

*Blood
Royal*

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EVAN ANSOT



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The Genealogy

God begat Adam who begat Seth who begat Enos who begat Cainan who begat Mahalaleel who begat Jared who begat Enoch who begat Methuselah who begat Lamech who begat Noah who begat Shem who begat Arphaxad who begat Cainan who begat Shelah who begat Eber who begat Peleg.

Peleg begat Reu who begat Serug who begat Nahor who begat Terah who begat Abraham who begat Isaac who begat Jacob who begat Judah who begat Perez who begat Hezron who begat Aram who begat Amminadab who begat Nahshon who begat Salmon who begat Boaz who begat Obed.

Obed begat Jesse who begat David who begat Solomon who begat Rehoboam who begat Abijah who begat Asa who begat Jehoshaphat who begat Joram who begat Uzziah who begat Jotham who begat Ahaz who begat Hezekiah who begat Manasseh who begat Amos who begat Josiah who begat Jechoniah.

Jechoniah begat Shealetiel who begat Zerubbabel who begat Abiud who begat Eliakim who begat Azor who begat Zadok who begat Achim who begat Eliud who begat Eleazor who begat Matthan who begat Jacob who begat Joseph who begat Jesus who begat Joseph who begat Bron who begat Alain.

Who begat Joseu who begat Aminadab who begat Catheloy who begat Manaël who begat Titurel who begat Frimutel who begat Boaz who begat Marcomer who begat Faramund who begat Chlodio who begat Merovech who begat Childeric who begat Clovis who begat Clotaire who begat Chilperic who begat Clotaire.

Clotaire begat Dagobert who begat Clovis who begat Theodoric who begat Bertrada who begat Claribert who begat Bertrade who begat Charlemagne who begat Pepin who begat Bernard who begat Pepin who begat Herbert who begat Beatrix who begat Hugh Magnus who begat Hugh Capet who begat Robert II who begat Henry I.

Henry I begat Hugh Crepi Magnus who begat Countess Elizabeth de Vermandois who begat Countess Gundred de Warren who begat Waleran de Newburgh who begat Alice de Newburgh who begat Isabel Maudit who begat Sir Walter de Beauchamp who begat Giles de Beauchamp who begat John de Beauchamp who begat Sir Walter de Beauchamp who begat Elizabeth de Beauchamp who begat Sir Robert Dudley who begat Sir Edward Dudley who

begat Sir Henry Dudley who begat Sir Edward Dudley who begat Sir Walter Dudley.

Walter Dudley begat Sir John Dudley who begat Sir Nicholas Dudley who begat Sir Edward Dudley who begat John Dudley who begat Robert Dudley who begat Wayne Dudley who begat Thomas Dudley who begat Charles Dudley who begat Thomas Dudley who begat Edward Dudley who begat Rodger Dudley who begat Wayne Dudley who begat Ronald Dudley who begat Alfred Dudley who begat Edward Dudley.

There are 128 generations from God to Edward Dudley, born November 21, 1963, in Manistee, Michigan.

Ur, the Land of the Chaldeans

1800–2000 BC

“Now the Lord had said unto Abram, Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father’s house, unto a land that I will shew thee. And I will make of thee a great nation, and I will bless thee, and make thy name great; and thou shalt be a blessing: And I will bless them that bless thee, and curse him that curseth thee: and in thee shall all families of the earth be blessed” (Genesis 12:1–3, KJV).

“And the Lord said unto Abram, after that Lot was separated from him, Lift up now thine eyes, and look from the place where thou art northward, and southward, and eastward, and westward: For all the land which thou seest, to thee will I give it, and to thy seed forever. And I will make thy seed as the dust of the earth: so that if a man can number the dust of the earth, then shall thy seed also be numbered. Arise, walk through the land in the length

of it and in the breadth of it; for I will give it unto thee” (Genesis 13:14–17, KJV).

“In the same day the Lord made a covenant with Abram, saying, Unto thy seed have I given this land, from the river of Egypt unto the great river, the river Euphrates” (Genesis 15:18, KJV).

“And I will make thee exceeding fruitful, and I will make nations of thee, and kings shall come out of thee” (Genesis 17:6, KJV).

“And thy seed shall be as the dust of the earth, and thou shalt spread abroad to the west, and to the east, and to the north, and to the south: and in thee and in thy seed shall all the families of the earth be blessed” (Genesis 28:14, KJV).

God made an agreement with Abraham a long time ago. God promised Abraham these three things:

1. The promise of land. God called Abraham from Ur of the Chaldeans to a land that He would give him.
2. The promise of descendants. God promised Abraham that He would make nations out of him.
3. The promise of blessings to all families of the Earth through His offspring.

30 AD

Mount of Olives, Jerusalem, Judea

“And, being assembled together with them, commanded them that they should not depart from Jerusalem, but wait for the promise of the Father, which saith he, ye have heard of me. For John truly baptized with water; but ye shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost not many days hence. When they therefore were come together, they asked of him, saying, Lord, wilt thou at this time restore again the kingdom to Israel? And he said unto them, it is not for you to know the times or the seasons, which the Father hath put in his own power. But ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you: and ye shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth. And when he had spoken these things, while they beheld, he was taken up; and a cloud received him out of their sight. And while they looked stedfastly toward heaven as he went up, behold, two

men stood by them in white apparel; Which also said, Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? This same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go into heaven” (Acts 1:4–11, KJV).

After Jesus had risen up with the clouds, the apostles Philip and Bartholomew, along with Joseph of Arimathea, escorted the pregnant Mary Magdalene back to Bethany to the house of their friend Lazarus. With them was her two-year-old son Joseph.

June 42 AD

Caesarea, Samaria

It seemed to Philip that ever since the day when Jesus ascended to the Father from the Mount of Olives, the church of Jesus Christ began to divide among itself. The leaders of the twelve apostles began to disagree as to the doctrine of their Lord and how they perceived him. Without a shepherd to guide them, the sheep disagreed about their perceptions of the way of the Lord. Passionate arguments took place that led to apostles departing from each other creating widespread division amongst the faithful.

There was a faction that was at first led by Peter but a few years later, led by James, the brother of our Lord, who believed that all the Jewish rituals and observances should be held, just as Jesus had done while He was in the flesh. This group believed that new converts should be circumcised, just as had been Jewish tradition begun by the covenant between God and Abraham and carried on

to the present day. That the Sabbath and all holidays be observed, including the Passover. They argued with reason that since the Master practiced Judaism so should all his followers. Philip partially agreed with this doctrine, but unlike James, Matthew, Simon the Zealot, Jude, and the Church of Jerusalem, he felt that it should be voluntary and not mandatory.

Too many rituals for the newly converted gentiles to take in, Philip thought. Judaism is a family belief system and a way of life that can take generations for those who wish to master its practices. The pagans of Europe would have a difficult time holding up to the Judaist form of Christianity. Simplicity is the key to gaining newfound believers, and Judaism was anything but. “We must not make this too difficult for them,” argued Philip to the church of Jerusalem. “This is a gift from God, not something to be worked toward, not something to be earned, the price has been paid.” Philip felt that rules would only choke the spirit and remove the blessings given to the church from the Father.

On the other hand, the newly converted Paul had changed everything. He, along with now Peter, Andrew, John Mark, Luke, and several other disciples, believed that the only requirement was belief that Jesus was the Messiah and you would be saved by faith in the belief of that. This opened up the way to all the gentiles of the world.

Paul had been traveling to Greece and Asia Minor, preaching the word to the masses and proving that he was

firmly committed to the message, but Philip wondered if Paul actually knew Jesus. Peter had vouched for Paul to Philip, but he was still unconvinced. Paul wasn't there for three years as the others had, and Philip figured that Paul's knowledge had to be limited to secondhand information. *Whom is he receiving all his knowledge about Jesus from? Is he divinely inspired or is there a political agenda?* he thought. Philip had questioned Paul about all this, and afterward he still wasn't quite sure.

Paul had talked of a miracle on his way to Damascus that had changed him. Considering all the miracles that Philip had seen so far in his life, he believed that the former Pharisee had told the truth. His only concern was that Paul was getting knowledge from the apostles about the life of Jesus whose views were different than his own. Then again, Philip was a bit more mystical than the rest as the Master had told him from time to time. But what it really came down to was that Philip didn't trust Paul. There just wasn't that much to like about the legalistic Pharisees.

Apostles were teaching that Jesus was the son of God, which is the truth, but what they weren't teaching is that the Lord is also the son of Man. He ate, fished, drank wine, laughed, joked, prayed, and shed tears with them.

Philip remembered back to the time when Jesus heard of the news that John had been murdered. Never in Philip's life had he seen a person grieve so much. Jesus had wept all night long and the following day, refusing to be comforted.

There was a special kinship between Jesus and John that only those two could share in. That time period was shared by the apostle as well due to Philip spending two years of his life with the Baptist himself. Many tears were shared that Sabbath day between the two. Philip was able to see the human side of Jesus better than others due to the time each spent with the Baptist.

Jesus was indeed the son of God, but he was definitely the son of Man as well. There was a human side to him that wasn't being taught to the masses. This human side of Jesus needed to be shared to the newly converted, and Philip would see that it would be done. Yet this doctrine seemed to be getting stifled by those with an agenda that put Jesus as a God and not a man-God.

Jesus had also loved a woman, the Magdalene, and no one was talking about that. The Lord was every bit a man as the rest was. Even more so in Philip's mind as he saw Jesus being the definition of a man's man. After all, he learned of being a builder from his father Joseph and was used to working with his hands. He also helped the others bring in nets of fish in Bethsaida and Capernaum; this was something men did and was not a job for the weak. This was not being taught among the churches, and it concerned Philip and his eternal sidekick Bartholomew. They had spent long nights talking extensively on this subject, and the direction of the early church was different then what they envisioned. Philip wondered what power was behind

this movement to make Jesus someone he wasn't. *Why are they hiding facts about Jesus's life? Who is behind all of this?*

What concerned Philip the most was that a good majority of Jesus's teaching was being left out. Bartholomew agreed with him that the main focus of Jesus's message was that the kingdom of Heaven lied within us. That the primary mission was to show what we are all capable of. Paul and others were putting the savior on a pedestal that Jesus shied away from. In Philip's mind, Jesus wanted to lift all the apostles up to his level and not put himself above the rest. Jesus had considered them all brothers and, not servants nor he their master. They were all elevating Jesus to a level Philip thought that the apostle had not witnessed in his three years with the teacher.

Jesus's message was for everyone to join Jesus at that level. That the Lord was the firstborn Son of God but not the only one. In Greece, Philip had intense arguments with Paul over this issue but for naught. Paul and his band of followers were bound and determined to create a church that had a false doctrine. Paul was deifying a friend of his, and Philip took great exception to this.

He remembered an argument in Ephesus where Philip and Paul went nose to nose.

"Pharisee, who do you think you are? You act like you traveled with him for three years like I have," said Philip with much volume to his voice.

“My name is not Pharisee. It’s now Paul. Jesus himself gave me that name,” said Paul.

“I don’t care what name he gave you. Stop teaching a false doctrine,” said an angry Philip.

“All my teachings are divinely inspired by Jesus. And I will continue to do the Lord’s bidding,” said Paul; his face a beet red.

“He’s the son of God, but he’s also the son of Man, and don’t you forget that, Saul of Tarsus,” said Philip as he walked away from the man. Before leaving he looked back at Paul and his followers, pointed his finger toward them, and shouted out, “Remember that he had a family. A wife, a child, and another on the way! Don’t be making my friend into someone that he isn’t!” He hadn’t talked to Paul since that encounter nor did he care to. Yet Paul’s form of Christianity was becoming quite popular while the truth was sadly being thrown to the wayside.

In India and to the east where Thomas and Matthias was and in Egypt and Ethiopia, where Philip and Bartholomew had been, they were being taught that we are all one and that the kingdom of Heaven lay within us. This was also the gospel being taught here at Caesarea by Philip as well. The people here welcomed the gospel that we are all one, sons and daughters of the living God. No one apostle or disciple being above anyone else. Asking whatever you wish for in Jesus’s name and it will be done through the power of the

Holy Spirit that lies within each of those who choose the way of the Nazarene.

Lastly, what bothered Philip the most was that women as a whole were being left out of the discussion. Jesus had confided much knowledge to his companion, Mary of Magdalene, and she was being shut out of the equation from the early church. She spoke in such mystical terms that had been shared to her by her mate, and because of jealousy of the other apostles, they were ostracizing her for it. This feeling of jealousy seemed to be getting worse as each year passed by since the crucifixion. Peter had all but told Mary that her opinion didn't matter, that she was a woman who needed to be silent, that he and not her was the "apostle to the apostles." That had led to another argument between Philip and a fellow apostle. This time, it was Peter who received the wrath of Philip.

The Jewish followers of the way in Jerusalem were used to having women in the outer courts and men in the inner, and old habits had died hard. But that wasn't how Jesus treated them. There were many women who followed the Lord during those days, and now they were being treated as second class.

The church was split in at least three different directions: Mary Magdalene with Philip, Thomas, and Bartholomew in her corner; Paul with Peter, Andrew, John Mark, and Luke in his corner; and James with Matthew, Simon, and

Jude in his. Schisms abounded as to the early doctrine of the way.

John, being the youngest, was caught in the middle of this madness and refused to take sides. He tried to play the part of peacemaker, but because of his youth during those days of walking with the Lord, not many listened to him. Philip and John had expressed concerns to each other as to the direction of the church and agreed that the division was not what the Lord had in mind when he taught the twelve apostles. They agreed while working together in Asia Minor that what was happening was truly a house divided.

Tears of sadness followed by years of prayer had changed nothing. Something had to give. It would, but it wasn't the result Philip prayed for.

Many nights Philip would be knelt down praying, "Lord here my prayer.

"I give thanks to you for your many gifts given me this and every day. The fields are bountiful for the harvest, but the laborers are not united. We argue, Lord, over your message. Is this the way you intended it? Are we to be a house divided, and if this is so, then why would you make it that way? I cannot go to their side, for I know it is false, yet they won't come to me.

"Please unite your house, wash away our sins, and clothe us in white. I await your return, amen."

Deep down, Philip felt that the Lord's church was being hijacked by some unseen force. It was a house divided, and

if it continued on its present path, it wouldn't stand. He was going to teach what he knew the truth of Jesus, and if it conflicted with the others, well then, let things fall where they may.

Maybe it was the Lord's will that this was done. Philip didn't know, but in 42 AD he was a deeply concerned apostle over the church of the Lord. Something had to give.

September 42 AD

Caesarea, Samaria

Philip was in the middle of addressing the church of about twenty followers who had assembled at his house when he saw his lifelong friend and fellow apostle, Bartholomew, open the door. He stopped for a moment and continued on with his teaching.

“They said to him, ‘Why do you love her more than all of us?’ The Savior answered and said to them, ‘Why do I not love you like her? When a blind man and one who sees are both together in darkness, they are no different from one another. When the light comes, then he who sees will see the light, and he who is blind will remain in darkness.’”

He paused at the sight of his brother in Christ. Bartholomew had a troubled look on his face and was motioning in an urgent manner with his hand that said he needed to talk now. Philip finished his sentence then

excused himself from the faithful and moved toward the entryway of his house to greet the formidable, burly man.

“What is it, my friend?”

“We’ve got trouble,” answered Bartholomew.

Philip turned toward the congregation and instructed another to finish with the services. He then told his wife, Deborah, that he’d be stepping outside to talk to his fellow companion in the way.

Bartholomew looked anxious and worried, pacing back and forth. Something was definitely troubling him. He pulled Philip by the cloak, took him outside, and said, “I just received a message from Lazarus. His whole household, with Mary Magdalene and her children, are on their way here from Bethany.”

“The whole household?” asked Philip.

“Yes, his wife and children, his sisters Mary and Martha, as well as Joseph of Arimithea, Sidonius, and others.”

“Joseph too?”

“Yes, it seems as though they’ve run into trouble, and they had to leave immediately.”

Bartholomew was generally an extremely calm, stable presence. It took a lot to make him get this excited. Philip wondered what could possibly make his friend so uptight.

Philip thought, *What would make them leave with such haste?*

“Who told you all this?” asked Philip.

“Maximinus did, he’s at my house,” answered Bartholomew. “He rode out ahead of the rest of them to warn us they were coming. I left him there so he could rest and get something to eat. He looked quite haggard from the journey, and he’s petrified about something.”

“Good god in heaven! Did he say anything further?” inquired Philip.

“No, he wouldn’t say. He only told me to go fetch you,” answered Bartholomew.

Philip went back inside to tell his wife Deborah he would be gone for a while. He kissed her then told her he had no idea when he’d be back. “Don’t wait up for me,” was his last words to her that night as he was heading out into the streets of Caesarea to Bartholomew’s house.

The two apostles hurried down the streets as fast as they could to the other side of town where Bartholomew lived.

Fifteen minutes later, Philip saw Maximinus and realized Bartholomew was correct. The man standing in front of him was a mess. He looked as though he had ridden hard for the last twenty-four hours. *Definitely in need of rest*, thought Philip.

Maximinus, a man of about thirty-five years old, one of the seventy disciples the Master sent out to the villages at the commission so long ago, looked five years older than the last time Philip saw him, which wasn’t even six months

ago. His face was ashen, and his eyes were a thousand yards away. His hands trembled as he took a sip from the soup Bartholomew had provided him.

Philip sat down on an old wooden chair next to him, looked deep in Maximinus's eyes, and asked, "My friend, what is troubling you that you look like you've just seen Satan himself?"

"I may have." Maximinus took a deep breath, steadied himself, wiped the perspiration off his brow, and begun his story. "Joseph came to me yesterday with troubling news. He informed me that the church at Jerusalem has word that the Nazarenes are all to be killed. James of Zebedee has been martyred, and Peter thrown into prison."

Philip looked aghast at this, taken aback, almost falling off his chair, and exclaimed, "My God!"

He gripped the table to steady his balance. "Poor John," Philip added then he tried to recover himself by putting his head in his hands and said a silent prayer. *Strengthen us Lord and receive James's soul into your bosom.*

Maximinus took a gulp of wine, licked his lips, and continued, "Herod saw how much it pleased the crowd of the city to have James killed, so he arrested Peter. The church figured it was a matter of time before they killed us all! So everyone but James the Just, John Mark, and a few others left the city until the smoke dies down. To protect the children, Joseph thought it best to get Mary, young Joseph, and Judah out of Bethany."

“Good thinking.” Philip thought for a moment to let it all sink in and slowly spoke, “They’re in danger. They’re going to have to leave the country.” He thought for a moment longer, looking deeply into the frightened Maximinus’s eyes, and said, “Bartholomew, we should inform Cornelius of this.”

Bartholomew grabbed his cloak, said, “I’m on my way,” and hurried out the door to the Roman centurion’s estate.

“Tell me what is going on with the church at Jerusalem,” asked Philip.

“It’s gotten extremely divisive,” answered Maximinus. “Paul and his companions were there about two months ago. He challenged the church about his way of converting the gentiles. And as Paul was speaking, James the Just stood up and interrupted him, telling Paul that what he was teaching was false. That his followers needed to be circumcised according to the law.”

“What did Peter say?”

“He was in Antioch at the time, building up the church there,” answered Maximinus. “He didn’t come back to Jerusalem until two weeks ago.”

