

# ῬΣΝΣΛΑΤΦΘΠΣ

ΔΥΔΡΞΨ ΜΚΚΔΨ



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Revelations

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This is a work of prophetic fiction produced by the author's imagination, as well as God-given dreams and visions. The dreams and visions featured in this book were seen by the author as well as several others. Please check the end of the book for a list of some others I believe God is talking to in these times.

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# Chapter 1

“Wicked or foolish?”

The booming voice shook the atmosphere.

*Where am I?* Van looked around the strange place. No ceiling. No floor. No movement. No air flow. Just a long line of people in front and behind. It took a while, but the line moved steadily forward.

“Wicked or foolish?” The strong, authoritative voice called out again and again.

Finally Van was near the front of the line.

The man in front of Van smirked. “Wicked.”

The large man behind the desk nodded and embossed a paper in front of him with something akin to a rubber stamp. “Proceed to my left, your right.”

Van saw the paper imprinted with the word *wicked* moved onto a larger stack as the man in front walked away. He walked toward a door with the word DAMNATION written over it. There were literal flames coming out of the door, with the sounds of people screaming in agony in the background. The man seemed oblivious, however. He just kept walking toward the flames.

“Wicked or foolish?” the large man said when Van appeared at the front of the line.

“I’m...I’m not wicked.” Van managed to stutter out.

The man raised an eyebrow as he assessed Van. He grabbed a piece of paper in front of him. “Let’s see... you are in church every Sunday.”

Van nodded vigorously. “That’s right, I am.”

“You volunteer with several ministries at the church visiting the sick and taking food to the needy. You give to children.”

“That’s right, that’s right!”

The man read the next paragraph silently. He looked up at Van with a question in his eyes. "You are involved in witchcraft." It was a statement, not a question.

Van was suddenly offended. "I am not!" he stated with indignation.

The man looked back to the paper in his hand. "You meet with a coven on a regular basis. You speak word-curses over people. You end your dark prayers with 'so mote it be.'"

"Those are my lodge brothers. We get together to do good. We collect money for the children's hospital. We volunteer all over the city to help others."

"It also says here that you have stolen from and betrayed someone who considers you a friend."

"I mean....I just... It was only a few times." Van pleaded with the man as the door on the right came into view. The screams were getting louder and the heat more intense. "I'm not wicked! And she will be alright!"

The large man nodded as he picked up the only other stamp on his desk. "As will you." He stamped the paper in front of him with the word *foolish*. "You may proceed to my right, your left. May the Lord have mercy on your soul." Van sighed with relief until noticing the sign over the door to the left.

TRIBULATION.

It was only the alarm clock that saved Van from seeing what was behind that door.

\* \* \*

"We were fools! And because we rejected God, tacitly accepting Satan, we must suffer through the apocalypse."

Ears and eyebrows perked up. "J.J. What are you watching?"

"The Simpson's on YouTube."

Cadence shook her head. Last month it was soap commercials. This month the Simpsons. "Okay, well hurry up and brush your teeth so you can get ready for bed. You know how hard it is for you to get up in the mornings."

"Okay, mama."

She bent down to kiss his head, even though she knew

he would pull away. It had been almost three years since the diagnosis of autism had reached her ears. She didn't know what to expect. He was definitely a handful, but he was also a complete and utter joy. They had to deal with a lot. Raising an autistic child wasn't easy by any stretch of the imagination, but she knew that God had given them the right child, and that J.J. had the right parents. Now, if she could just get him to the point of not tearing up his bedroom or classroom or Sunday school room when he didn't get his way, she would consider herself as making progress.

Her cell phone rang just then. "Hey Liz, yeah, I'll be right over. I was just trying to get J.J. To bed so he and Justice don't clash tonight. Give me another five or ten minutes, and I'll be right there."

\* \* \*

"I need to preface this conversation with a disclaimer."

"Okay"

"I'm not crazy."

"Of course you're not."

Haven smirked. "You might not be saying the same after I finish telling you what I have to say."

The minister reached for her shoulder. "What's going on H? You don't seem like yourself."

"I'm not," she admitted. "I haven't been for a while. It's just..."

"Go on," he urged.

"I'm being followed."

"Okay. Where is this taking place and by who?"

Haven didn't realize it, but she began to wring her hands as she spoke. "Everywhere, and by more than one person. It actually seems to be more than one group."

"Hmm. Tell me about them."

"So far it seems to be five separate groups. One is just spectators. They literally follow me around and stare at me. Then there are a bunch of mostly old guys. They also do some staring

but there's something different about that group. This same group sometimes uses kids, but I can tell they're actually in the group or they are being used by the group. The next is like witches or sorcerers? I'm not sure what they call themselves. There's also this kind of spooky group, not sure what to call them, but they just seem different, not like the witch group, and not like the older guys, but still spooky. Then there's like a group I just call the drones. They seem to be in it more like soldiers, just doing what they're told but not really aware of what's going on. Oh, and there's one more, so I guess it makes six in total. There's a group that kind of remind me of the priests and nuns that used to run my old Catholic school."

"Hmm, okay."

"I can't go anywhere without having someone follow me. On foot, In cars. It doesn't matter. I'm being followed from ahead and behind. A car in front of me will suddenly turn if I put my turn signal on. It doesn't matter if they're almost past the turn, or if they're in a different lane. They make sure they stick with me. Cars will be pulled off onto the side of the road but suddenly feel the need to start driving when I pass by. If I come out of a store, a car alarm goes off, like they're letting others know I'm on the move.

"It's also interesting who I've seen. I mean, I'm watching them as they're watching me and I don't know why, but the spectators, it's regular people, it's government leaders, actors, high level business men. The drones are mostly ex-military people, but even my co-workers are involved. I've gotten a few new co-workers within the last year and they are definitely watching me. I've seen more new car tags in the last year than I have in my entire life. Also, I see the same tags on different cars.

"I've looked up in a store or while running an errand and have seen a few of the same people more than once. They know I know that they're tracking me, but it's almost like they want me to see them following me. They span all classes and all races. It's both genders. I've seen adults and children. If I'm in a store, they need to see what's in my shopping cart. My phone is consistently hacked. It takes pictures of me, and numbers are erased all the time. If I get on a computer, they hack in to see what I'm working on. In some cases, they just change my work, even after I've

saved it. Wi-fi doesn't have to be on, but they still get in. Money is disappearing out of my accounts, or bills I know I've paid suddenly have no record of being paid. I'm having crazy thoughts and dreams, in fact it almost seems like someone is literally invading my dreams."

"Interesting."

Haven looked up and into the minister's face. She sighed. Zach had the same look on his face as her former neighbor. "I knew you wouldn't believe me. I should go."

Zach grabbed her hand. "I believe you."

She was hopeful but held it in check. She'd been down this road before with friends and family. At first they would say they believed her, then they would just drop out of her life, or worse start asking if she needed to see a mental health expert. "You do?"

"Absolutely, in fact I'd like to explain some things from the scriptures if you have time?"

Haven looked down at her watch. "I need to get back to work, but I'd love to hear what you have to say. Any insight you could offer would be helpful."

"That's fine. When you have time, just call and schedule an appointment."

"I will because I just don't know... I mean, I have nowhere else to turn. I've moved a couple of different times and it's still happening. I've been mostly isolated from family and friends, and I feel like it's me against an army. Thank you Zach for listening."

They shook hands. "It's going to be okay. Keep your head up, and let's talk soon."

Zach waited until the young woman closed the door behind her.

"Did you hear that?"

A man seemed to appear out of nowhere. Mysterious was the first word Zach used to describe him, and even after nearly a year the same description held. Mediterranean heritage if he had to guess. His hair was longer than one would see in the usual business environment. He possessed an olive skin tone and seemed to be a fairly young man. He would almost look like a normal guy if it weren't for his eyes. His eyes were ancient. It

was as if a very old man was looking out of a young face. “Yes. all of it. It’s started.”

“What exactly is ‘it’?” Zach wanted to know.

