herod greeted her with a kiss and a hug and they boarded the plane together. Taylor showed Herod the engagement ring she picked out and thanked him for such a beautiful gift, but Herod seemed very busy with last minute details of the concert. Taylor ended up sleeping most of the flight to Anchorage.

The weather in Anchorage was much nicer than Taylor expected. The temperature was in the mid 50's. She was also surprised that it was still night but the sun was moving along the horizon lighting the sky. Taylor followed Herod around and watched as he set back like a king while everyone sought his approval as he oversaw the finishing touches on Quake-Aid. It was as if he was the root and everyone else was trying to feed off him, but in reality he was the one feeding on them, she thought.

It was 4:00 AM in anchorage when the Quake-Aid concert officially began with simultaneous broadcasts throughout the entire globe in 119 different languages. Herod opened the concert with a short introduction.

“My fellow citizens of the world, today May 11<sup>th</sup> is a special day in history as we the people of this planet come together to show that we can endure and we can overcome and we can rebuild any destructions, and any pains, and any travails.” The massive crowd at the open pavilion along Anchorage's water front erupted into huge cheers and shouts.

Herod waited until they settled before continuing. “Working together we can awaken to a new world order of peace and prosperity. We must have peace and those who would teach the prejudiced lies that God destroyed San Francisco because of sin, or that God is a not a God of peace are only filled with

hate. I have been to San Francisco and the people there were the most loving people I have ever had the pleasure to meet. Anyone who thinks the tragedy there was just, are the enemies to what we are building here today. Now!"

To accent the word 'now' pyrotechnics exploded, the crowd went wild, and the curtain dropped to expose a nasty looking group of young men in torn clothes, unkempt hair, tattoos and piercings, driving electric guitars and screaming out their number one hit on three continents, "Baby You Did Me So Hot." It was also that exact moment Herod's assistant ran up to him and whispered into his ear and he and his entourage of assistants and body guards grabbed Taylor and drove the streets back to the airport at speeds in excess of 100 mph. Luckily it was the middle of the night so traffic was almost nonexistent and they were soon back to their waiting plane and made an immediate takeoff. Herod walked to the front and stuck his head into the cockpit.

"Take us over the area," was all he said.

Pressure had been building for years along a fault line that ran through Augustine Island, 180 miles southwest of Anchorage, and that pressure was suddenly released at 4:02 AM on May the 11<sup>th</sup>. The heave of the earth was so severe that the entire mountain was torn in two and the northeast half of the island had been blown off into the water. The result of the earth's upheaval and resultant force of the mountain hitting the water sent a surge of water up the inlet that resulted in a tsunami like wave. Although it had been active for the previous 200 years, this release of energy was huge. As they flew parallel to the Cook Inlet avoiding the cloud of ash the destruction they saw was catastrophic. Taylor covered her eyes unable to look at the barren areas

where small villages like Tyonek, Nikiski, and Kenai had once stood. Herod only had a strange, small smile on his face as he looked out the window in silence.

The view from the concert was even more dramatic for those who had risen early enough in Anchorage and those watching on TV worldwide, were given a first hand look. No one had noticed the sound of the eruption or additional smoke in the sky to the southwest as the hundred thousand watt speakers filled the air with ear drum bursting levels of sound. Most of the TV cameras were able to turn in time to give a view of the one hundred and twenty foot tall wall of water just before it swept clean the entire bay area.

“Yes, Mr. President, we are all fine.” Herod’s phone rang less than five minutes after the images of the event were shown worldwide.

“This is a propaganda nightmare. How are we supposed to put a good spin on this?”

“I will get on it right away,” Herod replied, hanging up on the president and making a call to start a chain reaction of people making arrangements and appointments for Herod to appear on nearly every major talk or news show in the country. Herod’s plane set down in Seattle where two limousines were waiting to take Herod and his entourage to a large multimedia studio owned by a giant computer software vendor. The software vendor greeted Herod and his fiancée and told his media crew to give Mr. Goldstein their best cooperation. It was from the studio that Herod orchestrated his interviews.

“This terrible tragedy outlines the struggle that we face as a people as evil forces come against us because of the hate for

tolerance, caring and love.”

“Are you saying the Cook’s Inlet tsunami was caused on purpose by some demonic force?” The big eye-browed interviewer asked incredulously over his coffee mug.

“You can say demonic force; I have been given information that proves that right wing extremists, so called Christian terrorists orchestrated the destruction of Augustine Island with it in mind to create a tsunami and destroy the loving efforts of all the wonderful people who were martyred by what will go down throughout history as the most heinous terrorist act on one’s fellow human beings ever.”

“A Terrorist’s act? Are you sure?” The bushy eye-browed interviewer exclaimed over his cup of coffee.

“Not only have these terrorists murdered countless thousands of innocent caring loving people, but the destruction to the environment in Cook’s inlet is something we may never recover from.” Herod looked like he was ready to cry when he presented the thought that fish or baby seals might have been harmed.

Every news station on the planet showed the destructive Cooks Inlet tsunami as the top story, usually three or four times an hour, but was soon showing questionable footage that claimed to depict terrorists planting a nuclear bomb on Augustine. If one had the sound turned off the video could have looked like some researchers trouncing around the island and checking equipment. After the story was repeated the fourth or fifth time even the newscasters started to see sinister intent. America was already under martial law and the executive powers acts, but it was still early that morning when many of the famous news and talk show icons were

calling for stricter government controls and for moves against extremist Christian terrorist organizations.

Being Saturday, the markets reacted slowly, but the worldwide price of crude oil topped one hundred dollars per barrel due to the destruction of the oil industry relating to the Cook Inlet. Many oil companies had platforms, pipelines and storage facilities destroyed leaving millions of barrels of oil behind. Cook's Inlet had produced over a billion barrels of oil and almost ten trillion cubic feet of natural gas. Its official output for the next year would be zero.

**Pro 8:11** For wisdom [is] better than rubies; and all the things that may be desired are not to be compared to it.

**Eze 38:12** To take a spoil, and to take a prey; to turn thine hand upon the desolate places [that are now] inhabited, and upon the people [that are] gathered out of the nations, which have gotten cattle and goods, that dwell in the midst of the land.

## Chapter 18

Bob and Kathy arrived within a few minutes of each other around eleven in the morning. Bob came in carrying a bottle of wine and a small loaf of bread which he placed into the refrigerator.

“Did you all hear about the tsunami?” Kathy asked, as she sat on the couch in the living room, joining the other adults.

“There was another tsunami?” Bob asked as he looked at Jeff and Linda to see if they might have knowledge of it also.

“We haven’t heard anything either.” Jeff added.

“They had just begun the Quake-Aid concert when a volcano blew its side into the ocean, and caused a tsunami that nailed Anchorage about twenty minutes later. They are saying it was Christian extremists using maybe a small nuclear bomb that may have been supplied to them by Islamic terrorists. I have to admit the sight of the wall of water hitting was

amazing television.”

Bob couldn't help but laugh seeing the irony. “You know God has a sense of humor when something like that happens.”

“Please explain how that can be funny!” Kathy interjected, a bit put out that someone would laugh at such a tragedy.

Bob was a bit disappointed that Kathy might stick up for the homofest as he had taken to calling the concert, but hid it well.

“If you consider that God destroyed San Francisco, home of homos and perverts and when mans kingdom tried to hold the city up and rebuild it, God turned around and destroyed their efforts on world wide television, no less. Yes I find humor in that.”

“So then, you believe God did it and not terrorists.”

“I also believe the 9/11 bombing and the Oklahoma City bombings were done by terrorists known as the government. And as usual they are falsely blaming Christians for this now. God has declared war on mans kingdom and part of the propaganda is to lie about the damage the enemy is inflicting.”

“Explain that.” Kathy asked now looking deep in thought.

“When the tsunami hit Indonesia the death tolls were below 10,000 at first and slowly were raised but the true death toll was probably near four million people. Back when they were reporting one hundred and fifty thousand dead I was looking at death tolls by country and the death tolls were only 1/20th of the number missing. They only reported on the people

they found. The greater number were washed out to sea never to be found. Same thing happened on the San Francisco earthquake. It was first reported to be a six point nine, then seven something. The true number is probably at least in the nines. Man' kingdom does not want anyone thinking these destructions could be judgments from God because people may lose faith and belief in mans kingdom and repent and turn to God. They don't want their ranks broken like that."

Kathy thought quietly about what Bob was saying. Her initial reaction had possibly been wrong if what he said was correct and it sounded like he might be now. Maybe God does have a sense of humor she thought, and with that she smiled, but was not going to let anyone know why.

"Are you a Christian, Kathy?" Bob asked sincerely.

"Yes, I am."

"Not to be disrespectful Kathy, a lot of people claim to be Christians. May I ask why you believe you are?" Bob tried not to offend her, but there was no good way to ask, he thought.

"I agree with you. I was baptized into Christ for the forgiveness of sins as in Acts 2:38 about three years ago," Kathy answered.

Bob didn't answer, only smiled a big smile and Kathy was glad he did. "I would like to propose we have communion, would that be ok Bro?"

"I guess so, we haven't ever had communion, and maybe you can explain it if that would be alright," Jeff answered in a not too sure manner.

Bob ran out to his truck and in less than a minute was back inside with his bible. He then took the bottle of wine he brought and asked Linda for some glasses. Turning to first Corinthians chapter 11 verse 23 he started reading: "For I have received of the Lord that which also I delivered unto you, That the Lord Jesus the same night in which he was betrayed took bread: And when he had given thanks, he brake it, and said, Take, eat: this is my body, which is broken for you: this do in remembrance of me. After the same manner also he took the cup, when he had supped, saying, this cup is the New Testament in my blood: this do ye, as oft as ye drink it, in remembrance of me. For as often as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do shew the Lord's death till he come. Wherefore whosoever shall eat this bread, and drink this cup of the Lord, unworthily, shall be guilty of the body and blood of the Lord. But let a man examine himself, and so let him eat of that bread, and drink of that cup. For he that eateth and drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh damnation to himself, not discerning the Lord's body. For this cause many are weak and sickly among you, and many sleep. For if we would judge ourselves, we should not be judged." Bob paused to add his thoughts, "it is important that we make sure we come to God with clean hands and if not repent and seek his forgiveness before we drink of the cup and take of the bread" he said solemnly. Bob then broke the bread and handed out the glasses of wine, then added a prayer "Jesus, thank you for your sacrifice and dying for us, please bless us and keep us." Everyone added a solemn amen before eating and drinking of the sacraments.

The ladies retired to the kitchen and fixed a vegetable and cheese platter along with some sandwiches while the men stayed in the living room and talked.

“Linda and I have been listening to a radio preacher on Friday nights. We would listen more often but he doesn’t come on until midnight. I have tried to find out his name, but I don’t think he gives it. I also noticed the station he is on is never given. It’s all kind of strange. Last night he taught about coming destructions, the seven trumpets, and that he believed Comet Lucifer was bringing destructions and may be part of the destructions of the seven trumpets. I don’t suppose you ever heard this preacher on the radio or know what I am talking about.” Jeff laughed a little at himself as he could see Bob was smiling at him while he was trying to spit it all out.

“Yes Jeff, I know of the preacher you are talking about. His name is Alex Bordon and he is a friend of mine.”

“You really know the guy I am talking about?”

“Yes, I really do and I can give you tapes of his teachings if you like so you and Linda don’t have to stay up late anymore,” Bob added chuckling.

“You know Bob, I don’t think I can take much more of all this. My world is changing too fast and reality is becoming a bit blurred and surrealistic.” Both men laughed as Bob put his arm around Jeff’s shoulder and gave him a fierce shake.

“You will do fine brother.”

After lunch the talk turned back to the mysterious bible teacher and Jeff explained to Linda that Bob actually knew the preacher, while Kathy listened on intently.

“What is with his never giving his name or the station never identifying itself?” Linda asked.

“It’s a pirate radio broadcast. It is done at night to allow the signal to skip off the ionosphere and be heard by most of America.”

“Does the signal originate from somewhere around here? It seems a lot stronger here than when I heard it in Chicago.” Jeff asked.

“Actually it does originate from somewhere in northern Wisconsin, exactly where changes, the station is in a van which allows the location of the broadcast to change. The idea is to keep the government from busting them and shutting down the signal. They can triangulate on the broadcast but because it’s only an hour per night and its transmitting location changes, it makes it more difficult to track. I think he may have switched his tactics to leaving transmitters hooked to car batteries and run off mp3 players as they have almost busted him and losing a few hundred dollars worth of equipment is better than losing ones freedom. I think the government wants to shut him down bad now. In years past he broadcasted legitimately, but the government used a high power transmitter which was triangulated to Bethesda Naval base jammed him off the air. Now when they do that he just changes the frequency. His belief is if they won’t respect his rights to free speech and to broadcast legally, he doesn’t owe it to them to obey their oppressive laws. The air waves like everything else belong to God anyway.”

“Wouldn’t it be easier to just pay different stations? I don’t think they could jam them all.” Kathy asked, curious about why they would go to all the cloak and dagger trouble.

“Problem is there aren’t any stations that will touch his messages. The few that have within a week or two are

pressured to drop them for being so dangerous.”

“I have not listened to a lot of the broadcasts, but from what I have heard it’s just a lot of bible verses and some teaching to tie them together, nothing dangerous.” Jeff was also wondering why there would be so much trouble and the need for a pirate broadcast station.

“The bible verses are what make them so dangerous.” Bob answered.

“I still don’t get it!” Kathy interjected. “What is so dangerous about teaching the bible?”

“As Machiavelli said it is far better to earn the confidence of the people than to rely on fortresses. The bible teaches that God is in control of all things, man’s kingdom wants you to believe they are. If you accept that there is another King or another Judge or another Law Giver then who is your confidence in? If an earthquake destroys in judgment, then mans kingdom wants to show they have the power to rebuild and to fix it. They don’t want you to believe God did it, and when God destroyed their effort to rebuild and overcome God’s judgment in Anchorage, in front of the whole world no less, they could let people accept the truth that they are impotent before God and lose the confidence of the people or they can claim it was the work of God’s people and call them terrorists and hate mongers.

Kathy listened and thought carefully about what Bob was saying and it seemed to her to be about the most truthful statement she had ever heard. She also found herself thinking Bob was an attractive man for his age and that her respect for him was growing.

“You make it sound almost like there is a war,” Kathy

commented.

“It is a war, but not the kind where we bomb them and they bomb us. Warfare has changed and the first rule of the new warfare is to not let your enemy know you are warring with him or he might fight back. Many years ago the government use to tax foreign imports and protect Americans who at that time didn’t pay taxes. Now it’s the reverse. They tax us and allow free imports. Maybe those in power are committing treason and are in bed with our enemies.”

Jeff and Linda had been sitting on the sidelines but Jeff now jumped in, “You believe that this country is being handed over to aliens who are against us and seeking to destroy us with help from the higher powers of this government?”

“Machiavelli wrote about obtaining political power and keeping it. He wrote that it is more effective and less costly to colonize a country when one takes it over than to occupy it with an army. When I was a young man in the late 1960s this country was 87% white. At that time they changed the immigration laws that made it so less than 10% of people immigrating to this country could be white. In just my lifetime since then this country is fast approaching whites no longer being the majority. Yes, there is and has been, a systematic program to destroy white America. While I was looking for property I saw many ads for farms for sale that I would like to have purchased. These farms are sold with very low almost non-existent interests rates attached, however they are only sold to minorities. The land was bought on money borrowed by a bank and guaranteed by the government and when they foreclosed, handed over to non-Christian non-white families. They not only followed Machiavelli’s plan of colonization but made it less odious

than outright stealing it. They now use smoke and mirrors. What's happened to fair housing now? It didn't use to be called immigration it used to be called invasion."

Jeff, Linda, and Kathy sat quietly. They had all witnessed it but never heard it put so clearly into words by anyone. Yes there is a war and they had been blind to it, but no longer could be.

**Jer 50:11** Because ye were glad, because ye rejoiced, O ye destroyers of mine heritage, because ye are grown fat as the heifer at grass, and bellow as bulls;

**Rev 11:18** And the nations were angry, and thy wrath is come, and the time of the dead, that they should be judged, and that thou shouldest give reward unto thy servants the prophets, and to the saints, and them that fear thy name, small and great; and shouldest destroy them which destroy the earth.

## Chapter 19

“Herod, how did they find out that it was Christian extremists who caused the tsunami?” Taylor asked after Herod was through with an interview. It had been a long day of appearances and interviews in which Herod not only denounced rightwing Christian terrorists but called for a wide sweeping crackdown on these hate filled extremists.

“They caught them on film planting the bomb.” Herod answered in an off hand manner, as if to say why are you even asking.

“But how do we know it was Christian extremists?”

“Do you think God killed all those people for trying to help the victims of the earthquake?”

“Well, no.” she answered

“Who else would blow it up and cause a tsunami because of their hate for the homos in San Francisco so they wouldn’t be helped?”

Taylor said nothing since she really didn’t have an answer. She still wondered how he knew and when he found out. Herod had neither received a phone call nor made any other than talking to the president, then to his aids, then to make arrangements for the use of the software giant’s media studio.

She was thankful for being alive but wondered why Herod didn’t warn anyone at the concert but chose to only save those with him. She thought about bringing it up but decided it might be best to leave it alone. Herod was readying himself for the final appearance he would make that night.

“That is correct, it is fortunate that that we left when we did. Had I not had an overwhelming feeling that we had to leave immediately our fate would be the same as all the innocent souls that perished. I guess there is much more for me to accomplish yet. Right now the most important question before us as a people is what can we do to send a clear message to these rightwing Christian terrorists that these attacks will not go unpunished? We have anti-terrorist laws on the books now, and hate crime laws, but I propose we need stiffer penalties and enforcement against hate literature and hate speech. Especially against those who pervert the bible into a book of hate against anyone not white or Christian. Christianity is about loving one another, not murdering those who don’t think or look like the majority white Christians. I am sure true Christians everywhere will join with me in denouncing this terrible atrocity.”

A limo was waiting outside that drove them to a beautiful downtown hotel and they rode the elevator to the penthouse.

“Herod, how is it you have a penthouse in Seattle?” Taylor asked.

“I own the hotel.” Herod answered in a matter of fact manner as they stepped off the elevator into a beautiful large room whose opulence was even greater than the penthouse in Atlanta and almost a rival to the one she had stayed in the previous week in New York City.

“How many hotels and buildings do you own?” She asked.

“I don’t know,” he answered as if to say why should I count them?

“How many Limousines do you own?”

“Again I don’t know. Enough as I have never learned to drive.”

“How much money do you have?”

“Taylor you are asking very boring questions. Ask an accountant.”

Herod showed Taylor to a room for her to sleep in and then proceeded to another room with an impressive large table and an interesting computer system. Taylor was very tired, but her curiosity had the better of her as she stayed near the doors opening and listened.

“Do you not think that was dangerous blaming Christian extremists?” the first voice hissed almost sounding snake like in quality.

“We do not want to move too fast, these are perilous times.” A second older voice added.

Taylor figured it was some sort of high speed secured

internet video conferencing but was too afraid to look into the room to see. She was also too curious to close her door and go to bed. So she held her position and listened more.

“As I have warned before, it is dangerous to try to destroy them as it always seems to backfire on us. It is better to lead them into sin and watch their God destroy them.” A slower, loud old man’s voice interjected.

“I say now is the time to destroy them all. Everything is in position for us to eliminate our centuries old enemy and the threat to all our people.” A younger energetic voice spoke.

“I agree with the rabbi. They are too weak, disorganized and scattered to offer any resistance to our plans. I say leave the sleeping sheep lay,” said a fifth distinct voice.

“My brothers!” A voice she knew as her soon to be husband’s interrupted. “There is no other sure way of holding control over a people accustomed to freedom other than destroying. Anyone who plans to become master of such a people without destroying can plan on being destroyed themselves. My path is clear. We will use our media to convince the people that one: Things are getting better by eliminating martial law. Two: We will increase our grip by the passage of new laws forbidding terrorist or hate speech. Three: We will spin the argument away from what happened in Alaska to how we should deal with extremist Christians either severely or lethally. And four: we will move to destroy those who understand the true meaning of the bible and have understanding of true Israel, especially those looking to teach others. Are there any questions?” There was a pause in which nobody spoke and then “meeting is adjourned.” Taylor thought to sneak back to her bed, but since she heard no sound of movement waited a little more before hearing her

fiancée speak again. “Mr. President.”

“Yes, Mr. Goldstein, I wish to applaud your handling of the events earlier today.”

“Thank you, Mr. President,” Herod answered. “I want you to cancel martial law first thing in the morning. Later in the day a bill will be fast tracked through both houses pertaining to anti-terrorist measures. I want you to sign it immediately.”

“Everything will be done per your orders, Mr. Goldstein.”

“Thank you.”

It was quiet again so Taylor quietly slipped back to bed and waited for Herod to join her, only he never did. She spent some hours waiting and wondering about the president taking orders from Herod. The whole thing made no sense but added to the uneasy feeling she had been dealing with since meeting him.

Early the next morning Taylor joined Herod for breakfast tired from a lack of sleep. Herod, wasting no time got straight to the point. “What did you think about what you heard last night?” Taylor froze, not sure what to answer. “I have security cameras. I saw you listening outside the door. Did you have questions?” The tone seemed too pleasant for addressing someone who was spying, she thought.

“Yes, I guess I do,” she answered quietly.

“Such as how is it I can tell the president what to do? Or how I can know that a law will be fast tracked?”

“Yes.”

“I am the prince of the powers that be, as will be our son

after me,” He answered. “The first men you heard me speaking with are my nobles.”

“Nobles?”

“They are my helpers in ruling. They have bound themselves to me and my fortunes wholly.” Taylor looked on questioning as if still not understanding so Herod continued. “Those who are bound wholly to me and are not grasping, I bestow my love and honor. On those who do not, they progress no further and I use and expend as needed. Those who show themselves to be my enemies I destroy.”

“And the president?”

