

The Great ANGEL WAR

Book One of The God Chronicles



LARRY S. GEROVAC

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Dedication

This book is dedicated to my mother, Karmela Gerovac. Ja te Volim. (I love you).

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CHAPTER ONE: The Reluctant Prophet

Fire spewed around Thomas Mumin like it was shot from a flamethrower. The heat from the fiery inferno was beginning to burn him. In his mind he could see a cartoon version of himself, with fire shooting out of his rear end. A voice kept yelling at him over and over, "Get up Thomas, the prophecy begins." He struggled to think, but he was dazed from the impact.

Only minutes ago, he left the grocery store where he picked up ingredients for tomorrow's supper. He was going to make his favorite meal of stuffed-cabbage. As he drove home, he assessed his shopping list hoping he picked up everything he needed. The traffic light Thomas was stopped at turned green. He looked left, then right, and pulled into the intersection. He glanced again to his left. Too late, bright lights took up his entire field of vision. The sound of crunching metal screamed at him. The impact forced his head to snap to the left as his waist moved to the right. The deployment of the front driver-side airbag snapped his head backwards. His mind went blank. It saved him from experiencing the horror of his pickup truck rolling over and over.

Parts flew off the truck like kids flung off a merry-go-round. The moment everything came to a standstill, the scene looked like a war zone. Pieces of wreckage covered a half block expanse. Debris was still on fire. The entire area viewed from above looked like a bomb had been dropped on the corner. The seat flew, disconnected from the truck. It had stopped with his limp, unconscious body, still upright on the cushion. The seatbelt no longer anchored him. The strong webbing, now tattered, hung across his shoulder like cobwebs. After hearing the voice beckoning him to get up, he forced himself to wake. With each breath he winced in agony. His eyes opened, but everything blurred, cleared, and blurred again. Nothing seemed familiar.

Instinct told him to move away from the danger. With much effort, he rolled off the truck's smoldering seat and plopped onto the pavement with a thump. Struggling to stay conscious, he surveyed himself. Peering at his butt, he spotted smoldering flames. By floundering on the ground, he managed to put out the fire. Now he understood the dream – his subconscious mind had tried to warn him of the threat to his body.

Try as he may, he couldn't remember how he got where he was. He began to take in his surroundings. Panning right, the headless body of the semi driver came into view. It was sticking halfway through the windshield. A large puddle of blood pooled in front of the crumpled-up cab. Thomas glanced left and spotted the missing head on the ground. He could have sworn the skull grinned back at him. Goosebumps formed along his back, as the demonic eyes of the trailer operator seemed to follow him. The arteries, veins, and torn muscle tissue clung to the severed head. Worst of all, the mangled spinal cord was visible because the neck was gone. Thomas turned white. He hurled out the contents of his stomach like a college student after a night of drinking cheap alcohol.

As Thomas puked he felt his heart began to pound with an irregular beat. His large respiratory muscles forced the contents of his digestive tract to reverse flow. The blows he took to the head upset his equilibrium. He found he lacked the ability to stand without falling. Worming his way through the wreckage, he paused to stare at the demolished semi. *Oh shit*, he thought as he read the words on the side of the container, "Danger Liquid Hydrogen". Fear grabbed him. His breaths became shallow and more rapid causing lightheadedness. He began to laugh. In frustration, he asked aloud, "Can anything else go wrong?"

On cue, the gas tank of the big rig burst into flames. Thomas mustered every bit of his strength to crawl away from the rubble. After slithering like a snake for what seemed like forever, he collapsed in an open area of the carnage. Bloody, chest aching, weak, and in too much pain to move any further, he gave up. "Please don't let my life end like this, God."

Within seconds, the pressurized container carrying the hydrogen became engulfed in fire. The relief valve tried to do its job by easing the stress inside the canister. The blazing flames generated too much heat. The tiny pipe couldn't expel the pressure fast enough. The metal cask turned into a giant pressure cooker and in moments would explode. Thomas thought, *too late for God's help now. Time to accept my fate*. He asked God to care for his family and to forgive him for not doing enough with his life. With his own death imminent, he thought about the final words of Jesus, "Into thy arms I commend my soul". The statement seemed appropriate for him too.

