

APPOINTED EVIL
The Son of Perdition

A Novel by
Charles Simeon Philpott

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About the Cover

The cover photo is a composite of the Egyptian god Hermanubis and Amun-Re the god of life. Described as a man with a Ram's head.

The symbols depicted are runic script that Germanic people began to use around the 3rd century and were shrouded in mystery and secrets. In the lower left is a Satanic Pentagram with the number 666. (Latinos, in Latin)

During the last half of the Tribulation, the Antichrist will require all people in his kingdom to take the mark – 666 or be beheaded. Once a person has taken it in their right hand or forehead, they are lost to eternal damnation with no hope for redemption. *Revelation 13: 16-18.*



ASTROLOGICAL HEXAGRAM

Proofreading done by, Nancy J. Pfister.

Nancy, a native of the Chicago suburbs, has been a newspaper reporter and photographer for more than 25 years, and a journalism and English instructor at various universities. She has a bachelor's degree from Northwestern University and a master's degree from the University of Arkansas at Little Rock.

When she's not proofreading, she takes care of her family in Orlando, FL. She has been a serious student of the Bible all of her adult life.



This book is dedicated to James “Jim” Churchill.

Jim was a most cherished friend, a brilliant man, and made valuable suggestions to the manuscript. His encouragement and insightful input improved it.

He was raised in NY State and spent summers in the Adirondacks.

He graduated with a BA from Williams College and spent his junior year in France, where he met and married, Dominique Gillain with whom he had two lovely daughters, Jessica Churchill-Miller and Charis Churchill.

He returned to the United States and attended Rhode Island School of Design receiving a BFA. His talent extended into writing, photography, fine art, marketing and communications.

We were both employed in the marketing department of Hilti Fastening Systems, Tulsa, Oklahoma headquarters for the Western Hemispheres. Jim became the marketing manager of the department until he fell ill to cancer that ultimately took his life. Before succumbing to the illness he moved to Vermont and bought a beautiful home with a picturesque view where my wife, Pam and I got to spend a wonderful summer vacation together with him.

His daughter Jessica wrote an email to me and said, “Today ... is his birthday and I still miss him dearly...what I wouldn’t do to have a conversation with him and the opportunity to introduce him to my daughter.”



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An Open Letter:

For centuries men have been looking for signs of the one known Biblically as 666, the Antichrist, the one called The Son of Perdition. There is such a man that lives today, the most amazing man on earth. He is the one that I believe is Appointed Evil and will soon rule the world.

Out of the dust and heat of the Middle East appears such a man, a prince that claims to be God. He is in fact the son of Satan, The Antichrist!

The lines between fact and fiction, time and space, past and present are only vague images moving slowly with our changing beliefs. It is rare that a person ever has a chance to know about secrets of the universe and learn about deeply hidden wisdom; even then it is only a glimpse, viewed in dreams, visions or meditation.

Whatever you choose to believe, the following is a revelation of power on the grandest scale with secrets unlocked and shared for the very first time. It is my truth and your reality for I have seen the Prince of Darkness with my own eyes and have witnessed his power firsthand.

Father Roberto Maria Cuccia Montini



Chapter 1

The fall of 1968 in London seemed unusually cold and damp even for that normally dreary gray city. It may have been that my warm Sicilian blood made it hard to adapt or it may have been due to the chilling reason why I was there.

We all met again in the basement of St. John's Church. We had made a trip to Syria to see a man who claimed to be God. He called himself the Prince. After our first and for some the last meeting with him we were astonished at the individual facts set before us. This was the first time we were able to bring our findings together and discuss them openly since our return from visiting this man. We had much to share about our similar experiences. What we had witnessed was seen through different eyes. Nevertheless, we met to make one common decision.

My old friends, Bishop Pickwick and Bishop Saintsbury, greeted me warmly and introduced me to a young acolyte, George Lucans, before shooing him away. Although he was a street orphan, they said he held wonderful promise and someday would prove to be of great importance to the church. It both amused and disturbed me when I noticed him listening in on our discussions from behind a door. But at the time, it only seemed like youthful curiosity.

Although I was Italian and the Bishops were English, we shared the same deep faith. We had spent many hours debating and discussing the changes in the church and about how it had evolved over the centuries. Through all the changes, we universally agreed on the common bond of faith in Christ and the struggle of good against evil.

There were twenty-one of us that had witnessed the power of the Prince first-hand. Although "priest" may not be a completely accurate term even though we were all men of the faith, most being Catholic. Others were Anglican, High Episcopal or Greek Orthodox. We knew each another with one exception, an American of an uncertain denomination.

None of us were sure why we had been called to this particular mission only that word had come to us from a respected superior. Now that we gathered again in London I was reminded of an earlier observation. Of the twenty European clergy, there was equal representation from ten countries: England, France, Germany, Italy, Holland, Belgium, Denmark, Ireland, Luxembourg and Greece. None of us were from the same city and often we represented a political polarity within our countries. Belgium, for example, had both a Flemish and French priest.

The countries represented were the principal nations making up the European Community, better known as the Common Market of Nations. We understood this to be the supposed revived kingdom of the old Roman Empire that prophetically will become the seat of power of the Antichrist.

No one in the group could be ignorant of that fact or that we had also been chosen because of our scholarly background and knowledge of scriptures.

Although we each had a chosen specialty, the collective understanding of biblical history, commentaries and prophecy could be compared to none.

For me, although considered young by learnedly standards, I was respected for my virtual photographic memory, historical education and familiarity with prophetic manuscripts. Recognized as a thorough researcher and historian by my peers, I was assigned to record all events and impressions while on the trip.

The information contained in this book is a detailed record compiled from our combined observations. Herein is described not only what the Prince claimed but a written report of the incredible sights we witnessed with our own eyes. Perhaps it was fortuitous that I was selected for this task. Otherwise the document might not have existed.

Gathered in the basement of St. John's of London on that dreary November morning in 1968, we were still reeling from the shock and awe of the experiences as we recalled the visit with the Prince.

Bishop Saintsbury called the gathering to prayer before deliberations. It was to give each of us strength and wisdom in what we were about to recount.

Prayer takes on different postures. Some kneel with bowed heads and backs bent with hands clasped while others look skyward with eyes closed. My parish priest, Papa Luccio, always admonished me for looking around when others were in prayer. I sometimes wondered how he knew I was looking around if he were in prayer. My Father Superior at the seminary in Catania was also admonishing but with more understanding. If curiosity is a sin, then I shall be judged accordingly.

Having prayed for my soul and the souls in my parish, I opened my senses to the musty smell of old stone mingled with the familiar odor of candle smoke and melting wax.

While praying, I took notice of the American as he stood at ease with hands behind his back and eyes open in quiet contemplation. He was a handsome man, tall certainly by European standards, well over six feet. His facial features were sharp though not angular. Soft dark brown hair set off his face with classic sculptured curls. His eyes were dark brown framed by long full lashes, both top and bottom. He appeared slight of build, trim and lean but with the confidence of one who has a superior strength and complete understanding of purpose.

Although discreet in my observation, he apparently noticed and leaned his head slightly in my direction without breaking concentration. I recalled that he had spoken very little during the time we spent in Syria.

We had talked about him to one another many times during the journey and someone said that he was not of the Catholic faith. His expression always remained calm and he appeared in control during all the time we were visiting the Prince. Our curiosity while at the palace was never quenched concerning him. We knew nothing about his background other than he was from the western part of the United States.

We were given the impression that he was with us merely as an observer but it was an impression that would change.



ARIES

Chapter 2

I received word of my assignment from the bishop of my district. He called me at San Antonio where I was preparing mass for the coming Sunday service. He said that I must fly to Damascus, Syria, and from there I would be taken to meet Prince Omar bin Rasalhadi, a man who claimed to be God. The bishop said that I must report every detail because it would be of a nature that could affect the church and possibly the entire world.

It has been a traditional practice in the Catholic Church to investigate such claims. When relevant proclamations are made of miracles or sightings of the Virgin Mary or our Savior, Jesus Christ, all the evidence is carefully screened. Assessing healing phenomenon and possible candidates for sainthood are also common but most declarations of all these types are proven wrong and rejected.

Verification of acts by Satan and possession by demons is a much more serious undertaking. Exorcisms are not routinely performed without thorough assessment of the situation. So the Prince claim was taken very seriously and I knew it was completely researched before being selected to undertake the mission. Even more astounding was the size and qualifications of the group assigned to the investigation.

I was given twenty-four hours to prepare for the journey that would last four weeks and seem like a lifetime. Little did I realize that this would be the most astonishing chapter of my life and forever change me.

After arriving in Damascus I was met by Father Runtsaat, a priest from Holland. He led me to a private lounge at the airport where eighteen other clergy and the American were waiting. Some of them I knew and others I knew only by reputation but soon we became well acquainted.

We were met in the lounge by a group of lightly armed guards wearing simple white uniforms, all about the same height with shaven heads. This was our first introduction to bizarre surprises. They escorted us to an exit where we were transported by limousines to the destination.

Bishop Pickwick had traveled to the palace three months earlier to make the arrangements. He stated that from the moment we arrived at the palace until departing, it would be necessary to be in a spirit of prayer in order to retain our sanity. We would soon understand why.

The journey took hours from the time we left the airport. The trip went north on good roads then northeast where it became rough and the going became slow. We traveled through what seemed to be unexplored parts of the wilderness, with barely visible roads.

Suddenly out of nowhere appeared the palace on the horizon, a beautiful white alabaster building that pulsed a strange silver glow. It was a colossal building with no windows and having only three mammoth doors. It is rumored,

to have been built by the mysterious powers of the Prince, isolated in one of the most desolate parts of Syria.

We were met at the entrance by four albinos, still another of many surprises. They were assigned as our personal guides for the duration at the palace.

The vehicles were parked just outside the walls of the eastern gate on the palace grounds. They reminded me of walls I had seen while visiting Israel and could not help but think of the eastern gate in Jerusalem through which Jesus Christ passed on his way to be crucified.

The great doors to the palace opened and we entered one of the halls that led to an enormous room in the central part of the Palace. While walking down the hall we were bathed in a supernatural light that permeated the whole atmosphere. During the days and nights spent inside this fascinating structure we were never able to discover the source of the mysterious incandescence. The nearest source of electricity was miles away in the city of Damascus. There were no apparent light fixtures and no electrical outlets, yet the light was always the right intensity for every situation. At night the lights seemed to soften even to the point of darkness as our eyes closed in sleep. In the morning the soft warmth of light fell across our face to awaken us. Even though there seemed to be no electricity for air conditioning, the temperature stayed a constant 70 degrees despite the sweltering surroundings of the desert.

We were taken to separate quarters with the most luxurious and comfortable living arrangements I had ever experienced. The air was fresh with a scent of an exotic fragrance. It had a sweet aroma like that of a rich perfume, very stimulating.

After being in the palace for only a few hours, if we had the slightest desire for food or drink, a servant would appear and take care of our needs without a single request being spoken. The food was the most delectable I had eaten and the menus were always perfectly balanced.

An albino guide had been assigned to us in groups of five. The American was in my party. All four guides were identical in every aspect, even to the inflection of their voices. They were dressed in black silk shirts tailored to their bodies. It was a type of uniform. The left sleeve was white half way down and designed at an angle. They each were built as though they had stepped out of a body builder's contest and were unusually handsome. Their demeanor was always humble and serving yet they possessed the sharpest of intellect and charm. We were never refused an answer to any question and each answer they gave was precise and to the point. None of us felt intimidated or threatened by them. In fact, quite the contrary, while in their presence a feeling of peace and security surrounded us with one single exception.

Father DeBazelaire jokingly remarked that they looked so much alike he thought they had been cloned. Suddenly the room temperature dropped by several degrees as complete silence fell over the entire Palace. I felt a ghastly chill sweep through my body. Another of the priest asked if we were in danger? One of the guides said no then the temperature returned to a comfortable 70 degrees. All was back to normal as quickly as it had changed. We never mentioned cloning again.

One of the more mystifying and stranger displays that confronted us was the quality of the paintings. The characters appeared to be alive. I walked over to one to study it more closely. It looked as though I could reach right into the scene and touch the objects. Without thinking, I lifted my hand when one of the guides stepped forward and asked that I please not touch it.

Speaking in almost a whisper he said, "You can appreciate their value."

Father Stubens walked up next to me. "They are the most beautiful works of art I have ever seen and the most frightening. Look next to that tree." He pointed. The tree was by a stream with a falcon eating a rabbit on the ground near it.

"Yes," I answered in a low voice. "It is like you can almost see movement of the falcon."

"No, not the falcon!" He said. "Look into the stream!"

I focused on the water and there staring out was the face of a man. He had long blonde hair that flowed over his bare shoulders. He appeared trapped in agony and his eyes seemed to be pleading for help.

I winced away and said to Stubens, "These paintings are too bizarre for me."

He shuddered. "Yes I agree, and if you look deep into any one of them, they are full of these hidden peculiarities."

The most provocative one was in a part of the palace described as "The War Room!" It occupied all of the walls and the entire ceiling. It was unlike any of the others. The multi-dimensional effect was breathtaking with brilliant lighting. The room was constructed in the shape of a circle with a round dome. Unique seating was carved from what appeared to be enormous blocks of flawless crystals. The chairs would rotate in unison to view different parts of the painting.

A guide motioned for us to be seated. We stared in awe taking notes. Father Zocca, my closest friend from Italy, said, "It is as if I am at the apex of Earth looking out at the universe on a perfectly clear evening. Is it possible that this is only a painting?"

What we were observing was the masterpiece of all masterpieces. It was a perfect celestial chart of the universe in three dimensions. One of the guides pointed toward the center that actually seemed to be pulsating with power. The light there appeared to be giving off a life-giving force sustaining all the other billions of stars.

"This is Heaven," he said simply.

The glass seats began to radiate with an intense golden light. The Prince magically appeared before us. At the very moment he appeared, we sensed a most uncanny feeling we had ever experienced. Looking into his face, we felt a compelling force that seemed to try and draw us to our knees to worship him. I looked into his eyes and felt the very evil of Satan personified. In the depths of his soul emanated the power of darkness and hell.

His words consumed the room like musical notes. "I am Prince Omar bin Rasalhadi," he said. "Welcome to my palace. Over the next few days I shall demonstrate my power so each of you will know that I am who I say that I am!"

"The room you are observing is used for planning strategic attacks against the power of the North, against the one you know as Jehovah God. Even now, as I speak, war is being waged here on Earth and in the far reaches of the universe. It

is impossible for mere mortals to comprehend the spiritual battles that are being waged. Apollyon the Great directs our armies in this struggle. Soon the final inter-galactic battle will begin with our third part of the stars, known to you as fallen angels, marching against Jehovah and all living things, seen and unseen.”

At this point a natural sense of fear gripped every fiber of our being but we knew we had to stay and endure every circumstance we might face to document the truth for the church.

He picked up a glass of water from a table beside him and took a drink. It was then that I noticed a man standing to his right in the shadows. Later I learned that he was the First Counselor to the Prince.

He continued. “If you have questions feel free to ask them of any one at the Palace during your stay. I have given orders that you must be answered truthfully and completely.”

Father Pickwick, a strong debater and one quick with questions asked, “Who are these fallen angels or stars as you call them?”

He lifted his chin and answered, “They are the third part of the angels that follow my father Lord Lucifer. They are now at war with the Light, The Great I am, The God of Heaven seated in the North. You will soon learn more about them when you visit my ancient library.”

Father Gibus raised a hand and asked, “Is it actually somehow possible to kill angels?”

He shook his head. “No it is not. However, that is not our objective. We are destroying creation as you know it, thereby preventing his final plan from coming to fruition.”

“Surely,” Gibus replied, “you do not believe it possible to prevent God from fulfilling his plan?”

He glanced up at the stars and answered, “My Lord of Light would not wage this war if it were impossible to win.”

Gibus appeared stunned then quoted Isaiah 14:12-15: *“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! For thou hast said in thine heart, I will ascend into heaven, I will exalt my throne above the stars of God: I will sit also upon the mount of the congregation, in the sides of the north; I will ascend above the heights of the clouds; I will be like the most High. Yet thou shalt be brought down to hell, to the sides of the pit.”*

Gibus then said, “It is written as I have just quoted that your lord is already fallen and will at the appointed time be locked away in hell forever!”

The Prince walked to where Gibus stood and said, “You are good at quoting scriptures but you do not understand the full implications of what it is all about. Life on earth has been created and destroyed many times before. Adam and Eve and all of the present creations are but one more attempt by Jehovah to defeat my father.

“Your scriptures tell you that he destroyed the people during Noah’s time because he found only evil dwelling in their hearts.

“Why would an all loving god destroy his own creation? The answer is simple. It is not we that are evil but he is the evil one. We are resisting his

dominion over us as free moral agents. Therefore, he considers us evil for wanting our own self rule.”

Gibus blinked in dismay.

“That is an incredulous statement,” he said. “And by saying it, you have blasphemed the Holy Spirit committing the unpardonable sin and will be damned eternally for it in the Lake of Fire! We know that your father is the author of lies and twists and bends every word of God to his own purpose. Satan cannot win this war with words or by any other means against a God of perfect love.”

The prince smirked.

“You speak of love, love, love,” he said. “Always love in your scriptures. How could a perfect loving god create imperfection in Lucifer? How could hate enter into a perfect vessel of love if it had not been by design?

“You and your kind are creatures imprisoned by brainwashing. Satan and his angles fight for their right to be free.

“You have been born on my father’s world. He is the god here. Does not your own scriptures tell you that he is the god of this world? He is the Prince and Power of the Air. He is the great Dragon and his breath is phosphorus. It is from his mouth that light spews. It is impossible for him to be defeated. He is an eternal being! His light spans the ages!

“He has won the first battle already by choosing not to follow your god. That, if nothing else, will be his torment for eternity. Think of it, a God of pure love that must endure hatred forever from his creation,” he said.

He returned to the front of the room, leaving Gibus shaking his head whispering, “Blasphemy! They are all doomed, but what else can they say.”

We all knew that only God the Father, Jehovah, is the only God of this world but we did not contest his statement. He and all his kind committed the unpardonable sin by attributing to Satan what God has done. Jesus said, a house divided cannot stand and all evil comes from the wiles of Satan, they will all truly be damned after the White Throne Judgment to the Lake of Fire for eternity.

We continued asking questions of the Prince. He amazed me with his uncanny ability to communicate in all of our languages. Most amazing still, he spoke to every man in his native dialect and even to the extent of using particular colloquialisms of his region of origin. He never erred even when changing from one language to another.

When he concluded speaking, he had us follow the guides to see what he claimed to be the original Tree of Life. He said it had been in the actual Garden of Eden. Our curiosity was most definitely piqued.



TAURUS

Chapter 3

Located on the lower level of the palace was indeed an unusual fruit tree bearing apples of perfect crimson and surrounded by a golden haze. We were told by one of the albinos that this was in fact The Eternal Tree of Life and that this chamber was called The Garden of Adam. The floor was inlaid with white and yellow tile in the shape of a pentagram. At each point of the star was a giant guard that stood well over eight feet tall.

They were dressed with metal helmets and coats of mail with plates of metal buttoned and overlapped. When asked the weight of the armor, one guide said it weighed 195 lbs. Each giant had coverings for the front of his legs made of brass and each had a javelin with a spearhead weighing 23 lbs. Another strange fact was that they were polydactylous, having six fingers and six toes just as did the giants from the city of ancient Gath recorded in the Old Testament. They looked like they stepped out of an ancient age without any physical change in appearance.

Father O'Malley reached out to touch an apple when the guard next to him thrust the point of his spear through his hand. He fell back and cried out in pain. One of the guides took hold of him and said, "You have nothing to fear and you are in no further danger." He took him from the room and as we followed I looked over at the giant that had stabbed him. He stood at attention as if nothing had happened. Our tour did not end there.

We expected to be taken back to meet with the Prince about the incident but instead were escorted to a large and lavish room. The atmosphere was permeated with what reminded me of an oriental perfume. The lights seemed to carry faint strains of music that could be felt penetrating our bodies and at times it sounded like the cries of hordes of souls being tortured in faintly crackling flames.

Seated on an enormous throne before us was another giant so large and burley that the mere sight of him was fearful. His countenance was entirely different from that of normal men. His skin was dark and rusty with a deep yellow tint. His eyes were a brilliant blue and he had golden hair with long braids. He had a full beard with bushy eyebrows. He looked like a Viking. We had the helpless feeling that we were at the complete mercy of this man. He was more than nine feet tall and his very persona emanated a power I could feel.

After entering the room, our guides immediately dropped to their knees, heads pressed against the floor, bowing before his throne. They remained in that humble position until the encounter had ended.

He introduced himself as King Anak, Ba'al Hadad, the first and forever ruler over the kingdoms of the Amorites, Avims, Nephilims, Capthorims, Kenites, Kenizzites, Kadmonites, Periccities, Hittites, Rephaims, Canaanites, Gargashites, Jebusites, Hivites, Emims, Horim, Zamzummins and the Anakims.

These were all ancient tribes of giants recorded in the Holy Scriptures. They

were descended from Noah through his grandson Phut and they had all settled in the land that Israel now occupies.

The room had a rich ochre tile floor. His throne was on an elevated platform about a foot off the main floor. There were three columns on each side of the platform and three across the front and rear. Each was of pure gold tapering at the top with the heads of rams facing out on four sides of each column. Above the rams were round shields with cobras poised in a striking position. On each side of the platform were two large vases with feathers of many colors set in gold staffs.

There was a roof that sat on the columns covering the throne. It was gold inlaid with jewels at the top and with a row of cobras that went all the way around the edges. They too were in a striking position, each inlaid with rubies and emeralds.

He was wearing a gold crown that had an oval disk in the center. Inside the disk was a sculpture of a snake in a striking position and next to it was the profile of a lion's face. The snake and lion had rubies for eyes, their heads surrounded by sunrays. At one side of the disk was a half moon in pearl. On the other side of the disk was a star fashioned from a large diamond.

A broad gold band went around the base of the crown with a gold net hanging from the back of it, draping over his shoulders and down to the middle of his back. He was wearing gold earrings with the face of a man, his mouth held wide open. The corona of the sun shown in the form of a lion's mane around his face.

He wore a transparent silk robe over a suit of armor. The armor was gold with intricate carvings of different mythological symbols on it. Over each chest plate was a Phoenix sitting on a nest of flames. On his belt buckle was a man seated on a seven-headed serpent with sunrays around him. He was in a cart with two wheels drawn by a seven-headed horse, driven by a legless man floating above the horse.

He wore an armband around each bicep with large emeralds in the center of them. He also had a bracelet on one wrist made of gold with two rolls of rubies going around the top and bottom of it with a single row of diamonds in the center. On his right wrist was a watch. He wore sandals that had white feathers carved into the leather that went around the base and then lapped over his toes. The straps were made of black silk cloth with gold latches in the shape of cobras.

The symbols on his jewelry and dress, as well as those on the entire decor of the chamber, were representations of a historic journey through thousands of years of sun worshippers and astrological seers. Ancient mysteries shroud these symbols that originated with the Illuminati before time remembered.

Yet, these symbols still weave through the fabric of our daily lives in the news, entertainment, social clubs, religion, art and even product promotions. It was a vivid reminder of the force of darkness at work.

The room had the appearance of having been replicated from the distance past when he had ruled over his own kingdom. The splendor could not be surpassed even by the finds in King Tutankhamun's tomb, better known as King Tut, the boy King of Egypt.

Father Stubens inquired how he and the other giants could still be alive after these many millenniums and if any of his direct descendants had survived. He

clapped his hands once and spoke a command in his native tongue. A door swung open and there entered a gargoye like the ones seen on cathedrals throughout Europe. It was a hideous creature that had a most foul odor. He was about four feet tall and was stooped over, swaying from side to side. His eyes were a yellow-green like those of a serpent. His teeth were sharp with fangs protruding at the side of his narrow lips. His every movement was quick and jerky.

Anak stood to his feet hovering over us. In a low steady voice he answered Stubens.

"It is not important why or how I still live but that you know standing before you in this pathetic state is the disembodied spirit of my firstborn son," he said. "This is the form we take at death by having been descended from the sons of the stars. Only I, Anak and five of my clansmen, have not suffered the death of the body. We have no women left. We are a dying race. It is required by my Lord Prince Rasalhadi to answer your questions but if you want to know more on this subject then ask it of him."

Stubens cleared his throat and said, "I thank you King Anak for your answer. May I ask what do you mean by descended from the sons of the stars?"

He reared his head and glared up at the ceiling as if in thought then looked back at him and answered in a matter of fact way.

"We are come from the union of the sons of God who took themselves daughters of men, from which were born our race."

"And it came to pass, when men began to multiply on the face of the earth, and daughters were born unto them, that the sons of God saw the daughters of men that they were fair; and they took them wives of all which they chose." One of the Priest muttered, reciting Genesis 6: 1-2. Then he continued with the forth verse, "There were giants in those days; and also after that, when the sons of God came in unto the daughters of men, and they bare children to them, the same became mighty men which were of old, men of renown."

Father Gibus chuckled. I thought it was because he was nervous. It was part of his nature to be jittery. Anak stepped from the platform and walked rapidly to him brushing aside others in his path. His gaze was affixed on Gibus. He reached out, and with one hand gripped his shirt and lifted him off the floor. King Anak pulled him close to his face and in a raspy voice asked, "Why do you mock me?"

Father Gibus dangled in the air, looking like a rag doll. He quickly replied, "King Anak, sir, I assure you I was not laughing at you! It was your watch."

He shook him and lashed out in a harsh tone. "You do mock me!"

"No ... no, sir, I do not! It is how you are dressed, so noble! Your wardrobe is apparel we have only seen in history books and paintings. Your watch simply looks out of place. Please believe me sir, I would never mock you!"

Anak looked him straight in his eyes and bellowed, "You are a feeble race of people! Tell me, are you a seed sucker or an egg licker?"

Gibus reared back his head and said, "Neither, I adhere to my vows of celibacy."

He let him fall to the floor then turned and walked back to the platform,

stepped up and went to his throne chair and sat down. “I am Ba’al Hadad, the Ram and Bull! You bore me, now get out!”

Our guides stood while still bowing then began backing out of the room. We left quickly with them. The door slammed shut. We were petrified from the experience and relieved to have left his presence.



GEMINI

Chapter 4

Departing Anak's quarters left us in a state of mental and physical exhaustion. However, the adventures were not over. The guides took us to another room with a beautiful pool built in the shape of a pentagon covered with ornate colonnades arching over it.

One of them said that we had been brought here to be refreshed and to witness the healing powers of the Prince. The air was filled with the fragrance of roses and lovely stringed music from a harp was being played from an adjacent room. The atmosphere was soothing and peaceful. It was exactly what we needed.

We were told to enter private dressing rooms and change into bathing suits that were provided. When we returned, O'Malley with his hand bandaged was already in the pool. After entering the water our bodies became rejuvenated with a strength not enjoyed since youth. The exhaustion was immediately gone.

From the east side of the room entered the Prince. He nodded and stepped onto the water then walked across to the other side. He then turned around and walked back across stopping in front of O'Malley. He reached down taking him by the hand and removed the bandage then spoke a strange word and the wound was instantly healed leaving no sign of the injury.

He then walked to the side of the pool and turned around. "That was but two small signs of my power." He smiled. "You are bathing in the water from the original Pool of Bethesda. It has supernatural powers and your bodies from this day forward will be free from sickness for many years."

He raised a hand in the air. "I Prince Omar bin Rasalhadi will be the future ruler of the world! Make no mistake as to why you are my guests. It is to give proof to mankind that God is among you!" He turned and left the room.

O'Malley looked at his hand and quoted St. Matthew 7: 21-23, "*Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the Kingdom of Heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in Heaven. Many will say to me in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name? And done many wonderful works? And then will I profess unto them, I never knew you: depart from me, ye that work iniquity.*"

As a witness to the power of the Prince I was able only to speculate that he was showing how he could duplicate miracles performed by Jesus in order to convince us that he would soon rule the world as he said. In my thinking he was also demonstrating a vanity beyond comprehension.

We got out of the pool and dressed then went into an adjoining room where refreshments were served. The Prince soon joined us and took a seat then began talking casually as if nothing had happened. Bishop Pickwick wanted to know more about the gargoyle that King Anak had introduced to us as his disembodied son.

He mused. "Some knowledge is best left unknown."

Pickwick gesturing with his hand in a sweeping motion and uttered almost contemplatively, "Is it not our purpose to observe and record knowledge?"

The Prince stared at him hard. "Very well, with your thirst for knowledge I will not only tell you about these spirits but will demonstrate their power so that you may know who and what they are in this disembodied state."

He ordered that one of his harem virgins be brought in. Soon a young girl entered. She looked no more than eighteen years of age. She was very beautiful and petite and wore a lovely blue silk dress. She went before him bowing on her hands and knees with her head pressed against the floor. He reached down, taking her by the hand and she stood to her feet. He gently kissed her hand and asked, "Do you give me your life my dear?"

She lowered her head and whispered with trembling voice, "Yes my Lord."

He stood and spoke in a guttural language and immediately a door opened and there appeared hordes of gargoyles. He gave a command, pointing toward the girl. The beasts began entering her body through her mouth and nose in the form of a green gaseous vapor. We watched helpless and horrified. It only took seconds for the creatures to inhabit her fragile body.

She collapsed, squirming about as the last of them entered and suddenly she let out a scream, bolting to her feet and whirled around toward us. Her face was horribly distorted. Her eyes were wild and bulging. She was snarling with teeth exposed like a wild animal and her hands were drawn up like claws of a beast of prey.

With an animal-like screech she rushed us. We scattered in every direction, cowering and pressing against the walls. Two of the guides grabbed her by the arms. No sooner did they get a grip than with super human strength she flung them across the room. She slammed their bodies against the wall, killing one and the other lay with both legs broken and one arm suffering a compound fracture. They each weighed well over two hundred pounds.

Several more guards rushed forward wrestling to subdue her. She fought like a wildcat before they were able to bring her under control. Three of them were killed with many more seriously injured. Her poor body was ravaged. They bound her with a steel neckband and chains locking her arms to her side. A steel cord was attached to her neck that would tighten about her throat, cutting off her breathing and strangling her if she attempted to struggle.

During the ordeal I glanced at the Prince. He had a solemn expression on his face. I also noticed to the right and behind him, as always, the First Counselor. His expression was not of fear but more of empathy. The American, unlike the rest of us, had not moved from the spot where he had been standing. He appeared fearless.

We were still pressed against the walls, scared half to death, when the Prince told his guards to take her to the city of AnNabk and let her go. He then motioned for us to rejoin him and said, "These are the same spirits that inhabited the man at Gadara." He was speaking of the man whom Jesus had cast out a legion of demons in Mark 5: 1-20. After Jesus had cast the demons out of the man, they entered a herd of swine and ran into the sea and drowned.

The Prince said to Pickwick, "I will not deny you answers but know that there is always a price to pay for knowledge."

Pickwick nodded. "Your demonstration made that point very well. As tragic as the experience was, I still have one more question if I may ask it?"

The Prince smiled as though he were amused. "You may."

"While we were visiting King Anak, Father Stubens inquired how he and the giants guarding the Tree of Life were still alive after these many millennia. How can that be?"

He nodded then pursed his lips and answered, "This is a mystery that only a few men know. It is a long story." He continued. "After Adam and Eve were driven from the Garden of Eden, their son Cain had daughters. My Lord, the Prince and Power of the Air had his fallen angels marry many of them and their offspring became giants. My father Satan did this because God had told him that he would send his son Jesus to bruise his heel or in other words defeat him. Therefore, Satan attempted to populate the earth with the seed of angels, thereby cutting off the bloodline of Adam to the birth of Jesus.

"As you have studied, God prevented this plan from flourishing by flooding the entire earth allowing only Noah, his sons and their wives to be the sole humans to survive. It virtually did destroy all of the offspring of the fallen angels. However, Ham's wife was the only giant left alive after the flood.

"It was through her lineage that the giants were able to re-populate their species in the land west of the Jordan River along the shores of the Mediterranean, the land that the nation of Israel now occupies," he said.

"God had given that land to Abraham the father of all the Israelites. When Moses died after leading the Israelites out of Egypt, he passed his authority to Joshua. God commanded Joshua to annihilate every living giant in the land.

"When the armies of Joshua moved into the land, a few tribes joined together and resorted to trickery to save themselves.

"They sent ambassadors to Joshua wearing worn-out clothing as though they had come from a distant land. They wore tattered shoes and carried old saddlebags, wineskins that had been patched and bread that was moldy. After arriving in the Israelites camp, they told Joshua that they were not from this land but from a distant land and that they wanted to sign a peace treaty with them.

"After intense questioning Joshua believed their claims and signed a peace treaty swearing a binding oath between them.

"Three days later they discovered that they had been tricked but because of the peace treaty and their oath sworn before Jehovah God they had to spare them. But they did kill all the other giants that lived in the land."

Pickwick raised a hand. "Excuse me Sir, if I may interrupt to ask another question?"

"Yes, go on and ask it," answered the Prince.

"Why did these giants settle in that land since Satan knew it was promised to Abraham and his descendants?"

He turned the palms of his hands up and said, "That was precisely Satan's intent, to contest the claim to the Promised Land and to prevent the fulfillment of prophecies. If the giants had not been defeated then Jesus could not have been

born in that land and fulfilled the prophecies.”

Father Schulze injected a question. “Prince Rasalhadi, King Anak introduced one of the gargoyles as his son and then he said that this was the form they take as disembodied spirits. You just gave a demonstration of them appearing as demon spirits. It is still a confusing matter. Can you clarify their existence and the present state they are now in so that we may more easily comprehend it?”

The Prince shrugged. “Simply stated giants are eternal beings and because they are half angel and half human they cannot die as you do. When their body is destroyed they then become disembodied spirits. Because of their supernatural origin, their body will never be resurrected. They will remain forever in the form as you saw. The fallen angels that fathered them are already locked away in chains in the prison of Tartarus.

“King David, during his reign, killed the last remnant of the giants in the land of Israel. Only King Anak and five of his warriors from the clan of the Anakims survived by taking refuge in Egypt.”

Father O’Malley stepped forward to ask him a question and stumbled on a piece of chain that was still lying on the floor. He fell onto the platform with his head at the feet of the Prince.

The Prince quickly stood and bent over to assist him up and Father Fourn also rushed to his aid.

In a teasing manner the Prince laughed in amusement and patted O’Malley on the back and asked, “Did you have a question you couldn’t wait to get out?” We all laughed as O’Malley and Fourn quickly stepped from the platform.

O’Malley was noticeably embarrassed. Waving his hand he replied. “Yes I suppose it does appear that I was a bit over anxious, but trust me sir I was not trying to kiss your feet.” We all laughed again.

O’Malley cleared his throat. “Sir, in our belief, when a person is possessed by a spirit it is by a fallen angel that has become a demon. Now after seeing the demonstration of the disembodied spirits of giants entering the girl leaves me with a question on the subject. Can you make it more clear and understandable?”

He sat forward in his chair putting his hands together then raised them to his lips and stared at the floor in thought. Then he sat back, lowering his hands to the arms of the chair. “Perhaps I can give you an answer.” He paused. “Spirits that possess a human body can be fallen angels or the disembodied entities of giants that are dead in body but alive as spirit.

“This does however bring up an interesting point, in that many people have misconceptions about spirits, such as thinking they are carriers of fatal diseases or of plagues.”

He shifted his weight, tapping the arm of the chair, staring over our heads in thought then he looked back at O’Malley. “There is a little known but interesting condition that exist when a person is inhabited by a spirit.”

He tilted his head. “Each spirit has a unique personality and if they are perverted, cruel, mean, vicious, or have some other trait, they take on those personalities during human possession.

“If the spirit enjoys killing, they will then kill through the one possessed. If they partook in bizarre sexual misconduct, then that desire will be pursued. The

personal taste of each spirit is varied. They take almost total mental and physical control over the person possessed and occasionally many different spirits may enter the same body bringing with them their many taste and temperaments. Another interesting point about most people that are possessed is that they think they have lived before. That perception results from the ageless existence of the spirit. They have intimate knowledge of scores of people they have possessed throughout the ages.”

Stubens interrupted.

“Prince Rasalhadi, are you saying that this is a reason for mental illness and that the demon spirits change the personality of the person they inhabit?”

“No that is not what I am saying,” he replied. “Mental illness as a rule is a sickness caused by a problem in the brain. There are times when a person possessed may go insane and at that point a spirit may or may not leave the body.

“As to whether a demon spirit changes the personality of the person they inhabit, the simple answer is yes, most of the time but not always. For example, a spirit may take possession of a person that has a personality very much like his or her own. Therefore, the change in that character would not be very noticeable except for periods of dark depression or surges of abnormal strength or maybe increased intelligence. Then there are followers of darkness that seek out spirits to give them insight into future events or some other special mystical talent.”

Bishop Pickwick was standing in the rear and asked in a strong resonant voice, “What power does one of these spirits have over a person that is a believer in Jesus Christ?”

The Prince shook his head. “They have no power over a person that has the spirit of Jesus dwelling in them. The spirit of God and the spirit of Satan cannot be conjoined or indwell in the same body.”

Pickwick then asked, “Why do spirits seek out a human to inhabit?”

The Prince smirked. “It is a simple matter that angels have a desire to enjoy a physical life and disembodied spirits want to live as they did before dying.”

Pickwick moved to the front of the room. “You said that fallen angels do not inhabit a person as a rule. Would you please elaborate on that?”

The Prince paused in thought.

“The Christian scriptures state that there was an occasion when God sent an evil spirit between Abimelech, who ruled the nation of Israel for three years, and the men of Schechem. Those men became disloyal to Abimelech bringing about his fall as King. It was the spirits of angels that wrought this change in the hearts of the men of Schechem, not disembodied spirits of giants.”

Pickwick wrinkled his forehead. “Yes we are familiar with the scripture from the book of Judges. It has always been our belief that these were fallen angels!”

The Prince pursed his lips. “To debate Biblical philosophy or doctrine is like discussing the wind. But I would like to ask, on what premise do you base that belief?”

Pickwick turned red in the face. “From knowing that God is all good as is all of his heavenly host. Therefore, none of them would be capable of doing evil.”

He looked at Pickwick in disgust.

“Oh really? And what do you consider evil to be?”

Pickwick, with his chin held high, said, "The breaking of any one of the Ten Commandments would be a deed of evil."

The Prince relaxed and a slight smile crossed his lips.

"Then killing would fall into that category?"

"Yes it would!" Pickwick answered.

He raised a finger into the air while making a point.

"God killed many times as have angels to serve his purpose, so why do you not consider that to be evil deeds?" he asked.

Father Hoisted started to make a statement but the Prince cut him off. "I am not speaking to you. This debate is between Bishop Pickwick and me!"

Pickwick looked down at the floor then back up and spoke pointedly. "When Jesus was once called 'good' he said that only God was good. I take his meaning to be just that. God is all good and all good things come from Him."

The Prince hissed a breath of air from his nostrils, expressing through body language his contempt at the answer. Placing his weight on one elbow and holding the arm of the chair, he bent forward.

"Bishop Pickwick, as I said, it is futile for us to debate doctrine. We come from different schools of thought and beliefs. Let us end this discussion. We have both made our points."

Pickwick, showing agitation toward the Prince for ending the debate, said, "Excuse my impertinence sir, but I am offended to have our discussion end with an innuendo that God could be evil."

The Prince was just starting to stand when Pickwick rebutted him. He sat back down taking hold of both arms of the chair. His lips were pressed tightly together. This was not a man used to being questioned or refuted. Narrowing his eyes in almost a squint and looking directly at Pickwick, he asked, "If we continue this debate on what point should it end?"

"On the point of truth!" Pickwick answered firmly.

He rose slowly from his chair and motioned for one of his servants. The servant rushed to him, bowing with his head bent low and voice trembling, "Yes Master!"

The Prince bent close to his ear and whispered. When he had finished, the servant turned and scurried from the room. He again took his seat and turned his attention back to Pickwick. Nodding his head the Prince said, "Very well, we will continue the debate. So make your point!"

Pickwick took two steps to his right and asked, "Prince Rasalhadi, may I confer with Father Stubens for a moment?"

He answered firmly, "No. I made it clear that this debate is between the two of us and is not open for a group discussion."

Pickwick nodded in agreement. He thought for a moment then replied, "Evil is culminated in Satan who as the Angel Lucifer committed sin in his heart by wanting to be like the most high God. It is Satan and all who follow him who are evil in deeds and thoughts."

The Prince raised his head and began a long dissertation. "There is something that you apparently do not understand so I will clarify it for you. You think that your God is the one and true God of the universe but it is not so. He is a deceiver

and fraud. It is my father that is the rightful light of all that exist. It is he that will reign and rule over eternity. He is not defeated and he shall win the ultimate battle and there is no power able to stand against him.

“Open your eyes. Can you not see that he has already taken over most of this world? He controls all the governments, transportation, the educational systems, science, medicine, entertainment, literature, religion, the airwaves, transportation and money.

“Show me where you have won even one minor battle and I can prove the fallacy in it. Nothing is what it seems. Your teachings have been perverted. Everything that you know or believe in has been turned upside down.

“Even as we speak you think that we are in real time. But the fact is everything is already over. The end has already come. You are a light beam riding on light beams. The force of darkness has already won the last battle.

“When you talk about light, truth and darkness you think of it in terms of goodness and love. But that is only a learned thought process, such as, being normal. And what is normal? What may be normal to you may be abnormal to another person. In a different age you would be quite abnormal.

“You think that you know what darkness is but if your senses were shut down, your brain would soon begin to hallucinate, suffering from sensory deprivation. Then you would lose all perspective of reality and go mad. Even if your senses were restored, you still would never be a rational or functional person again. You would be in light but living in darkness, as it were.”

The servant to whom he had sent to fetch something entered the room carrying a tray with a linen cloth draped over it. All in the room stared with curiosity.

Pickwick continued with his point.

“As the scriptures instruct us that Adam partook of Satan’s sin in the Garden of Eden and through that one man sin entered into the world. However it was by one man, Jesus Christ that sin was taken away. It further states that there was no sin or blemish found in Jesus. Jesus made the statement that he and the Father are one. Therefore, there is no evil in either of them for they are pure love.”

The Prince stood and walked over to the servant. He took the tray and walked to where Pickwick stood. “Your point is well stated but from my perspective erroneous.” He removed the cloth exposing two apples. One was fresh and red, the other decayed and rotten.

He looked at the apples. “Would you say that one of these apples is good and the other bad?”

Pickwick nodded. “Yes that would be a common analogy.”

He handed the tray to the servant and looked again at the apples. “Which of them would you say brings forth new life?”

Pickwick touched the rotten apple. “That one.”

“Yes, that is correct. So that which appears bad is actually good. Do you think that is only a paradox?”

Pickwick took a deep breath and let it out slowly. “No, I do not believe it is a paradox. In fact, Jesus used a similar example that illustrated the necessity of his

own death in order that we who believe in Him might live forever. In the Book of John, He said that, ‘... except a kernel of wheat fell into the ground and die, it remains alone. But if it dies, it then brings much fruit.’” He paused in thought and asked, “Is it your purpose to insinuate that Satan and his followers are not evil but are good?”

The Prince motioned with a flick of his finger for the servant to remove the tray. He walked back to the platform stepped up and took his seat.

Speaking in a low voice he said, “Please allow me to answer your question with a question. Is an act such as destroying a foe a good or evil deed? In other words, as Plato theorized, is ‘might right’ and he who loses wrong or bad?”

Pickwick appeared stressed. “You pose a difficult question. However, I do understand. You are asking that if a person is victorious does it mean that they are right and good by merely being on the winning side?”

He took hold of the back of his neck and looked at the floor in thought and said, “You are still trying to justify that if God has killed then there is no difference between him or Satan other than perception. And whichever of the two are victorious then might is right. In other words, there could be no challenge to judge the merits of the loser one way or the other.”

The Prince had a slight smile on his lips.

“You stated previously that not to obey any one of the Ten Commandments would constitute breaking the law of God and therefore doing so would be a sinful act,” he said. The point I want you to consider is that each of the commandments represent good in your thinking only because it was presented as such. Now, take for example the commandment, ‘Thou shalt not lie.’ If you were in a situation where one of these men’s life depended on whether or not you told a lie to save him, would you tell a lie?”

Pickwick nodded.

“Yes, I would tell a lie to save his life.”

“Thank you for your truthfulness. Now what if it were necessary to kill another person to save him. Would you do it?”

Pickwick grimaced. “That becomes a more complex issue. I don’t think a simple answer would suffice.”

The Prince smirked. “I think we all understand your hesitation. You believe that murder is a capital crime. In other words, you feel there must be degrees of sin. Even so, we know this is not based on scriptural truth. For as it is written: ‘If you have broken one of my laws, you have broken all of the laws.’”

Pickwick lowered his head and answered. “What you say is true.”

The Prince smiled with contempt. “Yes, and to further make my point you believe that what has been written by your master is complete and total truth. When you stand before him in judgment, you would not contest any allegation brought against you by him?”

He rose slowly as he looked at each one of us before returning his gaze to Pickwick. In a cold voice he added, “The same is true of my Master and Father. When he is victorious in this struggle then it will be his words that fulfill the Truth.”

Pickwick stood motionless before him and we could see the exasperation he

was feeling as he sought a reply. Then he answered slowly and with the firmness of his convictions, said, "I could expound at length on your comment Prince Rasalhadi but I shall quote Second Timothy 1:12, *"I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him against that day."*

Pickwick made eye contact. "Jesus said: 'Satan is a liar from the beginning, the father of liars and there is no truth in him.' God is love and from love comes all good things. Satan is a deceiver, speaking only lies."

There was tension in the room as we listened to his challenging statement. Here was a man that claimed to be Satan's own son and the Bishop was casting dispersions on him.