“Presidents change every four years, eight years if I decide they serve me well. Their power is only for a season and at my discretion.”

“And if they don’t obey you?”

“I already answered that.”

“Why did you let me listen and why are you telling me these things?”

“You are going to be my wife. Your fortunes are tied to mine, and let’s face it Taylor, you just aren’t that grasping.”

**Exd 20:9** Six days shalt thou labour, and do all thy work:

**Pro 12:1** Whoso loveth instruction loveth knowledge: but he that hateth reproof [is] brutish.

## Chapter 20

Kathy came over early in the morning just after the men left for work on their new saw mill. She helped Linda watch the children and get her household chores done, before the women went out to the greenhouse to water and check on the starter plants. “What do you think about Bob?” Linda asked, already suspecting Kathy may be having thoughts toward him.

“He seems very nice and very intelligent. What do you think?”

“I think you would make a nice couple,” Linda teased, laughing.

The men spent the day cutting, welding and fabricating. They seemed to work with one mind and four hands which was very rare. Jeff thought back to his days in college when he and his lab partner were like that. They wired a logic circuit for an elevator in the five minutes before their three hour lab class actually began. The instructor was so amazed he gave them an even harder project for extra credit. They had it done fifteen minutes later before anyone else in the class was even

half started on the first circuit. The instructor reluctantly sent them packing from class since there was no need for them to sit and make noise disturbing the rest of the students for the next two plus hours. Jeff had that same feeling building the sawmill with Bob as he had in all their projects. It was still a surprise when they completed the mill before dinner despite the manual claiming it would take approximately forty hours to complete. With plenty of daylight left the two men used the grapple on the skid steer to load a large log on the mill. They proceeded to saw it up in half the time they would have spent using the Alaskan mill. One of the first cuts was a 1/32 thick slice to see how true the cuts were made. The paper thin slab of wood came out perfect and Bob decided to mount it on the wall in the generator portion of his greenhouse as a trophy to their job well done.

Dinner was almost ready and Bob was pleasantly surprised to see Kathy there when they walked in the door.

“This is my first meal cooked on a woodstove,” Kathy announced when she saw them enter.

“Its smells great!” Bob replied.

“How is it coming with the sawmill?” Linda asked as she gave her husband a kiss.

“We are all done.”

“That was fast. I thought it would take a couple days.” Linda was a little shocked but she had seen the way Jeff and Bob had gotten their home fixed up so quickly so was starting to expect the miracles.

“We even sawed up a couple logs to see how we liked it.” Bob added, “I am glad dinner is almost ready.”

“Does it smell that good?” Kathy asked with a small giggle.

“Well actually I was wondering if we ate quickly, if anyone wanted to go to the cattle auction tonight. You have good fencing and the grass has come in good, the weather is warmer, just seems like a good time to put ‘em all together.” Bob replied like a kid in a hurry to get to Christmas.

Jeff looked at Linda and then they both looked at Kathy who realized she was of course invited also. “I’m game if you all are.”

They all piled into Jeff’s truck and Bob connected the trailer in anticipation they would find some nice deals. Jeff started driving south following Bob’s instructions. The drive took almost two hours and they listened to the radio for part of the drive. They must have heard the song “American Pie” five times as a dedication to all those who died in the tsunami as DJs began referring to May 6<sup>th</sup> as the day the music died.

“That song isn’t about a plane crash killing 3 musicians.” Bob announced.

“I’ll bite, what is it about then?” Kathy asked.

“It’s a funeral dirge,” Bob answered, “but for America. The widow is America. The water is the word of God, “but the levy was dry,” the word of God was no longer there so they drank whiskey and rye, another spirit. Listen to the words. “Can music save your mortal soul? And the jester stole His thorny crown. Also I went down to the sacred store, which is a church and heard the music years before, which is the gospel. There are also lines like I saw Satan laughing with delight the day the music died, and the three men I admire the most, the Father, Son and the Holy Ghost. I bought this record as a young teen and the most telling of all was the

record company label which read YHWH Records. I find it interesting that now almost 40 years later as great destructions are hitting that this song is played more now than at the first.”

“Doesn’t the time period of forty years represent a judgment period?” Jeff asked.

“Exactly,” Bob answered.

The auction had started about 10 minutes before they got there. Bob having been to an auction before registered and got their number while the others found a hard seat in a half circle of steps around the auction pit. The baby calves were brought through first. They asked the people next to them who the people that were sitting in the folding chairs in the front row were and found out they were buyers for big operations. Bob soon joined them and watched to get an idea of the going rates.

“Why are the calves that weigh 100lbs going for close to \$200 while the 70 lb calves are only going for \$20?” Jeff asked Bob next to him.

“The light calves have a bad start and are weak; many will not live through the shipping here and then back home. The 100lb calves are veal calves and most will only be milk fed before butchering.” A cute little brown Jersey heifer calf walked into the auction area, her weight showed at only 70lbs. Kathy let out a sigh.

“I love that little cow. She is so cute.”

The bidding started at \$2.00 a lb but nobody bid, the bidding then caught on at \$1.00 and worked its way back to \$1.70 where she sold.

“How much did she go for?” Kathy asked excitedly.

“\$1.70 a pound or around \$120,” Bob answered.

“Who bought her?” She asked looking around. Bob could only smile.

“We did.” Bob answered as he watched Kathy smile as big a smile as he could ever have hoped to see.

“Why did that little calf go for \$120 when all the other underweight calves went for closer to twenty?” Jeff asked.

“Because Jersey calves weigh less naturally so that calf was probably healthier. Also a heifer calf will bring more money.”

“Did you get a good deal?” Jeff continued his questioning so he could better understand.

“Maybe, but it was worth it.” Bob answered smiling. The calf could be a free-marten.”

“What is that?”

“When a cow has twins, a heifer born with a male twin will usually not be able to be bred, which means the calf would only be good for meat later or a pet.”

“On the twenty dollar calves what are their chances of surviving?” Jeff asked.

“Probably about fifty-fifty, I will see about securing some comfrey roots in the morning and plant them in my garden. Comfrey tea seems to help them overcome the scours and improves their survivability.”

“What are scours?” Jeff asked feeling like the city boy he had

been.

“It’s like cow diarrhea.” Bob answered.

“With Linda’s attention you could raise them up to be good beef animals and they could be good buys but they may also be less adept at converting feed into meat. The real downside is how will Linda take the calves she isn’t able to get healthy and them dying?”

“Yes, I think that would be very hard on her.”

A cute little Holstein calf walked into the auction pit and weighed in at 80 lbs. Bob leaned over to talk to Jeff.

“That calf is a bit of a risk but could end up working out real well. If you raise her up for about 15 months and then breed her and she takes, then about 20 months from now she could be worth around \$1200 dollars as a springing heifer.”

“Springing heifer?”

“First time freshener” Bob answered.

Jeff then leaned over to Linda and asked, “do you want a little heifer calf?” Linda smiled and nodded. Jeff waved at \$1.50 and again at \$1.80 before the bidding ended.

It took about 20 minutes more before Bob saw what he was hoping for. Three Black Angus heifers strode in and together weighed 1220lbs. The bidding started at a dollar, but with no bidders dropped to seventy five cents before picking up steam. The price was a little steep but it was exactly what they wanted so they ended up winning the bid at \$1.10. The final purchase of the day was a shorthorn heifer that was 700lbs but not bred. Most people laid off bidding on her because though nothing looked wrong with her they figured

she was being sold because she wasn't taking to breeding.

Bob suggested that if they couldn't get her bred they could butcher her for meat in the fall so the price of twenty seven cents per pound they bought her for seemed a very good deal. On the way out as the men paid for the cows, Linda pulled a phone number from the bulletin board that had chickens for sale.

It was a bit of a squeeze for their trailer so they let the auction house know they would pick the larger heifer up in the morning. They loaded the rest of their new herd into the trailer.

On the way home Bob stopped at an all night grocer and bought a gallon of whole milk and a baby bottle. Taking his pocket knife out he modified the nipple and suggested they give the babies a feeding when they got back. "If you are interested in a milk cow, I met a fellow that has a Normandy cow with a month old bull calf. He says she is three years old and in good shape and gives about fifty pounds of milk per day. He would take \$1300 for the pair. It may work out in that we will have all the milk we need, butter and also extra milk for the calves."

"Fifty pounds is about six gallons per day. Isn't that a lot?" Jeff asked.

"Yes and no, its not terrible, but some guys will only keep cows that prove themselves to do better and cull the lower producing animals. I think it's a good deal. The bull calf will also be excellent for beef in about 20 months. Normandy's are excellent dual purpose cattle in that they put on quality weight as well as any of them. They are also excellent milk producers, though this one may only be average or a little

below. We can selectively breed her in the future and maybe get better milk producers, or we may find she is more of a beef producing line and build on that. The only catch is someone will have to milk her twice a day.”

“I will milk her!” Linda almost shouted. “I always wanted to have a milk cow and now I won’t have to wait for Bessie, my little Holstein to grow up.”

“I will help milk her too, if that’s ok with you, Linda.” Kathy volunteered.

“It will save us about \$150 for milk replacer and allow us to add more young calves later.” Bob added.

“I think that sounds good to me also.” Jeff said to make it unanimous.

The next morning the men decided to try to get everything done in one trip because of the cost of fuel nearing five dollars per gallon. “Luckily we are able to run a little more than half waste vegetable oil mixed with kerosene for fuel,” Jeff thought, as he drove past the filling station.

The first stop was at the farmer who had the Normandy cow and bull calf, which they purchased immediately. They both looked a little weird in their coloring, but Bob assured Jeff that was an idiosyncrasy of the breed. Before leaving Bob noticed the farmer had old stainless steel containers that were used when the farmer still milked by hand. Each one would hold about five gallons. After asking about them the farmer agreed to sell the six of them for fifty dollars.

They then stopped at a farm that sold laying hens and purchased twelve. The farmer threw in a thirteenth hen for good measure in case one died in transit. The chickens were

tied into grain bags which they didn't care much for, but they would only be in there for about two hours and there wasn't a lot of other options. Next they picked up their heifer at the auction house and then stopped at a feed store on the way home, picking up close to a thousand pounds of feed, three calf milk bottles, a few packages of scours medicine, a couple of containers of lye, assorted cleaning supplies and milk filters they would need. "You know I feel like I know less than nothing about this stuff we do," Jeff confessed. Bob could only laugh.

"I know I have been dragging you through all this and you have been a real trooper. You will catch on quick, I promise. You have done absolutely fantastic adjusting and I am very proud of you Bro."

The morning seemed like it had been shot with driving around and taking care of everything, but a lot more was accomplished than they felt. Kathy came by that morning to help Linda with the cow and calves and stayed through lunch which saw the men come back and add two of the newer three additions to their herd. They all munched away at the fresh green grass in the first four acre section of their fencing. Bob tied the Normandy cow to a small tree and cleaned out one of the stainless milking containers at the well. He then proceeded to show the ladies how to milk the cow, first washing the cow's udder using the udder wash they had purchased that morning.

"Why isn't the top of this container open more?" Kathy asked.

"That helps keep foreign objects out, like the cow's foot."

Kathy could see this immediately as the cow kept moving

around not used to being milked out in the open or by hand. She also saw how the wide low shape helped keep it from getting knocked over.

“Why did we buy all six of the containers when there is only one cow to milk?” Jeff asked.

Bob smiled. “I will show you.” Bob took the second of the six containers and rinsed it out at the well. After drying it with a towel they went to the greenhouse and pumped into it close to 4/5ths of a gallon of methanol. He then added 8 teaspoons of lye and slowly mixed the two. He then added 4 gallons of waste vegetable oil and carefully stirred. Almost immediately the reaction caused by the lye broke the triglyceride bonds freeing the esters from the glycerin which then combined with the methanol to create methyl-esters, leaving the free glycerin to sink to the bottom of the container.

“We just created 4 gallons of bio-diesel with a street value of close to \$20,” Bob announced with a smile. “Not bad, eh Bro?” He added, grinning. “We will have to let all the glycerin settle out, the longer the better, but in a few days you have a great diesel substitute for your beetle or truck, or even tractor.”

“Can we do some more? We have 4 more containers after all,” Jeff asked, like a mad scientist with a new toy. Both men literally ran to get the last four containers, which both ladies found hilarious watching them come shooting out of the greenhouse to grab the containers.

**Pro 18:22** [Whoso] findeth a wife findeth a good [thing], and obtaineth favour of the LORD.

**Pro 19:14** House and riches [are] the inheritance of fathers: and a prudent wife [is] from the LORD.

## Chapter 21

That afternoon the men decided to have some fun and go fishing, taking Christopher along, while the ladies stayed at the homestead. “Bro, do you think I am too old for Kathy?”

“Do you think she is too young for you?” Jeff responded.

“Can I ask you a huge favor?” Bob seemed to be hesitant but continued, “I am really attracted to Kathy and have thoughts about making her my wife, but I don’t want to bring her to live in a trailer. It wouldn’t have to be a big house, I sketched it out, but would you be ok if we built a house for her first? Then we will build yours. I know these are homes we plan to sell. We can put it on about 3 acres on the corner, here is a sketch of what I have planned and a lot of the wood is sawn.” Jeff stopped him there.

“Bob, you have been such a help and blessing to my whole family I would be honored to help you build the house.”

“Dad, can I help to?” Christopher asked.

“You will be seven soon Christopher, maybe it is time you

worked with me.”

The men came home victorious with a stringer of enough fish for three or four meals. Bob filleted the northern showing how to remove the y bones and the women filleted the bass and panfish. They had a great fish fry and enjoyable conversation. Jeff and Linda noticed that Bob and Kathy watched each other even more than ever. As they were leaving for home they could see Bob and Kathy talking at their vehicles before driving off.

“This isn’t as bad as you made it sound,” Kathy said, as she looked around Bob’s trailer. Bob felt awkward about her seeing his home, but he knew he would soon build something fitting for a woman like Kathy.

“It is cozy,” she thought, “and he does keep things very nice and organized.” The air seemed to be leaving the trailer as they both looked at each other and then around the trailer looking for something to say and hoping the other would speak.

“Would you like something to drink?” Bob asked, remembering his manners.

“Yes, thank you.”

“I have some beer and um, water.”

“Water would be nice, thank you.”

“The water here is incredible, I had a well drilled through the bedrock about 70 feet down, it comes up perfect, doesn’t need treating or filtering,” he said, handing her the glass and wondering why he chose now to do a discourse on wells. They sat on the couch looking at each other while Kathy

sipped her water for a time before speaking.

“I am not very experienced. I married my high school sweetheart and we were the only ones either of us knew. I have been alone these past four years. I don’t want to be alone anymore and I do dream of having children. You are the best man I could ever hope to meet. In a short time I already respect you more than any other man I know. I admit I wasn’t the best wife in the world but I promise to be the best wife I can. I also swear I will obey you and submit to your headship.” Kathy said these words with all sincerity while looking straight into Bob’s eyes.

Bob never imagined she would speak such kind generous words and before he could think about anything he heard himself speaking. “I don’t believe in making a marriage covenant with the state, but do so before God. I swear to you I will love you, provide for you and protect you even if it means laying down my life. I swear this to you and God.” It took him about ten more seconds of looking at her before he realized he had just exchanged vows with Kathy. He bent down and softly kissed her lips, which was the key that opened her. Their unleashed passions continued until the early morning hours.

Linda held breakfast for an extra half hour as they waited for both Bob and Kathy to show before eating.

“What do you think happened?” Jeff asked, knowing Linda was more astute to things.

“Maybe they went home together and nature being what it is...” Linda answered, giggling.

“You really think so?” Jeff asked, now starting to laugh.

“One not showing could be anything, both not showing, well...”

Jeff spent the morning doing maintenance, changing oil on the vehicles and anything that might need attention. Linda also kept busy with normal household chores and things around the house. It was just before lunch when the couple came down the driveway together, Bob honking the horn. They both exited the truck with huge smiles on their faces.

“Congratulate us brother!” Bob yelled, as he met Jeff in front of the truck and shook hands which Bob then turned into a hug. Kathy and Linda just hugged and jumped up and down and squealed loudly together.

“We exchanged vows last night and thought we would share our good news. We are on our way to town as I want to buy my new bride a wedding ring.” Bob announced.

“That is fantastic; we are happy for both of you and couldn’t imagine a better match.”

After Bob and Kathy left for town, Jeff suggested they get a hold of Alex Bordon and see if maybe they could arrange a party. Some research found his phone number and Jeff called.

“I think that would be great.” Alex answered to the idea of a get together.

“An idea just occurred to me, tell me what you think of this Alex. Bob and I had planned on building their house and now we seem to be a bit late on that. Do you think an old fashioned barn raising might be in order?”

“I have seven strong sons, some are a bit young, but all are

able to work. I think that is a great idea.”

Jeff also stopped at the local gas station and talked with the owner Bob and let him know anyone that was interested from the area was invited.

The Evers family spent the rest of the day buying supplies and getting prepared for the next day.

The next morning was clear and bright as Alex Bordon and sons drove up the Evers drive. “It’s nice to meet you Jeff. Bob has told me great things about you.” Jeff greeted the man he had spent many nights listening to. Alex was a taller man of strong build suggesting he played linebacker on a college football team in his younger days. His sons looked like the apple didn’t fall far from the tree all tall and stout.

“Thank you Alex, my wife and I have been greatly blessed by your teachings.”

“You have a great looking place here,” Alex said, looking around.

“Why don’t you and your sons come inside and have some breakfast before we head over?”

“Sure that would be nice.” Alex answered even though he and his sons had eaten an hour earlier, a little topping off before a hard days labor wouldn’t hurt his sons any.

Inside Linda greeted the man she had heard on the radio and the CDs Jeff played at night.

“It’s a pleasure to meet you, Mr. Bordon,” Linda said, welcoming him and his sons to their home and serving the large breakfast she prepared. She had expected an older man but he looked barely older than she or Jeff even though his

older sons looked close to twenty years old.

“I thought we would go over right after breakfast and then Linda will come set up a buffet area for everyone to eat and drink as they desire. I am not sure how many will come. It may be just us.”

Daddy, I can help too! You said I can help build Uncle Bob’s house.”

“Of course Christopher, just remember you have to stay in a safe area and obey me at all times or you will be back with you mother.”

“I will obey you, I promise.”

The men reached Bob’s homestead around eight, waking the newlyweds. Bob stepped outside to see what all the noise was. Two trucks pulling trailers loaded with supplies and Jeff’s tractor with backhoe bringing up the rear parked in the clearing. “Is this the place we are building a house today?” Yelled Alex in an almost stage voice. About five minutes later Kathy stepped outside to greet the work crew looking like she had taken a little time to fix herself up before stepping outside. Bob pointed down through the woods to a clearing near the corner of his property where a slab foundation could be seen.

“I have been spending some late evenings and early mornings putting in the foundation since I met Katherine.” He explained.

“Having a foundation already will eliminate some problems,” Alex said smiling. Bob thanked the men for coming and agreed to meet them down there once he freshened up. Alex’s sons set to clearing a good driveway out to the road

while Jeff showed Alex the house plans.

“Are you familiar with timber frame homes and structural integrated panels?” Jeff asked.

“You mean like what Alex Wade promoted?”

“Exactly!” Jeff exclaimed knowing they were on the same page and now wondering if Bob told Alex about them or the other way around.

As Jeff and Alex began a game plan for putting up the frame and fabricating the panels, five local men who knew Bob from his excursions to the local bar drove up. The men introduced themselves and they set to working. The timbers were pulled out from where they were stacked and were notched then stained. Four of the new men were put to work building the panels in an eight foot by twelve foot size with the fifth man attaching the gypsum board to the panels, taping, mudding, sanding and then painting them. Alex oversaw the panels and added doors and windows where they were called for and Jeff oversaw the timbers and decking. They did their best to work like an assembly line. As the hour passed another eight men showed up and they were given various tasks of preparation such as planing boards for flooring and roofing and moving the finished parts down to the house site. Everyone worked together well except for one guy who seemed to be out of sorts at everyone. After a while Alex asked him to leave, which he did but not without continuing to cause a bit of a scene. One of his friends apologized for his behavior and explained how he was going through some personal troubles and usually was a great guy to be around. Alex asked his friend to let him know they held no ill feelings and would welcome his fellowship again at another time when he was feeling better.

Linda soon showed up with Isabel. She and Kathy set up a huge banquet to feed the hard working men setting out ice tea, fresh water and sodas for those who drank them. One of the men asked if there was beer and Linda promised they had more than they could drink but were ordered not to put the beer out until later in the day. About 11:30 the men started to drag and Alex suggested everyone break for lunch. Alex raised his hands in prayer and asked God to bless the food they were about to receive, the women who prepared it for them and all the men and their efforts that day. Every man there bowed their heads and said amen when he was through. The ladies were kept hopping for almost an hour trying to keep up with the hungry appetites.

Shortly after 1:00 three more men showed up to help. While they weren't in need of more hands they were welcomed in to the growing group. It took only two hours to erect the house's timber frame. The panels were so heavy it took 5 strong men to safely move them into position. An industrial adhesive was applied where the panel would meet the timber frame with nails pre-positioned along the bottom to provide a trued base to apply them on. Each panel was held in place by two men while the next panel was applied. Then furring strips were used to attach and cover the joints between the panels. As the house was built Alex who seemed a natural born teacher, even more so then Bob, explained the benefits of the house including the fact that it took only about one quarter the energy to heat or cool.

The ladies continued their busy pace readying for the next assault that would be made by the hungry crowd of men now working, but Kathy still took an occasional glance down to the clearing. Seeing her future home go up so fast was like a miracle. While the largest crew was applying the panels to

the frame a smaller crew installed true one and a half inch maple boards on the second floor that served both as floor and ceiling above the first floor. Once done with the floor, they moved to using one and a half inch white oak boards for the roof decking, which ended up taking until evening. They finished with about thirty minutes of light left and joined the others who had finished enclosing the house with panels a little earlier for dinner. The house was totally enclosed and everyone marveled that they had done it in only one day. Many said they wanted to build a house using these methods themselves as soon as possible. The men noticed how almost all the materials were from the land and the cost was something very manageable.