The container exploded. This is not how he imagined his life ending. He stared with awe at the explosion, and then all movement started to decelerate to a crawl. *This is unbelievable*. Shards of metal flew out from the center of the burst. The shock wave advanced in a semi-spherical shape. Fire moved behind the tail of the pressure surge. Heat ripples extended high in the evening air. Before the slow-moving surge from the detonation reached Thomas, an angel appeared.

It was the most beautiful thing he ever saw. It cocooned him within its big, beautiful, white wings. Once in the angel's embrace, the world changed back to normal speed. The blast and fire ripped past them. The warmth of a body next to Thomas reassured him, he lived through the eruption of the tank. The soft feathers of armor saved his life. It smiled as it looked down at him. There was so much love in its eyes Thomas wept. *Why save my life*, he wondered?

"Now is not your time to die, Thomas. The prophecy must be fulfilled."

Countless flash bulbs went off in Thomas's mind and he passed out. The moment he came to, he heard the blare of sirens and a lot of voices murmuring and moving all around him. Unknown hands lifted him up with gentle care and put him on a stretcher. He heard one of his favorite rock-and-roll songs playing in the background. In a daze, with his head wobbling, he tried to survey his surroundings. The backbeat rhythm of the song got louder and louder, boom, BOOM, boom, BOOM, the sound shook his whole body. After thirty seconds of listening to the music, he had a realization. The boom, BOOM, boom, BOOM, occurred each time the arms in front of him pushed on his chest. Thomas stared up into the paramedic's face as she gave him cardiopulmonary resuscitation. Many wonderful flashbacks from the song's era flooded into his brain. The paramedic hovering over him continued to focus on saving his life.

She stopped CPR and monitored him for a response. The moment their eyes made contact, Thomas said, "Thank you for the memories."

The pretty, young, female professional, providing life-giving efforts stared down at his chest. He started taking breaths on his own. She grinned at him, laughed, and yelled, "There's a pulse and he's breathing on his own. He's going to live."

He gave the young caregiver a warm smile before he lost consciousness for the third time.

Thomas fell off the edge of the cliff with his arms flailing. His body jerked prior to hitting the ground as his eyes snapped open. Above him were white, sound absorbing, ceiling tiles. *This is not home.* An IV bag hung on a stand, dripping fluid into his arm. A large machine with connections to his upper body monitored his stats. He turned his head to the right and his eyes fell on his beautiful wife. She stared out the window, deep in her thoughts. The light from outside reflected on tracks of tears, still visible on her cheeks. *Oh no, I'm paralyzed,* he thought. In fear, he moved his right hand, left hand, and both feet.

The movement didn't go unnoticed. Thomas's wife turned to face him. She beamed when she gazed into his open eyes. She shot out of her chair, bolted to his side, placed her head next to his and embraced him. Tears started to flow like a leaking faucet down her cheek. He too became emotional as the tiny droplets transferred from her face to his neck.

Thomas grasped the situation in an instant. During the time she waited in the chair for him to wake up, she imagined the worst possible outcome. "I'm all right, honey. All my extremities move. Check this out."

He shifted his head back and forth while still in her arms. He wiggled his fingers, moved his hands, and changed the position of his legs and feet.

Never letting go, as Thomas jiggled his body parts, his wife continued to hug him. Still sniffing, she pulled back, studied his brown eyes and managed to give him a little smile.

"I arrived in the hospital, and stepped into your ER room. You looked like an Egyptian mummy all wrapped in bandages. I cried for hours. I talked to the paramedics. They couldn't believe you lived through the explosion. They claimed you are a modern day miracle. The entire ground out to two hundred feet from the accident was scorched earth! Except for the small open area where they found you curled up in a ball. What happened Thomas?"

He found his chest ached each time he took a breath. "I remember driving home from the twenty-four-hour store. I entered the intersection. A semi hauling hydrogen ran the traffic light and broadsided my pick up."

"The police played a video of the crash for me a couple of days ago. A camera at the corner where the big rig bulldozed into you caught almost everything. The movie the lieutenant gave me, got me so upset, I refused to view the disk any more. Every time you struggled or crawled for cover, my heart broke. Can you believe the damn truck driver sped up to make sure he hit you? My God Thomas, what's going on in this world?"

Shock showed on Thomas's face. "Gave you the video a few days ago? What's today's date?"

"The twenty third."

“The twenty third? A week passed since the collision?”