“The end. ha-satan is building an army. Of course most of these people involved don’t realize what’s going on, but they’ve been recruited and are serving in the preliminary stage of what will be fully implemented in a short time. Hungry fish take whatever bait is dangled in front of them. They don’t take time to discern whether the bait is nutritious or poisonous. They don’t look to see if a hook is lurking beneath the bait.

“All they want to know is if the bait satisfies their hunger. If it’s tasty, all the better. If you have no problem following someone for money, you likely won’t have a problem getting a chip implanted to get paid more easily. They search out family, friends and co-workers of these people. They are being trained to hunt people. Today it’s targeted individuals. Tomorrow it will be Christians. Their greed and pride will set them up for a fall. They will receive the mark of the beast without even knowing it.”

“Tell me more.”

“Soon, my friend. I must take care of something now, but I will return.”

The man strode for the door and turned the corner. Zach didn’t even have to look up to know that the man had vanished before the exit to the building was reached. He wasn’t surprised when he never heard a door open or close.

\* \* \*

“I don’t know doc, I just can’t seem to shake it.”

Dr. Seymour looked at the younger man lying on his office sofa and tried to keep the contempt out of his voice. He was one of a handful of psychologists that the Luminaria employed. Half were working in large churches as counselors, the other half were scattered across the country with their own offices. The supreme leader insisted on yearly psychological evaluations for those within the group labeled administrators, but S. was rethinking his involvement. He’d been doing this job for the last thirty-five years, and until recently, he didn’t have a problem with it. In fact, he basically enjoyed it. But he had noticed a pattern devel-

oping over the last few years with this latest and youngest group of administrators, and he didn't like it. They were arrogant and entitled, expecting everything to go their way and whining when it did not.

“But you knew, correct? You were told what to expect before it happened, so why are you so surprised? You did well in finding your One and bringing it to our attention, but our leader clearly explained what might happen. If they are not of us, there is no connection to hold them. They will separate themselves and depart from us.”

“Yes, he said it might happen, but I never fully expected it to occur. We were close. We grew up together, we were family.”

“Brother, you have a problem with unbelief. what does Exodus 12:6 say? You must keep the lamb until the fourteenth day and then you kill it at twilight. Your lamb becomes part of your family, but you must sacrifice your lamb to cover yourself and your family. Let it go, put the blood on the doorpost, and move on. Decide within yourself where you stand and stay there. There can be no double-mindedness.”

The young man sighed and rose from the lounge and perfunctorily thanked the doctor. S. could tell that it would be a problem moving forward. As soon as the door was closed behind him, Seymour. picked up the phone.

“Hello?”

“Brother, it's Seymour How are you sir?” They had been childhood friends, he and Jessiah. They were raised with the same values and understood certain things about the world they lived in. Their lives were dedicated to the same purpose. They would make sure that the Luminaria would cover the world with its light and its knowledge. Their goal was to be the guiding hand behind every significant event that occurs in history throughout the ages, and they were succeeding.

“I'm good, my friend. How are you?” There was an unmistakable tone in those last three words. Jessiah had known this man for a very long time, and he knew Seymour didn't call without a reason.

“I just finished my annual evaluation with Rich ”

Jessiah smiled. The young man had been born into the

group. His father had joined as an adult. When a spirit-guide of one of the brothers told him that his wife would soon become pregnant, he didn't believe it. He was in his mid- forties and thought child rearing was behind him. But it was true, and he dedicated that child to the service of the Luminaria. He'd always been precocious, but when as a teenager, he began to say that he found One, the group humored him, even encouraged him, but it turned out that the young man was right. He had actually found One. He was treated well because of it, and rewarded for his efforts. "How is our young star?"

Seymour sighed. "He's stuck. He can't get over the fact that his One has cut him off. He may be headed for trouble. I would hate for him to end up in the same situation as his father."

"Oh no." Jessiah rubbed his eyes. Every now and then, one of his followers strayed off course and needed to be reined in. He didn't want another situation like they had gone through with his father. Shortly after the young man said he had found One, his father began saying that the pastor of their local assembly was also One. Jessiah was hoping that it was true. He even took it upon himself to personally test the pastor, but the test only showed a man who could be easily diverted by his own fears and lusts.

God had told the pastor to build a church of a certain size. He started out faithfully enough, but Jessiah knew that when the money didn't come in like the pastor was expecting, he would have to make a choice. And everyone knew, it was not how you started a thing, but how you finished it. When the man began to do it and realized that he was in over his head, he didn't seek his God for direction. He turned to man. The man he turned to happened to be a deacon of the church and a member of the Luminaria. A phone call turned into a lunch meeting, and Jessiah was there with a check in hand. He talked the fearful pastor into decreasing the size of the vision that his God had relayed to him and then handed over a very large check to cover all expenses. He knew he shouldn't complain because that money now allowed him to create a large new base with luciferian philosophy.

The leader sighed. When would these people realize what kind of Being they served. He always asked too much of his followers and turned on those who couldn't live up to the

standard. There were only a few thousand who could do it after all. The pastor and the father of Rich had both disappointed Jessiah that year, but he managed to move on.

Of course the group ignored his son afterward, thinking that he may be under the same delusion, but the young man kept insisting. It was that persistence that Jessiah admired, but eventually, they saw that he had indeed found One of the ones who could stand up to the standard. "Alright, stay on top of him. Call him in a few weeks to check in and if things aren't better, we can schedule a reprogramming."

\* \* \*

"Are you ready for this?" Ancient eyes seemed to dance and laugh at the man they were focused on.

Zach nodded. "Your really getting a kick out of this aren't you?"

"Of course. This is why I'm here. The beginning of the end has started."

A buzzer sounded and the office secretary's voice came over the intercom. "Zach, Miss Haven is here to see you."

"Send her in, Veronica. Thank you."

It had been two weeks since Haven had been to see Zach. He gave her a hug as she crossed the threshold. "How's it going?"

"The same," she shrugged, just as she noticed the other man in the office. She didn't know why, but her spirit leapt when she saw him. She stared at him for a second before turning her eyes back to Zach "The car that followed me here is parked right at the curb. It wouldn't drive onto the property."

"Really?" The mysterious man said with an accent she couldn't identify. He jumped out of his seat moving toward the window. "I'll be right back."

Zach smiled as the man chose to walk out of the door to the office and the exit door leading from the building. Usually he just disappeared. *He probably doesn't want to scare Haven*, he thought to himself.

She looked toward Zach with eyebrows raised.

“I’ll introduce him when he comes back, but I hope you don’t mind, I let him know what was going on with you.”

She opened her mouth to say she didn’t mind, but the screech of tires pulling away interrupted her. They both turned back toward the window to see white smoke blowing in their direction as rubber tires tried to grip the asphalt in an effort to get away from the church. They both laughed as the man turned back to the window with both of his hands extended as if to say ‘was it something I said?’

When he re-entered the office, Zach extended his hand toward the man. “Haven, this is my friend Yoni. Yoni, this is Haven.”

Yoni grabbed the girl’s hand. “Nice to meet you. Please, have a seat. We have a lot to discuss.”

“We do?”

“Yes,” Yoni confirmed. “We need to discuss the reason why you’re here.”

Haven looked confused. “O...kay.”

Zach touched her elbow and guided her to a nearby chair. “Haven, do you remember any of the stories I told from the pulpit about my childhood?”

“The ones when you were seeing in the Spirit, of course. I love those stories.”

“Okay, well, what I didn’t mention was that I see in the Spirit all of the time now. I have since I was a child of about eight or nine years old.”

“Oh. Wow.” She looked impressed.

“Yes, it was gift from the Lord, and when He gave it to me, He said that I ‘would need it for the last days’.”

Haven blinked, afraid to look up. Her voice was barely above a whisper when she repeated his words. “The last days?”

“Yes, Haven. We are in the last days.”

She looked out the window to where the car had pulled off only moments before. “I mean, I know things are bad, horrible in fact, but... the last days?”