“Damn!” replied Philip. He knew that Peter would have settled this situation between Paul and James. Peter had been the force that kept the two from at each other’s throats in the past. His being away from Jerusalem during this crisis was very untimely, to say the least. “Damn!” Philip repeated himself.

Maximinus continued, “James became offended, and the next thing I knew, Paul and himself were face to face. They both had to be restrained.”

“Paul is as hotheaded as I am. This is what I feared would happen,” Philip said then got up from the table, poured himself a cup of wine from Bartholomew’s stash, thought for a moment, and continued, “They’re both right, and they’re both wrong.” He paced across the floor of Bartholomew’s house. “The problem is that they are both so damn rigid that neither is willing to compromise.”

“In other words, they’re both just like you are. Why don’t you talk to them?” asked Maximinus.

Philip shot Maximinus a look and said, “I doubt that would do any good at this point. They’ve both set their sails heading in opposite directions,” said Philip. “Paul is going to end up being the apostle to the gentiles and James to the Jews. I doubt this is the way Jesus had intended for his church. I’ve prayed over this matter many times, but it just seems to be getting worse. I’ve no idea what to do at this point.”

Maximinus took this all in and said, “Then we will have two different churches.”

“More than that, my friend, more than that.” Philip leaned over to Maximinus and asked, “How long before the rest arrive?”

“Hopefully some time tomorrow.”

Philip put his head in his hands and said another silent prayer for the soul of James of Zebedee and the safety of Peter, two brothers in Christ whom he had known since they were children in Bethsaida and Capernaum.

That night, Cornelius, a Roman centurion with some authority, sent runners to Jerusalem to help out with the situation in regard to Peter. It meant a lot to him since Peter was the man who converted the God-fearing Cornelius in the first place and had showed him the way to salvation.

Two days later at the docks of Caesarea, Cornelius was hugging Philip and wishing him well on his journey to Gaul. They looked quite different in contrast as Cornelius was one of the largest men in all of Samaria—even larger than Bartholomew who dwarfed most—and Philip who was smaller than your average man. But what the apostle lacked in physical stature he more than made up for in spirit. Philip was afraid of no one as Peter and Paul could both attest to. The scene looked comical like a bear hugging a pygmy.

“Take care of my girls,” said Philip with much sadness. He didn’t sleep at all the previous night knowing that he would be leaving them. He also knew that being an apostle to the Christ would mean much sacrifice, and he vowed to the Lord that he would do his part.

Philip had married late at thirty-seven years of age. Five years ago, he fell in love with Deborah the first time he saw her. She’s a woman who is fifteen years his junior, and he

proposed marriage the first night he talked to her. He just knew deep within him to ask. She immediately consented, knowing that she was with a righteous man. She would only find out later from friends that he was one of the original apostles. He never bragged of it to her nor ever has to anyone. He felt blessed by the Father to have been taught by the Master and by the Baptist prior to that. He felt that should never be anything to boast of lest he lose those blessings.

Together, they had produced four daughters: Miriam, the eldest was four; Bethany, three; and the twins, Leah and Joana, who were two. Miriam had been named after Bartholomew's wife, who is Philip's sister. Needless to say, Deborah had her hands full with the children but loved every minute of it. She only wished she could produce a son for her husband, but he didn't seem to mind. "It's the Lord's will," was his response the only time she had brought it up.

All four girls seemed to have the touch of knowing, especially the twins. The day when Maximinus showed up to Bartholomew's house, Leah and Joana had been pointing toward the door all day long saying, "Uncle Bartholomew is coming for you, Daddy."

At first, it seemed a bit odd to the couple, but they had grown used to their daughter's prophecies. The Holy Spirit had enveloped the household of Philip and Deborah; therefore, the unusual became the usual as revelations became the norm. His daughters were all born with the

touch. It was a sign from God, and Philip was grateful for their spiritual gifts.

Those of the faith would knock on the door all night long asking for blessings, counsel, and advice. It took a while for Deborah to get used to this, but Philip, as leader of the church here, had never turned anyone away. She thought, *This is the man I married, I had better adjust to his ways because he isn't going to change. The gates of hell could try, but this man won't budge.*

It had been a very tearful farewell at Philip's house when he said his good-byes to her. She begged him not to go, but Philip had repeatedly told her that he was doing this for Jesus. The Master's children's lives were in danger, and he would not let him down. There was a reason that Mary had come to him needing help, and that was that the Holy Spirit had led her there. He was sure of it.

Philip told his lovely wife that it was the Lord's will that he would return. He gave her a long, passionate kiss and walked out the door. He dared not look back at her, fearing he'd never leave her if he did. It broke his heart to leave his family, but the Lord's will be done. He couldn't take his family with him. His daughters were just too young to travel through the treacherous sea.

Deborah watched the man she loved with all her heart walk away, wishing she had his faith in his return. The tears wouldn't stop for days to come. To her, Philip was one in a million, and she prayed the Lord wouldn't take him from

her. She didn't know what she would do without him; he was indeed her rock.

"I'll have guards posted at your house the whole time you're gone," said Cornelius. "I give you my word that no one will harm your girls."

"Thank you. My friend, there is something else"—Philip paused, took a drink of water from his flask, and continued—"I want you to be bishop of Caesarea."

Cornelius was in shock. "I could never take your position, Philip! You are one of the twelve, and you built this church with your bare hands. I could never replace you," Cornelius objected.

"Bartholomew and I might be gone for a while, and you're ready to lead this church", insisted Philip.

"I'll hold it down until you return, my friend," replied a defeated Cornelius. He knew that arguing with Philip was pointless; he'd attempted several times in the past and had always come up empty.

"We may have some church building to do in Gaul," said Philip.

"Ha!" The centurion laughed. "You'll never convert those pagans!" Cornelius had done a bit of soldiering in Gaul in the past and had witnessed the rituals of the Celts. He considered them barbarians and nothing else.

And with that show of pessimism by the centurion, Philip smiled, kissed Cornelius on the cheek, and boarded

the vessel with the new bishop of Caesarea wishing him safe travels.

“I will personally see to the safety of your family, my brother.” Cornelius knew that Philip was worried, and he would see to it himself that his girls would be cared for.

The beloved apostle had left the Roman in charge of the two things Philip loved the most: his girls and his church, and he would not let him down. While he was thinking on these things, a runner from Jerusalem had approached and informed Cornelius that Peter was safe.

“Philip, my friend,” Cornelius shouted to Philip as he was boarding the boat, “Peter is safe in Jerusalem!”

“Praise God, Cornelius, praise be to God!” shouted Philip.

The Roman centurion looked on as he saw hugs and cheers all around on the boat at the good news they had just received. After the cheering settled, Philip began leading them all in prayer of thanksgiving. Cornelius thought, *I will not let that man down. Peter may have converted me and started me on the way to salvation, but it's been Philip who has taught me the way to Christ. And he has taught me well.* Many nights the centurion had sought counsel from the apostle, and he'd never been let down. Now it was his turn to pay back those favors to his beloved friend and mentor in Christ.

The passengers aboard the vessel were the apostles Philip and Bartholomew. Along with them were Lazarus, Maximinus, Sidonius, and Joseph of Arimithea. There were

also Mary Magdalene, Lazarus's sisters Mary and Martha, Mary, the mother of Jesus, her daughters, and Joana friend of Mary Magdalene. Also included were Joseph, age 14, and Judah, age 12, children of Jesus and Mary Magdalene. Twelve servants of Joseph of Arimithea were also aboard, making the total number of passengers at 27. These disciples of the Lord would be the first to introduce Christianity to Gaul and Britannia. These are those who would change the world, keep the bloodline preserved, and become Rome's largest threat for centuries to come.

October 42 AD

Massilia, Gaul

After a month-long journey through the Mediterranean Sea, the vessel docked at the port of Rha in the Roman city of Massilia.

Despite the dire predictions of Cornelius, for the next six months, Philip, Bartholomew, and the others would begin to establish the churches in Gaul all financed by Joseph of Arimithea. With the disciples being filled with the Holy Spirit, the word of God spread like wildfire. Demons were cast out, the sick were healed, the lame walked, faith was strengthened, and churches were built.

Unlike what was happening elsewhere, the gospel of the kingdom was preached by men and women alike, therefore, week after week, the numbers grew. They may have been taught differently in Jerusalem, Antioch, Greece, and Rome, but here in Gaul, Philip was bound and determined to teach his doctrine and not the others—that the kingdom

of heaven lay within us and the only thing required was the power of the Holy Spirit come from Christ to achieve the results intended and belief in the Lord Jesus to send the Holy Spirit and then belief in one's own self for their empowerment.

Although many that arrived from the boat still practiced the Judaic rituals they grew up with, they didn't ask the newly converted to do the same.

Circumcision was a choice and not a requirement in Gaul.

After six months of bringing the Holy Spirit to Gaul, Philip, Bartholomew, Joseph, and his twelve servants ventured on to Britannia. Before they left, Philip put Lazarus in charge as bishop of Gaul.

"What about Mary?" asked Lazarus. "Shouldn't she be in charge here?"

"My friend, it is my belief that the direction the church is going in other places. Herself and her family will be in danger and have to go into hiding before long. If they remove the holy royal bloodline, their doctrine remains. So it's for the best they keep a low profile," answered Philip.

"I agree," said Joseph. "What I saw in Jerusalem was beginning to frighten me."

"And myself as well, my friend," said Philip.

The three of them conferred with Mary and agreed with her that it was best that the family remained secluded until

the stench of this false doctrine of a virgin Jesus died down. If it ever would.

Using the same formula used in Gaul, the same success was achieved in Britannia. Many Celts embraced the way of this new faith and the power of the Holy Spirit.

And then one night while in Britannia, Philip had a dream. He saw an image of Jesus who told him, *“Go to the city of Carthage, which is in Azotus, and drive out the ruler of Satan, for look, he rejoices there like a destroying wolf, which rejoices in the flock that has no shepherd. And after you have driven him out, preach there the kingdom of heaven.”*

And Philip said to his Lord, *“I go, Lord, but let not your grace be far from me.”*

The following morning Philip went to Joseph. “I received a message from the Lord to go to Carthage.”

Bartholomew, who was standing nearby, couldn’t help but overhear Philip. “Did I hear correctly that we are to go to Carthage?”

“That’s correct, my brother, and the Lord said he would put the correct words in our mouths.” Philip closed his eyes for a moment as in deep thought and continued, “It seems to me the Lord is in charge of this whole mission. We are merely his servants.”

“Amen,” agreed Bartholomew.

The tree of the bloodline had thrived in Gaul, becoming first the Fisher kings, then the Merovingian kings, and followed by Charlemagne and the Carolingian kings.

From there, it moved on to the Capetian dynasty and then branching off like a tree into a thousand directions. The bloodline, otherwise known as the Holy Grail by those who would keep it a secret, had not only survived but thrived in the world. Yet, because of the influence of the church, the truth would remain hidden, and Rome's doctrine would remain.

With the help of Philip and Bartholomew, Joseph of Arimithea would go on to establish the first Christian church in Britannia at Glastonbury as had been commanded and become Britain's first bishop.

Lazarus would lead the church in Gaul as its first bishop.

Maximinus and Sidonius would be entrusted to take care of the holy family. They would begin a secret group that would keep track of and protect the holy bloodline. This secretive group would end up becoming the Knights Templar in the middle ages and then the Freemasons after the Templars were outlawed by the king of France and the pope in 1307.

Philip and Bartholomew would convert Carthage then appoint Ananias, a converted Jew, to be the bishop to lead the church there. From Carthage, they strengthened the faithful at Alexandria, Egypt, and then on to Ethiopia to strengthen their church there.

After establishing what would end up being the Celtic churches at Gaul and Britannia, they would establish what would become the Coptic churches in North Africa. The

evangelist Mark, who would end up spending a good deal of time in North Africa, would get credit as the founder of the Coptics, but in reality it was the apostles Philip and Bartholomew who were the first to establish Christianity on the African continent.

From Ethiopia, after two years' time being away, Philip and Bartholomew finally reunited with their families at Caesarea in 45 AD. Once he reunited with Deborah, Philip promised he'd never leave her again, and he never did.

In 50 AD, they moved on to Asia Minor and would build many churches there and in Greece until Philip would be crucified at Hierapolis in 80 AD. He would live thirty-eight more years after smuggling the royal bloodline out of Israel. Not long after Philip's death, Bartholomew would be martyred in Armenia. Since they had been children, those two beloved apostles would never leave each other's sides, spending seventy-five years of their lives together.

Those two would never get the credit they deserved from the early church who became too infatuated with Peter and Paul.

Numerous times, others would question Philip or Bartholomew of the whereabouts of Mary Magdalene and her children. Not trusting the church or the authorities of Rome, neither would ever divulge this information. It would remain a secret from their fellow brothers.

Upon Philip's death, his daughters would go on to carry his message of the gospel of the kingdom. They would

compile the Gospel of Philip and the Acts of Philip, which would later on be rejected by the Church of Rome as heretical. The Gospel of Philip would be the only gospel that would refer Mary Magdalene as Jesus's companion. It would remain the only gospel that told the truth of their relationship. When Philip's daughters passed away, they were buried in Hierapolis with their beloved father.

Through the works of Peter and Paul in the first century and then the Emperor Constantine's in the fourth century, the Roman church would become the prominent center of Christianity for centuries to come. The false doctrine of Jesus as a virgin would remain. Only those in Gaul, Britannia, and North Africa would know the truth.

Tales would be told of a holy grail by the Celts. Descendants of those converted by Philip and Bartholomew. Books would be written using terms like *San Graal*, which stood for a holy grail or a cup of Christ that would lead many on a fruitless quest for its riches.

The truth is that San Graal was a code for *Sang Real*, which meant "the royal bloodline." The true cup of Christ was Mary Magdalene and her two children, Joseph and Judah, not the cup used by Jesus at the last supper.

This secret of the bloodline had always been known, dating back to the first century by the earliest apostles. It was kept hidden because to reveal the truth would take the power away from a counterfeit doctrine and give it to the true inheritors: the holy family.

From the covenant between Abraham and God to provide a Messiah for his people, through the line of Judah, then King David, to Jesus of Nazareth, and beyond, God never forgot the promise He had made to Abraham.

October 21, 1985

Haifa, Israel

Edward Dudley had a childhood that most people would like to forget, and that is exactly what he did with it. He reckoned there just wasn't any point in reliving a nightmare. The best way to deal with all that bullshit was to dump it right into the trash where it belonged.

His father and mother divorced when he was twelve. Not thinking about the kids at all, his father was granted custody of Eddie, while his younger sister and brother stayed with their mother. As if that wasn't bad enough, both parents moved so that they all lived three hundred miles away from each other. Which kept the two brothers separated, which scarred the youngest for life. Eddie never forgave his parents for that.

His father, being led by his penis more than anything else, remarried to what can best be described as a stepmonster one year later, and Eddie's withdrawal from his father

began from that point forward. Hating each other on sight, the two would never reconcile.

After five years of isolated hell, Eddie decided the best thing to do after high school was to get the hell out of dodge and join the navy in June 1982, one month after graduating from high school. Those last few days couldn't come fast enough for him.

In June 1982, he went to boot camp in San Diego, California. Six months later in December, he went to electronics technician school at the Great Lakes Naval Training Center in Chicago, Illinois. Nine months later in September 1983, he went to Norfolk, Virginia, for radar repair school. After six months at the school, he went on to be stationed onboard the USS *Deyo* (DD 989) in Charleston, South Carolina.

In October 1985, Petty Officer Edward Dudley—known as Fast Eddie by his shipmates onboard the USS *Deyo*—was sipping a beer at the 300 Club that sat atop Mount Carmel near Haifa, Israel. With him were Petty Officers Gregory Paul, from Conway, South Carolina, known as Red; Chris Beddings, from Memphis, Tennessee, known as Snake; Scott Cink, from Long Island, New York, known as Slim; and Kevin Hill, from Fort Payne, Alabama, known as Hillbilly.

By 1985, disco had been destroyed in the United States, but apparently the news hadn't hit Europe or the Middle East yet. The Bee Gees were playing, strobe lights were

everywhere, the place was rocking, and the dance floor was full. Off in the corner sat the five American sailors jawing at each other.

“Every time we do a hogging contest, Snake wins!” stated Eddie. Chris Beddings had received his nickname because legend has it he had no inhibitions about whom he would have sex with. He would screw a snake if it kept its mouth open long enough hence his well-earned nickname.

A hogging contest was each man would put twenty dollars into the kitty and whoever had sex with the ugliest woman that night would receive the bounty. Chris Beddings was practically unbeatable.

“Come on, fellas, you’ve all got about three paychecks in your wallet. Now put your money in,” taunted the Snake. The ship had been out to sea for a month straight, so they all had money to burn.

“Y’all got no morals, Snake,” said Hillbilly.

“What I’m going to have is your money, Hillbilly,” Snake answered.

“I’m not sure I want to go hogging tonight,” said Slim. “I might set myself up with one of those babes that just walked in.” He eyed the front door to the 300 Club.

With that remark, Fast Eddie looked toward the entrance of the place and saw Sarah Rabin. He pulled a twenty out of his wallet, handed it over to Snake, and said, “You can have my money this time, buddy, I’m sleeping with that blonde tonight,” pointing at Sarah.

“Oh bullshit,” said Red. “She’s too damn good-looking for a man of your caliber, Eddie.”

“Want to place a side bet on that?” asked Eddie.

Red and Eddie each pulled out another twenty dollar bill and handed it to Snake for the holding.

“Easy money,” said Eddie. “One more beer and I’m moving in.”

“I know, Eddie,” laughed Red. “She loves you, she just doesn’t know it yet.”

“Exactly, big guy, exactly. I was born for this night.” Eddie didn’t know it at the time, but his words would be proven quite prophetic.

Three hours later at Sarah’s apartment, Eddie and her were settling down for a glass of red wine.

“Well, sailor, what do you plan on doing with your life?”

“I hadn’t much thought about it,” answered Eddie. “I’m sure as hell not going to stay in the navy.”

“No? Why not?” she asked.

Eddie paused and thought about it for a moment and said. “The life is okay, but it’s not for me. These guys that stay in for twenty or thirty years seem to age quickly.” He took a sip of some good Italian red wine, licked his lip, and continued, “There’s too much bullshit, I’ll do my six years and get the hell out.”

Sarah was eyeing Eddie up with her green eyes and beautiful smile. “You plan on settling down?”

Eddie was looking Sarah up and down thinking to himself, *I'd settle down with you, but you're a world away. This is an extremely attractive woman.* He cleared his throat and sipped. “It’s a damn shame you live half the world away from me.”

“There’s something about you, Eddie, I can’t put my finger on it, but there is an attraction that seems surreal to me. I know this sounds corny, but you seem predestined and familiar, like I know you from somewhere.”

Eddie was thinking, *Where has this woman been all his life? Oh yeah, that's right, Israel for God's sake.* “As soon as I saw you walk into that club tonight, something told me that I needed to be with you.”

“And how many women have you used that line on?” asked Sarah.

Eddie blushed, he knew he was busted. “None like you.” Which was the truth: this woman was in a league that Eddie knew nothing of. He’d been a rascal, it’s true, but this woman was one worth keeping. If he only didn’t live on the other side of the globe as her, he’d be a reformed man. *Damn,* thought Eddie, *why does life have to be so damn cruel?*

Sarah had a twinkle in her eye that told him that he had the green light. He slowly moved to her, brushed the hair out of her face, and kissed her like he had never kissed another. He kissed her cheeks, chin, and then they parted

lips. She melted at his touch, and in no time they were making the most passionate love of their lives.