The night's feast was huge. A few of the men left, some of whom returned with their families. A huge bonfire was lit, and music was provided by Alex's sons who had their instruments stored in their truck. One of the locals even brought a few fireworks which were lit after dark. It was during these fireworks one of the men spotted the bright blue head of comet Lucifer and its bright tail descending below the southern horizon. Everyone moved to the clearing where they could see it better. As the view of it was clearer they could make out its large blue head and even see a small spike like nose pointing out of the front. It was three times the brightness and size of anything else in the sky, most of its tail still buried beneath the horizon. Everyone stood in shocked awe for sometime without speaking.

"My brothers!" Alex's voice rang out clearly. "And you are my brothers as you have demonstrated today by the love and care you showed this newly married couple by your hard effort. I wish to repay your kindness in a small gesture by telling you a truth that was given to me." Every ear was on

Alex as every eye was on the comet. “For thousands of years man’s kingdom has warred against our people. They have enslaved us and consumed the fruits of our labors. While we have been the builders, they have been the destroyers. They claim ownership of our children, and burden us with the expense of their teaching our children not to obey the true God in heaven, but to worship their false gods. They have outlawed our teaching God’s laws. They have outlawed our children praying. They have taken us as a spoil and divided us amongst the nations. While we cannot afford food, they have given what we grow to the heathen. While we cannot afford medical care they make us pay for the medical care of the heathen. While we have searched for alternatives, they have outlawed and imprisoned those that try to save us. Now they have slandered us as murderers of the people in Alaska, as they slandered us with the burning of Rome and all the evils in between. We have been the sheep for these thousands of years and they have been the wolves. They kept us busy with petty disagreements and fake divisions so that we are kept busy fighting amongst ourselves and never wake up to their destructions. God told us that there would come a time when the slain blood of our ancestors will cry out from the ground to be avenged. The day of the Lord has come, a day of vengeance. In the book of revelations God describes the blowing of seven trumpets which hold judgments against our enemies. These judgments are not meant for us, but the kingdom that seeks to destroy us and our children’s children. God’s word says to come out of her my people lest you share in their destructions. You are His people and the time has come for us to come out. This comet you see coming brings the first judgment. The destructions that have been occurring are brought by this comet yet they are small in comparison to what is yet to come. The tsunamis, the hurricanes, the earth

quakes, the volcanoes are only the beginning of the birth pains.”

Not a man there would ever appreciate being preached at, but not a man stopped him because his words rang of truth inside each and every one of them. They gave thought to every word he spoke. Faced with the awesome sight of the comet and the knowledge that was in their hearts, his words cut them to their core.

“What are we to do?” One of the men asked.

“Repent and seek God’s will. God Himself, became a man and died as a sacrifice that you may live. Jesus is that man. He died so that you might have a chance to be reconciled to God and your sins forgiven. Jesus said we must be born again of blood and water. He gave his blood and it is His blood that washes us but we must also be baptized into Christ. It is through baptism that we share in his burial, becoming dead to our old self, and raised a new creature making us born again. And for those who are baptized, He has promised to put His Holy Spirit in us to teach us and witness to our spirit His truth.” The silence was suddenly broken by one of the men.

“Preacher, will you baptize me tonight?” The words were followed by every man from town that night, twelve in all asking to be baptized, the wives of the men asking too. Everyone loaded up in their vehicles and drove down to the lake. Under the dark skies and bright comet, they entered the cold lake one by one and came out each a new creation. They praised God as they came out for His mercies and as they sat around the beach drying off one of the men asked Alex to lead them in prayer as they all gave thanks.

The next morning Alex returned with his sons, stopping first

to pick up Jeff, Linda and their children before returning to the Andrew's homestead to finish their work on the house. When they arrived they found Bob already working along side all twelve men from the night before and another dozen men, some who had been there the day before but had not stayed. The men had also brought their wives and children. The homestead looked like a massive family reunion which the land could barely hold.

As work progressed, additional friends and family continued to slowly add as their numbers swelled until by evening the house was done but none wanted to leave until Alex agreed to teach them more. There were added that night another seventy souls, including the man who had been asked to leave the day before and his family, to the kingdom of God as they again finished the evening with baptism services at the lake.

**Joe 1:4** That which the palmerworm hath left hath the locust eaten; and that which the locust hath left hath the cankerworm eaten; and that which the cankerworm hath left hath the caterpillar eaten.

**Joe 2:1** Blow ye the trumpet in Zion, and sound an alarm in my holy mountain: let all the inhabitants of the land tremble: for the day of the LORD cometh, for [it is] nigh at hand;

## Chapter 22

By Wednesday morning public opinion was strongly opposed to Christians getting blamed for the disaster in Alaska. The idea was to divide Christians from each other, but there seemed to be a huge backlash of what was perceived and an anti-Christian position of the government. Calls to the capitol were running 50-1 against the government.

Herod and Taylor had flown back to New York Monday night and by Tuesday morning Herod was drowning in efforts to quell the fires, while Taylor returned to her separate penthouse apartment to continue making plans for the wedding. Confirmations were already received from four former presidents along with most of the current administration. Kings and other dignitaries were flying in from around the world for what would be the biggest wedding, possibly ever. Television networks were clamoring to provide coverage and only a lucky few were granted inside

access, those hand picked by Herod. While the coverage for the wedding would be less than that afforded to the Prince of Wales, the ceremony itself would be more lavish and extravagant.

A wise and dexterous prince he thought has occasion to promote hostilities towards himself in certain quarters so that his greatness might be enhanced by crushing it. He had the perfect stooge in mind, one who had on a previous occasion shown to be less for Herod and more seeking his own good, which made him unsafe at the level for which he had risen.

David Chertoff was summoned to meet with Herod. "What is the status of your project?" Herod asked as David, a tall blond Aryan looking man strode into the office.

"The Nordic Brotherhood is angry about Christians getting blamed for the disaster in Alaska and the recent law passed outlawing their free speech."

"Are they angry enough to cause bloodshed?"

"Our people can stir the pot enough. What do you have in mind?"

"Take these plans of the security layout of my wedding this weekend, to them. You can see I marked the routes of attack. Send in two teams. Put our people in the smaller team here. I want you to lead the main attack personally. You and the smaller team will be taken into custody and released, while the rest will be killed. The attack is to be at exactly 11:00 AM. Be sure to use these routes and wear this swastika so there is no mistaking which one is you." Herod said, handing him the large red and black patch.

It had been over a year earlier when David Chertoff had

helped a rival's power play with damaging inside information about Herod's organization, having been promised a high ranking spot if the play had been successful. He showed two flaws. The first a decided lack of loyalty by biting the hand that fed him. The second, probably most important, he failed to realize that his rival would have noticed the lack of loyalty also and done no less punishment on him if they had succeeded.

Herod enjoyed watching David squirm for the first months after not only killing his rival and those with him, but killing their families also. He enjoyed seeing him tortured with the question of whether Herod had known or not. David was a walking epitome of the phrase revenge is a dish best served cold. Herod had toiled with the idea of leaking to the Nordic Brotherhood that David Hanson as they knew him was in fact not as Aryan as they believed. In the end Herod decided he wanted to bear witness to David's fall not just learn of his disappearance. He also wanted it clearly seen he had been David's undoing as a lesson to those who might give thought to betraying Herod in the future.

The thought of killing two birds with one stone left Herod in a good mood as he called his man inside Washington. "Hiram, what is the latest on our Alaskan oil spill?" Hiram Berger was hoping it was Herod when the phone rang.

"Herod, our pressure on the oil companies about their liability for the spill worked exactly as planned. I expect you will have all the leases signed over to Global Oil Reserves by the end of the day."

"Thank you for your assistance on this matter Hiram and congratulations on your shrewd investment last week in the company." Herod said chuckling before hanging up.

Global Oil Reserves was a limited liability corporation created the day of the Tsunami as a shelter for Herod's oil company. Sunday Herod was reminded of oil eating microbes that his company had discovered and patented after the Exxon Valdez had met the Bligh Reef and spilled eleven million gallons of oil. These oleophilic bacteria known also as OEMs or oil eating microbes occurred naturally. The strain of OEM that Herod's company had patented were a super strain which would proliferate during extremely large spills. This disaster of oil spilled into the Cook Inlet was many times in excess of the 240 million gallons spilled during the 1991 Persian Gulf War and the 140 million gallons oil spilled in the 1989 Ixtoc Gulf of Mexico well blowout combined.

The idea occurred to Herod that the liability was not as severe as first thought, which hatched a plan that had run exactly as expected. With the government pressure over the oil spill cleanup, Herod was able through his corporation, to purchase every oil lease in Alaska for less than a penny on the dollar in exchange for acceptance of the liability toward the ecological damage which was going to be many hundred times less than expected. The best part was despite all the wonderful press and media coverage of Global Oil Reserves wonder microbe and how it was saving the planet from the worst ecological disaster in history, the microbes were already there having survived while feeding off any oil it could find since the last major spill. The microbes converted oil into harmless water, carbon, and carbon-dioxide. Given the rate they were multiplying, 99.9 percent of the oil would be cleaned in less than a month and it took no effort from Global Oil Reserves at all. The disaster was a windfall worth hundreds of billions of dollars. With the price of Oil fast

approaching \$110 a barrel and his securing a larger percentage of control, it was a good day from Herod's perspective.

Taylor's day was not going so well, on top of still vomiting in the morning she was given reign over the wedding plans. Herod had overseen the security but everything else fell on her shoulders and she had no idea of all the headaches that would entail. Worse yet the feeling of dread continued to grow and now felt like a weight on her shoulders. She wasn't sure exactly what was causing the dread. Herod, though she saw little of him, was always pleasant toward her. She was pampered; even her family had been flown in and was staying in a posh hotel Herod owned. Yet she was not sleeping well at night and had started listening to a preacher who came on a little after 1AM. The unnamed preacher was starting to make her rethink her beliefs and what she thought the bible said. She had only listened the last couple nights but she knew she would not be able to sleep until listening again no matter how tired she was.

**Joel 1:14** Sanctify ye a fast, call a solemn assembly, gather the elders [and] all the inhabitants of the land [into] the house of the LORD your God, and cry unto the LORD,

**Joel 1:15** Alas for the day! for the day of the LORD [is] at hand, and as a destruction from the Almighty shall it come.

## Chapter 23

Jeff spent the next morning putting up a building to hold the hay they would need for the cows as things started to settle down from the excitement from the early part of the week. It almost seemed unreal the way everything was happening so fast he thought as he used a posthole digger on the back of his tractor to sink the holes. Before placing the timbers into the holes he placed some golf ball sized rocks in each one. As if in answer to his problem of how to set each timber by himself, Bob and Kathy drove down the driveway. “How are the newlyweds?” Jeff asked, as he shook his friends hand in greeting.

“We are doing excellent!” Bob answered, smiling like he would never be able to stop. “We thought we would stop and visit our closest family.” Kathy went into the house to visit with Linda while Bob stayed outside with Jeff. “Building the shed?”

“You came just in time. I could use a hand with planting the timbers.” The men worked as they talked.

“Alex was telling me he had never seen people so receptive to God’s word as what happened this week. He said he baptized more people in two days than the previous ten years. Wonders if maybe it has to do with everything that is happening, like the lines are being drawn and people are choosing sides. Which reminds me, the guys that were baptized asked what we do for church and I told them we meet here at your home, is that ok?”

“You mean they want to come here for Sabbath?”

“I told them that we believe in resting with our families on Sabbath but we could all get together for bible study, prayer and communion on Sunday morning here, with your approval of course.”

“That sounds nice. I am not sure where we can put everyone. Our home is on the smaller side.”

“Maybe with it getting warmer we can meet under this shed if we can get it done.”

“This shed will take another week yet and that’s working on it full time.”

“Way ahead of you, they will be here soon to help put it up, about fifteen minutes,” Bob said smiling his big grin. “Don’t worry, it was their idea. They really want to meet and learn more. I called Alex also and he agreed to come up and teach again.”

“Sounds like I have been recruited to play host!” Jeff said laughing. “I don’t mind, it will be nice to get together with everyone again and we love Alex’s teachings.”

Just as Bob had said most of the guys who could come by to

help with the shed that would house their meeting. The help was more than expected, so the rest of the week was spent not only putting the shed up, but a concrete floor was poured and the building insulated. One of the guys had an old wood boiler that he donated and tubing was installed into the floor before it was poured. A small pump moved the water from the boiler through the floor. Electrical wiring was run from the greenhouse generator to the building. Everyone seemed to have left over materials or parts for the building and as most was donated, the cost of the building was little more than the cost of the concrete for the floor, the metal for the roof and some random materials, the money for which had been kicked in mostly by those who didn't have as much material to donate but wanted to contribute.

By Friday night the new building looked more like a meeting hall than a shed. Everyone's families seemed to be there having brought food and drink which lead to a huge party spontaneously breaking out. They celebrated inside the new building as the mosquitoes and black flies having hatched, decided to show their strength and the wisdom of having enclosed the building.

Alex Bordon and his family also made the party and everyone got to meet his wife Maria and daughters for the first time. His sons broke out their instruments and played some numbers. Some danced, some sat and talked, there was eating, drinking and a great time was had by everyone involved. Outside the window, some could see the comet sitting higher and larger in the sky with most of its tail now above the horizon. "Brother," Bob said putting his arm around Jeff's shoulder, higher on the occasion than the beer he was nursing. "This is what life was meant to be. Work hard, enjoy the fruits of your labors and have fellowship with

other believers.” Jeff reflected on the changes in his life and how much fuller life was now, for himself, his family, and even the changes in Bob’s life. He then thought about how much the lives of those around him had been changed by Bob and Alex, not just his. Jeff gave a silent prayer of thanks for his friends and all the blessings he and his family had received.

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It was about 12:30 AM when Herod arrived at Taylor’s penthouse apartment and let himself in. Taylor was scared by the noise of an intruder but didn’t relax when she saw who it was.

“You gave me a fright, Herod.”

“How have you been Taylor? All ready for the big day tomorrow?”

“I am sick, throwing up and can barely fit my fat belly into my wedding dress.”

“You will look beautiful and if you want I can have Dr. Rose take a look at you. If need be he can give you some pills.”

“No, I will be fine. I am just nervous and scared.” She said, not wanting to let on that she was having second thoughts and was afraid of what he might do if she tried to leave him.

“There is a preacher I heard this week that comes on now, you might like him.”

“Do you want me to listen to him?” Herod asked, wondering

why she should suddenly find a preacher that interesting.

“He does seem to be different. I would be interested in hearing your opinion.” Taylor said, while turning on the radio and finding his now familiar voice.

“The preachers of the false church will tell you that today's Jews are God's chosen people. That Jesus was a Jew and so were Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. Fact is unless you are a modern Jew or promote the lie that today's modern Jews are God's chosen people, you will find it impossible to get on TV and near impossible to get on many radio stations as a preacher. So then what is a Jew? The first people in the bible referred to as Jews were the children of the house of Judah. The house of Judah was made up of 2 of the 12 tribes of Israel, Judah and Benjamin. They lived in the land of Judea and had the city Jerusalem as its capital. Around the year 587 the land of Judea was conquered by the kingdom of Babylon. Babylon was then fallen by the Medo-Persian Empire which was then conquered by the Greeks and later occupied by the Romans. By the time Christ walked the earth anyone who came from the land of Judea was called a Jew. At the time of Christ the person known as the King of the Jews was King Herod. Herod was a known Edomite and though he was called a Jew was not a descendent from Israel. A wall remains from Herod's temple. It is visited by many thousands of modern day Jews and is known today as the Wailing Wall. There is a symbiotic relationship between king and priests and the Pharisees were no different, most of them were also Edomites not Israelites. John 10:27 says my sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me. Those Jews who were of the house of Judah, some became Christians and stopped addressing themselves as Jews. After 2000 years those who are His sheep have followed him leaving a people

that false church preachers claim don't need Christ but are still God's chosen people. But, John 14:6 reads: Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by me. Is it possible the descendents of those Jesus and John the Baptist called vipers or snakes are not sheep but imposters? Matthew 3:7 says: But when he saw many of the Pharisees and Sadducees come to his baptism, he said unto them, O generation of vipers, who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come? And Matthew 12:34 says: O generation of vipers, how can ye, being evil, speak good things? For out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. Matthew 23:33 reads: ye serpents, ye generation of vipers, how can ye escape the damnation of hell? Is it possible God warned us in His word there would be people pretending to be His sheep but liars? Look at Revelations 2:9: I know thy works, and tribulation, and poverty, (but thou art rich) and I know the blasphemy of them which say they are Jews, and are not, but are the synagogue of Satan. Also look at Revelations 3:9: Behold, I will make them of the synagogue of Satan, which say they are Jews, and are not, but do lie; behold, I will make them to come and worship before thy feet, and to know that I have loved thee. If modern Jews are not Israelites, then who are they? According to their writings including the Jewish encyclopedia 1980 page 1, they themselves claim not to be Israelites but Edomites, descendents from Esau not Jacob."

Herod reached over and turned off the radio. "It is hate-filled people like this that cause division and strife. Love covers a multitude of sins, but people like this have no love so they preach hate and division. Get some sleep Taylor, tomorrow is a big day. Don't give any more thought to that hateful preacher, the new laws were passed for misguided souls like

that,” he said, kissing her on the forehead before heading out.

Taylor lay in bed unable to move for the next hour. A battle was going on in her mind. If God’s word is true and she heard the preacher read about the Edomites and Herod; and if Herod was a descendent of the man he was named after, as she was told by him while they were going to Alaska then could she be in the enemy’s camp? Thoughts of that and many other things she had witnessed came back one by one, but at the same time everything he said was in line with the truth she had held on to for so many years. He was never cruel to her. He never yelled or was ugly to her. Why couldn’t she find a love in her heart for him? She asked herself, but the battle of thoughts just seemed to run in a never ending circle.

**2Cor 6:14** Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers: for what fellowship hath righteousness with unrighteousness? and what communion hath light with darkness?

**Amos 3:3** Can two walk together, except they be agreed?

## Chapter 24

Morning seemed to come too fast for Taylor. With much help she was dressed and readied for the wedding. She was escorted downstairs and ushered into a special 1963 Rolls Royce that had been restored with bullet proof glass and armored plating, not that she noticed. Police escorted the car down to an exclusive summer camp for Jewish children in Long Island. Many of Herod's personal security force were first given weapons training at that very camp. Many police were working overtime as many high profile political leaders were all escorted to this special occasion. Only those invited were allowed past the front gates of the camp. A huge security fence ran the length of the perimeter of the land the camp sat on with a thick stone and concrete wall inside of that. Military boats provided protection from the uninvited along its ocean front.

Taylor was kept busy meeting dignitaries for the hour leading up to the wedding. Until she was led to a small building where she waited with her bridesmaids, most of whom she

had never met before and suspected she may not ever see again after the wedding. Rabbi Finkelstein and the president's personal priest Reverend Billy were presiding over the wedding and asking everyone to kindly take their seats so they could begin.

Just as A fifteen piece band began to play the wedding march at exactly 11AM all hell broke lose about 450 feet behind where everyone was seated, as the small armed force of the Nordic Brotherhood were found in an ambush. The cameraman who just happened to be looking that way had the perfect take of a 308 caliber rifle round, shot from an HK MSG-90 ripping through a swastika patch on the chest of the lead assailant. The smaller group of the Nordic Brotherhood instead of assaulting from a cross fire position had instead once out of sight of the main force, stripped out of their Nordic Brotherhood uniforms and joined with the security forces in dispatching the ill directed main group.

The guests were comforted quickly in the knowledge that things were secure and any cause for alarm had been dispatched. The wedding went on as planned and within minutes hardly a thought was given by anyone attending to the ruckus earlier.

While it was made to be a small deal at the wedding, it was becoming international news within minutes as reports of Christian extremists attempting to assassinate the President of the United States along with kings, prime ministers, and other high ranking government officials who were attending a private wedding were aired around the world. Immediately known members of the Nordic Brotherhood were arrested without charge across the nation to be grilled and psych profiled. Any that gave the appearance of being weak and

willing to roll over on anyone the government wanted were released but ordered to be available as needed. The others, the hard cases, were held until further notice as possible terrorist suspects.

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Evening at the Bordon homestead was never quiet, even less so when there were guests. Bob and Kathy stopped to visit during their Sabbath and things had finally settled down some for the evening. Four of the boys were upstairs playing a game, the other three boys were downstairs in the basement while the oldest girl helped her mom clean up the kitchen. Rachael by far the youngest of the Bordon children at age 5 sat on Kathy's lap while the women chatted. In Alex's study Bob was explaining the news reports he heard about the attempt on the president's life being blamed on Christian extremists and the call for a stronger crack down of those preaching hate. The whereabouts of each member of the Bordon family was important to more than the occupants in the house as scout snipers from the FBI hostage rescue squad were using infrared to try to pinpoint each family member's location before their coordinated assault. They also used lasers bounced off windows to listen to conversations inside.

"I am a bit worried for you and your family Alex. Maybe it is a good time for you and your family to disappear for a bit."

"I don't think we are to run and hide anytime things look dangerous, we are given a spirit of boldness to stand firm." Alex replied, sounding a bit like a preacher for effect and

laughed a little at himself afterwards. "I am small potatoes. Just a voice in the wilderness and while I teach the truth of God's word to the best of my ability..." Alex's words were interrupted by three flash bangs going off and machine gun fire strafing the house. Alex's oldest daughter Sarah, who was standing near a window took a .223 round through the head and hit the floor dead.

The four oldest boys grabbed assault rifles from upstairs along with a bag of clips and returned fire on the flashes of light along the hillside sending marshals who were assisting in the operation scurrying for cover, less two marshals. The assault squad also found their body armor was worthless as the boys using pinpoint shooting taught to them by their father tore into the assailants with .308 caliber full metal jacket rounds from the FN FAL's each boy had built from surplus kits. The boys in the basement had accessed the SKS rifles that were used for practice and training and were fending off agents who were attacking from the backside of the house. Alex yelled for the boys upstairs to bring down every thing they could carry and ordered the house into the basement, where a small door near the washing machine led to a trench leading away from the house that served for grey water disposal.