“Yes. I sat here by your side thinking you wouldn't come out of the coma. I prayed to God you would wake up with no serious injuries. Now, quit stalling and tell me how on earth you survived? What happened?”

“What did the police video show?” Thomas asked. He waited for an answer with angst. Possibilities of how to explain the presence of an angel ran through his mind.

“The digital recording showed the accident,” said his wife. “The camera picked up everything, except for when the fireball passed. The police thought the energy of the detonation affected the electronics. The clip did show you curled up, and exposed to the full force of the burst. When the video came back seconds later, not a single thing remained unscathed, except for you and the small patch of ground where you lay.”

Thomas's shoulders slumped with relief.

“How you survived certain death is a question everyone wants answered. Your story appeared on all of the major news channels. They even interviewed the ambulance crew member who saved your life at the crash site.”

“The cute little paramedic said you should be dead. She described the nightmarish scene when they arrived. By the time they found you, you had stopped breathing. The medical technician started giving you CPR. When you came to, she claimed you gazed into her eyes and thanked her for the memories. The comment got a good round of laughs from everyone. The story even made the late-night TV talk shows. Tell me, what did the remark even mean?”

Thomas's eyes twinkled as he remembered the incident. “As the cute little paramedic put her hands on me...” He gave his wife an impish grin. The scowl she gave him in return said, careful, you are on thin ice here. With the smile still visible on his face he proceeded with the explanation. “... I dreamt I was listening to one of my favorite songs - Old Time Rock and Roll. When I came to and began to focus, I realized that the heavy back beat of the tune, synched with the rhythm of the young girl giving me CPR.”

“You're dying, and you still joke around?”

“During the ambulance trip, I experienced the oddest sensation. Instead of freaking out, I enjoyed the ride. I listened to everyone as they kept me alive. Even now, I have a surprising sense of well-being.”

Thomas's wife pushed for the answer to her actual question. For some reason, he continued to avoid telling her the whole story. Time to be blunt. “Thomas, what happened when the tank exploded? How did you not burn to a crisp? They think your heart stopped from the strain. Other than that, all you received are some minor third degree burns on your butt, a concussion, several bumps, bruises, and a few cracked ribs.”

He couldn't help laughing aloud. “You're right honey. I should be home installing a new roof on the house. Instead I'm laying here in the hospital dilly-dallying and enjoying some good coma sleep.”

His wife stomped her foot. “That's not what I meant. Now tell me.”

“Should I tell you about the flamethrower and my ass?”

Shaking her head she couldn't help but laugh. “From experience, I can say spare me the horror of the spraying flames part but tell me the rest.”

“Believe me, I am being honest when I say, I'm still trying to sort things out. Even I don't accept what happened.”

The concern showed on her face as she kept the pressure on. "Tell me what you think occurred, Thomas."

An angel from heaven screwed up and saved the wrong person was what he wanted to say! Instead he said, "As I laid in the rubble, semi-unconscious, a voice said, 'Get up. The prophecy begins.'"

His wife started to laugh, but stopped as soon as she noted the stone cold serious face staring back at her. She needed to ease his fears.

She said, "Anyone would be hearing voices if they experienced the pounding you took. It was a horrible accident."

Thomas decided he might as well give her the whole story. "The police movie clip didn't show what saved me." He went on, "The video only showed how I struggled for my survival. As I crawled, I remember the pain seemed unbearable. When the flames engulfed the hydrogen tank, I thought, this is how my life ends? I'm alone. I made my peace with God and asked him to care for you guys."

Thomas's chest became irritated again as he continued to talk. The tight bandages forced him to take shallow breaths. He paused to take a long breath. His wife thought he had finished speaking and released a flood of tears. She stepped next to him and gave him a big hug.

"For whatever reason, I'm glad God decided to save you."

He pushed her back and disengaged from her embrace. "I'm not done yet. When the tank exploded, time slowed down," he said. "The explosion, fire, shockwave, dust, birds, blinking lights, everything, moved in slow motion. I don't mean appeared to slow down - I am talking about time decelerating to a crawl, right before my eyes, when the hydrogen container blew up..." his eyes opened wide with involuntary disbelief in his own story. "Now is when things got even stranger," he said. "A beautiful angel materialized and wrapped me within his wings. It said, 'Now is not your time to die, Thomas. The prophecy must be fulfilled' Can you understand why I didn't want to talk about how I lived through the explosion? If anyone found out, they would put me in a straight-jacket and I wouldn't blame them."