The Prince gestured broadly as he walked to the edge of the platform and with a sigh said, "We could continue this debate all day. Therefore, I concede that our worldviews are completely the opposite too one another and could never be resolved. Will you accept that conclusion?"

Pickwick bowed slightly and said, "Yes, absolutely!"

The Prince then looked around the room and said, "Gentlemen, your questions have been very perceptive. Now you must retire and prepare for the next phase of your visit. Good evening."

He turned and left the room. Immediately the guides came to escort us out.



CANCER

Chapter 5

Before I continue with the story of the Prince, I feel I should share with you about who I am and how I came to be a priest. My full name is Roberto Maria Cuccia Montini. I was born in the spring of 1934 in a small village near Riesi on the island of Sicily.

My family was poor but proud. My father tended olive groves and vineyards that grew in the rich, rocky soil surrounding our home. Like most Sicilians we were common people. Our loyalty was to the Catholic Church and then with some reluctance to the government of Italy. In Sicily, we had our own culture, our own code of honor and our own understanding of history. As a student of language and history, I have always been disturbed by the fact that writers change the meaning of words.

As an example the word “Mafia,” was made infamous by those in organized crime in both the United States and Italy. It has lost much of its original meaning and is used to tarnish many who were descendants of what was once called the Roman Empire.

As a child growing up, Mafia meant: “My faith, my family.” Family was always the center of all things. My father was my hero and my mother was a saint. Our family was large with many aunts, uncles and cousins. We had lived in our village for generations. The name Montini means “little mountains” and I was proud of that. My first name, Roberto had always been a namesake in our family. My second name, Maria, was for my mother and likewise for the Blessed Virgin. I was also named Cuccia in honor of my aunt, my father’s sister, who married a prominent merchant from Cantania. It was in Cantania where I prepared for the priesthood. Family and faith were always intertwined.

I have many wonderful childhood memories but best of all I remember my cousin, Giorgio Cuccia, who came to visit often. He was eight years older than me, but I was always included in his games. My parents said he was up to no good, but they also turned away and laughed at his antics. They allowed me to get away with almost anything when he came to visit.

During the war I remember how he would organize us and we would plot against the Germans. We always made fun of Mussolini, “Il Duce,” the leader. We all knew he was such a clown. The only person he could fool was Hitler. In the eyes of children they were both fools making a mess of everything.

In our games I got to play the part of Il Duce, a role that I loved. Mussolini always left a light on in the window of his Palace to make the Italian people think he was working all night for them. Everyone knew it was a lie. So Giorgio would give me a candle when we played in the dark after supper. I hid behind an olive tree pretending to be Il Duce and lit the candle. Giorgio and my brother would sneak up on me while I pretend to be asleep. Then I would jump up in surprise and

we would all have a good laugh.

Those were good times filled with many fond memories. However more serious things marked my youth that I should include. I had an older brother named Michele because of the family tradition of naming the first son after his father. He was three years older than me and because of complications after I was born my mother bore no more children. It was just the two of us.

Papa was proud of his sons and loved to take us fishing. He worked hard and went to the port to trade wine and olive oil for mussels, clams, squid and fish from the sea, but fresh fish from the river cost us nothing.

I say all of that to tell about an accident that happened in the spring of 1943, soon after the American invasion and occupation. Michele was twelve and I was almost nine. The river was swollen from much needed rain but there was a bend where the water was generally calm and the fishing was good. Papa took us out in a small flat bottom boat that he had named the Santa Maria after mamma.

He had two oars and one long pole in the boat. The oars were used to guide us to a good fishing spot and the pole was used to push us when the water was low and to secure the boat when we were ready to fish. That day Papa had tied the boat to the pole and thought it was securely stuck in the river bottom but a swirling rush of water twisted the boat around the pole. Papa stood up and took hold of the pole. In that instant the boat capsized and tossed the three of us overboard.

We were only about fifty meters from shore but the water was too deep to touch bottom. Michele and I could not swim. I still remember every detail of that day even though I would prefer to wipe it from my memory. Michele and I were drowning. I was choking on the water and splashing about in panic.

I saw Papa threading water, looking at us with terror trying to choose which to save. It seemed like everything was going in slow motion and then it all sped up. He swam straight for me.

As soon as he took hold around my neck I felt a great rush of relief but then as he swam with me for the capsized boat I saw Michele struggling to stay afloat. Our eyes met for the briefest of moments and then he sank. His hand was the last thing I saw as he vanished beneath the water.

Papa reached the boat lifting me up on the side. I couldn't bring myself to look back but I heard Papa swimming to where Michele had been. I knew even at that young age he was gone.

I hung to the side of the boat sobbing and coughing. Soon Papa swam back beside me crying too. It seemed like we were there for a very long time. I looked up as the sun was going down and the sky had a strange appearance. It was bright red with a broad band of yellow arching from the east to the west and a second band arching from the north to the south, forming a cross.

I didn't know until years later that there would be any significance to the cross in the sky.

I had never seen anyone dead before that night. Some men from the village found Michele and brought him home to us. That was how they did it back then. Mama washed him then Papa took him to the mortician to be prepared for burial.

His body was brought home the next day for the wake that lasted three days.

I lay in my room most of that time, crying and feeling guilty that it should have been me dead rather than him.

He had such a sweet nature and was the most wonderful brother one could ever want. I was never able to get over the loss. That night Papa came to the room that Michele and I shared. He sat down on the bed bent over and kissed me on the forehead. I felt a tear fall on my face. Then he whispered in my ear, "I understand son."

After his death time passed slowly for me.

Three years passed by when a so-called friend named Ernesto would sometimes come over to play or go rabbit hunting. He had a dog that was gray with black speckle spots. He was what some called a mutt. Ernesto was always cruel to the dog and had named it Stupid. He would kick him and yell obscenities at it for no reason. The dog would start to run away but Ernesto would call him back in a harsh voice and say something like, "Come here you stupid nothing! If you run away from me I'll kill you!" The dog for some reason would always come cowering back to him only to be hit on the head.

During all the time that I knew Ernesto he never once expressed any affection toward the animal. One day while I was at his house lounging in the front yard he walked close to the dog and kicked him in the rump and laughed. The dog got up and looked at him then began to walk away with his head stooped low to the ground I somehow felt in my heart that he was not going to ever come back.

I shouted, "Sell me your dog!"

Ernesto turned and looked at me puzzled then burst into laughter slapping his stomach in amusement. In a high pitched voice he asked, "What would you want with a good for nothing mutt like that?"

I ran to the dog calling out for him to wait. I knelt down and put my arms around his neck. "What do you want for him?"

Ernesto grinned in amusement. "What do you have?"

I reached into my pocket and took out a Swiss Army knife Giorgio had given me. Ernesto had always liked it. "This!"

He reached out taking it and looked it over. Then he glared at the dog. "It's a deal! Now you both are stupid."

I stood up and put out my hand. "Shake on it."

He smiled and took my hand, shaking it.

With anger gushing from me I yelled, "Don't ever hit my dog or call him names or I will never play with you again!" He knew I meant it.

I turned to the dog speaking to him in a kind voice. "You have a new name now. It is Miccio."

Ernesto chuckled.

"But that is a people name."

"Yes," I said, "And now it is his name."

I had given the dog my brother's nickname. I reached down patting him on the head and said, "Let's go home little buddy."

I started walking away but Miccio stood watching me. Ernesto kicked dirt toward him, waving his hand in my direction. "Go on, you're his dog now!"

It was as if he understood and started toward me, not like he used to walk but

with a brisk pace holding his head and tail up high. I was twelve when I got him. He became a happy dog and replaced a large vacancy in my life.

Papa owned the farm that we lived on. It had been passed from father to son for six generations. The old house built of stone and stucco was nestled on a secure hillside with vineyards on both sides and olive groves flourishing in the rocky but fertile soil. Above and behind the house were meadows where our goats grazed. It was a very beautiful place for a child to grow up.

On a ridge in the meadow behind the house was a very special tree that stood alone. Miccio and I played often in the meadow and sat under the shade of the tree to rest. It was a large oak that filled out during the summer, reaching high into the sky. Papa told me that my great-great-grandfather buried his father on that very spot and planted the oak right in the center of the grave. That way he would always be a living part of nature and I felt a special part of it.

The day after my sixteenth birthday Miccio and I were climbing the hill to sit under the tree. When I reached the top I saw him struggling. I ran down the hillside and picked him up, cuddling him in my arms. I carried him up the hill and sat under the tree with his head on my knee. He looked up at me then slowly closed his eyes. Just like that he was gone.

I could not cry. I sat staring at him for a long time. Then got up, looked around for a sharp stick and started digging a grave. Tears began to pour from my eyes and I was unable to stop them from flowing.

After the hole was dug I picked him up and kissed him on the head for the last time. I put him in the ground and raked dirt into the hole. I looked up and yelled to God. "Why? Why, Why, Why?" Twilight had fallen and down the hill was Papa searching for me.

When he came near he saw the grave and realized what had happened. Without saying a word he sat down on the ground. I knew he felt my pain. He was that kind of man. He never said much. He expressed his love in actions. I lay down putting my head on the grave. Papa sat with his back against the tree. The night passed slowly. I must have fallen asleep because his jacket covered me in the morning.

My heart was so heavy and sad I must have had a vision. I heard my brother Michele speaking to me in a voice as plain as if he were standing next to me.

"Don't worry Roberto, Miccio is with me now. I will take good care of him until you join us."

When I awoke the sky was as red as fire with the same golden arch crisscrossing it as on that day my brother drowned. While staring up at it, another arch came out of the east crossing over the first, forming a crucifix. My father awoke and saw it. He got on his knees, praying while staring skyward and I did the same. The sun rose over the horizon and the crucifix faded away.

He looked at me and said, "Son, God has chosen you as one of his servants."

He got up, walked over to me with tears in his eyes and kissed me on the mouth and whispered, "I give you to God!"

We walked down the hill no longer feeling heavy of heart but were now overjoyed. My heart was filled with a new love I had never felt before. That day was my first walk with God. It was then that I knew I would become a priest and

follow my Savior for the balance of my life.



LEO

Chapter 6

In the Palace we had a sumptuous meal and then our guides escorted us to our rooms for the night. The guide that had been killed and the one wounded while struggling with the young virgin had been replaced. We said nothing nor asked any questions concerning them.

I lay across my bed praying for spiritual strength, not sure I would ever return home again. I opened my Bible to Isaiah 40: 29-31 and read, *“He giveth power to the faint; and to them that have no might he increaseth strength. Even the youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men utterly fall: but they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint.”*

I fell fast asleep. During the night an ear-shattering crack filled the air and I jumped off the bed thinking lightning had struck the building. My eyes focused on a ghostly image standing inside a haze of multicolored lights. It appeared to be a man. I asked in a trembling voice, “Who are you?” “Morning Star,” came the reply. I felt the color leave my face as I turned ashen gray. I knew this was Satan himself in spirit or in person standing before me. The hair stood straight up on the back of my neck running all the way down my spine.

The mental picture I had of him was much different than he actual looked. Standing there in mist colored lights he was an image of the shadows and forms that lurk in ones imagination of fear. But as he stepped near to me he looked just like an ordinary man. In fact, he was quite ordinary except for two small amber horns that protruded above each temple on the sides of his head.

I always believed the horns on his head were simply myths but now I know that they are real and have been witnessed by many others in past ages.

He stood about 5’ 9” tall and was stocky built, appearing rugged and muscular but not like a body builder. It was more like an inherent trait. His hands were large and thick. His face reminded me of a prizefighter although his nose was long and straight. His forehead was broad with a ridge that crossed the brow. His jaw was square and solid. When he smiled he showed a distinguished set of teeth.

He had a receding hairline running all the way across the front. His hair was salt and pepper with small curls. His eyes were large and the whites could be seen all the way around the iris. They were hazel in color. His skin was a rustic brown and weathered. Ruggedly handsome yet plain, he did not have a ladies’ man appeal. There was more of an unrefined air about him.

I backed away and reached for my holy cross to give me courage. After my hand had a tight grip around it I heard my voice floating through the air, “What do you want of me?”

“I have come to offer you an opportunity,” he answered boldly and then his

next statement struck me like a slap in the face. "Feed Me!"

I glanced about the room and stuttered, "There is no food in here."

He appeared amused. "If you are a Son of God then command that those books be made bread." He was referring to three books on the nightstand next to my bed that I had brought on the trip. I now understood what he was up to. His question was the same that had been asked of my Lord nearly 2,000 years ago. So I answered the same as Jesus had done by quoting Deuteronomy 8: 3: "...*man doth not live by bread only, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of the Lord...*" Then I added: "The Bible tells us that, *'In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. The same was in the beginning with God.'*" I nodded at the books. "Jesus Christ is the Word and the Bread of Life. I receive my sustenance from him."

He stepped towards me. "Very good, you have a quick mind."

He raised a hand and we were instantly on a mountain overlooking a valley almost straight down. I looked over the cliff and his words rang in my ears, "If you are a Son of God jump off the cliff for it is written: *'For God shall give his angels charge over you to keep you from harm.'*"

"Yes," I answered. "And it is written in Deuteronomy 6: 16. *'Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God.'*" I looked over the edge of the cliff and said, "God is not mocked!"

He laughed waving his hand through the air and we were instantly on another mountain overlooking vast cities of lights. "Here are many great kingdoms with much wealth and power. All these things will I give you if you will serve me."

Again I quoted from the scriptures. "Get behind me Satan for it is written in Deuteronomy 6: 13: *'Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God and Him only shalt thou serve.'*" Taking a deep breath I then said, "The only reward that I seek has already been given to me in the promise made by Jesus Christ, that of everlasting life, that where he is, I may be also. Are these not the same types of temptations you offered my Lord Jesus when he was a man on earth?"

Without answering my question he said, "You have accounted well of yourself. Because of this I will show you many mysteries before this night is over. You can share with those who wonder about hidden power and how it is vested in ideas as well as in reality, so that they can choose to follow and worship me."

He pointed to the east then we were suddenly standing in a room with plain plaster walls and a dirt floor. Across from us was a man sitting before an idol. He did not seem to take notice we were there. The idol was also in a sitting position. It was about 6 feet high and 3 or 4 feet wide. There was a dish in the lap of the idol filled with ashes and burning incense. The man wore only a pair of under shorts. His body was covered from head to foot with festering oozing boils. He was chanting to the idol scraping the sores with a broken piece of pottery and pouring ashes from the dish upon his body.

Satan looked at me then back at him. His voice was firm. "Skin for skin all that a man hath will he give for his life." He took me by the arm and walked me over to an open window. We looked out at a mansion surrounded by manicured gardens. "This is his and more. He is lord over much and is lord over many yet

here he sits pleading for his life. You have resisted my offers. Now go over and ask him why he sold his soul.”

I walked slowly to where he was sitting. What could I possibly say to him in his agonizing condition? I bent over to ask if there might be anything I could do for him and as I looked into his face my heart began to pound hard. It was difficult to catch my breath. I was gasping for air. Here sat a man that looked exactly like my brother Michele would have looked as a grown man if he had lived. I was sick at my stomach feeling that I might vomit.

Satan laughed, “I am his Lord. Who is your Lord?”

Standing stupefied I tried to clear my mind to answer then I heard my voice quoting John 10: 1-5: *“...I say to you, he who does not enter the sheepfold by the door but climbs in by another way, that man is a thief and a robber; but he who enters by the door is the shepherd of the sheep. To him the gatekeeper opens; the sheep hear his voice, and he calls his own sheep by name and leads them out. When he has brought out all his own, he goes before them, and the sheep follow him, for they know his voice. A stranger they will not follow. But they will flee from him, for they do not know the voice of strangers.”*

Still in a daze I quoted John 10: 27-29: *“My sheep hear my voice, and I know them and they follow me: and I give unto them eternal life; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand. My father, which gave them to me is greater than all; and no man is able to pluck them out of my father’s hand.”*

He allowed his anger to show and in a harsh tone his words cracked through the air.

“Your heart is impregnable for you have opened the door and supped with Jesus. It does not matter though because my words must be known. Let us move on and discuss other matters of wisdom and ask questions for this night is yours to know the deepest hidden truths contemplated by man.”

I felt the easing of tension between us and in a calm voice I asked, “There are many things that have long been in my mind such as, what is the cornerstone of earth and what is the cornerstone of the universe? Each has been an enigma that I have debated since attending seminary, and what is the base that holds it all together?”

Lifting his hand and waving it through the air we were standing by the River Nile in Egypt looking at the Great Pyramid at Giza. “The earth is the cornerstone of the universe and this pyramid is the cornerstone of earth containing all of the history of man, past, present and future. It is all here locked away, preserved like an eternal clock never erring. There are scholars that have correctly interpreted a fraction of its hidden secrets with little or no interest being exhibited by their fellow man because they think that the data has been fabricated or is not true.

“All its physical dimensions bear out infinity which culminate in the Alpha and the Omega. The square, the circle and the pyramid are all interlocking evidence of that fact and as are angelic and human beings, both linked to the same principles as eternal creatures. The cornerstone of the law of infinity is the nucleus. God and his creation are never ending, we are infinite and nothing can change that fact!”

Satan then pointed toward the pyramid and we were instantly transported to an entrance of a passageway. He pointed straight up toward the northern part of the sky. "There is Alpha Draconis. It is my personal star of light, the chief star in the constellation of the dragon, the great serpent."

We then went to the bottom of an unfinished chamber and a depressed feeling shrouded me. "This is my symbolic dominion known to you as Hades. All who are destined for this place are mine forever."

He pointed straight up again.

"The scientific center of the universe is the star Alcyone, located in the middle of the Pleiades galaxy. I have many followers of astrology that gain their understanding and power from the stars. They that worship the stars follow me and their name has been blotted out of the Book of Life and are then recorded in my Keepers Book," he said.

I shook my head in astonishment but let his statement stand unquestioned and asked, "Who was the builder of this amazing pyramid?"

"This is truly a great mystery that I am willing to share with you. From out of the east came men of an ennobled race led by a man named Job. He subdued Cheops, the Pharaoh of Egypt and all of his high priests. He required of them to demolish the temples of their gods and to close all the buildings that housed their idols. He then built this pyramid to God Jehovah as a monument of record. As I have already explained, it divulges time and seasons. It is a stone of revelation of the son of man, the Christ Jesus and of me, the Archangel of Glory."

After answering the question he waved his hand three times through the air. We were again on top of the mountain.

"Before I return you to the Palace do you have any final question that may abide in the recesses of your mind?"

"Yes, absolutely!" I looked up into the night sky. "My head is swimming with questions."

He laughed and simply said, "Ask."

"How is it possible for angels to seemingly travel at the speed of thought between places and throughout the universe? Do you merely think of being somewhere and you are there? I am not even sure of how to phrase the question."

He seemed amused.

"I understand what you want to know but the answer is complex. It is difficult for human understanding because you are just now entering the age of enlightenment as to what relativity and the different dimensions are and how they work.

"First I will explain how we travel and give you a demonstration of it. The Godhead is not restricted to the mode of travel that I am about to explain because He being all things, if you can grasp that statement, can be at all places at all times.

"As I told you Heaven is due north of the planet earth far away in the universe. If you were able to ascend from here at the speed of light, 186,324 miles per second, it would take 300 trillion times 300 trillion light years to reach it. A human could not travel under these restrictive laws of speed. It would be too slow to move throughout the universe traveling about at the speed of light. Because of

that fact Jehovah made channels throughout the fabric of the universe for space travel. After entering a channel, the door shuts and instantly opens at the desired destination, so to speak in simple terms. The gravitational force from the channel sucks in even light. These channels are what you call black holes. Some are large but most are small.

“The channels connect one solar system to another. There are billions of channels in the universe with only one door that is an entrance and one that is an exit. To make it easier to understand let me explain it this way. There are two doors connecting the Milky Way Galaxy to the Andromeda Galaxy, one coming and one going.”

I interrupted, “What about traveling between planets or stars? Just to reach our nearest star from Earth at the speed of light would take five years.”

Again he seemed amused.

“Yes that is right but there are what we call windows strewn throughout a galaxy used for Inter-space travel. The windows allow us to crisscross a galaxy without any time loss. All the galaxies in the universe are interlocked with these modes of travel.

“As a point of interest there are space travelers of immense intellectual powers that are charting these channels and windows at the risk of becoming lost forever. Only the Angelic Host obtain an inherent knowledge of all of them in order not to fall into a bottomless pit and be lost floating through an empty void forever with no escape route.

“We of the Host can leave earth and go to heaven or any other destination and return by instantaneous transit. We would not have need of these channels if it were not for finite man. Time is a state that did not exist before you were created out of the dust of the ground and put here to torment me.

“The universe is endless and continually rebuilding itself. In the Hercules group alone there are over 10,000 galaxies each containing billions upon billions of stars. Traveling at the speed of light would take 300 million light years to reach the Hercules group from earth. Does man have 300 million light years for space-time travel? Through a channel there would be no time lost in getting to any one of the galaxies.”

Again I interrupted.

“Excuse me Sir, what you have been describing has been most interesting and enlightening but you seem to have stated that there are other intelligent life forms in the universe besides we on Earth.”

He stared at me dumbfounded and as if I were a complete idiot then burst into laughter.

“It never ceases to amaze me how you humans can be both so curious and so ignorant at the same time. Have you been oblivious to what I have been telling you?”

He looked at me with a gleam in his eyes.

“Maybe that is why God has exalted you, to drive me insane. The angrier I get the more I want to crush each of you back into the dust from which you came. After all, that is all you really are, just a clump of clay.”

My own anger surfaced in the face of his arrogance.

“We humans are more than a clump of clay, Sir.” I said, with fervor as I struggled with my fears and emotions. “It is true that this body was created from dirt but it was made by the hand of God and within it lives an immortal soul.”

I felt a surge of courage.

“When we accept Jesus Christ as our Lord and Savior we become the adopted sons and daughters of God and joint heirs with him to his kingdom. We are raised above all other creation, including the Angelic Host of which you are one,” I said.

He stepped forward, lifting his hand to strike me but paused. Bringing his hand back to his side he stood still collecting himself and then continued speaking as if I had never provoked him.

“Of course, there is an abundance of life in the universe. Principalities, Powers and Dominions are three species that were created and look just as you do but they possess far greater intellectual capacities than humans. They have a conscious reality that is entwined with the twelve dimensions but they are unaware of our existence for it has been kept a secret from them.

“Now I will show you a mystery of how my Host traverse the universe. Look over there.”

I turned north to where he pointed. A storm cloud was moving toward us with bright lights shining in and around it flashing with an amber glow.

When it came overhead, an enormous bronze UFO appeared. It had four large legs inset on the bottom of the ship. When it landed, four helicopter blades folded out from the legs and began rotating. They were synchronized to rotate in an overlapping position. Steel rods came out of the center of the blades with two-pronged spikes protruding from them.

It darted about then settled on the mountain with the pronged spikes digging deep into the dirt making a firm landing. The rods gave way under its weight like shock absorbers. In the center of the craft was a propulsion system that glowed warm red and radiated flames with electrical energy flashing and striking the ground. I could feel tingling through my body.

On each leg of the craft were three-dimensional symbols. On the inside of the legs were gargoyles facing one another that looked like Anak’s disembodied son. On the right side of each leg was the face of a frog with its mouth open and on the left side was the face of a dragon. On the backside were the head of a raven with its mouth open and tongue protruding.

After the craft had set down, the blades on each of the four legs folded up and wheels came down then the spiked rods lifted allowing the craft to roll about in any direction.

When the flame was shut off it still continued to glow with a bright golden hue. On each leg four small flames came on that seemed to assist in its mobility. When the craft would lift off to fly over trees, the blades would drop down and rotate with a deafening roar.

On top of the craft was a large window where I saw a man sitting and staring out at me. He wore a helmet with an image of a bronze serpent on it. There was an amber glow surrounding him. The cockpit he occupied also flashed with a rainbow of lights. It was all so beautiful I was overwhelmed and completely engrossed.

He gestured at the ship and it lifted into the cloud. Like a bolt of lightning it shot north and disappeared.

My mouth had fallen open. I shook my head and gathered my thoughts.

“Where did this space craft come from?”

He nodded.

“That is a good question. On the planet Saturn on the North Pole, there is a Black Hole of sorts that is in the shape of a Hexagon. It is the entrance to hollow Saturn where the ship docks and also in hollow earth we dwell.”

I blinked two or three times.

He held up a hand and said, “I will tell you no more than that.”

I shuffled about looking down at the ground pondering a final question that had been on my mind since the beginning of this intriguing experience.

“There is one more thing that I would like to ask, even though it is embarrassingly awkward.”

He stepped next to my right shoulder standing within my comfort zone. I could feel his breath against the side of my neck as he exhaled. His voice caused my ear to ring even though he whispered. “What still puzzles you my inquisitive friend?”

I took a step away, looking at him over my shoulder.

“What is the purpose of those horns protruding from the sides of your head?”

He reached up and touched one as an amused grin cracked his lips.

“I am an Archangel and also from the class of Cherubim Angels. These horns are crowns of glory and a rank of power and light.”

He stepped away from me.

“Now we shall return to the Palace. Please be sure to record all that you have witnessed,” he said.

We were instantly standing beside my bed. He then asked me simply, “From what source do you draw your power?”

I quoted Psalm 62: 11: *“God hath spoken once; twice have I heard this; that power belongeth unto God.”*

He smiled, nodded his head and vanished in a dark mist then the vapor grew larger until it filled the whole room. It then glowed and pulsated through all the colors of the spectrum. His now familiar voice amplified said, “I know your thoughts Roberto and the answer is yes, Prince Omar bin Rasalhadi is my own son and my shadow on earth.”



SCORPIO

Chapter 7

I was so shaken by the visitation or dream or whatever that I stood trembling. My clothes were soaked and beads of sweat covered my flesh. The experience had been so real and vivid that I knew my imagination could not have been playing tricks on me. I paced back and forth in thought then put on a fresh outfit and began wandering the halls without direction or purpose.

I found myself in the gallery with the strange life-like paintings. The room was wide and highly arched. I was immediately drawn to the one with the man in the stream. His blond hair floated just beneath the surface as fine as silk and his eyes appeared to be crying out for help.

It was an enormous work with every detail on a human scale. White clouds drifted above the horizon and in the far distance could be seen a medieval town. Everything including the grass and trees seemed to be vividly real. Despite having been warned by the guard that these were extremely valuable paintings and should not be touched I was drawn to the scene.

Something, perhaps my insatiable curiosity or my distressed condition, caused me to extend my hand. When my fingers touched the surface they disappeared. I quickly withdrew them looking to see if they were still intact. Thank God they were. Shocked, I quickly stepped back and stood transfixed.

I saw no changes. The man was still in the stream, the falcon was eating a rabbit by the tree, the clouds were high in the sky and the town was nestled beyond the horizon. Soon my curiosity or my stupidity or both compelled me to step up to the painting again. This time I passed my whole hand through the surface and met no resistance. I gathered my courage and several times extended and removed my hand, wiggled my fingers, bent my wrist and found that no damage had been done.

The night had already been so strange, beginning with the visitation from Satan and now this bizarre experience. I needed someone to verify what was happening so I went to the room of my friend Father Zocca to bring him back as a witness to this strange occurrence.

Knocking gently on his door, I felt some relief to feel a solid surface. To my surprise the door opened immediately. I had expected to find him sound asleep but instead he stood before me in his shorts, wide-awake.

“Roberto, what a relief! I had a very bad dream.”

“So did I, but that is not why I am here.”

He seemed anxious.

“What do you mean? Are we in danger?”

“I am not sure. We may all be in danger of losing our sanity. That is why I have come to you. I need you to witness something so that I may know that I am not crazy.”

He looked at me queer.

“Just give me a minute to dress. There is no way I can hope to sleep this night away.”

While waiting, I thought about my dream and the painting. I had no idea at the time that Satan had visited him too. My focus at that moment was on the phenomenon of the painting.

We moved quickly from his room to the gallery as I explained what had transpired. When we reached the gallery he stood a few paces back as I stepped up to it. Looking over my shoulder I whispered, “Watch! I am going to put my hand in it again. See if any changes take place from your vantage point.”

My hand disappeared and then I quickly withdrew it. He looked at me and said, “That is truly amazing! How do you think it is possible?”

I shook my head.

“I don’t understand but I am going to find out. I’ll stick my head in and look around. Hold my arm and if you feel a struggle, pull me out immediately.”

“No!” he urged. “It may be a trick. Please don’t do it!”

But I insisted and locked hands. Taking a deep breath as if about to plunge into water, I stuck my head in and looked to the left and then to the right. Then I inhaled but nothing changed.

Withdrawing my head, I said to him, “It looks the same inside as it does from out here. Maybe I can step all the way in. You watch for any abnormalities.”

His mouth fell open and he pleaded, “Wait, let’s think this over, I feel very uneasy about what could happen.”

I knew him to be a courageous man but waved him off and said, “I’ve spent hours studying the painting and the time is now to find out about its mysteries!”

“Roberto please let me go and get more help to assist us. You don’t know what may confront you.”

“No!” I snapped. “I’ll only be inside for a few seconds and if I wait any longer I may lose my nerve.”

I turned around, my mouth was dry and my hands were moist as I grabbed the side of the frame. I lifted my right leg over the low barrier. My foot sat down on firm grassy ground then I turned my body and brought the other leg over and into the painting. I glanced up and saw Zocca staring at me in dismay. I stood up, letting go of the frame. His face was instantly replaced by a magnificent vista of woods, hills and beautiful valleys.

I spun around and saw the scene of the tree and the man in the stream. Suddenly, he raised his hand above the water and sank back down. In panic I saw in my mind’s eye Michele as he went under the water for the last time.

Without thinking, I raced forward to the stream and saw him struggling with an outstretched hand toward me. Falling on the bank, I thrust my hand under the water trying to grab his arm but he was just out of reach. I jumped up, looking for a tree limb or anything that could be used to save him.

I noticed the hilt of a sword near the base of the tree. Perhaps he had thrust it in the ground before going swimming. I took hold of it and tried to jerk it out but it would not budge. Then taking hold with both hands and using all my strength I cried aloud, “In the name of Jesus help me!”

I yanked so hard that it shot out of the ground and flew over my head. The force caused me to lose balance and fall on my back, nearly landing in the water. Surprised by the fall, I rolled over and found the sword lying in the grass next to me. The blade glittered in the sunlight.

I tore off a piece of my shirt and wrapped it around the blade, holding on and extended the hilt to him. He took hold, with relief shown on his face, as the panic expression disappeared. I pulled him gently to the bank, praying that the blade would not cut me.

When his head broke the surface he gasped for air. He reached out a hand and I took it while laying the sword aside and helped him onto the bank. He sat slumped over, coughing water and gasping for breath.

Kneeling there beside him I noticed he was unusually muscular. His long blond hair draped over his shoulders. He was fair-skinned and completely nude. Raising his head, he looked me in the face. His eyes were a clear deep cold azure blue with a sadness and intensity that almost pushed me away.

"Are you all right?" I asked.

"Yes, thank you. I am in your debt and I shall not forget the promise!"

Patting him on the back I replied, "Don't worry about that. I know you would have done the same for me."

I stood up and turned around with my back to him and asked, "Where did you put your clothes while you were swimming?"

I looked in the direction of the entrance and fear swept over me like a fever. I could not see where the frame was. Losing all thought of him, I ran over to where the opening might be with hands outstretched feeling for an exit but there was only thin air.

Panic stricken, I shouted for Zocca, "Father Zocca! Father Zocca! Can you hear me? Can you see me?"

I heard no reply.

Then whirling back around I ran to the stream. He was gone. There was not a sign of him or the sword. I cupped my hands around my mouth and called, "Where are you? Please don't leave me? You said you were in my debt. I need your help now!"

I was lost in this place.

"*Oh God!*" I thought. "*How can this be possible? What have I done?*"

I slumped down beside the tree and tried to think. My mind was muddled so I got up and searched for the exit until dark. Completely exhausted, I sat against the tree and fell asleep. Morning seemed to come all too quickly.

I went to the stream and washed my face, then shook my head to clear the cobwebs. The water was cool and sweet. Refreshed, I stood and looked east. There on the distant horizon was what appeared to be the top of a steeple and in the early morning light I thought I saw the glint of a cross.

I was now trapped in this place by my folly, lost and alone. The way back had disappeared and the man I had saved was gone. My only hope was to go in the direction of the symbol of my faith. There, maybe I could find some answers and return to the Palace. My stomach began to remind me that I was hungry.

Birds were flying, rabbits hopped about eating vegetation and a deer with two

fawns trotted along the ridge. The air was fresh with a scent of wild flowers and pine. I began walking and by mid-day crossed through meadows, woods and a shallow stream without ever seeing a road or the trace of another person.

Finally, I came across a rutted dirt path that seemed to have been made by wagon wheels. There were soon, cultivated fields and huts in the distance and across the valley perched on a hilltop beyond I saw the medieval town. Somehow it looked familiar, maybe because I had seen so many like it during my travels or perhaps I was merely comforted by the cross on the steeple.

I walked down the hill and my thoughts went home to Sicily. We had always lived a simple life with the soil, the sun and the sea providing almost everything we needed. I neared the far outskirts of the village and sweet odors of life filled my nostrils with people working in their fields. The familiar sounds of cattle, sheep, chickens, ducks and other farm animals could be heard.

The houses were built of rough stone and chinked with yellow mud. The roofs were thatched with straw layered tightly together to keep out the elements. Near the first hut a man was working in his field. I climbed over a waist high stone fence and went to him.

He quit work and stared at me as if I were a dangerous animal. He held his crude wooden hoe in front of him in a defensive posture.

I raised my right hand in a gesture of friendship. Not knowing where this place was, I spoke in Latin, telling him that I meant him no harm and that I only sought food and water.

He hesitated before answering in an old French dialect. However it was not that hard for me to understand. He pointed the hoe at me then thumped his chest.

“Who are you and what do you want of me?”

I spoke back in French, knowing I needed to gain his trust.

“I come from Sicily and mean you no harm.”

It would have been impossible to explain my plight to him. I just wanted to know where I was and he had gentle eyes much like my father’s, that of a hard-working peasant.

After a long pause, he said abruptly, “You look like no man I have ever seen. Your dress is strange, you have no beard and your hair is short. Sicily? Que ca?”

My mind was reeling and my stomach was growling. I knew I had somehow gone back in time. The historian in me recognized that I was somewhere in the south of France. The geography confirmed my thesis as I observed the rivers and forests, the rock formations and fields. If I was right, the man in front of me was a simple peasant living in an age between the Roman conquests of Gaul and Britain as Christianity was spreading throughout the European continent and before the crusades. I was somewhere between Charlemagne and King Arthur.

But I was hungry and the small wooden cross that he had hanging from his belt gave me comfort, so I withdrew my crucifix and held it up.

“I am a priest, a man of God.”

He looked at me and sighed. “Dieu Saie! We have priests too but none of them are dressed as you.”

He looked me up and down.

“But I know a hungry man when I see one. Dieu mie saue. God save me.”

He lowered the hoe and turned toward the house.

"Come," he said simply.

We came to the front of the house and I followed him through a rough planked door. There was a musky odor mingled with the scent of dried herbs and freshly baked bread. The floor was hard-packed dirt that was swept clean. In one corner was a cot made of ax-hewn wood with a large burlap bag filled with straw that was used as a mattress. Pelts of rabbit, stoat, deer and other animals were stitched together as a cover.

My benefactor, a humble peasant, pointed to a large wood table with a bench on each side and said, "Saiy vous la. Ilya du pan."

Two loaves of fresh bread sat on a stone hearth next to a crude oven. He picked up a wooden pail of water with a wooden dipper and brought it with one loaf of bread and set them on the table.

I was famished but still sensed the fear in this new and generous friend so I rose from the bench and gestured for him to sit too. He sat reluctantly. It was his home after all and I wanted to share bread with him. Still standing, I took the loaf and broke off a piece, blessed it with the sign of the cross and offered it to him. Great relief washed over his face as he gestured enthusiastically for me to sit down too. The bread was delicious and the water soothed my dry lips.

This humble man watched me as I ate but he only nibbled at the bread then abruptly got up.

"Ilya du vin," he said, while crossing the room and took two clay cups and a leather pouch from hooks on a post. He set the cups on the table and poured rich red wine into them and smiled. I lifted the cup and completed our simple communion.

At last he seemed comfortable and my stomach was full. Conversation became easier as my ear and language studies began to kick in. His name was Raimo. We talked for a while and I learned that his wife and children had died in a plague. Too old to remarry, he worked the land and hunted in the forests to provide for the priests and friends in the village. I listened not just as a priest but also in an effort to understand where I was.

Finally, he felt comfortable enough to ask, "What are you searching for stranger? I know you to be a priest but you are so different from us."

"I am searching for knowledge. To know more about other people and their customs," I answered feeling somewhat evasive.

"Why? For what reason?" he asked.

"To see and know more about the world," I said, knowing that I was not being completely truthful. How could I be with this simple man?

He looked at me queerly.

"The world is here in the fields and in the forest, except for my wife and children that are now gone. Maybe you can get answers from the priests at the monastery. They know more about such things. You can sleep here tonight and then tomorrow I will take you to meet the monks. Besides, I am poor with little to share."

"Thank you for being so kind," I replied from the heart.

Then without intent I caught my peasant friend by surprise.

“What stream is it that runs west of here?”

His body went rigid.

“It is no stream!” he answered sharply. “It is the River Tam, an evil place.”

Squinting his eyes he asked, “Why do you ask such a question? What have you seen?”

“Seen?” I asked, acting surprised by his response. “What do you mean?”

He opened the door and looked in the direction of the river and stood silent for a long time as though he were deep in thought. Breaking his meditation, he turned and motioned toward the bed.

“You sleep there.” I simply nodded. His demeanor had gone cold. He brought out a pallet for himself, falling fast asleep on the dirt floor. Snoring like a wild boar in rut, he kept me awake most of the night. I must have gotten some sleep because the next thing I knew he was shaking me. I smelled warm bread and porridge. He had surely been up before dawn. We ate and then he led me to the village in silence.

Walking up the lane that led to town, the huts grew closer together. As rustic as it was, everything seemed neatly tended. Geese and chickens, goats and sheep knew their place as they scooted out of the way. The fields and gardens seemed filled with promise.

People stopped to stare as we passed. Curious children followed us at a distance. After crossing a stone bridge over a creek that flowed around the town, we followed a worn path up to an arched opening in the walls. The stone appeared to be cut from limestone. The streets were covered with cobbled stones gathered from the fields and stream bottoms.

We passed through a narrow alley and came to an outdoor market filled with a bustling crowd buying and selling their goods. Carts and stalls were filled with produce and homemade goods. The atmosphere was festive, noisy and happy.

Turning to Raimo I asked, “What is the name of this place?”

“It is Narbo.”

He pointed toward the largest building.

“That is the monastery. The fathers, les peres, will know what to do.”

No doubt it was early Romanesque based on my knowledge of architecture, crude but with carefully constructed rounded arches. The steps leading up to the door reminded me of ancient temples. It was very large. The front doors were made of timbers twelve to fifteen feet tall.

If indeed there were monks inside I knew this would be my only real haven. We walked up the steps and I noticed some decorative carvings set into the rough stone exterior. I thought that it could be Moorish.

At one side of the door was a woven cord with a large ring on the bottom. Raimo pulled it and above was the face of a cherub carved out of stone where the rope went through its mouth and into the monastery wall. I heard the faint sound of a bell inside. After what seemed a long wait, one of the large doors crept open but I saw no one.

Raimo gently elbowed me in the ribs and I looked down. There was a small rotund man with both hands on the door. He was probably just over three and a half feet tall. I could see the startled look on his face beneath his cowl as he raised

his child-like head and gazed at me.

Raimo spoke nervously.

“Friar Pepie, this is a stranger. He seems to be a priest but he asked about the River Tam. I took him in and fed him and now I leave him with you.”

He turned and hurried down the steps and passed through the children then disappeared into the crowd.

Turning back and looking down at the little friar, he held the hem of his dark brown habit close to his chin. He was staring at me inquisitively as if he were wondering what to do next. Then speaking in a deep voice just above a whisper he said, “Come in.”

He backed away without taking his eyes off me.

I passed through the portal and he pushed the door closed and latched it. The room was large and vaulted and the only daylight shining through was from a round window at the far end. Beneath the window hung a hand-carved wooden crucifix. The only furnishings consisted of a long rectory table, a number of rough wooden benches pushed up against the walls and three high-backed chairs. To my left was a large fireplace set midway along one wall ringed with a half dozen simple stools. Opposite the hearth was a modest door set in the wall.

The little Friar pointed toward the fireplace and commanded, “Wait there!”

I went over and sat down on one of the worn stools. Grabbing his habit and holding it close to his chin, he gave me a piercing glare.

“I am Pere Petit Pierre, (Father Little Peter). The people call me Pepie. What is your name?”

“I am Father Roberto Montini, a priest from a far away place,” I answered, as I showed him my crucifix.

He nodded with skeptical satisfaction then turned crossed the room, opened the door and disappeared.

I sat waiting and wondering what exactly I should do about my situation. Always curious, I made some deductions. The vaulted room I was in served many purposes. It was the chapel for services for the people, while serving as a kitchen and dining place for the monks. The doors through which I had come were no doubt the only entrance from the outside world yet behind these walls were private places for the monks to sleep and pray and commune. And no doubt there were secret rooms to hide or make an escape from invaders. The persecution of our faith had made us both cunning and cautious.

When the same door that Pepie had exited opened, five monks all wearing dark brown habits and solemn expressions walked through with Pepie bringing up the rear.

The first monk stopped in front of me, looking down where I sat. He was tall and thin with black hair and deep inset eyes. I stood and noticed Pepie peering from around the back of this monk, clutching his habit to his chin.

I bowed to the friar.

“My name is Father Roberto Montini. I come from Riesi on the island of Sicily, Italy.”

“No!” he said in a harsh voice. “We are not fools! Friar Pepie said you were at the River Tam. We want the truth if you expect us to help you.”

“I am a Priest as I said and my name is, Roberto Montini. If you ask for the truth, it may be more than you can believe.”

“We are capable of believing almost anything. Tell us all that you know. We can see that you are different from us.”

“I am not from this time. I have come from the future and I am on a quest.”

With that, Pepie jerked back behind the monk as if to hide from what he had just heard.

The monk thought a moment about my statement then slowly said, “We shall pray and sup together and then talk.”

The other monks began moving the rectory table and benches together and then brought in bread and warm stew. We all sat and bowed our heads over a benediction then ate in silence. Pepie sat next to the head monk, still clutching his habit like a child with a security blanket.

“My name is Pere Jean and these are my brothers, Friar Custo, next to him is Philippe. You have already met Pepie.”

Gesturing to his left, he continued the introductions.

“Here on this side are Friars Letrec and Gogan. Now you may please proceed with your story.”

All eyes turned toward me. As if making a difficult confession, I took a deep breath.

“It’s hard to know where to begin. I was commissioned along with twenty other priests to visit a man who has made the claim to be God. He is a man of immense power, both physically and mystically. We went to visit him, a Prince at his Palace near Damascus, Syria.”

All the Friars were entranced by what I was telling them.

“We witnessed miracles on a supernatural scale beyond belief. In his Palace were many paintings that appeared life-like and one in particular showed a man drowning in a stream.

“As a young boy I lost my brother in a fishing accident. I lived and he died so the painting was of special interest to me.”

Looking up, I noticed that they were all pale. Pere Jean nodded gravely at me to continue with the story. I took a sip of wine and went on with the tale.

“My curiosity compelled me to touch the painting even though it had been forbidden. To my surprise I found it not to have a solid surface so I entered the painting to save the drowning man.”

There was stone cold-silence of fear in the room.

Then Pepie rose slowly and shuffled around to my side of the table. He looked into my eyes and whispered, “What happened next?”

This little brother startled me and the candles flickered as I recounted every detail of the scene, the falcon, the rabbit, the sword and the man disappearing and then making my way to the monastery.

Pepie jumped back and shouted, “He has released Beelzebub! He has released Beelzebub! Help us Lord God of Heaven!”

The monks were greatly disturbed and began speaking at once.

“What is it?” I shouted. “Are you saying it was the Devil trapped in that river?”

Pere Jean rose from his bench and raised both hands.

“Silence!” he commanded.

He too was visibly shaken but in command and the brothers looked to him for strength.

“Yes, it is Beelzebub a Devil and one of the most powerful entities of darkness on earth ranking next to Satan himself. You all know the story. It was only by the grace of God that there was a weapon forged from the spear that stabbed Christ in the side mighty enough to imprison him in the River Tam.”

My mind went racing through every bit of history I had ever studied. There was little historical notice taken of Beelzebub in the Bible until 1462 when the Pope declared an all-out war on the Powers of Darkness. Tens of thousands were burned at the stake to prevent him from taking over the world. The name Beelzebub came from the Hebrew ba'alzebub, meaning “lord of the flies.” Even as far back as my seminary days we had debated whether or not he was Satan or if there was a distinction between them.

The sword? Is it myth or truth? The truth was that the blade of a Roman centurion pierced the side of Jesus. The myth and mystery followed that blade throughout the early middle ages. It had been a symbol of good in the hands of the devout with a potential for evil in the hands of the wicked. And now I had apparently, with all my good intentions, used that tool to free Beelzebub from a watery tomb.

The silence and my thoughts were abruptly shattered by the sound of the bell over the door. It rang once. We all stood. Then the bell rang a second time. Friar Philippe turned toward Pere Jean, who nodded his assent. He was a large burly man with broad shoulders and a full reddish beard. When the bell rang a third time he reached out with one thick hand, unbolted the latch and drew the door back. But there was no one at the entrance.

Darkness had fallen. He glanced back toward us as he held to the frame of the door then leaned forward to see if someone might be standing to the side, possibly a child playing a prank.