A few hours later, Fast Eddie was gone from her life. Or she thought he was.

The next afternoon, the USS *Deyo* (DD-989), with Petty Officer Eddie Dudley aboard, would leave Haifa, Israel, for good. In spring 1986, on the same med cruise, the *Deyo*, along with several other ships, would cross Kaddafi's line of death in the Gulf of Sidra off the coast of Libya and almost kill the leader of that country. Colonel Kaddafi would remain quiet for the next two decades due to the bombing.

On July 21, 1986, Sarah Rabin, no believer in abortion, would give birth to a wonderful blonde-haired, green-eyed daughter and name it Anna. Approximately 1,944 years after the holy royal bloodline had been smuggled out of Israel by the apostle Philip, it had returned in the unlikely person of Edward Dudley of Bald Eagle Bluffs, Michigan.

The bloodline had left Israel in Caesarea and returned twenty-eight miles to the north in Haifa. Quite the small world we live in.

No one alive had any idea of the significance of that one-night stand in Haifa. Not even the keepers of the Holy Grail, the Priory of Sion, or the Freemasons, who were too busy looking at the royal families of Europe, to pay any attention to a cocky sailor from Nowhere, USA. This one had slipped completely off their radar just the way God had intended it all along.

The only beings who took notice of the event was the heavenly host, namely the angel Samuel, who was Eddie's assigned Angel, and the demons who were also keeping track of the whereabouts of anyone who carried the bloodline of Christ.

Oh yes, the demons. They were watching the apostle Philip smuggle Mary and her two children out of Israel. They kept track of every branch of the ensuing tree that blossomed from that event. Not only the royal branches of France and England but the minor branches as well like Fast Eddie Dudley from Michigan.

Those same demons who crucified the Christ at cavalry have tried to destroy his seed ever since. Even the smallest like Eddie and his unknown children, such as baby Anna and others who would follow.

Many times throughout history those demons had tried to destroy the royal bloodline. They knew the real power didn't reside in Rome but in the seed of Abraham through to the Messiah. From labeling the followers of Saint Philip to be heretics, to the inquisitions of the Middle Ages, all proof and knowledge had to be wiped out.

Lucifer and his followers knew that the only power capable of destroying their plans of ruling the earth and the heavens lie not in the church, but in the holy royal bloodline of Jesus the Christ.

July 21, 1986

Beaufort, South Carolina

It had been one hell of a Mediterranean cruise for Eddie. One for the ages.

He went to the captain's mast for getting in a bar fight in Naples, Italy. He received a nice 250-dollar-a-month fine for two months and a 30-day restriction to the ship for that fiasco. His excuse was he was sticking up for his shipmate, which was true. Slim had been sucker punched, and Eddie had taken a pool cue to the head of the perpetrator. Slim had gotten off free of any wrong doing—after all, his only crime was getting knocked out—and for the loyalty shown by Eddie, Slim had paid half of Eddie's fines. Such was the price one paid for being a true, loyal shipmate.

Then there was the fight in Crete because a member of the Royal Canadian Navy had insulted the state of Michigan by saying that they didn't know how to play

hockey there. An insult that Eddie took an exception to. Another fine and another restriction to the ship followed.

Another night, he showed up at the pier two hours after he was supposed to at 4:00 a.m. in Gibraltar after drinking with Her Majesty's finest of the British Royal Navy all night long. He just couldn't break himself away from the good time his hosts were showing him. How can one leave in the middle of "God Save the Queen?" That one didn't fly over that well either. For that offence, he spent the last four weeks of a long eight-month cruise on what is known as Class Charlie Liberty Risk. That is what they do when a sailor who gets into trouble too often: restrict them to the ship. By the time the cruise ended, forty sailors from the *Deyo* were on liberty risk. One for the books.

With all the trouble Eddie had gotten himself into, little did he know that he did his duty by bringing the bloodline back to the holy land of Israel. For good measure, he brought it to Egypt and Italy as well.

The navy did what the navy does with cases like Eddie and his shipmates: they send them to a six-week-long course known as alcohol rehabilitation. Since the naval hospital in Charleston, South Carolina, where the *Deyo* was stationed, was packed full of mischievous sailors returning from cruises who had a grand time while away, they shipped him off to lovely Beaufort, South Carolina, instead. Right next door to Parris Island, where the Marines perform basic training. *Semper fidelis.*

Eddie thought the whole thing was quite comical since the navy basically promoted drinking in those days. There wasn't much else to do for a single man out on the prowl. You worked, you did your duty, and you spent your nights carousing. Such was the life of single sailors in 1986 at the height of the Cold War.

Marines like to drink and have a good time as well, so several of them were in Eddie's alcohol rehabilitation class. It was quite a healthy mix of a couple dozen servicemen, half sailors and half marines, all competing with each other. Eddie finished at or near the top in every area of competition, which prompted a Marine to say, "You should have been a marine, Eddie." Followed up with a sailor saying, "You should have been a SEAL."

They'd spend their mornings doing calisthenics and exercises, their afternoons in classrooms learning of the evils of alcoholism, and their evenings in Alcoholics Anonymous meetings. It was all a very good show meant to keep their bodies in excellent shape and also to increase their awareness of the disease that seemingly plagued them.

One evening, about four weeks into the six-week course while at an AA meeting, it was Eddie's turn to talk. On the very same night that Anna Rabin was born, Eddie was just about to speak when he felt a hand touch him from behind on his right shoulder. Eddie turned to see who it was, and there was no one there. He could have sworn he felt a touch of the hand there.

Then a feeling of bliss permeated his body, beginning at the right shoulder, proceeding down to his toes, and to the top of his head. It took about twenty seconds for his whole body to feel complete and total peace. The world's most powerful drug had just engulfed Fast Eddie Dudley.

"Eddie, what the hell is wrong with you?" asked a marine.

The Holy Spirit enveloping him, Eddie began babbling incoherently in a language no one had ever heard of. It sounded like some form of Middle Eastern mumbo jumbo, but none of them could be sure. None of them had ever heard anything like this.

His eyes were bulging out, and his mouth just wouldn't stop. If any of those present knew any Hebrew, they would say he was prophesying, but that unfortunately was not the case. Then he began to have a seizure, shaking uncontrollably until he passed out, like Eddie was having an epileptic fit. The ancients would have claimed that Eddie had a demon in him.

Training kicked in for the sailors and marines who were at the meeting, and they began performing first aid. They laid Eddie down, raised his feet, loosened his belt, and unbuttoned his shirt. They checked his airway and made sure he was breathing, and all seemed well enough. A couple of minutes later, Eddie was conscious.

"What the hell happened?" asked Eddie who was looking around at a dozen pair of eyes staring down at him.

One of the marines answered him, “You freaked out, man, and I’ve never seen anything like it. You started speaking gibberish, and next thing you was down for the count, dude.”

“Holy shit! Are you serious?” asked Eddie.

A sailor chimed in, “You looked behind you like someone was touching you when it all happened. What was that all about?”

Eddie shook the cobwebs from his head and said, “Someone was! And when I looked back, no one was there! At least as much as I can remember. It was all kind of a fog.”

“Man, that’s some freaky shit there!” said a marine.

The counselor who had been with these twenty-four marines and sailors for every meeting asked, “Eddie, have you been taking any drugs lately?”

Eddie looked at the counselor astonished and said, “Are you serious? Dude, I haven’t taken drugs since I joined Uncle Sam’s canoe club.” *Where do they get these guys at?* thought Eddie.

The counselor pressed on, “Did you ever take any hard drugs? Maybe it was a flashback.”

This was no flashback to Eddie, and the hardest drug he had ever taken was marijuana back in high school, and he doubted that would cause what he just experienced.

Eddie was annoyed at this point. “I can see your college education has served you well. No, I haven’t.”

The college-educated counselor was ready to reply but was interrupted by another marine who spoke, “Well, whatever it was is the damndest thing I’ve ever seen. Eddie what was that language you was speaking?”

“What are you talking about?” asked Eddie. He hadn’t a clue what this marine was asking him. *Speaking in a language he didn’t understand? Has everyone here lost their minds?*

“Never mind, buddy, you was going on with some gibberish that nobody understood. That’s all. It was strange, man, like you was calling someone out.”

“I’ve no idea, dude,” said Eddie. Then he heard a still, small voice in his head, which told him, *“Eddie, you were speaking in tongues like the saints of old when they were enveloped with the Holy Spirit.”*

Eddie was about to say something further and decided he would be better off keeping it to himself. *None of these dopes would understand.*

The general consensus of the group that night was that due to past experiences with drugs, Eddie must have suffered a flashback. But they weren’t sure. It was all very strange, and it was agreed to keep a close watch on Eddie from that day forward lest it happen again.

Eddie still had the feeling of bliss in him that would last for three days. He felt light afoot, and everything seemed to float. Marijuana wasn’t anywhere near as good as that experience. His insight and clarity incredible, he could have explained Einstein’s equations in those three days. All the

answers to life's problems seemed to be at his fingertips. It was a feeling in his life that would never be duplicated or forgotten. Eddie had truly felt what so many others had craved. He was indeed truly filled with the Holy Spirit. *Who was that who touched me and gave me that filling? Do it again, I dare ya!*

For the rest of the alcohol rehab program, the others would look at him like he was different than them. Eddie didn't care for that attitude, but he let it go.

No matter how many people Eddie talked of this experience that would change his life, no one believed that he had been touched by an angel or the hand of God himself. He learned a valuable lesson from all this: what people don't understand, they will reject. If it hasn't happened to them, then it doesn't exist. It was best to keep quiet about such things lest they think you're crazy.

Every day for the rest of Eddie's life, he would harken back to that meeting in South Carolina. He knew what he felt, and if no one believed that, then so be it. He had been touched by a force that was otherworldly, and from that day forward he would read every book he could lay his hands on to try to explain that event. From cover to cover, he read the Bible. No book that was of the spiritual or religious was off-limits to Eddie. *What happened to me? Who touched me and why?*

After reading and rereading everything he could lay his hands on, Eddie's conclusion was that he had been touched

by Jesus that day and filled with the Holy Spirit for three days, but he wasn't sure.

In the next ten years it would be a battle for Eddie's soul between two powerful forces: the Holy Spirit and the demon known as alcoholism.

As promised to Sarah Rabin that night in Haifa, after Eddie did his six years, he left the United States Navy and was honorably discharged in 1988.

From there, he took a job working for Southern Bell as an electronic field service technician in Miami, Florida. His job required him to travel all over the Southeastern United States from Key West, Florida, to Moorhead City, North Carolina, maintaining and repairing VHF communications so that boaters who were offshore could make telephone calls. This was before cell phones would become widespread and would phase this job out of existence.

Eddie was usually out of town for three nights out of five living out of hotel rooms. He knew every comfort inn, best western, and day inns along Highway 95. He also knew where every bar was at.

He'd spend his typical day either installing or fixing electronic equipment and his typical night hustling the local women. Two things Eddie had on his side were charm and intelligence, and most of the ladies didn't stand a chance.

One other attribute of his was the ability to read someone. Eddie could look right through a woman and,

within seconds, know whether or not he was wasting his time. This was an ability that he acquired that fateful night in South Carolina with the hand had touched him. It had left some residual gifts behind, and Eddie had regrettably honed in those gifts for his own purposes.

After five years of living the high life in South Florida, Eddie decided to cash it all in and move to Northern Michigan near where he grew up. He had a good job lined up there as a maintenance electrician at the local paper mill and decided after another one-night stand, that he didn't want the lifestyle of the sunny beaches and preferred the seclusion of the forests instead.

One morning, he woke up hungover in South Florida, looked over to see whom he had slept with the night before, and decided enough was enough. *Time to conquer something else in life. Not enough nature in South Beach for me*, he thought.

It was a lot easier to get away with drinking and driving in urban South Florida than it was in rural Northern Michigan where the police didn't have much else to do. Besides that, drunk driving was good for county revenues in a desolate part of the country.

The first time Eddie got popped was in 1994 after having three lousy beers at a bar after his shift was over at work. He accrued 1,800 dollars in fines and court costs, insurance

premiums that went sky high, followed up by a month of AA meetings. *What a joke.* Eddie believed that the punishment didn't fit the crime and that it was a hefty fine for three beers.

If you get pulled over once, chances are you will again, and in 1995 it happened. This time, the punishment was more severe and he had to spend 24 days behind bars, a 3500-dollar fine and months of rehabilitation, and, of course, the inevitable AA meetings. Eddie was now figuring out why his grandpa had always called the police "revenueurs."

He gave up drinking for six months and, of course, fell off the wagon to even greater heights of alcoholism.

The enigma of Eddie is that with all this was going on, he always read scripture and spiritual books. A strong believer of faith in the Lord and faith in the bottle. *Give me a bottle of Jack Daniels and let's have some hallelujahs. Amen!*

It was at this point in time that Eddie would experience his next great spiritual experience in life.

June 21, 1991

Florence, Italy

While Eddie was still living in South Florida, events that he had created were happening elsewhere in the world.

It was 6:00 a.m. when Sister Francesca stepped outside the door to the gate of the Badia Fiorentina abbey and saw a crying little child sitting there on the steps. The little girl looked as if she hadn't bathed or eaten in a week. It was obviously abandoned and had been the object of much neglect. Sister Francesca's heart went out to her at once.

Dear God, what do we have here?

"What is the matter, my child?" asked the Nun, grabbing the child by the hand and leading it into the abbey.

"My mommy is gone," sobbed what looked to be about a four-year-old girl to Sister Francesca.

"She's gone?" asked Francesca.

"Yes, she left a few days ago. She's with the angels now." The child went into a long period of sobbing. She would

try to talk but just break into sobbing again. Obviously this child needed some attention that she wasn't getting, the poor thing.

The nun immediately picked up the child, held it tightly to her bosom, and asked, "Where is your father?"

"I never had one," the child answered. She laid her chin on the warmth of the nun's shoulders. It had been a long time since she had been comforted like this, and it felt good to the little girl. The child didn't want to let go.

Sister Francesca took the child into the kitchen area of the abbey, sat her on the counter, grabbed a fresh, clean cloth, and began to clean her up. Thinking after this was finished, she needed to prepare some breakfast for her.

Mother Anastasia, a woman of forty-five years old who had spent almost all of it with the church in some fashion or another, walked in and asked, "Sister, what have we here?"

"It's a child I found this morning on the steps. She's told me her mother is with the angels and she never had a father," answered Francesca.

"Oh, the poor thing. I must call the police and notify them and see if she has any other family," said Mother Anastasia.

A few minutes later, Sister Francesca was giving the child a sandwich that she ate as if she was famished then she washed it down with a glass of milk.

"What is your name, child?" asked Mother Anastasia.

"Gabriella," replied the child in between bites.

"Your last name?"

“I don’t know.” She broke out in more tears.

This little girl has been through far too much, thought Mother Anastasia who moved to the child, gave her a big hug, and told her, “There, there now, my child. Don’t you worry about a thing. We will take care of you, you’re safe now.”

Mother Anastasia spent the day talking to police and the monsignor. It had been agreed that this child was telling the truth and had no family to speak of. Mother Anastasia, being an extremely strong-willed woman, then informed both that the sisters would be adopting this lovely child.

“God himself put this child at our doorstep, who are we to disobey him?” she told them. She then gave them both a look as if to say, “Don’t you dare disagree with me.”

They both knew they were defeated by her. Jesus Christ himself would be unable to win an argument with this woman, so they figured why bother.

“Fill out the necessary paperwork to the bishop, and I will put it all through,” said the monsignor.

“Fill out the paperwork with the state, and I will make sure it gets through as well,” answered the policeman.

“I knew you two would see reason,” said Mother Anastasia. “You can tell this is a special child, a gift from Mother Mary herself. She led her to this abbey, and we will not let the Holy Mother down.” She had no idea how close to the truth she was speaking.

“Of course, Mother, of course,” was all the priest could muster. No point in taking on this woman when she has her mind set on something.

The policeman followed up on any missing children and found that she was the child of a woman from Livorno who was found dead of an apparent accidental overdose in an apartment five days ago. A search for the child had followed with no results, and he felt satisfied that they had now found the missing child. *Yet*, he wondered, *how the hell did she find her way to Florence from Livorno? She has no living relatives; therefore, it wouldn't be a problem for the abbey to adopt this child.* He felt satisfied that the right thing had been done. Little did he know that her true father lived on the other side of the globe.

As Gabriella grew, the nuns knew they had themselves a specially gifted child. She would see things the others didn't, such as the time in 1994 when Sister Francesca was teaching her the scriptures and eight-year-old Gabriella interrupted her to tell her about the beautiful young lady that would float above the abbey every fifteenth of the month.

“What does she look like, my child?” asked Sister Francesca, humoring Gabriella.

“I know you don't believe me, but I will tell you anyway,” replied Gabriella.

Francesca thought, *How does she know that I don't believe her? Is she able to read my mind?*

Gabriella continued, "She is brighter than the sun, and she looks like our statue of mother Mary."

"She does?" asked the Nun.

"Yes, and next month, I can show her to you if you'd like," the child said.

Sister Francesca didn't keep this information to herself, and on the fifteenth the next month, all the nuns were assembled at the front of the church to witness this miracle.

Gabriella spoke excitedly, "There she is!" and pointed to the top of the door of the church.

The Nuns looked and saw nothing. But Gabriella was adamant that Mother Mary was there whether they could see her or not.

So the next month, on the fifteenth, Gabriella asked Mother Mary to give the rest of them a sign of her visit. When the nuns had assembled the next fifteenth, they once again saw nothing, but when they went back into the abbey, the statue of the Mother Mary had changed the color of its dress from blue to white.

Mother Anastasia and the rest of the nuns were in shock as Gabriella announced, "See, I told you she would give us all a sign. I knew she wouldn't let me down."

They knew better than to report this to the monsignor or the bishop. It was best for the nuns to keep this to themselves. When the monsignor asked about the change

of Mother Mary's dress, they lied and told him they decided to paint it just to change things up a bit. He was shocked at this, but once again he knew better than to take on Mother Anastasia.

So the Nuns started a tradition to meet in the yard every fifteenth of the month before breakfast just to see if Mother Mary had some new miracle for them. Once the statue had been painted a different color, another time it had glowed briefly for twelve minutes, yet another time it had shed tears for twelve minutes. This tradition that began in 1994 would last for years. Most of the time Mother Mary just gave them a monthly blessing, but every now and then a miracle would come about.

The statue of Mother Mary had become holy to Mother Anastasia and her nuns. Yet they had kept the secret to themselves. They knew if the Vatican got a hold of this, it would turn into a circus and put little Gabriella in jeopardy. They knew what had happened to Sister Lucia from the Fatima Prophecy, and the nuns weren't going to let that happen here. They would not let the Vatican put a gag order on young Gabriella. She was far too precious a child for that.

It was all agreed upon by the Nuns that they would keep all this hush-hush. Yet many of the nuns would now pray to or touch the statue of Mary on a regular basis. The priests knew that something was up, yet they couldn't penetrate the nuns for information. A strict code of silence was adhered

to by Mother Anastasia and her order of nuns. They would be keeping the Holy Mother Mary all to themselves, or so they thought.