Yoni came to sit closer to her. “Do you know how to cook frog legs Haven? You put live frogs into water and then turn the heat up very slowly. They could jump out of the pot, but

don't because they don't discern the change in temperature. Everything you see around you now is a part of the end. People have read this in the bible for many years, but because everything has been introduced gradually, not many are recognizing what time it is. This is everything we were told would happen at the end. The first nine verses of the third chapter in Second Timothy and so many other scriptures are being played out before our eyes."

She shook her head. "But, are you sure? Things have been bad for a long time now. What if it's just the way of the world? How can you be sure this is the end of days?"

Zach leaned forward to look into her eyes. "You have something on your forehead."

Haven stared back at him, expecting him to continue. When he didn't, she slowly lifted a hand up and ran it across her forehead. She smiled and sighed with relief when she felt nothing. "You're obviously kidding. There is nothing on my forehead"

Neither man smiled. "I can only see it in the Spirit," Zach continued.

She swallowed. She didn't want to ask, but curiosity got the better of her. "What is it?"

"It's four Hebrew letters. It's the name of God. H, you're a part of the 144,000 spoken of in the bible."

After several moments, Haven stood up quickly then sat back down. She looked at her pastor, She had trusted this man for many months. Even when scandals were breaking out across the country with various ministries, she knew she would never hear his name involved in anything like that, She knew he was faithful, but now...was everyone around her going crazy? First the people following her, and now this. She tried to reason with him. "Zach The 144,000 are all men from Israel. I don't know what's..."

Yoni interrupted. "They are not all men. The verse you are thinking about is Revelation 14:4, yes? These are the ones who were not defiled with women because they are virgins."

She nodded.

"That word virgin in the Greek language is *parthenos*. It's the same word used in Matthew 25:1 "Then shall the king-

dom of heaven be likened unto ten virgins. Haven, we are not making this up. You have a smartphone yes?"

"I do, but I barely use it because it's always being hacked."

Yoni nodded in understanding. "Pull it out. It's safe in here. Download an application of the bible with Strong's Concordance."

She took a few minutes to turn her phone on, find the app in the app store, purchase it and then download it to her phone. When she finished, she looked up. "Now what?"

"Hit the search icon there and when it comes up, make sure you're under the 'word' tab and not 'number.' Type the word virgins and see what comes up."

Haven nodded. "There are three occurrences of the word in the book of Matthew and one in Revelation."

"Yes," Yoni smiled. Touch either one of those books."

When she touched 'Revelation,' the scripture Yoni had just referenced came up, and the word "virgins" was highlighted.

"Touch the word, Zach encouraged." When the screen changed he said "Scroll down and read the definition."

Haven began to look at the information on the page. When she reached the definition, she read it aloud. "A virgin, a marriageable maiden, a woman who has never had sexual intercourse with a man, one's marriageable daughter, a man who has abstained from all uncleanness and whoredom attendant on..." She looked up.

"Go on," Yoni urged her.

"Idolatry, and so has kept his chastity, one who has never had intercourse with women."

"Is it possible," Zach started, "that the defiled women the bible is referring to are Jezabel and Mystery Babylon?"

Haven leaned back in her chair as the weight of the pastor's words sank in. After a few moments she looked between both men. "I never... I mean it never occurred to me that..."

Yoni was almost on the edge of his seat now. "Haven, time is short and your actions from here on out are of the utmost importance."

She looked at Zach again. "And you're sure I have four Hebrew letters," she pointed to her forehead "here?"

“Yes, dear, we are sure. You have a yod, a hei, a vav, and a hei from right to left clearly imprinted on your forehead for all to see. Or, at least all who can see in the spirit.”

“Right to left?”

Zach gave a short laugh. “English is read from left to right. Hebrew from right to left. The people that are following you, the ones you called spectators. I’m guessing that some of them can see in the spirit.”

“How is that possible?” Haven wanted to know. “How can you not be in the Holy Spirit, but still see in the spirit.”

“There are many occult practices going on amongst the people of the world. I’ve heard that many in your country’s military services were trained in this practice. There is also the new age movement, and the kabbalah. I won’t begin to touch on the Eastern religions, as I don’t have the time. Many people can do this,” Yoni explained.

Haven guffawed. “Sounds like everyone but us Christians were in on it.”

Zach moved his head in agreement. “People hear my story and think I’m special and leave it at that. A child given a gift. Most Christians don’t read their bibles outside of Sunday service. Most don’t know that in the third chapter of Revelation, Jesus himself counseled us to buy from Him eye-salve that we might see.”

“Can you teach me how?”

“No, sweetie, I can’t. Others can, but you don’t want to do it their way. Just fast and pray and seek the Lord. He will tell you what you need to do.”

Haven nodded slowly as she began to come to terms with what the men were saying “Okay, I can do that. Is that what this is all about, the following and hacking?”

“Partly,” Zach informed her. “The people behind the following and hacking are getting things in place.”

“For what?”

“The end of this world,” Yoni spoke up. “The Lord has put a call out. He did this several decades ago. The evangelists that came forth in the fifties, the teachers of the sixties, the pastors of the seventies, the prophets in the eighties, and the apostles of the nineties, were all preaching forth the call of the Lord so

that we would be ready at the turn of the new millennium. We arrived to the year 2,000, and we missed it, because we were focused on Y2K and not on the Lord. but God was trying to get us ready. Soon, things will change and this world will not be the same. And even after all of that, the church is still asleep. We, as a body, aren't thinking straight, if at all.

“Why would God do all of that? What was it all for? It was to bring us together to introduce the kingdom of God. Yeshua, Himself, told a parable of sending out invitations to wedding and the invited guests turning Him down. Certain upcoming events are about to change everything we think we know. And many people will be looking for answers. As usually happens in times of crises, many will turn to the church. The kingdom of heaven is near, but most of the church are either asleep or they are steeped in sin. The Lord is giving us time to rouse those who are sleeping. You just asked what the world system could be getting ready for. The answer is a take-over. There are almost two million people currently being followed.”

“What,” One corner of Haven's mouth turned upward. “You just read that there are only 144,000. Why would they be following 2 million people. And who has the money to do all of this?”

“Haven, There is a darkness in this world that's spreading. From now on I will refer to this darkness as the Anti-Christ System or just the system. This system runs your banks and most of your media. They have a hand in every area of our society. Education, government, even many so called churches. The world is about to change and because they can see what's going on, and have the money and power to control the change, that's what they're doing. Following you and the others is only a part of the process.”

“Right. Haven,” Zach picked up where Yoni left off. “There's a very specific profile that they're looking for as far as people to follow. You are a part of the group called targeted individuals. We'll just use T.I.'s from here on out. Not all T.I.'s are 144, But all 144 are or will soon be T.I.s ”

“Okay, wait.” Haven just remembered a passage of scripture. “The bible says that four angels hold back the wind until all the 144 are sealed.”

“Correct.” Yoni smiled, “You’ve been studying your bible, and I’m glad you brought that up. Have you been noticing that the skies don’t look like they used to?”

“Only recently, since I haven’t been on my phone as much. Honestly though, I attributed it to the changing weather patterns. It’s been cloudy a lot more, but there have been a lot more large storms also.”

“Yes,” Yoni said, but I was really referring to the chemical trails being left by airplanes in your skies.”

“Oh.”

“It’s happening all over the world Haven.” Zach told her. “Not just here, but the reason behind the chem trailing is the issue. There are planetary bodies moving through our solar system. A whole separate solar system if you will.”

“What did you just say?”

Zach looked surprised by the force of her words. “I said there is another solar system rolling through our skies. We can’t see it because of the chemical trails being left by planes...”

Haven threw her hands up in the air. “Alright, you just lost me!”

“H.”

“No, I’m serious. I came in here for help because I was being followed and I get, the world is coming to an end, dark governments behind the scenes are running things, and there’s a whole ‘nother solar system just floating by overhead being magically covered up with chem trailing?”

“It’s all true Haven.”

“Sure it is.” Fatigue overwhelmed her and she rose slowly out of her seat. “Gentlemen, thanks for your time. I’ll let myself out.”

After the door closed with a sound thud the two men looked at each other.

“Well,” Yoni joked, “that went well. We didn’t even get to the good part.”