"It seems they want us all dead," Alex said to the wild eyed members of his family and guests. "If we stay here they can call up reinforcements no matter how many we kill so our only hope is to make a run for the woods. We have our woods truck and those that can't fit in the front will ride in the back. That will be you boys. You will have to be wise here and lay down fire as needed. Make each shot count. Bob and I will go out first; if we can we will lay down suppression fire while everyone makes it to the woods

safely.”

Alex looked around “Where is Sarah?” The almost instantaneous breakdown by his wife answered his question.

Bob quickly wrote something on a piece of paper and stuck it in his wife’s pocket and kissed her. “In case I don’t make it,” was all he said before the two men went through the small hidden door first.

They could see the feds not wanting to screw around, had set the house on fire and planned to burn them all. “At least that should put us on even ground by disabling their advantage of infrared,” Alex thought.

“Once we get positioned on the edge of the woods come out single file and stay low in the trench until the woods.” Alex told the group on the other side of the door. The trench was four feet deep and sloped away from the house to the woods 80 feet away. The men stayed low and reached the woods quickly, taking positions behind large trees on either side. The rest of his family soon followed. They moved silently through the woods, but with the bright light from the growing house fire their movement was soon spotted and automatic fire began again.

Bob and Alex had held their positions behind the trees and began sniping at each muzzle flash. They held their position until they heard the truck start and quickly rose to race back to the truck. Only Bob rose right into the sights of a sniper who had moved into position to cut off their escape. He was dead before he hit the dirt. Alex knew the headshot was fatal as he saw his friend crumple to the ground.

Alex jumped into the cab of the truck as his wife Maria moved over to make room. Kathy sat on the far side holding

Rachael, She didn't even ask as she had already felt her new husband leave her. She only clutched Rachael closer and prayed that God would take her but spare the young child on her lap.

Alex, having spent many days hiking the back trails around his house drove like a maniac as his sons laid down fire on anything that looked to be pursuing them. Alex stayed on the back logging trails for more than 10 miles before exiting on a highway and heading toward Jeff's house. They would never have made it except the air gunship that was to be part of the mission was kept at a distance so as not to alert the Bordon family and for some unexplainable reason had their radio on the wrong frequency when the shooting started and never got called forward.

Alex's thoughts were to let Kathy off near Jeff's home since they didn't know she would have been part of what happened that night. "I want you to take care of Rachael until we can come back for her," he said. "We never had a birth certificate for any of our children so they have no idea she exists. You weren't with us tonight. Do you understand?" The realization hit Maria that her daughter would be leaving her and she might never see her again. She started freaking and screaming, but Alex was all Kathy could hear as he yelled at her to get out now and quickly drove off.

Kathy walked the back road to the Evers homestead in shock until she found herself on the front step of their home. She stood there for a second before knocking.

"Kathy, what's wrong? Come in." Linda said, when she saw her friend standing in shock. Kathy continued to clutch Rachael as hard as Rachael held on to Kathy. She sat down stiffly and slowly the stiffness left her body. She seemed like

a building crashing to the ground as everything she had been holding in gushed out in streams of sobs.

“Bob is dead, we should all be dead, but we got away, at least I hope they got away.” She sobbed.

“What do you mean Bob is dead?” Jeff felt himself fall back on to a chair. There must be some mistake he thought. “What happened to Bob and who got away?”

Kathy did her best to explain the events of the evening while Jeff and Linda looked on in shock. Jeff went upstairs to find a radio and listen for the news. He listened to broadcasts about the right wing Christian terrorist attacks to assassinate the president and how known extremists were being rounded up across America. It took half an hour of listening before he found a special news update about the violent shootout with a known extremist leader and his assault squad. Reports indicated that 30 government agents died in a shootout in which Alex Bordon and ten others were all killed after agents moved on their compound. It was learned earlier in the day that Alex Bordon was the ringleader of an underground extremist group that had caused the disaster in Alaska a week ago and now failed in an attempt to overthrow the government by assassinating the president and key political leaders. It went on to report how Alex had been using illegal radio stations broadcasting his perverse religion of hate for years to recruit weak minded followers like the Nordic Brotherhood.

Jeff took a deep breath and slowly let it out. There was something happening to him more than shock. It was as if the Spirit from God that had empowered both his friends settled on him and he felt a boldness and determination of spirit that he had been lacking all his life. It was as if he had been

riding the waves as they came and left but now he was a rock in the knowledge of his course and the resolve to accomplish that call.

Jeff walked downstairs and helped his wife settle Kathy and Rachael. Linda brought them both blankets and Jeff encouraged them to sleep. After the couple walked back upstairs, Rachael climbed onto the couch with Kathy and sobbed herself to sleep. Kathy slowly removed the piece of paper that Bob had given her only a minute before he died and opened it. She looked at his writing twice to make sure it said what she thought and then folded the paper and returned it to her pocket. She did not sleep.

**2Cr 11:4** For if he that cometh preacheth another Jesus, whom we have not preached, or if ye receive another spirit, which ye have not received, or another gospel, ye have not accepted, ye might well bare with him.

**2Cr 11:15** Therefore it is no great thing if his ministers also be transformed as the ministers of righteousness; whose end shall be according to their works.

## Chapter 25

The wedding reception was the event of the year though Taylor hardly saw Herod for more than five minutes it seemed. Late that night they returned to Herod's New York penthouse. "You look tired dear, why don't you lie down and rest for a little while," was all he said before turning and going into his room and closing the door. Taylor lay in bed and wondered what would possess a man not to at least take the pleasures of one's honeymoon. She knew there wasn't a lot that attracted her to him anymore, but most men rarely turn down a chance for sex. She looked down at her belly as she undressed and thought her belly was getting bigger fast, perhaps he finds it a turn off, she thought.

She decided to turn on the TV. Flipping through the channels she settled on the news to see details of the shooting at her

wedding. The bullet ripping through the swastika was shown in close up detail as it had been all day and would later be shown on the cover of the country's leading news weekly magazine, the editor making that decision at the last minute earlier in the day. The second story left her in shock. A preacher named Alex Bordon and ten other Christian extremists responsible for planning both the Alaskan tsunami and the attempted assassination of the president and other world leaders earlier in the day were killed in gunfights when multi-jurisdictional task force police tried to arrest him that evening. Alex Bordon was known by some as an unnamed extremist preacher from his late night AM pirate broadcasts that promoted hate and overthrow of the government.

Taylor knew it was the preacher she had just listened to the night before and the question in her mind quickly went from could the report be true to could she have given Herod a target and was she responsible for his death and the deaths of those with him by asking Herod to listen to the radio broadcast. Taylor showed no emotion or reaction to the news story, she wasn't sure if her room was monitored, or for that matter her penthouse a few blocks away. She had no proof of her imaginations, but she was struggling even more as to just who and what Herod was. In more local news, an explosion and house fire claimed the lives of the entire Chertoff family. A gas leak was to blame according to firefighters.

She was now royalty, everything she could want was at her word. But it was also a prison, her every move was watched and controlled. She never went anywhere without a bodyguard or her assistant Mr. Brown. She had been manipulated into a deal with the devil and there was no way out. She wanted to run away and raise her child away from the corrupting influence of her new husband. Her child was

part Herod, but was also part her and if given the chance she believed could have a healthy normal life and be good if she could only escape. Her mind tormented her until morning. She was not sure she slept at all.

“Good morning,” Herod announced as he entered her room with an older gentleman. “I called our family doctor to come for a look. I know you haven’t been feeling well and was hoping he could be of some help,” he said smiling. Taylor felt no warmth from the smile or from him in any way but lay quietly while the doctor examined her. After taking her blood pressure, which apart from being a little elevated looked fine, Dr. Rose pulled a small wand out of his bag and attached its cord to his laptop. As he scanned it over Taylor’s lower abdomen a picture on the laptop showed the clear delineation of two placentas and small fetuses. “It is a little too early to say the sex of the babies, but you definitely have twins. They have probably been causing havoc with your hormone levels. If you have been feeling out of sorts, I have some pills here that will help you relax and get rid of some of the nausea.”

The doctor walked to the other side of the room with Herod to get his other bag and whispered so only Herod could hear, “do you want this problem eliminated?”

“No, just give her medication to help her relax doctor.” Herod replied smiling at the realization the doctor had not understood he wanted the children.

“Yes, yes of course,” he said as he handed Herod the bottle of pills to the right of where he had been reaching.

Taylor had an uneasy feeling about the doctor and vowed to herself not to trust the pills as she took the bottle from Herod’s hand. Was there something wrong with her that she

was acting so paranoid? She asked herself, and then answered her own question in her head. Hell yes, I am paranoid and for good reason. She needed sleep she thought, just not at the hands of that quack doctor's suspect pills. Herod saw the doctor out and had a glass of water taken to Taylor so she could take her pills and rest.

Herod spent the rest of the Sunday morning reading intelligence reports and touching base with his many operations. Everything was working smoothly and he wasn't about to let anything change that. He took pride in how well everything had gone and how clever he had been to turn disasters into opportunities. Machiavelli had written the book "The Prince," and it was Herod's belief that it had been kept and handed down especially for him. He was the prince Machiavelli had really been writing for and his lessons he had learned well and maybe even improved on them. Herod understood a warfare Machiavelli never envisioned. The new warfare involved weapons he had never imagined. A bomb could blow up a factory and damage the structure of a nation, leaving workers without jobs and mortgaged homes foreclosed, but the people would want retribution. They would want the offender's factory bombed back. In the new warfare one only needed to undermine the factory's market, subsidize a cheaper product and foreclose on its debt. Then one could buy the factory for pennies on the dollar and move its equipment into your territory. The effects were more devastating and there was no idea who to blame or retaliate against. The same way the cheaper product drove the better product out of the market, the better product would drive the cheaper out once everyone learned of its lack of value, and you could realize profits from them both.

Where America had been built on laws that taxed imports

instead of its citizens, he was able by slight pressure to continue the changing of laws to taxing the citizens and allowing untaxed foreign products to freely flow, which destroyed America.

The most important aspect of his war was the amalgamation of Christianity. No longer was it the pure word of their bible, but was now nothing more than teachings of the traditions he handed down as were handed down by his fathers. God's law was done away with, but they were to obey his laws. Baptism was no longer how one came into contact with the blood of Christ that saved the stupid sheep, but was now only an outward sign of an inward grace. And Jesus did not come to save his people from their enemies as the bible said, but so that all men no matter their race could fly away to heaven as the world was not their home.

"Yes," he thought, "it isn't their home anymore as it isn't their country anymore. It is my country he thought proudly to himself. They buy homes and pay interest for 30 and sometimes 40 years to me and then sell them to new young couples who do the same. They open factories and pay taxes to me. They buy my oil to fuel everything they own. I reach into their nests and steal their eggs but not a one of them has the sense to squawk. Their sins gave them into my hands. And now I plan to feed off what's left of them as I rid this country of the few real Christians who stand in my way. Herod smiled at the last thought most of all.

**Pro 8:13** The fear of the LORD [is] to hate evil: pride, and arrogancy, and the evil way, and the froward mouth, do I hate.

**Pro 11:18** The wicked worketh a deceitful work: but to him that soweth righteousness [shall be] a sure reward.

## Chapter 26

Everyone whot had met Alex and Bob were at the newly built building by 10:00 AM. Those who had not heard about what happened the night before were told as soon as they got there. Everyone talked about their disbelief and anger as they waited. Linda helped Kathy and Rachael as they walked to the building with Jeff. Their entry divided the building in two with the women and children comforting Kathy and Rachael and the men surrounding Jeff to see what he had to say.

One of the men had the foresight, unknown to Jeff, to turn on a recorder as Jeff began to speak. “My brothers, the events of Bob Andrew’s murder along with the murders of Alex Bordon, Maria Bordon and their eight children last night have been relayed to me in great detail. I wish to share them with you now. In an effort to cover the fact that God has brought judgment upon this planet for the rebellious sins of men and the blood of the slain innocent, the leaders of this world who promote such sins in order to enslave us, have conspired to cover this fact by falsely putting the blame for

these judgments on innocent men that have done no more evil than to teach the truth. Not satisfied by destroying their good name and reputation they have also shed their blood to stop the truths they spoke. Last night enemies to the liberties and truths this country once fought and died to secure made an unannounced assault with automatic weapons on the home of Alex Bordon. The initial phase of the assault cut short the precious life of his daughter. The rest of the Bordon family and our friend Bob Andrews were able to escape through a small exit in their home's basement and make their way to the woods. Bob Andrews, who will always be remembered for the great man that he was, gave his life securing their escape. Alex Bordon also provided cover fire while his family made their way to a truck in the woods. If not for the small exit in their basement everyone would have perished in the home as the evil black booted haters of our freedom burned their home around them. These whores that have sold themselves to destroying our people while protecting their destructive masters have chosen to be the enemies of all good people, especially Christians. Alex was able to make his way down logging roads to a place that was clear of these butchers, but unfortunately he and his family were spotted and each one of them were brutally murdered by the destroyers of our Kingdom. Do not be fooled. We have a Kingdom, we have a law which is found in the bible and we have a king who is Jesus Christ and our judge does not sit in Washington the district of corruption as do those that gave the orders to murder these, our friends who were the best of people we have ever had the pleasure to know. They have been covertly warring against us and secretly destroying us, but they have become so bold, so brazen as to do it to our faces and in the light of day. They have openly declared war on us and I for one refuse to sit on the sidelines for a second

more while they seek to destroy my family or yours next. They have given notice that none of us are safe from their cruelties. Last night after learning of their murder, I decided that Alex Bordon's voice would not be silenced. I have been converting his teachings into mp3 files and will be producing CDs containing 10 hours each of his teachings. It is my goal that these CDs be copied and listened to. They can be uploaded to mp3 players which can be used in conjunction with low power fm transmitters to spread the word in cities. It is my desire to assemble and provide plans for assembling these transmitters for distribution throughout this country. When connected to a 12 volt car battery they can broadcast continuously for close to a month at a cost of less than \$150 each. I ask that you show the same love to me that you have for both Bob Andrews and Alex Bordon and help me not let their voices be silenced. The battle line has been drawn, we are at war and while our efforts will not stop here, we must give the call to all our brothers so they may join us in this hour."

Though many of the men had only met Bob Andrews and Alex Bordon that week, they recognized them as their brothers. Every man stepped forward to pledge their support and efforts to do whatever possible in the fight.

Jeff looked back to Kathy who gave a nod of approval. He then felt led to give a short bible lesson and then led everyone in prayer and communion. The children broke away to play and the women moved to the back area to put out lunch as most women had brought a dish. The men gathered back around Jeff to find out more of what his thoughts were and how the rubber would meet the road. Jeff outlined how it was his plan to purchase a CD duplicator and make copies for distribution and encourage others to do the same. "The

CDs can be sold through online auction sites as well as the transmitters. I have no desire to make a single dime, but if we can cover our costs on some of this then we can do more. Low power FM transmitters are legal at this time so we won't be breaking any laws, but I have to believe that those who transmit may not be well received by man's kingdom. It may be best to set them up in a concealed location near population centers and not to return to them."

"I want to make as many copies as possible and give them to family and friends."

John Peterson, one of the men who had been a huge help with building Bob's home and also the building they were meeting in spoke up. "I think if we all do that and strongly encourage others we can put legs on Alex Bordon's bible teachings."

Another man from town, Scott Schmitt moved to the front of the group and handed Jeff a jump drive. "I recorded your speech when you first came in and I think it should go on each CD so people know the story." Every man added their approval to the idea and though Jeff felt awkward to being on the CDs, he agreed. Scott pulled closer to Jeff to ask a question in private. "Like, is this a church and should we be tithing?"

Jeff smiled. "This is just a fellowship of brothers in Christ getting together because we want to get together."

That afternoon Jeff offered to take Kathy back to her home, but she refused and asked if she could continue staying with Jeff's family. She even refused his help to get her things from the house stating she could not go back there at this time. Jeff decided it would be best if he just got her stuff for her and

brought it back to their home.

Jeff quickly found most of Kathy's clothes; a lot of her possessions had not been moved to the new house yet so there wasn't as much to move. He put her clothes in cardboard boxes and loaded them in the back of his truck. As he passed by the kitchen table the second time he noticed a manila envelope with the words "IN CASE" written on the front. Jeff thought it weird that in case could have happened so quickly, but he knew his friend was always planning for what ifs and in cases. Jeff opened the envelope and read what turned out to be a will. How Bob could have known or suspected it would be needed was beyond any understanding. In it Bob thanked Kathy for being the best wife a man could ever pray for and for the friendship of the Evers family and especially his brother Jeff Evers. Jeff found it hard to swallow as his eyes welled. "You were always calling me brother," Jeff said out loud with a sad chuckle. "You were the best brother a man could ever hope for." Jeff tucked the envelope under his arm and walked out to his truck.

The quick whirl of the siren and the blinking blue and red lights woke Jeff from the fog as he stood still outside the door. The County Sheriff and Jeff stared at each other wondering what the other was doing there before Jeff walked to his cruiser. "What are you doing here?" the deputy asked.

"I am picking up some things for my friend's widow. He was murdered last night."

"I heard about that, I am sorry for your loss. Nothing is to leave here. This property has been seized by the government and I am to report any trespassers."

"A lot of the equipment here is mine, is there a problem with

me taking it?”

“Yes, there is a problem, but it’s all bullshit if you ask me. I suggest you get your property out of here quickly. Between you and me I didn’t see you and we didn’t talk.”

Jeff thanked the deputy and made a note of his name, so he could send him disks later that week. The next couple hours were spent moving the equipment, and anything of value that would benefit Kathy. In a back room of the trailer he also found 20,000 rounds of 308 and 20 H&K G3 parts kits, boxes of clips and POF 91 Receivers which he hid under anything he could as camouflage carrying them to his truck. Something you forgot to mention to me brother he thought, as he made trips back and forth.

The beginning of the week was busy buying the equipment needed for reproducing the CDs and making copies. Jeff also purchased the parts for a few experimental transmitters to find the combination he liked the best. All supplies were bought at various locations with cash making it harder to track him. Instead of selling the transmitters Jeff decided those who received the disks could promote them and included carefully written instructions. Each and every disk had the opening message from him and the plans for the transmitter as well as encouragement to sell the transmitters and copying of the disks for profit. His goal was to get them into people’s hands anyway he could. The one caveat was the contents of the disk were not to be altered.

There ended up 12 disks in total containing 144 hours worth of messages. Enough for each message to be played approximately four times before a car battery would run dead. The first transmitters he planted in Wausau, Stevens Point, Rhinelander, Antigo, and Marshfield. Most were

hidden in parks or small wooded areas near dense population areas.

“Jeff, you wouldn’t believe what I heard!” Scott Schmitt exclaimed. Scott had come out to speak to Jeff personally that Wednesday afternoon. “I heard Alex Bordon on my car radio when I was driving through Wausau this morning. You don’t suppose he got away, do you?”

Jeff’s face turned down. “I’m sorry Scott that was a transmitter I put up.” Jeff put his arm around his new friend’s shoulder. “Bro, we will not let him die for nothing. We will make this cost them more than they could ever imagine. I want you to call all the guys and let them know we are meeting tonight if they will be so kind. I have some special stuff that we need to discuss.”

Every one of the men came. Linda and Kathy stayed in the back part of the meeting room watching the children and keeping them quiet. After discussing earlier with Kathy what Jeff wanted to discuss, she asked if she could attend and Jeff agreed. Linda ended up coming also to support Kathy. The men gathered in a circle and gave their full attention to Jeff.

“I have a couple of important topics to discuss with you. Bob left a will, I don’t know if he had foreknowledge of what was going to happen, but here it is,” he said, handing the document for everyone to see. In it they read of Bob’s love for his wife, his brother Jeff and all his new brothers. His land had been left to Kathy and Jeff, but it also asked that what he left behind be used to help meet the physical needs of all of his family which included his new brothers and sisters in Christ who had shown him such great kindness. “The government has claimed his land as theirs and that just does not sit right with me.” Jeff continued looking around

and saw all the men's heads nodding. "I say if they want to take it, then good luck to them. I plan to kill any man that tries. I filed a copy of this document with the county attorney and clerk of deeds with a statement that we are the owners of the land and will fight any attempts to steal it." Looking around he could see all the men were still with him. Every man was looking back with steel resolve and the promise to stand with him. "We are all part of His body, what hurts one of us hurts all of us. I promise to defend you and your families as I know you have pledged to defend mine. On that note," Jeff pulled back the blanket that was covering the rifle kits, receivers and ammo. "I spent this morning putting one of these rifles together. The kits are all but brand new. The one question is do we build them legally as semi auto only rifles or do we leave them full auto?"

Tom McMillan spoke up "If we are caught with unregistered automatic rifles, they will send us up for ten years."

Kathy had said she would be quiet at the meeting but spoke up "They plan to kill you, what are they going to do send your corpse to jail for ten years?" The men all laughed.

"Well there is that too," Tom conceded laughing himself. Everyone agreed with Kathy. "They declared war and slaughtered Bob, Alex and Alex's family with machine guns, so let them have a taste of the receiving end." The men did agree not to cause alert or concern by playing with the guns in full auto.

"There is one last point," Jeff announced bringing the meeting back under some control. "Kathy does not want to live on the property and will be staying with my family. Does anyone have need of housing? There is a nice home and also a trailer there. We also have equipment for building

additional housing. Keep in mind there will be some risk living there.”

John Peterson spoke up. “There are a few of us that have been hurt by the economy pretty badly. I didn’t want to say anything but I myself have been struggling pretty badly and lost my job when the earthquake happened. Long story short, they foreclosed on our home.” John looked over to Kathy “If it would be ok, my family is in very bad need of a home.” Kathy’s small smile and head nod showed that in her heart she was glad someone would be blessed by living there.