March 31, 1996

Manistee, Michigan

Eddie was boozing, cruising, and flying high on the night of March 31, 1996. He had spent all day in the middle of a twenty-four-team springtime slow pitch softball tournament held in Manistee. For those not familiar with slow pitch softball, massive quantities of beer are usually involved, and Eddie did his fair share.

Eddie is the pitcher for the state champion, Charlie's bar team out of nearby Freesoil, Michigan. They had played five games that day and won them all. Six teams were left, and they were all slated to play the next day, and Charlie's was scheduled to play their hated rival the Moose Lodge of Manistee starting at nine in the morning.

After dusting off the Scottville VFW team eleven to four, Eddie went to the Second Street bar and placed a call to his latest bedmate, Debbie LaLonde.

"What ya doin tonight, sweetheart?"

“Eddie, are you drunk again?”

“No, of course not, just playing a little ball with the fellas,” lied Eddie.

“Yes, and I know what happens when you play softball. You get drunk and then you call me because you’re feeling frisky,” said Debbie. She had his routine down pat by now, yet she just couldn’t seem to help herself against him. She knew deep down that Eddie would never settle down and that he wasn’t right for her, but she loved him and was hoping that sooner or later he would change his self-destructive ways. The truth is, like most women who had relationships with Eddie, she was addicted to the man.

“Well, ya know, I could use a little company, are you game?” asked Eddie.

“I don’t know, I just put Katie down and was going to relax, watch a movie, and go to bed.”

“I’ll grab a pizza on the way and watch the movie with you. Which one did you get?” asked Eddie.

“*Apollo 13*,” answered Debbie.

“Cool, I haven’t seen that one yet. I heard it’s good. It’s got Tom Hanks in it, doesn’t it?”

“Yeah, he’s in it. It’s a bit long though,” she answered.

“Well, don’t start it until I get there. What do you want on your pizza?” asked Eddie.

“Pepperoni sounds good,” she replied.

“Be right over.” Eddie slammed the phone down, and he was on his way.

Usually, they'd make it half the way through a movie, Eddie would shut the VCR off, and they'd head to the bedroom.

Eddie would never make it to Debbie's house that night.

After he stopped off at Luigi's for the pizza and Quick Stop for the beer, he was on his way. He drove five miles to the mile-long stretch of Miller Hill, which was about two miles from Debbie's place. Once he reached the top of that incline, he saw two deer standing in the middle of the road. He swerved to miss them and lost control of his 1988 Ford F-150 pickup truck. What happened next was a blur.

A large boulder was off to the right side of the ditch where the truck was headed. Eddie saw the large rock and knew what was next, so he bailed out of the driver's side door and landed headfirst on the pavement at sixty miles an hour. He flipped and performed what is known as a barrel roll, which means rolling from front to back for over two hundred yards where he ended up in a ravine halfway down the other side of Miller Hill.

The truck smashed headfirst into the boulder and flipped end over end thirteen times for roughly the same amount of distance that Eddie had travelled. It would end up not fifty feet from Eddie before it was caught up in flames.

Jimmy Gomes, an off-duty police officer, was traveling from the other direction when he saw the flames shoot up from Eddie's truck. He immediately got on his radio and called in where he was at and what he was seeing.

Officer Gomes stopped his truck near Eddie's truck, grabbed his flashlight, and immediately went to the wreckage and noticed there was no one inside the truck except flames shooting out from it. He then proceeded to scout the surrounding area until he came upon the mangled body of Eddie Dudley. Jimmy Gomes, an ex-marine, and along with Eddie, a member of the local American Legion, recognized who it was immediately.

"Oh no, Eddie," whispered Jimmy and started performing first aid on his buddy.

Fifteen minutes later as the paramedics were hauling Eddie's body to the hospital in Manistee, Eddie's heart stopped, he quit breathing, and flatlined. They immediately started performing CPR. As they were, something amazing happened to Eddie.

He began floating above his lifeless body in the ambulance. Looking down, he saw two paramedics working on him, trying to revive his body. They seemed to have these gadgets in their hands, and they were pressing them on his chest, trying to shock him. He thought, If that is me, then who am I now? What the hell is going on here?

He looked at himself and saw that it was the same Eddie—two arms, two legs, same build. It was all so confusing. How can there be two of me?

Yet he felt very much alive. More so than he has ever felt in his life with the exception of that day the hand of God seemed to touch him more than ten years ago.

So he looked to the north and saw a very bright light off in the distance. It looked like it was about two miles away from him and it was spiraling and getting larger. He felt a magnetic pull toward it, and he began to move toward it. Seemingly walking on air, it created another strange sensation to Eddie. Then he heard a loud noise. It sounded like one of those big guns on the ship he used to serve on. He turned toward the direction of the loud boom that was in the opposite direction of where he was headed and to the south of him. He looked to see what it was that can best be described as a black hole. A huge black circle, also spiraling, that was spinning round and round at the center of it. This too also had a magnetic pull on him. The light seemed to give him energy, and the black hole seemed to be sucking energy away from him.

Light to the north; darkness to the south. Which way to go? he thought. He felt he was the rope in the middle of a tug-of-war, both sides trying to tear him apart.

He pulled away from the darkness and began moving toward the light. A feeling of extremely positive energy was beginning to envelop him. It began with his heart and moved upward and downward throughout his body. It was the same feeling he felt during that night of the hand of God incident. As this was happening he heard a voice.

“Eddie.”

Eddie frantically looked around and off to the distance he recognized an ancient, baldheaded man wearing a brown robe with a hood on it that lay on the robe's backside. He was also wearing a white rope for a belt. He looked like one of those Franciscan friars. Eddie briefly thought back to a Robin Hood movie and remembered that Friar Tuck had dressed this way.

The image was moving toward him, also defying the laws of physics by walking on air.

"Eddie," the image spoke again.

"Yes, what is it?"

"Eddie, you've been chosen."

"Chosen for what, by whom?" asked Eddie.

"Chosen by the source of all things because of an agreement made long ago," the friar answered.

"Who are you?"

"My name is Francis. Eddie, many are called, few are chosen, you've been chosen."

Immediately Eddie was pulled back away from that and back into his old body that now lay on an operating table. He looked up and saw operating room lights above him with several doctors looking down at him.

"Dammit," shouted a pissed-off Eddie. "Why couldn't you wait another minute to do that? I'm in the middle of a conversation with Saint Francis, and you guys go right on

ahead and save my life! What the hell is the matter with you? Your timing sucks!”

The physicians looked at each other wondering if they did the right thing.

Eddie would end up fracturing his neck, his back in three places, his jaw, and have road rash up and down the sides of his body.

He would spend the next twelve months in rehabilitation. Miraculously, despite the multiple fractures to his neck and spine, Eddie could still walk. He reckoned that his angel must have been riding shotgun with him that night.

He never knew how close to the truth he was, and if it wasn't for his guardian angel Samuel cushioning his fall, Eddie would have passed away that night.

The two deer that Eddie swerved to avoid were never there at the top of Miller Hill. They were a holographic illusion put there by the goat-headed demon known as Baphomet in an attempt to kill the holder of the royal bloodline.

After the crash, Baphomet reported to Lucifer that Eddie Dudley had been taken out of the way.

November 21, 2004

Florence, Italy

This was, up until this point, the happiest day of Gabriella's life. For today she would become Sister Gabriella, nun at the abbey and church of Badia Fiorentina. Ever since that day Sister Francesca found little Gabriella in June 1991, she had emulated and wanted to be like those around her. She would officially become a nun on her eighteenth birthday.

She had been a nun in training for thirteen years now, and when it came to fulfilling the requirements to join the sisterhood, she had performed her tasks with ease. For Gabriella had never wanted to be anything else. She looked up to her now-fellow sisters and especially Mother Anastasia. Young Gabriella had been taken in as an orphan and loved by the entire community. They even made a small nun's outfit for her so she could dress up like the rest of the sisters when she was little. There was never any doubt that this child was going to be anything other than a nun.

She was their child, and they all took turns in instructing Gabriella with her education.

A special child at that, she was very proficient in arts and sciences. She was extremely attracted to the works of art in Italy created by Michelangelo, Da Vinci, Raphael, and others. If one wanted to be in love with the arts, then Florence was the place to be, and Sister Gabriella took advantage of the local attractions.

She took to art at a very young age, and by the time she was sixteen she was doing portraits of all the sisters of the parish. Her favorite though was a portrait of the Mother Mary she finished when she was fifteen. It showed a radiant light around a rosy face with blue eyes and dark hair. Mary was shown in the portrait with a happy face, one usually not seen in paintings of Mary in the Catholic faith.

And as always at the fifteenth of each month, the nuns would gather outside the doors of the abbey and await Mary's visit to young Gabriella. They would all kneel down and pray while Mother Mary would commune with Gabriella. She would let them all know when the time of the visitation was over, and they'd commence to breakfast with Gabriella relaying the message of the Holy Mother to the sisters during their meal. The secret of this visitation was never revealed to Rome for fear of losing Gabriella under the scrutiny of the Vatican. The nuns knew better.

During November 15, 2004, Mary revealed to Gabriella that she was a special child with a special father.

At the appearance of Mary, the nuns all kneeled down.

“Gabriella, my child,” the Holy Mother spoke. “What do you know of your father?”

“Blessed Mother, I don’t have a father, except my Father in heaven,” answered Gabriella.

“Yes, you do have a Father in heaven, but you also have a father on earth,” replied Mary.

“I do? My mother never spoke of him,” said Gabriella. After years of these conversations, she was used to being frank with the Holy Mother. The other nuns in attendance never saw the Holy Mother Mary but could feel her presence. It gave them all a gentle feeling of the Holy Spirit sweeping through them like the wind would on a nice, breezy summer day.

“My child, she could barely remember him,” said Mother Mary.

“I know my mother had her problems with things, but she never did speak of him to me,” said Gabriella.

“Your earthly father paid a visit to your mother one night back in 1985. He is the apostle Philip, returned,” said Mary. “That is all I can tell you for now. But there is more to him than that.” And then she disappeared.

Gabriella watched the Holy Mother leave and arose to tell the rest that the time of the visit had ended for that month.

During the breakfast meal, Gabriella had revealed on the day of her entering the sisterhood that Mother Mary had told her that her father was Saint Philip the Apostle.

They all knew from past experience that Sister Gabriella had never told a lie and would be incapable of any kind of deceit, so when the news of this was told, they all stared in wonder until Mother Anastasia said, “We must look into this further, my child, and find out some answers.”

Mother Anastasia and the sisters would exhaust all efforts to find Gabriella’s natural father. Police records were checked on her mother, and they had found that she had been a prostitute in Livorno during the time period when Gabriella was born in 1986. The father could be anyone. But still, they checked further, asking those who had been around Livorno during that time period, and after further research, they all agreed that it was probably a sailor in the US Navy. God only knows who it could be, so they ended their search. This entire process was kept from the eyes and ears of Gabriella lest she receive any kind of injury from knowing too much about her mother’s past.

Meanwhile, Sister Gabriella read everything she could in regard to Saint Philip. It made her proud to know that her father was a saint, and she wanted to know as much as she could about this mystery father of hers. She was never taught the doctrine of reincarnation, but with this new revelation, it slowly sunk in that it might be possible. At least for the important ones, like saints and prophets.

There wasn't much to read in regard to the regular Catholic Bible on him, but there was a mountain of information in the Gnostic gospels. She would sneak these through and have to digest them all. Whether or not the Pope approved of it. Her curiosity was peaked, and the church would just have to make exceptions.

After reading the Acts of Philip and the Gospel of Philip, Sister Gabriella knew why they weren't included into the regular Bible. *Just too controversial*, she thought. It spoke of a companion of the Christ known as the Magdalene. *Nope, the church surely wouldn't allow that kind of doctrine to seep in.*

June 21, 2005

Sydney, New South Wales, Australia

The most unusual set of circumstances had caused Elizabeth Dudley to give birth to the twins, Jessica and Joan Dudley, on June 21, 2005.

Elizabeth Dudley, born January 21, 1972, in Brisbane, Queensland, Australia, had always been an unusual woman with unusual gifts. An extrasensory that angels and demons plagued her for as long as she could remember.

At four years old, she began having dreams of Baphomet. It would show up to her and tell her, "You caused this," and then proceed to tell this wolf-headed demon to rip her family to shreds. Many nights she would wake up screaming and soaking wet from sweat. Other nights she dreamed she was being abducted and taken aboard some craft for analysis on her brain. It seems as though someone wanted to know where her gifts came from.

The nightmares went on for years until, with the help of her Grandmother Nina, she was able to thankfully block all that out.

Her grandmother knew what she was going through, she had went through it herself as a child many years ago, and it ripped her heart out to see her granddaughter have to go through the same thing. She often wondered why, after so many years ago when she had cast them out, they had returned.

They would both practice a routine of closing their eyes and blocking out those images at night. They begged for light instead of darkness. They'd ask for protection from the angels to thwart this cowardly demon of the night, who liked to give little girls nightmares. They'd burn sage and candles, hang crucifixes, sprinkle holy water, anything to keep the nightmares from reoccurring.

“Lay down, Elizabeth, and hold your right hand over your heart. Feel your heartbeat and close your eyes, child. Breathe slowly in and out. Deep breaths, my darling, in and out and in and out. Now focus on nothing, and let the cares of today slip away into nothingness. Feel your heartbeat slow down and get louder. Feel it thump-thump, thump-thump. Breathing slower in and out with nice long deep breaths.

“Now make sure you are looking at total blackness, nothing enters into your mind. Let the angels of heaven guide and protect you in this realm. From the darkness let

the light enter in. Beings of the most high setting a scene in your mind.

“Now, place yourself, my child, in a peaceful place on a beach. You are surrounded by the heavenly host. Nothing negative can enter into this beach. Connect yourself with these angels and ask them to protect you from the dark forces that plague you.”

These exercises between grandmother and granddaughter were the only thing Elizabeth had to hang on to. She would continually practice this exercise until the beach would show up within seconds of her closing her eyes.

At nine years old she began noticing beings of white at the corner of her eye that would surround her. She would hear whispers of comfort only to turn around and see no one there. Elizabeth could feel their presence and knew that she was being watched constantly. They just seemed barely out of her reach. Yet she knew they were always around her.

Elizabeth’s childhood bordered on insanity, mixing the physical and the spiritual with equal measures. Dark forces would try to create havoc followed by beings of light to give her the much-needed shelter she craved.

As time went by, she noticed that she could also read minds, which was a problem when she was in a crowded place like a school or an airport. It took her years to develop the ability to block it out and use it only when it served her.

She learned to use the gifts given to her advantage. No one could bullshit Elizabeth; her laser-beam focus could

penetrate the deepest of souls. She would feel the truth of the spirit before she heard the falsehoods of others.

At eighteen years old, she enrolled in school in Sydney where she would stay and try to forget her early childhood nightmares in Queensland. Remembering the light and trying to forget the darkness, she moved on with her life. Upon graduation with a business degree, she received a job in human resources for a major airline company.

She climbed the corporate ladder rapidly and became quite a successful woman. It had been years since her last nightmare, and peace had finally entered into her life. She made 100,000 dollars a year, lived in a duplex, and drove a Mercedes. The only thing missing was a family.

In 2000, she met a man named James Daniels and married him a year later. Six months into the marriage, she regretted it. Half her problem was that she could read his mind for both good and bad. He didn't have privacy of thought, and she would use that against him to the point where he spent all his time defending himself.

It didn't take him long to get sick of that, and he started to verbally strike back at her. Never physically but his words would cut deep. After three years of back and forths between them, they filed for divorce.

A year of loneliness followed in which she deemed that what she was really missing from her life was a child. She could move on without a man but not without a child.

Elizabeth Dudley longed to be a mother and she would find a way.

After months of investigation, prayer, and soul searching she decided that the best way for her to have a child was in vitro fertilization (IVF).

IVF is a process which involves removing eggs from a woman's ovaries and letting sperm fertilize them in a laboratory. The fertilized egg is cultured and then implanted into the woman's uterus with the intention of making the woman pregnant.

Elizabeth convinced James to provide the sperm. She told him that he would have no legal rights or obligations toward the child; it would be her responsibility and hers alone.

She hired a legal firm to provide the paperwork, and he signed the waiver.

While the eggs were in the lab, an angel by the name of Thomas paid a visit. The sperm which was James's had been replaced with a different sperm because of an agreement a long time ago. Unbeknown to Thomas, Baphomet had been watching from a distance.

Soon into her pregnancy at the first ultrasound, she found out that she was getting two children for the price of one. The only problem was that these twins were monoamniotic, which meant that the two would be sharing the same sac. This type of twins is far more dangerous to

deliver due to the chance of each getting tangled around each other's umbilical cords.

Seventeen weeks into her pregnancy, while driving home from work, she was struck from behind by a vehicle at a high rate of speed. The driver of the vehicle had blacked out momentarily, and for that, he had paid for this lack of temporary consciousness with his life.

Elizabeth had been taken to the hospital and luckily had only suffered from minor injuries. This time, the enemy's plan had failed them.

Twenty-eight weeks into the pregnancy, Elizabeth was pulling up to her driveway. Shutting off her alarm system, she entered her house. Three steps inside she felt two large hands on her shoulders grip her from behind. Elizabeth tried to resist, but the strength of the intruder was overwhelming. It seemed superhuman. He threw her to the ground; she hit her head and became unconscious. The intruder then proceeded to repeatedly kick her in the stomach.

An hour later after she had regained consciousness, she called the police. After they arrived, Elizabeth was curled up on the sofa of her couch, waiting for the ambulance when she went into premature labor. Sixteen hours later, after several complications, she gave birth to Jessica and Joan, both two pounds two ounces.

Despite the intentions of the dark side, the twins had been born. But the goat-headed demon known to all as

Baphomet was not through yet. These miraculously born twins were not out of the woods by a long shot.

Baphomet assigned two demons to watch over Elizabeth and the twins. He knew that Jesus had plans for the twins, and he would thwart the plans of the man from Galilee in any way he could.

Lucifer expected results, and Baphomet would deliver for him.

December 21, 2005

Haifa, Israel

On July 21, 1986, Sarah Rabin, through an extremely difficult delivery, gave birth to Anna. Because of several complications, Sarah would never be able to have another child. Those assembled for the birth were her parents, a doctor, a nurse, a goat-headed demon who watched from afar, and the entire heavenly host. Angels with flaming swords were there to keep any negative influence away. Baphomet knew this, so he and his minions kept their distance.

The Archangel Michael sounded the trumpet for all to notice that the blood of the Christ had returned to Israel. The long-awaited return was in its initial stages after such a long wait. It was the fulfillment of an agreement made a long time ago between God and the patriarch of the Israeli nation, Abraham. That out of his seed, the whole world would be blessed.

It was the event of the ages in heaven, but here on earth no one took notice of it except for a small write up in the local newspaper that declared Sarah Rabin gave birth to a girl named Anna at 6:20 a.m.

Sarah never forgot about that night with Eddie. He had left an impression on her that would last a lifetime. It was almost like he was predestined to meet her and give her this child. She had taken one picture of him during that fateful evening and had kept it hidden in her hope chest. Each night before she slept, she would pull it out and stare at his laughing smile and bright green eyes. There was a twinkle in them that captivated her. Eddie was one of a kind, and she knew she would never find another like him although she never bothered to check his whereabouts. Their child would remain a secret from Eddie. As it should be.

When she prayed, she thanked God and Eddie for giving her Anna. In many ways she felt like the mother Hannah giving birth to the prophet Samuel. God had given her this gift; therefore, she would give her back to him.