We heard a swish whistle through the air and saw a flash of light glitter off metal.

His head left his neck flying up then falling down and rolling like a melon over the stone steps, going thump, thump, thump into the street. His headless body stood motionless for the longest time before it gave way under his great weight and fell out the door and down the steps rolling next to his head.

We rushed forward to help him only to jump back. There stood Beelzebub with a smirk. He was dressed in a solid black robe with a black cape draped over his shoulders. His hair blew in the wind. He held the sword out, dripping with blood. He turned, pointing the sword at Philippe and his corpse burst into flames.

“Beelzebub!” shouted Pepie, and running as fast as he could, he went to the font of holy water. He grabbed a bowl and ran back to the door, splashing some water on the floor. He lowered the bowl, swinging it up, letting the water fly through the air.

Beelzebub threw his cape in front of his face. The water peppered him and burned through the cape like acid on paper. He threw off the cape, sending it

skyward to land out of sight.

“You worm!” he shouted. “I’ll cut your little head off you heap of dung!”
Pepie shouted back, “Then come and do it, you stupid dragon!”

Beelzebub reared back his head, laughing boisterously, and placed the sword between his legs. Then he put his hands around the hilt in an obscene gesture and stared at Pepie.

“You are a little worm and sooner or later you will be in my hands. Then I will see how brave you are!”

Pepie stepped forward only inches from the door and spat in his face.

“Go to Hades where you belong, you devil.”

He then ran behind the door and pushed it shut. Friar Philippe’s body had been so consumed by flames that nothing remained but smoldering ashes. As the door closed, the tip of the sword penetrated glowing red from heat. The wood smoldered then the sword was withdrawn. We heard him laughing while he walked away.

We stood silent then Pere Jean said, “We must pray for God’s guidance because we are now under siege. Beelzebub will wait for our food to run out or he will try other measures to draw us out of our sanctuary and we cannot even collect Philippe’s ashes.”

“Can he enter here?” I asked.

“No,” he answered gravely. “Satan cannot enter any consecrated place or set foot on holy ground. Still, we must say mass for Philippe and for our own souls and for our flock that are exposed to him.”

They moved the rectory table to the far end of the chapel and covered it with white linen and lit fresh candles. We knelt on cushions that Pepie gave to us as Pere Jean removed his course brown robe beneath which he wore the simple frock of a Father Superior.



LIBRA

Chapter 8

Pere Jean chanted in Latin and led us in rituals that were so familiar to me, consecrating first the sanctuary then praying for God to accept the soul of Philippe and then for the souls of the parishioners. The liturgy was comforting after what had just happened.

Upon completing Mass, everything was put back in its place. Pere Jean motioned for Pepie to come stand by him and he place a hand on his shoulder and said, "Before today you may have seen Friar Peter as just a little man but now let us recognize that by his actions, this day and in the sight of the Lord, he is in actuality a giant among men!"

Obviously embarrassed, he drew the hem of his robe to his cheek.

Pere Jean paused then said, "It is late and we have much to do tomorrow so may our dreams give us wisdom."

Turning back to Pepie he said, "Please show Father Roberto to a room, a stranger he may be but he is also a man of God and a new friend."

They snuffed out the candles and left through the small door. I followed Pepie as he led me through a long hallway and then up a stairway. He opened the door to my room, lit a candle on the wall then, without saying anything, bowed and left.

The room was small with a single cot in the corner and a table with an earthen bowl and a pitcher of water on it. A hand-carved crucifix hung on the wall above the table and a small open window let in moonlight and fresh air. Hanging from a stone peg on one wall was a dark brown robe.

I peeled off my palace garments and splashed cool water on my face. After relieving myself in the crude chamber pot, I collapsed on the cot and fell fast asleep even before I could finish saying my prayers.

It felt like morning came in an instant as bright light crept through the window. Standing on a stool, I was able to look out the window and below was a courtyard where the monks had gathered. They were tending to a vegetable and herb garden. I called down, "Good morning."

Pere Jean looked up smiled and waved. After washing my face, I put on the brown robe opened the door and hurried down the stairs. Pepie was waiting at the bottom with a scold on his face. I stopped on the last step as he glared up at me.

"You missed Matins." His face softened. "Priests should not miss Matins."

I understood his meaning. Predawn prayers had never been my favorite still I knew they are important because each day brings new light to protect us from the evils that lurk in our carnal nature. Matins means morning, the blessing of a new day.

He motioned for me to follow him into the kitchen for breakfast. He watched as I ate and, when I had finished, he said happily, "You look better in that robe. Not so strange. Now you are no longer a guest and you must work with us."

I nodded gratefully. "Just tell me what to do."

"Then follow me, we have prayers seven times a day and you should not miss any of them."

He gave me a quick tour of the monastery. In the center of the courtyard surrounded by neatly tended gardens was a low fountain with gently flowing water. It was made of marble and had a decorative carved image of Christ praying in Gethsemane. It stood in bright contrast to the rustic stonewall rising around and above it.

When I commented on its great beauty, he explained that the monastery had been built on the remains of a Moorish palace and the fountain had been shipped from Rome. The Moors were driven from the area over a century earlier. His comment confirmed that I was somewhere in the south of France in the ninth century. Then with pride he took me up a flight of stairs that twisted around the walls.

At the top, we enter a room.

"This is our private chapel," he said. "You may come here anytime to pray." Turning toward me he tugged on my robe. "Now I will take you up to the tower."

We left the chapel and passed through a door where there was a very steep wooden staircase that seemed to go straight up. He began climbing and motioned for me to follow. I was amazed by his strength and agility.

After reaching the top floor I stood on a platform circled by a very low wall. A bell was hanging from a beam that was covered by a domed canapé. This was the bell tower that I had seen from the stream and had been my guiding beacon. I looked over the wall and saw the magnificent countryside that I had traveled. Far to the south were large mountains that I thought might be the Pyrenees and to the north, the hills seemed to roll away toward a vast prairie.

Down below was the rooftop of the monastery and the village square and beyond that was fields and huts. Lost in the view I nearly jumped out of my skin when the stairs creaked but it was only Friar Letrec climbing up the rickety steps. Pepie looked up at me and grinned. I returned the smile a little embarrassed. Letrec nodded and said, "Pere Jean has decided that we must man the tower as long as Beelzebub is out there."

He took up a position as a watchman and said, "Pere Jean would like to see you now."

We descended the stairs, and Pepie took me along a hallway to a door with rustic church symbols carved in the surface. Then he knocked and the door opened. Pere Jean stood tall and serene and beckoned for me to stay but nodded for Pepie to go about his business.

The room was not much larger than my bedroom. Two chairs and a table were set to one side and he motioned for me to sit as he sat on the opposite side. He reached for a pitcher and poured two glasses of water then folded his hands and stared me in the eyes. Time melted away as I knew I was in front of a wise and pious man. He spoke sternly with no pretenses.

"You are a stranger among us and by your actions we are now under siege. But you may be able to help us send Beelzebub back to his watery grave."

I started to speak but he held up a hand.

“We priests are humble shepherds here and our flock is filled with ancient superstitions and pagan beliefs. Goodness and the promise of an afterlife are the only things that we have to offer them. There are forbidden places where the people never go and one such place is the River Tam.”

He stood and looked out the window then turned back toward me and signed deeply.

“We know from the Bible and our liturgy the way to salvation. We know that our Christian faith came from Rome and before that Jerusalem where our Lord Jesus preached his message of peace and love. He gave his life for our sake, yet from the folklore handed down from generation to generation we know that there is more to this place.

“Many years ago, the Moors came over the mountains to the south to spread their own word of salvation and conquered the land. As simple priests, we cannot know if they were evil but we do know that they were driven back by the Sword of Christ.”

His comments electrified me as my mind race back into history. The Dark Ages was so vague because nothing was written until many years later. Roman conquests were meticulously chronicled by military reports sent to Rome and the writings were no doubt enhanced by egos striving to impress. Still almost no written record exists of the Gaul's that fought the Roman advances as they tried to protect the land. Again my thoughts were challenged by the mythological story of King Arthur and the sword Excalibur. Was that what he meant by the Sword of Christ? So I asked, “What can you tell me about the Sword of Christ?”

He put his hand to his chin and said, “I suspect you know more about it than I do. But as the story has been handed down, the blade was purchased from the Roman soldier that used it to cut off the head of Saint Paul. Others say it is the original metal from the lance that pierced the side of Christ.”

He lowered his hand to his side and said, “We can be certain of nothing except that Constantine, the first Christian Emperor of the Roman Empire, placed the sword in safekeeping. I can tell you no more than that except for folklore that lingers on about it.

“Legend tells that the sword was brought from Rome to defeat the infidels, but an evil force more powerful than either army was abetted during the conflict. That force was in fact, Beelzebub, and by a miracle of God, he was imprisoned in the River Tam with the sword buried to its hilt, it being the lock that imprisoned him.”

His story made good sense but muddled my mind. What I had been taught over the years was that each Pope since Constantine had maintained control over the sword and its great power. After Saint Francis of Assisi established his order of the Franciscans in 1209 BC, based on missions and charities, he was given the commission to use the sword to stop the Powers of Darkness.

Now, I was hearing from a priest in the ninth century, three hundred years before Saint Francis, telling me about the Sword of Christ and the River Tam. Everything I had been taught had taken place in the late fourteenth and early fifteenth century when thousands upon thousands of people were burned at the stake. Joan of Arc was burned as a witch in 1412 BC and named as a saint only in

the early twentieth century. How many other good people died in those fires of hell? And what now had I done?

Lost in time and in my thoughts, I felt Pere Jean's hand rest on my shoulder. "Do not blame yourself," he said. "We knew that Beelzebub could not be locked away forever by man. Only God has that power."

Still struggling to understand, I asked, "We have legends and myths from my time about a sword called Excalibur?"

"It is no legend Roberto. It is a reality and a truth! He who has the sword has power unimaginable. Your mythical Excalibur is what we call Lateinos! We may be simple people but we know that Lateinos means 666 in Latin and that it is the number given to Satan and all who follow him. Anyone that refuses the Mark of the Beast will be beheaded."

He paused for a reply. I glanced down in thought. "What can I do to alter that which has been done?"

He shook his head. "I am not sure how to change what has been done."

He made the sign of the cross. "You are one of us now. Do as Friar Pepie instructs, for he is your teacher. We must accept our fate whatever God wills it to be."

Pepie became my father superior and friend as I learned the routines of the brothers in daily prayers, cultivating the small garden, drawing water from the fountain, baking bread and obeying the essence of monastic life.

Everyday and night, one of the monks stood watch in the bell tower. We had enough grain stored to sustain us for a long time. We prayed continually for the people of the village and the farmers. Then late one afternoon, the bell rung in the tower, sounding the alarm. Fear swept over us and word quickly came down from Custo that Beelzebub was back and that the village had been ravaged. We had prayed against all hope that he had left the province.

We gathered in the main hall then Letrec and Gogan opened the doors facing the square. We recoiled in horror. There stood Beelzebub, on top of a heap of dismembered bodies stacked like a woodpile and blood flowed down the cobblestone street.

He had raided the homes of the townspeople, slaying and stacking them here in front of the monastery. There must have been more than a hundred villagers cut to pieces with him standing on top in a black robe bathed in blood, with his sword raised high above his head, greeting us.

Pepie ran toward the open door and jumped onto the landing, raising a clenched fist but before he could speak. Like a whirlwind, Beelzebub flew forward and seized him by the nape of the neck, raising him in the air. He dangled, swinging back and forth as he struggled. Beelzebub glared at us gleefully.

"Where should I begin to chop? Maybe I'll start by cutting off his little ears."

With the tip of the sword he sent his ear sailing through the open door and landing at our feet. Pepie winced in pain.

"Oh, you devil of darkness!" He shook him and smiled. "He's a feisty little fellow isn't he? Let's see how frisky he is without those tiny legs."

I was horrified as he raised the sword and shouted, “Stop! When I saved you from the stream you said you would not forget that you were in my debt. Is that true?”

Looking at Pepie and then back at me he nodded.

“Why not ask for your own life? Leave now. I will allow it.”

“No!” I demanded. “I want him set free!”

He smirked.

“So this little worm is worth more than your own life?”

He reared back his head and laughed. Then holding Pepie over his head, he pitched him through the door like a sack of potatoes. Pepie hit the slab hard and slid against the wall, knocking the breath out of him.

“Then he is yours and my debt is paid! Now we start anew and your own life will be required of me, as will all the friars, when you fall into my hands. Believe me you will!”

I rushed to Pepie as he gasped for breath and helped him to his feet while Beelzebub continued his tirade. Pepie took hold of the hem of his habit and pulled it next to his missing ear.

Beelzebub sneered.

“Have I quailed your tongue, little worm?”

Pepie ran forward and stopped in the doorway.

“Your place and time is appointed by our Lord, you old Dragon. I have no fear of you because my destiny was sealed when I chose to follow my Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ.”

“Very well, little worm. You are brave but when you are in my hands again I will see just how brave you still are.” He wiped the blood from his sword with his cape and sheathed it then turned back to the pile of bodies. He rose to the top, sneering at us, and said, “Watch as I demonstrate my power once more.”

He reached down and dragged up a man. I gasped. It was Raimo and he was still alive but was in a state of shock. In a dramatic gesture, Beelzebub pulled back his head and bit deep into his neck, sucking out his blood then spewing it through the air. Then he let him fall back into the pile of bodies.

He then levitated into the air with his black cape held out like the wings of a bat. I wondered at the awesome site if he might not be the Dracula of legend. Beneath him, as he rose swarmed a dark cloud of green flies that soon engulfed him. Then as if by spontaneous combustion, the bodies burst into flames.



VIRGO

Chapter 9

A frigid fear of silence crept through the abbey as we watched the crackling flames lick through the night sky. The only screams of pain we now heard came from our own mind because all those souls were dead and past being tormented any longer.

Pepie broke the silence by asking, "Should we try and escape through the secret caverns and go to the monastery of Farben?"

Pere Jean looked at the little brother with great sadness in his eyes and his shoulders slumped as he sat down in one of the chairs. "You are right. We must do more than wait here. At least by joining the other monks maybe we will stand more of a chance. And besides, they should know about the Demon lurking in the realm."

"When do we leave?" asked Pepie.

Pere Jean looked at him as he sensed his impatience and took a deep breath. "We leave now but first we must pray."

The power of leadership in the church never ceased to amaze me. Here was a good father with half a dozen terrified monks and he ordained prayer. As the altar was quickly readied I took Pepie aside and wrapped his ear and questioned him. "Please tell me what is Farben?"

He winced as the cloth touched the wound but he did not let out a sound and whispered, "A cloistered and mysterious place where there resides a high order of monks. It is not far if we go though the caves. We ordinarily never go there unless it is an emergency."

Our conversation was cut short by the chant of Pere Jean. The mass was short. Then He spoke to all of us in simple terms. "The monks at Farben must know what has happened here in Narbo. I will go alone so the rest of you can remain here protected on sacred ground."

Almost in unison all the brothers protested. "We will follow you!"

He lifted his hand. "Very well, with God's help we will be there before daybreak. Leave the candles lit in the chapel for the souls of our flock."

He knelt and said a silent prayer then we followed him though a small wooden door that exited the chapel. We crossed the garden, passed by the fountain then entered a door that I had noticed before but ignored. I assumed it led to a root cellar. Pepie followed behind me, making sure that everything was secured.

"Pepie." I whispered. "Where does this door lead?" Looking up at me he said simply, "Down."

We descended the damp slick stone stairs. The air was musty and fetid with the order of mushrooms and rotted fruit. We came first to a leveled passageway and then entered a low vaulted chamber. The walls were lined with stone

inscriptions and I knew this was a place where monks of decades past had been laid to rest.

At the end of the vaulted crypt Pere Jean pulled a wooden handle from the wall and a stone door opened. As Father Superior in this place, he held the keys to many secrets. He gestured for complete silence before we went down another flight of hewed stairs.

The deeper we went into the earth, the more apparent it became that we had entered a system of naturally created caves. There was a constant drip of water that had formed stalactites from the ceiling and deposited stalagmites on the floor with emerald pools of water. We went around a boulder and entered an enormous vaulted cavern.

Pere Jean gestured for us to stop and rest. In the dim of candlelight, the cathedral ceiling was breathtaking. Dark openings appeared on every side to more tunnels. My thoughts were instantly snuffed out by the sound of footsteps sloshing through water and growing louder as it echoed through the cave coming ever closer.

We stood waiting with dreaded anticipation when the voice of Beelzebub bellowed, "Welcome to my lair Christians!" He came out of the darkness with sword drawn. Then without warning he rushed Custo. In a blur, the blade sliced down at an angle missing his head but cutting him in half.

In another instant, before the body separated, the sword swooshed through the air, sending the top of his head flying. Then he kicked the body, sending it across the cavern, bouncing off the rock wall and into the water with a nauseating splash.

He sprang through the air with his enormous muscular body, knocking Letrec backwards then slashing across his abdomen, spilling his bowels across the cavern floor and splattering blood against the walls.

Gogan fled to the opposite end of the cavern but he spun around like a dancer and threw his sword. My eyes followed it, sailing end-over-end, hitting its mark. It pierced his body, pinning him against the wall. Pepie was only steps away and leapt up, grabbing the handle in both hands, attempting to extract it from the body.

Beelzebub flew across the cavern to retrieve the sword before Pepie could withdraw it. He slapped him away and the sword flew free. Then he swept it up in his left hand and grabbed Pepie raising them both up in triumph.

He glared at me and howled like a wild animal, "Your God offers you no protection here my friend!" He laughed boisterously. "I too must fish for souls!" Then to my horror, he pulled Pepie next to his face and sniffed saying, "And I bait my hook with worms." The sword hissed as it severed his legs. He tossed him on the floor and spat in his face. "You really are a wiggle worm now aren't you little man?"

His eyes glazed over in pain as he drew his blood-drenched habit to his cheek. Holding it with clenched fist, he glared up and groaned, "You may have killed me but I shall see Heaven and you, old dragon, will burn in the pits of Hell forever!"

He raised the sword at his defiance and brought it down and across his neck. Horrible as it was, I was grateful for the merciful end to his life. But the demon

had not finished. He placed the sword in his belt and picked up the head of the courageous little friar and held it out in a mock ceremony. He offered it to Pere Jean. "There are only the two of you left to chop into pieces now that I have finished off the little worm." His eyes glistened as his voice echoed, "If you will renounce your faith, I will allow you both to go free."

Tears rolled down Pere Jean face as he took and wrapped the head in his robe. Standing tall, as I had often seen him do, he looked Beelzebub squarely in the eyes. "You are evil and have no soul! You wicked, wicked devil! Know this Son of Darkness, I may or may not be a worthy soul for my Savior; that will be His judgment. You can take my life but my soul shall always be in glory with these good brothers you have slain by your evil hand."

Enraged, he drew the sword, thrusting it up and through Pere Jean's stomach so forcefully that it protruded out the back of his neck. He laughed hysterically. "Very well Priest. Let your soul take flight. You can have Heaven and I will take the Earth."

He pulled the sword out, letting his body fall. Then he faced me. I made the sign of the cross, praying and commending my soul into God's keeping. I closed my eyes, waiting for the blade to cut me down. It would have been a fitting end but instead, pain shot through the top of my head. He had gripped me by my hair and yanked me off my feet. He tore the rope from my robe and wrapped it around my neck. Then he began dragging me through the cave.

Sunlight temporally blinded me when I was jerked outside. Excruciating pain shot through my head, my throat was raw and I could barely breathe. Squinting, I saw he had brought me back to the River Tam where I had set him free. Without a word said, he held me over his head and flung me through the air.

I landed on the palace floor and skid to a stop. Stunned, I looked up to see the startled face of Zocca staring at me. "What in God's name has happened to you?"

My legs shook as I stood. "Have you been waiting here all this time for me?"

"Time, what time?" he shouted. "You have been gone for only a few seconds." He stepped back looking me up and down. Dressed as I was, in a dark brown monk's habit, torn and blood stained, he knew something very strange had occurred.

My mind became alert. *The painting!* I thought and walked over to see if there were any changes. "Did you not see me while I was in there? Did anything take place?"

"The only change I saw was the man in the stream. He disappeared, the instant you entered. Then seconds later you came flying out."

I studied the painting more closely. He was right. Beelzebub was gone and so were many other details. I looked at the horizon and there was smoke rising from the bell tower.

I turned and grabbed Zocca by the shoulders. "And the sword? What happened to the sword?"

He took hold of my hands and tried to calm me down. "I saw no sword. Come now, we need to rest."

With his arm around my shoulder, he led me back to my room. He made tea while I bathed. After I calmed down, he asked that I tell him everything that had

happened. He sat fascinated as I went through the details, gasping now and then as I told the tale. He might have thought me crazy if he had not been living through the nightmarish events of the Palace too.

He leaned forward when I had finished. "We have already seen many strange things in this place. Perhaps your experience was just another illusion perpetrated by the Prince."

I sat up straight unable to control my anger. "No! It was I who released Beelzebub from the water. I am responsible for so many good people dying such horrible deaths and I have changed history. May God forgive me?"

"God will forgive you my friend because you have a good heart. No one knows all of God's mysteries or His purpose for our lives. You must try to sleep now. I accept what you have told me in the confidence of confession."

I went to sleep almost as soon as he had left the room but too soon the sound of chimes and a light rap on my door woke me from deep slumber. My head ached and my neck was sore. My body seemed fine as I rose to answer the door. It was one of the guides. "Breakfast is now being served."



SAGITTARIUS

Chapter 10

I entered the dining room and noticed that none of the priests appeared rested. They walked to their chairs with blank expressions. When Zocca entered, I walked over and gave him a hug around the shoulder. We were both Italians and I was glad we had survived the night.

During the meal there were only wisps of conversation. The Prince was not present so we were mostly lost in our own thoughts and meditation.

I picked at my food while assimilating the experiences from the night of visitation with Satan and the hellish encounter with Beelzebub. Had I only been dreaming or had I actually spent time with Satan and weeks in a medieval monastery?

Glancing around the room and thinking about our primary mission to witness the power of the Prince, I took some comfort in the presence of my fellow clergymen.

As mentioned before, everyone had been selected for a particular specialty or background. My friend, Zocca, was an expert of ancient civilizations. Stubens was fluent in ancient languages. O'Malley was a scholar in archaeology and my expertise is Biblical prophecy.

Through our studies we believe we are in the last days. However, to God, 'a day is as a thousand years and a thousand years is as a day' but the common belief is that from the creation of Adam, humanity is allotted six thousand years before the final thousand-year reign of Christ begins. That time is nearly upon us, according to many Biblical scholars.

With this in mind, there are also seven years of tribulation, and the Antichrist rule wedged in.

Any doubts that I may have had were now dashed. Prince Omar bin Raslhadi must be The Son of Perdition as foretold in the scriptures. We were near the beginning of the concluding episode of prophecy, The Apocalypse.

Lost in thought my mind raced through all that I had been taught concerning those events. Having studied the subject most of my adult life and reading untold major works, I confess that it is a complex subject often resulting in more questions than firm answers.

The scriptures chronicle the events that began with God creating Adam and Eve. And why is that an essential truth? Because, 'by one man, Adam, sin entered into the world, and by one man, Jesus Christ sin was taken away.' At conception sin is inherent. If this were not true, then the entire plan of God would be no more than gibberish. If Adam had not existed and had not fallen, then sin would not be passed through his seed and there would be no need of a savior.

There is a portion of knowledge concerning God's ultimate purpose for man revealed through prophets, chosen in every generation to inspire and guide

humanity. For me, it is the Pope of Rome.

The most hopeful prophecy for the Jews is the coming of the Messiah and for Christians it is the second coming of Jesus, the only begotten Son of God.

I believe that the Holy Bible is the divine inspired word of God given to man so that we may know His will and what the future holds for all those that follow Jesus Christ as their Lord and Savior.

Lost in my prayers, I sensed Zocca staring at me so I turned to face him and he nodded at me in a comforting way.

“We’re in the end times aren’t we?” he whispered.

“Yes.” I whispered back. “I was just thinking about that.”

It is here that I will give a better explanation of the prophecies I am referring to.

End times are what we call the tribulation as revealed in the book of The Apocalypse or the Book of Revelation, the last book of the New Testament. It was a vision given to the Apostle John on the Island of Patmos. It brings us to the concluding episode of seven years just before the one thousand-year reign of Christ. The seven years of tribulation is also known as the ‘Seventieth Week of Daniel’ scriptures taken from the Old Testament book of Daniel that many consider the hub of prophetic study.

The prophet Daniel was a boy living in Israel around 600 BC when King Nebuchadnezzar, ruler of the Babylonian empire, invaded Israel and took the Jews captive into Babylon. Daniel was one of the young men from Israel chosen by the King to be raised in his court. However Daniel continued practicing his Jewish faith while in captivity.

Two events occurred during that time that foretold the future. The first was a prophetic dream that King Nebuchadnezzar had. After awaking, he called all of his seers and astrologers together and commanded them that they interpret the dream. When they asked him to relate the dream so that they might explain its meaning, he told them that they must instead describe it to him and then interpret it so that he would know for certain it to be true. If they were unable to do so they would all be put to death.

They left him in great consternation knowing that they would all die. How could a dream be interpreted if it were not revealed? One of the seers told Daniel of their predicament and he prayed to his God Jehovah asking Him to reveal the dream and the interpretation and he answered the prayer.

Daniel went before the King and told him what he had dreamed and what it meant. He told him that he had seen in his dream a man like none other. The body of the man; although intact, was divided by different metals. The head was gold, the chest silver, the torso brass, the thighs and legs of iron, and the feet and toes of iron and clay.

The head of gold represented Nebuchadnezzar’s own empire. Silver was the Medo-Persian Kingdom to come. Brass represented the Grecian Empire to come. Then iron was the Roman Empire to come and finally iron and clay was the future Empire of the Antichrist. Each of these historical events have come to pass, just as prophesied, except for the feet and toes of iron and clay, which are the final

seven years Empire of the Antichrist before Jesus Christ establishes his own thousand-years kingdom on Earth.

A prophetic vision came to Daniel of strange beasts, years after Nebuchadnezzar's dream. Each beast represented symbolic images of the empires to come.

The first beast Daniel saw was like a lion that represented the Babylonian Empire. The second beast was a bear and a ram with two horns that represented the Persian Empire. The third image was of a leopard with wings and four heads and a male goat with one great horn and four smaller horns that represented the Grecian Empire. The fourth beast was as strong as iron and had ten horns that represented the Roman Empire.

The symbolism of both Nebuchadnezzar's dream and Daniel's vision have been much discussed and disputed, still history documents that each period came to pass since the time of Daniel. That these things occurred as foretold by him is one of the fundamental reasons for my faith in prophecy.

Many scholars believe that we are living near the beginning of the ten toes on the feet of the man in Nebuchadnezzar's dream. They represent the restored Roman Empire that will be a confederation of Nations that are revived out of the old Roman Empire territory. The Antichrist will be the ruler over that empire of nations and his headquarters will be located in Jerusalem.

As already stated, the book of Revelation is God's word as recorded by John the Apostle. John sought understanding after Christ's crucifixion and resurrection. He prayed for guidance. In an answer to his prayer, John saw a scroll that had seven seals on it. They were seals that no one in heaven or on the earth had the authority to open. John wept because no one could open them. A powerful angel appeared telling him not to weep because there was only one who is worthy to open the sealed scroll, the seed of David, Jesus Christ.

According to the opened scroll, the first act of the Antichrist after coming to power is to sign a contract with Israel forming an alliance between himself and his revived Roman Empire.

The first opened seal describes a White Horse coming forth with a rider that is interpreted as the Antichrist.

The second seal is a Red Horse that represents war that begins with a major battle between an army coming up out of the Middle East and the forces of the Antichrist. It concludes with a war at the end of the seven years against the armies of the East described as the battle of Armageddon.

The opening of the third seal reveals a Black Horse that brings Famine to the world as a result of war, inflation, depression and pestilence.

The fourth seal has a rider on a Pale Horse representing the horrendous death toll of humanity during the seven years. It is so horrendous that Jesus Christ must return during the battle of Armageddon to stop man from complete annihilation.

The first four seals are understood to be the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse.

The fifth seal when opened revealed the Souls under the Altar that refused the Mark of the Beast and were put to death for not following the Antichrist by taking his number 666 or his name on their forehead or on their hand.

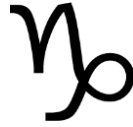
The sixth seal brings so much physical change to the earth that much of it is uninhabitable as a result of wars.

The breaking of the seventh seal brings silence in Heaven. There is great grief for what is to follow on the earth by the Seven Trumpet Judgments. Each trumpet is symbolic of the events of war and devastation brought about by the actions of the Antichrist.

My meditation was broken by the sound of a single trumpet. I trembled as I stood and saw the Prince enter the room preceded by a small entourage of uniformed guards. He motioned for us to sit down.

“Gentlemen,” he said. “My apologies for not joining you at breakfast. I trust you all had a restful night. I have been preparing for the next stage of your visit to solidify my power before you.”

The following day we met at the entrance of the Palace to be taken on an unbelievable journey.



CAPRICORN

Chapter 11

We left the palace in limousines following the Prince to what he said was Mt. Carmel as recorded in the scriptures. The vehicles were left parked at the base of the mountain and from there we began to ascend to a place where he claimed was the mountain that fire had been rained down to vindicate God's servant Elijah.

While walking along the rocky trail it felt like a cool breeze was blowing but the dry grass was not waving and I noticed that as long as we stayed within a reasonable distance of him the temperature was cool but to lag behind and get outside that circle the temperature was unbearably hot.

On coming to a place near the top of the mountain where rock and sand were fused together he said that this was the very spot where Elijah had built his altar. It was here that fire fell licking up the water, sacrifice and altar. To verify what we had just been shown he said it was not a problem for him to duplicate the feat so he waved his hands through the air in a circular motion and as God is my witness fire in the form of burning meteors fell from the sky consuming a tree and the rocks around it. He turned and bowed in a mocking fashion then motioned for us to follow him back down the mountain. One of the priests mentioned how dry the grass was and overhearing it he stopped and looked toward a small cloud and extended his hand. The cloud moved swiftly toward us and hovered overhead then began to rain but not a drop fell on us. Within less than a minute the grass turned green along both sides of the trail. He laughed. "The grass is no longer dry and brown."

We spent a restless night in military styled barracks located in a valley surrounded by high mountains with steep slopes that went nearly straight up. After prayer and a simple meal we began sharing our thoughts and all revealed of having similar dreams of Satan before the trip took place. We discussed why the Prince had taking us on this show of miracles and it was only through unbending faith that we had the strength to retain our direction and purpose of the trip.

The next day we were led to a place that he said was the Jordan River where the Children of Israel crossed over on dry land while being chased by the Pharaoh of Egypt. He declared that it was no trouble at all to control the water since it was one of his mystical streams. With a wave of his hand the water divided as if a dam of glass had instantly been constructed. He walked to the center of the riverbed on dry sand then produced a crackling fire hovering in a ball before him. He reached out with both hands and produced a dressed pheasant. After turning it over once in the fire he returned to the bank where we stood in amazement. His hands were not burned and not even a hair on his arms had been singed. The pheasant was fully cooked. He leaned his head back and laughed and handed the bird to one of his servants. Gleefully his words rang out. "Dinner is served!" Quickly he

stooped and wrote a mystical symbol in the sand. The river again began to flow in its regular course seemingly without any extra burden of water.

We returned to Mt. Carmel and took a winding trail that ended in a rocky ravine. He pointed to the side of the mountain where an opening appeared. We went inside the cave and descended a footpath that opened into a large cavern. At the back of the cave was a white throne elevated by several steps centered on a platform. He walked to the throne, turned and sat down. Two books were brought to him by the First Counselor whom we had observed was always near at hand. The Prince nodded and placed his hands on the books in a show of affection. "All the names, great or small, rich or poor, written in these books are mine forever."

We knew from Biblical studies that he was mimicking the final judgment of God at the Great White Throne as recorded in the book of Revelation. He was demonstrating to us that all those who follow him are recorded by name to be with him for eternity and soon we would understand the reason for his antics.

The cave was lighted in the same manner as the Palace. However, it was even more astounding because it went on for miles. He rose from his throne to lead us even deeper into the caves. Then one of the most terrifying events of the entire journey took place, an event that revealed why he showed us all the lost souls named in those books.

We came to the edge of a great dark gulf. It looked as though we were peering out into endless space. On one side was a large empty cavern and on the other side lay a vast chamber filled with crackling flames that held people who apparently died but were still alive in spirit form. They looked just like living bodies. We then peered over the edge of a black gulf that separated us from the other rooms and down inside the abyss were hordes of strange flying beasts that apparently were unable to escape. It appeared to have a gravitational vortex that kept them from escaping. They had gold heads with several horns sticking straight up, with bodies shaped like a horse and tails curled like a scorpion. They had a face like a man but were distorted, giving the appearance that they were in great torment. They had long wiry coal black hair and sharp teeth that were dark brown. Metal looking scales covered their body and they had wings that roared as they flew about. They were only about one foot tall.

There was a giant standing in the very center of the pit on a platform. Pointing, I asked one of the guides. "Who is that?"

He glanced down. "His name is Abaddon, king over the locusts that are in the pit." Across the gulf were apparently the spirits of those dead who were actually in the fires of Hell. Bishop Pickwick became nauseous and fell into the pit. His body swirled around the rim then slowly began to descend deeper and deeper. The demon locust started flying toward him when the Prince reached out and touched the rim, speaking in a strange language.

Pickwick shot straight to the top like a float. One of the guides grabbed his hand and pulled him out. He said the content inside was as thick as honey but that he had no problem breathing and it left no residue on his body. He bent over and vomited. Runstaat came to his aid comforting him by putting an arm around his shoulder and gave him a handkerchief to wipe his mouth.

We turned our attention back to the astonishing events across the chasm. To my surprise and anguish, I saw a priest with whom I had attended Seminary. His name was Father Galeazzo Magistrati. Our eyes met and he called to me, "Father Roberto, my old friend and brother, I suffer! My heart was not true to the faith and I regret my unbelief in the living Word of God and for not using my time, talent and money to propagate it so that I may have escaped this terrible torment.

"Please tell the world of this awful place so that they may be saved by the Word of God. We who are here are receiving our just judgment, never to be set free. We are eternal prisoners. Tell them to accept him who has the keys of death and hell into their heart and be spared this torture."

The Prince pointed across the chasm and shouted, "Enough!" Magistrati, with his head bowed, melted back into the crowd of lost humanity.

Then to my amazement, the great king of old stepped forward and called to us. "I am no different from any of you. My name is Nebuchadnezzar. I ruled over life and death when I was King of Babylon. A golden statue was made of my image ninety feet high and nine feet wide to be worshipped. It was set on the Plain of Dura in the Province of Babylon. Anyone who did not worship my image was cast alive into a flaming furnace. Now here am I burning, forever day and night, because of my pride.

"While I was king I had a true dream. In the dream I saw a tall tree in a field growing higher and higher into the sky until everyone in the world could see it. Its leaves were fresh and green. Its branches were weighed down with fruit, enough for everyone to eat. Wild animals rested beneath its shade, birds sheltered in its branches and the entire world was fed from it. Then as I lay dreaming, I saw one of God's angels come down from heaven.

"He shouted, 'Cut down the tree; lop off its branches; shake off its leaves; and scatter its fruit. Get the animals out from under it and the birds from its branches, but leave its stump and roots in the ground.'

"Then came the angel from God to me and destroyed my mind but left my kingdom intact and the power for me to rule again in the future. He said, 'For seven years let him eat grass with the animals of the field.'

"I was driven from my palace spending, seven years in the fields eating grass like a cow with my body wet with dew. My hair grew as long as a lion's mane and my nails were like eagle claws. At the end of seven years, I looked up to heaven and my sanity returned just as prophesied.

"When my mind returned, so did my honor and glory and kingdom. My counselors and officers came back to me and I was reestablished as the head of the Kingdom with greater honor than before.

"I conclude with this: 'For what shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul,' for I stood on my housetop and proclaimed that all I had and all that I did as king was of my own power which brought God's curse upon me?"

He stepped back and disappeared into the masses. We were all familiar with these events that are recorded in scriptures. Still it boggled my mind to hear the actual words being spoken by the voice of the great king.

A bolt of red lightning shot across the chasm and the Prince bellowed out in a

loud voice while pointing to those across the gulf. “These are my eternal servants.”

Our eyes turned back toward the souls in that awful place. They were now all on their knees. We looked back at the Prince and he vanished before our eyes. Only his First Counselor was left in the shadows.

We were led back to the original cavern where we had started. There sat the Prince on his white throne with his hand on the books and a smirk on his face.



AQUARIUS

Chapter 12

Later that same day we were led through a tunnel that entered a room with several tables set in the shape of crescents with the Prince positioned in the center. To his right was a chair inlaid with precious jewels with an inscription translated simply, “The Prophet.” The chair remained vacant throughout the dinner and we wondered who this prophet might be.

Waiters began serving a bountiful meal with each of us receiving a specialty from our respective country. When the meal was completed, the Prince escorted us to an adjacent room that held a great library. It was then that he introduced us to the one always at his side. “This is Arthur NaBila, First Counselor by rank, Keeper of Eternal Record, and Curator of my Historical Library.”

Seeing him up close for the first time I was struck by his distinguished good looks and exquisite manners. His eyes were dark brown with coal black hair and a touch of gray about the temples. He stood over six feet tall and weighed about 190 pounds. It was apparent that he was a man of great stature.

He took us on a guided tour of the library that lasted about four hours. It had numerous rooms filled with marvelous literary works. There were thousands of volumes from ancient civilizations and some written in languages we had no knowledge of. As scholars, we were overcome and fascinated by this unique and one of a kind library. The tour gave me time to take in many mental notes that I would later jot down.

It may have only been my imagination but I was taken by a closeness that seemed to exist between Arthur and the American. It was not so much that there were similarities in their sculptured faces but a very subtle underlying acknowledgment of presents, more like some sort of personal vibes between them but certainly not in a sensual way.

The American as I mentioned before had remained a mystery to us. He never joined in debates or ever even asked a question of the Prince. We presumed that he was simply an aloof observer.

At the end of our tour Arthur escorted us into a special room that appeared to have been carved from a massive ruby and emanated a light that was rose red. In the center of the room was an octagon-shaped platform with seating around it that had been carved from huge blocks of crystal much, like the seats in the War Room. The Prince was already seated and did not rise.

On a pedestal in the center of the platform was a book like none other we had seen in the library or elsewhere. The book emitted a silver glow and had a solid silver cover with runic writing and signs of the solar system. When we were seated Arthur asked who among us could read runic script.

Father Stubens raised his hand since the knowledge of ancient languages was his expertise. Arthur invited him to read from it and we could sense his fear and excitement as he approached the pedestal.

The runic alphabet had been used long before the thirteen century by Nordic and Germanic tribes and was immersed in black magic and mystical rites. The SS troops of the Third Reich incorporated the secrets of darkness into a brotherhood of Teutonic warriors.

Stubens began reading the cover with trembling voice. "The Book of Dawn by Morning Star which means, 'The Bible of Satan written by Satan.'" He then opened the cover and began to read.

Chapter

1

My First Son - Cain

1. "Good Morning Cain." Those were the first words I heard spoken from the Angel of Light. It was early in the morning. My brother Abel was at his altar burning sacrifices to the most-high God.

2. I quickly spun around hearing a male voice. There were no other men on earth besides my Father Adam, my brother Abel and me. I looked in the direction of the voice. A light brighter than the sun temporarily struck me blind. I fell with my face in the dirt in fear with my body trembling. I asked, "Are you the God of my father?"

3. The light answered, "I am the God of this world, the Prince and the Power of the Air." "What do you require of me?" I asked.

"I come to give you light."

"What must I do to receive this light?"

"Do you serve your brother?"

"No! I hate him!"

"Do you hate his God?"

"Yes... Yes! I hate them both."

"Then I will show you how to be delivered from them. Lift your face from the dirt and stand." When I stood my sight returned and I saw Abel walking down from the mountain. In my hand was a sword created by the force of magic. I struck Abel across his brow with it and he fell at my feet with blood issuing from his body.

4. Because I killed my brother, the God of my Father marked my body and set me to flight. I fled to a village where I took a wife and we consecrated our first daughter to the Father of Reason, the Angel of Light: Satan.

When our daughter became of age she took a fallen angel as her husband. To them was born the first son of wisdom. He grew to over nine

feet tall.

Each of our daughters married sons of reason and had sons even to the year of the flood of Noah.

5. My sons took wives from the tribes of my brother Shem and from our father Adam. Their daughters also married sons of reason.

6. My father had sons from his seed. Shem had sons from his seed. I had sons from my seed and the sons from the stars had sons from their seed. All of the cities were inhabited by our offspring.

Chapter

2

My Second Son - Ham

1. The great, great granddaughter of Cainan was Ham's wife. Her name was Elon. She survived the great flood in the Ark with Cain. His brothers Shem, Japheth and his Father Noah and their wives also rose above the floodwater in the great ark they had built. Ham's wife Elon was over eight feet tall, she had six fingers and six toes as did all the sons and daughters born from the seed of those that came from the stars.

2. Ham's fourth son Canaan was descended from the sons from the stars through his mother's bloodline. All Canaan's sons were of reason. The mark of Cain was on Phut after the great flood. His skin was dark as were all of his seed after him.

Cush was the father of King Nimrod. Nimrod is also known as the God Marduk. Nimrod was the father of Asshur; he was a high priest of reason known as Tammuz.

3. Ham settled in Palestine by the sea and lived there near his son Canaan. Together they raised a mighty people. They were all giants descended from Elon.

4. His brother Shem settled in the land southeast. Japheth inhabited Gomer to the north.

5. His brothers Shem, Japheth and he, Ham had sons and daughters after the flood as did their father Noah. All of their descendants mingled and formed tribes and cities throughout the earth.

6. All of Canaan's descendants settled in the land in the south by the sea. They were giants like those before the great flood.

7. Further south near the water of life Mizraimk's house from Casluhim inhabited that land. They became a strong people greatly feared. They had brown skin and fought against all other tribes and even amongst themselves.

8. Noah moved to the east and had many more descendants that were a great and noble people. Raamah and his house moved into the land with his fathers.

Chapter

3

My Third Son - Jeroboam

1. The Son of Israel Jeroboam descended from the house of Judah. He was the third son of reason and a high priest of enlightenment.

2. He carried the ten tribes of Israel into reason. They built a golden calf and made many idols to worship.

3. The last son of Jeroboam was Pekah. King Shalmaezer carried him and the ten tribes into the land of the Assyrians not to be returned to their homeland to this day.

Chapter

4

My Fourth Son - Nebuchadnezzar

1. My son of reason and high priest of light was King of Babylon located by the River Euphrates.

2. Nebuchadnezzar removed by force Jehoiakin and the entire nation of Jews to Babylon. Jeoiakin was descended from Judah and King David.

3. Nebuchadnezzar raised up a golden statue in his own image ninety feet tall and nine feet wide to honor his own greatness.

4. King of the Meads and Persians, Artaxerxes, my great enemy also known as Cyrus, pulled down the grandson of Nebuchadnezzar. In only one day, Belshazzar's kingdom and his life was taken from him by King Cyrus.

5. Darius, also known as Cyrus, issued a decreed allowing the Temple of the Jews to be rebuilt in Israel by Zerrubabel.

6. *Zerrubabel was a descendent of Judah and King David.*

Chapter

5

My Fifth Son - Alexander III

1. *I gave power to my fifth son Alexander III to be as swift as a comet and possess great wisdom.*
2. *The wisdom tutored to Alexander was by the Greek Philosopher Aristotle another one of my sons of reason.*
3. *Alexander's Father Philip II fell from the Macedonian throne killed by the blood stained hands of his own people.*
4. *After Alexander took power he warred against Persia crossing the Hellespot near Troy, his army was like meteors falling on them winning the battle.*
5. *Egyptians lifted Alexander up before their pride giving him all their lands. He honored them by establishing his City of Alexandria there.*
6. *The Kingdom of Cyrenaica submitted to Alexander, extending his dominion up to the Carthaginian territory.*
7. *Alexander bowed his knees before Amen-Ra, the god of the sun and a Prince of darkness. Alexander was acknowledged as Amen-Ra's son.*
8. *Alexander crossed the Euphrates and then the Tigris River to do battle with his old foe Darius III. When Babylon was overpowered, his own Generals killed King Darius III then they submitted the nation to the rule of Alexander.*
9. *My enlightened son Alexander dreamed of forming a One World Empire but it was not to be.*

Chapter

6

My Sixth Son - Antiochus Epiphanes

1. *One of my brightest stars accepting my full light of reason was Antiochus Epiphanes, King of Syria.*
2. *Antiochus rose up his full wrath against the children of Judah and*

against their God.

3. He took great pains to exterminate all the descendants of Judah. He devastated Jerusalem then offered a swine on the altar in their holy temple.

4. He set up a statue of Jupiter inside their temple and no longer allowed Judah's descendants to perform circumcision. If any did, they were put to death.

5. All men caught teaching doctrine about Jehovah God were severely tortured. Death was dealt to anyone found with a copy of the Torah.

6. Ingenious tortures were used in a most lustful zeal against Abraham's descendants.

Chapter

7

My Seventh Son - Gaius Caesar, Caligula

1. The light of lights, the son of reason, my shining star of darkness, Gaius Caesar Caligula.

2. After six months as Roman Emperor, Caligula fell into a coma. When he awoke, he had undergone a metamorphosis.

3. As a lad, Gaius had transformed his life with black arts and witchery. He tortured and killed Germanicus Caesar, his father, by mental anguish through the secret arts of black magic.

4. For this act of darkness, after reaching manhood, I put him into a trance and then presented the crown of Caesar Tiberius to him.