Zach sighed. “Come, on. Let’s pray for her.” They both fell on their knees. “Father, God, please speak to her in dreams and visions of the night, so that she may see that we are telling her the truth. Open her mind and her spiritual eyes to what’s going on around her, not just what she can see in the flesh. Move

things around in her life so that she has no choice but to see  
You.”

“Amen.”

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## Chapter 2

Three weeks had passed since Haven had visited with Zach and Yoni. She could barely keep her eyes open at work because her sleep had been troubled. For the last week or so, she'd been seeing a group of women about her age praying for her to make the right decision. Last night she saw her childhood friend who had drowned in a pool accident when they were in elementary school. Haven had been sitting on the bottom of a pool with her legs crossed and her eyes closed. Her friend swam by and said, "open your eyes, girl," before swimming past. Two nights before that it was her deceased grandmother and aunt who came to her. "Why would Zach lie to you" they questioned. She knew they were right, but admitting that Zach was right would be admitting that life as she knew it was basically over.

She just wasn't sure she was ready for that. Haven looked just past her office and into the hallway. She saw a co-worker she knew had been following her for the last several months standing outside her door with cell phone in hand. She knew he was trying to hack into hers. *Maybe life as I know it isn't worth holding on to*, she mused.

She finished up the work day without incident and trudged home through heavy Friday traffic, being followed by no less than nine cars.

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"Hey, babe!" Rebecca called out when she heard the door open.

Aric snuck around the corner and behind his wife. He

wrapped his arms around her as she looked up and smiled. “Rebecca Rush, will you marry me, again?”

She giggled and turned to give him a kiss. “Anytime you want. Oh, by the way, Aaron and Justice just called you.”

“Really? At the same time?”

“Yep, she nodded. They were conferenced in on the line together.”

“Hmm, that sounds serious.”

“They didn’t say what it was about, but you’ve got at least an hour before seder starts. Why don’t you give them a call back.”

He pecked her temple. “I think I will. I’ll be up in my office.”

“No problem, she smiled up at him, I’ve got some work to finish up and then I’ll get dinner going.”

“You need any help?” He asked because they usually cooked dinner and weekend breakfasts together.

She was just finishing the rinsing of some vegetables at the sink. “If you could throw these into the food processor before you go up, that would be a big help.”

“You got it.” Aric finished the task and changed out of his work clothes before grabbing the handset off his desk. He dialed the number and waited patiently. He heard the phone click and knew Justice was clicking out of the conference and over to him. “What’s up dude?”

“Nothing,” Aric smiled. They tried to keep in touch, but since he had gotten married and Justice and Cadence had had the second baby, family life for both were hectic and they didn’t talk as often as either of them would like.

“Hang up and let me call you back so I can conference you in.”

“Alright,” he agreed.

A few minutes later, Aric was greeting all of his old friends. Justice, Terrence and Aaron and Brandon were on the phone. “What’s going on guys?”

“A lot,” he heard Brandon say.

“We were hoping you could provide some insight,” Terrence added.

Aric paused. Every one of the men on this party line

knew that his phone was being tapped by the Luminaria. For them to call and ask him anything on this line meant something big was up. “Okay, I’ll try.”

“Well,” Justice began, “what we really wanted to know is how many matza balls do you put in your soup when you make it?”

Everyone laughed and Aric understood. “Well why don’t you guys come over and I’ll show you.”

“Nah,” Terrence laughed at his response. “There’s too many of us to get ready, just pack up Rebecca after y’all finish service tomorrow and head on over to this side of town. The shopping is already done. Just bring yourselves and an appetite.”

Aric smiled. *Yeah, something is definitely up.* “Hold on.” He quickly hollered downstairs to his wife. “Babe! can you get away after service tomorrow?”

“Not until late evening. What’s up?” She hollered back.

“We’ve been invited to dine with the whole crew tomorrow night.”

“Yes!” Rebecca screamed back. She had only met his friends a couple of years ago right before their wedding, but they felt like family and she knew they all felt like they didn’t see each other enough.

“Guys we’re on. We’ll see you tomorrow night. Seven good?”

“Perfect. See you then.”

\* \* \*

Haven looked down at her dinner plate. She was eating alone because, for one thing, she couldn’t trust anybody. People who approached her nowadays were almost certainly linked to the group of crazy people following her. She didn’t even have to think about it. She just knew who was for her and who was against her. She thought back and smiled at a more innocent time, right after she had received Christ into her life. She was reading her bible and came across the passage that said that if anyone lacked wisdom, they should ask God for it because He

would give to all liberally.

Well she took God at His word. Not only did she ask for wisdom, but also for understanding and discernment. She knew that's what was working now. She didn't have to wonder if someone was following her, she just knew.

She was also eating alone because most of her family and friends thought she was crazy. If people weren't following her, they were avoiding her. She sighed. She had been praying, but nothing was changing. Zach and Yoni popped into her head just then, but she shook her head. She just wasn't sure if she was ready to accept what they were saying. She would just have to tough it out a while longer. Surely God would move on her behalf.

\* \* \*

Aric and Rebecca both smiled as they walked up the front porch steps to the house before them. Because Terrence and Justice lived directly across the street from each other, all he and Rebecca had to do was park where they saw the most cars. In this instance, it happened to be Terrence and Liz's home. Rebecca excitedly pushed the doorbell and waited. A few minutes later Liz came to door, and both women screamed before hugging. Liz grabbed onto Aric next and squeezed him tight. "Come on in you two, everyone's in the kitchen."

They walked into the house and dropped their cell phones into the basket stationed on the console table in the entrance way. Everyone else's phone was there, so they followed suit. The place looked like a madhouse, and a cheer erupted when the two latest guests entered the kitchen.

"Hey guys, look who it is!"

Everyone seemed to descend on them at once and it took almost a full ten minutes before everyone had their chance to hug and greet them. They then spent a few minutes fawning over the kids and how big they'd gotten.

"Have a seat you guys we'll bring your plates over," Terrence called out. A few minutes later they were eating and conversing with their old friends. Not only were Terrence, Justice and their wives there, but Brandon brought his new wife,

Phoenix. Aaron was still single, but said he was quite happy, so everyone left him alone. Coleman was also there, and Aric could only shake his head and laugh. He thought sure he would have to bail Terrence out of jail one day for attempting to murder the man. Coleman stated during dinner that he had just met a lovely young woman, but her schedule prevented her from coming.

After an hour of eating and conversing, Justice stood up. "Hey guys, can I get you to follow me and Terrence to the basement, we have something we want you to see."

"Guys only, huh?" Phoenix wanted to know.

"Don't worry, Feen. We've got some things just for us," Cadence smiled and Justice turned around to look at his wife. She gave him a wink and blew him a kiss. "Have fun guys," she said as all the ladies waved at their significant others. Justice, Terrence, and Aric looked at each other and made a silent pact to check that statement out later.

Once all of the men had entered the basement, Terrence put one finger over his lips letting the others know they should remain silent. Justice then nodded at Brandon and Aaron. They both pulled out two thin metal rods from their pockets. All the rods extended like antennas, but they had bases that allowed them to stand. One rod was placed in each corner of the room. Both men then pulled a small remote out of their back pockets. Aaron held up three fingers and folded each one at two-second intervals. When the last finger was gone, they both hit a small red button on their remotes. Brandon then held up one hand and raising each finger at two-second intervals until all five fingers were upright.

"Alright, we're covered."

Coleman and Aric's eyebrows shot up. "What was that," Coleman blurted out.

Aaron and Brandon both smiled. "Some new tech we're working on," Aaron said. "No surveillance hardware or software can get through that."

"Yeah," Brandon agreed. "It's a physical fire wall. While we're in here, no remotely controlled cameras or recording devices will work."

"Nice." Aric gave both guys a fist bump.

"Very nice," Coleman did the same thing. "And we're

covered as long as the antenna things are up?”

“Yes,” Aaron, confirmed. “As long as those things are up, we’re good.”

“Good.” Justice spoke up. “Have a seat guys, we’ve got a lot to go over.”