Upon hearing the story, his wife placed her hand over her mouth in disbelief and worry. This unsettled her. So she said, "You experienced a hallucination. The doctors told me you might not remember a whole lot when you woke. Air bag residue covered your face. The medical staff thinks you lost consciousness from too many strikes to your head, from the deployment of the driver-side airbag, or the multiple blows you took as your truck rolled. Any of these things can cause memory issues. To remember any of the accident when you came out of their drug-induced coma is a miracle."

Thomas's shoulders released their tension at hearing this. *The concussion caused the delirium and false memories? How, he wondered?* After a moment, he began to think about the collision again. "The angel seemed so real, I even sensed the warmth from his body next to me! Tell me, how do you explain the area around me not being charred?"

"So, let's say God gave you a miracle in payment for all the good you do in your life."

"But, I misspent most of my life, only living day to day. Why would God want to save me?" Thomas couldn't believe his wife made such a preposterous statement. He had lived anything but a good life. He drank, cussed, held grudges, and the list went on and on. He always thought that one day he would change his ways and live a better life.

Without fail though, things always steered him in another direction. He couldn't seem to concentrate on important subjects for very long. This near-death experience could be the launching point he had been waiting for, to help him revamp his life. A change would be welcome.

"Oh, Thomas, everyone thinks you are a wonderful caring person. You're one of the smartest and nicest men I've ever met."

"I must be the only man you ever met."

She maneuvered herself in front of him while laughing, grabbed him, and gave him a long passionate hug.

A doctor stepped into the room. He apologized for interrupting their intimacy as they both giggled. He gave Thomas a brisk two-minute exam. Afterwards he smiled at the two of them and said, "No significant problems. Since you came out of the coma today, I want you to spend one more night in the hospital for observation." The MD patted him on the shoulder. "If no serious complications present themselves, you can go home in the morning."

After the physician left the room, Thomas decided he needed to send his wife home to recharge herself. After all, he had slept for a week while she hovered over him, worrying to death. "Go home and rest honey, you need to be in your best form. My plans for you tomorrow require you to be at the top of your game. I want to teach you a few new tricks."

"Big talk for a man all wrapped up in bandages," she said.

Thomas focused his eyes on his crotch as he thrust his pelvis forward. "You better be limber to compensate for all my stiffness."

She laughed at his play on words. "You're a dirty old man."

"You married me, you must like dirty old men." The two chuckled at each other and kissed good-bye. As his wife walked out of the room, his stare followed her. He thought that tomorrow would be an excellent day. When she agreed to marry Thomas, he thought he hit the lotto. Content with his life, he fluffed his pillow, and settled in for his last night in the hospital. Thankfully, the pain from the accident seemed to be fading away.

Slipping back into his old routine, Thomas flipped through the channels. He watched all the late night, talk show monologues. Within an hour his eyes, became so heavy that he struggled to keep them open. He shut the television off. The clock showed 11:15 p.m. He let go of a gentle sigh, as he closed his eyes and he rolled over. A blissful night of sleep might help to quicken his healing.

From a dead slumber, Thomas woke to a familiar voice. "Awaken sleepy head. The time of the last prophet is here."

Thomas's body went into overdrive. His heart raced. His blood vessels constricted. His breathing quickened, pumping more oxygen into his lungs. His adrenaline pushed him too hard. He couldn't move. His body needed time to recover. He glanced at the clock. It read 3:16 a.m. Who would use the term "sleepy head"? It was something his mother would say to him to wake him up in his youth.

The voice came from his backside. As his eyes adjusted to waking, he became aware of an eerie glow in his hospital room. The T.V. remained off. The soft light filling the room flowed from no point of origin. As his body slowed the production of epinephrine, he gained the ability to move again. He turned over. The angel who saved

his life stood next to his bed. Thomas smiled at him and began to relax. *This is another dream*, he thought. *The dog-gone concussion wouldn't go away.*

My wife won't believe me when I tell her I spoke to the same hallucination again. I may as well be cordial and express my gratitude. “Thank you for saving my life.”

The angel's eyes beamed as he said, “Which time?”

With the question, all of the near death occasions Thomas had experienced throughout his life, flashed through his mind's eye.