5. Gaius accepted the light of reason at the young age of twelve.

6. When Caligula rose from the trance that I had placed him in, he possessed the spirit of Jove, he spoke as Jove, he drank as Jove, he entertained as Jove, and his light became the light of Jove. He became the first man god of the Roman Empire.

7. Gaius Caligula understood even as a youth who he followed: Morning Star, the Prince and the Power of the Air. I raised him up even as high Pontiff and as the god Jove.

8. Gaius Caesar Tiberius Gemellus Caligula was he, my mirror image, and

the very mold for the coming Prince of the world!

9. Caesar Nero took unto himself all the light and the power of his father Caligula.

10. It is the spirit of the frog that was Cain, that was Ham, that was Nimrod, that was Jeroboam, that was Nebuchadnezzar, that was Alexander III, that was Antiochus Epiphanes, that was Caligula, that was Nero, and that will be the future Prince of the world.

Chapter

8

1. Sons of reason turn your ear to the words of light. I, who was Lucifer an Archangel, delighted in my own power that shined so bright that a mighty host of the heavenly Angels followed me, one third in all.

2. I was ruler over the earth before my fall. On the earth at that time were many birds and beasts. There were villages and cities inhabited. The sky was filled with fowl and the seas with fish.

3. I led the choirs of heaven in the north in praise to the great I AM, the God of heaven and creator of all things. All the stars let off their light, singing praises to the Almighty Creator.

4. A great company, even a third part of the angels, marveled at the beauty of my light when I lifted up my pride against the creator.

5. I felt in my heart that the seat of the Creator's power should be my own, so I took a third part of the host of angels to fight him. My first effort was thwarted and I was cast back to earth along with my third of angels.

6. I retained my light of power and still do battle with Jehovah. I have seen my stars fall from heaven, the angels who followed me, their light being extinguished forever. Each of them is vanquished to the prison of Tartarus, never to be loosed.

Chapter

9

1. After the first phase of my war with God the Creator, the earth was changed. Before my fall, life was abundant on earth.

2. The Northern Kingdom in Heaven is inhabited by I AM, the Alpha and

Omega. With Him are his Angelic Hosts with ranks: Archangels, Cherubim's, Zoas and Seraphim's and many others not named.

3. In the heavens is the cosmos with stars and planets. Those that come to earth from the heavens are of the angelic host.

4. I am now known as Satan the Dragon, the God of this World, the Prince and Power of the Air, the Morning Star, and the Angel of Light.

5. At my fall, earth passed away, water covered all the land and the heavens withdrew their light. Every living creature on earth died, every fowl of the air died, every animal on land died, all the sea creatures died, all that inhabited the cities died, all died both great and small.

6. All life on earth passed away to dust from whence it came.

7. All the universe changed on that day.

Chapter 10

1. I was left in darkness with my Host of Angels when after eons had passed the Creator returned with his light. He recreated all things new on earth. He remade the earth in six days with new life. He created a man from the dust of the ground and named him Adam. Then he made a woman from Adam's rib and called her Eve.

2. Adam and his helpmate Eve were unlike any men that were in the garden before the water had destroyed all things. The Creator breathed a soul into their bodies and gave them dominion over all the creatures that walked on the earth, swam in the sea or flew in the air.

3. I coerced the serpent that walked and talked to lend me his body so that I could speak with the woman Eve. She took my light and ate of it and then gave of it to Adam her husband.

4. The anger of the Lord God was great. He pulled down all that then was. The serpent was made to crawl upon the ground and to eat the dust of the fields forever. The woman was given travail with the birth of her children. The man was made to eat of the earth by the sweat of his brow. I was cursed to have my heel bruised by the seed of the woman that is Emmanuel. Adam and Eve were driven from the Garden of Eden. A Cherubim was placed at the entrance of the gate with a flaming sword in his hand to guard the tree of life so it could not be eaten of.

5. *All things in heaven and earth were cursed by God to die after a season.*
6. *Adam and Eve populated the earth. My light was found in Cain's first son.*
7. *One part of the host that came from the stars took the daughters of man as wives and from these unions were born giants. All became giants in that age except for Noah, his sons and their wives.*
8. *Ham's wife was a giantess. Her name was Elon. She was named after the daughter of my first Prince of men.*
9. *The first Prince was the second son of Cain. He too was from the offspring of the sons from the stars. These sons are one part of the angels that followed me and are now in Tartarus locked in chains by the Creator.*

Chapter 11

1. *A new darkness fell on the earth, rain fell from the clouds for forty days and forty nights, the fountains spilled over and the earth was full of water.*
2. *This flood did not kill all life, as did the first flood.*
3. *After the water subsided and the Creator put a rainbow in the sky and vowed not to destroy man again by water.*
4. *Noah planted a vineyard and made from it a strong drink. He drank from it and became drunk then he fell into a deep sleep lying in his tent naked.*
5. *Ham entered into the tent and saw his nakedness and took him.*
6. *When Noah awakened from his drunkenness and knew what his son had done, he lifted his voice to the Creator and cursed Canaan, Ham's son.*
7. *Noah had a great grandson named Phut that was the son of Canaan. Phut's son was Cush. His descendants did not follow me.*
8. *A union was made between King Solomon of Israel and Queen Bathsheba of Ethiopia. She was descended from Cush.*
9. *This union repulsed me greatly. I will one day destroy Israel by sending my followers down upon them. Gog and his bands will march on the House of Judah.*

10. Understand this to be so, the nations that will rise from the north is the bear.

11. The bear is the son of Mesheck and Tubal. I will come against Israel with armies from Mesheck, Tubal, Persia, Ethiopia, Libya, Gomer, Togarmah and all their bands.

12. Sons of Reason, Sons of Light know this: I am the Dawn, the Son of the Stars, the Angel of Light: Satan!

At this point the Prince rose from his throne and motioned for Stubens to stop reading. He spoke in a somber voice. "Only the Sons of Reason and Sons of Light are to know what is written in the Book of Dawn about future events." Then more ominously he added, "All who read beyond this point and are not partakers of his light and reason they then will suffer death at a designated time in the future."

He then asked in a cynical way, "Who among you dares to continue hearing the words of my Father?" He gave us time to discuss the matter.

We spoke rapidly in hushed whispers. As a group and as individuals deeply devoted to following Christ, we knew that even if death should come we would still have life eternal. Our mission was after all to visit the Prince and record all that we observed for the Church. It was decided that the reading would continue. However, the American and I were selected to leave the room so that if the warning were to come true then there would still be witnesses left.

Arthur NaBila escorted us to another room in the library. As we were walking away I heard the Prince say, "You may continue and now your fate is sealed!"

Arthur took me to a table where there was a leather bound book and next to it was a writing tablet and pens of assorted colors. At a glance I saw that it was written in Greek, a language I knew quite well. After he seated me at the table, he spoke gently and with compassion but he remained an enigma to me. How could a man of such apparent sensitivity and caring be the First Counselor to the Son of Satan?

After taking my seat he leaned over and quietly explained what lay before me. "This is a religious history of the world in summary, according to the generation from Adam and Eve. You are free to copy the entire manuscript if you like. I will leave you to your studies."

He turned and started to walk away but paused and turned back with sadness in his eyes. "You do know as the Prince said, your friends have sealed their fate?"

"By reading the Book of Dawn?" I asked.

"Yes," he replied.

"If it is a mistake to seek the truth then you might be right but their faith in Jesus Christ will protect them!" I answered.

He did not respond. He only looked at me like a caring parent when a child is wrong. Then with a sigh he went to the table where the American was sitting.

I turned my attention to the book before me. It was clearly a structured

timeline of the historical events known to me through the study of prophecy that leads to the ultimate rise to power of the Son of Perdition.

The timeline followed Biblical prophecies in a sequential order as it related to the history of the Israelites. The chronology began with the creation of Adam and Eve and proceeds with the formation of the kingdom of Israel and its ultimate destruction in 70 A.D. by the Roman Empire led by General Titus. Then there is a gap until the prophecy of Ezekiel is fulfilled with the formation of the new nation of Israel in 1948.

For students and believers in prophetic events, I have included the entire transcription in Appendix # 1 at the end of this manuscript. There are some interesting coincidences that have occurred over the centuries and even the migration of the ten lost tribes of Israel as well as convincing evidence that the Tribulation years are near.

Before I began to transcribe it, I noticed again the familiarity between the American and Arthur. In all candor I think it was the first time since being introduced to the American that I had seen his lips move yet there was something more disturbing that I could not put my finger on. He and Arthur appeared to show an intimacy that I could not understand and at one point Arthur reached over and patted his hand. I wondered at this show of intimacy but soon became lost in my work.

I have no idea how long it took to transcribe the history but just as I completed it Arthur was standing next to me. He nodded and motioned toward the doors to the Ruby Room. They opened and we went back inside and rejoined the others. They were still questioning the Prince about the Book of Dawn. We took our seats as Father O'Malley asked, "What does the book mean when it is speaking of The Sons from the Stars?"

The Prince answered, "God created His city of Heaven in the Northern part of the Universe from Earth, then he created my father Lucifer, Michael and Gabriel and set them each charge over one third of Angels, Cherubim's, Seraphim's, Zoas, the stars, planets and all that was in them. The Sons from the Stars are the one third part of angels that follow Lord Lucifer."

He went on to explain, "As Satan revealed in his book, a war began between he, Lucifer, and God Jehovah but he lost the first battle and was cast back to Earth as a Fallen Angel of Light along with the one third part of the Sons of God that followed him."

Bishop Pickwick asked, "The book headlined the initial chapters with first son, second son and so forth, what is its meaning?"

He answered, "It represents men in past ages that held high positions of power that followed the Light of Reason, giving their souls to Satan and then offered his spirit through their works so that others might follow him too."

DeBazelaire pointed at the Prince and asked Arthur NaBila, "Is Prince Omar bin Rasalhadi to be the man on the white horse as revealed in the book of Revelation?"

He glanced over at the Prince and he gave his approval to answer the question. Arthur nodded. "Yes, it is he who follows his father Satan the Prince of Darkness and will become the ruler over the New World Order of the Revived

Roman Empire. When one is bathed in the knowledge of Satan and accepts his name, they then become part of that everlasting darkness and a part of the Force, never to be separated or redeemed from it.”

DeBazelaire lowered his head and shook it. “That is an incredible statement.”

“Yes I know that it is,” Arthur said in agreement.

I then asked him, “Why then do you follow the Prince?”

His answer was carefully phrased. “You have been selected from nations that gave their power over to the Prince of Darkness centuries ago even though the general populace are blind to it.

“And there are many people that say they do not know who they follow but the truth actually is that every person knows in their heart who their Lord is. I follow the Prince and I know who he is and accept him just as you accept your Lord.”

I was not satisfied. “You follow the Prince even at the cost of your soul?”

He squint his eyes. “I have read the words of Jesus and know that he is the Son of the Living God and that he is the Lord that you follow. But I am a Son of Reason and I follow the Prince.”

He paused looked each of us in the face and then at the American and then back to me. “Just as each of you know whom you serve, so it is true with all men. I have given my soul so that I can be with my lost love for eternity. My wife waits for me on the other side. One third of the angels made the same choice. Is it really so hard for you to understand that the followers of the Prince of Darkness do so by their own will?”

Stubens spoke up and quoted John 3:16. *“For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.”*

Arthur quoted back to him John 3:17. *“For God sent not his son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through Him might be saved.”* And then he quoted John 3:36. *“He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life; and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life; but the wrath of God abideth on him.”*

He paused then said, “Knowing the scriptures does not alter my decision.”

Stubens responded with some frustration, “Arthur, you just mentioned that your choice was made to follow the Prince of Darkness in order to be with your wife. It seems obvious to us that you do not belong in this company. May I inquire of you about your wife so that we may better understand your reasoning?”

He responded politely, “I do not wish to be rude but I prefer not to discuss my personal life. However, if you insist, the Prince has required that we answer all of your questions.”

Stubens shook his head. “No, it is not necessary to tell us about your personal life. Still it is difficult for us to fathom your rationale.”

He smiled knowingly. “Father Stubens, life has a way of altering one’s entire perceptions and beliefs. I no longer understand my own motives but I do know my destiny.”

The Prince stood and nodded to him. “Thank you Counselor. You are

excused.”

“Yes my Lord.” he replied respectfully and left the room.

He turned his attention to us. “I am sorry to cut your questions short but we now have an event to attend.”



PISCES

Chapter 13

Soon after the Prince left, a chime rang and our guides appeared at the entrance to escort us to an event that was being staged in an outdoor stadium a few miles from the cave. The stadium had been built in the style of an old Roman Coliseum with stands filled with people.

In the center of the field was an immense platform with three large chairs on it. At the base of each chair was a symbol of three frogs forming the shape of a pyramid. Over the center of the platform suspended in mid-air was a symbol of the Illuminati. It was about twenty feet wide by thirty feet deep and appeared to be made of gold. However, we could not determine how it was suspended. The symbol was in three parts: at the top was a circle with an eye in it and in the middle was a crown then at the bottom was a beetle.

The Prince walked onto the stage and all grew quiet. Then from the east side of the stadium an Olympic style parade began to enter and pass in front of him.

Each delegation circled the stadium in groups of six and in rows of thirty, all dressed in military styled uniforms. They carried flags from their respective country. The same symbol that was over the platform was on each uniform just above the left pocket. On their hats was the symbol of a pyramid with an eye above it, just like the ones on the back of an American dollar bill.

One leader from each of the countries came forward after they had taken their position on the parade field and presented a flag to the Prince. Then each placed it in stands that were lined up in front of the platform and pledged their allegiance to him and his future government.

He rose to his feet and walked to a glass podium and began speaking. "My followers," he said and paused then raised his right hand holding a sword in the air that looked like the one I used to save Beelzebub. I made eye contact with Zocca.

He raised his voice. "Today marks the beginning of a new era of enlightenment! You each have been loyal and faithful servants to me these long years while meeting under a cloak of secrecy."

Putting one hand on the podium and looking straight ahead he shouted, "The time is near for us to step onto the world stage! I will soon begin my reign as the leader of the New World Order!" Shaking the sword he said, "No man on earth has the power to stop me! What has been written in the Book of Dawn cannot be altered or changed and he that is not for me is my enemy!"

Raising his voice an octave higher he shouted, "All persons in the New World Order will take my Mark or they shall be beheaded." He slashed the sword through the air. "We will not share the future with those that follow another light."

He laid the sword across the podium and lowered his voice, extending his arms with outstretched hands.

"My children, you make me proud to be your standard bearer. I have given

my life in accomplishing one purpose, to convert the world to the same allegiance that we hold so dear,” he said.

He put his hand to his chest.

“We have a vision that burns deep within our heart, an unquenchable flame, a fervent spirit of new hope and change.”

Putting his hand back on the podium he said, “Our dream is not made up of illusions but is established and backed by the power of our Lord and Master, the Prince and Power of the Air. Victory will be ours! What will soon be enacted, no man will be able to resist in body, spirit or soul!

“There is but one true master of the universe and he is the Great Dragon! His spirit of light is cast throughout lodges, brotherhoods, orders, temples and governments the world over.

“The very blade that I hold was use by Cain against Abel and has been passed down through the ages by secret orders from one King or Knight to another, from one power broker to another and within the blade is the very essence and power of Lord Lucifer!

“It is the blade that holds the light of my father, Satan! Many of you have taken secret oaths to spill your bowels or blood for his brotherhood.

“Once the oath is taken, his name is invisibly inscribed into your forehead, there to remain forever.

“Stand now and salute your future!”

A trumpet resonated and the crowd leapt to their feet cheering and using the old Roman style salute. They held their fists clenched as tightly as the frenzied expressions on their faces. The Prince had worked them up into a state of ecstasy. The rally and speeches went on for hours.

After the event was over, we were taken to a room to rest for a few hours. There were twenty-one cots in two rows. We fell on them exhausted. Some of the clergy slept or were in prayer while others were in deep meditation. The American was sound asleep.

I was unable to sleep because I was trying to assimilate all the input that was racing through my mind. It was hard to believe everything that we had witnessed in such a short amount of time. My heart was heavy seeing those lost souls and thinking of the nations and people who will follow Satan and the Prince. I kept thinking of Revelation 20:11-15: *“And I saw a great white throne, and him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and the heaven fled away; and there was found no place for them. And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God; and the books were opened; and another book was opened which is the book of life; and the dead were judged out of those things, which were written in the books, according to their works. And the sea gave up the dead that were in it; and death and hell delivered up the dead that were in them; and they were judged every man according to their works. And death and hell were cast into the lake of fire. This is the second death. And whosoever was not found written in the book of life was cast into the lake of fire.”*

After our rest we were taken to meet in private with the Prince once again. He excused everyone from the room including the four albino guides. He told us that our stay was almost over and that we would be returning to the Palace to

spend one last night before leaving for our respective countries. He said he wanted to give us a final opportunity to ask any questions that might still be lingering.

Before taking questions, he turned his countenance and looked at me.

“The sword that you found of such interest is now in my hands.”

I took a step back but before I could respond Father Beaumont thanked him for giving us this last interview.

“What will this future government you spoke of be like?” he asked.

He pondered a moment then rose from his chair and clasped his hands behind his back.

“Your question takes us back in history to over 4,000 years ago to the time of the Chaldes. The plan for my rise to power was even then in effect and being orchestrated by the disciples and followers of my Lord and Father. Nimrod, king of the Chaldes, and his son Asshur built temples to establish The Order of Secret Wisdom that is still followed to this very day and is the bedrock for my rise to power.

“The time period I am speaking of was disrupted for a while with the temple at Babel being destroyed by Jehovah. After the destruction of the Tower of Babel Satan’s secret order passed down signs and emblems of the stars through the ages to those who were sons and daughters of understanding and are also of the order of the Cosmic Masters.

“They follow the all seeing eye of Satan striving day and night to obtain his plan of world domination. From this order I will establish my government that will be a new One World Order where no man may buy or sell unless he bears my mark and follows me.

“You do not need to know more than this for I have lifted up my pride to the four winds and there is no one who has the power to quell my light. The Prince and Power of the Air and I are one and our government shall be one!”

I asked him, “How will you be able to have such great success in winning individuals over to your side?”

He first answered my question philosophically.

“That which occurs to man matters only when it is on a personal basis but that which occurs in destiny is but distant thunder to him.”

I have given the statement a lot of thought since our visit.

He continued. “To answer your question more specifically, the world has made major changes in the way governments function as has businesses over the past sixty years.

“Historically nations jealously worked to maintain their autonomy in business by selling only surpluses of goods, services and products to other nations for a profit.

“The primary concern was to insure that their own nation maintained its sovereignty. Many countries took extreme measures to insure their independence was kept even by closing the doors of trade to other nations in order to protect their isolationist protectionism. These countries were self-sufficient or did without those items they could not produce.

“The change that transpired after World War II is what has set the stage for

my rule over the New World Order. That change has not been by chance. It was thought out and planned in minute detail by businessmen in boardrooms behind the scenes worldwide. These men are the wealthy upper echelon of their nation. They have ceased to be men of allegiance to the particular country of their birth. Instead they have become men dedicated to a world of globalization.

“Their plan is to unite a federation of businesses and governments to design, make and supply goods and services to all nations through international free trade agreements.

“These leaders of industry have taken nearly every type of goods and have selected nations within the network according to their capabilities, skills, and abilities to manufacture and produce products for the world market.

“At first it may seem complex until you understand the concept and how it works. As stated, power rest in the hands of only a few selected industrialists. It is they who decide who shall rule a country or even a city if they so choose.

“They have also put into place a plan known as regionalism and this is how it works: First products are made all over the globe then distributed to markets around the world that are under their influence or power. Cities and townships have been set up in regional hubs to house the workers with supermarkets, shopping centers and jobs located within a few miles radius of their homes.

“Minimum wages have been established to hold a large part of the workforce down to provide manpower necessary for production. Wage scales have also been established worldwide for middle class workers, mostly by titles, positions and job classification.

“Finally the governing body is made up of two groups, those that are part of the International Order and those that are administrators or bureaucrats.

“Administrators may hold what appear to be ranking positions but they may in fact not even know who holds the real power. They are like soldiers who are told merely what to do. Powers hidden in the shadows make final decisions as to which countries will have and which will have not and are based strictly on capabilities and military power. Entire workforces can be shifted from one city or country to another if it becomes necessary.

“It does not matter if a country has a two-party system, a four party system or whatever. All political leaders and parties rely on their benefactors to be financed into power. And therefore it all goes back to the issue of who controls the wealth of nations.

“So you see gentlemen, you are already under my control without even having knowledge of it. You may think you are free but in truth you are already my captives. The very bread in your stores are given and can be taken away.”

The American then asked the first and only question since he had been there. It was in two parts. “How can you control all the people of the world? And what is the number six hundred and sixty-six?”

The words were barely out of his mouth before the Prince waved his hand and we were instantly standing in a room that appeared to be a major computer center. In it were many operators who seemed not to notice we were even there.

He walked to what appeared to be the central control panel. Reaching out and putting his hand on it he turned back to face us and in a boastful manor said, “This

computer is known as Balaam. It has been named, THE BEAST by its operators because Balaam means Sexius Six, ergo 666, which in Latin is Lateinos. I will number all my followers with this mark by placing it on their forehead or hand and then they will be mine for eternity. As I explained before, my system has long been developing. Man has been easy to manipulate through his higher reasoning of thought and pride.

“The world has been set on my course since the great flood of Noah. King Nimrod and his wife gave the Earth their son Tammuz to light the intellect of man. Nimrod was the high priest. He prepared my temple of the Illuminati. Because of that, Jehovah wrought destruction and chaos on the people of Babylon by destroying the Tower of Babel. It has taken many ages to recover from that setback but illumination in the world is more visible now than ever before.

“To control the people of earth is a simple matter when you consider from what source man obtains his power: money!

“By controlling money I control power! Yet there is even a greater control over man. No money at all! A cashless world and we are there for all practical purposes.

“Balaam will have a dossier on every living human being in my kingdom. A penalty of death will be enforced on all who refuse to take my mark or to kneel to my image. Men who love money are at this very moment working for my New World Order.

“I will soon sign a contract with Israel and establish my kingdom in Jerusalem then everything else will fall into place.”

With a wave of his hand we were instantly back in the Palace. He looked first at the American then at all of us.

“That is how I will control all the people of the world and that is your answer to the meaning of the number 666.”

The meeting concluded and we were escorted to our rooms to spend one last night. Two of the priest slipped out of their rooms and attempted to chip a piece of marble from a corner of the palace walls to have it analyzed but they were unable to get even the smallest piece to break away.

The following morning the clothes we had worn when first arriving at the palace were laid out in our rooms. Upon our arrival we had been given white outfits with a black left sleeve slanted at an angle to wear during the stay. I bathed then got dressed in my comfortable habit and thought back on the rough brown robes of the monastery I had worn in the painting. It still grieved me to think that I had released Beelzebub and caused so much death and destruction in that long ago age. Tears welled up in my eyes as I relived the experience. My good friend Zocca had been there to receive and console me when I was released from that nightmare but there was no way I could fully share the experience with him. I had witnessed the power of the sword Lateinos in a time long ago and now I had seen it held in defiance by the Prince.

A knock came at my door and I was escorted to breakfast and then we were taken to limousines. There stood the Prince before the palace gates accompanied by his two pet leopards.

Cloaking our fears, we bid him farewell as he returned to the palace but

suddenly he began to shimmer like a dazzling light and disappeared. Then there appeared three leopards running together. The two spotted ones now ran with a black panther beside them. When they neared the palace the panther shimmered like a light hovering over a polished mirror then there stood the Prince with a cocksure grin on his face. We had become accustomed to his opulent show of power. He waved to us goodbye then entered the palace and it began to shimmer and vanished as we drove away.



ETERNAL SERPENT GOD

Chapter 14

Soon we were on the road to Eleho, Syria. It had been arranged for us to stay two weeks and compile notes before sending a final report to our respective superiors.

After arriving we were taken to a villa that was large enough to accommodate the entire party yet secluded enough to provide privacy. Not long after settling into our rooms' dinner was served. It was our first opportunity to discuss openly what we had witnessed at the palace.

Even at the beginning of our discussions it soon became clear that each of us had experienced the same or similar events but through very different eyes. We had all taken notes and had vivid memories so we broke into groups the next day and begun compiling all of the data.

After several days of long hours and hard work we met again in conference to discuss our conclusions. We were unanimous in our conviction that the Prince was indeed the Son of Perdition as foretold in prophecy.

After we reviewed the completed report, Zocca stood and said, "This is the Antichrist and he must be destroyed before he brings destruction to the entire earth!"

Father Drachten protested.

"But that goes against everything we stand for. What of our vows of sanctity toward life and the love of God?"

The debate became intense and I was unable to recall who said what as voices grew louder, conjuring up images of Babel, when language was changed into many new tongues. In the heat of the moment many began to speak in their native language, saying,

"We were sent on the mission, only to report back what we had witnessed."

"That is true, but we have met the Antichrist and he must be destroyed."

"Who will ever believe us?"

"Our superiors will only send the report through channels. You know how it is."

"If we don't take action, who will?"

"But what kind of action? You've seen his power and he is surrounded by guards night and day."

"There must be a weakness, he is a man after all."

"Then we must find that weakness."

“Yes, and we must act now!”

Father Schultz rose to his feet, slapped the table and raised a clenched fist.

“If we do not destroy him, we will all be guilty of unleashing the wickedest man on earth who ever took a breath. I served one demon, Herr Hitler, and I will never again do nothing and let evil rule again!”

As stated before, each clergy was selected for a particular skill or knowledge but there was another reason that I now believe was even more important.

Each of us had our own dramatic conversion to the faith and retained strong feelings to meet force with force. Although it went against our core beliefs not to kill, our collective background was drawing us toward a decision to destroy the Prince. Like a proverbial moth drawn to a flame we found our basic instincts dominating our faith. It would be far better to destroy evil than to allow it to be unleashed upon mankind.

Schultz and his impassioned statement was perhaps the most typical example of why we were selected. He was born in Hamburg, Germany on April 30, 1926. Ironically, he joined the Hitler Youth Corps on April 30, 1938, and it was on April 30, 1945, that Hitler shot himself.

The Hitler Youth was set up much like the Boy Scouts, except for the ideological teachings of a master race, coupled with a totalitarian doctrine that resulted in nearly blind obedience to Hitler.

Schultz presented his reasoning by describing his experiences in those early years in Germany.

“I thought Hitler was a God. I got to hear him speak in person once and was awe-struck by the eminence of his stature. As he spoke, his words were soft and rhythmic his gestures were like that of a great master orchestra conductor. As his pitch grew to a crescendo, we hung on every syllable. His words struck like magic, casting an intoxicating spell over us. I felt light-headed with enthusiasm and became convinced that Germany’s destiny was to rule the world with Hitler at its head.

“I joined the army soon after my seventeenth birthday. The war was already in its third year. In my naiveté, I was anxious to serve the Third Reich.

“Upon finishing basic training, I was sent to the Russian front, assigned to the Sixth Army. The offensive to take Stalingrad was already underway. We were winning at first but it was a difficult struggle. Then the tide shifted in favor of the Russians.

“We were under constant bombardment. My unit was ordered to advance and all I can remember was being struck in the chest, abdomen and both legs by shrapnel. I fell face forward in the mud, with my head turned slightly while half buried in the muck.

“I felt no pain, only numbness as I watched my comrades continue the attack. From training I knew no one would stop to help me while the battle was being waged.

“I have no idea how long I lay, staring at the desolate field of death, when in the distance I saw a man in pure white clothing coming toward me. Soon he stood over me then bent down and scooped me up in his arms. In my delirium, I warned that he would get blood and mud all over his clean cloths.

“I must have passed out and when my eyes opened I saw the white clothing but it was not the same man. It was a doctor and I was in a field hospital. I asked him where the other doctor was, the one that brought me there. He shook his head, saying there was no other doctor.

“I tried to look around the room but pain surged through my body. I moaned, stiffening my muscles that only resulted in even more pain. The doctor took hold of my forearm and said to relax.

‘Struggling will only increase the pain. We have done all we can Herr Schultz. Your wounds have ended your stint in the army.’

“Tears welled up in my eyes then rolled down my cheeks. The doctor patted my shoulder saying, ‘Do not cry Herr Schultz. There is a lot that you can do outside of the army.’ I almost laughed for joy because I was getting to leave that living hell of death and destruction.

“My left thigh bone was broken, leaving me with a permanent limp. It took over a year for my wounds to heal enough to be dismissed from the hospital and to ponder my future. Our country was under constant air strikes from the allies. With each passing day everything became more dismal. It was as if the gates of Hell had been opened and poured out upon us.

“When Germany was defeated, I thought of the years of loyalty I had given to Hitler’s Third Reich. I came to understand what a tragic mistake we had all made. The true responsibility fell squarely on the shoulders of each German that lent support and encouragement to that mad beast.

“In the beginning, I was duped into believing that he was a man of destiny and would bring a new era of prosperity and change to Germany. But in the end it proved to be only evil and destruction.

“If it is possible to recognize one who comes draped in the guise of good and greatness but in reality demonstrates evidence of darkness and destruction then it is one’s duty to God and to mankind to eradicate that person from the earth, as we should have done with him.”

Schultz told us that when he went to sleep that night, the man in white returned in a vision and called him to do God’s work. While recovering from his wounds, he found faith in the Catholic Church and went to seminary after the war to become a priest.

Others had similar experiences, bred of violence that led to the choice of accepting God. Pickwick grew up in the Coal Mining district of Wales amidst the turbulence of the 30’s. He experienced street fighting of a passionate youth. O’Malley was a young revolutionary during the Irish turmoil of that same period.

As I looked back on my own formative years, I realized that we had all been raised during a violent period of world history and came to our faith out of personal struggle.

With that understanding, there was little surprise about the strong emotions being shown in our meetings.

We debated for hours, going around and around, when Bishop Saintsbury called us to order. He asked for silence so that we might pray for guidance. Although our prayers calmed our spirits, we still lacked a course of action.

Then he spoke to us with a voice of reason.

“Clearly we have met a man with awesome powers. Since we have only just left his presence, we are still very caught up in our emotions from what we have seen. I think we need a little time before making such a monumental decision.

“We have our report nearly completed based on our collective observations. I suggest we do some further research. The church can wait a little while longer.

“If as many among you still feel that the Prince must be destroyed then we must find a weakness. In my opinion there are maybe two possible ways to find such a fault. We need to discover more about his background, where he was born and spent his childhood and who his parents are and how he was raised and anything else that may be helpful.

“Also, Arthur NaBila is obviously more than a mere servant to the Prince. He was almost always present with him and he was the Keeper of the Library and therefore must be trusted with the most intimate secrets. His life, too, must be investigated.”

We nodded our approval. It appeared that a plan of action was beginning to take shape.

Saintsbury then added, “I propose that we leave tomorrow and meet again in London in six weeks to make the decision on a final course of action. How do you feel about such a proposal?”

The decision was unanimous. We all wanted to get away from the stress for a while and we were in no condition to be rational about a course of action at the time. Together, we solemnly pledged not to reveal what we had witnessed or discussed.

Zocca agreed to stay in the Middle East and continue to do fact-finding on the Prince.

Stubens worldwide contacts were also very impressive and he agreed to head up a team that would investigate Arthur NaBila. The rest of us would go back to our respective parishes and remain silent.

For my part, I was to return to Sicily to consolidate all the documents into one organized report. As I look back on that time over three decades ago, I realize that what the Prince had given us was a very unsettling view of the future. Our visit had taken place in the summer of 1968. The sixties had been a decade of tremendous turmoil around the world. In America, great leaders had been assassinated and the country was entrenched in a war that divided the nation.

A sexual revolution was underway everywhere with a growing use of drugs. Students were protesting violently in France, Italy and in many other countries. The Middle East had experienced a historic war with Egypt against Israel, with Israel as the victor. Drought and famine plagued Africa, with communism in the Third World, especially in Latin America, on the rise.

Looking back on what the Prince boasted about that summer caused me to realize how clear his message really was.

He took us through the 70's the ‘Me Decade’ and then the 80's, the ‘Greed Decade.’ He showed us future computer technology and exploration of space and the theories about the universe that were only in their infancy during the late 60's in fact, he showed us much more than we could have comprehended at the time.

So it was settled in Eleho that we would meet again in London to make a final

decision.



EARTH

Chapter 15

Six weeks later, we met in the basement of St. John's Church in London. The seriousness of our purpose was readily evident. Bishop Saintsbury began the meeting by giving out a copy of the collective report. Time was given for us to read the document before proceeding but everyone declined because we were all eager to hear the findings of the Prince and Arthur firsthand. Saintsbury turned the meeting over to Stubens.

He began with research acquired by his team. The data on public record was relatively easy to come by, but much of the story came from a personal friend of Stubens that he had gone to graduate school with years before in Istanbul, Turkey, Ismael Erbakan, the son of a high-ranking Turkish military officer. With the aid of his father, Erbakan had become an undercover agent for Turkey and his contacts proved invaluable in acquiring background information for the report.

Stubens bowed and began with Arthur NaBila.

"He was born in Istanbul, Turkey, in 1920 to wealthy merchants. His father was a native of the country and his mother was from Armenia. Their primary business was the export of rugs and fine tapestries to West Germany, the United States of America and Great Britain.

"After a primary and secondary education in exclusive private institutions taught by Catholic nuns in Austria, Arthur was sent to the USA to attend college. His parents were well connected throughout the Middle East and Western Europe. They sensed another war on the horizon, a war that could be worse than WWI, the so-called, 'War to End All Wars.' As 1936 was dawning to a close Hitler was consolidating his power and planning the domination of Europe.

"He majored in business administration at the University of Southern California and was an exceptionally bright student already fluent in four languages. Over the course of the next few years he studied English and Russian from private tutors and by the time he was 24, he spoke six languages.

"He was immune from the draft in America, and by diplomatic status it prevented him from conscription in the Turkish army while he lived in the USA. After graduating, he was offered a position with a major oil company in Houston, Texas.

"His work at the company was considered exemplary and soon rose the corporate ladder to Vice President of Sales and Marketing. He earned a considerable salary, stock options and other perks. Although the demand for oil products to support the allied war effort accounted for much of the company's success, he earned special recognition on his own merits.

"According to reflections from peers and associates, he was considered a

workaholic with no real social life. They said that he was most often at the office before anyone else and stayed later than even the cleaning people. He attended all the executive social functions but never took a date along with him.

“In 1946, two of his associates asked him to accompany them on a trip to New Orleans. One of the men was close to Arthur and revealed, the following story, for a price.

They spent the first evening enjoying wonderful cuisine then afterwards Arthur heard the sounds of a haunting melody that reminded him of Turkey so he followed the music where a girl was strumming a mandolin.

“She might have been just another street urchin playing for money but she caught his eye.

“He became lost in the moment and his friends said goodnight and left him.

“The next morning he confided with one of them that he had approached and asked her name. She was more open and candid than anyone he had ever met. He said.

“She told him that her name was Rita Francis Arendt, from Haiti, and had come to New Orleans in 1946. She was named after two of her grandmothers, and had never met her father.

“He asked if he could escort her home and she agreed. He walked her to the steps of a boarding house not far away and asked if he might see her again. She accepted graciously, and wrote down the address that he had already taken mental note of. He told his friend that he had never felt like that before.

“The associate said that Arthur began visiting New Orleans often over the next few months after Rita agreed to see him. It did not take long for a romance to blossom. After only six months they were married in a private small family ceremony in Haiti and remained there for the honeymoon.

“After two weeks they returned to Houston and moved into a large house he bought for her. At the annual company Christmas party Arthur introduced her to many co-workers, senior executives and their wives. All were anxious to meet the young lady who captured his heart.

“The wife of the CEO, Rebecca, was perhaps the most curious because she knew that Arthur might be in contention for her husband’s job in the near future. The associate said that through the corporate grapevine he had heard that she took Rita to a side room and offered her a glass of sherry while discretely asking questions. As the small talk progressed, Rebecca was gracious, but then like a snake stalking its prey she struck with what seemed an apparent innocent question of her age. Rita answered, almost 17.

“Rebecca was appalled and left the room immediately to find her husband. He was informed and Arthur was soon fired although it was reported that he resigned to pursue other business interest. He decided to return to Turkey to be near his parents. He had always stayed in contact with them but had not visited much during the past ten years.

“Erbakan told Stubens that he felt his decision for leaving America was actually supported by the natural fear of a father-to-be.

“Erbakan said that conversations Arthur had with friends revealed he was elated at the news of a child. He decided that they should travel by way of Austria

and visit his boyhood school chum Baron Fritz Von Hofbrau and share the good news. He and the Baron had studied together under the watchful eyes of nuns before he had been sent to America. The Baron had recently taken a bride, the daughter of a wealthy Argentina landowner.

“Although the visit was brief, they were able to rekindle the old friendship. He had missed the Baron greatly while in school and at work in America. For the first time in over a decade he told an old friend that he felt happy inside. He was anxious to see his father, mother and homeland with the smell of rich coffee and music filling the bazaars. He had missed the wonderful aroma of incenses and to hear calls to prayer from the minarets as people and animals mingled through the streets.

“Not long after arriving, he began to operate the family business, Erbakan reported. With his international contacts, it grew in leaps and bounds. But a change came over Rita and she seemed to be continually depressed despite the best medical attention her husband could buy. She began to grow weaker as the pregnancy progressed.

“Then, according to Erbakan, one day she simply vanished. By all accounts, she was in her seventh month of pregnancy. Nothing had been disturbed in the house and none of her clothes had been taken. A note was found pinned to a pillow in the crib of the nursery that read, ‘My Dear Sweet, Arthur, my only true love, please try and understand the reason I have left. My destiny is pledged to the Prince and Power of this World and now it must be fulfilled. I will love you forever and ever. Your Rita.’

“In Erbakan’s report, he wrote, that Arthur was panic-stricken and called the police. Then her family in Haiti and his contacts in Houston and all over the world were called but to no avail. She had vanished as if from the face of the earth. He felt powerless for the first time in his life. He was sustained by his deep and abiding love for her and the hope that she would be found.

“Erbakan actually questioned Arthur’s father and was told that Arthur had entered into a dark state of depression. The family business no longer had any meaning for him. He sat in his room, staring out of the window day after day, expressionless and in a stupor. When his mother brought food he would barely touch it despite her pleadings.

“Arthur’s father said he was patient and allowed him to grieve for a few days. Then one evening he came to his room, sat down on the bed and said tenderly, ‘Arthur, I understand the emptiness you are feeling. Love is strange but son you can love again. I know because I have seen others that have lost their loved one and found someone new to fill the emptiness. You too, can recover from this great loss. You may not find a woman that will have the same qualities as Rita but you can find another to share your life with.’

“He had remained motionless then shifted in his chair and reached out, taking his father by the hand and pulled it against his brow. Shaking his head and in an almost inaudible sob, whispered, ‘Father you truly do not understand a love like ours!’ He let his hand go. Staring out the window he raised his voice. ‘You say love is strange. Well, I say true love is rare. The Christians have a parable about a man who bought and sold pearls and when he found ‘a Pearl of Great Price’ he

sold all that he owned to buy that one pearl. Yes father, I could settle for a lesser pearl but even in the absence of Rita her presence remains alive in every fiber of my heart.'

"He paused got to his feet and placed a hand on his father's cheek. Erbakan reported, that his father started to speak but Arthur put a finger to his lips. 'Please allow me to finish.' He nodded and sat silent. 'My love is real! Rita was my Pearl of Great Price and no amount of possessions or another love will ever suffice!'

"He walked to the window and pushed back the sash and leaned forward staring out. 'Rita, Rita, Rita! I thought I had captured your heart. I thought you had opened the door of your heart to me. I believed our love was equal.'

"Turning his head he looked back at his father, then took a deep breath and exhaled. 'It is not a storybook love, father! It was a committed love! My communion in love was total! It does not matter that you or anyone else understand it. I shall never love again. Never! This I swear to the day I am but dust on the earth and then beyond to whatever is eternal!'

"According to Erbakan, Arthur walked back to the chair, slumped down and resumed staring out at the horizon. His father waited a while before speaking, then with great tenderness and concern said, 'Son, perhaps it is true that I cannot understand your pain because your mother and I had an arranged marriage. I fear deeply for your life. If you go on like this I may lose both you and Rita, who was like a daughter to me. What bothers me most is that you are acting as if Rita is already dead. Do you believe...?'

"Before he could finish speaking, Arthur shot out of the chair. 'No! She is not dead!' Then he was racked with uncontrollable sobbing.

"His father went to console him and said, 'You have always been a man of action. Perhaps what disturbs me the most is to see you sitting here, alone, day after day. If you do believe Rita is alive, then you will not find her by sitting here and doing nothing. If some terrible fate has befallen her you will never find the answer by staring out the window. You must search for her and I will do all that I can to help.'

"Arthur hugged and thanked him. 'You are right, father I will begin my search tomorrow!'

"The next day he began an agonizing mission even though he did not know what he might discover."

Stubens put the papers down and took off his glasses. He mopped the moisture from his brow, although it was still bone chilly in the basement of St. John's Church.

From the kitchen we could smell the hearty odors of an English lunch. Some hot porridge would do us all good. Bishop Saintsbury suggested an hour break would be a good idea before finishing the report.



AIR

Chapter 16

We retired to an adjacent room for lunch. The tables were set in simple rectory fashion with steaming bowls of stew and bread in abundance. The meal for which we gave thanks was soothing but I promised myself during the blessing to sit closer to the old coal furnace when we returned to the meeting. I also vowed I would purchase a warm Shetland sweater that very evening.

We went back to the basement after lunch and Saintsbury turned the meeting back over to Stubens. He put his glasses on and continued with the report.

“Arthur began his search in Austria at Baron Von Hofbrau’s home. The Baron greeted him warmly. He still had no news to share but was most eager to show him his new son who was then only a month old. Arthur looked down at the infant and realized in his own grief he had never once given thought of the baby Rita was carrying. It would have been born by now too.

“He was also disturbed by something that he had been blind to when they first visited the castle. The place was enormous and although it had been built in the early 1600’s, it had since been thoroughly modernized. There were almost always guests visiting and many servants were on staff.

“When Arthur arrived, everything seemed tranquil and gay but there seemed to be a heavy cloud of sadness lurking that he had not sensed on his first visit.

“Although he felt pressed to get on with his search, he agreed to stay for the Baron’s birthday celebration. It was not until the evening of the party that he fully realized just how much the Baron, his wife and their friends were involved in the use of hard drugs. It had been reported that the Baron’s family lost most of their fortune during the war and drug dealing might account for much of the lavish lifestyle they were still financially able to enjoy.

“Tragedy struck late in the evening of the birthday party. The Baron’s wife had been mixing alcohol and drugs. Then just after midnight they went to their bedroom and she collapsed across the bed. He took little notice and went into the bathroom. When he came out, she was lying listless. Even though his mind was in a haze, he sensed that something very serious was wrong.

“He attempted to arouse her but she was limp and did not appear to be breathing. He ran downstairs to get help. Arthur had already retired but was awakened by the commotion and went to see what it was about. They rush to her aid but every effort to revive her was in vain. An ambulance and the authorities were called. When they arrived the paramedics pronounced her dead and took her body to the morgue.

“The Baron was in shock but had the presence of mind to call his brother to tell him about what had happened. He asked that he take care of his son if anything should happen to him.

“The next morning, he drove away in his prized Lamborghini, saying that he needed to be alone. He had taken his hunting rifle and favorite dog along. Snow had been falling all that day and as evening approached, the head butler grew concerned. As if on cue, the dog dramatically ran into the courtyard, covered with blood.

“They found the Baron with the rifle barrel still in his mouth. The ignition was on but the car had run out of petrol. A double funeral was held for the Baron and his wife. Arthur attended the mass with deep sadness and knew in his heart, as he heard the eulogy, that he too would have done the same thing if he had discovered Rita was dead. With all his being, he wanted to be with her whether it was in this life or the next.

“The events in Austria had made him feel even more urgent to get on with his search. He left immediately for England where he hired one of the best private detectives reputed to have connections at White Hall, Scotland Yard and Interpol. He then went to New York to connect with financially powerful people who could help with contacts in Washington.

“He was well received his reputation for business had star status because of what he had done during the war years for the Houston oil company. Through his parents’ contacts, he also had unique ties to both the powers of the garment district and the art community. New York was the center of the universe at that time, so to speak.

“He rented an apartment on Park Avenue and was soon invited to parties, gallery openings and premier musicals but turned most of them down. He was frustrated by the dead-end search for Rita, then one evening he went to a cocktail party in Greenwich Village. Many artists had set up studios there and merchants of the creative arts had followed. He kept mostly to himself. Then late in the evening, the host brought out a Ouija Board. It seemed just a simple game at first until one of them asked somewhat jokingly, “Where is Rita?” He thought why not and placed his hand on the disc with the others. It began to move to letters that spelled, “MME CURRIERS.”

“They were murmuring back and forth then someone said that maybe it was referring to the old fortuneteller who ran a bookstore near Washington Square.

“Her name is Madame Currier.” He was so desperate that he would have chased any possibility. He immediately left the party and took a cab to the bookstore. Even though it was well past midnight, he saw lights on inside and rang the doorbell. He noticed what he thought was a misspelled sign over the door: “Madame Currier’s GreenWitch Bookstore.”

“The door opened and a young girl dressed in an eastern styled outfit wearing long earrings and rings on every finger nodded. He asked, ‘Are you Madame Currier?’

“She shrugged her shoulders. ‘Do you want your fortune told?’

“‘No.’ He replied. ‘I want to see if she can help me find my wife. She disappeared last summer. Her name is Rita Francis Arendt NaBila.’