Ken Johnson, the man who the first day was out of sorts, also spoke up. “My family is small and the trailer would be a blessing. Everyone here pretty much knows we have been having troubles also. “Is that ok with you Ma’am?”

“Yes, I am glad it can be of use to you,” Kathy answered politely, returning her attention back to Rachael.

Jeff realized maybe some of the men were suffering financially and were out of work. “I don’t have much money, but we do have some resources. If anyone is in need of work we can make additional use of our resources at hand and put up a few more homes.” Jeff found out that part of the reason so many of the men were available to help build Bob’s house in the first place was caused by the deteriorating economy. Though he couldn’t pay much, the fact that they may be building the only place they would have to live if things continued worked into the equation as much as their love for each other. An old Chinese proverb came to Jeff’s mind, when there is food on the table there are a hundred problems, when there is no food, there is only one problem.

After the meeting broke up Jeff walked back to Kathy. “You

promised not to speak up during the men's meeting." Kathy looked down.

"You are right, I am sorry and it won't happen again, I promise."

Jeff knew it was something very personal to her, and it was understandable, but he also wanted it clear that there was a time and place and his expectations were that it would be respected. Jeff was very proud of how Kathy took the correction seeing she was genuinely sorry and gave her a hug and held her for close to a minute.

**2Sa 22:35** He teacheth my hands to war; so that a bow of steel is broken by mine arms.

**Psa 144:1** [[[A Psalm] of David.]] Blessed [be] the LORD my strength, which teacheth my hands to war, [and] my fingers to fight:

## Chapter 27

The men showed up the next morning to build the rifles. Daniel Klemment came earlier to talk with Jeff before the rest of the men were to show. “Jeff, I have been a gunsmith as a hobby for close to 20 years. The H&K G3 rifle kits look all but new. Bob did great. I also found five twenty four inch heavy barrels for building nice sniper rifles. The 308 round is an excellent heavy duty round that will penetrate almost all body armor. I heard Alex took a lot of the bastards with him because they foolishly thought their body armor would protect them.”

“Then they are a good battle rifle?” Jeff asked.

“The HK is highly accurate because it uses a roller block system, which holds the round as securely as a standard bolt action. The gun only has two possible draw backs. First, it does not have a hold open bolt after spending the last round. One can run out of ammo and not realize it. Second, ..308 have more kick and lose accuracy fast in full auto. The gun will turn you around if you don’t let go or run out of ammo.”

“Sounds like maybe making them full auto won’t be of much benefit then.”

“That is why the military went to the much lighter .223 round because full auto fire could be controlled better. I would like to suggest that the men each choose whether their rifle is full auto or not. I for one have no plans to ever use it. I would also like to ask that I can have one of the long barrels and recommend you take one of them also. They can be tack drivers. Jeff, I am familiar with head spacing these rifles and would like to oversee the building of them and head space each one. If that’s acceptable with you?”

“I think you should be our group’s gunsmith if you don’t mind the extra work helping us all.” Daniel smiled at the thought.

“The other thing is, we will want to practice shooting, and save our brass. We can reload rounds that are more accurate at a much lower cost than buying new ammo. I already have the reloading press and dies. We only need to buy bullets, primer and powder. That way each man always has close to 500 rounds.”

The men all showed up a few minutes later and Jeff relayed Daniels ideas and that many may prefer their guns to be semi-auto. Half the men chose to go full auto the other half decided on semi. The 24” barrels were put on five of the guns that were built semi-auto and the seven men that wanted semi drew straws for the longer barrels. Fate smiled on both Daniel and Jeff, who got the longer barrels as hoped.

The men were each given a step in the building of the rifles which sped production up tremendously, as each man didn’t have to learn but one step. Jeff and Daniel oversaw the builds

as they were the only ones who had built an HK 91 or G3 in the past. By 1 PM they were done building the guns and Linda and Kathy served lunch. The rest of the afternoon was spent target shooting. Daniel showed the men how to hold the rifle loosely yet in a solid position and to anchor their cheek on the same spot on the rifle each time. He also showed them how to let their breath out and hold while squeezing the trigger. Most of the rifles showed a trigger pull that was too heavy and Daniel spent the rest of the day reworking triggers for a crisp light pull, while the men practiced.

Linda called Jeff in to answer the phone and he signaled for the men to stop shooting. The county attorney told him over the phone he cleared the matter with the federal government and there would not be any claims on the land and it was now registered to Kathy Andrews and Jeff Evers. The county attorney left out the fact the County Sheriff's department refused to back the government's claim, saying if they wanted to steal the land then it had to be their guys getting shot and to bring plenty of body bags for their agents. The feds, embarrassed by some of the backlash decided it best to let it go away for now.

Daniel showed Jeff the techniques for shooting accurately and though Jeff had only test fired the gun he built a couple days earlier, showed a real knack for holding steady on target and putting the bullet on the black. The men decided they would have a sharp shooting contest after watching Jeff. Up until then Daniel was the only one consistently shooting the 10 circle of the targets, but Jeff after sighting the rifle in was nailing it good.

They all moved back to about 150 yards and crowded into a circle behind the shooters. The yelping and general ruckus

brought Linda, Kathy and the children out to watch. Each man took five shoots and put their rifles down. Everyone followed the two shooters to their targets and was amazed to find both shooters put every bullet either in the black 10 ring or on it. "Move them back!" John Peterson yelled. They moved the shooting rests they had improvised back another 100 yards. The black 10 ring which had looked no bigger than a pinhead was now barely visible. Most men wondered how they would even hit the paper let alone put it near the center.

Jeff waited while Daniel aimed and fired a steady flow of 5 shots about 6 seconds apart. He watched the leaves on the edge of the woods for movement, felt at the air direction and decided to hold his mark 2 inches to the right and an inch high. Calming his breath and heart he pulled the gun into his shoulder and cradled it gently like a baby. As he could feel the little movements from his heartbeat he squeezed straight back in between the beats. Taking a shallow breath and letting it out he eased into the area between beats and squeezed again. Daniel watched him in amazement at his technique knowing he had not shown him how to read the wind or time his heart. After the fifth shot Daniel knew he had been had.

"You son of a bitch! Who taught you how to shoot?" Daniel yelled at him.

"You did just today," Jeff said laughing.

"No, before that," Daniel persisted

"I never shot before, I swear."

"Someone had to."

The men walked down to the target and though they were not on the 10 spot exactly, the spread of Daniel's bullets were about two inches and an inch down left. Jeff's were three in the 10 and two in the 9 ring, only a 1.5 inch spread and mostly dead on. The men whooped when they saw his grouping.

"God knew what he was doing when you two got the draw on the long heavy barrels." Todd Barnhill said patting Jeff on the back.

The men who needed a good weapon all got them and thanked Jeff. Jeff reminded the men that Bob was the one they could all thank. Daniel stayed behind to talk to Jeff after the men left.

"That was very generous what you did today."

"Bob was the one that had the foresight to stock them," Jeff said brushing the compliment away.

"That isn't what I meant. Not a man today would have faulted you for taking whatever gun you chose, but you decided to let fate choose for you as them. You earned their respect today with that and with your shooting."

"Daniel, I swear I never shot before. It was only beginner's luck."

"I am going to try to trade for some scope mounts for you and me. I have two good scopes put away and I would like you to have one."

"Thank you Daniel, I appreciate that a lot." Jeff replied, shaking his hand.

Jeff came in the house and Christopher ran up to his father.

“Dad, you are the best shooter ever.” Jeff only laughed and hugged his son.

“When you get older then you will be the best shooter ever.” Jeff turned to Linda. “What did you think? Was that weird or what?”

“It seemed you men had fun. And you did very well shooting.” Jeff could tell Linda wasn’t that impressed and didn’t care much for the guns.

“You know I never thought much about guns, but after what happened, I think they are going to be needed.” Kathy could see there was a little tension and went into the kitchen to have a talk with Linda. It was the first movement she had made that week that seemed to say she might come out of the shock of what happened, so Jeff was happy for that and also knew she would be on his side.

**Pro 8:19** My fruit [is] better than gold, yea, than fine gold; and my revenue than choice silver.

**Pro 8:21** That I may cause those that love me to inherit substance; and I will fill their treasures.

## Chapter 28

The next morning six men showed up to work with Jeff and they decided to start harvesting more of the woods for building houses. Jeff's first desire was to add on to his house so Kathy and Rachel would have their own rooms. He figured he would need more room for the new baby also, and another bathroom would be great. He had read a book about building using insulated concrete forms. The book told how one could integrate inner and outer walls to support the forms so the whole building became ergonomic in its design and construction. The book was part of the library Bob had left behind and Jeff had been reading every night. Once the addition was complete he was hoping the new technique could be used to make sturdy, hard to attack homes for the other men in their group.

Two men ran the saw mill, one man dropped the trees, two men limbed the trees and cut up firewood while another man used the skid loader to move logs and load the saw mill. Jeff oversaw everything and pitched in where ever needed to keep

everything running smoothly. When he wasn't needed he spent a lot of time splitting and stacking the firewood.

The men ended up working 10 hours for which Jeff paid the men each one hundred dollars at the end of the day. Everyone worked hard and Jeff looked forward to a hot shower. As he looked over the damage that was done he added it up in his head. Ten cord of wood harvested, five cord of firewood cut, three cord of logs run through the saw mill or 1200 board feet of lumber and two cord waiting to be sawn. There were also a couple piles of tops to be burned. If the firewood was sold for \$150 per cord then they would be ok, but the sale of wood wouldn't be until closer to winter, and at the rate he was paying the men he would run out of money in a month or so. Jeff realized he would run out of wood to cut in about that time too. He thought about possible solutions on the short drive home.

"Kathy, Linda, I would like to discuss something with you and hear your thoughts. The men are working very hard and we are harvesting mature trees, and sawing them up. The sale of firewood covers their pay, but we won't see that until winter. Our money is going to run out in a month of paying them. Do you have any thoughts?"

"Sell my house." Kathy said bluntly. "I can't live there. I would like to live here, if that is ok with you," she added, looking at Linda.

"Of course you are welcome here," Linda answered, giving her a hug.

"We can sell Bob and Kathy's house and use the money for building on to this house or building her a new home here and that would keep the men busy and work out the cash

flow problem.”

“I want to live here, not in my own house.” Kathy restated in case there was a question to that.

The next day was Sabbath and Jeff was never so happy for a rest. It was one week since Bob and the Bordon family was massacred, and Kathy was still mourning. No one in the house was the same. Little Isabel was still asking when uncle Bob was coming and went to the window to look for him as did Rachael, wondering why her family had not come back. It seemed Rachael’s melancholy rubbed off on Isabel, but they still spent time together having never had a sister their age to play with, and soon bonded very closely as friends. Jeff used the day to read and study more. He also spent time putting together a lesson, feeling they had looked to him to lead so he wanted to be prepared to teach. Jeff decided to do a study on tithing since he was asked about it the week earlier and then open it up to discussion.

Sunday morning seemed to come quickly as Jeff was feeling the effects of splitting so much firewood. It seemed to him the other men were tireless and he didn’t want to look like a city slicker in comparison so he tried to work as hard as anyone else on Friday and was feeling it. Looking in the mirror he noticed the previous month of working outside and building had hardened him. Everything but his waist seemed to be bigger and firmer. It was a bit amazing since he had not paid attention before, but the soft look of city living had left him and was replaced by someone that looked like they could run down a deer, kill it and eat it raw.

It was raining outside as everyone gathered at the meeting hall, thankful to have a warm dry enclosed area. John Peterson had gotten to the building early and built a fire in

the boiler and warmth was radiating up through the floor. It seemed when one's feet were warm the whole body was warm. Though the temperature inside was only 67 everyone felt very comfortable. Jeff opened the discussion to the floor for any business. Tom McMillan stood up and spoke first. "Myself and my wife are worried about them coming after us like they did Alex. Do you feel it is wise to distribute the CDs and the set up radio broadcasts? Isn't that what got Alex's family killed?"

"Tom, I appreciate your concerns. I am concerned also. They decided to war on us. If you want to be their slave then you are free to go lick their boots. As for me and my house we will serve the LORD, and if He requires our blood then that is His choice. I just hope I spill a lot of theirs first if it is going to come to that," Jeff responded.

"Jeff, you are right and I am sorry for sounding scared. Fact is, I am scared for myself and my family. I don't want what happened to the Bordons to happen to my family. But and it's a big but, I would rather die than lick their boots or see my children be slaves to them."

"Amen!" John Peterson yelled, and the rest of the men yelled amen in answer. The men near Tom patted him on the back as he sat down. They all had some concerns and they all agreed with him that they would not lie down and give their children a legacy of slavery.

"Any other business?" Jeff inquired. Jeff waited a bit before continuing. "This week I put up five transmitters and created one thousand CDs for distribution. If anyone would like copies for themselves or friends, I encourage you to take all you need. If you are traveling then leave them in truck stops, leave them at your work or give them to co-workers please.

“Last week I was asked about tithing and would like to report what I discovered.” Jeff looked around to see the reaction and getting some encouraging looks, he continued. “I have heard preachers on the radio call those that don't donate ten percent of their income "God Robbers." Malachi 3:8 reads: will a man rob God? Yet ye have robbed me. But ye say, Wherein have we robbed thee? In tithes and offerings. Malachi 3:10 continues: Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse, that there may be meat in mine house, and prove me now herewith, saith the LORD of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out a blessing, that [there shall] not [be room] enough [to receive it]. So the question is asked, what is a tithe? Who are we to tithe to? And is tithing for today? The false church preachers will quickly answer a tithe is 10 percent of your income, some will say after taxes. That you are to tithe it to the priests and yes it is for today, even though the same whores preach God's law was done away with. But these whore priests only exist because the people are whores too. The people choose to give their tithes to 501C3 tax exempt state controlled churches so they get a deduction on their taxes.” Jeff took a breath and studied his friends to see if he should continue. They seemed to be listening with interest which steadied him.

“Let's look at the biblical answer to the questions. The tithe was 10 percent of one's increase from the land. This was land that Israel was given by God and each man received not from purchase or paying taxes to the government, but was something God gave to each Israelite as a birthright. The 10 percent of the land increase was given to the tribe of Levi because they did not receive a birthright of land from God. This freed the Levitical priesthood to do other things. There was another tithe on the 3rd year of the 7 year land cycle for

the poor. Never once were Israelites told to tithe from their increase from any other occupation, craft, or trade. And God never instructed anyone to tithe gold or silver, in other words money. Leviticus 27:30 reads: and all the tithe of the land, whether of the seed of the land, or of the fruit of the tree, is the LORD'S: it is holy unto the LORD. Leviticus 27:32 continues: and concerning the tithe of the herd, or of the flock, even of whatsoever passeth under the rod, the tenth shall be holy unto the LORD. Deuteronomy 14:22 reads: thou shalt truly tithe all the increase of thy seed, that the field bringeth forth year by year. And Deuteronomy 14:28: at the end of three years thou shalt bring forth all the tithe of thine increase the same year, and shalt lay [it] up within thy gates: In Deuteronomy 26:12: we read when thou hast made an end of tithing all the tithes of thine increase the third year, [which is] the year of tithing, and hast given [it] unto the Levite, the stranger, the fatherless, and the widow, that they may eat within thy gates, and be filled.

Jesus reestablished that tithes were from agricultural increase in Matthew 23:23: Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye pay tithe of mint and anise and cummin, and have omitted the weightier matters of the law, judgment, mercy, and faith: these ought ye to have done, and not to leave the other undone.” Jeff paused and looked over the room feeling his boldness grow speaking in front of his family and friends.

“You may ask what then should we give? Give what is on your heart, understanding you do so out of a desire to serve the LORD, not because of a law telling you. We are in bondage. We do not own land. We do not have an inheritance and there is no longer a Levitical priesthood that has the birthright of the tithe instead of land. What about the

churches, won't they all close?" We can hope. It is the false priests who are people robbers." Isaiah 56:10 -11 reads: His watchmen are blind: they are all ignorant, they are all dumb dogs, they cannot bark; sleeping, lying down, loving to slumber. Yea, they are greedy dogs which can never have enough, and they are shepherds that cannot understand: they all look to their own way, every one for his gain, from his quarter. This verse in John 19:15 fits the preachers today as well as the preachers in Christ's time when it says but they cried out, Away with him, away with him, crucify him. Pilate saith unto them, Shall I crucify your King? The chief priests answered, we have no king but Caesar. What does it mean in Ephesians 6:12 when we are told: for we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places? Look at 1Kings 12:31: and he made an house of high places, and made priests of the lowest of the people, which were not of the sons of Levi. Look also at Ezekiel 6:3 which reads and say, Ye mountains of Israel, hear the word of the Lord GOD; Thus saith the Lord GOD to the mountains, and to the hills, to the rivers, and to the valleys; Behold, I, even I, will bring a sword upon you, and I will destroy your high places. This is also seen in Leviticus 26:30: And I will destroy your high places, and cut down your images, and cast your carcasses upon the carcasses of your idols, and my soul shall abhor you.

You asked me about tithing. This is my answer from God's word. Give what you are led to give. You showed your love for God and each other building this building. You show your love for standing in God's truth and wanting His justice. And you show your love by helping to promote His word by distributing these CDs and maybe building a radio transmitter

to spread the message.”

Jeff sat down and looked across the faces of his friends. They had a look that the message he brought blessed them and he decided he would do so again next week the LORD willing. The men started discussing Jeff’s message and also whatever else was on their heart or they had been studying. After a time the women broke off to the back and started setting out lunch. Most women brought a dish or something to share. Scott Schmitt handed Jeff his jump drive again. “Did you tape me again?” Jeff said laughing. Scott only smiled.

**Pro 9:8** Reprove not a scorner, lest he hate thee: rebuke a wise man, and he will love thee.

**Mat 23:15** Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye compass sea and land to make one proselyte, and when he is made, ye make him twofold more the child of hell than yourselves.

## Chapter 29

Taylor had moved back to her own penthouse just one day after the wedding. Herod didn't mind, feeling more natural being alone without having to worry about keeping Taylor occupied. Things had been going very well. At least Herod thought so, Rabbi Finkelstein however was furious.

“Herod I told you God gave them into our hands to plunder, but not to kill. You will turn God's anger away from them and on to us. This is a great mistake, Herod.” He shouted at him through the video conference. Herod cringed at the thought of the Rabbi correcting him in front of the others, in private would be fine as he had always allowed Rabbi Finkelstein to correct him in private, but in public was not acceptable. “We have reports one of theirs has set up radio transmitters and is starting to distribute CDs containing teaching that is opposed to us. This later prophet may be greater than the first and it is you that has unleashed him!” The Rabbi was now screaming and even on the screen bits of

spit could be seen flying as his neck turned red and foam could be seen in the corners of his mouth. “It would not go well if they wake up to our destructions.” He continued, “our people have worked for centuries to get to this point and we do not need to have you running amok and destroying in one generation what our people have worked centuries to accomplish.”

Herod could see that the other men were starting to smell blood, his blood. I am the alpha in this pack, he told himself, and I won’t have some old dog like Rabbi Finkelstein take from me what I have earned. “Rabbi, do I need to remind you to whom you are speaking?” The Rabbi stopped in mid-sentence with the realization they were not alone and the look on his face went instantly from rage to terror.

“My apologies Herod, please forgive me,” the Rabbi said in sweet sincerity, waking the other men to the reminder that Herod was still the man who would bless their loyalty or ruthlessly murder their family line at the hint of rebellion.

“Yes Rabbi, this is a bold move, the beginning of our final objective to completely destroy our ancient enemies and reclaim our birthright. We the destroyers shall finally have indisputable control of this world and shall live as the masters of all people. I am familiar with the small radio transmitters and CDs you spoke about. Their efforts are puny and I have already dispatched a spy to undermine them.”

Herod switched off his connection and sat pondering for a moment. He would let the Rabbi get away with his mistake this once he decided. If the decision would have been to eliminate him Herod would have let him continue with his tirade. The Rabbi always had ancient superstitions about never directly harming those who were Christians, but that

was only superstition, Herod mused.

“Mind if I come in?” Herod turned to see his bride looking bright and cheerful for the first time since the first day they met. “I went shopping today, and wanted to show you what I purchased.” She said excitedly. Taylor pulled out a bunch of boxes each containing beautiful dresses. “I hope you like what I got,” she added kissing him on the cheek. “I saved this one for last,” pulling out a box from an expensive lingerie shop. Taylor’s tone suddenly changed to a serious note. “Herod, I want to apologize for the way I have been behaving, I don’t know what was wrong with me and I am sorry. I promise to be the best wife I can from now on and do my best to please you.”

“I am sure it was just hormones,” Herod lied.

“What have you been keeping yourself busy with?” Taylor asked.

“Destroying what is left of the extremist Christians.” Herod answered as if it was no more than killing mosquitoes.

“It is best they are all killed,” she replied. “Their teachings of hate are dangerous.”

“Taylor, would you like to join me for a visit to Camp David?”

“That would be wonderful Herod, thank you for inviting me.”

“You can wear your new dress.” Herod paused “in the future I don’t want you shopping in stores. You have two seamstresses. Look in catalogs and tell them what you want.”

“But I like to shop,” she retorted. Herod gave her a look to show his displeasure.

“Fine.” She huffed.

Thirty minutes later they climbed into the private helicopter that picked them up on their roof and flew to the Catoctin Mountains of Maryland. The president and first lady met them as soon as they landed. The Goldstein’s bags were taken to their private cabin which was the only cabin there not named. Taylor looked at the names of the cabins as they walked to Aspen lodge. There were Maple, Holly and Dogwood. She noticed quickly they were all named after trees. The first lady showed Taylor around their home away from home while the men talked business.

“I understand you now control most of the oil in Alaska.”

“Yes Mr. President, that is correct.” Herod acknowledged.

“How soon can we get the oil pumping?” The president asked.

“I have been giving that serious thought Mr. President.” Herod paused just to watch the president squirm a little. “My thoughts are maybe it would not be good to reestablish production until the risk of aftershocks and other possible dangers are properly assessed.”