Terrence took a seat and his eyes wandered up to the ceiling as he sat. Justice smiled at his friend. “Don’t do it to yourself man. I need your brain here. We’ll get to them later.” He knew his friend was wondering what was going on upstairs with the women.

\* \* \*

“Ladies, does anyone need anything else before we get started?” Every head shook from side to side. “Good,” Liz smiled at each one. “We need to talk, but first an update. Cade?”

Cadence stood and pulled out a small notebook.

“Phoenix, I’ll explain everything to you a bit later, but Sidra and Sidney both send their love and apologies that they couldn’t make it tonight. And you all know that Donna is on tour with Gil, since he has the number one gospel album in the country right now. I also spoke with Tristan, Samara, and Phaedra yesterday. They said the girl’s home is in excellent condition and all the girls are well. God keeps sending new girls to them and Calix has donated money to add a whole new wing to the house.

“They’ve also hired two of the older girls as full time employees.” Everyone except Phoenix applauded. “They’re still asking for prayers, but they say everything is running smoothly.”

Liz stood as Cadence sat down. “Phoenix, you weren’t a part of the group yet, but the reason we got involved with the girl’s home in Romania is because I had a vision several years ago. God led us every step of the way, and we were able to rescue some children out of sex slavery.”

“Wow!” Phoenix voiced her admiration.

“Yeah, so I’ve been having more visions over the last few months. The third, and final one happened last night as I was drifting off to sleep. It’s always of this one girl or I should say young lady because she’s probably around our age, or maybe a few years younger. I don’t know her, but from what I can tell,

she's in trouble. I really just wanted us to pray for her tonight, if that's alright." She reached into a folder and pulled out a single sheet of paper. "Jaden's been getting more into his artistic side lately, so I asked him if he could draw a sketch from a description I gave him." She spread the paper on the coffee table in front of the ladies. "It's actually pretty accurate. Like I said, I don't know her, so I can't give you a name, but if you wouldn't mind praying in the Spirit, I'm sure she would appreciate it."

\* \* \*

Justice handed a file folder to every man. "I got pulled into a meeting the other day at work. They wanted to ask my advice on something. But after hearing what was going on, I just couldn't leave it there."

"Of course you couldn't," Terrence smirked as he took the folder from his friend.

"Here's what I know so far."

The men browsed through the folder for only a few moments before one spoke up.

"Are you serious?" Aric balked. "This is going on right now in America, and the FBI are doing nothing about it."

"Correct," Justice nodded. "I don't know if they're gathering evidence or simply turning a blind eye. They weren't that forthcoming with information, and the advice they needed was miniscule, so I was only in the room for a moment."

Coleman let out a low whistle. "This is some pretty heavy stuff."

"Tell me about it," Justice nodded. "And as far as I can tell, the stuff I just handed you scarcely scratches the surface. Guys, this is a very deep iceberg."

Aaron leaned forward in his seat. "So what are we gonna do? We can't just let this continue."

Justice shook his head. "Don't worry. We won't. But we need a plan. Did you read page three? We go in half-cocked, and we're all dead."

"I'll check in with my illuminated friends tomorrow, They have their hands in a little of everything. I'm sure they

know something.” Aric said.

“Good,” Justice nodded at Aric. “That’s a good place to start.”

“We need a plan, so let’s come up with a plan.” Terrence spoke for the group. Justice could see it in every face.

Justice held out a fist toward the group. So, the Justice League is...?”

Every hand was added to the circle. “In session,” Brandon and Terrence finished for him.

\* \* \*

“Being a spectator is not an option.”

Haven huffed and puffed. “But, coach!”

“No. No buts! You were put in the game to play, not spectate. Get. In. The. Game.”

“But!” Haven woke up with a dry throat and thumping heart. She knew her self-imposed time-out had expired. She never saw the “coach’s” face. Usually that meant it was God coming in direct contact with her in her dreams. She swallowed down the tears that rose to the surface. “God, I don’t want to do this, but when I came to you, I agreed to accept what you handed me, so please let Your will be done in my life. But God, If I’m going to do this, I NEED Your help. I’m expecting you to order my steps, keep me safe and tell me which way I should go. Thank you for the angels you’ve sent to protect and minister to me. In Jesus name, I ask and pray. Amen.”

\* \* \*

“Hey love, did you ever get in contact with Mocha?”

Terrence looked up from tucking the baby into bed. Liz had just poked her head into the room on the way from the kitchen.

“Yes, last night. You were asleep, and then today was crazy, but I want to talk to you about what he told me.”

Liz's eyebrows rose in worry. "Everything okay?"

He shook his head knowing where her thoughts were headed. "Everyone is fine," he said as he placed a kiss on his sleeping daughter's forehead and joined her in the hallway. "They were actually in L.A. Visiting with Chase and Sidney."

"Oh, I didn't know that."

"No one did," he said as they moved down the hall to their bedroom. "It was a surprise trip, but as I was getting off the phone with him, he asked me to pray and to let everyone else know to pray."

Now Liz's curiosity was peaked. "What's going on?"

He climbed into the opposite side of the bed as she did. "He and Chase both have been approached about being cloned."

After his words sunk in, Liz laughed and waved her hand toward him dismissively. "Come on, stop joking."

"I'm serious."

"What?" She looked confused. "But...I mean... seriously?"

He nodded. "Yeah. The technology is already available. It's being sold like, 'trouble is coming and you don't want to be here for it, but we can manufacture another you so that no one will be suspicious, and you can come and live underground with those who have enough money and ride out the storm.'"

Her eyes filled with tears, and he reached for her hand.

"We really are closer to the end than we know."

"I believe so. I think a lot of people are in for a rude awakening."

She swallowed before looking into his eyes. "I had a dream last night that we were invaded by Russia."

He rubbed his eyes and blew out a breath. "Closer than we know. We have pushed God so far away with our choices that He has given us what we desire. A nation with no God. He has pulled His hand away and taken the hedge down."

"Yes, and we are not ready for what's coming. In the dream, the first thing they did was deface Mt. Rushmore."

\* \* \*

Haven picked up the ringing phone from her desk. “McCann Accounting Services. How can I help you?”

“144,” was all the voice on the other end said.

“Yes?” Haven replied. “144 what?”

“Watch and learn. 144.” Click.

Haven held the phone away from her ear as the other phone slammed down, the sound echoing in her ear. “Great, more crazy added to my already crazy life,” she mumbled.

Sandrine, a long-time friend poked her head into Haven's office.

“Please tell me you’ve seen that video on the internet with the kid.”

Haven scrunched her brow. “Which one, there are so many.”

“The mom is teaching the kid how to dance, and then all of a sudden the kid busts out with this move. It’s hilarious. You’ve got to watch it later. Do a search when you get time. Got to go!”

Haven couldn’t help but laugh. “Bye, crazy!” She checked her watch and noticed it was lunch time. “I guess that’s why my stomach’s growling. She checked her food drawer where she kept all her snacks and lunch items, only to find it empty. “Dang it. Forgot to go shopping over the weekend.” She scribbled a quick line on a sticky note saying she’d be back in 15 minutes and stuck it to her computer.

On her way out the door, she saw a white car pull into the company parking lot. It had been moving at a fairly fast rate as it rounded the corner, but slowed significantly when the driver noticed Haven open the door. *Here we go again.*

As she suspected it would, the car followed her to the store. It didn’t even bother parking, just stayed on the curb and waited for her to go in and do what she needed. She came out a few minutes later and as she pulled out of the store parking lot, she made a last minute decision to drive toward her church. The car behind her suddenly switched directions, even though his turn signal indicated he was going in the opposite direction.

Thankfully the church was only ten minutes away from her office. She pulled into the church parking lot, found an empty spot and parked. There were only a few spots that were occu-

pied. The other car had plenty of space to pull in, but it hesitated. It stayed on the curb, just long enough to see Yoni come out toward it. The car sped off and made H's day. She turned off her motor and walked toward man.

"Thank you Yoni!"

"You are more than welcome. How are you?"