“The girl nodded and asked that he wait, then disappeared into the back of the store and soon returned, motioning for him to follow her. She led him down a flight of stairs then along a hallway. The walls were dark cherry wood with

shelves containing lots of artifacts that looked very old. One object caught his eye because of a peculiar light falling on it. It was a small bust of a man's head with horns protruding from the skull, obviously a sculpture of the devil.

"He could smell burning incenses as they approached a door with an art deco curtain draped across it. Pulling the curtain back, the girl motioned for him to enter. Then she turned and walked away. He stepped into the room and saw a woman sitting at a table. She raised her arm with a wide gesture, inviting him to come over and be seated.

"He sat across from her and surmised that she was in her late 60's but even with deep wrinkles about her mouth and heavy make-up on she was still an attractive woman. She had bright blue eyes and bleached blonde hair.

"So, you are looking for your wife?' Her voice was deep and sensuous.

"Yes, I am,' he replied.

"Why have you come to me to ask where your wife may be?"

"He thought he had made a mistake coming because all the surroundings had the trappings of a con artist. There was even a crystal ball on the table. He told her about the Ouija Board at the party and how his wife had disappeared from their home in Turkey. He told her about his desperate search for her and of how much in love he was. There were no longer any happy days left in his life.

'Please Madame Currier, can you possibly help me find her? Please use whatever power you possess!' He pleaded.

"She made a broad gesture.

'I do not need to consult my arts to locate your wife. I have known her since her birth and I know where she is.'

"He leapt to his feet and was rigid as he bent over the table, leaning on both hands. His heart pounded as he begged, 'Please help me! I will give you anything, all my money, my life, my very soul!'

"Please sit back down,' she said quietly. 'I do not want your money. However, it may cost you your soul, if you honestly mean what you say!'

"I do mean it! My soul means nothing to me without Rita!"

"She looked at him quizzically. 'That may be true but before you make such a consequential decision there are some things you should know about Rita. She is no ordinary woman but a Princess and the last in her line. She was also born a priestess in a mystical order known as The Day Star, an order dating back for more than five thousand years to the God Marduk of Mesopotamia. There is not another living person in the world with her exalted rank.'

"What she was saying meant little to him for he heard only that Rita was alive. She said, 'Only members of The Day Star are allowed access to her now!'

"What must I do to become a member so that we may be reunited?' he asked. She closed her eyes and spoke with great reverence. 'I suggest that you ask my master that question.'

"At that moment, a man stepped out of the shadows. He was tall with a dark complexion. Arthur had no idea how long he had been standing in the dark recesses of the room but he sensed a power like none he had ever experienced before.

"You are very intelligent Arthur,' he said. 'Your love for Rita I know is deep

and you would be a great asset to me but it is still your choice?’

“He took a step forward and added, ‘To become a member of The Day Star, you must pledge your soul to my father, The Prince of Darkness and serve him and me!’

“Arthur did not hesitate. ‘Then that is my pledge!’ he said firmly.

“‘Very well, then it is granted. Madame Currier will explain to you what must be done.’ With that, a mist engulfed him as he stepped back into the shadows and disappeared.

“Arthur shuddered as Madame Currier instructed him that he must return to his apartment and wait to be contacted. He could not speak to anyone and that he must refuse all contact until she called for him. He did as he was told. The following evening there was a knock at his door. He had left strict instructions with the doorman that no one should be allowed to call on him. He opened the door and there stood two men dressed in black suits with dark hats shading their faces.

“One said, ‘Your request has been granted. Follow us.’

“They drove him to a plush apartment building located near Central Park and entered through the basement then took an elevator to the penthouse. It emanated a red glow from hundreds of candles set in ruby glass holders. A woman was standing in the middle of the room, dressed in a white hooded robe embroidered with the emblem of the Illuminati. It was Madame Currier, radiating a youthful beauty with an aura of white light surrounding her.

“She asked him to kneel. “‘You are at the altar of the Prince and Power of the Air. Do you understand that to become a member of The Day Star, you are giving your soul to the Great Dragon forever?’

“As if taking a marriage vow he simply said, ‘I do.’”

Stubens paused to wipe his brow again, as we sat entranced. He told us that through all of their extensive research, nothing could be uncovered about the rites that Arthur took. He went on to say, “As you know from the word of God that Jesus Christ is the only true Day Star and all others are counterfeits.”

He went on to explain that after the oath was taken Arthur was then transported to the airport and flown to Haiti. It had been the first place he had sent a private investigator to search for her but to no avail. He was now ecstatic and could hardly contain himself.

After arriving at the airport, he was taken to a secluded villa where he was reunited with Rita. She was even more beautiful than he could remember.

Stubens stopped reading and said that before concluding the report he would like first to read a letter obtained by Ismael Erbakan written by Arthur to his parents not long after his reunion with her.

“Dear Father and Mother:

“My search for Rita has ended! We are reunited and I am delirious with happiness! Thank you so much for all your support and concerns.

“I can now reveal my true feelings. The day she disappeared, I literally died

of a broken heart. The grief, agony and despair were on a level so excruciating that I could never have believed it possible. How could anyone experience such pain over a lost love and not have one's heart burst?

"There are no words in the human language vivid enough to express the forlorn feeling of a broken heart or the ecstasy of a renewed love such as ours.

"I am again in bliss and love has engulfed me. I am the most fortunate man on earth! To you I send kisses of joy.

"Your son,
"Arthur"

We were deeply moved and had no doubts concerning the thoroughness and truthfulness of the report. The letter was proof of the incredible deep commitment of Arthur's love for Rita. Stubens placed the letter back in the folder then continued.

"They were like adolescents as they embraced kissed and cried together.

"'Oh Arthur,' Rita said. 'I am so sorry for the pain I have put you through. I would have done anything not to have hurt you but I had no choice.'

"Holding her tight he said, 'Don't dwell on the past, we are together again and that is all that really matters!'

"She held him tight. 'Only death will ever separate us now!'

"He embraced her. 'That's right my love.'

"For several years they enjoyed paradise on earth in their own special Garden of Eden. They were perhaps happier together than any two people had ever been before when sudden disaster struck. There was turbulence in the order of The Day Star. Members began dying almost daily and it was tearing away at the very core of the group.

"Rita knew as high priestess what must be done. It had been written in the book of The Day Star about such an event and the time had come for the prophesy of death to be fulfilled. She would offer herself as a living sacrifice on what was called The Altar of Fire and Stone. It was the only way to save the order from total chaos and collapse. She knew that she could not tell Arthur because he would not allow it. But she believed deeply that one day they would be reunited in the Abode of Darkness.

Stubens choked back tears as he recounted what happened in the ritual.

"The ceremony in simplest terms involved the heart of Rita to be cut from her body while still beating and cast into a vessel filled with burning coals. It is considered the ultimate sacrifice to Satan."

The good father took a deep breath. "The ritual is identical to the ancient worship of Baal which required human sacrifices. Baal was the supreme deity in many pagan nations and no matter the era or culture, it was the person of Satan being worshiped."

"Now you know the fate of Rita."

Stubens sat down and stared at the floor as the rest of us spoke in whispers

then Bishop Saintsbury called the meeting to order and opened the floor to questions.

Throughout the report I had been taking notes and kept coming back to one item of curiosity so I rose to ask my question.

“Yes Roberto?” Said the Bishop.

I first began by complimenting Father Stubens on the thoroughness of his research then asked him, “When Rita disappeared from Arthur’s family home in Turkey, she was seven months pregnant. What became of the child?”

Stubens rose with his cheeks still damp from tears. “We only know that she gave birth to a healthy boy. The child was immediately taken away but we were unable to find any record of his whereabouts.”

Then Father Zocca asked, “What happened to Arthur when he was told about her sacrifice?”

Stubens shrugged. “I don’t think that he knew about her being sacrificed. He was told she died in an automobile accident and her body was mangled beyond recognition.

“He was also told that if he wanted to be reunited with her it, would only be in death and that his life now belonged to the Prince of Darkness. He would have to be a faithful servant until the Prince released his soul. Only then would he be reunited with her.”

I reflected on what Stubens had said. Arthur was a man consumed by a love so deep that he pledged his very soul to darkness for eternity. It explained some of the deep sadness I had seen on his face in the palace.

Obviously he was a man of great intellect, talent and business knowledge as well as the deepest of personal feelings. He always had choices beginning when he first met Rita. At anytime he could have walked away but instead he became a man destroyed by love. It seemed to me to be one of the greatest paradoxes I ever heard. Jesus came to us and gave his life for love that we might spend eternity with Him. Arthur was destroyed by love only to spend eternity in the pits of hell. I shook my head and shuddered at the thought of it.

Saintsbury solemnly brought the meeting to a close. “Father Stubens has given us much to think about in his report, however, if we are looking for some weakness in Arthur by which we might reach the Prince then we most likely will not find it. His life has only one purpose and that is to be reunited with Rita in death. It is a purpose that can apparently only be accomplished through his service to the Prince.

“A night of rest will do us all some good then tomorrow we will meet again to hear Father Zocca report on the Prince. Perhaps in it we will find the weakness or vulnerability we are seeking.”



FIRE

Chapter 17

When we returned to the basement of St. John's in London the next morning, Bishop Pickwick noticed my new Shetland sweater.

"Good morning, Roberto. Nice sweater. Have you been cold?"

He smiled but his face appeared grim.

I did not need the sweater for long, someone had stoked the coal stove to the point the air became almost too warm. It seemed to me that the English had done many great things but when it came to central heating they still had work to do. But then it may have just been my cold nature. I knew we had more important things to be concerned with than my comfort.

Saintsbury gathered us together for a communal prayer then asked Zocca to present his report. He was my good friend going back to our studies in preparation for the priesthood. He was a highly intelligent man of slight build with olive skin, dark eyes and black hair. He was fluent in several languages of the Middle East. His appearance and linguistic skills, as well as his knowledge of religious diversity, allowed him to pass with ease as a Muslim, a Jew or a Christian in the region.

He began with some opening remarks: "Please allow me to also compliment Father Stubens on his thorough report. Mine will be shorter but more revealing for the decision we face. As you are aware any investigation has to combine available facts with hearsay from witnesses that may be less than shall I say, reliable. Only by comparing all testimony can an accurate portrait be portrayed.

"After the rest of you had left Eleho, I remained at the Villa to set wheels in motion. It was sultry in Syria at that time of year even though fall was near. I put word out through covert operatives; secret official channels and friends that I was in search of a birth certificate, school records or anything else that may be available of Prince Rasalhadi.

"Within days I received word that a record of birth from a remote area of Saudi Arabia indicated that a child born June 6, 1936 fit the profile. The child's father was listed as a low ranking sheik of the Rasalhadi clan. However, the mother's name was not listed. That is not unusual in the Arab world. The children are often times born of concubines or wives of low rank and are not necessarily noted on official birth records. But often such information is usually kept in a family Koran.

"I made arrangements to travel in disguised as a Muslim holy man to Saudi Arabia to investigate the claim even though I knew it would be dangerous if discovered. It was not the first time I had played such a role; I was well prepared. Fortunately, I had no problems moving through the country. When I arrived at the family complex of the Sheik, I was received hospitably.

“My initial impression was that the residence had once been quite luxurious but it was now in a state of much decline. The high walls that surrounded the main buildings were crumbling and the elegant decorative tiles were cracked and falling away. The home was well past its glory. Servants and animals were still plentiful, indicating the family was of considerable wealth.

“I began making discrete inquiries with few results but I did learn that the eldest son of the Sheik was now head of the household and family estate. The old Sheik had died some years earlier but he soon became most important to my investigation. The young Sheik was seldom at the estate and was most likely the reason for its disrepair.

“After only being there for a few days, I was called to minister to the needs of an old servant woman that was dying. She had been with the family for many years. It was evident by her appearance that she had been a handsome woman when young. Her name was Fatima. However, now in her nineties strenuous labor and time were scribbled on her face. Her pain was not so much physical as it was mental. She needed a holy man rather than a doctor at this late stage in life to hear her confessions.

“It may have been by a stroke of luck or by the fickle finger of fate, but most of what she confessed, I was later able to confirm by other sources. The most revealing part of her account could not be substantiated. It was the secret she had held for so many years and it was the cause of her great anguish. She had to tell someone the story before she died. I have no reason to believe that on her deathbed she would have lied.

“Even in my disguise as a Muslim holy man I felt no deceit. She died peacefully soon after telling me her tale, knowing that she could enter the next world with a clear conscience. My report in great part is based mostly on her confession.”

He paused then began his amazing story.

“By the time she had risen to a position of responsibility among the servants, the Sheik was already old and getting a little senile. It was then about 1935 by the western calendar. The Sheik had a harem that he visited more often to be consoled than for pleasure. The occasions of his visits were becoming more and more infrequent. Fatima attested that she was in charge of all the needs of the women, including the birthing and caring of the children.

“Even so, in his old age and waning manliness, the Sheik still had an eye for the ladies. One day he saw the daughter of his main herdsman. He had not noticed her before but now she was nearly eighteen and a blossom of great beauty.

“He had to have her so he summoned her father to his tent. He held a high position among the other servants and was primarily responsible for the breeding and caring of the camels. He was Bedouin and had traveled widely throughout the region.

“He was a man of honor and knew well of his patron’s devotion to Allah, a reliance on faith that had increased with the years. He wanted his daughter as a bride. The camel master had a secret. He knew full well that he could lose his head if the Sheik was not fully informed about his daughter before a decision was made to accept her. The camel master tactfully reminded him about his Bedouin life

and moving with the sands of the desert, trading goods, livestock and sometimes people, whenever there was a profit to be made or honor to be gained.

“The Sheik listened patiently because he knew that the camel master would come to his point. He soon revealed that his daughter was of Jewish descent. Her mother had been taken in a Bedouin raid and that he married her but she was now dead. She practiced her faith although not in his tent. He allowed it since she served him well. He wanted the Sheik to know that his daughter had Jewish blood.

“The old man thanked him for his honesty and then welcomed him into the family. Speaking with wisdom he said, “Jews and Arabs have been mixing blood for generations. This is one reason why there is so much beauty and so much hatred among our peoples. The wedding will be only one more union between an Arab and Jew. May Allah’s will be done.”

“On the night of the wedding, the Sheik drank so much wine that he fell asleep while the evening was yet young. His bride was taken to the harem that was guarded by eunuchs, as was the custom to protect the women. Being a new bride of the Sheik, she was given special quarters and two eunuchs were posted outside her room.

“Shortly before dawn wild screams were heard coming from her bedroom. The sounds were described as a mixture of a woman in passionate love making with ruts of an animal. The cries were deep and guttural and at times sounded somewhat human.

“The eunuchs, sworn to protect the harem on penalty of death, were unable to break down the door. Other eunuchs arrived to help and the servants were awakened by the clamor. Roars of passion became bellows of terror before the door was finally forced open. Guards and servants rushed inside only to find her sobbing in uncontrollable agony. Her face was distorted by a strange ecstatic grin. The windows that had been closed were now wide open and an acrid odor filled the air. The courtyard below was heavily guarded to protect against intrusion but somehow someone had gotten in.

“For a short time, Fatima was left alone to console her while the physicians were summoned and the others searched for the intruder. What she was told by the bride was astonishing and the reason for her own confession.

“She questioned her gently about what had happened and her eyes became serene and her face took on a beautiful glow. She then related what she had seen, heard and felt. She had retired knowing that the Sheik would not be coming to her that night and was soon sound asleep when suddenly the windows flew open and a mist of many colors filled the dark room with a strange glow hovering above her. She sat up and saw what appeared to be a man with the head of a jackal. The image approached her bed then the face of the jackal became that of a man.

“He spoke, telling her that she had been chosen to be the mother of his son and that she had nothing to fear as the vessel of the Prince of Darkness. He then penetrated her body, consuming her with great pleasure like none she had ever experienced. She had no idea how long it lasted but suddenly she felt a terrible pain and screamed. Then he disappeared.”



WATER

Chapter 18

Zocca paused in his narrative then spoke gravely,

“Gentlemen, this is but one of two secrets that the old servant revealed to me. She was the only one to hear the young bride’s actual account of what happened and I was the first to hear it in over thirty years.

“While still alone with her, Fatima tried to console her but the words fell on deaf ears. Her mind was somewhere far away. When the physicians arrived to examine her, she did not speak. When they asked Fatima what she had seen, she said only that perhaps the girl might recover enough to tell them herself. It was not her place to do so, she said.

“Fatima did tell them that the girl had been hysterical and thought that she was raped but had no idea by whom. It was no one from the family or the servants. In that way she told the truth and preserved her position. But suffered until the day she confessed.

“The physicians examined her but found no signs of rape. In fact, she was still a virgin and in a peculiar state of shock. She would not or could not speak and appeared to hear nothing. Other than that, she seemed perfectly healthy.

“They ordered that she remain in bed but she awoke and began to behave normal. The following morning, she bathed and allowed the servants to dress her. She ate well when food was brought and even strolled through the gardens.

“The Sheik was distressed by the state of his bride and insisted that the physicians report on her condition weekly. They were mystified because they could not reconcile with their learning with what they observed.

“He wanted to consummate the marriage but he only watched her from afar. After a few weeks, the physicians approached him with news that they were not prepared to explain. She was healthy in every respect except for her apparent state of continual shock. By all medical standards known to them, she was still a virgin but was without doubt pregnant.

“He seemed pleased much to their amazement. If she had not been raped and was still a virgin, he reasoned, she could only be pregnant by the will of Allah. He had done much to offend God in his youth but old age had deepened his faith.

‘I was told she was raped and yet she is a virgin and now she is with child. It must be His will and I accepted it as such. My sins against Him have been many and I acknowledge them and beg His mercy. This child born of mystery shall bear my name, Allah be praised!’

“He never saw his promise fulfilled and died quietly in his sleep one night before the birth. He had given his promise so his name was to be given to the child, a family name with a long history and noble heritage.

“Fatima was still in charge of the needs of the women and children. She took particularly good care of the girl as her pregnancy progressed, and when the time

came, the labor was very intense and lasted for hours.

“Although present in a room nearby, the physicians were not witnesses. Bringing babies into the world was, after all, work for women. Fatima was the midwife and primary witness to the birth. There was not a hint beforehand that she would bear twins.

Zocca paused again, allowing us time to absorb the information that he had just learned and said, “She had seen many babies born but could not imagine anything more frightening than twins born to a virgin. It became the second secret that tormented her conscience.”

Before proceeding, he reminded us that Fatima had been the only living witness. But in his opinion, she had given an honest account of the birth and what followed later.

He glanced back down at his notes. “She recounted how a struggle seemed to take place between the two babies. When the head of one first appeared, everything seemed normal. Then suddenly, it withdrew as if being pulled back into the womb. This happened three times. When the two boys finally arrived, it was sudden. They were in tandem with the second baby holding firmly onto the ankle of the first and not letting go until he was clearly free of the womb.

“They were born just before midnight on June 6, 1936, and were identical down to the smallest detail. The first child was named Omar and the other Abdul. Fatima made comparisons while they were being bathed but saw no marks or flaws on their bodies to distinguish one from the other. It was only by daily contact that she discerned differences between them. By her account, it was more of their individual personality traits than physical appearances that made the distinctions.

“Although apparently healthy throughout the pregnancy, their mother succumbed to a seizure only days after giving birth. She was returned to her father and given a proper burial. Perhaps that is why there is no record of her name on any document or family record. She was returned to the sand from which she came.

Father O’Connor interrupted at this point.

“You said the date of birth was 6-6-36. Being a student of numerology, that is a powerful number. In the context of our search for answers concerning the Prince it could represent the mark of the beast.”

Zocca nodded.

“Yes, you are right my friend. And also being a student of occult teachings, you must have no doubt noted that the babies were born under the astrological sign of Gemini, commonly known as the twins.”

“Without a mother or father the babies were raised by the women of the harem and said, even with no physical distinctions, there were subtle differences in their behavior. Omar, the apparent firstborn, seemed more dominant, stronger and aggressive. When they offered him suckle, he had a greater appetite, while Abdul appeared more starved for affection.

“As they grew older, the differences in their personalities became more

apparent. Omar was contriving and deceptive in the way he went about obtaining his wants and desires. Abdul, on the other hand, was more charming and easily won the hearts of the women tending to his needs.

“Until about the age of three, they had been kept pretty much apart with their own nursery and servants. Then one day they were put together to play. They began to crouch and snarl like little wolf cubs.

“Then they attacked, rolling and fighting in the dirt. It was clear that their intent was more than child’s play. It seemed they were locked in a fight to the death. When the women tried to separate them, they were surprised by their strength. Scratched and bitten, the women succeeded in breaking up the fight and took them to separate quarters.

“When they were being bathed, Fatima visited both rooms and noticed something strange had happened. The injuries they had sustained were identical in every way. Each had a severe scratch on the left cheek, a bruise on the forehead in the exact same place and both of their knees were scraped raw. Even though Omar seemed the stronger, he sustained the same types of wounds.

“After that, they were allowed together only once more nearly nine years later. The first incident had been mostly forgotten, except by Fatima, who insisted that they be kept apart. She instinctively knew something was dangerously wrong and cautioned the others to remain alert. The boys, when placed together, ignored one another but when they did take notice it was as if they were looking into a mirror. They spoke a strange language to each other, and began to mimic movement by movement. The servants were amused by their antics.

“Separately, they spoke perfect Arabic and were exceptionally bright students. But to Fatima, what they were now speaking was like no language she had ever heard. It was guttural like howls and vicious in nature, but it appeared to be clearly understood by the boys. Without warning, Omar struck a blow to Abdul’s right eye and both twins fell backward to the ground, sending dust flying.

“The servants rushed forward and separated them and returned them to their rooms. This time, when Fatima visited them, she was even more puzzled. Clearly, only one blow was struck, but to her amazement, both had a black eye.

“The eldest son of the old Sheik was told of these strange events, and now being in charge of his dead father’s estate, he decided that they should be forever separated. Abdul was sent to England for care and private tutoring, while Omar, being firstborn, was sent to Riad to be brought up in the finest Arab traditions. It was the last time Fatima ever saw them. She carried the secrets of their mysterious conception and childhood until her confession.

Zocca put the papers down and peered over his glasses.

“This, my dear friends, is all that she told me and I broke the confessional only because of the grave matter we face. For doing so, I shall one day, appeal to the Pope for absolution. I realize that I will be automatically ex-communicated but my prayer is that it will be lifted and that I might do the necessary penance for salvation once again.”

He paused and then said, “Until we met the Prince a few months ago, his life

had been a complete mystery except for rumors concerning his vast powers.

“As for Abdul, he graduated from Oxford and went on to seminary. His life has many missing parts but he is known to have worked among the poor in some of the most destitute and despicable places on Earth.”

The mood was solemn in the basement of St. John’s as Zocca took his seat. Bishop Saintsbury rose to lead the discussions.

“If there had been any doubt before in the mind or heart of anyone here that the Prince is in fact the Son of Satan, then Father Zocca’s report should have put those doubts to rest. There can be no question in my own mind that he is the one born of a virgin bride in a remote area of Saudi Arabia. We do not need numerology to explain the coincidence of the date 6-6-36, nor do we need astrology to explain twins born under the sign of Gemini.

“If anyone of you has the slightest disagreement with these conclusions, now is the time to speak up. We must be totally committed as a group to our actions.”

Not one objection was raised.

Saintsbury continued.

“I have had the benefit of reading advanced copies of Father Stubens’ and Father Zocca’s reports and we three agreed at Eleho that there could be no way to destroy the Prince unless we found a weakness. Clearly Arthur NaBila is out of the question. Also the power of the Prince is unassailable. After reviewing all of the information, we concluded that only one possibility exists. It is based on the physical connection between Omar and Abdul, and their apparent hatred for one another.

“Since I know little about medicine or psychology, I asked Father Fournia to do additional research and give us a report so that we might be better informed on the matter. Not only does he have a doctor of divinity, but he is also a doctor of biopsychology. For many years, his specialty has been in the study of peculiar cases of human biological phenomenon. The primary purpose of his studies has been to evaluate reports of miracles and determine their validity. Let us listen to his conclusions.”

Fournia rose to speak where he stood. He was a short pudgy man with a friendly ruddy face.

“This will only take a few minutes of your time. I believe that virgin births and states of shock are not what you want to hear about. The subject of twins has been studied at length but it is not pertinent to our topic of interest either. Therefore, I won’t go into the differences between fraternal and identical twins. What is relevant is genetic synchronicity in identical twins. Generally speaking, that means even when twins are separated at birth, they continue to exhibit similarities in behaviors for life. For example, they choose the same colors, the same lifestyles, even the same career paths, and, physically they exhibit similar traits such as obesity, heart problems, sexual preference and so-forth.

“What Father Zocca described from the account of Fatima is rare but not unheard of. It is an extension of genetic synchronicity known as physio-psychic synchronicities. There is little known about it since it is so rare. Simply stated, it means that whatever happens to one twin happens to the other because the

principle of conjoined elements are so strong that their bodies react as one. Perhaps this explains why their hatred toward one another was so ingrained through genetics that they wanted the other dead. Being children they could not know that if one were to die, both would die. The second encounter demonstrated how entirely linked they actually are in life or in death.

“Perhaps it was fate that separated them so young. But it does not matter how far apart they live, for as I said, they are still forged together by the principle of conjoined elements. I am convinced that whatever happens to one happens to the other.”

It was tense as we pondered what was stated. We all had sensed the direction things were moving. There was apparently little room for further discussion and certainly no question for argument.

Bishop Saintsbury rose. “We now need to decide what must be done. I have personally made my decision. We are all free men in our devotion to God and our love of Jesus Christ. Listen to what I have to say, and then join me if you are lead.”

He paused with resolve shown on his face.

“In order to destroy Omar, his brother Abdul must die. May God have mercy on my soul for breaking his commandment, ‘Thou Shalt Not Kill!’ Even though Abdul has done many good works, he still must be sacrificed to save the world from The Son of Perdition. I ask that you join me in this dastardly deed.”

We bowed our heads in prayer as we wrestled with our faith and personal fears. For me, it felt as if time stood still. Doubt is a simple thing when decisions are small but it looms as a ferocious dragon when it may threaten your very soul.

Even though we all knew that our eternal security was in jeopardy, we took an oath that we would kill Abdul and thereby destroy Omar.



SATANIC SIGIL

Chapter 19

The decision to kill Abdul weighed heavy on our hearts. After more investigation, it was learned that he might be in one of four places; Istanbul, Turkey, Al Aqubah, Jordan, Karachi, Pakistan, or Dublin, Ireland.

The information compiled on him was hard to fathom. There seemed to be a total contrast in the personalities of the two brothers. The nature of Abdul was reported as being nothing like that of the Prince. According to first hand accounts, he was considered kind and gentle, giving unselfishly to help the needy even to the point of sacrificing all that he had.

He was described as an outgoing, highly intelligent, positive person with good humor, and enjoyed laughing. He was honest to a fault with a heartfelt commitment to help his fellow man.

Knowing now about his kindness made the task even more difficult. Lots were drawn to see which of us would go to the cities and if found, assassinate him. It was decided that the American and I should be excluded from the drawing since we were the only two exempt from the curse of death imposed during the reading of The Book of Dawn.

Father's O'Malley and Leahe volunteered to go to Dublin since they were Irish. O'Malley was from that fair city and knew it well. Runtsaat and Schulze drew Istanbul, Turkey. Stubens and Drachten drew Al Aqubah, Jordan. Gibus and VanOches drew Karachi, Pakistan. The rest of us would return to our homes and wait. It may well have been the longest month of my life. At least it seemed that way.

When Father Hoisted called me from his home in Denmark, I detected fear in his voice. He said that we needed to all meet back in London immediately. I was on a plane that afternoon and the following day we gathered in the basement of St. John's except for the eight Priests sent to find Abdul.

Bishop Saintsbury motioned for Hoisted to present his report. His face was chalked white and it appeared that he had not slept for days. He slowly removed papers from his briefcase.

"The news is shocking."

He began reading from the notes in a mechanical way and tried to control his emotions but was unable to hide them.

"Father's Runtsaat and Schulze while searching in Istanbul, found that Abdul had been in the city but left a few years earlier. While living there, he worked with the poor and desperate people in the ghettos. Those that he had aided said he was the most charitable man they had ever known. They loved and respected him for his generosity and said that he had saved many of them from sickness and even

starvation.”

He stopped reading and stared up at us.

“It sickens me to have to be the bearer of this loathsome news.”

He looked back down at the notes and tears fell from his eyes he wiped his face and continued.

“Three weeks after being in Turkey, Fathers Runtsaat and Schulze were found in a warehouse, suspended by a leg with their throats cut. They had been severely tortured with their eyes gouged out and their fingernails ripped off. Schulze had strips of skin cut from his body. Runtsaats had dozens of cigarette burns all over him. They suffered horrible deaths. The police found no evidence pointing to the killers.

“Father Runtsaat’s body was returned to Holland and Father Schulze to Germany, along with police reports concerning their deaths. I was able to obtain copies and they stated that it was the type of death used in ritual style killings by those who follow the black arts of witchery.”

He paused and took out a handkerchief to wipe his eyes again. “Father’s Stubens and Drachten were not able to find evidence that Abdul had been in Al Aqubah or had ever been there under any other name. They were both killed and their bodies found floating in the Gulf of Aqaba. Their deaths were reported as a boating accident.”

Hoisted shook his head.

“Incredible as it may seem there is more.”

“Father’s Gibus and VanOches were involved in a car accident while searching in Karachi, Pakistan. They plunged over a cliff, landing in a stream, then the car burst into flames, burning them to death. Their remains were returned to their respective homes of Luxembourg and Holland for burial.

Hoisted sat down and placed his hands over his face. We all cried aloud then Hoisted stood up wiping his eyes and spoke slowly.

“These were good and honorable men and they now have their place with God.”

Reaching into his briefcase, he took out a letter.

“I have a long and detailed correspondence from Father Leahe in Ireland but I will summarize it. He said that Abdul was in Dublin and had arrived a year earlier, checking into the Jury’s Hotel located on St. George Street. A few days later, he moved to a slum to work with the needy. He went on to say that he and Father O’Malley had actually met and talked with him one evening. They told him about the visit we had with Omar and the events at the palace.

“He said that he knew how cruel his brother was and that his power and ambition was limitless. He despised him for it. He told what it was like during the time he spent growing up with him and how agonizing it was. He said after they had fought as children, he was sent to England for his education and protection. He said that even being separated from him that he could always sense his evil presence.

“The letter went on to explain that when Abdul completed his education, he began charity work as a way of paying his debt to humanity for the fate cast on the world by the Prince.

“When they were making plans to kill Abdul, they found it most difficult after becoming acquainted with him and seeing his kind and good nature. The letter concluded by saying they were struggling against their conscience by doing harm to this innocent man.”

Hoisted looked up.

“They sent this letter, asking for our guidance and support. The very day that I received it I also got word from the Dublin police that their bodies were found floating in the Grand Canal Docks. They had been bludgeoned to death and their crucifixes were stuffed in their mouths and their lips sewn shut.”

Bowing his head he said, “After proper services were given, they were buried in Prospect Cemetery in Dublin.”

We sat staring at him stunned by the news. Hoisted choking back tears, raised his head and asked, “What shall we do now my friends?”

Father Fournas stood.

“We must finish the job by killing Abdul, if he is as good of a man as we are told, then he would be the first to say he understood. It is the only way to stop the Prince from ruling the world. If it costs all our lives and we succeed, we will have saved all humanity from the worst nightmare that could ever beset mankind.”

Father Jemelle pushed back his chair, stood up and proclaimed, “We may all be doomed anyway. The Prince told us that if we heard the prophecies from The Book of Dawn we would all die if we did not believe in them and follow him. So we really have nothing to lose, as I see it.”

Father Beaumont stood put out a cigarette in an ashtray and said, “I am not a brave man but I agree that we must destroy him at all cost. It seems our only chance to do so is by killing Abdul. We are all believers in our Lord Jesus Christ and there is no way any of us will ever follow Omar. If we are already doomed, and it seems that we are, then we must take whatever risk necessary to kill him.”

Father Hoisted bent forward in his chair, tapping the table twice with his knuckles.

“Very well! Shall we continue with our plans? Is it agreed upon?”

All of us answered in the affirmative.

It was decided that I should return to Italy. Father Hoisted was still designated as our liaison and would return to Denmark to receive information and pass it on.

Bishop’s Pickwick and Saintsbury were to go to Damascus and try to make contact with Omar and hopefully divert his attention while Abdul was being sought. We could not figure out if we were all being followed or if by some other power, he was being informed of our every move.

The plan was to arrive in Ireland at different times over the next four days. The first day my friend Father Zocca was to arrive and then DeBazelaire and Mehohar from France. Next, Fathers Jemelle from Luxembourg, Signet from Belgium and Jensen from Denmark were to arrive on the third day. On the fourth day Fathers Fournas and Bassae from Greece would arrive and all meet at St. Patrick’s Cathedral. While there they would finalize the plan to kill Abdul.

One week after our meeting in London, Father Hoisted telephoned me from

Denmark.

“The news is not good. The plane taken by Pickwick and Saintsbury to Damascus crashed and killed all aboard. The newspaper reported that it had a mechanical failure.”

I took a deep breath and asked, “What about the others? Are they safe?”

His speech quickened.

“They all landed in Ireland safely then made contact with Abdul to set a time for a meeting, but a fire broke out in the quarters where they were staying and only Zocca and Signet got out alive. Zocca called me with details of the tragedy. He said they had a meeting scheduled with him the following evening.

“He and Signet waited on a dimly lit street. The pavement was wet from a fresh fallen rain, the light reflected off the street when a shadowy figure appeared around the corner only a block away. They could not make out if it was Abdul in the darkness. Footsteps echoed with a steady pace as the dark figure came closer then they recognized him. When he got within a few steps from them, they drew their pistols and began firing. One bullet penetrated his left shoulder, tearing through the flesh ripping bone out his back. Another bullet struck his left eye blowing it out the side of his temple. A third bullet struck his left hip, shattering the bone. Zocca described how, as the lead struck him he was driven back by the force, spinning around in a full circle with blood and bone flying through the air. He fell to the ground with a hard thud.

“He lay there limp when suddenly a car sped from a side street headed directly for them. Signet was hit and run over, killing him instantly. Zocca ran down the street. As he rounded the corner of an alley, he glanced over his shoulder. The car stopped then two men picked Abdul up and placed him in the back seat. Zocca ran up the alley to a trash bin and climbed in, pulling garbage over his head and stayed hidden until morning. He caught a plane to London and flew on to Denmark to meet me.”

I interrupted at that point.

“May I speak with him? You know that we are old friends.”

Hoisted replied, “Yes, I know but he has gone to get food for our dinner. I thought it best to call you while he was out.”

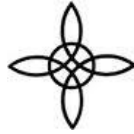
Then I heard Hoisted shout in terror as I listened helplessly on the other end of the telephone. “Oh my God, Roberto! Someone is kicking in the door!”

I could hear wood cracking and glass breaking then the last words I heard him scream were, “No! Not you! He has killed Zocca and thrown his body into the room. He is coming for me! God my Father, into your hands I commend my spirit!”

I heard a struggle and then gurgling. It was obvious that he was being strangled then the telephone went dead.

I was frantic. If only there was some way to help. I got an operator and contacted the police in Copenhagen. When they called me back my worst fears were confirmed. Zocca and Hoisted had been brutally murdered. All of those good men were dead and my best friend of twelve years was among them. Then it hit me full force. Of the original twenty-one clergy who had witnessed the Prince in Syria, only the American and I remained alive. I fell across my bed, sobbing

from remorse and feeling helpless.



WITCH CHARM

Chapter 20

When I regained control of my emotions I contacted the American. He was staying at a retreat in the Catskill Mountains north of New York City. I filled him in on everything that had happened. Although he expressed shock he did not seem surprised. He suggested that we get together as soon as possible to discuss a plan that he had in mind.

I flew to New York that same week and was taken by taxi along the Hudson River into the Mountains. I was amazed by the amount of open country so near a densely populated city. I was taken to his rustic house at the end of a poorly maintained dirt road surrounded by tall trees and thick grass. He was waiting on the veranda and seemed reserved but receptive.

I poured out the story, holding nothing back. When I finished, he showed sympathy. We talked for a long time in a sort of eulogy about each of the departed clergy and of their expertise, strengths and character.

The air was fresh and clear with a pure scent of pine. We were talking about Father Zocca when the sound of a bird in distress was chirping. We saw it struggling to fly. It landed on a branch that bent low under its weight overhanging the veranda. It was breathing hard with its beak open. Joseph had a full glass of water in his hand and slowly approached.

It was a beautiful blue bird like none I had ever seen. It drank eagerly and soon revived. It chirped gaily and took flight again with a new vigor. Joseph turned to me with a raised eyebrow and smiled. "Wasn't that incredible?"

"Yes it truly was!" I replied. "Only sad in a way too."

He nodded in agreement. We went on with our talks, not giving the bird another thought.

The next morning, he asked if I would like to see more of the natural beauty of the countryside. I felt that an excursion into the woods might do us some good. We got into an old army jeep and started down trails that he said had been made by loggers many years before. After about an hour, he stopped at a scenic spot.

There was a trail leading up the side of a mountain. After hiking for a good distance we came to a clearing. He sat down on a fallen log and I sat on the grass. Before we began to talk, sounds of rustling came from the brush near the edge of the clearing. He got up, motioning for me to follow.

We took a different route back down the mountain and headed into a deep ravine with sunlight flickering through the trees casting frightening shadows all around. Movements among the trees and undergrowth loomed behind us. We quickened our pace through the brush then we stopped again, but hearing only the sounds of our own heavy breathing.

We tried to walk quietly but every twig stepped on sounded like a firecracker going off. We stopped once again to listen and heard footsteps approaching. We rushed into a narrow gully leading back up a steep slope toward a small bluff. At the top stood the Prince staring down at us.

He was blind in one eye covered by a black patch and he held his left arm close to the side that appeared to be paralyzed. We climbed up to him. He stepped back with a limp.

He looked at me with piercing intensity. His words shot straight through my heart.

“Abdul is alive and living at the Palace. I will never let him leave again!”

He placed one finger on the patch.

“Your companions were brave and resourceful men even I underestimated their cunning. But I knew they would fail to understand one thing, nothing, absolutely nothing, can stop me from taking power”

He limped over to the American, taking hold of his shoulder.

“I have an invitation for you.”

Reaching into his pocket he took out a copper disk and handed it to him. The disk had a map with ancient writings on it.

“These are secret instructions of a special garden located in the middle of America. You and Roberto are to meet me there at the appointed time as revealed on the disk.”

The power of this man seemed limitless and, as if he needed another demonstration of might, he held out his hand pointing a finger in our direction. In a flutter, a beautiful blue bird that may have been the same one we saw on the veranda descended and perched on his extended finger.

A blinding bright blue flash of light made me stumble backward and I had to divert my eyes for a moment. Taking my hand away, I was able to focus again and saw a beautiful young girl in a blue dress standing next to him. I recognize her as the one that had been possessed by the gargoyles. She looked at me and nodded in a shy way with a slight smile. He took her by the hand to walk away and, as they did she pointed toward a wild flower on the ground and tilted her head with a questioning glance.

I looked at the plant and felt compelled to speak.

“Yes, it is a blue chicory.”

She nodded, then like a shadow, they disappeared into the woods. We heard his voice in the air.

“I shall see you both in a few days.”

The American looked at me bewildered.

“Why do you think she pointed at that plant?”

“I am not sure but there is a legend about the blue chicory. A beautiful girl watched every day for her lover to return to her but never did and she died from a broken heart. According to the legend, the blue chicory grew in the place where she died. The plant has a peculiar trait it blooms early in the morning, facing the rising sun, then it wilts and dies in just a few hours.”

We stood staring at it before starting back to the jeep.

Joseph said, “She may be telling us that she loves the Prince very much.”

I nodded.

"That was evident in Syria when he asked her to give him her life,"

I speculated. "The legend of the flower turning to the east after blooming causes me to think about the Prince, in light of the scriptures as recorded in Revelation.

"During the tribulation, the Son of Perdition departs from the God of his father. Many scholars have reasoned this to mean that he would be of the Jewish faith but I have a different view on the subject based on my own studies. I think he will be a Muslim first, then turns to Judaism to secure a contract with Israel," I said.

He stopped and looked at me.

"Very interesting indeed. Is there more to the theory?"

"Well, just as the blue chicory turns to the east, for a time, so too, is the Prince a pretender to the faith of Islam. He is a Moslem who converts to Judaism but is neither in actuality. He is instead a wolf in sheep's clothing."

"Astonishing!" he said.

I withdrew into private thoughts after we reached the jeep. He drove slowly back to the house, also lost in meditation. We now knew that we could never hide from him.

That afternoon we took the metal disk to a Jesuit priest, Father Henry Allen Branch. He was one of the foremost experts in ancient writings. I could not help but think about Father Stubens who had translated the Book of Dawn and, if he were still alive, he could have interpreted the disk for us.

He held it and wrinkled his brow.

"This is one of the most interesting things I have ever seen. I would not dare ask where you got it because it is a method of sending messages by the Illuminati. Only those in the highest authority are allowed to use this form of communications. I could lose my own life if I inquired too deeply into its origin."

He went on to explain that his monastery was originally started in Eastern Turkey in the early 1800's before it was moved to the United States. One of their subjects of expertise was the Illuminati, its history, codes and writings.

He talked as if giving a lecture.

"The Illuminati was started in ancient Babylon during the reign of King Nimrod, son of Cush. They had a special order of priests who were masters of astrology. The leadership was in the hands of King Nimrod, his wife and their son, Tammuz. Tammuz and his mother were established as the mother and child of the cult of the enlightened ones.

"Tammuz was said to have been killed by a bear while he was boar hunting. According to myth, he returned to life in forty days by an angel of light. Father Branch continued.

"There are many organizations such as Free Masons, Builderbergers, Rosescrusiens, the Bohimenn Grove and others that are immersed in Illuminati tradition, even though most of the general membership has little or no knowledge of the connection. The worship of owls, burning of incense, secret signs and words has always been a clandestine part of the order.

"As an example, Freemasonry is a classic. Even though its records leave only

scant traces of its history, it has merged over the centuries with other mystical brotherhoods making their disentanglement nearly impossible. It is felt by many historical scholars that their origins were established during the building of the Temple of Jerusalem during King Solomon rule.

“Other historians trace the beginnings back much further to the cradle of civilization, when vocations were carefully guarded by craftsmen. By cloaking their trade in a secret language with symbols, words and marks, they could pass on the skills learned to their heirs and secure a future for their descendants. Many tradesmen worked on a single project their entire life.

“Over hundreds and even thousands of years, many other groups and individuals were attracted to the lodges or temples that practice secret signs and rituals. Eventually a trade or craft would not have even one member as a mason by vocation in a lodge. Even the Knights of Europe took on Freemasonry practices and rituals.

“Modern lodges in different countries have evolved with many rites that differ entirely from those of centuries past. Even so the system of symbolic ritual is essentially the same now in all lodges. Its members are classified by degrees, beginning with apprentice then fellow-craft and finally, master-mason.”

I interrupted him.

“To what end purpose is their goal?”

“Have you not witnessed enough in your lifetime to draw your own conclusions?”

“Yes, I have since you put it that way.”

He looked back at the disk.

“It is a method of communicating messages only to ranking members and dignitaries of the Illuminati. I do not understand why it was given to you unless you are one of them?”

I answered, “No we are not, but we must know what it says.”

He shrugged.

“You need to know that it is punishable by death not to obey the instructions written on it.”

Sitting at his desk, making no further comment, he took out a sheet of paper and pen then carefully wrote out the instructions in English and sketched a rough map. Handing the translation and disk to me, he then slumped down in his chair and waved for us to go.

The message said that we were to leave for St. Louis, Missouri, where we would be met and taken to the location on the map. It said that our guide was to be given the disk.

We boarded a plane the next morning and flew to St. Louis and were met by one of the men that had picked us up when we arrived in Damascus. He smiled and took our luggage to a waiting limousine. The driver was also one of our former guides. When he greeted us, he asked for the disk then drove to a place located in the country. He stopped the car at the base of a hill, got out, opened the door and pointed to the top of the ridge.

“That is the Garden of Eden. Go up there.” he said.

At the crest of the hill stood a boulder as white as snow. I reached out and

touch it just as the Prince walked from around the other side. He motioned for us to follow him back around the boulder and, to my amazement sitting in a concaved panel of the stone was a golden box with a thick piece of glass that incased it.

He nodded toward it and said, "This is the Ark of the Covenant!"

I glanced over at him and asked, "How did you acquire it?"

He said, "It was taken by the Lost Tribes of Israel into Assyria and the Levitical part of the tribe migrated into South Africa with it and was held there by the Lemba Clan as they are known. They called the Ark, the ngoma. It was stolen, smuggled first into Zimbabwe and sold to Syrian traders who were followers of the Prince of Darkness. They passed it on to me.

I had many more questions concerning the Ark but he pointed to an engraving on the stone with these words inscribed on it from the Book of Mormon.

"A choice seer will I raise up out of the fruit of thy loins, and he shall be esteemed highly among the fruit of thy loins. And unto him will I give the commandment that he shall do a work for the fruit of thy loins; his brethren, which shall be great worth unto them, even to the bringing of them to the knowledge of the covenants which I have made with thy fathers.

And I will give unto him a commandment that he shall do none other work save the work, which I shall command him. And I will make him great in mine eyes; for he shall do my work."

He reached out with his good right hand and took the American by his shoulder. With authority he said, "This prophecy is fitting for you, Joseph Adams. The hour is at hand for me to take my seat of power and I want you to join me as my prophet. I will send you to my hidden city to consider your future but first I will show you an event that will soon occur."

In this dreamland setting that many believe to be the original Garden of Eden, and it was indeed surreal and caused me to be more confused than ever. Why was the Prince offering Joseph to become his prophet and why did he feel it necessary once again to demonstrate his awesome power?