He walked to school and jumped on a train to hitch a ride. He almost got jolted off when the cars came to an abrupt stop. The class ring on his finger hung up on an iron bar preventing him from falling under the wheels of the boxcar.

There was the time his buddy drove his brother's Datsun 240Z. He pushed the gas instead of the brake pedal, causing the vehicle to run up on a curb, taking out about forty feet of fence. As the car tore the fencing out of the ground, an anchor post came toward the windshield. Thomas remembered screaming. The driver turned the steering wheel. The pipe missed skewering his head by inches as it ripped through the glass.

He remembered another near-death incident that happened while he was in the navy. He was one half level below the flight deck. He unlocked the watertight door and stepped outside on the landing, to check out a storm. A rogue wave splashed over the troop staging area, knocking him backward. The large swell tried to push him off his high perch into the salty waters below. He somehow managed to hook his arm on a handrail, saving him from getting washed overboard.

A total of about ten incidences flew through his mind in the tic of a second.

The angel's eyes glowed as he gave a big happy grin. “You are beginning to understand. Not every event where you escaped death was due to luck. You kept me busy Thomas.”

“Why would you save me?”

“I am here today as a messenger of God. My name is Raphael. You, Thomas, are at a precipice for the human race. You are the pivot point and your actions will decide the future for both humans and angels.”

Thomas laughed and said, “You got to be kidding me? Me a pivot point?”

“I assure you, I am not teasing you. In thousands of years, this is the most consequential juncture in mankind's existence. The time of the unveiling of God's last prophet is here.”

He didn't understand what the angel was inferring. “What can I do to assist God's last prophet that would make me so important? I am no one.”

“You misunderstand, Thomas. I am not here to seek your help on behalf of God's last prophet.” Raphael pointed his finger right at the center of Thomas's chest and said, “You are God's last prophet.”

Thomas's face went white. He didn't expect the answer the angel gave him. His dream was turning into a nightmare. “You made a mistake. I can't be the last prophet.”

“You cannot alter God's decision. Besides, my brothers tell me the unveiling is complete.”

Thomas took a skittish glance around the room, and said, “Is anyone else here with us?”

“Yes. A host of angels is with us. They executed your unveiling, and now they witness and assist as required.”

“You mean they’re here watching you and me talk?”

“Yes. They are God's witnesses at pivotal points in man's history.”

“You keep saying pivotal points. What is so significant?”

“The end time is near. The anti-christ will soon be born and Lucifer plots the destruction of Israel. You need to accomplish much.”

At hearing this, Thomas began to sweat. His heart pounded, his stomach quivered, and his legs turned to rubber. He noticed that he no longer felt any pain from the accident.

“Thomas!” snapped Raphael. “Your pain is gone because God made it disappear. You do not dream, this is real, you must focus.”

“What is an unveiling?”

“God gave you capabilities at birth. These talents remained dormant to prevent demons from sensing you. Lucifer understands the bible and its prophecies. If he suspected you might be the last prophet, he would not hesitate to destroy you. The unveiling is a spell which activated your powers.” Raphael read the question on the tip of Thomas's tongue. “Before you ask me, the skills God gifted you with are latent within you. Your abilities remain undisclosed to all. Lucifer wants to kill you because you are a big unknown in his plans and therefore, are a potential spoiler.”

“You answered my question before I asked. Can you read my thoughts?”

“No, I cannot read your mind. I am good at reading the surface emotions of humans and can often tell what you are thinking.”

“If you can sense my emotions so well, tell me my thoughts when I came to the first time after the accident?”

“You picked an easy one. ‘Aieeee, my ass is on fire.’”

The angel started to laugh so hard his whole body shook. This caused Thomas to start giggling. The laughter seemed contagious. Soon they both laughed at each other enjoying the moment. The two seemed to be a match when it came to humor.

After they settled down, Thomas said, “I still don't understand. Why me? I am not a member of any religious group. I don't attend church. I am so filled with faults you can't count them all! Someone made a horrible mistake. I am not a renowned religious leader.”

Raphael clasped his hands in thought. “Think, what is religion? Religion is a method of bonding yourself to God. True belief is when your mind and heart are in sync with your conviction to the Lord. Let me ask you a few questions to help you make sense of 'why you.' Do you believe in God?”

“Yes.”

“Do you talk to God?”

The whimsical smile on Raphael's face made Thomas afraid to respond. He gave the question some serious thought first. “Yes”.