“Damn it Herod! We need that oil pumping as soon as possible.” Herod smiled at the president’s impatience knowing this would be easier than he’d even hoped. “This nation’s economy has been going down the toilet fast.”

“Mr. President, you are asking me to invest billions of dollars of my own money before I have assessed the risks?”

“Okay Herod, what’s it going to take?”

“What can you do for me, Mr. President?” Herod asked solemnly.

“We can’t rightly give you the money to do it, but we can give huge tax breaks on the investment, accelerated depreciation, and exemption on profits for six years.”

“Saying I do start up right away,” Herod was interrupted quickly.

“Saying? Shit Herod! Oil is at \$118 a barrel!” Herod waited until he knew the president would listen carefully.

“Saying I do start up right away, there are other oil reserves that can also be exploited and added to increase oil production sooner. Give for example, the reserve fields in the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge.” Herod waited. He knew the next man to talk would lose and he knew it wouldn’t be him. Herod could feel the president’s stress level and watched the wheels turn in his head. The silence lasted two minutes.

“Hell Herod I can’t just hand over a 19 million acre wildlife refuge to you.”

“I am not greedy. I only want the 1.5 million acres between the Brooks Range and the Beaufort Sea.” Again, Herod waited.

“Herod, that is at least five billion barrels of oil recoverable at twenty dollars per barrel, you are asking me to hand over four hundred billion dollars. How the hell will I get this past Congress?”

“It will pass.” Herod said matter of factly. “And I guarantee

full media support. You will go down as a hero for this Mr. President. Oh yes, you will find in your top desk drawer in the oval office 250,000 shares of Global Oil Reserves held in a hidden trust when you return to the White House.”

Herod took Taylor with him back to their unnamed lodge. As she made herself at home Taylor noticed that their cabin was nicer and larger than the others. “How did it go?” Taylor asked.

“Very well,” Herod said smiling, as he sat on the edge of their bed and took off his shoes. “It went very well.” Taylor came over and kissed her husband. “I am very proud of you Herod, and so are your children,” she said holding her belly with one hand.

**Pro 11:11** By the blessing of the upright the city is exalted: but it is overthrown by the mouth of the wicked.

**Pro 8:11** For wisdom [is] better than rubies; and all the things that may be desired are not to be compared to it.

## Chapter 30

Monday morning was a good day for working outside and the men went back to processing the mature trees that could use harvesting from Bob's land. The men worked hard as always and by lunch everyone's appetite was ready for Linda and Kathy's good cooking. As the men sat around John Peterson brought up an interesting point. "You know Jeff, this is as hard work as I have ever done, but I seem to enjoy it because I know we will soon be building another home and I know this wood will go into that home." Jeff gave thought to the point John made in light of what he had been studying.

"John, I think that is because our people were created to be builders. We keep gardens, put things in order. It is our natural design to want to create and build, being made in the image of God who designed and created you, me, and this world." The men listened while they ate, most nodding in agreement that they too had the desire to build. Jeff pulled out his notes from the night before. "I wrote down some interesting verses last night. John 10:10 says the thief cometh not, but for to steal, and to kill, and to destroy: I am come

that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly. Isaiah 59:7 reads their feet run to evil, and they make haste to shed innocent blood: their thoughts are thoughts of iniquity; wasting and destruction are in their paths. We need to be aware that there are those who would destroy us. Jeremiah 50:11 says because ye were glad, because ye rejoiced, O ye destroyers of mine heritage, because ye are grown fat as the heifer at grass, and bellow as bulls. It's not just invading hordes that seek to destroy us, but they have also positioned themselves within the false church as false prophets. Jeremiah 12:10 says many pastors have destroyed my vineyard, they have trodden my portion under foot, they have made my pleasant portion a desolate wilderness.

The men all worked hard during the week. It was Friday when Jeff decided to use some of the white oak timbers and extra greenhouse panels to build a solar kiln for the wood. Using sealant, the ends of the milled wood was coated to reduce cracking from faster drying. They loaded the seven thousand board feet into the kiln they had sawn so far. By using the solar kiln they would be able to start building another house much sooner.

Jeff decided to work that evening tilling four additional ¼ acre gardens. He also used the front end loader for moving all the sawdust they created and mixed it with manure from their small herd of cows. He created long rows of mix along the edges of the gardens so it could easily be added to the soil for compost. Linda and Kathy had planted their ½ acre garden already, but he wanted to offer the garden areas to any in their group who might need them but not have the land to grow a garden.

Just as it was getting dark and the mosquitoes were making it hard to stay outside a blue van drove up the driveway. Jeff walked over to see what the occupant could want. "Are you Jeff Evers?"

"Yes, what can I do for you?" Jeff asked apprehensively.

"Sir, it is a pleasure to meet you. My name is Robert Smith, but you can call me Bob," the man said getting out of his car and shaking his hand firmly. My family and I listened to your disks. And sir, I thank you so much for your efforts. We sold our home in Cincinnati recently. We decided we wanted to live in the country and while we have been looking for a place to live we decided to see if we could find the people who made the CDs we heard."

"How did you find me?"

"Sir, that was a bit of an effort, but not too hard. We knew Mr. Bordon and Mr. Andrews were from here, so we asked around. Gas stations, bars, it didn't take too long."

"I just wanted to meet you and thank you for all you have done for my family again." Jeff looked into the van and saw the smiling face of Mrs. Smith and their two children watching the discussion.

"Glad to meet you also Bob. We meet here on Sunday morning at 10AM if you would like to join us."

"I thank you sir, that would be wonderful. Is it ok if I bring my family?" Bob asked, nodding.

"Of course, we will be glad to have you." Jeff looked back towards his house. "Would your family like to come in and visit?"

“We would, but it is getting late and we will need to get settled at a motel or cabin. Maybe Sunday.” Bob answered looking back at the van.

“We will see you then.”

That night Jeff and Linda lay in bed listening to one of Alex’s CDs. “Do you think the CDs we are duplicating are helping and getting out there?”

“A fellow named Bob Smith and his family stopped by just before I came in for the night. I invited them for our Sunday meeting.”

“How did they find us?” Linda asked. Jeff laughed at her question.

“I asked the same thing. Guess we aren’t that hard to track down. I am going to start adding our name, address, phone number and email address on the CDs. I would like to hear how they are getting out and about.”

“You think that is wise?” Linda asked concerned.

“Bob from Cincinnati found us easy enough.” Jeff kissed his wife and turned off the CD. He laid in bed thinking. He had wanted to sell the disks and transmitter kits for cost online to help spread the word but was afraid to have his family exposed. It seemed that point was moot so he was going to go ahead full steam.

Jeff could hear Kathy was crying again. He had no idea what to do about it, but it was affecting his heart more than normal so he whispered to Linda he was going to go talk with her.

“It may help her talking to you. I comfort her best I can, just be gentle Jeff, you know you can be a bit hard at times.”

Jeff sat on the edge of the couch and put his hand on Kathy's back. It was strange touching a woman other than his wife in that manner. When he had hugged her the week before, she may have been the first woman who wasn't Linda that he touched since his wedding day. Kathy grabbed on to Jeff and buried her face in his lap. Thoughts that maybe he should not have come down came to mind, but he sat still, almost frozen not wanting to move in an effort to keep it from being something it wasn't meant to be.

"Jeff," she whispered. "Before Bob died he gave me a piece of paper." Kathy pulled the paper out and handed the folded piece to him. Jeff opened the paper and read it. On it was written "Deu 25:5." Jeff looked at the paper for a while, but wasn't sure what it meant or where Kathy was going. "I looked the verse up," she said. It is the law of the kinsman redeemer," she whispered.

"I am not sure what that is," Jeff replied.

"In the book of Ruth, Ruth married Boaz who was her kinsman redeemer. That is why Bob left the land to both of us and not just me in his will.

"Are you saying I am supposed to marry you?" Jeff said, his mind racing.

"Bob couldn't have children and knew that I very badly wanted them. I think maybe he even died so we could get free of the feds so I could be free." Kathy started sobbing again, only Jeff had now scooted his leg out away from her.

"Kathy, this is a bit of a shock and I need to give it thought and study, I hope you can understand." Jeff got up awkwardly not knowing where to go he stepped outside and looked up at the stars. Comet Lucifer was dominating the

entire sky. Its head was slightly smaller as it was not as close as it had been in the weeks earlier, but was still an amazing site to see and helped Jeff feel tiny before his Creator and incredible creation. After a time of calming himself down and hoping Kathy had also calmed down he returned to the house and quietly climbed upstairs and into bed. He could still hear Kathy sobbing quietly. "I'm afraid I wasn't much help," he whispered to his wife. Linda could hear that tonight was worse than other nights so got up to see if she could be some comfort. Jeff could hear the ladies whispering and wondered what Kathy was telling Linda and what Linda's response was. He didn't hear any screaming or carrying on, but then Linda always seemed very controlled he thought. Jeff slept on and off but Linda never returned to bed. By daybreak Jeff decided he best read up on the bible verse and what it really meant.

Jeff was amazed by what he read. Deuteronomy talked about physical brothers so he was not sure it applied to him, but then neither he nor Bob had any other brothers. But it was clear that not only did God require polygamy, but had laws pertaining to its practice. He had always noticed that a lot of the patriarchs had more than one wife, but wasn't that done away with in the New Testament, he thought? Jeff found scriptures in Timothy and Titus relaying that bishops were to be the husband of one wife. This raised the question, is the requirement for a bishop because it was a sin? How could it be a sin now under grace if it wasn't a sin under the law? Jeff could find no law against polygamy at all. Even more amazing was that he found God had described Himself in Ezekiel 23 as having two wives and Jesus described Himself as a Bridegroom that marries five out of ten virgins in Matthew 25.

“What were you thinking, Bob?” he asked himself quietly. Jeff was starting to feel the strain. The move, his friend dying, and now these men looking to him to lead when he was no more than a babe in Christ himself, it was all getting to be more than he could carry.

Jeff walked downstairs and grabbed a beer from the refrigerator. Linda could see he looked worn out and she knew why. She asked Kathy to take the children on a walk. “What’s on your mind, Jeff?” she asked, leading him.

“Polygamy. Seems Bob left instructions to Kathy that I was to marry her.” Jeff watched Linda’s reaction and saw no change in her which confirmed his suspicion that she already knew.

Linda got up and brought Jeff another beer. “Looks like you could use another,” she said, handing him the beer. “What did you decide?” she asked, giving him a look like it better be the right answer.

“I researched it best I could to show it was wrong, but I found nothing against it except as a qualification for a bishop. Even God claimed to be a polygamist saying He had two wives.”

“Kathy did a bible study with me, seems she wants to go through with Bob’s wishes.” Linda added, “but what are you going to do?”

“Linda, I can’t do that to you.” Linda walked back to the kitchen and returned with another beer.

“I know you have had a lot of changes in your life and have a lot of stress on you right now, just relax and have another beer. I will talk to Kathy,” she said in a calm soothing voice.

Jeff was thankful Linda could see how much he loved her and that it wasn't his idea.

Kathy returned with the children while Linda fixed dinner. Kathy brought Jeff another beer while he laid back and relaxed. He could feel the pressure leaving him and was thankful for it being Sabbath. The children played quietly in their room, which he knew was also done for him. He was thankful for his wife who knew him so well and took such good care of him. No sooner had he finished his beer than Linda came with a fresh bottle.

"I think I have had enough."

"You can drink that one, it's open already." She replied gently. Beer always seemed to make Jeff relaxed and sleepy. He was almost nodding off when Kathy brought Jeff a fresh beer.

"I told Linda I had enough." He slurred.

"I'm sorry Jeff, I was just trying to help, she didn't tell me. It's already open, so..." she handed him the bottle and returned to the kitchen. Five minutes later dinner was served and Jeff sat at the table.

"Where are the children tonight?" He asked knowing something was different.

"They ate already and are in bed." Kathy poured the wine for dinner and Linda waited until Jeff drank his glass down."

"Jeff, I shouldn't drink wine seeing I'm pregnant, could you drink mine?" She said, handing him her glass. Jeff drank it down and watched as it was refilled by Kathy. The thought occurred to him that they wanted to get him drunk, but they

were too late, he could already feel his chair unable to stay balanced beneath him.

“Jeff you might as well finish the bottle.” Linda said as she poured the last into his glass. Alcohol affects everyone differently. For Jeff it always made him relaxed, sleepy and a big cuddle bear, mostly sleepy. He excused himself from the table and fought his way up the stairs crashing on the bed as soon as he got within falling distance.

Linda looked at Kathy. She knew she loved her, but this was still hard on her. She knew that God had somehow put it on her heart that this was right, even if it cost her. Kathy took Linda’s hand and looked into her eyes.

“I know how hard this is for you and that you love me. I want you to know I love both of you and I thank you.” Kathy knew she was just coming into her ovulation and had been feeling a strong drive the whole afternoon while the ladies had hatched their plan. She quietly entered the dark bedroom and undressed before slipping into the bed and into Jeff’s arms.

“Jeff, do you promise to be my husband always, to love me, provide for me, and to protect me always?” she whispered.

Jeff pulled her closer. “You know I do?” He said without opening his eyes.

“Do you swear before God?”

“Yes, why are you asking?”

“I promise to be your wife always and forever, and to obey you, to serve you, and bear you children.” She whispered. Kathy kissed her new husband and climbed on top of him.

Jeff realized it was Kathy, but his mind didn’t seem to focus

much past his carnal instincts and he took her.

Just before sunrise Jeff woke up, his head splitting and his mouth dry. Kathy was still holding on to him. The thought occurred to him that Linda and Kathy had conspired together against him. He thought about being angry but it seemed they had acted wisely and he was attracted to a woman acting wisely. He barely remembered the night before, but he knew that he had taken Kathy for a wife. If she was going to be his wife he figured he ought to at least enjoy his honeymoon and remember it. Jeff took his new bride a second time, this time as a sober conscious choice.

**Deu 25:5** If brethren dwell together, and one of them die, and have no child, the wife of the dead shall not marry without unto a stranger: her husband's brother shall go in unto her, and take her to him to wife, and perform the duty of an husband's brother unto her.

**Pro 11:10** When it goeth well with the righteous, the city rejoiceth: and when the wicked perish, [there is] shouting.

## Chapter 31

Sunday morning at 10AM everyone was at the meeting hall. Jeff introduced Mr. and Mrs. Smith to everyone and they were welcomed warmly. Jeff called the meeting to order and asked if anyone had any business. John Peterson stood up and mentioned that he was going to be moving his family out to his brother's place for a time to help him build a house using the methods they had learned from building Bob's home. Jeff thought about how John would be missed as he was a very hard worker and very personable and kept work fun. Bob Smith stood up next to announce that being new in the area they were looking to buy a house and if anyone knew of a nice home for a family of four that was for sale they would appreciate the help finding one.

Jeff asked if there was more business and waited for a time to let anyone that wanted speak. "The first business I have is that since Bob Smith here was able to find me so easily from

the CDs I have decided to add my name, .address, phone number and email, so people can get disks or information more easily. Second, I did research on another bible topic I wish to share.” Jeff looked over the room before beginning.

“God married and entered into a marriage covenant with the nation of Israel at Mount Horeb. Deuteronomy 5:2 reads the LORD our God made a covenant with us in Horeb. The Ark of the Covenant represents the marriage covenant between God and Israel. In the ark were placed Aaron’s rod, manna seed and two stones tablets with God’s Law written on them. Read it again, a rod, two stones, and seed. This represents the procreative power of God. In Hebrews 9:4 we read Which had the golden censer, and the Ark of the Covenant overlaid round about with gold, wherein [was] the golden pot that had manna, and Aaron’s rod that budded, and the tables of the covenant.” Jeff gauged he was doing well and continued.

“God’s Marriage was described as a polygamist marriage. Ezekiel 23:1-4 reads: The word of the LORD came again unto me, saying, Son of man, there were two women, the daughters of one mother: And they committed whoredoms in Egypt; they committed whoredoms in their youth: there were their breasts pressed, and there they bruised the teats of their virginity. And the names of them were Aholah the elder, and Aholibah her sister: and they were mine, and they bare sons and daughters. Thus were their names; Samaria is Aholah, and Jerusalem Aholibah.” Jeff checked to see the shock value of saying God had two wives and it definitely got some attention.

“Jerusalem was the capital of the house of Judah. the two southern tribes. Samaria was the capital of the house of Israel, the 10 northern tribes. In Jeremiah 3:8 we can see God

divorced the house of Israel. And I saw, when for all the causes whereby backsliding Israel committed adultery I had put her away, and given her a bill of divorce; yet her treacherous sister Judah feared not, but went and played the harlot also. The bill of divorce was the book of Hosea. Hosea 1:9 Then said God, Call his name Loammi: for ye are not my people, and I will not be your God. According to God's law the House of Israel could never be remarried to God. Deuteronomy 24:4 says: Her former husband, which sent her away, may not take her again to be his wife, after that she is defiled; for that [is] abomination before the LORD: and thou shalt not cause the land to sin, which the LORD thy God giveth thee for an inheritance. Yet God said He would remarry the House of Israel." Jeff was feeling more comfortable as he went while speaking in front of others.

"Hosea 1:10-11 reads: Yet the number of the children of Israel shall be as the sand of the sea, which cannot be measured nor numbered; and it shall come to pass, that in the place where it was said unto them, Ye are not my people, there it shall be said unto them, Ye are the sons of the living God. Then shall the children of Judah and the children of Israel be gathered together, and appoint themselves one head and they shall come up out of the land: for great shall be the day of Jezreel. Paul also explains this in Romans 9:25-27: As he saith also in Hosea, I will call them my people, which were not my people; and her beloved, which was not beloved. And it shall come to pass, that in the place where it was said unto them, ye are not my people; there shall they be called the children of the living God. Isaiah also crieth concerning Israel, though the number of the children of Israel be as the sand of the sea, a remnant shall be saved." Jeff thought about how he was going to miss giving his studies.

“We have a problem. God cannot remarry Israel and Israel is bound under this law as long as the husband lives, so God had to die. First Corinthians 7:39 reads: the wife is bound by the law as long as her husband liveth; but if her husband be dead, she is at liberty to be married to whom she will; only in the Lord. Pay close attention to the next verses for they are the key, Romans 7:1-4 says: Know ye not, brethren, for I speak to them that know the law, how that the law hath dominion over a man as long as he liveth? For the woman which hath an husband is bound by the law to her husband so long as he liveth; but if the husband be dead, she is loosed from the law of her husband. So then if, while her husband liveth, she be married to another man, she shall be called an adulteress; but if her husband be dead, she is free from that law; so that she is no adulteress, though she be married to another man. Wherefore, my brethren, ye also are become dead to the law by the body of Christ; that ye should be married to another, [even] to him who is raised from the dead, that we should bring forth fruit unto God,” Jeff paused for the verses to hit home.

“God is able to remarry the house of Israel because they were no longer under the law of divorce because He died on the cross. Now look at MAT 25:1-2. How many tribes in the House of Israel? 10. There are 12 tribes in Israel but only 10 of the tribes, the House of Israel were divorced. Then shall the kingdom of heaven be likened unto ten virgins, which took their lamps, and went forth to meet the bridegroom. And five of them were wise, and five were foolish. The new covenant is made with the remnant of Israel, just as the old covenant was made with Israel. Jesus said in Matthew 15:24: But he answered and said, I am not sent but unto the lost sheep of the house of Israel. Romans 9:6 reads: not as though

the word of God hath taken none effect. For they are not all Israel, which are of Israel. And Hebrews 8:8-10: For finding fault with them, he saith, Behold, the days come, saith the Lord, when I will make a new covenant with the house of Israel and with the house of Judah: Not according to the covenant that I made with their fathers in the day when I took them by the hand to lead them out of the land of Egypt; because they continued not in my covenant, and I regarded them not, saith the Lord. For this is the covenant that I will make with the house of Israel after those days, saith the Lord; I will put my laws into their mind, and write them in their hearts: and I will be to them a God, and they shall be to me a people.

Jeff came to the part he knew was going to be hard. “Third item I have to share is this. I have taken Kathy for my wife.” The room became dead quiet. Jeff continued, “the only thing I have been able to find in the bible that speaks against a man having two wives is in the qualifications for a bishop. As such, I ask that the men choose someone to lead our group here in the future.”

John Peterson stood up. “Jeff, no one elected you leader or bishop or anything. We come here not because this is a church, but because this is a place to get together with brothers and sisters in Christ. We appreciate your sharing with us things you find in the bible, and hope you do so in the future. I for one am happy that you have added Kathy to your family and I pray you are both blessed with many children. You have become the leader so to speak because you are. Not because anyone chose, but mostly because you have been the most giving, loving and caring. I for one don’t care to see anything changed.”

The other men in the group threw their weight behind John's words and the meeting broke down into groups talking and most everyone at some point stopped by Linda, Kathy, or Jeff to show their happiness and support for their family. Jeff felt like a huge weight was lifted off his shoulders. He had been very worried that his marrying Kathy would destroy their small fellowship and didn't want to be the cause of hurting any of his friends.

"Bob, do you have a minute?" Jeff saw Bob nearby and decided now would be a good time to talk. "We built a house about a month ago for Bob Andrews, one of the men killed by the feds. We have decided to sell the house and if you would like to look at it, I can arrange a showing sometime."

"That would be good." Bob Smith answered. John Peterson was standing nearby and heard the exchange.

"Let me know and I can take you over there." John said jumping in. "My family has lived there for the last couple weeks and I would be happy to show you the house. It is a gem."

"Sounds great, thank you," Bob said turning to John. "When you are ready to leave, let me know and we can follow you."

Sunday's potluck turned into a post wedding celebration as everyone had a great time and was happy for any reason to stay longer. Jeff, remembering about the gardens he had tilled, announced that if anyone wanted to grow a garden they had four extra  $\frac{1}{4}$  acre plots all tilled and ready to go. Three of them were spoken for right away by families who lived in town and didn't have the space for such a large garden. During the gathering time, John slipped out with Bob and showed him the house explaining all the energy efficient

features that were built in. It was just what he was hoping to find for his family if not more. Upon returning to the gathering Bob Smith made an offer and the men agreed on the sale then and there.