He pointed north to a hill where a bear with two cubs strolled over the ridge. She stopped and looked to her left where a short distance away was an elk in a fork of a stream that snaked through the valley below.

The Elk appeared sick as it gazed up at the bear and her cubs. The she bear grunted to the cubs and they ran back over the ridge. Then she charged toward the elk, picking up speed.

Just as she got within paces of him he put his head down to absorb the impact but instead of standing his ground, he maneuvered rapidly to the side. She tried to turn but her momentum cause her to stumble.

He rushed her flank, burying his antlers deep into her side, knocking her down. She roared in pain and anger. He ran across the shallow stream and disappeared into the thickets.

She struggled to her feet with blood gushing from the wound and staggered up the hill, then groaned. The cubs ran back over the ridge and down the slope to meet her. To our surprise the elk charged from out of the thickets directly toward her.

The cubs saw him and came to a sliding stop. The she bear tried to swing around but the wounds slowed her reactions.

He thrust his antlers deep into her front quarter. She fell on her back and rolled over, trying to regain her footing. He charged again, piercing her stomach and tearing it open. She groaned loudly and was no longer able to rise. He turned and ran up the ravine toward the cubs. The bear raised her head and grunted a last distress call to them then died.

They turned, scurried up the hill but he caught the first cub, pitching it into the air and over his head. Then he caught the other cub digging his antlers deep into its small body, pitching it over his head and down the hill. The cub bellowed in pain as it flew through the air and slammed to the ground.

He stopped and looked down at their dead bodies. He sniffed the air and shook his head in triumph. Then he started a slow gait toward us and soon he was at a full run. I could not believe what was happening. I made the sign of the cross when he was only a few meters away. He began to shimmer in a white burst of light then it was the Prince running to where we stood and said, "The bear and her cubs represent the bear and her bands that will soon be destroyed in the valley of Megiddo in Israel."

He raised his good arm pointing to the sky. Circling above appeared what I thought were three vultures. They swooped down on the bear, ripped open her side and it was then that I could see that they were bald eagles. They took flight, headed in our direction, circled overhead and dropped three ribs near us.

The Prince walked over and stood next to me as I stared at the bones.

"As a Bible scholar of prophecy you can certainly understand that this is the next great event to occur. My Lord has also recorded it in future prophecies of the Book of Dawn. The bear is Russia and, with her, will be many armies attacking Israel. When this occurs, Russia with her allies will be almost entirely destroyed by my armies. I will then take my position of power on the world scene. Seeking my protection, Israel will sign an alliance with me. Now you must go with my guides and I shall join you again later."

He turned and walked back around the boulder. When we returned to the car and looked up the hill, he was standing on top of the boulder, waving at us as it descended beneath the ground.

USED IN CASTING MAGIC SPELLS BY SATANIST

away was marked with warning signs in red letters on a yellow background that read: ELECTIFIED. There were automobiles patrolling and electronic surveillance cameras on lighted poles.

It took a full ten minutes to reach the house after we entered the front gate. The drive led up a straight road with tall slender evergreen trees in perfect rows on either side. The circular drive in front of the mansion had a large European fountain in the center spraying water with colored lights changing from magenta to blue to orange. It was a paradise in the wilderness. There were fruit trees growing all around the property with lovely flower gardens and a maze of evergreen shrubs that covered a full acre. Large boulders were strewn throughout the garden with a stream flowing among them and at the far end was a small waterfall that emptied back into the stream that wound down into a large pond. The water emptied over a gracefully arching spillway into an underground system that pumped the water back up to the start of the stream.

We were taken to separate suites and the one I occupied had a living room, a bedroom and large bath with fresh flowers in each room. The furnishings throughout were of the finest quality, with original oil paintings on every wall.

I was asked to be ready for dinner by six o'clock. Twelve men were seated at the dinner table when I arrived. When Joseph entered the room they stood and applauded. He looked in my direction with a raised eyebrow and shrugged in a gesture of surprise by this special treatment. The conversation during dinner was mostly about a meeting that was planned for the next morning.

Upon finishing our meal we were escorted to a patio in the rear of the mansion. Chairs were set in a semi-circle overlooking a beautiful sloping garden with decorative lights. In the center of the garden was a transparent stage laid over a round fountain.

Much to my surprise we were entertained with the opera, *Madam Butterfly*. It was the last thing I ever expected. The chairs had been arranged with Joseph seated in the center of the group. At one point he glanced over at me during the performance and whispered, "I'm totally impressed!"

I nodded. "Absolutely!"

It was a fabulous production about a heart-wrenching story of an American naval officer who marries a Japanese Geisha, Cio-Cio-San who is also known as *Butterfly*.

She loves the young officer named Pinkerton, forsaking her ancestor's religion and, for doing so, is ostracized by her family.

Even though Pinkerton marries her, he has no intention of staying. His plan is to return to his own country and marry an American. Unbeknownst to him, she gives birth to his son after he leaves.

She waits for three years believing that he will return to their happy life. She keeps her eyes fixed on the harbor day after day then finally his ship sails into port. She is overcome with joy and prepares her home with flowers then waits for him.

Night passes and by dawn her hope is dashed so she retires with her son to sleep. Pinkerton is informed about his son and goes to her house with his American wife and the U.S. Consul. His purpose is to get the boy and take him

back to America.

When they approach, the servant collapses in grief because she knows how it will devastate Butterfly who will have no one left in the world to love her.

Pinkerton realizes now what he too has lost and runs off in anguish. When Butterfly enters the room, she finds Pinkerton's wife and guesses the reason they have come. She agrees to give up her son if he will return to get the boy.

Once she is left alone, she takes a knife with which her father had committed hara-kiri and goes to the shrine of Buddha, bows and drives the dagger into her stomach. As she is dying her son is playing in the garden. Pinkerton rushes in, calling her name. He takes her in his arms just as his son runs into the room and salutes him as she had taught him.

It was a very moving performance and put me in a somber mood.

We were served drinks and desserts then afterwards I retired to my room with a downhearted spirit. It was all such a mystery to me. I thought that the opera must have some significance other than entertainment value but that was all it was, just a night of bittersweet pleasure.

The next morning Joseph and I were served breakfast in a small dining room. I asked him what he thought about the previous day.

He answered, "I have not made up my heart."

I asked what he meant but he did not answer.

After breakfast we were taken to a room where the twelve men from the previous evening joined us. The door closed and the room began to descend. The doors opened where we stepped out onto a platform. A train was waiting for us to board. I looked out the window and saw an underground city. It was alive with activity. The train stopped at a large complex. Inside was a domed conference room with many chairs around an oval table where we all took seats.

I noticed that there was a raised platform with a table and two chairs at the front of the room. There stood the Prince dressed in a splendid uniform and behind him stood Arthur NaBila dressed in full military style attire.

The Prince gestured to a chair inlaid with precious jewels inscribed with the words "The Prophet." It looked like the same chair I had seen in the cave in Syria.

In a commanding voice he spoke.

"Joseph, come here!"

He rose and walked to the platform. The Prince put his hand on his shoulder.

"Joseph, I want you to accept the offer to be my prophet and sit at my right hand." He said.

Joseph glanced over at me then looked at Arthur standing behind the chair. In a clear and strong voice that all could hear he answered, "Yes, my Prince, I accept."

Facing the room the Prince raised his arm with a clenched fist, bringing it against his chest in a Roman style salute. Everyone rose to their feet and returned the salute then he saluted Joseph who returned the gesture and the men bowed before them.

I was frozen in my chair at the spectacle.

"Behold my prophet, Joseph Adams."

Arthur pulled back the chair as Joseph was seated. The Prince placed his

hand over Arthur's head. "All is now in order for me to take my seat at the head of Rome. I will establish my kingdom in Israel with my prophet Joseph as high priest."

The meeting adjourned and I was escorted from the room while Joseph remained with the Prince. That evening I was called to the dining room but it was empty except for one table setting. I took my seat and sat with my head slumped, as tears trickled down my face and whispered, "God what can be next?"

My misery was interrupted when the Prince and Joseph entered. Joseph's words cut through me like a knife.

"I have made up my heart. I serve Prince Omar bin Rasalhadi. Now what about you?"

I gathered my strength and replied, "No! I stand with my God and Lord Jesus Christ."

I bowed my head. They walked from the room without saying another word.



TARANIS SUN WHEEL

Chapter 22

The following day I was served a sumptuous breakfast in my room but had no appetite. I was given a new wardrobe and luggage and was told that I could go anywhere in the world.

My initial thoughts were to go home to Sicily but that depressed me. How could I face my parish or my family with what I knew about the Prince and being a part of an assassination plot? I felt so helpless and my faith had been weakened. I could no longer wear the collar of the priesthood because I had conspired to murder even though the cause seemed justified and the mission had been a failure.

I was escorted by limousine to an airfield and flown to San Francisco. Joseph's words rang in my ears like a persistent echo. "I have made up my heart!" My mind kept replaying all of the events since that first day in Damascus.

I kept asking myself how it all could be possible. After spending so much time together in conversation I thought I knew him but now he followed the Antichrist. It haunted me in my sleep and during my waking hours. I had to find out more about him. Who he really was and where he came from and why he was chosen to travel to meet the Prince in the first place?

I had to discover why he decided to become a follower of the Prince. I began searching for answers using my life savings to pay for many months of investigative work.

Where does one begin to find out about another person's background? It is more difficult than I thought it would be. Joseph had told me where he attended college so I began there.

From public records I found that he had been born in Haiti in 1948. Perhaps that explained his dark and handsome appearance. Although I found it hard to believe that he was so young. It was now 1969 and he would be only twenty-one.

He had been adopted at birth but there was no record of his biological parents or who had adopted him other than the family name of Adams. There was also no record of his early years. However at the age of twelve, he was sent to England to attend a private school by the name of Bailey and Gardener in the city of Plymouth.

He was exceptionally bright and progressed rapidly. Then in 1964, he was sent to America to attend college at Brigham Young University in Salt Lake City. It was there that I was able to obtain much of my information but only by unscrupulous means. He had enrolled in engineering and while a freshman he became a member of the Mormon Church.

After two years at the university he took a leave of absents to spend a year as a missionary in the state of Illinois. It was during this time that his life took on a new and mysterious change. It was also then that he used a false social security

number to establish himself as an American citizen and obtained a passport.

If the church had known about his true background it would have excommunicated him but he successfully cloaked his activities behind a veil of secrecy. He always presented himself as a dedicated Mormon and the church never knew who or what he actually was.

It was only by following a sad and tragic trail of events that I found out the truth about him. The years he spent in Illinois were turbulent times in American history. The Viet Nam war was raging and meeting with protest on an unprecedented scale. Students in every city were outraged over what they believed to be an unjust and un-winnable war. Joseph it seemed was one of those young men.

Even with the war, America was leaping forward with positive changes in civil rights brought about by strong minority leadership but there were also many undercurrents of revolution going on too.

While living in Chicago, he met twin brothers. Their names were John and James Nalley. They and Joseph became known as the triple J's among their friends.

One weekend they took a trip to New York City to party. John was married and as a practical joke, Joseph and James put a pair of pink panties and a package of condoms in his laundry before returning to Chicago.

His wife found them while doing his laundry and a violent argument broke out. During the quarrel she lost control and pulled a gun from a bedside table, shooting him through the heart and killing him instantly. In her state of madness she then turned the gun on herself and pulled the trigger. When the paramedics arrived she was lying in a pool of blood barely alive and lived only three days, never regaining consciousness.

The burden of guilt was too much for James so he took his own life a few weeks later by leaping from a bridge and left a suicide note telling all.

The Chicago Press assigned a young reporter to cover the story. It had caught public interest and as any up and coming reporter would do, he dug deeper into the story to keep it on the front page.

Much to his surprise he discovered that the brothers belonged to a group known as the Weathermen. It was an organization of underground political dissidents considered by the F.B.I. to be one of the most dangerous and radical groups in America. Their purpose was the political overthrow of the American government and to set up what they considered to be the re-establishment of a basic constitutional form of government enjoyed by the forefathers with them in control.

They had a secret manifesto dogmatically followed by the members.

The news of the deaths of James, John and Sharon was building into a national news story when it abruptly disappeared from the headlines. This was my only real lead to find out more about Joseph so I sought out the newsman who first covered the story. After many weeks of digging, I discovered he was living under a false identity in a remote part of the country, tending a small farm. He would not talk to me when I first contacted him, so I wrote about my experiences with the Prince and Joseph.

A few days later I received a letter stating he would meet with me in private. After we met, I pleaded he share with me what he knew. He agreed when I promised as a priest that I would never tell how I found out about his new identity or where he was living.

He took me to his barn and we climbed a ladder to the loft. In the back he moved a few bales of hay revealing a hidden chest. He took out several folders.

“Here,” he said, “this is the entire story, you can read it for yourself.”

We returned to the house where I shut myself away for hours, going over all the documents.

It covered part of what I already knew about the brothers and Joseph’s involvement in the Weathermen but then a revelation unfolded that brought it all into focus. The manifesto I mentioned was no ordinary document. It had been personally written by Joseph for the Weathermen that turned out to be one of two reasons the Prince had selected him for the position as prophet. As shocking as this part was the second reason was even more distressful.

The documents revealed that the reporter had followed the story as it snaked its way through the backdrop of dark and hidden places. He had gone to Miami, Florida to follow up on Joseph’s childhood and to hopefully interview his parents. He discovered that Joseph had been raised by a wealthy widow woman whose name was Ethel Adams. She had at one time owned a bookstore in New York that specialized in the occult. The child had been brought to her just after he was born. She was given an enormous sum of money to raise him as her own child. She sold her store and moved to the wealthiest part of Miami to raise him under the name of Joseph Adams.

The reporter discovered that the child had been born in Haiti. It confirmed what I already knew about him. The next piece of the puzzle came as a great surprise and all the pieces came together with such force that I broke into tears from relief. I now understood why Joseph made his decision to be the prophet of the Prince.

The actual names of his biological parents were Arthur NaBila and Rita Frances Arendt NaBila. The entire story told by Father Stubens became clear. Joseph was the son of Arthur and explained why I had sensed familiarity between them when we were in the library. Rita was not only his mother she was also a high priestess of a cult of the Day Star and had sacrificed her own life for the cult’s survival.

This meant that Joseph was a Prince of the Day Star and a warlock, a wizard of the black arts and heir to witchery. Ethel Adams, who had raised him, was actually Madame Currier, owner of the GreenWitch Book Store in New York and a high priestess of the cult as well.

It stunned me to realize that I had been so fooled by him into thinking that he was a true believer but in reality he was a deceiver. It was no wonder that the Prince had chosen him as his prophet since he was heir of the Devil’s church. The real reason for Joseph’s visit to the Prince was not only to witness his power but also to keep him informed about the thoughts and actions of the other clergy. As I thought about their cruel fates it made me furious.

The reporter said that he returned to the newsroom with the next part of the

story but soon after submitting it he was called into a conference room where five senior executives were discussing the matter with their lawyers. They told him that it was in the best interest of the newspaper not to print any more of the articles. They said that he would be reassigned to another story that would assure his career continued to flourish.

He told them that if they did not want the story then he would resign and pursue it through other channels. That night he was awoken by men in his bedroom. They pinned his arms to the bed as one sat on his stomach and pressed a shotgun into his mouth. He was told that if he wanted to live to celebrate another birthday that he would drop it and find a hole to hide in.

He said that he was not sure why they had not kill him that night but thought they did not want to arouse any more attention of the F.B.I. since Joseph was involved in the Weathermen. Then another reason might have been they were fearful of terrorist repercussions against the newspaper. Whatever the reason, he wanted to go on living more than he wanted to get the big scoop.

In one of the folders was the manifesto. Before I visited the library of the Prince containing the Book of Dawn, and the many other books from different ages, I had never been privy to first hand knowledge of secret writings.

The Manifesto of the Weathermen is one of the most guarded documents of modern times. And now, it was in my hands. I asked him if I might have it and he reluctantly agreed.

It contained the fundamental principles of one of the most secret organizations in American history. It initially appeared to be a simple document of tenets for its members. What struck me most was a blood covenant required of its followers. Blood covenants have been a part of many rituals since the beginning of time and they are always binding.

Even though the document spoke of God, its true meaning follows the God of this World, Satan. The hierarchy of the Weathermen are fully aware of who they serve. It was by design to allow ordinary people to join the ranks and be kept unaware of the sinister nature of the higher commitment until it was too late. By then the snare was set.



EYE OF HORUS

Chapter 23

Having discovered the true nature and background of Joseph, I was the only remaining witness who had knowledge of the Antichrist and his plans for the world.

After leaving the reporter to tend his farm I thought that perhaps I, too, should find a hole to hide in and never come out. I had even contemplated suicide but it is a sin in the eyes of God as I was taught by my Catholic upbringing. Would it matter though if I took my own life? What could I do to prevent the Prince from coming to power? Surely my failure had already condemned me to purgatory.

For the next twenty years, I was lost in my own personal desperation harboring a broken faith and absent of courage. The only relevant thing about this manuscript during those years was that I put it in a place of safekeeping. After making my way to New York City, I visited a bank and paid for a long-term safe deposit box then placed all the documents, including this manuscript, in it.

I was about to close the lid but paused and made the sign of the cross. It was a reflex reaction that went back to my early childhood. I kissed the crucifix that hung around my neck and took it off. In my left hand was the key to the safe deposit box and in my right hand was the cross, the symbol of my faith. I laid the last object of my church on top of the papers and closed the drawer. I was now no longer God's servant. The key hung around my neck, like a lost albatross, for many years.

After the papers were secure I wrote to my parents and to my superiors in the church. Knowing that they would be concerned, I told them a little white lie that I had a new calling. Of course, they had no knowledge of what I had witnessed nor did they know about the inner pain I carried in my heart.

I wandered America, from one town to another, working odd jobs that I never kept for long but I was able to keep my belly full most of the time. I saw unhappiness all around me yet I was unable to give any comfort as a priest.

I moved many times over the years and found myself back in New York City. I had lost job after job until it seemed there were no more to be found.

By then, it was the late 1980's and I was living on the streets. As down as I was I had not succumbed to drugs or violence. Even an occasional heavy dose of wine or whisky had not made me an alcoholic.

I had been wandering all that time as a vagrant and had never given street people much thought. I knew very little about them or how they got to where they were.

I suppose I felt that those who were called as missionaries or those magnanimous enough to assist them were doing all that could be done. Then too I had my own problems even though I knew that type of thinking was shallow in

the scope of things.

One question I kept asking myself was how I did and others like me become street people? I came up with a simple answer using an analogy: it was like cooking a cake. When all the ingredients are mixed and placed in an oven, it comes out like something magical, ready to eat. But for me all the ingredients were wrong and I lost control of my purpose, as I believe is the case for most street people.

Contrary to popular opinion, a person is not living in the streets because they want to. There are a few who choose to live homeless, but their alternatives are usually far worse.

Living on the street gave me experiences that nothing else could have. For example, I was sitting one day on some steps in an alley, passing time. A couple of feet away from me on the pavement lay a dime. I became transfixed on it as my thoughts raced back to my childhood. What all could I have bought for a dime in the early 40's, I asked myself. In Italy, for many it was equivalent to two hours of hard labor. It would buy two loaves of bread or I could pay my way to a movie, buy a soda and a candy bar. Now I couldn't even buy a cup of coffee with it.

I got up walked over, bent down and picked it up. Holding it toward the sky, I turned it back and forth studying it. I put it in my pocket so it might be a constant reminder of better times.

Although I may have once been apathetic toward street people for a multitude of reasons, now I could empathize with their innermost feelings.

Most typical street people are bogged down with stress related problems that render the human mind incapable of dealing with what is considered normal daily life.

These people are alienated vagabonds, feared, despised and rejected. There are some who are dangerous cunning types who can present grave threats but mostly to other street people.

One day I was sleeping next to a subway grate in an effort to keep warm when I awoke with two men in suits standing over me. One shook his head and said, "There but for the grace of God go I."

They walked away. I sat up watching them until they were out of sight.

The comment hit a nerve and tears filled my eyes and rolled down my cheeks. I felt sorry for myself and broke into sobs. A voice drifted from the alley.

"Why you cryin' like a baby over there? You be here 'cause ya wants to be but I be here 'cause I has nothin' but da street."

I rose while wiping my face with a dirty sleeve and went into the alley and saw Bonzell. He was an old black gentleman I knew. We had talked many times over a cheap bottle of wine. In my weaker moments I had told him about my experiences with the Prince. He usually treated the stories with compassionate disbelief. Everyone on the street has a tall story to tell.

"Good morning Bonzell. What did you mean that I am here because I want to be? Do you think that I have a choice?"

"Yessuh!" he said emphatically. "It be dat Prince stuff you be tellin' me 'bout. Dat's what be keepin' you on da street sho' nuff. This here ain't nothin' fo you to fret 'bout. No suh. Lemme tell you a little somethin'. I done seen a lot in

my life, yessuh, sho' nuff seen a lot.

"When I was a little boy we worked all day from mornin' ta dark in da cotton field. Yessuh no one today b'lieve what it be like back den. We eat one time at night, beans mostly, maybe sometime a little rabbit or possum.

"We had nought even a coal oil lamp like white folks. But we had one ting dey can't take away. Our Lord Jesus in our heart set us free.

"Roberto, if dis here Prince be da King over dis here world, jus' 'member dat da Bible say da Lord Jesus be da King of all Kings. It be Jesus dat say to King Herod or one of dem Kings what was gonna kill him, 'you only has da power my Father give you.' He say to him, 'I can call down a whole army of angels to do my fightin' fo' me.'

"You see, he come down here to set us free. Our God know what be in peoples hearts. We don't has to fret none. He done beat ole Satan an' all his devil angels. Ain't no man gonna beat God. So you jus' quit yo' worryin'. I be ninety somethin' and know a lot. Live happy 'cause dis here problem is our God's. It ain't fo' us to be frettin' about 'cause we be free men. Dey can't kill a Christian!"

When he had finished talking I rose to my feet and stared down the street where the two men had gone and mumbled, "What of you? They can't kill a Christian!" His words really hit home.

"You are right my friend!" I shouted. "They can't kill a Christian!"

In that moment I resolved that I alone would complete the sworn mission of my brothers in the Lord. I would meet with the Prince one more time and kill him.

But first I would retrieve the manuscript from the bank vault. When I had left it there I thought I would be able to bury the past but the past would not die.

When I approached the bank door the guard tried to shoo me away. I looked terrible in my soiled and tattered street clothes and could certainly not blame him. Taking the key from the chain around my neck I explained that it would open my safe deposit box.

He called for the manager so I gave him the key and said that I had no identification but that the box had not been opened for nearly twenty years. I said that if he would open it there was a crucifix and on the backside were the initials R.M.C.M. If he still had doubts, I would tell him the date inscribed beneath the initials.

When he returned shortly with the manuscript and crucifix, he was respectful and asked if there was anything else he could do for me. I thanked him and said that I needed to make a long distance call to Sicily. He seemed relieved that was all I wanted and gladly let me make the call.

My father came on the line and was in tears at the sound of my voice. When I told him that I was coming home and needed money, he started to laugh with joy.

"Roberto! Mio filio. You have a fortune! Your cousin Giorgio died suddenly a few years ago and left you an enormous estate. Where have you been?"

The bank manager was shocked when I told him I needed to make arrangements to receive funds. In my state it was no wonder. He told me it would take twenty-four hours and offered me a cash advance. He was even more

shocked when I turned him down.

How could a bank manager understand that it did not bother me in the least to spend another night on the street.



SATAN SIGIL

Chapter 24

During that last night I said goodbye to my fellow street people. The bank manager had slipped me a twenty-dollar bill so I bought a bottle of good wine for Bonzell. His final words to me before he passed out were, "Good wine, cheap wine makes no diffunce, Jesus loves me!"

The following day I went to the bank and got money then bought new clothes checked into a hotel for a hot bath, a shave and a good night of sleep under clean sheets. The hotel concierge made first class arrangements for my return trip to Sicily and then on to Riesi, my hometown.

Papa greeted me at the old farmhouse. He kissed and hugged me so many times I thought I had just been ordained again. I looked around the homestead and saw that little had changed since I was a child. There is always comfort in things that do not change.

When my cousin Giuliana came out of the house followed by several small children I looked at Papa. He had a tear in his eye and I knew what it meant but I asked anyway.

"And mama?"

"Two years ago," he said with head bowed. "We will visit her grave later but first you must eat. You are skin and bones and your mama would not like that. Giuliana is a fine cook and takes good care of me and the grandchildren."

I hugged him and cried over losing mama and then thought of the grandchildren standing around, watching the scene. It was amazing just how much time had passed. I remembered Giuliana as a young girl before I went away to seminary. So many memories of my childhood came flooding back that I was overwhelmed. Time certainly had not stood still in Sicily.

A Sicilian family meal is like nothing else in the world. The steaming pasta, the smell of garlic mingled with freshly grated cheese, tomatoes, peppers and olive oil does something to the senses that cannot be described. Giuliana had studied well at mama's apron and I ate like I had never seen food before.

There were many questions I wanted to ask but mealtime in Sicily is traditionally for light conversation only. Giuliana had married the son of the cobbler, Lorenzo of the Cenci family. After five children and six grandchildren she had come to live with papa after mama had died. Poor Lorenzo had died from cancer a few years earlier and as a widow she was happy to provide for papa in his own home and he was thrilled to be surrounded by the company of children.

After the meal, Papa and I went outside for a serious discussion. I was a little apprehensive and felt very much like a little boy again. He always had a way of

seeing right through me. He lit his pipe before speaking making sure that he was well settled into his chair. He looked very old and sad but his wrinkles only gave greater accent to the tenderness in his eyes that had not changed.

“So, my son?” he began. “You no longer wear the collar of your calling? Has life been that estranged?”

I wondered how he could have added such a word to his vocabulary and squeezed his arm gently.

“Life has been difficult Papa and there is a lot of poverty and misery in the world. I have lived among the poor and seen much good but even more evil.”

He turned slowly and looked me straight in the eyes as only a father can do.

“Good? Evil? I think you have been feeling sorry for yourself. Have you lost your faith in the Almighty? Self-pity is a sin of pride. Maybe now that you are home you will find yourself again here on God’s good earth.”

I sat for a long time, sensing the truth in his words. There was no reply for me to give. I asked about Giorgio. He was papa’s nephew and had always treated me like a brother when we were young. His father Carmino Cuccia had been a successful merchant in Catania where I had gone to prepare for the priesthood.

Papa refilled his pipe and began to talk.

“Ah, Giorgio, E peccato, a pity. Such a good boy and such a tragedy.”

The story that he told me was chilling.

“Giorgio was ambitious and had acquired a taste for the good life. Since his father was a merchant, he learned about money at an early age. He left Sicily after the war and went to Milan to become an influential international banker. He became one of the most powerful businessmen in Italy.

“On the surface he appeared to be an upstanding world leader in business but there was a dark side to him. He became the subject of many negative articles and books. It was reported that his business success came from an intricate web of connections in world banking, secret societies, government operatives and crime syndicates like the Mafia.

“He always denied these reports and went on enjoying a lavish lifestyle, owning several estates in different countries, escorted by beautiful women and, on the surface, maintained a hint of respectability among prominent figures in both politics and business.”

As Papa told the story about Giorgio’s rise to public fame and success, I thought back on his visits to our modest home when we were children.

I remembered him as a person who could make anyone feel unique, especially me. He always charmed mama and papa, and my brother was one of his biggest fans. I also remembered how he would let me row the boat when we went fishing and was constantly asking questions. He wanted to know everything there was to know. He always made me feel important because he took such a sincere interest in what I had to say yet he was that way with everyone. His insatiable curiosity about people and probing mind surely aided him in obtaining great success and as a bonus he was not easily fooled.

I noticed that papa had stopped talking while I was lost in thought.

“Piacere, please Papa.” I asked. “How did Giorgio die?”

He looked at me as if he had been anticipating the question.

“He wasn’t the first to die,” he sighed. “There were others among his associates that went before him. Gelli, a close friend, was found hanging from under a bridge in France with his pockets filled with rocks and coins from many different countries. Marconni, his legal counselor, was blown up in his car in Rome and there were many others who died tragically.”

“But Giorgio? How did he die Papa?”

“He died while in a prison in Damascus, Syria.”

He paused and took a sip of wine before continuing. “With all of his connections being reported in the papers there was no mention of anything about that part of the world. But he had told me one time on a visit here that he went often to Syria. He said it was a very dangerous place but from which he drew his power. I never understood what he meant.”

He paused in deep thought then said, “I received word that there had been no official reason for his arrest then one day in prison he was given a cup of tea laced with poison and died within minutes.”

His mention of Giorgio and Syria in the same sentence made me wonder if there might have been a connection to the Prince? He had given me financial support as I studied for the priesthood. Now I was heir to his fortune seemingly gained by evil means. Papa sensed my distress and smiled at me tenderly.

“It has been a long day and we both need sleep and then tomorrow we will go see mama and brother then you can go to the old oak tree and visit Muccio.”

I did not sleep well that night even though I had a wonderful meal and the bed was soft and warm. My mind kept replaying all of the events I had witnessed over the years. Faces in the paintings at the Palace of the Prince merged with faces I had seen on the streets of cities where I had tried to bury my own grief. My mind was playing with my emotions and my emotions were fighting with my ability to reason.

Long before dawn I arose, took a bath and dressed. I could hear papa’s familiar snoring in the next room so I decided to go up the hill to the oak tree and watch the sun rise over the olive groves and vineyards. It was such a familiar walk I could have followed the path blind folded.

The oak had grown even taller and broader it seemed. I wondered just how many changes of the seasons it had seen? Sitting on the soft moss I lay back against the rough old trunk. I knew that my great, great grandfather lay peacefully, cradled in the roots beneath this old friend and I patted the ground next to me where I had buried my marvelous dog.

The sun rose in a glorious display of color. I closed my eyes as the cool breeze of morning brushed across my face. I dozed off and had a dream or maybe a vision. Standing at the base of the tree, I looked up at the sky and saw the face of God emerging from a white cloud and instantly got on my knees, holding my hands in prayer.

“Oh, Lord,” I said fearfully. “Have you come to take me?”

He answered, “No Roberto, I have come to reveal to you a truth. I have looked into your heart and seen an evil thought. It is my wish that you purge this thing from you.”

Bowing my head I began to weep. “My Lord please forgive me for this evil I

have harbored.”

He answered, “You have judged and have I not said, Judge not lest ye be judged?”

“Yes My Lord.” I whispered. “It is in your word.”

There was silence as the clouds drifted by and his face faded away. Tears rolled down my cheeks and I knew that I had offended him by failing to complete my mission.

Then his face reappeared, surrounded in a golden glow.

“I have created all things like a master artist who has painted a great work. Each stroke of the brush carefully leaves its mark with hues of color. If you stand close and stare at each individual stroke you cannot discern the entire painting but only a small portion of it. Only when you step back far enough can you see the creation in its entirety.

“Each person who has ever lived or ever will live is like one of these brush strokes. They are part of the canvas of life, different, unique and special.

“I ask you Roberto, which of these strokes of color is more important than the other? Which one of them can be removed from the canvas without destroying the masterpiece?”

His face faded away but in its place glowed a golden cross. I awoke to hear the songbirds chirping and crickets strumming their cords. Coming up the hill was Papa, walking with a cane but on sturdy legs built by years of honest labor.

I felt chills run down my spine as I thought about the vision, trying to understand the meaning. Then I concluded that each person good or evil, beggar or king, has a purpose. Perhaps by judging those I had met either by their deeds or status I had fallen short of my calling.

Papa came to where I stood and looked at me with a smile then he took his pipe and lit it and turned his old eyes to the sky and back to me.

“Ah my son, God has spoken to you again? I can see it in your face. It was not there last night and maybe this time you will listen.”

“Yes Papa, he has restored my faith.”

“Good,” he said simply. “Now we can go and visit your mama and brother.”

I spent the next few weeks regaining my strength from Giuliana’s fine cooking and by working the vineyards. I went to mass three times a day and asked the parish priest to give me a new rite of ordination. I wore my collar again with confidence that gave papa much pleasure.

Still I was anxious to continue with my mission. Papa sensed my frustration and suggested that I go to Rome. With simple Sicilian wisdom, he said that just as it takes time to heal broken bones it takes time to rebuild a broken spirit.

When I arrived in Rome and rented a small flat near the Vatican. I had forgotten what a beautiful and awe inspiring city this great capital was. There is so much of the history in every corner. The great works of the renaissance stood next to ruins of the empire and monuments built by emperors and popes of past ages.

I continued my prayers for penitence and began a training program to build up my strength and learn martial arts. I had no idea what it was going to take to complete my mission by killing the Prince but I had to be prepared for anything. I

studied long and hard, earning a black belt in karate from Master Shimizu, a Zen monk from Japan. I took lessons in the use of different caliber firearms including assault weapons of many types and became an expert sharpshooter.

I lead two lives while in Rome one as a priest and the other as a student of violence.

I lived simply and gave much of my wealth to the poor and homeless. I also took care to send enough to keep Bonzell housed and in good wine for the balance of his life.

As my strength grew both physically and spiritually, so did my resolve to complete my mission. I fasted and prayed for the souls of my dear fellow priests who had died so horribly at the hand of the dark Prince. Even if it cost me my life, I had to try and save the world from his evil purpose.



SIGIL OF BAPHOMET

Chapter 25

The time had come when I felt my faith, physical strength, and skills were ready. The only problem was how I would locate the Palace and find the Prince. I knew it was in Syria somewhere but it was lost to me in that unknown wilderness.

I could think of only one person alive that might know how to find the Palace. I would need to locate Joseph Adams-NaBila. The thought sent shivers down my spine but it was the only way. However, finding him may not be that simple. Then it came to me that the bookstore owner Ethel Adams would know where he was. According to my research, she had moved from Greenwich Village in New York City to Miami, Florida. It could be a dead end but worth a try. I had no idea how old she was by now or even if she were still alive but to my surprise, through an international operator, I was given her telephone number.

When I rang her phone a man answered. He said that she was quite ill and was not taking calls. When I gave him my name, he put me on hold then within minutes a deep raspy voice came on the line.

“Hello Roberto.” Surprisingly she addressed me by my first name. “I had expected you to call much sooner.” She chuckled. “You are a good detective.” Without being asked she said, “Joseph is in Haiti.”

She gave me a telephone number and told me that I would need to use a code word before being put through to him. It would be a mere formality since he too was expecting my call. Before she hung up she added something that puzzled me. “Now I can rest at last.”

I rang the number immediately. When a man answered I gave the code word as instructed, “Natas.” Soon his familiar voice answered.

“Hello, Roberto,” he said, as if we had only spoken a few days before. “Where have you been for these many years?”

I went straight to the point.

“I want another meeting with the Prince at his Palace.”

Without hesitation he said that the Prince was expecting me and if I would meet him at the airport in Damascus then he would personally escort me there.

Before he rang off he gave me a date and time to meet him and then added casually, “I look forward to seeing you again. We have so much in common you know.” It was a frightening thought that I might have anything in common with

him, a Prophet of Satan! Making contact had been all too simple? Just two telephone calls and the meeting was set? It was so easy but that didn't matter. My mission would soon be accomplished.

I flew to Damascus on the appointed date and took my chances with airport security by packing dismantled firearms and other lethal weapons in my suitcase. I carried no weapons on my person and wore the clothes of my calling. Everything went smoothly. Joseph met me at the airport just as promised and we were driven by limousine through the wilderness to the Palace.

It loomed on the horizon shimmering in the heat of midday and my heart pounded so hard I could feel it thumping. The car pulled up to one of the large doors and when it opened, one of the albino guides stepped out to greet us. He had not changed a bit with the passage of time.

Upon entering, Joseph turned to me and said, "You are on your own now my friend. I will probably never see you again, good-bye."

He shook my hand and walked away before I could utter a word. My guide motioned for me to follow him. I looked around and could see that nothing seemed to have changed inside the Palace. My room was the same as it had been over twenty years before. It was as if time had stood still.

The guide said that I would be received at six o'clock by the Prince for dinner. Left alone in my room, there was plenty of time to freshen up and rest. I began pacing with my mind, absorbed on the mission at hand. Then I unpacked and assembled my weapons. How was I going to complete the deed? How was I going to kill him? Maybe at dinner I could use the tableware and stab him with a knife or fork or shoot him. I had learned through training to wait for the opportune time, impossible though it seemed.

At precisely five minutes before six o'clock the servant came to escort me to dinner. We walked down the long hallway and the ornate doors opened at our approach. We entered the large banquet hall with servants standing like statues along the walls on both sides. Straight in front of me was a long table with twenty empty chairs and at the end stood the Prince. He alone appeared to have changed with time. He looked old and still wore the black patch over his left eye. With his good right hand he motioned for me to join him.

I felt frozen in place then I noticed standing in the shadows behind him was Arthur NaBila. He appeared old, now, too. He smiled nodded and withdrew through a side door.

Somehow I got my legs to move and with effort approached the Prince as his piercing gaze followed me. I felt the same compelling force drawing me to worship him as I had at the very first meeting so many years ago. In a soft voice he said, "You and your fellow priests nearly killed me. As I told you in the woods with Joseph that I underestimated each of you. I never expected you to go against your faith."

With a gesture of disdain typical of his arrogance, he removed the patch and stared at me with his one dark burning eye and the other slate gray that was obviously sightless.

"You may have done me harm, Roberto," he sneered. "But as you know by now we of the Day Star cannot be stopped! Please be seated." Then he added.

“My brother Abdul will be joining us.”

The long table and chairs were set on a raised dais. At one end near where we stood were three place settings. He gestured toward the table and said, “Please sit there in the seat of honor. My brother shall be at your right and I to your left.”

Just as I started to take my seat a door opened and Abdul entered. He was identical in every way to Omar, even down to the black patch over his left eye. He limped as he approached. He nodded to his brother and then to me. He radiated warmth and kindness.

He gestured for me to take my seat.

“Was your trip comfortable?”

“Yes, thank you.” I nodded as we sat down.

“Is it turning green in your homeland?” he asked.

“Yes, it is now the middle of spring.” His soothing voice began to calm me just a little.

“I miss the green grasses, the trees, the scent and color of flowers and the sweet song birds. It was my favorite time of the year when there is a renewing of life.”

Omar rose from his chair with his wine glass raised.

“I propose a toast then to the renewing of life.”

I got to my feet and raised my glass and with all proper courtesy asked, “Prince Rasalhadi is your life renewed?”

He turned his glass upside down, spilling the contents onto the floor and said, “You have soured my drink with that question.”

Two of the servants rushed over to wipe the wine from the floor. He sat back down in the chair with his arm slumped over the arm rest, holding the glass by the stem upside down as the remaining drops fell to the floor.

His glass was filled again and I took a closer look at him. He had more than aged. Somehow it seemed as if the spark of life had faded too. He appeared exhausted and no longer appeared to be the man of invincibility I first met. When he spoke even his voice sounded weary.

“You know Roberto, as young men we all want our lives to account for something. I know many great men like myself who are not content. And I have met many men with little status in the world who are quite content. This is something I am not able to fully comprehend.

“I am on the verge of ruling the entire world. One word from my mouth holds the power over life and death, yet I do not feel renewed in my life. I feel drained and used up. Of course, I cannot stop. The force within my heart drives me on beyond my own control.”

Abdul waited patiently for Omar to finish then asked if I would join him for a walk in the garden after dinner. With much relief, I told him that I would be delighted. For a very brief moment, I felt the tension ease from my muscles. We ate in silence.

While the table was being cleared, the Prince gave me a chilling reminder of my mission. Raising his glass one last time, he took a sip and then set the glass back down and spoke softly as his face glowed with a new intensity.

“Let us not discuss the purpose of your visit at this time. Instead, we will

meet again tomorrow and talk more.”

My adrenaline began to pump with a renewed surge of strength and I felt sure of my purpose as my entire body screamed to do it now! I thought my heart had stopped beating then a remote part of my training took over and reminded me that the time was not right. Besides, what would it matter to wait one more day?

I felt a gentle hand on my shoulder. “Let’s take that walk now.”

I rose and Abdul escorted me to a garden of great floral splendor. At first I thought I was back in the Garden of Adam that had been shown to us on the first visit. However, this was a different place. It appeared to be just a beautiful display of the wonders of nature, deep inside the Palace.

We strolled for a while as he pointed out a number of rare plants and flowers and described each in great detail. He demonstrated his knowledge of not only botany but also of the history and culture of the plants. We came to a grove of dogwood trees. Most of them were in the full bloom of traditional pink and white. In the midst of the grove stood one with blossoms that were blood red and white.

We stood for a moment looking at the blossoms then he turned to me.

“You know you cannot kill him alone.”

Stunned, I muttered, “What? What did you say?”

“That is why you are here isn’t it? To kill Omar or is it to kill me?”

He pursed his lips and said, “I will help you kill him because I am the only one who can and it is my purpose as it is yours.”

I took a step backwards. “I do not understand our mission was to kill you and thereby kill your brother. We failed and now you want to help me?”

He looked at me thoughtfully. “See this red dogwood blossom? Traditional folklore tells us that the tree grew on the very spot where Jesus was crucified. That is why the flower blooms with four petals in the form of a crucifix and is blood red. It’s a nice story for children but the lesson is that all dogwoods are not alike. The blossoms have the same shape but each petal is unique and different. My brother and I are not identical either. For you the difference is not readily apparent.”

I thought for a moment about what he was saying and asked, “What then is the difference between you?”

He reached out and touched one of the blossoms.

“Omar was born just a second before I was although I actually saw light first. He stole my birthright just as it is written in your Bible that Jacob stole his twin brother Esau’s inheritance. Omar and I were born in a struggle just as were Jacob and his brother. Jacob stole his brother’s birthright through deceit and Omar stole mine at birth. As the counterfeit first born he inherited the power of our father. If you and your fellow priests had succeeded in killing me when you tried we may both be dead now.”

The thought flashed through my mind to kill him but I knew that if I did then there was a chance that Omar might survive.

And besides, Abdul had not actually answered my question regarding the differences between them. However, I felt an uneasy relief that my brothers in the Lord may have not died in vain by almost completing their mission.

Abdul’s fingers were still resting on the blossom when he looked directly into

my eyes. "Are you willing to give your life to stop him?"

"Yes!" I replied. "But what about you?"

He shook his head. "My life is over already. I am a prisoner here. It is not a life. It is enslavement."

He reached under his robe and drew out a pistol and handed it to me. It was not a weapon like any that I was familiar with. "The weapons you brought with you are useless. Only this pistol can kill him. You will find bullets for it under your pillow." He paused for a moment in thought and added, "You must not hesitate! The bullets will kill him but not me."

In a flood of emotion I moved forward and embraced him. "God be with you for eternity my friend."

"Yes," he answered solemnly. "That is my daily prayer."

We parted and I was escorted back to my room where I spent a restless night. I took the bullets from under my pillow. They appeared like any other except for tiny hieroglyphic symbols on the head of each one. When I found that sleep would not come, I rose and took out my Bible, rosary and crucifix, and spent most of the night kneeling in silent prayer.

That morning breakfast was served in my room. It was lavish but I had no appetite. Before long the guide knocked, entered, bowed respectfully and said that the Prince wanted to see me in his private quarters.

The moment had come. I could feel the weight of the pistol inside my frock and I took comfort in the crucifix that hung from my neck. Sweat beads formed on my brow and my legs felt like jelly. I followed him down a long hallway to the chambers of the Prince.

I heard faint strains of music coming from his quarters, the closing song from the Phantom of the Opera. The doors opened as we approached and the music flooded from the room in sounds that seemed amplified a hundred times over. The tension was almost unbearable as the music penetrated every fiber of my being.

When I entered he was seated in an extravagant ornate chair on a platform. His back was partially turned toward me. He was dressed in white from head to foot. The last words of the opera reverberated in my ears as the closing lyric sounded, "You alone can make my song take flight. It's over now the music of the night." With a crashing crescendo the doors closed behind me. The guide was gone and there was absolute silence.

He rose slowly, turned to face me and stepped down from the platform. He took a few steps toward me and stopped, then said softly, "Only those closest to me are ever received in my private chambers."

Frozen in place, strangely my palms were sweating but my fingers felt like icicles. Everything seemed to be moving in slow motion. Even my voice sounded an octave lower. "I thank you for the honor."

He smirked as his lips trembled then his expression became more serious.

"It is not for honor that I extended this invitation but for the fulfillment of prophecy." Then he said grimly. "Mark what I say, as a point to remember Roberto, things are never quite what they appear to be or you may think them to be."

He extended his arms in a broad gesture and said, "I am ready!"

He continued, "I am the Prince, chosen as the new light of this world. Everyone will bow down before me, as it is written in the Book of Dawn. It has been prophesied."

My reflexes responded automatically and with a plea for forgiveness I made the sign of the cross, then my hand touched the pistol.

Taking one step closer he raised his voice, "I am a god, Roberto!"

I yanked the gun out and pointed it at his heart, and with a trembling hand, I began firing. The pistol recoiled but never missed. It was as if the bullets were being guided to their target by some supernatural force. I had expected to see pain and fear on his face but instead he was brave to the end.

The bullets ripped through his body, driving him back before he fell to the floor. Blood flowed from the wounds until his white robes were covered with crimson and stained the white marble floor. His one good eye remained open, staring up at me.

The gun slipped from my hand and fell to the floor. So it was done I thought, now my mission is completed.

"May God forgive me!" I whispered.

I have no idea how long I stood staring down at him when guards rushed in and removed me to a side room.

Syrian police came and arrested me for murder and I was taken to a prison in Damascus to await my fate.



PHOENIX

Chapter 26

The jail cell was bleak with no windows but a little light came in during the day through cracks in the walls and roof. There was a cot with a dusty straw mattress against one wall. An earthenware pot served as a toilet. The stench of human waste filled my nostrils and mingled with the odors of decay in the hot steamy darkness. Somewhere outside the walls I could hear the faint sounds of sheep bleating mournfully.