She bowed her head humbly. "I'm good, and I'm sorry I ran out on you two the other day. I just... I mean... It was just too much to take in all at once. God's been speaking to me though, so I think I'm ready to hear what you have to say."

"Wonderful! I'm sure Zach can clear his schedule right now if you need him to."

"Maybe later? I'm already supposed to be back at work right now. But tell Zach I will call and schedule an appointment soon."

"I will do that. God bless you Haven."

"Thanks. You too."

He watched Haven pull away and headed back into Zach's office.

Zach was still looking out of the window when Yoni walked in. "How's she doing?" Zach wanted to know.

"She's better. Apparently, our prayers have been working. She said God had been speaking to her, and she's ready to hear what we have to say. She said to tell you that she will call and schedule an appointment soon."

"Very good. Let me ask you something."

"Yes, what is it?"

"Have you ever heard the theory that there are two separate groups of 144?"

Yoni smiled "I might have heard that somewhere. Why do you ask?"

"I was just doing some studying. I have a notebook full of passages that I've marked to study later. Things that I find interesting or things that don't make sense. When I have time, I pull it out and look things up. This one passage has always intrigued me, and I never knew why. Then, all of a sudden, it just clicked."

Yoni nodded. "Which passage is it?"

“It’s in First Samuel. It’s talking about David marrying Abigail, and goes through the whole story with Abigail’s first husband and how she talked David out of killing him, and he marries her after the man dies. Then, after all that, there is one single verse that says ‘David also took Ahinoam of Jezreel; and they were also both of them his wives.’”

Yoni nodded in recognition. “Ah yes.”

“I always thought that was strange that the bible would devote a whole chapter to Abigail, and only one verse to Ahinoam. Then I started to look up the names. Abigail of Carmel. Abigail means ‘father’s joy’ and Carmel means a ‘place of fruitfulness.’”

“Yes.” Yoni smiled.

“And Ahinoam means ‘brother of pleasantness. And Jezreel means ‘God will sow’.”

“That is true.”

“And if David is a type and shadow of Christ... He took two brides. One is related to Him, the other is in a fruitful place and is called the Father’s joy. That sounds like modern Christianity. It sounds like one gentile bride and one Jewish bride.”

“Yes. Yes it does. I don’t know whether we’ll know if you were correct before our Lord returns, but it is certainly a good theory.”

Zach agreed. “It also holds implications for the future.”

“How so?”

“I’ve been reading some scriptures that I believe reference the 144. And if I’m right, these people will be used by God to avenge this world.”

“Yes. I believe that also is correct. However, I’m hoping to be away from this world by then.” Yoni offered a small smile and Zach knew he was thinking about what the judgment of God might bring. He was also hoping to be away by that point.

\* \* \*

Haven shut her computer down for the day. That white car never did follow her back to work after she left church, but

she knew there would be others waiting as soon as she stepped out of her door.

It happened as she suspected. She was followed home by several cars. Some even sped from behind her only to get in front of her and drive very slowly. Some even slammed on their brakes as if they were trying to get her to hit their car. When that happened, if there was more than one driver available, one would drive in the lane next to hers and they would box her in for a while. She shrugged as she got out of her car to go into the house. She didn't know why it mattered, but it was like they were trying to push her buttons. *Odd*. But then, she supposed the whole situation was odd.

Inside, she changed her clothes and pulled dinner out of the freezer. She decided to let it thaw for a bit while she looked for the video Sandrine told her about earlier. She found it after a few minutes of searching, and Sandrine was right. It was hilarious. She was about to shut her tablet down and watch her TV, but something on the right side of the screen caught her eye. It was recommended videos, and one in particular caught her attention. The title of the video said something about the 144.

“On an Internet video site? Get out of here. I'll bite.”

Three hours later she was still, sitting with tablet in lap, watching videos. She had seen men, women, and even teens of every race claiming to be a part of the group. God had been giving many of them dreams similar to hers. Her stomach growled again and she decided to end her viewing session for the night. It was only then that the phone call she had received at work came back to her. “Thanks Papa. I did watch and learn.”

\* \* \*

The next morning, Haven's house rang before she was out of bed. She had only woken up a few minutes beforehand, so her voice still sounded groggy.

“Hello?”

“Hey girl!”

*Seriously!?! Any friendliness that would have come*

through a normal greeting disappeared from her voice. “What’s up Rich?”

“Uh, nothing much. Did I disturb you?”

“Well, I was just getting up. Did you want something?”

“Well, we haven’t talked in a while, so you know, I just wanted to check on you. By the way, I haven’t been able to get through on your cell phone.”

Haven rolled her eyes. She knew he was fishing. “That’s because I blocked you.” *But you knew that.*

“Oh...Okay. I guess that’s why I couldn’t get through.”

“Yeah, seems like the last couple of times we talked, my phone got hacked right afterward, so you know...”

“Oh, I’m sorry.”

“Yeah, just needed to close that door. Well, I need to get ready for work, so I need to go.”

“Uh, so maybe we can talk later?”

“I don’t think so. There’s just too much going on. Take care of yourself.”

“Wow. Well, OK. I love you.”

Haven nodded. “I love you too,” then she laid the receiver down on the cradle. She’d meant it. They had been close for years, but in the back of her mind, she knew something wasn’t right. God had even tried to warn her a few years back, and she did cut him off at that time, but then she’d let him back in. Come to think of it, all the craziness started when she cut him off the first time.

\* \* \*

“Let me ask you something.” Zach looked up from his bible as he and Yoni waited for Haven to arrive.

“Yes?” Yoni answered.

“Are you pre-trib, mid trib, or post trib?”

“Yes,” he said matter-of-factly.

Zach laughed. “Which one?”

Yoni smiled. “All three in fact. In Israel, there were three annual harvests. The first was for the barley. It is generally much softer than wheat and ready much sooner. That is what we called

the first-fruits. Now of course, the Lord, Most High is sovereign, and He can do whatever He wills, so my theories may be nothing. It's just that I see a correlation. I can see a scenario where the Lord will come back first, not for the church, but for the bride only. I believe the bride is made up of many components, the 144,000 is only a part. I have seen many departures where certain groups are taken first and then others. Many will be surprised when they are not taken. I have read a prophecy where the 144,000 will be taken but left here at the same time. So now, can you imagine, the lukewarm Christians who have been looking at the 144,000 will see them still here and think that they are fine to continue living the same way.”

Zach nodded. “Revelations 22:11. 'He that is unjust, let him be unjust still: and he which is filthy, let him be filthy still: and he that is righteous, let him be righteous still: and he that is holy, let him be holy still.'”

“Correct!” Yoni smiled. “Yeshua cautions just before that verse that He is coming quickly, and that time is at hand. Many will be deceived when the first groups disappear. They will be scared, but then when they see the 144 still here, they will fall for the lies that aliens have abducted the people. The system will make it appear as if the rapture was really so-called bad aliens. Then the so-called “good aliens” will come on the scene. The Lord will hand the foolish over to the deception because it is what they want. They want a world with no rules and no laws. They want a world without God telling them right from wrong. By that time, many of the 144,000 will have been killed or jailed, or made so weak that that won't be able to fight.

“The word of the Lord says that the 144,000 follow Christ wherever he goes. I don't believe that they just start that when they arrive in heaven. They have to have been walking with Him before they get there.

“And so you must ask yourself, what did He walk through, where exactly did they follow Him? Well, He grew in favor with God and men. He did things that were not normal, to say the least. He was envied by those who misunderstood what his calling was all about, He was then falsely accused of all manner of things. He was surrounded by people who thought they knew better than Him what was going on, but in reality had no

clue. He was stalked by the religious leaders of the day as they set traps for Him and tried to trip Him up in words and actions. He then went through rejection, betrayal and ultimately death at the hand of those who supposedly loved Him or at least should have known who he was. I believe this group will have walked through the same things, but this is what will qualify them to receive entry into this group.

“This is the fulfillment of the scripture that says many are called, but few are chosen. Many start out well, but then fall into the trap the enemy sets.

Zach hung his head in shame. “Like me.”