Anna was a wonderful child with unique gifts. It seemed to Sarah that God himself had reached down and gave her this beautiful gift of a child. There was something destined about her, yet Sarah couldn't put her finger on it. It was just a very strong feeling of knowing that something great was about to become for her daughter. She just intrinsically knew it.

From as far back as Sarah could remember, Anna wanted to pray, giving thanks to the one who gave her life. Conversing with spirits on a daily basis, she was often caught talking to herself. She had names for her make-believe friends, Deborah, Hannah, and Ruth.

Anna was eight years old when Sarah overheard a particular conversation Anna was having with her friends.

“Who are you talking to, honey?” asked Sarah.

“Just the angels, Mama,” answered Anna.

“What are they saying, sweetheart?”

“They’re telling me about my family,” said Anna.

Sarah’s ears perked up at that remark. As far as she knew, the only family Anna had were herself and her two grandparents, Moshe and Naomi. She wondered what family she possibly could be talking about. And conversing with angels wasn’t something normal children did, but then again, Anna was anything but normal, and Sarah knew that. She wasn’t sure she was ready to press on further with Anna for fear of what might be said, but curiosity got the best of her.

“Honey, what family?” pried Sarah.

“Jesus, Mary, Joseph, and Judah.”

Sarah almost fainted. She had been brought up a good Jewish girl and was bringing her daughter up the same way. Her grandparents had immigrated to Israel from Poland after surviving the atrocities of World War II and had built for Sarah’s father, Moshe, a better world than the one they

had lived in. Her mother Naomi's parents had been killed at Auschwitz. This family had paid the price for being Jewish and now her daughter was talking of Jesus. *What is this all about?* Sarah thought.

As if reading her mother's mind, Anna continued, "Mama, don't worry, Jesus was a Jew."

Sarah's heart skipped a beat. *How does my daughter know about Jesus? He has never been taught in this household. At least not by me or anyone else I could think of.* "Anna, who is Mary, Joseph, and Judah?"

"Jesus's family and my family."

That was enough for Sarah. She went to the kitchen and poured herself a glass of wine then proceeded to drink half of it in one gulp. Every Jew knew the story of Jesus, but all believed that he was a single man; even the Christians believed that much. A preacher from Galilee not some family man as her daughter was speaking of. *What is Anna talking about? Mary, Joseph, and Judah?*

"And Philip is my father, I see him at night in my dreams, and you still love him."

With that remark Sarah finished the rest of the glass. She thought to herself, *Anna's father's name is Eddie, not Philip, why would she say that? Who is this Philip that Anna says occupies her dreams at night?*

Once again, Anna read Sarah's mind, "Mama, his name is Eddie, but his real name is Philip."

Sarah poured herself another glass. She had never told Anna the name of Eddie. *How did she find out about the name of her father? I have never given little Anna any information about the sailor from the United States.* Sarah's plan was to always keep that a secret from her daughter. Well, it seems that the secret is out. "Who is Philip?" she asked.

"Mama, I see him in my dreams. I can feel him, smell him, and touch him."

Sarah envied that Anna had that ability; she longed to touch Eddie. She went to her hope chest and pulled out her lone picture of Eddie and showed it to Anna and asked the question, "Is this the man in your dreams?"

"Yes, mama," answered Anna. "And your dreams too."

"Oh, don't be foolish, Anna," shot back her mother. *This daughter of mine definitely knows too much about my inner thoughts. How much does Anna know? How is she finding out all these things? This whole conversation is insane.*

"It's true, Mama, you still love him, and Jesus loves him too. But the bad people hate him. They want to kill him."

"They do? Who are the bad people?" cried Sarah.

"The man with the goat head. I see him too, and he's scary," said Anna.

Sarah reached for the phone and called her father. She told Moshe and Naomi about the conversation between mother and daughter. Then the four of them went to their local spiritual teacher, the rabbi Benjamin Yahuda where the conversation was replayed again for his benefit.

The rabbi knew that Anna had always been a special child but nothing like this. He had always been an opened-minded man of God, and he would pay close attention to this special child. He kneeled down and asked her, "Child, tell me about these angels of yours."

"Which one," asked Anna?

The rabbi looked to Sarah and her parents and proclaimed, "I believe it's time for me to spend some time with this special child of yours and give her the attention she deserves." He then looked at the child again and said, "Tell me everything, honey."

"Nothing to tell, Rabbi. The man who took the holy family out of Israel brought it back," said Anna. She then asked, "Can I go play now?"

For years it was just Sarah, her parents, her child Anna, and the rabbi. Mother would get used to the divine revelations and knowledge from her daughter. Rabbi Benjamin was always a phone call away, and he would answer the phone often.

Mother focused on daughter and nothing else. No man would enter her life for fear of him distracting her from her Anna. She was sure if she had a different child, it may have been a different story, but Anna was special, and Sarah felt her sole role in life was the upbringing of her lone daughter. She knew deep down this was a special mission. She knew

she had been chosen for something special. What it was? She knew not, but deep within her bones, she knew there was something special going on in the Rabin household in Haifa, Israel. History was about to be changed, and she had no idea what it was.

She tried to keep Anna's many gifts from others, but it was no use. Some people were just too keen on the spirit for anything like that to escape them. Looks were often exchanged when Anna would make remarks at the mall about certain events and people. "Mama, that man over there wants you to be his wife."

"Don't be silly, child," Sarah responded.

"It's true, and his name is Yitzak, and he is a professor," said Anna.

Sarah would just look at her daughter and wonder where all this information was coming from. In time, revelations would become so common that they became the norm in their lives. Almost on a daily basis, Anna would be spouting off about something or someone that defied explanation.

Her grades in school were off the charts, especially in the subjects of mathematics and science. But where she really excelled was in religious studies, which seemed to come natural to her, which was noted and shared to the rabbi. Her understanding of the spirit was far beyond anything he had ever witnessed. She listed to Benjamin the hierarchy of the heavenly host. She listed the patriarchs of Israel and how they applied to modern Israel. "Isaac and

Ishmael have always been at war ever since Sarah forced Abraham to have Ishmael leave into the desert. They will have to unite in order to have world peace. Until then, there will always be conflict.”

She knew things before they happened. Several times she would just make an off-the-wall prediction, which would always come true.

On the night of September 10, 2001, fifteen-year-old Anna told her mother, “You need to tell Grandpa and Rabbi Benjamin to watch television tomorrow. The world is about to change.”

Sarah looked at Anna, knowing by now to trust her prophecies and asked, “What do you mean, honey, world is about to change?”

“Momma, the angels only told me what I told you. They didn’t tell me any more information than that.”

Sarah was feeling more and more that she wasn’t the only mother to this child. It seemed she was getting plenty of help from the heavenly host.

The next day, the family with their rabbi was gathered around the television watching the twin towers of the World Trade Center fall when Anna declared, “The snake has just bitten the eagle in its two wings so that it can’t fly anymore, but the eagle will land near the snake and grab it with its talons and with its beak cut off the snake’s head and kill it.”

The adults could only look at each other with their jaws dropped.

The rabbi slowly walked over to Anna and said, “Child, what do you mean about the eagle and snake?”

“Rabbi, I don’t know, I’m only repeating what the Angels tell me,” replied Anna.

Not quite four years after that event, on March 21, 2005, eighteen-year-old Anna had a vision at night.

While Anna lay sleeping, a bright light entered and filled up her bedroom.

“Anna.”

She stirred, opened her eyes, and saw an awe-inspiring angel at the foot of her bed. This was the largest and brightest angel she had ever seen. “Yes?”

“Anna, I am Michael, protector of Israel, you have been chosen to mother a special child of our Lord. You will have a daughter and her name shall be Miriam. And all the world shall be blessed through her. Because of an agreement made a long time ago.”

Anna rose up from her bed, kneeled down, and gave thanks and then spoke, “As the Lord wishes. Peace be unto you, Michael.”

“And also to you, sweet Anna.”

With that last parting statement, the Archangel Michael vanished. Anna crawled back into bed and slept soundly the next eight hours.

The next morning during breakfast, Anna broke the news to her mother, Sarah.

“But you’ve slept with no man!” shouted Sarah.

“I know, Mama, but it doesn’t matter. Michael said I am to have a child, and it is to be named Miriam.”

“It’s impossible, Anna! A woman cannot have a child without having sex with a man! Who is this Michael you speak of? The one from the scriptures who talked to Daniel and the prophets?” Sarah was beyond petrified of the thought of her sweet child giving birth. She began to shake all over; the glass she was holding dropped and shattered upon hitting the floor.

“Mama, nothing is impossible with God, you have to believe me,” cried Anna.

Sarah went to her phone and called her parents along with Rabbi Benjamin and told them all to come over immediately.

The rabbi was in a consultation with someone; therefore, he was delayed an hour before arriving. Sarah refused to speak about the events of the morning to her parents until Rabbi Benjamin arrived, so they all waited together having

tea and the occasional small talk of the weather and other current events.

Once Rabbi Benjamin arrived, they all sat with astonishment at what Anna told them of the prior evening's events.

Sarah was in complete denial over her daughter's vision. Generally, she believed her daughter, but not this time. This is where she had to draw the line. "Anna, you've been with no man. I can't believe you can have a child without being with a man. It's impossible!"

Tears began down Anna's cheeks at her mother's unbelief. *I have never lied to Mother in my life, why won't she believe me?* she thought.

Naomi, Anna's grandmother, was in complete shock. Speechless, she could only sip from her tea and try to understand, but the answers weren't there for her.

Anna's grandfather could only stare at the wall.

Rabbi Benjamin, being well versed in scripture, knew exactly who Michael was. The prophet Daniel calls him the great prince who stands up for the children of Israel. He's also called a prince of the first rank. Joshua calls him the captain of the host of the Lord. The rabbi knew that if this child received a visit from him, then she had the privilege of an angel of the highest rank. An Archangel.

He also knew that Christians credit him with defeating Satan in the end-times.

The rabbi had to be very careful with his next question to her. “Child, tell me of this Michael. What did he look like?”

“Rabbi, he is here now,” answered Anna. “I can see him, he’s next to you.”

The rabbi and the others looked around, and immediately a brilliant flash of light appeared before their eyes and spoke, “This sweet child is incapable of deceit. What she has spoken is the truth. Believe her and support her, for she is chosen amongst the many.” Then the brilliant flash of light was gone.

All with the exception of Anna were in complete shock. They had just witnessed a miracle, a brilliant flash of light appearing, speaking, and then disappearing. For a couple minutes afterward, no one said a word. They all sat there with their mouths open, staring off into space into some unknown void of their minds.

The fifty-six-year-old rabbi, in all his experiences, had never heard of anything such as this. He slowly arose from his chair and said, “I believe it is time for us all to pray for Anna and her child.” Then they were all led in prayer by their beloved rabbi.

Nine months later, on December 21, 2005, Miriam Rabin, daughter of Anna, granddaughter of Sarah, was born in Haifa, Israel. Like the delivery that Sarah had for Anna, this one was also very difficult. Miriam would end up being the only child that Anna would be able to have.

As always, the angels of the Host and the enemy was watching.

The Courtyard of Heaven

Outside the inner throne of God in the outer courtyard stood four beings: two were dressed in white and two in black.

The courtyard looked as if it were made of pure crystal with the entire spectrum of light emanating in all directions from it. The floor they were standing on looked like a brilliant sheet of glass. Pillars of the same colors of light stood in columns on the floor, holding up the roof, which seemed to change colors as well. The walls to the courtyard showed the same light spectrum streaming from it.

The two in white stood about the same size, well over eight feet tall. They both have the heads of men with one having long, blond hair; the other, long, dark hair. Both have long beards with blazing white eyes brighter than the sun. Their skin is the color of bronze. They wore white linen robes with a golden rope for a belt with their shoes being sandals made of leather.

The two in black were of the same height as the two in white. One has a goat's head; the other has the head of a man with short, well-groomed dark hair. His eyes are the color of blue, while the goat's is red. Both are wearing black leather pants. A string is tied around their necks to support

the black leather cape which adorns their backsides. Both are wearing black leather boots with silver spurs.

All four wore long swords in a sheath around their waists.

The man in black with the well-groomed dark hair known as Lucifer spoke, "You've broken the agreement."

"We've done no such thing," answered the man in white with the dark hair whose name was Gabriel.

Lucifer stared at Gabriel for a moment and said, "We agreed that Jesus would come first and remain for only 1,260 days. Then after the forty jubilees of time laid down by the Father, my son would come and remain for the same time period."

The blond who is dressed in white known as Michael responded, "That agreement still stands."

Lucifer pointed to the man standing next to him, the goat-headed demon and spoke, "Baphomet informs me that there has been a miraculous birth in Israel."

Gabriel looked from Baphomet to Lucifer and then said, "That does not violate the agreement."

"The hell it doesn't!" shouted Lucifer. He moved toward Gabriel so that their noses were almost touching. "My son is being prepared as we speak to claim what is rightfully his. You will not thwart his plans with any miraculously born children in Israel." He then thought of the twins in Australia. "Or anywhere else for that matter."

When Lucifer moved toward Gabriel, Michael moved toward him and said, "Don't worry, son of the Morning Star, we won't crucify him as you did the Lord Jesus."

“Jesus is not Lord,” Lucifer hissed through clenched teeth. He then leaned his head back and roared the sound of thunder for all of heaven to hear, “I AM LORD!”

“When are you going to learn?” asked Gabriel, not taking his eyes off Lucifer or Baphomet.

“Learn what? To bow down to a human?” asked Lucifer, his sarcasm growing. “We proved at Calvary that Jesus isn’t Lord.”

“A human who is the son of the Most High,” said Michael. “The father who became flesh, and you proved that he is Lord with his resurrection.”

“An angel should never bow down to any primitive human. Especially not the first created angel in existence have to bow down to anything! Of all the beings in the galaxy, you expect us to believe that the Father would choose humans in order to incarnate?” asked Lucifer.

“Yes, brother, you are the firstborn being from the father. But you gave up your birthright when you turned against him,” said Gabriel.

“I gave up nothing!” hissed Lucifer, and Baphomet and he unsheathed their swords, which was followed by the two in white unsheathing theirs. Lucifer then spoke again, “I look forward to the day of our battle, my onetime brothers, but it will have to wait.” Then the two in black vanished.

Michael, watching them disappear, could only say, “I will be waiting for that day, Lord Lucifer.”

October 21, 2006

Sydney, New South Wales, Australia

Elizabeth Dudley held off giving the twins any vaccinations due to them being born at twenty-eight weeks and five days, which made their birth weight two pounds and two ounces each. She felt their immune systems would not be able to handle the doses. So she skipped the required shots at three months, six months, and one year.

When the twins were sixteen months, Elizabeth consulted with seven different pediatricians. All of them told her that she would be reported as being a bad and neglectful parent if she did not get her children caught up with the vaccination schedule recommended by the state.

Against her better nature, knowing deep within herself that this was a mistake, Elizabeth scheduled the girls for that fateful day.

Sleep would not come to Elizabeth the night before the vaccinations. She tossed and turned and woke up several

times in the middle of a cold sweat, vomiting at three in the morning. *Dammit! Why must we go through with this? Maybe I should just challenge the state and not do this? After all, my daughters are at stake here.* She wrestled with this notion all night long, until finally, in the morning, she packed up the girls and headed to her doctor's office.

First up was Jessica. A whole smorgasbord of vaccinations was scheduled on this sixteen-month-old child. She was given hepatitis B, diphtheria, whooping cough, haemophilus influenzae type B, polio, pneumococcal, Rotavirus, meningococcal C, chicken pox (varicella), and the MMR (measles, mumps, and rubella). Every one of these vaccinations was administered to Jessica. "To get her caught up," as the nurses were telling Elizabeth.

Second up was Joan. The doctors and nurses made it as far as the rotavirus shot on Joan when Jessica started going through convulsive seizures.

"Stop! Get your hands off my daughter!" screamed Elizabeth at the nurse who was getting ready to administer the meningococcal C shot to Joan. She knocked the nurse on the ground, grabbed Joan, and shouted, "I knew this would happen, you bastards! I knew it, but none of you assholes would listen to me!"

"Calm down," said the nurse who had given Jessica the shots.

Elizabeth's mother who was attending asked, "Calm down? How can she calm down, you idiot? Look what you've done!"

"I knew this would happen! I knew it!" shouted Elizabeth.

Two other nurses and a doctor entered the room and tried to restrain Elizabeth. Another doctor and a nurse grabbed Jessica and started giving her steroids as her lungs had completely collapsed. All sorts of IVs were being hooked up to her at this point.

"What did you do to my babies?" Elizabeth said hysterically, swinging wildly at the nurses and doctors who had entered the room to restrain her. She coldcocked one doctor and moved toward Jessica. Two more males entered the room and held her arms.

"You butchers, get your fucking hands off her!" shouted Elizabeth.

The doctors and nurses worked frantically on Jessica for ten minutes, and once they had her stabilized, they told Elizabeth that this was all just a coincidence as Jessica had a rare form of encephalitis. Her brain was swelling and causing the seizures and causing her system to shut down.

A mere coincidence was the reason the doctors gave the grieving mother. Just a coincidence. Nine vaccination shots and a swelled-up brain. Just a coincidence.

Elizabeth could only feel hatred toward those who had done this to her twins. "Coincidence, my ass! Would you motherfuckers do this to your own children?" That was the

only time in Elizabeth's life up to that point that she had used such language.

Jessica would spend the night in the hospital fighting for her life. Stability followed up by seizures followed by stability. The pattern repeated itself four times that night then finally, she did stabilize.

That fateful day was followed by two weeks of the twins going through ups and downs. Finally, they were classified as stable, and Jessica slowly came back. But the truth is Jessica never came back, one child left that day and another returned. The poor child had lost all her motor skills—both fine and gross—all coordination, and her speech, which was progressing rapidly before the vaccinations, were thrown into chaos.

Seizures would become a normal routine for Jessica from that day until she reached the age of five.

Joan was also affected, but since she hadn't received the same amount of vaccinations, hers wasn't as bad.

Both children would end up being diagnosed as autistic. Jessica was diagnosed with apraxia and Joan with Asperger's syndrome. Elizabeth wondered how many others had been diagnosed with autism after receiving a cache of shots.

Jessica's biggest challenge would be with speech, while Joan's was anxiety. The twins would never be the same after that fateful day.

Elizabeth would spend nearly a million dollars the next four years on intensive care, speech and language

therapists, occupational therapists, physiotherapists, and so on. She read up on every available therapy she could get both mainstream and nonmainstream, including stem cells. She would not give up on her girls. Elizabeth was bound and determined that her daughters would heal from this affliction.

Not trusting mainstream medicine anymore, she would contact groups like the Generation Rescue and find out more information on the causes and cures of autism. Her conclusion would be that vaccinations, especially MMR vaccinations, are causing children to become autistic at an astonishing rate.

Nor could she ever forgive herself. She blamed herself for not fighting the state hard enough in regard to the vaccinations. She thought why she yielded to them. *Just because they threatened to put me on report, does that mean I have to do what they told me to?* she wondered. *I know my children are special, yet I yielded to their demands.* To her, it all seemed like a plot to try to destroy her children. First, the accident when she was pregnant, followed by the intruder into her house and then the vaccinations. It seemed to her that someone was out to destroy the twins.