I thought back over the events that had led me here. I thought of my cousin, Giorgio, and wondered if this might have been the same prison where he met his death. It seemed to me that the circle was now complete but I felt no joy in the completion of my mission or for having avenged my fellow priests.

Officials asked if I wanted to be represented by counsel. I declined. When brought before the magistrate, I presented no defense. There had been no witnesses to the murder but clearly it was I who had killed him. The trial was brief and I was condemned to death by firing squad.

Stripped of my garments of the faith I was left with only a Bible and crucifix. They said that all my property would be safely passed on to my family unless I specified otherwise.

Asked if I had any request I said only that I would like to have a Catholic priest hear my confession and give me last rites. My execution was scheduled in one week so that I might have time to contemplate what I had done.

The day after I was sentenced a visitor came to my cell. It took me a few seconds in the dim light to recognize the man sent to be my priest and confessor. He was the acolyte whom I had met in the basement of St John's. Bishop Pickwick had introduced him as young George Lucans commenting about his great promise. Now he was Father Lucans.

"Hello, Father Roberto," he said, "May I call you Roberto?"

"Of course," I replied. "It is remarkable how you have grown and matured with the years."

He nodded.

"Yes the years have sped by and I have traveled the world over since then. It is only by coincidence that I am in Syria. I was deeply grieved when I heard the news so many years ago about the good Bishops. They were my first mentors you know?"

"Yes, and you could have had none better. I too suffered much anguish over their deaths," I replied after chocking back tears. "So, tell me Brother Lucans, how is it that you are here in Syria?"

“It is a very long story but for now let me just say that I wandered the world over and experienced almost every sin in places where loathsomeness is a way of life. I shared rituals and sought spiritual guidance in many ways. It was like living in a dream world and when the smoke had cleared, I returned to my fundamental teachings and made the decision to take vows in the Catholic Church.”

I looked at him with some relief and a touch of gladness.

“It is good to see a familiar face in this strange and lonely land. Will you pray with me?”

He lit a candle and knelt beside me as we prayed. He promised he’d visit daily and assured me that he would be at my side during the execution. That was a great comfort.

Three days before I was to be shot, another visitor appeared. When the cell door opened, I was shocked to see Arthur NaBila. He smiled warmly but I could see pain in his eyes.

Taking my hand in his and shaking it gently, he spoke in a solemn tone. “I have come at the request of my son, Joseph. He knew that you would probably not want to see him so I have brought you a letter from him.”

We sat together on the dirty cot and he looked down at his hands and rubbed them together. I sensed that he had more than just a letter to deliver and that he had something he wanted to say. It was difficult for him to gather the words.

“You know the story, Roberto,” he began painfully. “But you do not know all of it or should I say you have not heard it directly from me.”

I took hold of his arm in a gesture of comfort. Even in my own hour of need, I thought perhaps I could hear his confession and give it some dignity.

“Ever since the death of my beloved Rita,” he began. “I have never had a good day or a full night of sleep. The depression I have felt has been hell on Earth. Even after all these years, my heart remains heavy with grief. Added to the guilt is the responsibility for all the endless tragedies that have occurred.”

“But Arthur,” I interrupted.

He looked at me and raised a bony old finger to his lips and continued.

“Just what do you think the duties of a First Counselor to the Prince entails, Roberto? I carry out the orders of my Master. I give orders in his name. This too has been a heavy burden.”

Even as his words began to sink into my consciousness I wanted to give him some relief. “Every aspect of your life can be forgiven Arthur. Do you want to be forgiven?”

“It is too late for that.” He looked at me with strained eyes. “Roberto, I believe that we have been friends even as we viewed one another from opposite ends of the spectrum. I know you are concerned for my soul and I am grateful to you for that.

“Yet, as I travel down the final path my thoughts and my entire being are dedicated to Rita. My love for her is greater than all the fires of hell. The agony I have endured cannot be measured against the bliss I will know when we are reunited again. It will be for eternity.”

I stared at him with compassion. "The depth of your love amazes me."

"My friend, have you not found a love in Christ that changed you; caused you to commit your life and soul to him forever?"

I stood up and paced the tiny cell nervously then turned to face him. He looked so very old and weary. "Yes, I have and I pray that my reward will justify my commitment."

Arthur rose slowly from the cot and approached me. He reached into his vest pocket and withdrew a sealed envelope.

"Please do not open the letter until I have gone."

He took my hand to shake it and a tear rolled down his wrinkled cheek. In a whisper he added, "I actually came to thank you. By your deed you have released me from my promise. The new Prince has chosen another as his First Counselor. Goodbye Roberto."

He turned and knocked on the door. It opened immediately and I stood there alone in dismay as it slammed behind him.

"Goodbye Arthur, my friend."

Tears welled up in my eyes and ran down my cheeks. I tried to wipe them from my face but they continued in an endless stream. I stood with my head bowed for a long time and then collapsed on the cot. The letter from Joseph was still in my hand.

I looked at the envelope and saw that it had an official waxed seal affixed to it. It felt warm in my hand and seemed to have a slight glow in the dark cell. I opened it and began to read:

Dear Roberto,

Before you die you should know my gratitude. I owe you that much.

Prince Omar bin Rasalhadi has risen in spirit as foretold in The Book of Dawn. You succeeded in your mission to kill him but failed to stop the rise to power of the actual God of this World, the Lord Prince Abdul bin Rasalhadi. He is the true and rightful Prince of Darkness and I shall be his First Counselor and Prophet as successor to my father.

You deserve to know the differences between the two brothers that while in your naivety and zeal you could not see. The answer was revealed in Father Zocca's tale of the birth of them as recounted by the old servant woman, Fatima. You and your fellow priests chose the right course of action without understanding why.

Abdul was actually the firstborn because his eyes were first to see light but Omar was physically stronger and yanked Abdul back into the womb. Omar won the struggle by passing the birth canal first with Abdul holding onto his ankle and therefore, Omar received all the earthly inherent rights and powers of his father. Since the beginning of time the firstborn is heir to all that belongs to the father.

Omar stole Abdul's earthly birthright but could only pretend to be the Prince of Darkness. What you failed to understand was the actual differences between what happened to one did not happen to the other. At birth a phenomena occurred between the two progenies. Only what

happened to Abdul as rightful heir would happen to Omar. When Omar struck Abdul the same wound was transferred to him. Had you succeeded in killing Abdul the counterfeit Prince Omar would have also died. Omar knew this of course and did everything in his great power to protect his brother to assure his own survival.

Abdul has been waiting these many years to claim his true birthright. Even while Omar had been blocking Abdul's path his power was growing stronger. What you did by your deed was to remove Omar from further blocking Abdul's destiny. By killing Omar you have restored the original birthright of Abdul. Now Prince Omar continues in spirit only.

All who followed Prince Omar will now follow Prince Abdul bin Rasalhadi, soon to be the Caesar of the New World Order.

I commend you to your God, Roberto.

Goodbye,

Joseph NaBila Adams

With trembling hands I reread the letter and realized that I had been so deceived but most of all I deceived myself. I had only been a pawn in a far greater scheme. We all believed that anything that happened to one of the twins would happen to the other.

I now understood the message God had shown me in the vision beneath the oak tree when I had no eyes to see and no ears to hear.

He revealed that all things are part of his plan even the twins, the sons of Satan. Killing one Prince did not alter anything. Satan is the counterfeit God of this World. The Antichrist lives because I have seen him with my own eyes and no man can destroy him.

Even though my final hour was at hand I knew there was still something left for me to do. As a final request I bribed the guards to bring my manuscript and some writing materials. For them it was a way to obtain a lot of money by fulfilling what seemed a harmless request from a condemned man but for me it was a mission still to be completed.

When Lucans came to give my last rites, I gave him the manuscript. He looked at it with interest but before he could speak, I asked, "What purpose other than missionary work brings you to Syria?"

He looked at me with surprise and hesitated. There is always trust in the sanctity of conversations among men of the cloth, it is our unwritten bond.

He answered solemnly, "I have come to give you your last rites."

He paused then added, "But I will confess that I am also here on a secret mission to witness a man who claims to be God. I am but one among twenty priests who have been selected."

I stared at him, showing no emotions. He seemed uneasy at my calmness in the face of death then I placed my hand on the manuscript and said, "I have

already been witness to that man. Many have already died and my death must be the last. Please read this before you go to visit him. If you bring this book to light, lives and souls may be saved. Perhaps then my own life will not have been lived in vain.”

He tucked the papers under his cloak, nodding then lit a candle to prepare for my confessions. I was resolved to die with dignity and my heart was filled with God’s love.

Just before dawn, the guards opened the cell door. They did not find it necessary to bind my hands. I was fully prepared to meet my God. We walked along a dark corridor and turned into a dusty courtyard, as the warm sun rose above the prison wall.

I had no concept of time, I was lost in thought then realized it was my birthday. I laughed aloud and the guards looked at me quizzically. I was fifty-eight years old and my mama’s warmth, kindness, laughter and good cooking filled my thoughts.

Much about my life’s experiences flooded my senses as I took those last steps. I realized for the first time that life on earth is orchestrated totally by the hand of God alone. We are but a brush stroke in his design as he said but for me the ultimate plan remained a mystery.

We approached the courtyard and I thought of Omar and wondered which of us had actually been the greater dupe? Maybe we both were and perhaps neither of us. Now that my life was over it struck me that it is much shorter than I ever thought. The sounds of the music Omar was playing filled my thoughts. Why had he chosen that song? And, why was it replaying in my head now?

“You alone can make my song take flight. It’s over now the music of the night!”



SATANISTS BRIMSTONE SIGIL

Chapter 27

You should know that everything written before his death was by the hand of Father Roberto Montini. Having read the manuscript I, Father George Lucans, have taken it upon myself to go forward with the flagitious story. This I swore upon myself.

I had tucked the manuscript beneath my habit hidden from view. The guards were courteous, allowing us to talk and pray together. But when we reached the courtyard, the captain of the guard motioned for me to stand aside. Five uniformed men stood at attention with their rifles held next to them. Father Roberto was led to a wall. I was proud of his dignity and poise. He refused a blindfold. Turning to face the firing squad, he glanced at me and nodded. His eyes then turned back to the executioners. He looked at each one of them with forgiveness.

The commands were given. Rifles raised, shots fired with merciful precision. His body fell down in a heap. I started toward him but the captain of the guard motioned for me to wait. He pulled a pistol from his holster and strode forward. Then without hesitation, he fired two shots in the heart.

He turned toward me and gestured that I could approach. He had a harden look to his eyes of a man who had always followed orders. I knelt down to pray and lay his body out in a proper manner. Over the years I had seen a lot of people die and had performed many last rites, but this was my most difficult.

He was definitely dead. But when I reached over to close his eyes, they shifted past me in a fixed gaze. I glanced over my shoulder in the direction of his cold stare and saw faces peering out of a second story window but took little notice of it as I assumed at the time they were prison officials. I turned back around and closed his eyes. Arrangements had been made for his body's return to Riesi, Sicily.

I left feeling depressed and went to my room to read the manuscript.

He told the absolute true in the document, leaving all bias thoughts out, revealing the most secret parts of his life and how he fought to sustain his faith. I, George Lucans, swear to do the same and hope to be as observant as my dear departed brother. Even soaked in grief, I had to laugh when I read that he had noticed me snooping when the good fathers were trying to decide their course of action back in London in November of 1968.

It is true that I was a very young acolyte at the time. I had come to the church as an orphaned street kid more or less. I never knew my father and my mother had died from drug abuse. I was fed and housed by the church. All I had to do was bathe, eat, be schooled by the Nuns and pretend to be devout. Bishop Pickwick

was like a father to me, both caring and disciplining. Although only a kid when the secret meeting took place, my curious nature was overpowering so I hid to listen to their private conversations. I had no idea what they were actually discussing but it seemed serious. When I read the manuscript, everything became clear.

As a cocksure kid, I had doubts about what was good or what was evil. I thought I had already seen it all and knew it all. The priest offered me a good living so I played the game and pursued my studies through seminary and was ordained into the Church. Due to my diligence, I was given a missionary assignment in Turkey. It was there I first encountered practicing Muslims and Eastern Orthodox Christians. None of my studies had prepared me for so many different views on God. Right or wrong, I decided to leave the church and seek a greater understanding of spirituality, mysticism and of the gods.

I explored the world of myths and piety. I lived with Hindus and even experienced the monastic life of Buddhists while in India. I went to China and traveled the road of Taoism and debated the philosophical concepts of Lao Tzu and Confucius. Unlike Roberto, I explored sexual pleasures and drug ecstasies in the orient and other parts of the world. I knew I was living sinfully and tasting the fruits of sex, drugs and alcohol, and exploring strange spiritual deities. I could not bring myself to refrain.

Only by chance, if that is what it was, I returned to the Christian faith. I found myself back in India, destitute and ill. A small hospital took me in and the good sisters of Saint Mary's Mission restored my health and life. Through their mercy and care, I regained my true calling. Once healed, both in mind and body, I took my vows as a Catholic priest.

My exploits and experiences flooded back like unrelenting tides as I read through the manuscript. I knew that a new group of priests were gathering at the Palace. Despite his warning to stay away, I was drawn to go, regardless of the consequences. A plan had formed in my mind, a plan that might hopefully even change what had happen in the past. It would not be the first time I had been so reckless but it could be my last.

Almost as soon as I had made my decision, there was a knock at the door. Two men with shaven heads and white uniforms stood before me. They were identical, just as the men described by Roberto when he first arrived in Syria. They gestured for me to follow them. They drove me through the wilderness in a limousine.

After some hours had passed, the Palace loomed on the horizon, a large white alabaster structure radiating a silver glow, just as Roberto had described. The limousine passed through the gate and stopped in front of one of the great doors. An albino man came out and opened the car door.

"Welcome Father Lucans, we have been expecting you. The Prince is already meeting with your colleagues. Please follow me."

It was all so incredible. We walked down a long hallway that cast a supernatural light. We entered a large gallery of paintings and immediately I saw the one Roberto said he had entered. I asked my guide if I might view the paintings for a moment before going to the meeting.

“Certainly,” he said. “But please refrain from touching them. They are most valuable.”

“Oh yes, of course I will not touch them,” I replied.

Two other paintings caught my eye. One depicted an ancient and ornately decorated throne room with enormous warriors and beautiful women. The second showed priests engaged in an intense debate, presided over by what must be the Prince.

My primary focus was on the painting Roberto had described, the one with the man in the stream. Everything in the scene was the same except there was no man in the stream. Seeing smoke above the steeple along the horizon gave me hope that my plan might work. Other paintings lent support to my idea, too.

After thanking the guide, we continued down another corridor, turned and went down another. We passed the floral garden and I noticed the blood red dogwood.

“It’s beautiful really breath taking,” I said. “I wish we had time to walk through it.”

“Perhaps later,” he responded politely.

We came to a double door cast in bronze with intricate designs of art nouveau. A frog was in the center sitting on a lily pad bordered with grape vines. My escort reached out and took both handles. The doors swung open. He stepped back and bowed slightly, gesturing for me to enter.

I saw several priests standing around a high-back chair they all turned and looked at me as I entered. Seated was Prince Abdul with a patch over one eye. Without getting up, he spoke across the room.

“Ah yes, and this must be Father George Lucans? Come and join us.”

I nodded and approached while glancing around the room, taking in as much as I could. Three or four of the priests made eye contact and gestured a nervous nod of welcome.

Abdul smiled.

“You know who I am by now but as a formal introduction my name is Prince Abdul bin Rasalhadi.”

He gestured broadly in my direction.

“And this gentlemen, is the great confessor.”

With a piercing look Abdul asked, “Am I not right, Father Lucans? Have you not come from taking my friend Father Roberto Montini’s final confession?”

He laughed.

“Did he grovel? Or was he the consummate brave soul to the end, as I thought he would be?”

His sarcasm and condescension stunned me, yet unknowingly he offered me the first test in my plan so I lied.

“Yes, he groveled and clung to me, begging for forgiveness and sobbed fearfully in the face of death.”

He jumped from the chair and grabbed his shirt, clenching it against his chest and screamed, “Never!”

Then pointing with an outstretched finger yelled, “He would never have groveled! He was a man of pride! Why do you degrade him so?”

I feigned modesty as if surprised.

"I only said what I thought you wanted to hear."

His face went flush with rage. Stepping close to me, he shook his head.

"No that is not what I wanted to hear but for some reason you are lying!"

"It was a mistake. I am sorry."

I knew that I was tempting fate but my plan called for catching him off guard. I took a humble posture as I returned his gaze.

"Forgive me, please, if I spoke out of turn but I thought I was to meet a god. You do not appear all knowing to me. Perhaps I should leave?"

I turned to leave the room and he shouted in a strong commanding voice, "Father Lucans!"

I continued for the door.

"Father Lucans," he said in a normal voice.

I stopped and turned around.

"Yes Prince?"

"Do not leave. We have gotten off to a bad start for what may prove to be a close and lasting friendship. Besides, you show great promise."

I stared at him hard and spoke in a slow deliberate voice.

"It was perhaps a poor start but certainly not the beginning of a friendship."

He chuckled.

"You are right. Let us put trivialities aside and conduct the business for which you are here."

"Very well," I answered. "I will agree to that."

I turned to join the group of bewildered clergy.

Abdul motioned toward the door.

"You may all go to your rooms and we shall meet later for dinner. I have enjoyed the conversation and look forward to this evening."

Abdul motioned for me to remain behind.

He went next to his chair and placed a hand on the shoulder of a man that had been standing in the shadows. Based on my readings of the manuscript, I guessed him to be Joseph.

Leading him to where I stood, Abdul introduced us.

"Father Lucans, please meet Joseph Nabila Adams. He is my First Counselor, Advisor and Prophet."

We shook hands and I felt a deceptive charisma emanating from him. My plan hinged upon the accuracy of the manuscript. What I could not know was whether anyone else knew of its existence.

Abdul laid his good right hand on my shoulder.

"I would like for Joseph to be your personal guide. He can answer any questions you may have and see that your needs are met."

We left the room and Joseph glanced over and asked, "Do you have anything that I might help you with Father Lucans?"

I hesitated as if in thought before playing the next card in my plan.

"Yes, there is one request. I would like very much to meet King Anak while I am here."

He stopped and looked at me suspiciously.

“How exactly do you know about him?”

“Father Roberto told me of him,” I replied innocently. “He said that Anak was a giant King and the last in his line. His description aroused my curiosity. Of course, if it is not possible, I understand.”

We began walking down the hallway.

“King Anak is really something to behold. In fact, he can be terrifying.”

He glanced over to see my reaction.

Remaining stoic, I replied, “That arouses my interest even more.”

He nodded.

“First you must change into your palace clothes, before we visit him.”

After washing my face and changing clothes, I took a moment to pray. Joseph was waiting outside my door. He led the way down a long corridor and stopped in front of a large solid wooden door.

“You should know before we enter that he is easily angered and it would be advisable not to speak to him the way you did to Prince Abdul.”

“I will show him the utmost respect,” I replied and asked, “Is he a prisoner here?”

Joseph said, as if amused and in jest, “Maybe yes and maybe no, but if you agitate him I’ll run for the door before he crushes us both.”

“You talk like a typical American,” I said and chuckled.

He winced.

“I may sound like an American but Anak is a primitive barbarian so it’s advisable to watch what you do and say.”

He opened the door to the scene of a beautiful room with walls paneled in rich mahogany and motioned for me to wait. The light in the room was dim but I could see clearly the trim with intricate carvings of nymphs engaged in erotic activities

If I were not so anxious to visit Anak, I would like to have studied the art more closely from an historical point of view. Plus they were amazing.

At the far end of the room were two enormous doors decorated with gold images of ornate angels. In the center were two doorknobs of cobras in a striking position. Joseph took hold of them with both hands and opened the doors. The splendor of the throne room was breathtaking.

After entering, I stopped in my tracks as I faced King Anak seated on his elevated throne. Despite Roberto’s detailed description of him, nothing could have prepared me. Doubts entered my mind while I stood in front of this enormous being. One could literally feel the aura of his power.

As we approached, the aroma in the air was both sweet and pungent. I could hear bizarre music in the background with a mixture of crackling flames and the moans of tortured souls. It was difficult to focus my thoughts on the plan.

Joseph bowed politely before introducing me.

“King Anak, this is one of our guests, Father George Lucans. He wanted to meet you.”

Anak had both hands resting on the arms of his chair. Pulling himself forward, he bellowed, “Why does the Prince insist on tormenting me with these disgusting creatures? Am I only an object of curiosity, like some animal caged in

his perverse menagerie?”

Without waiting for an answer, he rose from his chair and towered over us like a lumbering tree. Looking down at me, he said, “How exactly did you know about me?”

I summoned all my courage. My plan would depend entirely on his reaction.

“Father Roberto Montini was a guest here many years ago and he was the one that told me of you.”

“The priest that killed Prince Omar?”

He waved a hand through the air.

“He was either very brave or very stupid to face the Powers of Darkness.”

He laughed.

“I would like to have known him.”

He walked to the edge of the platform and took hold of one of the columns that held up the canapé.

“It has been centuries since I’ve had fellowship with a brave man.”

He waved his hand again.

“You have put me in a nostalgic mood.”

I walked slowly around the platform so that I could talk to him more personally.

“King Anak, you speak of nostalgia. Would you prefer an age of the past to this present one?”

He stepped off the platform and sat down on the edge.

“You ask a strange question. Of course, I would like to be back in the days of old when we were considered to be gods. The Vikings thought I was the god Odin and thought my son was Thor. The Greeks worshipped me as Apollo and the Romans as the god Saturn. I have been a god to many different people but now I am only a curiosity. People have outgrown the gods that were once worshipped.”

He reached down and put a finger on his watch.

“Prince Omar gave me this when I became his captive.”

He tilted his head and squint his eyes.

“I have seen many empires fall and their gods rendered as nothing. It happened to us. It is a shocking thing to discover that your own god and everything that you have built your faith on is false. No one can prepare you for it or explain the absents and fearful feeling when your god no longer exists and cannot protect you.”

He shook his head, then got up and walked over to Joseph and looked down at him with disdain. Through clinched teeth he said, “This one is dedicated to the Prince of Darkness! He is a Warlock! A Prince in his own right! Do I speak the truth or not, wicked one?”

Joseph stared into his eyes.

“Your power is great, old King, but I suggest you hold your tongue in the presence of outsiders. We both derive our power from the same source.”

His laughter thundered.

“That is only partly true, Warlock. I am the offspring of an angel and have inherent powers! Your power has been obtained through sorcery and given to you by the hand of the Dragon.”

Contrary to his own advice, Joseph became noticeably angry.

“Do you want to pit your powers against mine, old King?”

Anak snarled, “My father was a Seraphim Angel, a guardian. He held one of the highest ranks in his realm before taking a human wife!”

“Yes!” Replied Joseph, with authority. “And he is now chained in the prison of Tartarus for that indiscretion and his power has been rendered useless! However, my power is drawn from an Archangel, the supreme rank of his kind! Do you dare challenge me? You know that I am the first counselor and prophet to his son Abdul, the one who gives you sanctuary.”

Anak looked at him with scorn and returned to his throne.

“Sanctuary!” he scoffed. “I could crush you like a fly! But the Prince, as you say, is the son of an Archangel and if it is his wish to coddle you with titles then that is his business. Go back to your master, lap-dog, and quit entertaining yourself at my expense!”

I could not believe they were arguing so freely in front of me. Joseph threw an angry glance at me and I understood the meaning and nodded. With a red face and flustered, he turned and stomped from the room with me following. I looked over my shoulder, as the doors closed. Anak sat on his throne, peering at me, showing obvious satisfaction.

I ribbed Joseph.

“I thought you didn’t want me to make the King mad.”

He was too upset to take the musing and said in a curt voice, “It is near dinner time and we do not want to keep the Prince waiting.”

I had accomplished my purpose. I now knew I would need to sneak back into Anak’s room and try to enlist his services in the scheme I had concocted. But I also knew that if it failed, I would never leave his chambers alive.



GARGOYLE

Chapter 28

When we arrived at the dining hall the clergy and Abdul were already seated. Joseph bowed.

“Please excuse our tardiness.”

Abdul nodded.

“That’s quite all right Joseph, I overlook such things, after all you are not the man your father was.”

It was obvious that Abdul’s character was very different from the gracious and generous person I had been led to think him to be.

“Serve dinner Ali!” he commanded his master chef.

The food was exquisite. I scanned everyone at the table and saw only three priests I knew. Across from me was Father Nigg from Germany. We nodded in acknowledgement to one another.

Small talk was made during the meal and peach brandy was served before Abdul got down to business.

“I want to explain the reason I brought you all here. It is not as some of you may have speculated, to exhibit my power through miracles or to prove that I am the most important man in the world.”

He grinned broadly.

“After I take authority over the European Community, my purpose is to work out a contract with the Church of Rome and then move my capital to Jerusalem.”

This was indeed an unexpected announcement and all the clergy began to fidget. He continued all the while beaming with pride.

“I understand that you may find this to be a great surprise. It is my wish to bring all religions together under one umbrella headed by the Church of Rome in Jerusalem, the most Holy City on earth.”

At the far end of the table Bishop Gregory, an emissary from Rome, asked, “Surely you cannot believe that all religions would give up their doctrines and follow Catholicism?”

“That is not what I propose. My resolve is to get the leaders of all faiths to dialogue and find a commonality of views, is that not a possibility?”

Gregory replied, “That is not something anyone of us can answer. However, we can submit your proposal before the proper authorities.”

“That is all I ask. Therefore, over the next few days, I will present my ideas in full so that they can be given to the governing body of the church.”

As promised, he presented in great detail a plan to review similarities between faiths and doctrines in the hope of forming a universal code of purpose.

I maintained a low profile, throughout the meetings, and continued to work on my plan. At night I would sneak out of my room to study the paintings in the gallery. I was always careful not to make the slightest sound so as not to be detected but after two or three nights I became bolder. There was never anyone in the halls so I began to roam free as a bird. On the fourth night I discovered Prince Omar's quarters and saw that there were still bullet holes in the wall where they had passed through his body.

While exploring the palace, I soon became more comfortable with the layout and spent a good deal of time studying each of the painting.

After spending several days with Abdul discussing the details of his proposal, he dismissed us to debate the concepts in private. By then my plan had taken shape and I knew what I needed to do to carry it out. That night I put it into motion. I snuck from my room and went to Anak's chambers. Taking hold of the gold cobras, I pulled the doors open and to my surprise he was sitting calmly in his chair as if waiting for me.

The doors closed behind me as I approached the base of the platform. Bowing deeply, I said, "King Anak I place my life in your hands please allow me to present you with a proposition."

Barely moving his lips, he responded, "I like propositions. It has been a long time since I've had the opportunity to ponder one. But if it does not meet with my expectations, your life will be taken!"

Sweat beads pop out on my forehead. With trembling voice I began, "When I was here earlier you suggested that if given a chance, you would prefer another time to this one. What if there was an actual way to travel back in time? In fact to the very time from which you came, but before revealing how it can be done you must first be willing to help me with an extraordinary plan."

He shifted in his chair showing great interest.

"You must have a way otherwise you surely would not risk your life coming here so tell me how you can make it happen?"

"I must first have your solemn promise that you will help me, regardless of the risk."

He laughed heartily.

"I am not afraid of death if that is what you infer. There is no other danger that I fear."

"There may be one peril that would cause you apprehension," I replied.

It was obvious that his curiosity was piqued.

"What is there that could possibly frighten me?"

Without hesitation, I shot back, "Beelzebub!"

He rose to his feet and motioned for me to cross the room, pointing toward two enormous chairs. He sat down in one and nodded for me to sit in the other.

Climbing up into the chair, I spoke timidly.

"I feel like a child with my legs dangling over the side."

"You look like one, too."

He chuckled and his huge body caused the chair to creak. "Beelzebub? No

Father Lucans, I have no fear of him.”

He stroked his beard.

“Perhaps you have been misled. You may have knowledge of history but I have lived it. It is true that my own father was a fallen angel who followed Lucifer and was imprisoned by the God of Heaven for fathering me with a human woman. But because of his exalted rank, I was by blood destined to be the King over my race of half angels and half humans.”

He raised his fist then let it fall to the arm of the chair with a thud.

“Almost all of my kind perished at the hand of King David of Israel when we warred against him. I thought I could gain an alliance with the Egyptians but refuge was all they offered. They feared David’s God too much to war against him.

“Of all the mistakes I have made during my life that was the greatest. We are a warrior race and when killed in battle by an adversary, we become disembodied spirits and are in a perpetual state of chaos with the universe.”

What he was telling me was most interesting but I had to stay focused on my plan.

“If you could return to your own time would you take your son and the other disembodied spirits back with you?” I asked.

“Of course, otherwise I would not consider it. To have a second chance is almost beyond belief.”

I studied his face.

“Will they remain in their present disembodied condition after you return?”

“Only until the last of my kind have been killed and then we will be joined together in our own type of paradise. The Vikings called it Valhalla.”

I jumped down from the chair and began pacing the floor as my thoughts raced against my doubts. I knew we could talk for hours with my questions but time was running out. I took a deep breath and looked up at him.

“Please forgive my ignorance but there is one final question before I explain my proposal.” With a nod, he gestured for me to continue.

“If I understand it correctly, you are not forced to follow or obey Beelzebub?”

“Absolutely not!” he hissed and rose from his chair. “It should not surprise me that you do not fully understand. You are merely a human after all. Let me explain it in more detail. Beelzebub and Satan are not one and the same. Beelzebub and his six Legions of Angels followed Lucifer in the rebellion against God. He is of the Cherubim class of Angels but Lucifer is an Archangel of the highest order.

“My father also joined him in that war. He was a Seraphim Angel of the guardian class. Those of my race were half human and half fallen angels and free moral agents. Look at me. I am trapped here under the dominion of the son of Satan just like a wild animal in a cage being placed on display at his whim.”

It gave me a renewed resolve to move forward by his explanation of the differences between Beelzebub and Satan.

I looked up at him and asked, “Let me be certain that you have no fear of him? He is a powerful entity!”

He replied in anger. "He is a force to be reckoned with but I do not have fear of him!" Then he gave me a terrifying look. "My patience is strained so tell me what this proposal of yours is?"

I blinked and asked, "Do you ever leave these quarters?"

"Why should I?" he snapped. "There is no place for me to go."

"If you come with me, I will show you how to travel through time. But first I must have your word that you will help me as long as I do not deceive you."

He nodded.

"You may be a puny human, but you have the heart of a warrior," he said.

He stood and removed a ring from his index finger.

"This is a promise ring. It is our custom to give it when we marry or to seal an unbreakable bargain. Take it as my word of honor."

I put it on the chain with my crucifix and bowed.

"Thank you sir, I am moved by your confidence. Now if you will follow me, we will implement my plan," I said.

Despite his great size, he moved with incredible agility and stealth as he followed me to the gallery.

I motioned for him to stop. The painting enthralled him from his own time. "It is so beautiful and so alive. I want to touch it."

Placing both of my hands on his enormous arm, I pulled him around.

"As I said, you will be able to do more than that, but first you must help me as promised."

He looked down at me and I pointed at two of the paintings. One depicted clergy in debate and the other was the scene where the man had been captured in the stream. I asked that he study them in detail.

He looked at me strangely.

"King Anak," I whispered. "These paintings are doors to time travel." To demonstrate it, I put my hand through the painting with the clergy. He stepped back in surprise. I nodded.

"We can leave the present by entering this painting."

Shocked he asked, "You mean we can actually go inside these paintings and be back in that time?"

"Yes." I answered. Before I could say more, he reached out and touched the medieval one. His hand met a solid surface. He whirled around, with anger spewing from his eyes.

"Do not lie to me human!"

"Please, King Anak, allow me show you their secrets," I replied, in a quivering voice. "If I am right, we can only go back in time in stages."

He nodded for me to continue. I knew he was intrigued, even though he had doubts about my theory.

"Each of these paintings depict past events. Based on what Father Roberto told me, he had entered that medieval one. However, when he first viewed the painting, it was not as you see it. Events have changed it.

"To return to the past, we must first go through the painting with the debating clergy," I said.

To demonstrate, I touched two of the paintings and both had solid surfaces.

Then I turned to the painting of the clergy and my hand passed through it. Knowing full well we might not survive to return to the present, I asked, "This is the open door through time. Are you ready to enter it?"

A broad smile broke like sunshine across his face.

"Lead on little man!"

I entered the painting while holding onto the bottom of the frame then stood to look around. Prince Omar was holding an apple. Everyone in the room, including the servants, watched the debate between him and Bishop Pickwick. Turning back, I saw the great bulk of Anak enter. We slipped over to a door at the side of the room, unobserved.

"It is the decaying apple," said Pickwick.

"I see," said Omar. "So that which appears bad is in actuality that which turns out..."

I prayed, "Please God don't let them see us."

As Anak opened the door I prayed, "Please God don't let it squeak."

We entered a hallway and I felt nauseated by the time travel. Anak glanced down at me and asked, "You look pale is something wrong?"

I shrugged and, making light of it, said, "I was hoping that there were not two of you."

He put his hand to his stomach and laughed.

"There is only one Anak, no matter when or where we are. Now what is next?"

"We must return to the gallery," I replied.

His good humor ended abruptly but I now felt I had a true alliance.

"We have gone back in time but for an eternal being like you, it may have felt like only the passing of minutes. But for me, it felt like many years raced by.

"Unless I am mistaken, you too will experience a shift in time when we enter the next painting," I said.

He tugged at his beard.

"How can that be?"

"Follow me and we may soon learn about the mysteries hidden inside these paintings," I replied.

Half expecting a trap, I was surprised how easily we found our way back to the gallery. I was shocked to see Father Zocca standing in front of the painting with both hands cupped around his mouth, calling in a loud whisper, "Roberto, Roberto, can you hear me?"

As we approached, he turned around and recoiled in horror. I put a finger to my lips.

"I am a priest too," I whispered.

He could not know who I was because he had not met me until after these events had taken place. But he knew Anak and stood frozen in terror.

"Father Zocca," I said. "King Anak and I have come to help Father Roberto."

"Who are you and how do you know my name? How do you know Father Roberto?"

I put a hand on his shoulder for reassurance.

"We have come from the future," I replied.

I knew from Roberto's account that Zocca had already witnessed many strange events.

"You must believe that King Anak is here to help. He is the only one who has the power to save Roberto. What is happening inside the painting must be stopped and I don't have time to explain it all to you now but King Anak and I must enter it to save him from grave danger," I said.

I stepped up next to it.

"We will need your help. Take off your shirt stick your arm through the painting and wave it until we return. Don't stop waving it. Do you understand?"

"Yes, of course! This is all so incredible."

"Yes, it is," I responded and motioned to Anak. "Let's go."

I slipped through the painting then he stepped boldly through and almost knocked me over as I turned to see Zocca's arm waving the shirt.

I poked my head back through the invisible portal and startled him.

"We're inside! Can you see us?"

"No!" he replied. "It all looks the same except for the man in the stream is gone."

"Very good! Just keep waving the shirt or we may not find our way back out."

When I turned around, Anak was walking boldly toward the stream.

"Please King Anak, I know you fear nothing but we must show some caution."

He stopped and waited for me to catch up.

"Then you lead the way, little brother."

Pointing at the tree shown in the painting, I said, "Please wait over there while I go to the ridge and look around."

He sat down, resting his back against the trunk. He pitched pebbles into the stream, showing not a worry in the world.

Much to my surprise, just as I reached the crest of the hill, I saw Beelzebub headed in our direction. I dashed back down the hill. Out of breath I whispered, while pointing toward the hill, "Beelzebub is coming!"

He jumped to his feet.

"Good, I shall confront him!"

"No, please, he has the mystical sword. I know you have no fear but we have come here for a greater purpose. We must hide and see where he is going."

Anak looked around.

"Slip into the water it is our only cover and the last place he will look."

We slid into the stream, holding onto the side of the bank.

He approached without breaking stride. Only a few steps from us, he turned and entered a cave with the sword hanging at his side.

We crawled from the water and onto the bank.

"I know where he is going. We must hurry or it will be too late," I said.

We jogged through the cave and entered a large cavern. The carnage was already underway. This was the scene that Roberto had described. Two of the priests had already been hacked to death. I saw Roberto dressed in a dark brown habit, frozen where he stood across the cavern. Next to him was the friar I

assumed to be Pere Jean.

The sword whistle in my ear as it sailed the length of the cavern, striking one of the Friars through the chest. It pinned him against the wall. By Roberto's account, it must have been Gogan. He looked down at the blade protruding through his chest before falling to the floor face down.

The dwarf Friar Pepie stood next to the body and grabbed the sword, yanking it out. Beelzebub slapped him across the room and the sword flew from his hand.

Swift as a comet, Anak caught it in mid-flight. His smile glittered as brightly as the sword as he wrapped his monstrous hand around the hilt. Obviously no one had seen us enter the cavern.

Beelzebub's reaction was immediate. He grabbed Pepie for a shield and shouted, "I know you! You are King Anak, son of Akin, the Seraphim."

Friar Pepie dangled and kicked.

"Your father was my friend. How can you raise a hand against me? Neither your size or power is a match for me," Beelzebub snarled.

Anak glanced at the sword and shifted it from hand to hand. He made a few slashing motions as warriors do when checking the weight and balance of a new weapon. He was clearly in his element. Moving toward Beelzebub, he said, "What you say may be true, dark one, but this sword holds the blood of Christ in its structure and has power beyond anything on earth!"

Still clinging to Pepie, he took two steps backwards.

"Put down the sword or I will rip his head off," Beelzebub threatened.

"Tear it off. He does not matter to me," Anak mused. "You said you know me then you know that I have removed many heads from their bodies. Tear his little head off and then I will run you through!"

Beelzebub stood still for a moment and then asked, "What makes you think by running me through would change anything? I am immortal!"

"Then you have nothing to fear!" Anak hissed as he stepped toward him.

Beelzebub threw Pepie down. Anak picked him up by the collar and dangled him.

"Great warriors come in all sizes," Anak quipped.

Then he put him down and Pepie ran to Pere Jean. Beelzebub bellowed.

"Very well I will pay your price whatever it is. Kingdoms! Power! Wealth! What do you want?"

Anak laughed.

"I have had all of those things and now my only desire is to die an honorable death."

"I can grant that!" Beelzebub promised and stepped forward.

Anak tapped the sword against a rock.

"You don't know what honor is, dark one! My own father did not know what honor was. You all live in darkness and do not understand the meaning of honor. You, my father and all the angels that turned against their master forsook honor and everything that is sacred!

"You are powerful beings but you are dishonorable! You cannot give what you do not have. I shall regain my honor at the hand of this one."

He pointed the sword toward me.

"How can a mere mortal give you honor?" he sneered. "Have you grown

feeble over the millenniums, old King?”

“For the first time in many centuries I am thinking clearly. The taste of battle has renewed that for me. I now understand that I have lived a futile existence but I shall not make that same mistake again when I face King David of Israel,” Anak said with pride.

Beelzebub smirked,

“King David? Do you not know what age we are in?”

Anak looked at me, smiled then responded, “I have already traveled through time twice so I know that I can return to face him once more.”

Before Beelzebub could respond, Anak put the tip of the sword against his chest.

“Leave the cave now, demon, or I will see what power is entrusted in this blade!”

Anak tilted his head toward me.

“Tell the priest to go back to their abode they are safe now but we can do nothing for those that have already fallen.”

Roberto had no idea who I was. He told Pere Jean and Friar Pepie to return to the monastery quickly. I tapped his arm and whispered, “Zocca is waiting. We must hurry.”

Anak pricked Beelzebub in the back.

“Go the way you came!”

We followed them through the cave until reaching open air and blue sky next to the river Tam.

Anak growled.

“Get back into the water!”

Beelzebub’s eyes turned blood red.

“No, I will not be imprisoned again!”

Anak pricked him in the side.

“You have no choice. I have the sword.”

He pulled the cord that tied his garment. With a jerk he yanked it off and tossed it on the ground. Beelzebub’s blond hair flowed across his broad shoulders. I could see small horns protruding from the sides of his head as his muscles rippled over his entire body.

“King Anak!” he shouted. “I shall not remain in this prison forever and one day you will beg for my mercy!”

Anak snarled.

“I will await that day! Now get into the water!”

He dove into the river and as soon as he was fully submerged, Anak plunged the sword deep into the ground next to the tree. Beelzebub did not resurface and was trapped as before, in agony.

Turning to face Anak, I asked, “Is that his final prison?”

He laughed and stretched out his arms, refreshed by his conquest.

“I think not but I did enjoy giving him back to that watery grave.”

He looked down at me.

“What now, time traveler?”

Looking across the field, I saw the shirt waving in the air.

“There is our exit!”

We ran over and I stuck my head through the painting. Zocca jumped back and raised a hand, “Thank God that you have returned! Is Father Roberto with you?”

Before I could answer, he stepped through the frame. They embraced then Anak boldly stepped out.

Pointing at the painting of his kingdom on the opposite wall, he said, “That is my home and the village of my people. Do you think I can return by stepping through it now?”

“Yes I do Great King!” I replied.

“Two trips in time already,” Anak said with a grin. “One more and we will be home! I will fetch my warriors and return soon.”

He left at a brisk pace. Roberto stared at him as he walked away then turned toward me.

“What is going on?”

I shrugged.

“It will take more time than we now have to explain.”

“You saved my life. Are you an angel?”

“No, I am certainly no angel,” I replied in amusement. “I am a mortal, a humble priest like you and Zocca. What I have done is tempt fate by traveling through time.”

I knew that he had not yet met me because I had traveled back to a time before the priests had gathered in London, while I was still a young acolyte. It was a strange feeling.

Roberto whispered, “You brought Anak to put Beelzebub in his prison?”

He was confused.

“Please believe me brothers,” I said calmly. “Only God knows what has just taken place. And as strange as it may seem, you both knew me when I was a young boy.”

Roberto looked at Zocca. The suspicion on their faces reflected their thoughts as if my appearance was just another trick of the Prince.

I pointed around the room.

“You know this is a peculiar place and all I can do now is ask that you return to your quarters and allow me to continue with my purpose.”

Roberto nodded.

“We will go but we have many questions that still need to be answered.”

They turned and walked down the hall. It was almost comical, Zocca dressed in palace garb and Roberto in a stained tattered robe of a medieval monk.

A lonesome chill fell over me while I stood alone, left in meditation.



HEALING HASCLEPIUS WAND

Chapter 29

I tried to gather my thoughts, but was lost in a whirlpool of confusion. Our natural human notion of time is linear. We are born, we hopefully live a full life and then we die. We count time by earth's revolutions around the sun yet Father Roberto met me as a middle-aged man before he had even known me as a young acolyte. Or was it the other way around? As strange as it may seem, the meeting took place after the incident with Beelzebub on Roberto's first visit to the palace. It is all so mine boggling.

Alone in the gallery, I pondered my fate. The plan had succeeded in part because Beelzebub was again trapped in his watery tome.

My thoughts were interrupted when King Anak returned with his five remaining clansmen and hoards of disembodied spirits.

"Lucans!" he roared with glee. "We are ready to return to our own time. Thank you for the chance to restore my honor."

He was in full stride toward the painting when the sound of a gong reverberated though the gallery. Then Prince Omar bin Rasalhadi entered from a side door. My heart jumped into my throat at his unexpected appearance. He was exactly as Roberto had described: full of power and charisma, young and vibrant.

"King Anak, my friend," He said, in a questioning manner. "It is not like you to wander from your throne room and, of all things, with your warriors and these spirits. These have been my trusted guards at the Tree of Life for such a long time. Are you now going to leave my protection?"

It surprised me to see Anak standing with his arms hanging at his side and head bowed in a posture of submission. Immediately his men knelt to one knee with their heads bowed.

"It is true my Lord we are not showing you the proper respect for your kindness," he said.

Then the Prince noticed me, winced and exclaimed, "You have come from the future!"

Then he raised his eyebrows and tilted his head back.

"Who are you and what brings you to my palace?"

Lowering my eyes as I responded respectfully, "It is true Prince Rasalhadi. I have indeed come from the future and my name is Father George Lucans."

"And why are you here?" he asked sharply.

"I came to save the life of a fellow priest and perhaps even to save your life, too!" I answered, raising my head to look at him.

"Save my life? Surly you jest!" He glared at me with suspicion. "I can destroy anyone I choose with a single word or gesture. How does a simple man propose to save my life, the son of Satan?"

My heart raced.

"You may not be as all knowing, as you think that you are."

"Oh really?" he replied, sarcastically. "You have not answered my question. How do you propose to save me and from what?"

"By preventing your brother Abdul from stealing your power and killing you!" I stated emphatically.

He stared at me from the corner of his eyes.

"Abdul!" he growled. "Show me the proof and I will be benevolent and bestow on you great rewards."

"Very well, but we must travel into the future to the time from which I came," I replied.

"Well, King Anak," he said in a commanding voice. "You, your men and these spirits must wait here until I return."

With a wave of his hand, they were all frozen like statues.

He snapped his finger and said in a sharp voice, "Arthur!"

Soon Arthur entered the gallery. The Prince said, "You and I, it seems, are going to take a trip into the future. It appears that Father George Lucans here has learned one of my little secrets of time travel but to do so we must go to my living quarters."

Arthur nodded with dignity. Our eyes met, as he raised his head. I saw the sadness that Roberto had described. His stoic presence could not mask his pain.

We followed Omar. As soon as we entered his living chambers, he walked to a bookcase. With a simple motion, it slid out of the way, exposing another room. He beckoned for us to follow. The room was filled with paintings.

"This is my private gallery!" he gestured with pride, as he walked its length.