Yoni touched the man's shoulder. “Like the prodigal, you returned. You made the right choice, the only choice that was important. You repented and chose to receive God's love and forgiveness. God has redeemed you, and that is what is important here. Don't allow your mind to return to the past. Forget everything behind you and press now toward the prize of the high calling toward God in Yeshua Ha Mashiach .

“Don't worry about when you'll be leaving, just rejoice in the fact that you know that you will be leaving this world with the King. With His death on the cross, Christ paid for the world to come to the wedding banquet. Only a few accepted the invitation, and fewer still the cup of betrothal that He offered. Do you know how they stomp on the wine glass at a Jewish wedding?”

“I've seen it once at a friend's wedding,” Zach answered.

Yoni nodded. “An old Jewish tradition says that when the groom finds his bride, he offers her a cup to drink out of. If she accepts his proposal of marriage, she drinks from the vessel, and that is what is eventually destroyed. No one else is allowed to drink from it. He drinks and then extends the cup and asks are you able to drink from the same cup that I drink from?”

Zach nodded slowly. “And the bride said yes, and then followed Him through hell. I'm only now beginning to realize that the prize or at least one of the prizes of the high-calling was to be 144. So, He may come to take the bride first, before the tribulation, and then come back to take the church in the middle?”

“Who knows what will happen. We only have types and shadows to go on, but yes, that is what I had been thinking. That

the departures would happen in stages. The bride and then the wedding guests.”

“And the wheat was the second harvest in Israel?”

“Yes, It has a much harder shell than the barley, and must go through a process that includes going through the threshing floor. The grain is run under a board called a tribulum, where a cart drawn by an animal is run over it to crack the hardened shell. Then it is winnowed. Once the first departure or departures occur the anti-christ will be revealed. The church, who had been sleeping at that point, will finally awaken to find that the freedom they once enjoyed in Christ has been removed. If they accept Christ after the first departure or group of departures, it will be by penalty of death. They will profess Christ and lose their heads, but the Lord is so merciful that he will allow those that become martyrs for Him to return and enjoy the millennial kingdom with Him.

Zach shook his head at the scale of it all. “And the last harvest?”

“Ah, yes, finally the grapes, which are crushed underfoot, are harvested last. I'm afraid these are the ones who go through the tribulation, see the departures, and experience the wrath of God but still refuse to repent of their wrong-doing. They will continue in the hardness of their hearts declaring that they have no need of a savior. They will die in their rebellion only to be raised at the end of days to see their so-called light bearer thrown into the lake of fire with them.”

“Hmm. Thank you for your insight, Yoni. I enjoy our discussions.”

“As do I, my friend, and it looks like we finished just in time, Haven is here.”

Zach didn't even bother to question that information. He had stopped doing that a long time ago. He simply hit the button on his desk and called out to his secretary. “Roni, send Haven right in when she gets here please.”

“Okay, pastor. Will do.”

The young woman walked through the door a few minutes later looking slightly disheveled.

“Everything alright?” Zach asked.

“Yes,” she nodded, slightly out of breath. “I'd been see-

ing a group of ladies in my sleep for the past couple of weeks. Once in a dream and later in two visions, and I think I just ran into one of them at the gas station down the road. She looked just as surprised to see me as I was to see her. We waived to each other and smiled.”

Yoni brightened. “Did you exchange information?”

Haven shook her head as she gulped down air. “No, but I have a feeling we're going to see each other again soon. This is starting to get exciting!”

Zach grabbed her hand. “More than you know. Come on let's pray.”

Haven looked up, perplexed. “But I'm almost sure she was a part of God's army.”

Zach confirmed that. “I believe so as well, but we need to pray for you and the other ladies. Especially if they are a part of the 144. Even if they aren't, actually, especially if they aren't we need to pray for their protection as they pray for you. You and the rest are clear evidence that the lies of the enemy are just that. Lies.”

“I don't understand,” Haven looked between both men.

“How much do you know about the luciferian agenda?”

“Not much honestly. I never felt led to look into any group that supports evil.”

“That's just it, H, they think we're the one's who are supporting evil.”

She froze. “What? How is that even possible. Why would anyone think that followers of Jesus are supporting evil?”

“To them, Lucifer is supposedly the god of joy, love and light,” Zach explained.

Haven balked. “Lucifer, the liar and murderer?” She put her hands to her head. “I'm so confused right now. Please help me understand what is going on.”

Yoni joined the circle when he grabbed the hand of each one. “Yeshua said that the devil was the father of lies.”

“Yes?” She waited for more because that one statement wasn't enough to explain what she'd just heard.

He continued. “The Luciferians don't believe that Lucifer and ha-satan are the same person. They believe the lie that he told them. That he was equal with the Lord. There is a scrip-

ture that says the Lord is jealous over us. Ha-satan has twisted the scripture to tell his followers that the Lord was jealous of him and fought with him to remove him from his rightful place as ruler. He has somehow managed to convince them that they are fighting for the true kingdom of love against the evils of Christianity.”

She could barely wrap her head around it. “That’s ... I don’t know what to say to that. So who is satan to them, and how are they explaining away issues like their god of love and light is having them perpetrate witchcraft spells and hate-filled acts against other people, or the fact that they can’t touch certain people?”

“The character of ha-satan is not real to them. He is more like a boogey-man,” Yoni said. “Only a fairy tale made up to scare Christians. As far as the the evil being perpetrated, they believe the end justifies the means. Also, the fact that they can’t seem to harm some people is just an anomaly. To them it can’t be the fact that it’s just that they are Christian, because they have been able to harm many so-called Christians. They haven’t put together that they’ve been harming baby Christians who haven’t exercised their senses to discern good and evil, and those they can’t touch are more mature and know how to war in the spirit. Haven When your father is a liar,” Yoni explained, “you tend to believe all sorts of things. Even if those things don’t make sense.”

“True, Zach added. “But you and the others are proof that the God of the bible is real. There is no denying what they see, and since there are only a handful, relatively speaking, of those who can actually see into the other realm, you all are causing them to question what the truth actually is. Many of them have no exposure to the real word of God, but many of their infiltrators have heard enough to know that the true and living God has promised certain things to His true followers and believers.”

Zach cleared his throat. “By the way, Haven , now would be a good time to tell you that you have wings.” He held his breath and then held his arms out expecting her to faint and fall straight to the ground.

Haven nodded. “I know.”

Zach paused for a moment. “Um, Haven , I mean real,

life-sized, they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength, actual wings in the spirit.”

She laughed and nodded again. “I know. I went to a prophetic conference a few years back and the main speaker was a minister who was known to see in the spirit. Before he took the stage, he turned to me and said. 'I don't believe in female angels.' He said it kind of with a suspicious glare.”

Yoni laughed.

She smiled, remembering the encounter. “My first thought was, 'you might want to rethink your position on that'. My second thought was, 'why would you be looking at me when you said that?' Since then, I've had a few other experiences that pointed me to the same conclusion. I finally accepted that the word of God was true. When Isaiah said 'they that wait upon the Lord shall mount up on wings like eagles, I never, in my wildest dreams, thought that meant literally, but I now know that we serve a God of surprises.”

“Amen.” Yoni confirmed.

Haven nodded and continued. “I finally grew to the point that I could accept it.”

Zach smiled a bright, wide grin. “I had been racking my brain trying to figure out a way to tell you, without you freaking out.”

Haven laughed. “All that worrying, and God had already taken care of it.”

Yoni tightened his hands around each of theirs. “Let us pray for your protection and theirs. There are many things going on in this wicked world. The rulers of this world are trying to capture all that have been marked. They have put some in prison already.”

“And those they can't trap, they will eventually try to kill. There are inter-dimensional entities active in the earth now,” Zach explained. “These inter-dimensional entities have told the leaders under their sway that you all that have been marked will be trouble in the future.”

“Inter-what?”

“Inter-dimensional entities.”

“Demons,” Yoni finished. “They have come to your leaders and presented themselves as aliens from another world. They

are that of course, but they are first and foremost demons. Spirits of the nephilim children of the watchers, who sinned against the Lord by having intercourse with human women in Genesis 6.”