“Does God answer you?”

Thomas grinned. The angel gave him an opening. “No, he never answered me.”

The beautiful angel's head slumped a little. He studied Thomas with a sorrowful expression.

“When did you last speak to God?” asked Raphael.

“Seven days ago, in the morning, when I prayed to him.”

“What about after the accident, Thomas?”

“Yeah - I guess you're right. I did ask God to help me.”

“Are you still here?”

Thomas smiled and held his arms open. “Yes, I’m still here.”

“All through your life, I can tell you, God answered each of your prayers when you needed help.”

“Not true,” said Thomas. “I asked God for plenty of things I never received.”

“What am I going to do with you? I am not talking about the ridiculous requests you made in your life. Like the time you asked God to give you a fart in your stomach to dust your friend at the dinner table. Or the time you wanted to be set up with the prettiest girl in school, or the time you asked him to let you win the lottery, or...”

“All right, all right, I asked for a lot of crazy things in my life. I admit God did come to my aid when I needed his help.” Thomas thought, *no dream ever argued like this with me. Oh man, what if?*

“Thomas, I am glad you are beginning to question this ridiculous dream fantasy you are clinging to. The issue to you becomes, what if I am real? Right?”

As he got ready to respond, he glanced at the clock. He did a double take. It was still 3:16 a.m. He stopped in his tracks, as his mind tried to understand why time remained frozen.

“Time no longer moves, so that I may prepare you for the coming conflict,” said Raphael.

Conflict thought Thomas. *I’ll bet the destruction of Israel and the end times are more than squabbles between two sides. I better clear this up now.* “Why don’t you believe me, that this whole thing is a big mistake? Let me be up front. I’m not who you think I am. I can’t confront people, I can’t focus to argue, and I am at heart a passive person. I can only imagine what I would or wouldn’t be able to do for God. I’m not quick on my feet and I’m distracted by the littlest of things. Did you consider the Pope? I can tell you - he’s a terrific person. Why not pick a televangelist, a preacher, nun, rabbi, or over half the people in the world? They’re all better than me.”

“Thomas, before your birth, God picked you as his last prophet. You are his favored one. Do you recall meeting God face to face?”

“No, but I sure would like to.”

“Do you remember the grungy looking homeless man you met while on a work-related trip to Philadelphia?” Raphael asked, as he stroked his hand through his hair in thought. “The same man that you took to a restaurant and paid for his meal? Can you recollect the bag lady during the ‘Taste of Chicago’? She was watching everyone around her eating tasty food? You gave her twenty dollars to buy a treat for herself. How about the recovering addict you ran across in a park, struggling to keep clean? You talked to him for thirty minutes to reassure him he had made the right choice. Months later you came upon a woman while walking your dogs. She told you her husband died. You let her use you as a sounding board to clear her mind and work through some troubling issues. Do you also recall the old woman counting her pennies in the store to purchase few vegetables for the week?”

Thomas stared at Raphael, shaking his head in shame. “I debated helping her. By the time I decided to give her some assistance, she disappeared from the supermarket.”

“What did you do after she left?”

“I drove around looking for her. I’m not rich. But, I always put back some money for situations like this. I took too long before I chose to help. I couldn’t find her

anywhere. To this day, I still search for her. What does all this have to do with meeting God?"

Raphael's eyes twinkled with pride as he told Thomas a familiar bible story. "The Lord once said, 'For I was hungry and you gave me food, I was thirsty and you gave me drink, and I was a stranger and you welcomed me'. Each of these events I identified in your life represent a visit by God himself, testing his prophet. All occasions transpired at a difficult time in your life, when things seemed to be pulling you every which way. In all cases, you helped. The one time you didn't, you repented and resolved to assist the old woman the next time your paths crossed. You perceive in yourself exceptional weakness, whereas others recognize extraordinary strength."

"I'm sure God found my life a disappointment," said Thomas.

"The Lord judges not by the success of a person but by their values. Throughout man's history we witnessed the testing of God's prophets. You my dear Thomas, scored off the scale."

"How? I wasted my life."

"I'm not saying you are a perfect example. Even now, you continue to work on many issues, but how you view life, people, and religion pleases God. Your life is not yet over! I tell you this Thomas Mumin, God chose his last prophet with extraordinary care."

End of Sample