It was on this day that Elizabeth lost her faith. *How could God allow this to happen? How could the Creator of the world allow such brutality to my darling angels?*

She threw away her Bible, vowing never again to read such fantasies.

Baphomet and his minions looked on with approval. They had taken two of the chosen children out of the way. This was all reported to Lord Lucifer.

The two witnesses prophesied in the Book of Revelations had been taken out of the way, according to Lucifer's plan.

February 21, 2010

Sydney, New South Wales, Australia

Elizabeth had spent a fortune on the twins since that dreadful day of the vaccinations. One-on-one therapy, a controlled diet for detoxification, speech and language therapists, and intensive biomedical had done wonders.

Joan was still far ahead of Jessica, but the gap was closing.

Soon after the vaccinations, Jessica would just sit and drool, casting a thousand-yard stare. No speech or language nor any coordination of muscles. Just a vegetable staring off into the distance of space and time. She would have gotten better results from Dr. Frankenstein.

From that day forward, she hated what the state had made her daughter go through. She tried to fight it, but it was of no use. Pediatrician after pediatrician had told her that her daughters must be given these shots. *I had no choice or did I? Could I have fought this? Would I have won? My*

daughter's lives are at stake, and I gave in. I'll never forgive herself for the harm I brought to Jessica.

It broke Elizabeth's heart to see her daughter this way. She'd never forgive herself, the state, nor would she ever forgive God.

Elizabeth hated her country, Australia, for what she was going through. Night after night she would go to sleep begging forgiveness, but none would come. Hatred would grow inside her. She knew what her daughter was before the vaccinations, and she knew the daughter she has after those eventful shots. *What kind of butchers are these people to put children under such circumstances? Why would they make a child have nine shots in one day? That is insane!*

The old Jessica was gone, and thanks to the threat of the seven pediatricians and Elizabeth's judgment, she was replaced by a shadow of her former self. Even her eyes had changed color from a lovely sky blue to a lifeless gray. This lifelessness lasted for months, and then slowly and painstakingly, the healing began.

At first it was recognition of her mother, Elizabeth. One day she just said "Mommy" out of the blue, which made Elizabeth burst into tears of happiness.

In 2008, by the time she was three, she began learning all over again. It wasn't the same as before, but at least she could put two words together. If she wanted something such as her teddy bear she would say, "Mommy, bear," and Elizabeth would go and get it for her. If she didn't want

something, she would say, “Bye.” If she didn’t want porridge for breakfast, she would say, “Bye, porridge.” It wasn’t the same, but it was better than Jessica being in comatose.

The progress was slow but rewarding. Anything was better than the vegetable Elizabeth was left with after that dark day of the vaccinations. A day in which Elizabeth would never forgive herself for. She began to hate herself. *Why did I let them do this to my daughters? Why did I give in to their demands? Why, God, did you let this happen? Who did this and why? I hate you!*

On the other hand, anxiety disorders plagued Joan. She would wake up with dreams in the night of “giant lizard men.” It was similar to the dreams that Elizabeth experienced when she was a child. Therefore, she took her daughter and showed her the same therapy that Elizabeth’s grandmother had showed her. It was the least she could do. This helped little Joan, but it wasn’t a cure-all. Joan would no longer sleep in bed alone, and soon after, Jessica would crawl in bed as well, and all three would share the same king-sized bed together.

Joan seemed to be sharing the same experiences that poor Jessica had been through. If Jessica had a terrible experience, then Joan would live with it as well.

When the daughters were three years old, the visits began.

The first time happened in 2009. Elizabeth was awakened to a very cold breeze at the foot of her bed. She felt a dark presence penetrate the entire room. Looking around at her

daughters to make sure they were safe, she got out of bed to take a look around.

“Hello, who is it?” asked Elizabeth as she was slowly moving from the side to the foot of her bed. Whatever presence was here was freaking her out. She felt a chill at the base of her spine as she moved around the room.

She saw an eight-foot-tall shadow approach her. It had a dark feeling about it. Goosebumps penetrated her being.

With a quick motion, she grabbed the lampstand and swung at the shadowy figure. It seemed to pass right through the dark apparition.

“You son of a bitch, stay away from my daughters!” was all she could muster at this thing that had violated her privacy and entered into her bedroom.

“Elizabeth, why do you resist?” asked the specter.

His voice shook her very foundation. Immediately, a force surrounded Elizabeth, so she couldn’t move. It seemed to grip her by the arms from behind her. She tried to struggle to break free, but it was fruitless. The power of this thing was superhuman.

Out of the shadow, a figure emerged. It was the goat-headed demon of her dreams. Its upper body was well built and strapping with muscles. Arnold Schwarzenegger would be envious. Around its well-muscled body lay a cloak of black. On its head were two horns, and its eyes were the color of scarlet red. It emanated negativity and a cold dark chill went through Elizabeth’s bones.

She managed to speak through trembling lips. “What do you want from us?”

“I am Baphomet. I serve the Lord Lucifer. He has entrusted me to see to the bloodline and destroy it before it destroys him.” His voice sounded like confident thunder.

“What bloodline are you talking about?” Elizabeth whispered.

Baphomet looked toward her daughters. “The bloodline of Jesus, the Nazarene.”

“What does that have to do with my daughters?” shouted Elizabeth. Her time of fear was over; it was now time to get angry at the threat to her children from this beast, this monster, this thing. This whatever the hell it was.

“His blood flows through their veins.” Baphomet was talking to Elizabeth but he wouldn’t take his eyes off the twins. “It comes from their father.”

“James?” Elizabeth threw her head back in laughter. “That family has no pedigree to speak of. What the hell are you talking about?”

“You really believe James is their father? We wouldn’t concern ourselves with him. Ask your daughters who their father is. He is of the highest pedigree.”

As he was speaking these words, a brilliant white light enveloped the room. It was the angel Thomas with a sword of blazing fire in his hand.

Elizabeth was no longer held in a grip and quickly rushed to her daughters to check their safety. They were

somehow miraculously sleeping through the whole ordeal. Once she was satisfied that her daughters were okay, she looked back at the being of light and the being of darkness. They were speaking to each other.

The angel Thomas looked at the goat-headed demon. “Do you believe that your Lord Lucifer can honestly stop the will of God?” asked Thomas.

“And just who is God?” asked Baphomet.

“Jesus is Lord!” declared Thomas. “And you know this to be true.”

“Ha! The carpenter from Galilee? He and a pack of fishermen from Galilee created a false belief system that these sheep bought hook, line, and sinker.”

“The savior of this world, Baphomet. And the time for reckoning is soon.”

“Not if we can help it, Thomas. Remember this, my onetime brother, Lucifer nor will myself ever bow down to your human God.” And with that declaration, Baphomet disappeared.

Thomas looked at Elizabeth who was stunned by what she heard. He then whispered, “Every knee will bow,” and a second later, the angel disappeared as well.

Not forgetting what Baphomet spoke of in the middle of the night, the next morning Elizabeth was questioning Joan.

“Honey, do you have dreams of your father?”

“Yes, Mommy.”

“And what does he look like?”

“He’s not the one you think of, Mommy. He wears a hat, and he has green eyes and blond hair.”

“Does Jessica see him too?”

“Yes, Mommy.” Joan looked at her mother like this should be common knowledge. She thought what was wrong with her mommy, She wondered whether or not she knows who their father is.

Elizabeth tried to press on further, but Joan’s attention span was quite short, and she’d rather talk of the next show that was to come on the Nickelodeon channel instead of her father.

Between the meeting last night with Baphomet and her conversation with Joan, Elizabeth wondered who this blond-haired, green-eyed mystery was.

She put her head in her hands and wondered, *The blood of the Nazarene flowing through my daughters’ veins? Highest pedigree? What the hell does it all mean? Are my daughters in the middle of some kind of spiritual warfare I have no understanding of?*

Later that day, she turned on her computer, went to the Internet, and looked up everything she could about Baphomet and Lucifer. She needed to know what this was all about. Who this goat-headed demon was that plagued her since she was a child and was now focused on her children.

May 21, 2010

Sydney, New South Wales, Australia

Just three months after the event in Elizabeth's bedroom between Baphomet and Thomas came the next attack on the twins.

Joan was in her playroom playing with her dolls, while Jessica was out in the backyard. Elizabeth had gone to the market to purchase fresh produce, so her mother Helen was watching the twins.

Around the backyard was an eight-foot-high fence built around it. Helen was washing the dishes while watching Jessica with one eye. One of the dishes was about to drop on the floor, so Helen reached down and caught it in midair. After she put the dish into the strainer, she looked out into the backyard and Jessica was gone. Helen then went out to the backyard to look around and didn't see her.

Panic begun to engulf her, and she started yelling, "Jessica, Jessica!"

Joan came out of the bedroom and asked, "What's wrong, Nan?"

"I can't find Jessica, she was just here!" answered Helen.

Both of them proceeded to comb the backyard looking for Jessica with no joy. They searched every inch with no luck. Helen looked up at the tall fence and thought, *There is no way that she could have possibly scaled those walls, especially in that amount of time. Where could she be?*

Helen got out her phone and called Elizabeth. “Honey, Jessica is gone!”

“What!” asked Elizabeth?

“She’s gone! I took my eye off her for two seconds to catch a dish that was falling, and then I looked out into the back yard and I can’t find her!” shouted Helen.

“Oh my god!” yelled Elizabeth. “I’ll call the police!”

Elizabeth did call the police and explain to them that Jessica was missing and that she was an autistic child. She and several squad cars were at her residence within ten minutes. Helen showed them the fence and asked how Jessica could climb these walls in the two seconds she took her eye off her. They had no idea, but a police sergeant piped in with, “I’ve heard reports of these autistic children wandering. I’ll call for a helicopter and have them scour the area for her.”

Three hours of Sydney’s finest looking for her had revealed nothing. Twenty squad cars and two helicopters flying over the area had turned up nothing. For all intents and purposes, Jessica was gone.

By this time, Elizabeth was an absolute and total mess.

Sergeant Andrew Kinkaid was two blocks away from Elizabeth’s house when he noticed a sound coming from the bushes in an alley he was walking through. He looked and said, “What have we here?”

All he could hear was, “Mama, mama,” over and over again.

He crouched down to look into the bushes, and he saw Jessica naked with scratches all along her arms and legs. *It looks like she has been crawling in a thorn bush for hours*, thought the policeman. “Come here, honey,” said the Sergeant.

“Mama, mama,” Jessica repeated.

Sergeant Kinkaid looked into Jessica’s eyes and thought, *She’s not all here right now. God only knows what happened to this kid. She’s in a total daze from some kind of event that happened to her.* “What happened to you, darling?”

“Mama, mama,” was all Jessica could muster.

The policeman picked her up and walked the two blocks over to Elizabeth’s house. Cradling her in his arms, all she could do was mumble, “Mama, mama.”

Elizabeth saw the policeman approach the front yard and screamed, “Oh my god!” and ran to her missing daughter. She grabbed the child from him and thanked the officer over and over again. She took a look at Jessica and assessed where all those bruises and scratches came from.

“I found her in the bushes a couple blocks away from here,” said Sergeant Kinkaid.

“Praise God! Thank you Sergeant!”

Jessica’s twin, Joan, came running after she saw her mother with her sister. “They must have let her go,” she said.

The policeman looked at Joan and asked, “My dear, who had her?”

“The bad guys had her,” said Joan.

“Which bad guys?” asked the sergeant.

“The ones who took Jessica,” said Joan.

The policeman looked at her and asked, “Do you know what they look like?”

“Yes, I do. They look like small, pale guys with big, black eyes,” she answered.

“Can you draw me a picture?” he asked.

Joan—who, for a five-year-old, is very good at art—took the policeman’s pencil and paper and proceeded to draw a picture of three beings of what many would classify as “gray aliens.”

Small, pale guys with big, black eyes. “And these are the guys who took her?” asked the policeman.

“Yes, I’m sure of it,” said Joan.

Sergeant Andrew Kinkaid took the drawing, put it in his pocket, and looked at Elizabeth.

“Sir, if that is what she saw, then that is what she saw,” Elizabeth said to the policeman.

The veteran policeman looked at her. “I don’t doubt her sincerity one bit.”

April 21, 2011

Alexandria, Egypt

Twent-four-year-old Youssef Sherif put the local newspaper away that he had been reading. He was happy about the overthrow of the Egyptian regime yet skeptical of the promised changes of the new one. A devout Muslim, he believed that the only justice Egyptians would ever receive would come from Allah and not corrupt politicians looking to line their own pockets rather than serve the people.

Revolution had been in the air with nation after nation toppling its leaders. What began in Tunisia would spread to Egypt, Libya, Yemen, Syria, Bahrain, Kuwait, Lebanon, Oman, Morocco, and Jordan. It seemed the entire Arab world had been infected with the spirit of rebellion.

Tired of authoritarianism, political corruption, human rights violations, inflation, unemployment, and sectarianism, the youth of these nations took to the streets to promote massive change.

Youssef, being one of those who led the charge in Egypt, helped organize two million protestors in Cairo, which was a big reason for the toppling of the Mubarak government. Now he reckoned he would see what the new leadership would bring. If it wasn't widespread changes, they too would be overthrown by a restless youth hell-bent on change.

He started by setting up an Internet website that was against torture and police brutality. This website exploded seemingly overnight to over a million followers, mostly twenty-something-year-olds all wanting freedom and democracy. Youssef then realized that he had a gift given from Allah to help shape Egypt's policy. With that number of followers to his site, he had massive influence on the minds of Egypt's youth. He would constantly thank Allah for leading him to be that voice.

After the successful revolution, many Egyptians from differing political parties were vying for Youssef's attention. They either wanted his backing, which wasn't very likely, or they wanted him to run for political office, which was something he wanted to talk to his wife and his mother about.

It was after five in the afternoon; time to leave his law office and head home to his wife and two sons.

He never knew his biological father, who, according to his mother, had passed away when he was a young child of two. She never spoke of him nor had he ever seen any pictures of the man. Any time he had questioned her

about him, she had dismissed him as if he never existed. Apparently it was a touchy subject with her that she didn't want her son to pursue in. He had no other relatives to ask about him, so it would seem to be a mystery to Youssef.

She remarried when he was four, to a good man who always treated Youssef like he was his own child.

His mother, like himself an attorney, had provided for Youssef the best education possible. Youssef, an extremely intelligent and gifted man, had taken advantage of the advanced education provided to him, excelling at every challenge set before him. A young man of very strong faith, he believed that Allah was guiding him in his endeavors and making all things possible for him. Mighty Allah had plans for him, and he wasn't about to let Allah down.

After school, he joined his mother Sabah's law firm. That was two years ago, and he was already becoming bored by its massive amount of useless paperwork. This isn't what he signed up for, shuffling through mundane papers day by day. It was tedious work for him at best, and it was already time for a change. His restless spirit was demanding to him something fresh. Law was something good for him to know, but he somehow knew that it would not be his livelihood.

The revolution had showed him some meaning and also showed him what he was capable of—leading people. Three times he was asked to speak to his fellow Muslims about the corruption in the government and the legal process, and each time many had come to him afterward

asking Youssef if he was interested in pursuing any further political aspirations. A gift from Allah, he gave passionate speeches with fiery rhetoric that seemed to hold spellbound those looking for something different in life. Mesmerizing those with terms such as “The people want to bring down the regime” and “Leave in case you don’t understand us.”

It was a refreshing change from the boredom of the office to the rallies held throughout the country. It made his blood pump hard throughout his veins when he was on the platform speaking to thousands who hungered for reform. Allah told him not to fear the state and that change would happen, which propelled him to speak from the heart and the soul.

Due to high unemployment, many Egyptians were overqualified in their jobs and unsatisfied with their present positions. These young, educated Egyptians were looking for a leader and many were tapping Youssef for that position.

Maybe Allah was trying to tell him something through the other believers? He would pray on it and find out, but first he must discuss such changes with the person who was responsible for his present position—his mother. It being such a risky venture, he doubted she would be happy with him joining politics.

A politician? I haven't thought about it until the last couple months. Maybe I would give it a try and see if it held any result for me. In the end, as always, it would be the will of Allah, who would decide my fate.

February 22, 2012

Alexandria, Egypt

Youssef talked over his decision with his family then with his gift of knowing, prayed to Allah for confirmation and ran for a member of the house of representatives in parliament in 2012. Backed by his popularity and financial interests generated from his mother and her contacts, he won overwhelmingly and was sworn in as an independent.

The only thing constant in Egyptian politics at the time was change. Being a young charismatic leader of the youth, many political parties had vied for his attention, yet he wavered in a decision. He had taken a close look at the political parties and thought it was in his best interest not to be presently aligned to any political group at the moment. He would weigh where the wind would blow before making a final decision in the matter. Youssef also thought most parties to be corrupt, and it was best if he ran alone for the time being. Though one thing was certain:

Youssef's career would be set in Egyptian politics, and he, along with many of his brethren, were very unsatisfied with the present political system. The winds of change were blowing throughout Egypt, and Youssef would be one of those who would lead its charge. He was appointed to the foreign relations and youth committees.

Upon taking his position in politics, no one worked harder than young Youssef. He would attend several meetings with leaders of Egypt's youth to garner the pulse of the nation. The general consensus being that they were completely unsatisfied with the status quo of Egyptian political corruption. Something had to give, and many were willing to take to the streets to effect that change.

He appointed a different administrator to his website and handled it all behind the scenes. It was updated constantly with images of brutality, torture, and corruption. Twice the government tried to shut down his website and twice Youssef had used alternative servers to keep it up and running. By Allah's will—and a network of informers—he would stay one step ahead of those who resisted freedom and change.

Every time a protestor was jailed, Youssef knew about it. When the police would crack down on dissent, Youssef knew. Dozens of informers, both within and without the government, would tell him of the government's next move against the protestors.

By early 2014, at the age of twenty-seven, Youssef was becoming a serious threat to Egypt's status quo, and his enemies, as well as his allies, were beginning to grow.

His largest asset was his faith. A few times in Cairo he had been approached by those with deep pockets looking to bribe him. He flatly refused, and when he did, they threatened him. Youssef, knowing that Allah had put him in his current position, would look at them squarely in the eye and tell them that their threats meant nothing to him. No one was more powerful than Allah, and if he wanted him to lead, then he would. Nothing could stand against him.

Youssef was fearless in parliament. He thundered away with his speeches at the corruption of the government, constantly reminding its representatives who had put them in office. The youth, hanging on to his every word, would watch the television with its massive audience each time Youssef was scheduled to speak.

Convinced that his message didn't belong to any one political party, Youssef formed his own reform party of Egypt. Soon after its inception, four million Egyptians, most of them in their twenties, joined in. Youssef would carry a heavy club in parliament with his new party. The old-timers of Egyptian politics were soon very concerned with this new movement led by this young, educated, fiery, charismatic leader.

Evan Ansot

This is just the beginning, thought Youssef. My ultimate goal would be the power of Egypt, and then my reforms would truly begin once I hold that power. I will be patient and strike at just the right time but not sooner.

November 21, 2013

Bald Eagle Bluffs, Michigan

Eddie's life had been, for the most part, uneventful since his crash in 1996. He'd never forgotten what Saint Francis had told him that night. "You've been chosen."