Evening in the Evers home seemed to be less hectic but still with a lot of questions unanswered. Jeff still a little disoriented from his recent acquisition of a second wife and third child was not sure how to walk the razor's edge of keeping two women happy. Thankfully Linda suggested that Jeff and Kathy would finish out a wedding week. When Jeff and Kathy balked at the idea, Linda said it was her wedding present to Kathy and Jeff would hurt her feelings by not letting Kathy have the week. Jeff kissed Linda and thanked her for not making it harder on him than it already was. He told her how much he loved her and how truly unprepared he was for all of this and please forgive him for his many mistakes and that he promised to do his best to be a good husband, whatever that would mean. Linda could see how he struggled to do right and not hurt her, and she vowed to herself she would do her best to help him and not hurt him.

**2Pe 2:12** But these, as natural brute beasts, made to be taken and destroyed, speak evil of the things that they understand not; and shall utterly perish in their own corruption;

**Jer 49:17** Also Edom shall be a desolation: every one that goeth by it shall be astonished, and shall hiss at all the plagues thereof.

## Chapter 32

“Yes sir, that is correct. Jeff Evers is the leader of their group. They meet on his forty acres in a large plain building. He announced yesterday that he had married Bob Andrew’s widow in addition to his first wife.” Bob Smith was an alias and he was reporting on the latest extremist group he had infiltrated for Herod.

“You are sure the group has embraced polygamy as a biblical alternative?”

“Yes sir, everyone seemed to be very warm and open to his announcement.”

“This can be very dangerous. It is important their people never return to patriarchal living. I want you to probe and exploit any divisions, especially this polygamy. Undermine it as best you and Lydia are able.”

The next morning Jeff worked with the men sawing lumber through lunch. Things went well but just seemed to be quieter without John Peterson. They had offered to help with his move, but he and his wife were well prepared having moved only two weeks earlier. Jeff told him that if things didn't work out he would welcome John's help. After lunch Jeff drove to town to meet Bob Smith to close on the house which went smoothly and would provide the needed capitol to keep things going for some time.

Jeff decided the first project he wanted to work on would be an addition to his home to make room for all three new additions, Kathy, Rachael, and the baby which Linda was carrying. "The way things are going Kathy will be pregnant soon," he said quietly to himself as he drove up the logging site to where the men were working. He had some good news. While in town he had visited three possible tree job sites and had closed the deal on one. Four large maple trees on a home owner's small acreage just outside of town needed to be removed. Jeff also stopped and refilled the barrels with waste vegetable oil for fuel. Most of the men in their group were now either driving diesel vehicles on the bio-diesel or were looking for diesel vehicles as gas prices were still running over five dollars per gallon.

The men were happy to hear about the job and met the next morning at Jeff's home. They took three trucks. One hauled the skid steer, another truck hauled the tractor with a wood chipper attachment and the last pulled the sawmill Jeff and Bob had built. The six man crew made fast work of the trees, not only cutting them down but processing the trees into fire

wood, lumber and a pile of sawdust which the owner asked to have left behind for use around his bushes. The job paid enough to cover the men's pay and also netted 600 board feet of lumber, and a cord and a half of firewood. It was lunch time the men were done with the job and hungry. They loaded the equipment and headed back to Jeff's for lunch.

Lydia Smith was leaving as Jeff walked through the door. The air around her as they passed seemed to be stale and unfriendly. "I see you met the new neighbor," Jeff said giving his Linda a kiss. "Everything alright?" Jeff asked sensing coldness in her.

"I don't like her," she replied eyeing the door Lydia had just departed through. "I think she came here to plant poisoned seeds."

Jeff wanted to tell her to give the woman a chance, but then remembered many other times Linda warned him and in the end she always seemed to be right. Jeff decided he would file it in the back of his mind to keep an eye on the Smiths.

Lunch was excellent as always. As Jeff came out of the house he looked over the land. It was looking more beautiful by the day. Everything was a bright vigorous green color. The cows were looking well and the garden was planted. The young fruit trees were covered in green leaves. Jeff gave a quiet prayer of thanks to his Father in Heaven.

The rest of the week was hectic as Jeff sold CD disk sets at online auction sites and filled orders. Work was also begun on the new addition to their home. Jeff decided to make a large basement, bomb shelter under the addition using metal forms for a poured concrete slab that would span the basement to create the ceiling for the basement and floor for

the addition. The basement itself was made as large as the whole house with areas for storage and a hidden exit into the greenhouse. The above part of the house was a specially designed insulated concrete form structure, the core of the wall being eight inch thick reinforced concrete.

As the week progressed Jeff heard from two of the men who were working with him that Bob Smith seemed to be sowing seeds of doubt and rebellion. None of it was direct but they didn't like the general feel of what he was saying. Bob would offer to help, but it seemed where ever he was, work suffered. One of the two men asked directly that Jeff keep Bob away from him.

Linda had also tired of Lydia who had been coming over a lot and while nice to Kathy's face always seem to talk behind her back about ugly things she claimed Kathy told her that did not seem true. Jeff was troubled in that he didn't want to accuse anyone falsely without proof, but it seemed maybe they were not what they claimed. It troubled Jeff right up to Saturday night when while he was praying it seemed like his prayers were answered. He remembered something Bob Andrews had read when they had communion. Jeff found what he was looking for in First Corinthians chapter 11: "But let a man examine himself, and so let him eat of that bread, and drink of that cup. For he that eateth and drinketh unworthily, eateth and drinketh damnation to himself, not discerning the Lord's body. For this cause many are weak and sickly among you, and many sleep." Jeff prayed and asked God to show him if snakes had come among them.

The next morning at their weekly meeting, Jeff asked if there was any business from any of those gathered before giving his bible findings of the week. No one speaking up Jeff began

“We have all been born not into a birthright of land and freedom, but the economic bondage of debt. If we have not borrowed it ourselves it has been borrowed in our name by the government of this country and our attempts to further ourselves and our families is a struggle against the chains they have bound to us. If we work and produce they are there taking our substance, if we purchase land or a home they are there to tax our purchase. We do not own land anymore. We purchase the right to rent it from the government. If you do not believe this stop paying your taxes and see who owns it. They have tricked our people with a phony money system. It works like this. All money today is created through debt. Banks are able to make something out of nothing. The formula works like this:  $0 \text{ equals } A \text{ minus } A$ . In other words the Banks create a deposit out of thin air when they create a loan. Imagine you borrow \$50,000. The bank creates a loan for \$50,000 and also deposits it into your checking account \$50,000. The accounting is zero equals  $50,000 - 50,000$ . In essence banks were given the power to monetize our assets and then charge us interest for them.” Jeff looked over everyone to see if his point was finding the mark. Seeing alert looks he continued.

“This is where the true destructive power of usury lies since all money is created through debt and all debt has interest on it, then all the money in the world is borrowed and debt is paid on it to these fake money scheme crooks, but where does the money come from to pay the interest on the debt? Let’s look at our \$50,000 example. Imagine we live in a small village and the \$50,000 represents all the money that exists and we borrowed it at 10% interest. At the end of the year we owe the \$50,000 plus the 10% interest or \$5,000. When we pay the \$5,000 back to the banker there is only

\$45,000 left yet we still owe \$50,000. At the end of 5 years we have paid \$25,000 in interest yet still owe \$50,000. How can we pay back the whole \$50,000 when only \$25,000 is left? The answer is we can't. After 10 years all \$50,000 has been paid back to the banker as interest and no more money exists. The next year the banker takes your property for non payment on your loan. It is simply a matter of time before all wealth is in the hands of the bankers. The fact is that almost every home in America now has a mortgage on it. They are the land owners and we have become the renters. What have they done to earn approximately 30% of your income while the government taxes you another 40% to pay interest on its debts borrowed in your name leaving almost every family struggling to survive?" Jeff could see some angry looks as the evilness of the money scheme was understood.

"They have created an environment in which our people send their wives to work to try to get ahead and instead of our people having children our production is given to foreigners who are slowly taking over our country by sheer numbers. Do not be fooled. This is no accident. Proverbs 22:7 reads: the rich ruleth over the poor, and the borrower is servant to the lender. If you are in debt, do you best to get out of debt. I have been in debt and out of debt and can tell you the peace of mind being out of debt is worth more than anything you can buy. It doesn't take making more money, it takes learning how to be satisfied with what you have and an effort to live frugally, to prosper on a little."

Jeff next pulled out a stack of emails. "I received these emails and want to share them with you. This one reads love the disks, thank you so much. We see now that Alex Bordon was murdered for teaching the truth. I have another one. Dear Mr. Evers I have built five transmitters so far. The feds took

down the first three but then someone shot two feds dead when they tried to take down the fourth and the fifth hasn't been touched either. God bless you and thank you so much. P.S. I have started making copies and distributing the disks as you recommended. I have also been helping others put up more transmitters." Jeff looked over the room of his brothers and sisters in Christ. "Our small efforts have been producing fruit. They can maybe stop me or you, but now it is multiplying past what they can control. I thank and praise God that he allowed us to be a part of this." Almost everyone in the room said Amen.

"I have one more thing I want us to do. I have brought wine and bread so that we as a group can take communion. John, would you help pass out the wine? Tom, if you could pass the bread. I ask that only adult baptized Christians partake." Jeff read the verse in First Corinthians as Bob had the first time they had communion, and Jeff asked God to bless the bread and wine, but also to make it a curse to those who would take it improperly. Again nearly everyone said Amen. The meeting broke down into smaller groups as usual and everyone had a good time fellowshiping and later eating together.

**Pro 7:11** She [is] loud and stubborn; her feet abide not in her house

**Pro 7:27** Her house [is] the way to hell, going down to the chambers of death.

## Chapter 33

Bob Smith worked on his report to Herod. He giggled to himself as he typed on his laptop. “These bastards are going down hard,” he said quietly to himself. A small turned up area on both sides of his mouth gave him the appearance of a snake smiling while he typed. Promoting hate literature was just the beginning. Bob had uncovered manufacturing automatic weapons, illegal cohabitation, and unregistered children not going to public school. He had also discovered one man in the group had kidnapped his children from his drug addict ex-wife, and two were hiding from the government for tax evasion. This was some group and CPS and a number of different Federal organizations were going to be kept busy for months deciding how long to lock them away. “Are you done yet?” He yelled down to his wife as he put the finishing touches on his report.

Lydia Smith was a clean freak and the Petersons in her opinion were filthy animals. She was presently on her hands and knees scrubbing the bathroom. It was bad enough to have to live in the middle of nowhere but always having to clean

after the filthy beasts in each house they moved to was more than she could stand. She hoped he would get promoted so they could live in the city with servants like was proper for someone of her caliber. Lydia turned to yell up the stairs that she would be a minute yet. But she found herself instead choking for air as her eyes focused on the bucket of bleach that was behind her and the open bottle of ammonia that had somehow fallen off the shelf into it. Lydia stumbled to get out of the bathroom but collapsed on the floor.

Bob Smith heard his wife stumble and fall and got up to investigate that she was alright when the effects of the Chlorine gas that was released by the chemical reaction began eating at his lungs. Bob quickly blew the air out of his lungs and ran down the stairs for the door. He might have made it except for the laws of chemistry. Chlorine gas was not the only compound created by the mixing of the two cleaning solutions. Nitrogen Trichloride, a very explosive compound, had been building up. Other compounds created were hydrazine, also known as rocket fuel, salt and water. The good news was the rocket fuel mixed with the salt and water chemically reacted and stabilized. The bad news for the “Smith” family was the intense heat released during the chemical reaction ignited the Nitrogen Trichloride which exploded. The effects of chlorine gas and fire eliminated any chance for escape. It also eliminated Bob Smith’s chance to hit the send key and forward his report to Herod.

Ken Johnson and his son were the first to see the flames of the house burning, but not having a phone were unable to do much more than watch that it didn’t spread. It was two hours later before the volunteer fire department arrived to water down the ashes. There was nothing left to be saved. The one thing that was salvageable already had been and that was the

small fireproof safe that Ken removed five minutes before they arrived. The next morning Jeff and the men met in front of Ken's trailer after looking over the destruction done by the fire. The men spent some time trying to figure a good way to open the safe before deciding to use the crawlers hydraulics to brute force tear it open. Inside they found a notebook, and a computer disk. The notebook explained the methods used on their group to cause division and the dirt that had been collected on their group to date. "I guess we can figure we have not only been targeted but they have a lot of ammunition they will use against us." Jeff announced solemnly.

The men being curious about the disk all drove over to Jeff's home. The disk turned out to be a small treasure trove. Found were files defining Herod's organization, dirt on politicians, and detailed notes on previous operations along with the plan to frame Christians for the Alaskan tsunami. Jeff called Linda and Kathy to view the find. "Kathy, could you please create a text document with the notes on infiltrating and causing division? Add the document to the rest of the files on this disk. I want a copy sent to everyone who has ordered disks so far."

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"Sir, you need to see this." Herod's assistant handed him the disk.

"What is this?" Herod asked, wondering why his assistant felt it could be so urgent as to interrupt him.

"Sir, it is a new disk that arrived to our blind post office box from the group in Wisconsin."

Herod returned his gaze toward his computer screen as the

disk sped up. The files on it turned Herod white. Herod spun around in his chair, his appearance seeming to transform from a man to a viper looking for who he could strike out against. His assistant moved back instinctively tripping and falling backwards as Herod stormed by him. "Call an emergency meeting and find out what happened to Bob Smith!" He yelled at his assistant as he stormed out the door. It was the first time he had heard Herod yell and he scrambled to his feet to make the calls immediately.

"I told you Herod, we must let their God curse them, it is not for us to touch them."

Herod had enough of the old fool and cut Rabbi Finkelstein's connection which brought the others to attention and a feeling of cold dread to the rabbi.

"Oy vey," the rabbi muttered to himself knowing the loss of connection meant that he and his family best disappear, because they would never be heard from again one way or another.

"As I was saying," Herod continued, "we must move against these stupid sheep quickly. Leave no survivors."

"What is wrong?" Taylor asked, seeing the concern on Herod's face.

"Those Christian extremists are becoming a problem. Somehow my spy had sensitive documents and they fell into the group's hands which they are now passing around to everyone possible. I am going to have to send in my mercenaries and wipe them out."

"We have mercenaries? Very cool, won't their death arouse suspicion?"

“The media will say they committed suicide. It won’t be a problem, just another radical bunch of kooks spreading lies and then killing themselves to ride on the comet.”

“People will buy that?”

“Taylor people will believe anything we tell them. They bought that the people in Waco killed themselves while watching the tanks roll over their home on TV.” Herod said laughing and remembering how well it went.

**Mal 2:17** Ye have wearied the LORD with your words. Yet ye say, Wherein have we wearied [him]? When ye say, Every one that doeth evil [is] good in the sight of the LORD, and he delighteth in them; or, Where [is] the God of judgment?

**Dan 2:44** And in the days of these kings shall the God of heaven set up a kingdom, which shall never be destroyed: and the kingdom shall not be left to other people, [but] it shall break in pieces and consume all these kingdoms, and it shall stand for ever.

## Chapter 34

Demand for the mp3 disk sets was higher than ever. Linda and Kathy took turns burning the disks and mailing them out. They also added more of Jeff's lessons from the Sunday meetings. Emails had been coming in from more people hearing the messages and setting up transmitters. The FCC in response outlawed the transmitters. Most ignored the laws as being against their God given rights. Some had even used the transmitters to lure Feds in and shoot them as they tried to dismantle the transmitters. The Feds soon refused to touch the transmitters without a large coordinated effort which with their limited manpower, slowed them down tremendously and the transmitters gained ground by the day.

The addition was all but complete and everyone loved the new design. It was beautiful, functional, economical, and

would take a tank to breach. In knowledge that the addition would be completed that day Jeff told the men to bring their rifles and they would have a target shooting contest that afternoon with a \$250 cash prize to the winner. He also announced he and Ken were ineligible to participate and would officiate so most of the men made it a point to be there. Ken and Jeff were walking back from setting up the targets for the contest while the men still inside the addition put away their tools and unpacked their guns. It was then that Jeff spotted the Humvee with a mounted 30 caliber machine gun enter his driveway 700 feet from the house. Sprinting the last 50 feet they burst through the door and yelled for Linda and Kathy to get the children into the basement now!

“What’s going on?” Tom yelled as Jeff grabbed his rifle and slammed a clip into it and charged the handle.

“We are under attack!” Jeff yelled in answer while busting out the window in front of him. The men scrambled quickly to load clips and charge their rifles as they heard Jeff fire the first shot which dropped the machine gunner in the Humvee that had pulled off the driveway to circle the two men they saw run into the addition. John quickly followed Jeff’s shot taking out the driver. The second Humvee stopped cold on the driveway, surprised by the sight of the first Humvee taken out of commission so quickly. As its machine gunner looked for the possible cause, six men open fired with automatic weapons, one at the first Humvee the other five at the second. All eight mercenaries were dead before they could fire off more than two shots. The only real response they were able to give was from the radio man in the second Humvee who was able to say “you didn’t tell us they had machine guns” before being stitched with 30 caliber full metal jacket rounds. The men inside were each breathing like

trucks but holding their positions, their eyes darting, looking for movement and their ears open to sound.

“What’s going on?” Linda yelled up from the basement at the top of her lungs to be heard.

“Stay there!” Jeff yelled back. “Hold your positions and watch for movement.” Jeff ordered. “Let them bleed out before we check on them. We also want to make sure this isn’t just the first wave.” The men held their ground only beginning to relax and talk after about fifteen minutes. After half an hour of waiting, Jeff gave the orders to move on the Humvees. “Everyone call out a man they will watch. You are responsible for your man.” The men moved forward and inspected the vehicles finding all eight men dead. The full metal jacket rounds passed through their body armor causing major damage. Jeff checked the driver of the first Hummer for identification. Finding none he told the others to check too. Their uniforms were also void of identification.

“What should we do with them?” John Peterson asked. Jeff thought for a minute while everyone looked around and at each other.

“Tom, run down with Brian to the saw mill and grab a load of slabs, we are going to burn them.” Jeff answered grabbing a body and dragging it to a clear area of ground.

“Are you sure about this?” Tom asked.

“Do you want to explain them to the police? Because I don’t and I doubt the guy that sent them does either. I also plan to keep the hardware they sent.”

“This M60 machine gun looks fun.” Ken said, as he hopped on the Humvee and swiveled it around.” The men all laughed

a nervous laughter still pumped with adrenaline from the recent skirmish, but got to work. Jeff told his wives they could come up, but to close the windows and that they or the children were not to look outside.

The men sat around on the Humvees watching the fire burn, staying upwind from the smell. “How do you want to divide the spoil?” Jeff asked. The men looked each other unsure how to answer.

“I say we build in bunkers for the M60s. My guess is this Herod Goldstein that was on the disk sent these men and he will send more soon. I figure we could run and hide, but my choice is to stand and fight. I don’t want to spend eternity wishing I hadn’t been a coward. All of you men here were in that report we retrieved from the safe. You may decide its best to stand here with us because we will be easy pickings standing alone. Ken you have been in the gun business, any chance of a buyer for the Humvees?”

“I think I might know a guy that knows a guy if the price is right.”

“Let’s get a shed built over this equipment. Whatever we get for the Humvees you guys split. The weapons will go to anyone who can use them after they are disassembled and checked for any id chips. I want the M60s here. Does that meet your approval?” The men all nodded and got to work on the shed.

“Sir, here is the report of the Wisconsin mission.” Herod’s assistant handed him the report and left quickly. Herod’s face showed displeasure and Taylor asked what was wrong. “Seems our boys there didn’t do very well. The last transmission was quote you didn’t tell us they had machine guns unquote.”

“At least you can get them for killing the mercenaries,” Taylor said smiling. Herod rolled his eyes.

“I don’t know we want to admit to having sent mercenaries to kill them. We will need more firepower and a more in everyone’s face ruthless approach to make an example of these people.”

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The next week was spent preparing for an attack that did not come. The men installed M60 machine gun bunkers and camouflaged them so not to be recognized from the air. The men also put in a tunnel from the house to the meeting building. They worked with their weapons near and their senses aware, but no one came and there was nothing on the news. John was able to get a good price for the Humvees and a few of the men used the money to buy older diesel cars and trucks that ran without computers as Jeff explained to them the advantages of vehicles that were not susceptible to EMP and could use bio-diesel or straight waste vegetable oil. John had also moved a trailer on to Jeff’s homestead as did a few others. Jeff ordered a larger Lister engine for the increased electric load he expected and began laying in additional fuel and supplies for any possible siege.

Tensions relaxed over the following weeks. With the extra man power work went quicker and soon additional homes were built using the same reinforced concrete method used on the addition. Tunnels connected all the new buildings. The wives had a great time working together in the gardens and learning homesteading skills like milking cows and churning butter. An occasional low flying airplane reminded them it was only the calm before the storm.

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“Why haven’t you moved against them?” Herod was angry but was not showing it, yet. “Mr. President, these extremists if left to prepare, who knows what they will do. We need to move fast and eliminate them the way Alex Bordon was eliminated. You are facing possible rebellion if you do not end this swiftly and decisively.”

Herod was worried about what they might try. One of his top aides had died mysteriously and he was sure it had been at the hands of extremist Christians that had gotten their information from those obnoxious disks. Herod had spent most of the last week reorganizing, eliminating trails and changing names of many top people in his organization. There were still those calling for investigations into possible improprieties, but his left wing liberal and right wing kosher conservative talk show hosts had all ridiculed the disks as slanderous and un-American.

“Excuse me Mr. President, but I have a call I need to take.”

“Sir, the Comet is slowing down faster as we feared. Our current projections place the comet passing just in front of earth by about one day.” Matt Morel, an astrophysicist was

Herod's inside man at Starfire Optical Range, a military observatory and space research and development lab in the Manzano Mountains, near Kirtland Air Force Base, located outside Albuquerque.