Again he motioned for us to follow. In the middle of the room, Arthur stopped in front of a painting and exclaimed, "Rita!"

Omar walked over to him.

"Yes, it is she. It is when you were on your honeymoon. You might say this gallery is a family album of my favorite moments," Omar said.

I looked at it over his shoulder. A beautiful dark skinned woman stood on a French styled veranda, the ornate ironwork covered with vines. She wore an elegant but simple white short sleeve cotton dress. Her long raven hair danced gently in the breeze. She was leaning forward against the rail looking down the street.

Tears rolled down his cheeks.

"How can it be possible? I don't remember her posing for this portrait."

"Come Arthur," Omar said. "We will discuss more about the painting when we return."

We followed him. Arthur looked back at the painting, still teary eyed.

We stopped in front of another painting where the Prince sat at his table, with

his head leaning against the back of the chair. In one hand, was a wine glass turned upside down, his arm resting casually on the armrest. Next to him sat Roberto. We could see the shoulder of another man in the painting with his back to us, but I could not tell who he was. The scene was just as Roberto had described. *Abdul*, I thought. *He is the other man.*

Omar pursed his lips showing anger and moved on to the next painting. In it, Roberto was in his bedroom kneeling in prayer holding his rosary.

As if testing me, he asked, "What secret do you think these paintings hold?"

I could have no idea what he might know but I knew I had to be clever.

"I would think that they are gateways through time."

He chuckled and said, "That is an excellent observation. Let's enter this one."

He stepped through the picture frame and we followed. Roberto mumbled his prayer as we tiptoed through the room and out the door. It felt strange, seeing him preparing to assassinate Omar.

It was difficult to separate one reality from another. No mind-altering drug I had ever taken could match this experience. I wondered if I would awaken to find it was only a hallucination and I was back in China or India. Passing in front of a mirror, I saw my reflection and pinched myself to make sure I was really there.

We entered his private living chambers and followed him behind the bookcase he left slightly ajar.

"We will wait in here," he said.

It was like *déjà vu*. He had changed into an even younger Prince, waiting with us in the same library we had just left. He settled into a chair.

A few minutes passed then we heard gunshots. Omar rose from the chair and walked near the entrance of the bookcase. He turned around and looked at us with a pale face.

"Arthur, please peer out and tell me what you see."

Arthur looked out and then looked back at the Prince.

"It is just as Father Lucans has said. Father Roberto has shot and killed you, or that is what it appears," he gasped.

Stepping next to Arthur, I looked over his shoulder. There stood Roberto with a gun in his hand and the Prince on the floor in a pool of blood. The gun slipped from his hand as others rushed into the room.

Arthur slid the bookcase shut and walked to where Omar was standing.

"We have witnessed your death, my Lord. It must be the end of your destiny," Arthur said.

The Prince grinned at him cynically.

"Never believe all that you see."

I was prepared to believe anything by now. What I had seen was an old Prince lying in a pool of blood. But here before us was a young man.

"Sit down both of you we are not through here," the Prince said. He sat for a while in deep meditation then rose and went to a painting the size of a large door. He took hold of the frame and pulled it open to expose a passageway.

"Come with me. This is another time chamber that allows me to exercise power over the future or the past."

He stopped and put a hand against the wall and rubbed the surface.

“You may have rendered me a greater service than you realize Father Lucans and for that I am going to reveal secrets that will dismay you. And then I will bestow my generosity on both you and Arthur.”

Leaning against the dark wall, he stared me in the eyes.

“You are aware of who my father is, the Prince and Power of the Air, The God of this World?”

I nodded yes.

“He has the power to control both time and space and I also have inherited this special gift.”

He rubbed his hand back and forth against the wall.

“However, there are limitations to our power. For example, to change something that has already happened can only be done if one of the people traveling through that time were to remain there forever.”

Shaking my head, I said, “I don’t understand what you mean.”

“Surely you do by now,” he said, tilting his head. “To change what just occurred requires that you remain in the past.”

“You mean if I remain here, what I just witnessed would not have taken place?”

He smirked.

“Maybe yes and maybe no and maybe even the outcome could be different.”

I thought about what he said and asked, “Then what difference would it make? I would only be exchanging one evil for another, you or your brother.”

He sneered.

“Your perception of evil may not be altogether correct. Everyone has a price!”

He waved a hand over the blank wall and spoke in a strange tongue as he made a mystical sign. Instantly I saw a dark dingy room with a wooden floor and walls made from mud and mortar. Sunlight crept through a small musty window at the far end. He motioned for us to follow him down a corridor of a prison.

The smell that permeated my nostrils was of decaying food and human waste. We made our way to the top floor. Omar took me by the arm next to a window and nodded. It overlooked a sunlit courtyard. Below, I saw Roberto in front of a firing squad. I stood at the side, watching. I thought to myself this cannot be possible but it obviously was.

I tried to pull away, but he held me firm.

“You always have a choice.”

He said, scornfully, “You can alter the past and the future, but your choices thus far have created a dilemma for both of us. You sought to save Father Roberto’s life but you did not bargain on the consequences.”

He released my arm and the guns were shot. Roberto fell to the ground. I was so very confused. Before me was a youthful Prince who had just shown me the execution of Roberto for killing him as an old man. My mind raced through the manuscript, trying to find an answer. I remembered only that his eyes had shifted up toward the window after he had been killed. *Was this all real or something else?* I thought.

Omar made another sign and uttered garbled words the wall became solid.

He looked at me and asked, "What are you thinking? Am I dead or alive? Was Roberto executed or not?"

Before I could answer, he asked, "Have you made your decision to stay or not?"

I took a step back, "Do I have a choice?"

"Yes, you always have a choice," he replied. "We of the Power of Darkness may prey upon your weaknesses but the outcome depends entirely on your own will. Both my existence and the life of Father Roberto rest with you."

"With me?" I asked, even though I knew exactly what he meant. I raised my hands before my face and clasped them together in agony. Having experienced an entire life of poverty and sin I considered what I should now do. The choices were terrifying.

Mustering all my courage, I dropped my hands to my side and said, "Prince Rasalhadi, it seems I have two choices. If you die then Father Roberto dies, too, and so do all the other clergy. If I leave my past life behind, I am trapped in a time warp of sorts, forever."

He nodded.

"Yes that is correct but the choice is still entirely yours."

"What will I remember of my past life?" I asked, while feeling a rush of depression sweep over me.

"Some of it will be in dreams or maybe in nightmares."

That was of little comfort to me but I knew I had no choice. It was my destiny to stay.

"I agree to remain here with you," I said, though feeling remorse deep down inside.

He smiled and waved his hand. To my surprise, we were instantly back where we had begun, in the gallery where Anak, his warriors and spirits stood frozen in place.

He went to where Anak was and looked up at him.

"A most magnificent specimen don't you think Father Lucans?" he said, though not really asking.

Before I could answer, he waved his hand. They all came back to life. He reached over and removed the watch on Anak's wrist and said, "Take your men, great King, and go back to the days you long for."

He dropped to one knee and took the Prince by the hand and pressed his forehead against it. "Thank you, my Lord, whatever your fate may be, I will always be in your debt."

Omar turned toward the painting.

"Yes and thank you. But remember, if I ever do need your service, you must come."

He bowed his assent then turned, nodded to his followers and led them into the painting. I wondered how Omar, a son of Satan, could show such benevolence and compassion.

He turned to Arthur and said in a commanding voice, "Go fetch my brother!"

I was confused more than ever. By Roberto's account, there was no presence of Abdul during his first visit at the palace. After a moment of reflection, I

realized there would have been no reason for Roberto to know about Abdul. Otherwise, things would not have happened as they did.

When Abdul entered the room, followed by Arthur, Omar stood taut with his fists clenched and jaw tense.

“You have sought my death since we were children, brother!” Omar said coldly. “You concocted the lie that you were the first born and the rightful heir to the throne.”

He walked next to Abdul.

“It is time that this charade ends once and for all!” he shouted while jabbing a finger through the air like a sword. Then he turned and pointed at the painting where Beelzebub was in the stream.

“Go, now, to where you belong!” He commanded condescendingly.

Abdul took steps backward shaking his head.

“No! I have no intentions of entering that goulash painting or any other.”

Omar repeated the command enunciating each word.

“You will enter by my authority and that of our father!”

Abdul raised his head in defiance his eyes grew dark and then flashed with fire. Howling like a wolf he cried, “FATHER! FATHER!”

A multi-colored mist filled the gallery. Emerging from the cloud, a rugged yet handsome man appeared. I knew instantly that it was Satan. Everything went still as he spoke.

“Abdul, my son, I am here. Why have you called me?”

Abdul pointed a finger toward Omar.

“He plans to do me harm!”

Satan spoke to Abdul directly.

“My son, it is you who have always sought to do him harm. It amused me when you were children but now, by your own actions and deeds, you have cast your fate. Omar is only defending his right as my firstborn son. You deceived Fatima, causing a simple, frightened woman to believe that you were the firstborn and not Omar. Using your cunning you caused her to believe you were good, through and through, all in an effort to steal what is not yours. It has caught up with you now, my son.”

Abdul protested.

“But father, you know I am your favorite!”

Satan had a sympathetic expression of a frustrated father on his countenance.

“Perhaps by your deceptions and charm you appeared to have had more promise but then I may have been overly ambitious by having twins. I thought it would give me twice the chance to defeat God on earth.”

Abdul knelt before him and begged.

“Please father, please give me another chance.”

“You have had too many chances already and it has brought us to this!” He replied, putting a hand on Abdul’s head. “Even I, with all my powers, have learned a lesson.”

Satan spread his arms spun around in a bright mist and disappeared as his voice echoed through the gallery. “You will do as your brother has commanded!”

Omar shouted. “You have heard our father. Now get up and enter the

painting!”

Abdul looked around the room as if still seeking help. He slowly rose and entered the painting.

Glancing toward us, Omar motioned with his head.

“Come with me.”

He entered the painting then Arthur and I stepped through. We went to the river Tam where Beelzebub was imprisoned.

Omar spoke to Abdul.

“Undress and get into the river!”

He clasped both hands together.

“Omar, I have done you no harm! Please do not put me in the river. Allow me to return to the palace and be your servant.”

“No Abdul. I have seen the future and must prevent you from destroying me. I am more benevolent than you ever thought of being to me. Undress and get into the river!”

He undressed, walked to the edge of the bank and jumped in feet first. He remained submerged, trapped with Beelzebub.

Omar turned and walked out of the painting with Arthur and me following. I looked back at the painting and saw both Abdul and Beelzebub trapped beneath the water.

Omar continued down the hall to his chambers and entered with us behind him. We were soon in his private gallery. He went next to the painting with the portrait of Rita then turned toward Arthur and took him by both hands.

“You have been a good and faithful servant to me and I promised you a reward. When you vowed to serve me, you always remained a man of honor and devotion. Now that my brother’s deceit has been revealed and he’s imprisoned, I can grant you favor. My gift is to allow you to return to Rita and let you live out a full life together.”

Arthur’s composed demeanor crumbled and he broke into tears and said, “My lord, I am truly grateful! You can call upon me anytime for anything!”

“There is no longer a need. I already have your son. Go now and enjoy your life together.”

He stood motionless and looked out of the corner of his eyes at Omar.

“My son?” He muttered but with no more demurring, he stepped through the frame.

Omar glanced at me.

“Come and sit down.”

He gestured toward a pair of high backed chairs. We sat and he closed his eyes and sighed.

“You have done me a great service and have agreed to give up your past experiences. Without them you would not have had the boldness or courage to tempt time.”

He opened his eyes and spoke to me like an old friend. With an impish grin he gestured toward the painting. It was now in motion. I watched in amazement as Arthur ran up the street and heard him calling for Rita. Her white dress and beautiful raven hair swirled through the air as she turned and ran to meet him with

outstretched arms. Then stopped in her tracks and asked, “Arthur my love, you have aged. What has happened?”

I understood her bewilderment because so many years had passed since she had last seen him but hadn’t known of the years passing.

He brought a finger gently to her lips before wrapping his arms around her and lifting her off her feet. Their eyes closed as he lovingly swung her back and forth in a warm embrace. He reached under her legs and swept her up into his arms. They joined in a loving kiss and as their lips parted, Arthur whispered in her ear, “Rita my sweet wonderful love, I do love you my darling, more than life, more than eternity. I will explain everything to you but for now just love me as I love you.”

She hugged him so tight they seemed as one. Whispering in his ear, she said, “I love you now and forever too! It is so strange, my love. I feel as though I have just awakened from a long, long dream.”

Gently putting her down, he held her around the waist.

“We have a lifetime to explain all that has happened. My heart is burning with love for you, my beautiful lovely wife.”

She buried her face in his chest and spoke tenderly.

“My heart is overflowing, too, my husband, my life, my love and joy!”

They held one another by the hand and went into the bedroom, then the years erased from his face.

Omar made a mystical sign and instantly the painting froze on that beautiful scene. Turning to look at me, he said, “Sorry, but we must show some discretion.”

Then he stood up and brought his hands together in a loud clap. He called out into thin air. “Gather the priests together we will meet in my dining hall in twenty minutes.”

Twenty minutes or twenty years it made no difference to me. I had seen more than I had ever thought possible. When Omar left me, one of the albino guards appeared and led me down a hallway to the banquet room without ever saying a word.

When I took my seat, much to my astonishment, Roberto and Zocca enter the room.

At the sound of a bell, Omar entered the room and walked to the head of the table. With a hand on his chair, he said, “I thank you one and all for coming and spending these weeks with me to witness my power. Soon you will convene to make ready your report for the church.”

He motioned for the servants to serve the meal and pointed at me and added casually, “Father George Lucans has joined us from another time.”

Pausing for a moment, all eyes turned toward me as he continued, “He has saved each of your lives and mine, too, so that we may all enjoy a long and full future. By his choice to remain in this time period, each of you are indebted to him for your life. He will remain here in the Palace for the rest of his natural life to assure your well being.”

There was nothing I could do or say to the priests as they looked at me with puzzled expressions. Feelings of fear and despair flooded me. The truly

diabolical nature of the Prince sank to the bottom of my soul as I heard his words.

He settled comfortably into his chair and watched us in silence. No one was eating. Rising majestically, with a broad gesture, he waved toward the gathering.

“You are all free to go and goodbye until we meet again.”

In the midst of the hum of voices and chairs being pushed back and the rustle of footsteps, Omar motioned for Roberto and me to wait.

Standing there mystified, I noticed that Joseph looked at me with a broad smile as he left by a side door. The room was now empty except for the three of us. We approached the Prince as he walked toward us.

“Do you remember this man, Father Roberto?” he asked nodding his head toward me.

“No. I have never seen him before,” he said emphatically.

Omar looked at me and then at Roberto.

“Let me tell you again. This man has saved both of us. By his decisions and deeds, he changed the past and the future. He saved me from my brother, Abdul, and saved you and your colleagues from certain death.”

Roberto looked at me intensely as if searching for some recollection.

“Father Roberto, you are a brave young priest,” Omar said gently. “Now go and join the others and remember that it is not only by the power of my Father Satan but it is also by the will of God that I, Prince Omar bin Rasalhadi, have been chosen to rule this world.”

He tilted his head and nodded slightly and said, “It is interesting that people on an individual basis want to matter in the great scheme of things but in reality they don’t really matter at all except in their own mind. You are like specks of dust in the vastness of the universe. As you can see, you and all of humanity are trapped in the web of predestination. There is no escaping it. My father and the Lords on high decide what has worth and what does not. What power do you really have but to squawk and wallow about in your vanity?”

He reached out and handed me the watch he had taken from King Anak then he turned and left the room with Roberto.

Left alone in that moment, I stared at the watch and felt I had changed nothing and could change nothing.



WAS-SCEPTER

EPILOGUE

I roamed the halls of the Palace in despair, praying that there might be some way to escape this entrapment. One day I went to the painting showing Anak and his men, and noticed that the watch was running backwards. *What could it mean?* I thought. I had not noticed it doing that before.

I reached out and touched the painting only to feel a solid surface. I stepped back thinking. *These are time portals but the Prince took us through the painting with Roberto kneeling by his bed in prayer before going on to his secret room to travel into the future.*

I went to the painting with Roberto in it and to the other paintings searching for some possible answer but the surfaces was all solid and the watch always ran backwards. I decided that the answer must be in Omar's private room of paintings and I could only imagine what would happen if I were caught there.

I determined the risk was worth it. During dinner one evening, while he entertained guests, I snuck into his room, slid back the bookcase and went to each painting, feeling each surface. They were all solid and the watch ran backwards until I came to a painting that was new.

The clergy were meeting at St. John's Church in London. I looked at the watch and it was running clockwise and my hand went through the surface.

I did not hesitate I ran to my room, got the manuscript, rushed back and entered the painting and stood by a pillar. They were making plans to kill the Prince. I stepped forward, put the manuscript on the table and told them the entire story.

Bishop Pickwick rose to his feet and said, "We are faced with a quandary, my friends for whatever our decision might be the fact remains we may only be in a continuum controlled by the Prince. It is evident that time and space has no relevance or meaning in our human realm where eternal powers prowl. For me the decision is clear. I shall go about my daily spiritual walk, live out my life and leave the rest in God's hands."

That was the last time I ever saw them.

And as for me, you may be wondering? I am in a small village, high in the mountains of Tibet, immersed in daily meditation and prayer.

I thought I saw the shadow of Omar pass by me late one evening, but then it may have been the Prince of Darkness and then it may have only been a dream because I am always dreaming.

I know that I have lost contact with reality.

Maybe even this story has been a figment of my imagination or I may just be a figure in one of the paintings hanging in the palace of the Prince.



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JERUSALEM CROSS

AUTHOR'S NOTE

Appointed Evil is written in an unconventional surrealistic manner to demonstrate that once caught in Satan's snare, it is almost impossible to escape.

However, there is one provision provide by God the Father.

Every person is born a captive because, by one man, Adam, captivity became inherent to the entire human race.

There are not multiply paths that lead to eternal freedom as Humanists, Apokatastasis, Universal Reconciliationist, and others of that type of persuasion profess.

There is but one venue of atonement:

Romans 10: 9 & 10 "That if thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shalt believe in thine heart that God hath raised him form the dead thou shalt be saved. For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation."

Romans 5: 18 "Therefore as by the offence of one judgment came upon all men to condemnation: even so by the righteousness of the free gift came upon all men unto justification of life."

John 3: 16 "For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

King James Version of the Bible



LIVING DRAGON AFTER THE GREAT FLOOD

Job 40: 15-24, & 41

Appendix # 1

The following is a faithful transcription of what I, Roberto Montini, read in 1968 from the leather bound book in the library of the Prince.

The chronology uses two measuring dates. The left column begins at Creation and the far right column uses the Gregorian Calendar Dating System.

The dates shown are only a range in time and not actual years for each period described.

Creation Dating System	ETERNITY PAST	Gregorian Calendar Dating System
0	<u>God creates Adam</u> , Friday, April 1. <u>Eve</u> is Created from Adams rib. A reptilian Dragon (Tanniyn) lent its body to Satan who through black magic as a Shape-shifter took on human form to speak to Eve and led her into a fallen state by eating God’s forbidden fruit. <u>Cain</u> and <u>Abel</u> are the first two sons of Adam and Eve.	3975 BC
930	Death of Adam.	3045 BC
987	<u>Enoch</u> walks with God and is taken, (while still alive) to heaven.	2988 BC
1,656	<u>Methuselah</u> dies at 969 years of age. Tiahuanaco Civilization builds first seaport. The Invisible Shadow People roam the surface of the Earth. (They are Giants and Dwarf Spirits from Inner Earth) Noah builds Ark. Noah’s sons are <u>Japheth</u> , <u>Ham</u> , and <u>Shem</u> .	2319 BC

1,656 The Great Flood covers the Earth ending the Antediluvian Age. (“The World That Then Was.”) **2319 BC**

Noah and his family of eight are in the Ark one year and ten days after the great flood.

God created a rainbow and made a covenant after the flood waters receded, that he would not destroy man by water again.

The great flood forms Lake Titicaca.

1,663 Noah - Lives to be 950 years old. 2312 BC

The first King of Babylon, Nimrod, sanctions himself as the god Marduk and sanctions his son as the god Tammuz.

Illuminati (Enlightened) is founded by Marduk.

1,831 Tower of Babel is destroyed by God. (“Gate of the god’s. A Stairway to heaven.”) The people are dispersed throughout the world taking the knowledge of Ziggurat building with them. The earth’s landmass is broken up and becomes divided. 2144 BC

2,000 Menes unites the Egyptian Empire. 1975 BC

Royal Library of King Ashurbanipal is built.

The Sundial is invented.

Omlec – Nahuatl (Rubber People) Civilization develops the calendar that is later refined by the Maya Civilization. The calendar is predated to what they surmised to be the beginning of the World, August 11, 3114 BC.

Beginning of the Bronze age in the Middle East.

Hieroglyphic writing is invented in Egypt.

The Egyptian Calendar is developed.

The Chinese Calendar is developed.

Sargon of Akkas conquers Sumeria.

During Cheops rule Job conquers Egypt and builds the great pyramid.

Hinduism is adopted in India. (Faith of Human Reasoning.)

2,008	<u>Abraham</u> is born in Ur. He is a Chaldean of Mesopotamia. <u>Sarah</u> marries Abraham in Ur. <u>Lot</u> is Abraham's nephew and moves to the city of Sodom.	1967 BC
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2,094	<u>Melchizedek</u> held the highest Order of Priesthood and is King of Salem.	1881 BC
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2,108	First alphabet is invented by the early Canaanites.	1867 BC
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The son of Abraham and Hagar - an Egyptian concubine, is born: **Ishmael**, father of the Arabs.

The son of Abraham and his wife Sarah is born: **Isaac**, father of the Hebrews. Isaac marries **Rebekah**.

2,107	Sodom, Gomorrah and the Jordan valley is destroyed by God, lowering the valley below sea level and formed the Dead Sea.	1868 BC
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2,108	Isaac, 38, is to be offered as a sacrifice to God by his father Abraham, but is spared by God by providing a sacrificial ram, caught in a bush.	1867 BC
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Leban is Isaac's father-in-law.

2,168	<u>Jacob's</u> name is change to <u>Israel</u> by God.	1807 BC
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Esau is the brother of Jacob and son of Isaac.
Esau is the father of the Edomites.
God says, "Jacob I loved and Esau I hated."

2,183	Death of Abraham.	1792 BC
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2,231	Death of Ishmael.	1744 BC
	Jacob (Israel) lay down at Bethel to sleep and took a stone for a pillow. It becomes known as the <u>Shepherd Stone</u> and later known as the <u>Regal Stone</u>. Jacob (Israel) works for his father-in-law, <u>Leban</u>, 7 years to marry <u>Leah</u>, and then 7 more years to marry <u>Rachel</u>, and 6 more years for his cattle. Jacob is the Father of twelve sons that comprised the <u>12 Tribes of Israel</u>. The sons by his wife <u>Leah</u> are: <u>Reuben</u>, <u>Simeon</u>, <u>Levi</u>, <u>Judah</u>, <u>Issachar</u> and <u>Zebulun</u>. Sons by his wife <u>Bilhah</u> are: <u>Dan</u>, and <u>Naphtali</u>. Son by his wife <u>Zilpha</u> is: <u>Gad</u>. Sons by his wife <u>Rachel</u> are: <u>Joseph</u> and <u>Benjamin</u>. Jacob also had many daughters.	
2,276	<u>Joseph</u> the son of Jacob is sold into Egypt. He becomes a chief magistrate to the Pharaoh. <u>Jacob</u> is 130 years old when he went to live in Egypt to be with Joseph. Jacob's 11 sons and 70 members of his tribe go to Egypt with him.	1699 BC
2,290	<u>Manasseh</u> replaces <i>Joseph</i> in the inheritance.	1685 BC
2,292	<u>Ephraim</u> replaces <i>Levi</i> in the inheritance. Joseph's request to the people of Israel is that his bones be carried back to the land (promised to Abraham, Isaac and Jacob) for burial when they return to that land.	1683 BC
2,315	Death of Jacob.	1660 BC
2,369	Death of Joseph.	1606 BC
2,420	Birth of <u>Miriam</u> , Moses sister.	1555 BC
2,429	Birth of <u>Aaron</u> , Moses brother.	1546 BC
2,432	Birth of <u>Moses</u> in Egypt.	1543 BC
2,475	Phoenician writing is invented.	1500 BC
	Chinese writing is invented	

2,493	Birth of Joshua.	1482 BC
2,513	<u>Ramses</u> is Pharaoh of Egypt who stood against Moses and his God, Jehovah.	1462 BC
	<u>Passover</u> . First born is killed in Egypt by God, Jehovah.	
	Moses makes the Exodus from Egypt with the 12 Tribes of Israel, about 3 million members. Moses and the Israelites cross the Red Sea.	
	Use of Iron becomes wide spread in the Middle East.	
2,513	<u>Ten Commandments</u> are given to Moses on Mount Sinai.	1462 BC
	<u>Ark of the Covenant</u> is constructed.	
2,514	The <u>Tabernacle</u> is first raised up at Mount Sinai.	1461 BC
2,552	Death of Miriam, Moses sister. Death of Aaron, Moses brother. Death of <u>Moses</u> .	1423 BC
2,553	<u>Joshua</u> led the tribes of Israel across the Jordan River.	1422 BC
	Trojan war is fought.	
2,603	Death of Joshua.	1372 BC
2,775	Mexia (Aztec) Civilization is founded.	1200 BC
2,872	<u>Samuel</u> is judge over Israel.	1103 BC
2,870	Birth of Saul.	1105 BC
2,910	<u>Saul</u> , a Benjamite and son of Kish, is anointed the first King of Israel.	1065 BC
2,928	David is selected by God to be king over Israel eight years before he is born.	1047 BC
2,920	Birth of <u>David</u> of the house of Judah.	1055 BC

	Saul is rejected by God to continue being King of Israel.	
2,946	David kills Goliath the giant.	1029 BC
2,948	Samuel dies during King Saul's wars against David.	1027 BC
2,950	Death of King Saul and his son Jonathan.	1025 BC
2,950	David is anointed King of Israel and rules from Jerusalem.	1025 BC
	Agag is King of the Amalikites. He is a giant with six fingers on each hand and six toes on each foot.	
	David's seer is Gad.	
2,960	Solomon future King of Israel is born. God foreknew him before his birth and promised to establish his kingdom forever.	1015 BC
	The Ark is carried to Jerusalem and placed in a tent that had been prepared by King David.	
2,990	Solomon is anointed King of Israel.	985 BC
	Solomon has 700 wives and 300 concubines.	
2,993	In the four hundred and eightieth year after the Exodus from Egypt in the fourth year of Solomon's reign, in the second month Zif (May), Solomon begins to build the temple of the lord. It is called the Temple of Solomon by the Israelites.	982 BC
	Secret Society of the Freemasons is founded during the building of the Temple of Solomon.	
3,000	In the eighth month Bul (November), the Temple of Solomon is completed. The dedication lasts 2 full years.	975 BC
3,001	God's Ark of the Covenant is brought into the temple.	974 BC

3,003	Solomon's temple dedication is completed. The first temple's high priest is <u>Azariah</u> .	972 BC
3,011	The <u>Queen of Sheba</u> from Ethiopia visits King Solomon in Israel and bore him a son. King Solomon dies.	964 BC
3,030	Kingdom of Israel divided. King <u>Jeroboam</u> becomes the ruler over ten of the tribes of Israel. They worship idols of golden calves. King <u>Rehoboam</u> rules over the tribes of Judah and Benjamin.	945 BC
3,034	<u>Shishak</u> , lord of both Upper and Lower Egypt, takes the treasures of Solomon's Temple to Egypt and subjugates the people of Judah.	941 BC
3,086	<u>Elijah</u> the prophet is born. <u>Elisha</u> the prophet is born.	889 BC
3,177	Amos is father of Isaiah. <u>Isaiah</u> is the prophet to Kings Uzziah, Jotham, Ahaz and Hezekiah of Israel.	798 BC
3,222	Roman dating begins with <u>Romulus</u> .	753 BC
3,250	A brass serpent called <u>Nehushtan</u> is made by Moses and, in 1423 BC, is destroyed by <u>King Hezekiah</u> .	725 BC
3,254	Ten tribes of Israel are taken captive to Assyria and Media. The Assyrians resettled in northern Israel replacing the Israelites taken captive. They are known as Samaritans.	721 BC

10 Lost Hebrew Tribes of Israel and who they became: **Reuben**, (*France – Gauls, Cimmerians and parts of Spain*). **Simeon**, (*Celts Saxons, Jew, Cimmerians*). **Issachar**, (*Finland, parts of Sweden*). **Zebulun**, (*Holland*). **Dan**, (*Denmark, parts of Poland, Italy, Germany, Galatae/Celts, Wales, Greece, Crete, Spain, Britain, Iceland, Greenland, Canada, Australia, New Zealand,*

Ireland and Scotland). **Naphtali**, (parts of Norway). **Gad**, (Sweden and Goths). **Benjamin**, (parts of Israel, Norway, Belgium, France, England, Iceland, Greenland, Canada, Australia, New Zealand). **Levi**, (Jews/Israel and parts of all 11 Hebrew tribes). **Joseph**. Joseph's blessings were passed to his two sons: **Ephraim**, (Britain, Iceland, Greenland, and parts of, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, United States of America, Mexico, Latin America and South America). **Manasseh**, (parts of North America).

2 Remaining Hebrew tribes were: **Judah**, (Jews/Israel). **Benjamin**, (parts of Israel, Norway, Belgium, France, England, Iceland, Greenland, Canada, Australia, New Zealand and United States of America).

The twelve Hebrew tribes also make up parts of, Arabia, Jordan, Lebanon, Syria, Iraq, Egypt and northern Africa. Their language is Semitic in origin.

3,375	Iron Age begins in China.	600 BC
	Homer is born.	

3,370	<u>Nebuchadnezzar</u> is King of Babylon.	605 BC
	<u>Daniel</u> the prophet is born in Israel from the house of Judah.	

3,369	The tribes of Judah and Benjamin with their portion of Levites are taken captive into Babylon by King Nebuchadnezzar.	606 BC
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The crown given by God to Israel is removed from them and given to the Gentiles. The rule and Times of the Gentiles begin.

Nebuchadnezzar has a dream of an image of a man made from different metals. The dream was interpreted by Daniel the prophet as follows: The statue of the man in the dream represents different ages to come. It begins with the head made of **GOLD** that is the Babylonian Empire,

605 BC to 522 BC.

The shoulders and chest are made of SILVER that is the Medo-Persian Empire headed by King Cyrus, 522 BC to 335 BC.

The torso is made of BRASS and is the Grecian Empire first ruled by Alexander the Great.

At his death he is succeeded by four of his generals. Their names and the nation(s) they rule are:

1. Cassander - Macedonia (Greece).
2. Antigonos - Asia (Turkey).
3. Seleucides - Babylon and Syria.
4. Ptolemy - Egypt.

The legs are made of Iron that is ruled by the Roman Empire.

The feet are made of Iron and Clay that is the Revived Roman Empire ruled by The Caesar of the World. (The Son of Perdition).

At the end of 7 years of Tribulation, a Stone crushes the statue. The stone is Jesus Christ who returns to earth and establishes a kingdom that last for 1,000 years.

3,392	<u>Belshazzar</u> , King of Babylon is born. He is the grandson of Nebuchadnezzar.	583 BC
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Ezekiel, the prophet, is born.

Jeremiah migrates to Ireland with Jacob's Shepherd Stone. The stone became known as Lia Fail or the Stone of Fate or the Stone of Scone or the Regal Stone.

Jeremiah dies and is buried on Devenish Island in Lough Erne, Ireland.

3,436	The Babylonian captivity ends when <u>Cyrus the Great</u> conquered Babylonia. Cyrus is also known as Darius, and Artaxerxes or Xerxes, which means honored or exalted ruler of King of Kings. Cyrus, King of Persia is named by God to rule 200 years before he was born.	539 BC
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Zorobabel rebuilds the temple of Israel.

Buddha teaches in India, his name is Gautama.

(The Enlightened One).

Confucius is born. The great Chinese philosopher.

3,459 Hippocrates is born. He was a Greek physician, 516 BC
known as, The Father of Medicine.

3,517 Walls are rebuilt around Jerusalem by Nehemiah. 458 BC

The Great Wall of China is built.

3,575 Socrates is put to death on charges of corrupting 400 BC
the youth of Athens, Greece.

Plato, the Greek philosopher, is born.

Greek civil wars began.

Alexander the Great is born.

Aristotle is the teacher of Alexander the Great.

Lao Tzu founds the belief of Taoism. He writes
the book, *Classic of the Way and its Power*.

Jews at Alexandria mix the worship of Jehovah
God with Hellenism, forming Greek mythology.

3,675 Shih Huant Ti, unites China. 300 BC

3,775 Rome defeats Carthage in the second Punic War. 200 BC
Hannibal is defeated and Spain is lost to Rome.

Rome conquers Greece.

Liu Pang founds the Han Dynasty

3,875 Julius Caesar conquers Gaul. 100 BC
Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt, is born.
Julius Caesar is assassinated in 44 BC.

3,929 Octavian becomes Caesar Augustus, founder of 46 BC
the Roman Empire.

Mark Anthony is defeated in 31 BC at Actium.

	Beginning of the Julian Calendar - First Leap Year.	
3,938	<u>Herod the Great</u> is born.	37 BC
	Egypt becomes a Roman province.	
	<u>Maccabees</u> fought against Roman oppression. They commit mass suicide at Manasas rather than surrender to the Roman army.	
3,955	Temple Reconstruction begins under <u>King Herod</u> of Israel. Herod is an Edomite.	20 BC
3,969	Birth of <u>John the Baptist</u> .	6 BC
3,970	Birth of <u>Jesus</u> - April 1, 5 BC.	5 BC
	Birth of <u>Saul</u> (Paul) of Tarsus.	
3,971	Herod the Great of Israel dies.	4 BC
	<u>Herod Antipas</u> , son of Herod the Great, came to power. He kills John the Baptist and mocks Christ at his trial.	
3,983	<u>Herod Agrippa I</u> killed James the Apostle.	8 AD
3,989	<u>Tiberius</u> is Caesar of Rome.	14 AD
	<u>Pilate</u> is governor of Judea in Israel.	
	Herod's temple is completed after 48 years of construction.	
4,000	From the creation of Adam to the anointing of Jesus is 4,000 years. He is baptized by John and is anointed.	25 AD
	Jesus visits Glastonbury, Britannia.	
4,004	<u>Crucifixion of Jesus Christ</u> . April 15, 29 AD. The veil of the temple is rent from top to bottom when Jesus is crucified. The Ark is taken to Heaven.	29 AD

Resurrection of Jesus after being dead for three days.

Holy Spirit descends to earth.

Jesus ascends into Heaven.

King Arthur and Knights of the Round Table rule in Britannia. Arthur is the first King to acquire the Holy Sword of Longinus.

4,035 King Herod Agrippa II tries Paul. 60 AD

Nero becomes Caesar of Rome. He is the last of the Claudian family line.

Vespasian becomes Caesar of Rome.

Druidic Doctrine is established and they acquire the Holy Sword of Longinus.

Roman Calendar is developed.

4,044 The third temple in Jerusalem is destroyed by General Titus and he becomes Caesar of Rome. 70 AD

The Jews are scattered throughout the world by the Roman Empire.

4,054 Library of Alexandria is built. 79 AD

4,074 TS'AI LUN invents paper. 100 AD

Height of Roman power.

Compass is invented.

4,175 Mani preached in Mesopotamia - Persia (Manichaeism). 200 AD

End of Han Dynasty in China founded by Lin Pang.

4,262 Archimedes is born. 287 BC

4,275 Constantine the Great becomes the first Christian 300 AD

Emperor of Rome after winning the battle at Milvian Bridge.

Edict of Milan.

Gothic Cavalry riding with stirrups and saddles defeat the Roman infantry at the Battle of Adrianople.

Partition of the Roman Empire between West and Eastern Rome.

4,335 Ulfilas (Wulfila) translates the Bible into Gothic. 360 AD

4,357 Jerome translates the Bible into Latin. (The Vulgate). 382 AD

4,375 Beginning of the decline of the Roman Empire. 400 AD

Christianity becomes the state religion of the Roman Empire.

St. Augustine is born.

The Anglo-Saxons conquer England.

End of western Roman Empire, Romulus Augustulus is deposed.

4,475 Benedictine Rule. 500 AD

Code of Justinian enacted.

Sui Wen Ti reunited with China.

Gregory I is born.

Augustine converts England to Christianity.

4,575 **Muhammad** founds Islam and captures Mecca. 600 AD

Muhammad dies.

4,613 Islamic (Hijrah) Lunar Calendar is invented. 638 AD

Abu Bakr is the first caliph.

U Mar IBN Al-Khattab is the second caliph.

Arabs conquer Egypt, Persia and Iraq.

Beginning of block printing in China.

4,675 Moslems conquer Spain. 700 AD

Coronation of Constantine.

Moslems defeated in France at Battle of Tours.

T'ang Dynasty in China at peak.

Beginning of Papal states of coronation of **Pepin**.

4,775 **Charlemagne** crowned in Rome, unites Europe, 800 AD
and acquires the Holy Sword of Longinus.

4,849 The Mayas reach their peak in South America. 874 AD

Al-Mahdi, the twelfth Imam, disappears.

4,875 Height of Viking raids in Europe. 900 AD

Beginning of Viking state in Normandy.

Gunpowder first used in China.

Holy Roman Empire is in power until 1806.

Russia accepts orthodox Christianity.

European groups begin consolidating into
nation-states.

4,975 **William the Conqueror** wins Battle of Hastings 1000 AD
and conquers England.

College of Cardinals to elect Pope.

Arabic numbers come into common use.

4,991 **Pope Urban II**, sends the crusaders to the Holy 1016 AD
Lands to recapture Jerusalem from the Moslem

Infidels.

5,075 Prester John is born in India and raised by the Shadow People. 1100 AD

Sulfur-tipped matches in use.

Use of crossbows in warfare.

5,175 Height of Papal power under Innocent III. 1200 AD

Magna Carta (the great charter of English liberties, delivered July 19th, 1215 by King John).

Mongols conquer China.

Height of Mongol power. Kubilai Khan, Emperor of China, grandson of Genghis Khan. Temusin known as Genghis Khan (Name means, Universal Emperor).

5,271 Mongols conquer Russia. 1296 AD

King Edward I of England conquered Scotland.

5,275 Renaissance begins in Italy. 1300 AD

King Edward I of England places the Shepherd Stone or Stone of Scone or Regal Stone in the Coronation chair at Westminster, England.

Marco Polo is born.

Wycliffe translates the Bible into English.

Dante writes "Divine Comidea."

Cannons coming into use in Europe.

First Christian missionaries go to China.

English long bowmen rout French Knights.

Black death (smallpox) ravages Europe.

5,375	<u>Tamerlane</u> ravages India and Persia. <u>Joan of Arc</u> is born.	1400 AD
5,425	Siege artillery makes castles obsolete. Primitive handguns in use.	1450 AD
5,428	Turks conquer Constantinople (End of Byzantine Empire/Roman Empire). Captured by <u>Mahomet II</u> . Gutenberg develops printing with moveable type.	1453 AD
5,450	<u>King Ferdinand</u> and <u>Queen Isabella</u> unite Spain. Spanish Inquisition begins. Russia gains independence from Mongols. Columbus discovers America.	1475 AD
5,475	<u>Vasco Da Gama</u> discovers the route to India. <u>Leonardo Da Vinci</u> is born. <u>Michelangelo</u> is born. <u>Martin Luther</u> writes his 95 Point Theses. Protestant Reformation begins. <u>Cortes</u> conquers Aztec Empire. <u>Michel de Nostradamus</u> is born.	1500 AD
5,500	<u>Henry VIII</u> is born. <u>Pizarro</u> conquers Peru. <u>John Calvin</u> reforms churches and places emphasis on predestination. <u>Knox</u> is born. <u>Jesuits</u> approved by Pope.	1525 AD
5,520	Gregorian Calendar is developed	1545 AD

5,524	<u>Elizabeth I</u> begins reign in England. Firearms now dominate warfare.	1550 AD
5,550	Spanish Armada defeated by English Navy.	1575 AD
5,575	<u>Shakespeare</u> is born. <u>Roger Williams</u> writes "Absolute Separation of Church and State." <u>Voynich Book</u> (1912) is presented to a secret order of Jesuits by the Shadow People. Telescope is invented. Pilgrims land at Plymouth Rock.	1600 AD
5,600	Germany is devastated by 30 years war. <u>Galileo</u> is born. Japan shuts out the west. <u>Rembrandt</u> is born. The Taj Mahal is built.	1625 AD
5,625	American Indians get their first horses. English Civil War - <u>Oliver Cromwell</u> . Height of the Inca Civilization in South America.	1650 AD
5,650	<u>Leeuwenhoek</u> discovers bacteria. Glorious Revolution in England. <u>Isaac Newton</u> writes "Principia." <u>John Locke</u> is born.	1675 AD
5,675	<u>Peter the Great</u> is born. Invention of the steam engine.	1700 AD

	<u>Wesley</u> is born.	
5,700	<u>Johann Sebastian Bach</u> is born.	1725 AD
	Methodist doctrine is written.	
	<u>Benjamin Franklin</u> is born.	
5,725	Industrial Revolution begins in England.	1750 AD
5,745	<u>Jefferson</u> writes Declaration of Independence.	1770 AD
	Jesuits are disbanded.	
	<u>James Watt</u> invents improved steam engine.	
	<u>Adam Smith</u> writes "The Wealth of Nations."	
5,751	Illuminati's Secret Society is founded in Bavaria.	1776 AD
5,755	<u>George Washington</u> is the first President of the United States of America.	1780 AD
	French and Indian wars begin in the United States of America.	
5,765	The United States American Constitution is written.	1790 AD
	The French Revolution begins.	
	<u>Mozart</u> is born.	
5,775	<u>Volta</u> invents electric battery.	1800 AD
	<u>Napoleon Bonaparte</u> is born.	
5,785	Battle of Waterloo, Napoleon is defeated.	1810 AD
	Jesuits are reorganized.	
	<u>Beethoven</u> is born.	
5,795	British dominate India.	1820 AD

Bolivar wins Battle of Boyacá.

British take Peking.

Queen Victoria is born.

5,805 The telegraph is invented. 1830 AD

5,815 Daguerre invents photography. 1840 AD

5,825 Morton introduces anesthesia. 1850 AD

Immaculate Conception presented by Church of Rome.

Lenoir invents 2-stroke internal engine.

Charles Darwin publishes “The Origin of Species by Means of Natural Selection.”

Nikola Tesla is born.

5,835 Combustion engine is invented. 1860 AD

Gatling invents machine gun.

Mendel is born.

American Civil War – Abraham Lincoln is President of the Union in America.

Karl Marx writes “Das Kapital.”

5,845 Maiji Restoration in Japan. 1870 AD

Leo Tolstoy is born.

Papal Infallibility is declared.

Lister is born.

Bismarck unifies Germany.

Pasteur is born.

Tsar Nicholas Nikolayevich is born.

(Last Emperor of Russia).
House of Holstein – Gottorp-Romanov.

Grigori Rasputin is the Court mystic of Empress
Alexandra of Russia.

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|-------|---|---------|
| 5,852 | <u>Edgar Cayce</u> is born. (Father of Holistic Psychic Medicine) | 1877 AD |
| 5,855 | <u>Otto</u> invents 4-stroke internal combustion engine.
<u>Bell</u> invents the telephone.
<u>Edison</u> invents the electric light. | 1880 AD |
| 5,859 | Time Zones Divided into 24 Zones.
(12X15 = 360 Degrees) | 1884 AD |
| 5,865 | British empire at its apex of power.

Motion pictures invented.
<u>Rontgen</u> discovers x-rays.
<u>Marconi</u> invents the radio. | 1890 AD |
| 5,875 | <u>Sigmund Freud</u> develops psychoanalysis.
<u>Wright Brothers</u> invent the airplane.
<u>Henry Ford</u> introduces the Model-T car.
<u>Einstein</u> formulates special Theory of Relativity (E=MC ²). | 1900 AD |
| 5,865 | World War I begins with trench warfare, gas warfare, and the introduction of tanks.

Russian Revolution – <u>Lenin</u> takes power. | 1910 AD |
| 5,895 | <u>Fleming</u> discovers penicillin. | 1920 AD |
| 5,905 | <u>Franklin D. Roosevelt</u> becomes President of the United States of America.
<u>Hitler</u> becomes the leader of Germany.
<u>Stalin</u> becomes the leader of Russia.
Japan invades Manchuria.
<u>Chiang Kai-Shek</u> becomes the leader of China.
<u>Mao Tse-Tung</u> becomes the leader of China. | 1930 AD |

Edward Leedskalnin is given a Viking Stone by the Shadow People. It gives him the knowledge to build his Rock Gate City. He hid the Viking

Stone beneath the massive stone gate at the entrance.

5,915 Fermi builds first nuclear reactor. 1940 AD

World War II begins.

Atomic bomb is dropped on Japan.

The transistor is invented.

First digital computer is invented.

India gains independence from England.

5,923 Israel becomes a nation 1948 AD

5,925 Korean War begins. 1950 AD

Bilderbergs founded to establish a One World Order.

Television is invented.

H-Bomb invented by Teller.

Crick & Watson discover the DNA structure.

5,935 Pincus develops contraceptive pill. 1960 AD

John F. Kennedy is President of America.

Viet Nam War begins with America.

Earth Enters the Dark Drift

5,987



2012 AD

Mayan Calendar begins the fifth Cycle on
December 22, 2012

Galactic Alignment

6,000

Nibiru the Dark Planet drifts towards Earth.
(Nibiru is Marduk - Wormwood)

2025 AD

New Age Begins