Why couldn't those doctors wait another minute? Chosen for what? The question had driven Eddie to the brink of insanity. It had been seventeen years ago, and every night since he had replayed the conversation over and over. *What the hell could a man like me be possibly chosen for?*

Chosen? Eddie recalled the lines from Jesus in the Bible, "Many are called, few are chosen." *What did Jesus mean by those words?* He read commentaries about it from so-called experts, but those left him unconvinced of its meaning. *Many are called, few are chosen.* The words would penetrate his soul for years.

Between the hand of God in '86 and the talk with the friar in '96, Eddie was never normal in this world. Two

events in his life destroyed any chance of him becoming just one of the guys. He tried to move through life like everything was okay, yet it was far from it. His mind constantly wandered; this place just wasn't for him. To Eddie, people were just mindless sheep walking around with no purpose whatsoever—work forty hours a week, pay bills, and do it all over again until they die. *What the hell kind of life is that?* he pondered. Yet that was exactly the life Eddie was living, and he didn't care for it one bit. Work, eat, and sleep. Work, eat, and sleep. *Is that what I was chosen for?* That didn't seem like any reward or choice to him.

Chosen? What the hell does it all mean? To him, the word meant that he would choose a Ford or a Chevy to drive. What breed of dog to raise or which woman to sleep with. *Chosen? Francis, what the hell were you talking about?* Yet the answers wouldn't come to him, at least not yet anyway.

He gave up alcohol for good, and nature became Eddie's God. In 1999, he settled down and purchased a cabin on twenty acres of property that bordered the Manistee National Forest. It was enough room to let his dogs—a German shepherd, an Akita, and a Labrador retriever, which are the only things Eddie ever trusted in the world—to run. It was these delights that Eddie could count on: nature and his wonderful dogs.

Never a hunter, he fed and watched the numerous wildlife that also lived on the property. He'd spend hours sitting on his favorite spot under his favorite maple tree

studying nature. The one conclusion Eddie came up with was that God revealed all his secrets through nature. The more he studied it, the closer he felt to the source of all things. With all the spiritual books he had read, he learned more about God out here in the woods than he would ever learn elsewhere.

His twenty acres of property became his church. The maple, the oak, and the pine trees were his saviors. His saints became the squirrel, the deer, and the possum. He watched intently how the trees he had planted had grown through the years. There seemed to be a symmetry to them that explained how things worked in the world. Seedlings would turn into massive evergreens with many branches shooting off in every direction possible. If resistance was meant one way, the branch would grow somewhere else. Branch after branch would sprout, which would become a home for the nests of birds. It was truly a thing of miraculous beauty in Eddie's eyes. No wonder Jesus had used the tree in so many examples—a tree of life, a tree of knowledge, a tree that brings forth good fruit, and so on.

While he could always count on nature, women on the other had come and gone.

First, in 2000, there was the widow with three kids who was looking for someone to replace her deceased husband. She was a wonderful toy to Eddie, but he wasn't in the mood to be a replacement father. Secondly, in 2005, there was the woman he met in Alcoholics Anonymous, whom,

if it was possible, was even sicker than he was. He couldn't even look at or talk to another woman at the meetings without getting the third degree once he got home. Lastly, in 2009, there was the hot blonde whose goal in life was to go to the bars every Friday night and dance all night long. Minding his sobriety, she didn't last very long.

Not that it was all their faults—not by a long shot—Eddie had done his fair share of screwing up relationships. It got to the point where he didn't much give a damn whether they worked or they didn't. Once he realized he didn't want them anymore, he would just shut himself down from them, withdrawing all feelings from them until they had enough and left.

Now that he was nearing fifty years of age, he figured he would just be an electrician, live in nature, and raise dogs the rest of his life. If a woman came along who could understand him, then it would be wonderful for Eddie. If not, then so be it. But he couldn't find one yet who could grasp his complex mind, nor did he think he ever would.

Trying to find a spiritual woman was like trying to find a needle in a haystack. He tried a couple of churches, but most of them were taken or very materialistic. All they wanted to know was how much money Eddie made. With his gifts, he could see right through their deceptions. He ventured to a couple of retreats held for those new-age-type people to see what they had to offer, but in Eddie's mind all they wanted to do was hold hands, pray to the

moon goddess, and sing “Kumbaya” all night long. That wasn’t for him either.

He began to adopt a few hobbies. Besides nature and reading, which he always loved, and softball, which he had played for over twenty years now to keep his body at least halfway fit, history and genealogy became a couple of his favorites.

He remembered his grandfather Ronald Dudley tell him, “Eddie, your name used to mean something back in England.” Eddie never thought much of it until the last couple years. His grandfather had his family line traced back from Michigan back to Hamilton, Ontario, to Bristol, England, and finally on to Worcestershire, England. Twelve generations of Dudleys going back to Sir Edward of Worcestershire county back to the time long before the American Revolution. His knowledge of history told him that Dudley was an Anglo-Saxon name that had links back to England and more than likely mainland Europe before that.

The last couple of years Eddie would research further into this surname, *Dudley*. He didn’t get any further than Sir Edward, but he would find further branches of Dudleys in Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and England.

While researching one night, he decided to activate an account on Facebook and look up as many Dudleys as he could. He found many in England, Canada, and Australia,

and about ten different states in America, mostly in Michigan and Florida.

Twice he was banned from Facebook for inviting total strangers to be his friends. Apparently, a complaint was made against him. Eddie didn't know he actually had to know someone to befriend them, so he learned this lesson the hard way. He couldn't befriend someone for a month due to this transgression. *Those fools, didn't they bother to look at their last names and realize that this was all for research?* Someone must have complained, and Facebook had to take action for this seemingly outrageous act. Eddie was surprised he didn't get the death penalty for it.

Despite the warnings from Facebook, Eddie managed to befriend forty-five different Dudleys around the globe. They came in all shapes and sizes, from twenty-one-year-old Steve, who's attending college at Notre Dame, to eighty-six-year-old George, who was a retired greens keeper in Bristol, England. He found out he had distant cousins everywhere.

One of them was Elizabeth Dudley of Sydney, Australia.

When she received Eddie's request, her first instinct was to ignore it. *Who is this? Edward Dudley from Bald Eagle Bluffs, Michigan? Is this some long-lost relative of mine?* Elizabeth wondered. Being a private person, she didn't have much of a friends list—two dozen or so people, mostly colleagues from work. She couldn't be bothered with anyone new that she didn't know.

Before she befriended or ignored him, she sent him a message. “Who is this?”

The next day, Eddie answered. “A Dudley like you. I’m doing genealogical research on the Dudley family.”

“What do you wish to know?” Elizabeth replied to him.

“Well.” Eddie hesitated. *I’d better move slowly with this one, she’s quite cautious.* “First, how much do you know about your genealogy? How did the Dudleys arrive in Australia?”

She laughed to herself, *This guy must be an idiot, and how does anyone arrive in Australia? In chains of course!* She typed to him, “I’ve no idea about our family’s history, Bob is my father, and his father is Ronald. That is all I know.”

Eddie looked at Elizabeth’s reply and thought, *Well, I can see this one here isn’t of much use. She has no idea where she came from.* Yet something deep within him told him to ignore that and keep the conversation going with the Australian woman. “Would you mind friending me?” he asked. *Who knows where this could lead. Maybe she has a brother who has a clue. She certainly doesn’t.*

Elizabeth thought, *Now, why the hell would I want to do that?*

As soon as she asked herself that question she heard her Grandmother Nina, who had passed away two years earlier, say, “Lizzy, connect with this man. His roots run deep within you.”

So because of her late grandmother's wishes, she befriended this Edward Dudley from Bald Eagle Bluffs, Michigan.

Elizabeth had a routine each night. To ward off evil spirits, she would meditate and be able to contact her grandmother whom she missed greatly. Now there she was, her grandmother talking to her without any meditation technique beforehand. This must be very important for Nina to do that. *"His roots run deep within you." What is that supposed to mean?*

So she answered Eddie and told him she would, but she had to go and tend to her daughters. She also said she'd speak again tomorrow if that was okay with him. She said whatever it took to get rid of this man at the moment. She needed to talk to Nina before she went on any further with this guy.

That night, before bed, she would put herself under and have herself a talk with Grandma Nina.

After she performed her ritualistic form of meditation beforehand, to make sure that nothing evil could enter into her travels, she put herself in her meditative trance. Nina entered her mind, and they had themselves a little chat.

"Nan, who is this man?" asked Elizabeth. She called her grandmother either Nina or Nan; either would do in such circumstances.

“I am limited in what I can tell you about him, to do otherwise would violate,” answered Nina.

“Well, what can you tell me about him?”

“He’s a special man, favored by the Father,” said Nina.

“That doesn’t tell me anything,” said a frustrated Elizabeth. “What do you mean *special* and *favored by the Father*?” she pried.

“They won’t let me tell you. Sweet child, you are going to have to figure some things out on your own. But I can tell you this: he is meant to be in your life,” said Nina.

“Well, that just made him all the more intriguing,” said Elizabeth.

“Indeed. I wish I could tell you more, but they won’t allow it.”

“Me too, Nan,” and with that last comment, Elizabeth nodded off to sleep.

March 21, 2014

Sydney, New South Wales, Australia

For four months Eddie and Elizabeth kept up with their Facebook conversations.

There was something very special about these two. A feeling of familiarity seemed to penetrate both, and it didn't take long to open up to each other. A deep, inner feeling felt by Elizabeth more than Eddie at first, but he would come around in time. Elizabeth, being the more sensitive of the two, felt it first. It scared her in the initial stages, but her Grandmother Nina would come to the rescue during the night to tell her it was okay for her to trust this one. "He's true, Lizzy, you can tell him how you feel without getting hurt."

She fought the feeling tooth and nail, preferring her shell that she liked to crawl into instead. It was safe there, and one couldn't get hurt that way. It took her months to quit calling him Edward and start calling him Eddie.

One night during their second month of communications, she almost unfriended him. But once again, it was Nina who talked her out of it. “Why are you fighting this, Elizabeth? Don’t be afraid.”

So she took a rather large risk and told him all about herself and her strange upbringing. Her nightly visits by the spirits didn’t seem to faze Eddie one bit. He told her he had been an expert in that field and proceeded to tell her all about the night with the hand and the near-death experience he had. This made her feel more at ease with him. He seemed to understand what she had been going through, and the unusual didn’t bother him. Strange, spiritual experiences seemed to be a common denominator for both.

She was falling in love with a man who lived on the other side of the planet, and it shook her to the core of her being. *He lives in Michigan, for god’s sake. Why couldn’t he at least live somewhere in Australia? And where the hell is Michigan anyway?* She had to Google it all on the Internet. She had been to California once for medical purposes for the twins but never in the heartland of the United States. And from the looks of things on her map, Michigan was off the beaten path. It looked like that state with all those huge lakes around it.

They exchanged pictures, and she thought he wasn’t bad looking, a little rough but sexy in a rugged sort of way. The type of guy who looked like he belonged in a log cabin up

in a mountain. Robert Redford in *Jeremiah Johnson* came to mind. It was a beautifully set picture of him holding up his kayak along the Manistee River, the picture of nature with the picture of the river and the woods behind him. The picture of Eddie with that smile of his and those bright, green eyes. *Where do those eyes come from? Mesmerizing to say the least*, she thought.

She looked at this picture of him nightly, wondering about this man who seemed to be captivating her mind in a way not felt by her in this lifetime. Her soul stirred at the thought of this man. She was having sexual feelings that had long been dormant for her. *What is it with this man? Maybe he had cast a spell on me? Who is this guy, and how did I end up letting him in?*

She was dismayed with herself for letting her shields down. Elizabeth was having mood swings, ranging from being happy and content to sad and downcast for the same exact reason—having him be a part of her life. It would be so much safer for her to tell him good-bye, but there was no way she was going to let that happen.

He became a routine with her. Once a day, when he was just beginning his day and she ending hers, they'd spend half an hour or so together, communicating through messages on Facebook. His words burned through her entire being. He knew exactly what to say and when to say it. Eddie seemed to know her better than she knew herself. *How can this be happening?* she pondered.

Then the day came when she needed more than that. Elizabeth told Eddie about a phone application he could download to his smartphone. This way they could talk on the phone without all the international charges. He downloaded the application to his phone, and she called him.

“Eddie, is that you?”

“Yes,” he answered. “How are you doing?”

She blushed at the sound of his voice and almost fainted. Never in her life has she heard such a strange accent. But she liked it. “Eddie, it is good to hear you.” She had no idea what to say at this point; her knees were knocking, and he would have to break the ice here. Elizabeth was on the verge of passing out.

“You sound, good Elizabeth. Do all Australians sound like yourself?”

She blushed again. She thought to herself, *He’s a real charmer, this one. I wonder how many women this man has charmed the panties off? Oh, Elizabeth! Don’t think like that, you’ll get yourself in trouble that way!* “We have different dialects here, just like you do in the States.”

“None like yours,” was Eddie’s response. He continued, “You sound wonderful, your accent tickles my ears.”

She laughed. *Tickles his ears?* “I like yours too, it sounds rather...”

“Canadian?” asked Eddie.

“Yeah, a bit Canadian,” she answered. She’d met a few Canuck tourists in Australia in her time, but none of them were quite like his. To her, Eddie’s was different.

“Well, that is because I’m just a stone’s throw away from Ontario,” he said.

With them talking of each other’s accents, the ice was broken. They had talked on the phone for the first time, and both knew there would be many more to come. Night after night she spoke to this man and opened up her heart and soul to him. Never before in her forty-two years of living had she ever opened herself up like that. It made her feel so vulnerable, petrified of her feelings for him, yet she couldn’t help herself, and she would have to press on with this man from Michigan.

She became addicted to him. She became completely vulnerable to this intriguing man from Michigan.

Keeping Eddie a secret, she wouldn’t bother telling her daughters of him. He became her happiness, and she wanted him all to herself. Until one day when she was studying his image on her computer, her daughter, Joan, walked by and saw him.

“That’s my daddy!” exclaimed Joan. “That’s the one I see in my dreams!”

Elizabeth nearly fell off her chair. “What?”

Joan moved closer to study his image on the background of the computer, “Mommy, that is my Daddy, he comes to me in my dreams. Can you print a picture of him?”

Elizabeth was incredulous. “Sure, honey, I can do that.” She managed to regain enough of herself to print an image of Eddie on her printer. *What is my daughter talking about? Her daddy? Has the whole world gone insane?*

As soon as it was finished, Joan grabbed the image and raced to her twin sister, Jessica, who was in the twins’ bedroom playing with Elizabeth following close behind.

“Look, Jess, it’s Daddy!” said an excited Joan as she was handing the image to her sister.

Jessica took the image, studied it, smiled the largest smile Elizabeth had ever seen her with, and proceeded to kiss the image of Eddie. After she kissed it, she held it so she could study it, and the only words to come from her mouth was, “Daddy, my daddy.”

Elizabeth was floored by this turn of events. *What are the twins talking about? James is their biological father, but the two are saying otherwise.* She was watching both very intently looking at the picture of Eddie.

“Mommy, make a picture of Daddy for both of us so we can hang on our wall,” said Joan. “I can’t believe we finally found him!”

“Sure, honey. What makes you think he’s your daddy?”

“He is, Mommy, we see him in our dreams,” was all she could say about him. They both seemed to dream of this man. Their recognition of his picture was instantaneous. Elizabeth was baffled and about ready to have herself a breakdown.

“You see him in your dreams?” asked an Elizabeth, who, at this point, was visibly startled.

“We have for years, Mommy,” answered Joan.

“Years?” said Elizabeth.

“For as long as I can remember,” said Joan.

The words *stunned, floored, shocked* would be understatement to what Elizabeth was feeling at this point. *How can Eddie be the girls' father? That's impossible! The IVF process I went through was completely secure. James had signed several legal forms and donated his sperm. There is no possible way the girls can be telling the truth, she mused. But they don't lie, they never have. And the way Jessica looked at that picture was unmistakable. I've never seen that reaction from her before. I can't remember the last time I've seen Jessica smile like that.*

That night Elizabeth, called her mother, Helen, and had her come over to watch the twins so she could be alone. Her mother had asked her what was wrong, but Elizabeth couldn't say anything. The truth is she needed to be alone so she could communicate with her spirit guide, her Grandmother Nina.

She put herself under in her usual fashion and proceeded to speak with Nina. Elizabeth called her what she had always called when she was a child, Nan.

“Nan, are you there?”

“Yes, child, what is it?” asked Nan.

“You see, more than me, Nan, you saw what happened today with my girls,” said Elizabeth.

“I did indeed, are you surprised?”

“Of course I am! What are the girls talking about, Nan?” Elizabeth was baffled that her Nan seemed to know something she didn’t and hadn’t bothered to tell her of it.

“Are you wanting to know if this man is their father?” asked Nan.

“Of course!” said an incredulous Elizabeth. It seemed obvious to her why she was talking to Nan, why she was being so coy with her.

“Honey,” started Nan, “do you remember at their birth the shock of everyone over their blood type?”

“Well, sort of,” answered Elizabeth. It was such a rough childbirth that the whole thing seemed a blur to her. There was so many complications, that it was a miracle all three survived it.

“Also, do you remember the physicians asking you if either James or you had ever gotten a DPT vaccination?” said Nan.

“I remember that part,” said Elizabeth. And then she added, “Neither of us had.”

“Sweet child, haven’t you ever found it odd that their blood matches neither yours nor James? And that they both showed signs of the DPT shot, yet neither of you have ever received that?” stated Nina.

“Nan, can you speak more plain to me?” Elizabeth was getting frustrated at this cryptic sequence of questions she was being asked.

“Eddie is their father,” declared Nina. She paused then added, “He always has been, and the children have always known it.”

“Why didn’t you tell me beforehand?” asked a frustrated Elizabeth.

“Elizabeth, I can only tell you what you ask. To say anything else would be a violation of your free will, and they will not allow that here,” said Nina.

“Telling me who their father is a violation?” asked a bewildered Elizabeth.

“Yes, it is. I can’t tell you unless you ask,” said Nina. “We are not allowed to alter another’s path with information about themselves. Some things you have to figure out for yourself or find out from the twins as in this case.”

“How the hell is telling me about the father of my children altering my path?” At this point Elizabeth was exasperated by this sequence of answers. This set of rules by the spiritual was getting on her last nerves.

“Free will is considered the most valuable thing on earth and in heaven. The angels of God will not allow information to be shared unless a person comes to that conclusion themselves.” Nina sensed Elizabeth’s confusion and said, “Be patient, my child.” Then Nina left Elizabeth’s bewildered mind, and the conversation ended.

The following day, Elizabeth called her friend Charlotte Ramsey. She had known Charlotte for four years now. Ever since that chance meeting back in 2009 at the market when

the voices that Charlotte heard told her to go to Elizabeth and talk to her.

Calling Charlotte a mystic or a spiritualist would be an understatement. Ever since her calling at the age of eighteen, Charlotte had been a healer for people. Reading palms, past life regression hypnotherapy, doing astrological charts, she performed them all. And she did this by listening to her spirit guides, the angels of heaven.

Every time Charlotte was in town she would request a meeting with Elizabeth. Three days ago, the call came, and after yesterday, it was time to get back to her.

They sat outside the Sunshine Deli having lunch. Elizabeth had relayed the events of the previous day to an astonished Charlotte. She had heard some doozies in her time, but this one took the cake for her.

Charlotte asked Elizabeth if she had a picture of Eddie. Elizabeth answered in the affirmative and produced the picture of Eddie with his kayak. Charlotte looked at it, smiled, and then proceeded to speak of him. It was as if she was hearing a spirit guide telling her what to say and then she would relay the message to Elizabeth.