Haven 's mouth fell open as he spoke and never managed to close by itself.

Zach squeezed her hand. “It's all real Haven, these so-called inter-dimensional entities have lied to world leaders for decades. The leaders have no idea that they're being tricked. The demons have painted you all as the bad guys that need to be removed. Incarcerated or killed it doesn't matter to them. The demons will eventually try to take over this world knowing that the only ones who can stop them have been done away with. It's the same tactic Herod used when the magi came to him about Jesus. He tried to kill every child who might be a problem later on.”

Yoni smiled. “But we know how that turned out, don't we. Our God is a protector. All we need to do is come to Him and ask what we need. Come, let us pray.”

\* \* \*

Haven pulled into her parking spot and waited. Two cars normally followed her, no matter what time of day or night. She wasn't disappointed when a few moments later, one car rolled past her, and then the other. She shook her head as she opened the door and removed her belongings from the vehicle.

She was still wondering about the information Zach and Yoni had given her about the Luciferians and inter-dimensional entities. *Demons*, she corrected herself. How in the world could you not know that Jekyll and Hyde were the same person? “But I guess a lot goes on in the world that I have no idea about,” she said quietly to herself as she opened her door.

She froze for a moment as she entered the quiet home. Something was off. She began to pray in tongues as she walked through the home turning on all the lights and checking closets, bathrooms and under beds. She sighed a sigh of relief as she realized that the place was empty. She applied the blood of Jesus over the home and began to pray a cleansing prayer to dismantle the plans and schemes of the enemy. She bound every demon

and every plot that might have been hatched there. Once she felt peace enter the home, she said “amen” and started to get ready for bed.

She knew someone had been in her place. It had happened before, and she had even thought about moving again, but after watching some of the videos the other night, she changed her mind. A few of the targeted individuals had moved several times, only to be followed to their new place time after time. She knew it was a trick of the enemy to isolate and conquer. At least here, she had Zach, and Yoni. *And the ladies' prayer group* she thought with a smile as she laid her head on the pillow. *Lord, thank you for keeping us*, was her last thought as she drifted off to sleep.

The next day she realized she had forgotten to check the mail on her way in the night before. On her way to the car, she grabbed the letters out of the box and threw them into her lunch bag on the way to work. She had nearly forgotten about the mail with the busy morning at the firm but pulled the letters out with her lunch. “Let's see, bill, bill, junk, sales paper... IRS?”

Haven quickly tore the envelope open and scrunched her nose at the letter. It appeared that a state level audit was questioning her reporting of an issue five years ago. It demanded payment in the form of several hundred dollars. She rolled her eyes and blew out a breath. She had already dealt with this a few years back with the Federal IRS. She had provided proof that she had reported what she was supposed to when she was supposed to, and the agency had marked it as resolved.

She wondered why it would be coming up again years later, but suddenly remembered her conversation with Rich. It wasn't lost on her that her integrity would be called into question after she rejected his presence in her life.

She couldn't prove it, but in her heart she knew this new notice had something to do with their earlier conversation. Of course with it appearing in her mailbox the next day, no one would think to connect it with him, but she was starting to learn that her childhood friend had more connections than she was initially aware of. She sighed again and threw the letter back into her bag. She would deal with it later.

“How many of them are there? Aric asked.”

“About 144K.”

“Really? Yes, the man answered.

“But I don't understand, what's the big deal?”

“Look at her.”

Aric nodded. “I have, and she attractive, but...”

“No you haven't, Open your third eye and look at her.”

Aric sat frozen, staring at the phone. He hadn't done any of that spooky stuff since he'd left the service years ago.

“Uh, okay. Thanks.”

The man laughed and signed off with a “no problem” before hanging up.

Aric had managed to finally track him down last night. They were related in a round-about sort of way, third cousin twice removed or some such thing, but Aric had only met the man a few years earlier. He was a part of the group and gave him some helpful information a few years earlier, so Aric sought him out again. He wasn't sure he wanted to follow the man's advice.

Once he'd really turned his life over to Christ a few years ago, he'd left all of the old new-age practices behind. But he had to admit that he was intrigued. After following the bread crumbs that Justice laid out the other night, he had, with the help of his enlightened connections, come across one Haven G. He didn't know what to make of her. She drove her car like a bat out of hell, but other than that, seemed completely normal, but none of it added up. She was literally followed everywhere she went. They even knew when she got out of bed to go to the bathroom.

“But what in the world could be going on that I would need to look at her in the spirit realm,” he wondered. As he pushed away from the desk, his lovely wife entered the room.

“Oh, sorry, didn't realize you were working.”

He called her back. “I'm done, hon. By the way, you never did tell me what you and the ladies discussed the other night.”

She batted her eyes and came to sit next to him. “You first.”

When he pursed his lips she laughed and pecked him on

the cheek. "That's what I thought. I need to finish up a few things before I come to bed, but I will see you soon." She kissed him again before she traipsed out of the room.

"Figures," he laughed and shook his head.

\* \* \*

"Angel."

Cadence looked at the rear-view mirror at J.J. and Jensen. The baby was asleep, but J.J. was wide awake. "What did you just say sweetheart?"

"Angel," the boy repeated.

"Where?"

"Right there. Angel in the parking lot."

Cadence looked over to the convenience store parking lot across from the red light where she and several other cars were stopped. A lone woman was headed into the convenience store connected to the gas station. She had the strangest sensation of déjà-vu. She flashed back to when she had first seen Sidra and Sidney's sister, Donna in that restaurant. A sort of alarm went off in her head then warning her to pay attention. The same alarm was going off now. She was trying to figure out how to do a u-turn to get over to the store when a blaring car horn went off behind her. Traffic was already moving in the lane to her right and the lane to her left was full of cars, so she wouldn't be able to move over to turn around now if she tried. Besides that, if she stopped, she would be late dropping off the kids at the day-care center and everyone's life went much easier when J.J. was kept to the same routine. She pulled off, frustrated at not being able to stop and turn around, and wondered if it were the same girl that Phoenix had reported seeing earlier at a near-by gas station. "I guess we won't be finding out today."

\* \* \*

"Just gonna drop me when you come into your calling huh? Well, we'll see about that."

Rich typed the latest memo with fervor. "This T.I. Should be pressed into a corner. Do not accept any response

short of a monetary payment.” the memo read. He was sending it to the head of the local IRS office. Of course he was the one who had revived the old issue, but she needed to know what type of power he had. She never had really recognized all he was capable of. Well, she was about to find out just how many connections he had and just how many strings he could pull. He knew she was just getting back on her feet and couldn't really afford the extra, unexpected payment, but he didn't care. He was going to make her pay for cutting him out of her life. She was going to know what it felt like to be without him as a friend.

She was going to feel it from all sides. He was just finishing up this letter to his brother at the IRS, He would soon be sending out letters to those in charge of tracking her movements. He was doubling up on the amount of people involved, and they were now to put even more pressure on her as far as her driving. He even told them that they could earn a handsome bonus by causing her to be involved in an accident.

Next he would contact all of her co-workers on his payroll and tell them to look for opportunities to make her look bad on her job.

He couldn't believe his luck when he started working with this government contractor. He received a huge corner office and an enormous pay check. When they told him what he would be doing, tracking fellow Americans who had committed no crimes and basically trying to make them crack by applying psychological warfare tactics, he was unsure. Especially when he knew that Haven would be part of that group. But she and a handful of others had defied logic. They had used all of the known tactics, as well as made up some of their own, and a small group of them had not just skirted around them like they were nothing, They actually turned the tables and made some of the hirelings falter.

He knew her faith was strong, had known it for a while, but she and the others had something that was unusual to say the least. He had kind of held the others back from her just based on his friendship with her, but now, he was pulling out all the stops. How dare she try to cut him out of her life. He had tried to help her. Of course he never suspected in a million years that she would guess what he was involved in, but that shouldn't matter!

They were supposed to be family and you weren't supposed to treat family like that. You don't push away your family.

He ignored the little voice that whispered *neither should you track and torment your family.*

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