“Keep your post and keep me informed Matt. I will let you know when to move your family to the underground base there. Your reservation is all set.”

**Psa 11:2** For, lo, the wicked bend [their] bow, they make ready their arrow upon the string, that they may privily shoot at the upright in heart.

**Psa 2:4** He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh: the Lord shall have them in derision.

## Chapter 35

Fall was near and the comet was growing larger in the sky and was visible during the daytime as it returned from its short trip near the sun. Despite all the best efforts of the government and media unverifiable reports were floating about everywhere that the comet was headed on a crash course with earth. Church attendance was at an all time high in America and Europe and mosques which had formerly been near empty were overflowing. While a select few were accepting the messages put out by Jeff and others who aided in spreading Alex Bordon's teachings, a vastly greater amount of people were flocking to the Judeo-Christian churches. The major Christian cable station scored record high ratings. A three hour special on the rapture was scheduled that night hosted by Herod and Taylor. Many Judeo-Christians were making plans for when they would be taken and believed the comet was the sign that a seven year tribulation would soon begin. Early reports indicated the Rapture special was going to be the most highly rated cable television show ever and Herod planned to use it.

“My friends, tonight we will show startling evidence that the rapture of the church may be just around the corner,” Herod began with his normal eloquence. “But what will happen on earth after Jesus returns and takes us out of the way? We are told that blindness has happened to the Jews until the fullness of the Gentiles is complete. After the rapture the rule of the Antichrist will reign on earth for seven years. While the Antichrist reigns on earth with his false church, God’s chosen people will awaken from their blindness. 144,000 Jews will preach the gospel to our loved ones who are left behind. In a gesture of God’s great love and mercy people will be given a second chance. After those seven years Christ will return to finally establish his kingdom. It is this knowledge of the 144,000 witnesses that drives the Antichrists hate and desire to destroy God’s chosen people. My friends, the Antichrist has come in the flesh on earth and it is my desire before we leave this earth to strike a blow against his kingdom. The false church of the Antichrist is headed by a very dangerous Extremist named Jeff Evers. He and his adherents to their false religion of hate and destruction have been using illegal transmitters to spread their gospel of intolerance and bigotry in the name of Jesus. Their lies teach that the white people are the true children of Israel and the Jews are descendents of Esau not Jacob. Their desire is to kill the Jews so the 144,000 future prophets are not able to preach to your loved ones after you are gone. The good news is that God’s word says He will protect them. I would that you not fear because as we speak their compound is being surrounded by a multi-jurisdictional task force of most government enforcement agencies with military support. Praise God we successfully stopped the false prophet Alex Bordon and we seek to now strike another blow in the name of God against the Antichrist.” Even the stage workers and camera crew at the station erupted into

cheers and screams. The show continued with previously taped footage of famous preachers including the biggest of them all Reverend Billy, with Taylor introducing each segment. Herod moved backstage after his impressive and well received speech, receiving congratulations and praise from everyone backstage. Herod moved to a location that was more private and started making calls.

“Yes sir, everything is in place and we are holding until your arrival,” the general answered.

Power was cut to the property from the road at the exact moment of Herod’s announcement, only it didn’t seem to make any change in the lives of the people living there. Lights continued, refrigerators ran, and clothes continued to be washed. Generators were known to be very noisy. The general strained listening for their source of power. “Corporal, scan the area for a generator sound.” He ordered. The corporal found two noise sources, but neither sounded like a generator, more just a soft slow rhythmic thumping, the slow speed diesels throwing them.

The occupants showed no signs of knowledge of their unwelcome visitors but they were more than aware and ready. Jeff had not watched Herod’s speech but produced a speech of his own to go out, and the feds inability to cut electricity or communications in and out were powerless to stop it.

“My brothers and sisters in Christ, we are now being surrounded by the enemies of Christ with the intention of our destruction. Acknowledging that the kingdoms of man and the country of America have declared war on us. America was named by a German mapmaker in 1504 meaning Heavenly Kingdom, but that kingdom having gone into

Babylon and being in bed with the whore is no longer God's kingdom. God's kingdom is made of true Christians that have been born again through baptism into Christ. We have a Kingdom and it shall not be given to another people. We have a King who is Jesus. We have a law which is written in the word of God and on our hearts. And we have a Judge who is the LORD. As Isaiah 33:22 says for the LORD is our judge, the LORD is our lawgiver, the LORD is our king; He will save us. We are the kingdom of God and I am announcing tonight that we are declaring war on man's kingdom and those who come against us will perish. God told Israel to enter the promise land but they were afraid to fight so God led them in the wilderness for 40 years. Jesus said my kingdom is not of this order, if it were then would my servants fight. It has been 2000 years in the wilderness since Christ and we now stand at the borders of the promised kingdom again. They have taken up weapons against us and I call for all those who are led by the spirit to take up arms with us and fight."

Herod arrived just before dawn the next morning, his trip slowed by violent storms that were kicking up everywhere on the planet. Matt Morel had warned Herod about possible increased storms as the comet could possibly couple to earth electrically and it appeared to be doing so with the comet approaching ever closer. The comet was now bright in the sky and half the size of the moon with its tail covering nearly a third of the sky. Herod's instincts were making him rethink his decision not to join Taylor in the underground city prepared for this sort of event but a stronger drive to see these cattle slaughtered kept him moving forward. "What have we got?" he asked the general upon reaching him.

"These satellite images show underground bunkers and

tunnels connecting all the buildings, but we stopped receiving images about half an hour ago because of electrical disturbances. Herod looked about the sky. Lightning was cracking everywhere but not a drop of rain was falling. The effect was leaving the men on edge.

“Call in an air strike on the buildings and bunkers,” Herod ordered. The general was way ahead of Herod. The jets prepped with bunker busters and fully fueled took off from Sawyer Air Force base in the upper peninsula of Michigan.

The mixture of media personnel and protestors to the joint operation building at the two mile safety perimeter established the night before, were reported to be stirring up so the general ordered both fronts to be on their highest alert status. The sound of tanks firing up filled the woods and the fresh morning air soon became a cloud of diesel exhaust.

Jeff and the men met in the main underground bunker between the homes. The bunker was the deepest and heaviest fortified area they had built and used the area mostly for storage incase of a drawn out siege.

“Looks like they are getting ready to attack. My guess is they have launched an air strike to wipe us out and then will move in the tanks with troop support to do clean up.” Jeff looked about at the stoic faces of his brothers knowing in his mind that they all recognized that a moment of truth had come. Without God’s help they would soon all be dead. “Men will you pray with me? Heavenly Father, you know that in our human minds we can see no escape from their destructive plan and we ask you to please show mercy on your humble servants and spare our families so that your enemies are not able to triumph. But if it be your will we stand ready to die, choosing Your will and Kingdom over man’s.” All the men

added their Amen. “Go be with your families.” Jeff ordered, turning and running back up the tunnel to be with his.

**2Th 2:8** And then shall that Wicked be revealed, whom the Lord shall consume with the spirit of his mouth, and shall destroy with the brightness of his coming:

**Joe 2:3** A fire devoureth before them; and behind them a flame burneth: the land [is] as the Garden of Eden before them, and behind them a desolate wilderness; yea, and nothing shall escape them.

## Chapter 36

Jeff ordered his family into the basement before grabbing his rifle and heading out to the machine gun bunker. As Jeff sat in the chair he had attached to the machine gun mount the cell phone in his jacket rang. The sound startled him and he quickly answered the phone he had forgotten was in his pocket. "It's not a good time to talk right now."

"Mr. Evers you've still got seven minutes before you are all dead and you become worm food." Herod responded chuckling. "You and your puny weak group are hardly worth my efforts to stomp, but it is still my pleasure to send you and your group to see your god."

"It isn't us that will soon be worm food; our God is righteous, merciful and able to deliver us."

"You fool; I am the God of this world." Herod hissed. A lightning strike cut the call short as Herod spewed forth

profanities at his dead phone.

Television stations across the country lost signal and then resumed as almost every major station carried live broadcast using high powered zoom lens to show a jiggling picture of the extremist's compound in the early morning light. Tension filled the air almost as thick as the lightning as the lead jet known as Red-Dog One signaled he was in his approach and about to commence his run. Red-Dogs two through six responded in kind, dropping their planes to just above the tree line and going to full flaps for precision bombing. Target acquisition suddenly became impossible as every piece of electronics in each plane became useless from the massive electro-magnetic pulse that fried not only every semiconductor on their planes but on the planet as Comet Lucifer coupled electrically to the earth. The earth suddenly became quiet. Not a tank ran, only the quiet thumping of the generator's diesel engines could be heard as they had no semi-conductor electronics. The quiet lasted for the twenty seconds it took for Red-Dog one through six now flying bricks from the loss of their fly-by-wire controls crashed into the area between Jeff Evers and the media. The bunker busters as they were known proved to also be very effective on tanks as many of the tanks and crews discovered first hand.

Those who came to protest the government and the media now no longer with working equipment all ran in fear of the destructions they imagined would follow. Some of the fed troops also made a break before being regrouped by their well feared superiors, some of whom shot fleeing deserters. The overwhelming odds having been reduced were still strongly in favor of the twenty some thousand government troops that still held position around the small Christian

group.

Jeff detached the heavy machine gun and carried it and the ammunition back inside, then gathered the men for another meeting. “What do you suppose just happened?” John Peterson asked, still looking dazed from what he had witnessed.

“My best guess is the comet electrically coupled to earth and created an electromagnetic pulse that wiped out all the semiconductors.” Jeff responded.

“What will we do for electricity?”

“After the comet passes I can replace the rectifier bridges on the generator heads. I stored extras in old microwave ovens which protected them electrically like a Faraday cage. But let us survive through this first. I think our best bet is to fight them in the tunnels. Gather your families there.”

The women and children were brought down to the large bunker. The children took turns operating the hand pump that brought fresh air from tubes hidden in the woods. Still, the heat of their bodies was slowly raising the temperature, which for now made things more comfortable. The men watched from the corner of the windows of their homes for the army to advance, but they seemed content to hold position while wounded were cared for and officers regrouped and positioned all their men on the forward position since nobody remained to their rear.

Daylight slowly faded from the sky and Jeff snuck out to the greenhouses and replaced the rectifier bridges on the generator heads in hopes that the windings hadn't fried also, which they had. Returning to the basement Jeff pulled one of the spare generator heads out of its metal container. He had

some thoughts that buying the spares were maybe a bit over preparing, but in hindsight he was thankful. Swapping the four bolts he grunted the old 350 pound generator head off its mount and raised the new one in its place. After 5 minutes of frustrating effort to line it up he was able to bolt it in place and attach the pulley and belt.

Switching off the main power switch to eliminate the load he hand-cranked the engine and released the compression valves. The big green dinosaur fired back to life and came up to speed. "Let there be light," Jeff said smiling to himself as he reached for the main power switch and flipped it on. "Let them see we have power and they don't." He laughed at his little psych-op. Jeff knew they wouldn't attack at night without all their high tech toys and had a well needed sleep.

Morale was low as Herod moved about the troops explaining the importance of their mission and not to lose heart because they would over come the devils and their tricks and end the war of hate, intolerance and bigotry.

Jeff dreamed about war. It was a war to end all wars. Jesus was returning and only the valiant warriors and mighty men who had stood firm were awakened to fight it. He saw King David, and Gideon, Abraham and Jacob. He was given a trumpet to blow just like the soldiers who fought with Gideon. He was also given a loaf of barley bread as were all the warriors who were awakened. And he blew the trumpet and the earth shook and the mountains crumpled.

"Jeff" Jeff opened his eyes to see his wife Kathy. "Only you could sleep when surrounded by an army looking to kill you." She laughed. "I wanted to tell you something in case anything happened." Jeff looked around and could see the morning was getting ready to dawn. "First that I love you and

thank you for making me your wife, the second is I am pregnant and wanted to tell you that you have blessed me more than I could ever ask.” Kathy kissed her husband and then left him going back with the other wives and children. Jeff had wanted to tell Kathy many things and how much he loved her and how happy he was that she was pregnant and asked God for the chance to do so, but could not shake the dream from his mind. There was something he had to do. Jeff looked out the window and could see the comet now as large as the moon. It’s core was visible like an ugly planet through its tail. And his mind returned to the trumpet he was given.

Jeff searched through the house looking for anything that could work as a trumpet. He grabbed a toy and an empty toilet paper roll and ran into the tunnels. Reaching the bunker he instructed all the oldest boys to run to the different homes and tell the men to meet in the bunker and grab anything at all that could be used to make a trumpet sound. One man had a trumpet, but most everyone else had a toy or some make shift device, many children using rolled up newspaper.

“What is this Jeff, why are we doing this?” John Peterson asked, thinking maybe his friend had lost his mind.

“The bible says when we go to war we are to blow the trumpet and God will fight for us. Nehemiah 4:20 says: in what place therefore ye hear the sound of the trumpet, resort ye thither unto us: our God shall fight for us. Joel 2:1 says: Blow ye the trumpet in Zion, and sound an alarm in my holy mountain: let all the inhabitants of the land tremble: for the day of the LORD cometh, for it is nigh at hand; Amos 2:2 says: But I will send a fire upon Moab, and it shall devour the palaces of Kerioth: and Moab shall die with tumult, with shouting, and with the sound of the trumpet.”

“I’ve been meaning to ask you Jeff, how do you remember all these verses?” John asked straight faced and everyone laughed.

“I don’t know John and I don’t know how I know we are to blow these trumpets but we are and now.” Jeff answered by lifting his toy trumpet to his mouth and blowing with all the men, women, and children doing the same.

## The First Trumpet

Zec 9:14 And The LORD shall be seen over them, and his arrow shall go forth as the lightning: and the Lord GOD shall blow the trumpet, and shall go with whirlwinds of the south.

Isa 26:20 Come, my people, enter thou into thy chambers, and shut thy doors about thee: hide thyself as it were for a little moment, until the indignation be overpast

## Chapter 37

The ranks were holding, but barely. Each man's heart was filled with fear at the sight of the great comet which was just about to pass earth barely missing it but making itself felt. The tremendous turbulence generated by the passing comet was only now passing through the upper atmosphere. The sound of it suddenly reached the ears of everyone on the ground as a great trumpet call from God above. Anyone out in the open instantly had their ear drums damaged by the blast of sound. Great confusion rocked Herod's camp as men scrambled about clutching their ears. Those whose hearts were not in the fight used the opportunity to break rank and run, though stagger would be a more fitting word for the uncoordinated effort to escape. No deserters were shot as not a man would remove his hands from his ears to take up their rifle. Inside the bunker everyone could hear the loud trumpet sound and wondered what could be making such noise. Thoughts ran to an idea that the feds could be using some

sort of high tech weapon, but figured most high tech equipment was no longer functioning. The trumpet sound continued for half an hour. Not a man, woman, or child on earth did not hear it including those in underground cities.

Those who had a hatred for the group held their positions despite the hardships and were ready to move after the noise had stopped. Unfortunately for them it was the last noise any of them would hear having been unshielded outside during its full duration. Herod and the General had to reorganize the remaining eighteen hundred troops using signs and passing written instructions but by late afternoon everyone was in position for their final offensive. Herod had lost all control and was screaming and cursing, but only the trees could hear him.

Herod looked up at the sky and marveled at the sight of the sun traveling across the sky to the west and the comet having appeared to move the opposite direction though now smaller. Both were barely visible through its tail which seemed to have been growing larger in size over the previous hours and now filled the entire sky with its bright red yellow and orange colors mixed with black looking clouds.

Herod looked over the troops whose eyes were all focused on the cavalry sword he had borrowed from the general and was now holding in the air to signal the assault. His eyes scanned his target before him as he lowered his arm and the soldiers gave out a yell that none heard. Herod's eyes caught the sight of the tops of the trees just past the homes explode into fire as Herod's last curse left his lips in remembrance of what Tim Jenkins had told him months before of what the comet's tail was made of. The flaming hydrocarbon soup as Tim Jenkins had called it, fell on the earth like massive lakes of

fire. Most went out upon impact with the earth by the creation of a small temporary area void of oxygen, leaving huge fields of standing oil. But most everything combustible it touched was scorched.

The intense heat of the oil was transferred though convection along the ground killing all the grass and weeds on the surface of the earth to a depth of a few inches. The trees not directly touched by the oil were damaged, with the smaller trees killed. The larger trees with increased mass survived but barely.

Herod and his army were dead within seconds.

The temperature within the bunker raised close to ten degrees quickly and the smoke and stench coming in through the fresh air system helped make the decision of each family to return to their homes. While most of the houses being concrete inside survived, Jeff's home suffered severe damage to the original portion of the house. The stench in the air and the high levels of carbon dioxide could still be felt. They quickly came to the realization of what had happened and that God had delivered them.

Everyone met at the meeting hall which had miraculously escaped damage and gave thanks to their Father in Heaven for their deliverance and blessings. Jeff opened his bible to the book of Revelations chapter eight verse seven and read "The first angel sounded, and there followed hail and fire mingled with blood, and they were cast upon the earth: and the third part of trees was burnt up, and all green grass was burnt up." The whole room became somber as each person reflected on the awesome way God fulfilled His prophecy. Jeff led the group in a prayer of thanksgiving with man,

woman, and child adding a heart felt Amen.

The men used the backhoe to dig a trench and the front loader to move the chard remains before burning the remnants of their adversaries. Their weapons and equipment were gathered up and stored.

The standing pools of oil were pumped into every container they could improvise or find including large concrete tanks they cast for containment. The world was in chaos as computers no longer functioned, and very few cars or trucks were on the road. Some used small diesel engines retrofit into their cars to drive around. People were hungry and society was in a state of confusion, but nobody was cold. The trillions of barrels of oil that fell on the earth were within access to every man on the planet without cost. Banks no longer had the power to claim rights to land as the records of both deposits and loans had been destroyed along with their computer systems. The few bankers who tried to foreclose on people's land were shot or hung. It was a true year of Jubilee.

Being surrounded by tens of thousands of acres of paper company land the families and men who stood firm with Jeff Evers settled the land around him each man staking a claim on the land that suited him and fencing it in. Their small group quickly grew into a community as those who wanted to learn more truth and be a part of God's kingdom sought Jeff and the others out. John Peterson and his family built their 160 acre homestead next to 320 acres Jeff claimed for his family.

Jeff traded food for salvaged machinery and tools during that winter, and converted one of the now vacant homes into a machine shop. Modifications were made to the tanks and trucks left behind and many were able to be made functional

again and were moved to sheds built for their storage. Some of the men took trucks for themselves and began trucking companies moving goods and especially food from farmers to nearby cities. Tom McMillan started a small refinery from scavenged materials to supply the community with higher quality fuel. Gold and silver quickly became a standard for exchange as people burned any paper money and credit cards as they soon became useless.

With the help of men who understood metals and metal working Jeff built a small foundry as an addition to the building and began casting and manufacturing clones of the Lister CS diesels that were powering his homestead so those around him could have electricity also. One of the new men had worked as a motor winder and had all his equipment and know-how and built the generator heads. Others salvaged and rebuilt older diesel engines as the country slowly relearned lost skills and rebuilt from the ground up from the destruction of the comet. Early that next spring green grass poked its way through the ground. A decided lack of weeds was evident as the scorched earth seemed refreshed and cleansed. Jeff and Linda awaited the arrival of their third child and Kathy was growing large in anticipation of their first.

The long winter was hard on the many displaced people who had no work or means to provide for themselves. Over half the population of the world died from the effects of the comet, a large portion of those being men. Another half of those remaining died that winter from lack of food or clean water many of those being abandoned women, widows and children. Many single and widowed women sought out the group hearing that they were more prosperous than most. With the lack of men or mans kingdom to support them they were humbled from the realities that they weren't as strong as

men and society was no longer empowering them to be the heads of their homes. Some of the men to their sorrow married many of these women who were only submissive on the outside. But the wiser men added a virtuous wife or two to their homes and were blessed for it, as polygamy became a norm through out society. The Kingdom as it was now called grew daily and spread in the void that man's kingdom once filled.

Jer 49:22 Behold, he shall come up and fly as the eagle, and spread his wings over Bozrah: and at that day shall the heart of the mighty men of Edom be as the heart of a woman in her pangs.

Isa 21:9 And, behold, here cometh a chariot of men, [with] a couple of horsemen. And he answered and said, Babylon is fallen, is fallen; and all the graven images of her gods he hath broken unto the ground.

## Epilogue

Rabbi Finkelstein had been a great help to Taylor after the destruction of the comet. She had been lost after she came out of the underground city and learned of her husband's death. His businesses were mostly in ruin. The hundreds of billions of dollars worth of oil companies were worth nothing as there was now almost no market at all for oil. Only Herod's legacy, real estate, art works and vast storage of gold and silver now supported her and she wouldn't have that but for the kindness shown her by the Rabbi.

She lay in one of the few good functioning hospitals in the city. It had been supported by her at great expense to make sure her twins would be delivered safely. It had not been an

easy pregnancy. Even greater than the stresses of having twins was the fact that the two boys inside her had been warring since she was three months into the pregnancy, and now seemed to be fighting for position to be delivered. The battle caused her more pain than the contractions.

Although she never liked or trusted Dr. Rose, Rabbi Finkelstein consoled her that he was the best doctor she could possibly have. The delivery took thirty six grueling hours but finally produced two very strong, beautiful, healthy children. Her first son was handed to her and she pronounced that his name would be Herod after his father. He was strong and cunning looking even at one minute old. Her second son was a softer looking boy that she felt a special love for as soon as she looked into his eyes and she named him Alexander.

She held both her babies and Dr Rose stuck a syringe into her IV. "What is that for?" She asked.

"Just something to help you sleep," he answered soothingly. She almost immediately felt drowsy from its effects. The nurse took the babies from her and carried them out of the room, handing the children to a waiting Rabbi Finkelstein as Taylor drifted off to sleep never to wake again.