“He’s lived a very unusual life,” she began. “Actually, all his lives have been quite unusual. He’s been chosen.”

“Chosen?” asked Elizabeth. “Chosen for what?”

“He has to figure this out himself,” answered Charlotte. She continued on, listening to the voices she was hearing

and then relaying them to Elizabeth. “He is the twins’ father and others, but you must not tell him about the others.”

“Others? What others?”

“Once again, he has to find this out,” said Charlotte. Before Elizabeth could interrupt her message she continued, “The Archangel Michael has been shaping him, working with him in this life. He should have died the night of his accident, but he was spared. Eddie is much more than he thinks he is. A whole lot more. Much depends on him, and he doesn’t know it yet.”

Elizabeth was trying to take all this in and then asked, “He mentioned once that he was touched by a hand. Who touched him? Michael? Jesus?”

Charlotte responded, “There is a strong connection with Jesus in him. Here is the connection—five.”

Elizabeth’s mind was blown away at this point, but she managed to keep enough of it left to ask, “Five, what does that mean, five?”

“It’s for him to work out, you mustn’t tell him of this conversation until he has this worked out,” the mystic replied.

Elizabeth understood. *To do so would, of course, be a spiritual violation, and God forbids that!*

Charlotte continued, “Eddie is in a battle between the forces of light and the forces of darkness. This is a very special man. Neither of us have any idea how special. The angels are telling me that he has been chosen from among

the many because of an agreement a long time ago. An agreement between himself and the Father.”

“What agreement?” asked Elizabeth?

“Another matter he will have to work out. They aren’t telling me,” Charlotte responded, who was also starting to feel the frustration of the spiritual answers. She then continued on, “He has an amazing, unique gift.” Then Charlotte paused, hesitated, and announced, “I can’t tell you any more than that. To do so would be a violation. And you are not to reveal to him what he doesn’t already know.”

After about twenty more minutes of small talk, they parted.

Elizabeth had gone to Charlotte for answers and left with more questions than she had previously. Things were getting very interesting with this Eddie Dudley of Michigan. They were about to get even more so.

Once the twins realized that the man Elizabeth had been talking to was their daddy, they wanted to talk to him as well.

Within two weeks of this, they began to call him daddy. This frightened the hell out of Elizabeth. *My God, what is this man thinking? My twins calling him daddy!*

All he had to say on the subject was, “They can call me whatever makes them happy, I don’t have a problem with it.”

She didn’t forget what Charlotte had told her. Nor did she reveal what was said to her toward Eddie lest she break

the spiritual law of free will. Yet every day it ate at her. *Who is this man? This chosen man?*

For two months she held this secret that Charlotte had told her close to her heart. She desperately wanted to reveal to him what had been revealed to her, yet she dared not do it. She didn't know the consequences of violating someone's free will, but she wasn't going to risk finding out. He had to give her a sign first; therefore, she patiently waited

May 21, 2014

Bald Eagle Bluffs, Michigan

It was 6:30 a.m. in Michigan, and 8:30 p.m. in Australia when Eddie got the message to call Elizabeth.

“What is it Elizabeth?”

“Jessica is in her bed calling for you. She keeps saying ‘Daddy, Daddy,’ over and over.”

Eddie didn’t think anything of that; they had been calling him daddy for weeks now. He didn’t mind. “Let me talk to her,” demanded Eddie.

Elizabeth handed the phone to Jessica and waited patiently for what would happen next. When it did, it shocked her.

“Hello, honey. What is wrong?” asked Eddie.

“Nothing, Daddy, I’m better now. I love you,” said Jessica. Then she handed the phone back to Elizabeth and nodded off straight to sleep. It took about five seconds from the time she closed her eyes until she began snoring.

Elizabeth was about to apologize to Eddie for bothering him when it seemed as if there was no reason for the call when all of a sudden, Joan started to stir in her sleep like she was having a nightmare.

“Eddie, hold on just a second, please,” said Elizabeth.

“Daddy, give me Daddy, please,” said Joan.

Elizabeth handed the phone.

“Hi, Daddy, how are you?” Joan said.

“I’m good, honey, how are you?” said Eddie.

“Okay, Daddy, I’m fine now. I love you,” said Joan, and she too handed the phone back to Elizabeth and nodded back off to sleep within seconds.

“Love you too, sweetheart,” responded Eddie.

Elizabeth picked up the phone and said, “I don’t know what has come over them. They demanded to talk to you. Now they are fine.” She had no idea what the big priority was to get a hold of him. *What is this all about? Why the emergency?* she wondered.

“It’s no problem, anytime they want to talk, I’m here,” said Eddie.

As he was saying that, Joan stirred and said, “Daddy drove away the monsters, Mommy.”

Elizabeth looked at Joan. *Is she sleeping? Did I just hear my daughter correctly? The monsters?* She looked at the phone and said, “Eddie, let me talk to you later. Thank you for talking to them. They seem better now.” She turned toward

Joan, worried to death over what her daughter had said and asked, "What monsters are you talking about?"

"The little grey ones, Mommy. He pulled them apart and destroyed them," said Joan.

Elizabeth, not wanting to discuss this right now, just reached over, kissed her child, and spoke, "We'll talk about it tomorrow, okay?"

"Okay, Mommy," said Joan, and she was soon fast asleep.

The twins both slept for ten hours straight that night. A record for them.

The next morning, Elizabeth asked, "Joan, honey, what happened last night?"

"Daddy killed the monsters, Mommy," said Joan matter-of-factly.

"What do you mean?" asked Elizabeth.

"The monsters were here last night messing with Jessica. As soon as she talked to Daddy, he showed up and killed them," said Joan as she slurped down a spoonful of porridge. Elizabeth looked over to Jessica who was doing the same slurping. There was a big smile on Jessica's face as she listened to her twin sister.

"Daddy showed up and killed them?" asked Elizabeth.

"Yes, Mommy, then they came after me, and Daddy killed the rest of them," said Joan.

Elizabeth thought she had heard it all.

“Yay, Daddy!” shouted Jessica in between slurps. “Best Daddy in the world!” she continued.

“Best Daddy in the world!” parroted Joan.

Elizabeth looked at Jessica. She hadn’t seen her daughters in this pleasant of a mood in quite some time. *Who is this amazing man from Michigan? First, my twin girls claim they are his daughters, and next, he kills their nightly demons?* Between what Charlotte had told her and what had happened last night, Elizabeth thought she would have to check herself into a mental institution soon enough.

It all seemed so very surreal. Elizabeth doubted Hollywood could come up with a script any better than what was going on presently under her own roof. If she hadn’t been experiencing it, she’d never believe it.

That night, against her better nature, she called Eddie and told him about the events of the night previous. How the girls had declared that he had destroyed these demons of theirs by merely talking to them and nothing else—little grey monsters that had been tormenting her children annihilated by this man with the same last name as hers.

He let all this soak in and wondered aloud to her, “What does it all mean? Do I somehow have the power over demons? The ability to cast them out just like the apostles of old had? The only place you ever hear of anything like this happening is in scriptures. Or priests who perform exorcisms.”

It was then that she decided to finally relay to him her meeting with Charlotte. He had the right to know what the mystic had declared about him. She had held on to the information for weeks; it was now time to let him know what was said.

After Eddie finished listening, he remained silent for some time deep in thought. *A strong connection with Jesus. The connection is five. What does it all mean? And there's that word chosen again.*

After a few minutes of small talk, they said their good-byes, and he went to work.

Once his shift was over that afternoon, he knocked the dust off his bible and went to a different sort of work. Research on what all this means. *Strong Jesus connection. The number five. I have to find out for myself what this all meant.* He proceeded to read all four gospels the next few days. It was all rehashing of old material, Eddie being quite familiar with it all. But he knew the clue to the number *five* had to be there somewhere. *But where? What does it mean?*

He tried to imagine how the number *five* could fit into the life of Jesus. *Did the Lord do something five times?* He researched and couldn't find anything to that effect. *A strong connection. She said I have a strong connection. And then a thought occurred to him. Look at the list of those closest to me, the strongest connections to me, and I'll get my answer.*

He looked up the lists of the apostles beginning with the Gospel of Matthew.

1. Simon (also called Peter)
2. Andrew (Peter's brother)
3. James (Zebedee's son)
4. John (James' brother)
5. Philip
6. Bartholomew
7. Thomas
8. Matthew (the tax collector)
9. James (Alphaeus's son)
10. Thaddaeus
11. Simon the Zealot
12. Judas Iscariot

Then he looked up the Gospel of Mark.

1. Simon (renamed Peter)
2. James (the sons of Zebedee or sons of thunder)
3. John (the sons of Zebedee or sons of thunder)
4. Andrew
5. Philip
6. Bartholome
7. Matthew
8. Thomas

9. James (the son of Alphaeus)
10. Thaddaeus
11. Simon the Zealot
12. Judas Iscariot

Next he looked up the Gospel of Luke.

1. Simon (also called Peter)
2. Andrew (Simon's brother)
3. James
4. John
5. Philip
6. Bartholomew
7. Matthew
8. Thomas
9. James (son of Alphaeus)
10. Simon the Zealot
11. Judas (son of James)
12. Judas Iscariot

Eddie studied the lists carefully. The order of the apostles changed depending on which gospel was used, but Philip was always listed fifth. *A strong Jesus connection. Five. Could it mean Philip? Is this Charlotte saying that I was the apostle*

Philip in a previous lifetime? Eddie's best guess based on the clues he had was that the connection with the number five had to be Philip.

Well, this seems a bit mind blowing to say the least. The apostle Philip? How could that be? Eddie thought. *There is no way that could be possible. There must be a different answer than that. There are churches all over the world named after this guy. No way could I and the apostle Philip be the same soul in different lifetimes. Get the hell out of here! Not a snowball's chance in hell this is the answer!* Eddie chuckled to himself and continued his quest.

That night, Eddie had a dream.

He saw a great city full of tall buildings with thousands of people in it. There was a marketplace full of shops full of vendors selling their wares. It looked like the scene out of a movie, something thousands of years ago. The air was filled with the aroma of fruits and vegetables as old men were bartering their produce when all at once, he heard a trumpet blast sound throughout the entire city. The people stopped what they were doing and proceeded to kneel on the ground facing east.

Eddie turned to the direction of their prayers and saw a titanic snake hover over the city. It had a black head with an expanded hood like a cobra's, a red body, and a silver tail. Two horns protruded out of this great snake. It opened its mouth, and fire was shot forth. It lifted itself to its full stature and began to survey the crowd, moving its

head back and forth. It almost looked like a giant dragon to Eddie except it was without wings. It spotted some priests dressed in black who began to move toward the snake. The priests were chanting something unidentifiable to him.

They were carrying a small, frightened child on a gurney, who looked to be about two years old, dressed in a white robe. The little boy was bound and gagged. The snake eyed up the little child with relish, hissing with pleasure.

Oh my god, they are going to feed this lovely child to this hideous monster. Eddie knew he had to act fast. He unsheathed his sword, which was somehow labeled Sword of Truth, and yelled to the snake, “Come get me, you bastard!”

The snake noticed Eddie, hissed, and then lunged its enormous head toward him.

With one fell swoop, Eddie struck the snake between the eyes, splitting its head wide open. With a magnificent crash, the snake toppled itself over, its head landing near the marketplace where Eddie was standing.

Immediately the crowd was outraged and rushed toward Eddie.

“Why are you angry with me?” asked Eddie to the oncoming masses.

“You’ve killed our god!” shouted the men closest to Eddie. “Crucify him!” yelled some others.

They began to tie him up upside down to this cross when Eddie opened his eyes and looked around the room.

It was just a dream. Looking at the pillow, he noticed it was soaked with perspiration.

“What the hell was that all about?” Eddie asked to himself as he made himself to the bathroom to do his daily morning ritual.

The dream was so lucid that he thought nothing else but it the entire day. That afternoon, he got on the Internet and looked up everything he could about a giant snake matching the one in his dream. He searched and searched but found nothing. He found many large snakes, but none to fit the description of some snake god that people seemed to sacrifice children to. It gave him an uneasy feeling, one he couldn't shake himself from.

June 24, 2014

Sydney, New South Wales, Australia

“But, Mommy, they’ll come back!” said Joan.

“Oh, don’t be silly darling,” said Elizabeth.

Joan was worried that if she didn’t talk to Eddie for a few days, then the bad guys as Joan called them would return.

Joan’s excitement all began when Eddie told Elizabeth that he would be going to the Electric Forest music festival in Rothbury, Michigan, on June 26–29, a four-day, Woodstocklike event that featured camping and lots of music. He had been looking forward to it ever since he received his tickets for the event in February.

It wasn’t the festival itself that bothered Joan, it was the fact that she wouldn’t be able to talk to Eddie for four days. He had told her that there wouldn’t be any cell phone service because it was held in the middle of a forest with no service available.

Ever since that night that Eddie had slain Joan's and Jessica's monsters, it became a habit that he would have to call them before they went to sleep and tuck them to bed through the phone. The twins felt much safer knowing that their daddy was watching over them while they slept. While they had practiced this nightly habit, those grey monsters had remained away. Now that Eddie was planning on being away for those four days, the twins were concerned that there would be a return. Elizabeth thought the whole thing to be ridiculous.

Joan was adamant. "Mommy, I'm scared, don't let him go away! You've got to tell him to stop from going!"

"Honey, he has been planning this for months, I'm not going to tell him not to go," stated Elizabeth. There was no way she is going to tell Eddie that he couldn't go to this music festival that he had been eagerly looking forward to going to for months. For the last few days, it was all he had talked of.

"They'll come back!" Joan shouted and then ran off to the twin's bedroom, putting her head in her pillow to cry. *Mommy just doesn't understand.* Then she prayed to her angels, *Please, God, send me your angels to protect me while Daddy is gone. Amen.*

Elizabeth could only watch her run off and wonder just what has gotten into her child.

True to Joan's prophecy, they did return four days later. They did so with a vengeance as they tormented the children through howling voices, screaming, ranting, and taunting during the day and with nightmares in the evening. They threw threats: "We are going to kill your daddy," followed up with sickly laughter, and "We are going to take your mommy away from you," with more laughter. Images were shown to the twins of their daddy being in a car wreck with his mangled body lying on the ground. Another image shown was him being hung with a noose around his neck.

Elizabeth was frantic; it was four days of living hell for herself and her children as dark, negative forces made these three their number 1 priority. The twins wouldn't sleep for fear of the nightmares returning. Since they wouldn't sleep, neither could she. When they did nod off for a few hours, it was a horror show complete with gruesome images of their daddy.

Joan woke up screaming one evening with visions of her crucified father in her head. "Mommy, they did it to him upside down!" was all she could mumble as she sat on the bed, shaking for an hour afterward. "All because he killed a giant snake," she said later.

As those grey demons were busy tormenting the children, Baphomet returned on the fourth night of Eddie's absence. All three of them saw his image standing at the foot of their bed.

At his appearance, the three of them screamed in terror. All were huddled together on the bed, shaking for fear of their lives.

“Mommy, save me!” screamed Joan.

Jessica, with a death grip around her mother’s waist could just sob and whisper, “Please, no,” followed by “Bye, bad guy, bye.”

“No need to be frightened,” he began. His voice was immensely deep.

Elizabeth managed a whisper, “What do you want from us?”

Baphomet leaned his head back, roared laughter that had the sound of rushing waters, and when he did, the entire house shook. With that, the three let out screams. Then he spoke, “I want nothing from you, dear Elizabeth.”

“What about my children?” she inquired. Her fear was so great, she could barely mouth the words. She looked over at her nightstand to see if she could grab the lamp and swing at him, then she remembered what happened the last time she tried that.

“It’s my mission to stop them,” he answered. His gaze upon the twins was intense.

“Stop them from what?” she couldn’t stop the shaking. *I really need to get a gun*, she thought.

“A gun wouldn’t do you any good. And to answer your question, to stop them from their destiny,” Baphomet responded.

Great, he can read minds too. She gathered her strength enough to think for a second and asked, “What destiny? And how can you stop destiny?”

“Simple. By killing them. And to answer your first question, the destiny of the prophecy of John.”

“The prophecy of John? What are you talking about?”

“Read the eleventh chapter of the Book of Revelations. The prophecy of the two witnesses,” he answered.

“No,” she screamed, “I won’t allow it!” Now she was pissed off. No one in earth or in heaven was going to touch her daughters. She didn’t care whom made the threat. She was about to move toward him when she felt that invisible dark force surround her.

“You won’t be able to,” he began, but at that moment, the phone rang.

That must be Eddie! He must have returned from his music festival, Elizabeth thought. As soon as Elizabeth picked it up, Baphomet disappeared.

“Eddie, thank God it’s you!” *Where did Baphomet go? Did he leave because of Eddie?*

“What’s wrong, sweetheart?” he asked.

“Oh, you wouldn’t believe it.” She began, but then Joan asked for the phone with a look that said she needed to talk to her daddy right then. Elizabeth handed the phone to Joan.

“Daddy, is that you?” Joan’s voice was urgent.

“Yes, honey, are you okay?” Eddie wondered, *What the hell is going on in Australia? Elizabeth and Joan both sound like they had just seen a ghost.*

“Thank God it’s you, Daddy, I’m okay now. Please talk to Jessica,” Joan said. A wave of relief flushed through Joan as she handed the phone to her sister who also spoke briefly with Eddie. Jessica then gave the phone back to Elizabeth.

“What the hell is going on over there?” asked Eddie. Their breathing was quickened, and the girls sounded like they had just been through hell.

She relayed to him the last four days of the hell they had been put through. How the children had been thoroughly tormented by these beings who wouldn’t leave them alone. Upon hearing all this, Eddie couldn’t help but feel guilty for being away those four days and vowed never to leave them again. He also couldn’t help but be curious as to this power he seemed to hold over these demons. *They told me that as soon as I called, he left. What kind of power is this that I have? Where did it come from?*

The next day, Elizabeth’s parents, Bob and Helen, were over for a visit.

Joan described to them what happened the night before while her grandparents just listened in shock and amazement.

“And then my daddy just pulled the head off this one and yanked the arms off that one. He killed them all.” Joan was showing them with arm-waving motions of the

proceedings and gritting her teeth while she talked about it all.

“Dear child,” began Helen, “I think your imagination is running away with you.”

“No, Nanny, it’s true,” objected Joan. “Daddy killed them all. Well, all except the one with the goat head. He crushed them and pulled all their arms and legs off them! He’s like a championship wrestler! The champion of the world!”

Helen looked over at Elizabeth, who answered her mother’s questioning looks, “She’s speaking the truth mother, and I’m just as amazed as you are.” Then she thought to herself, *This Eddie is a very remarkable man.*

True to his word, Eddie called them every night and promised he would never leave them for an extended period again.

During the July 1 phone call between Elizabeth and Eddie, he told her what he had found out in his research about the strong Jesus connection and the number five.

“The only thing I came up with was the apostle Philip. He’s always listed fifth,” said Eddie.

“Eddie, my grandmother came to me last night and confirmed that you are Philip, but you had to find out for yourself first or it would be some kind of spiritual violation according to the angels she talked with,” said Elizabeth.

“This blows my mind. How can I be Philip?” asked Eddie.

“Honestly, I don’t know, but it’s true.”

Eddie thought for a moment. To him, there was something deeper happening here, and he just couldn't put his finger on it. "I know a lot about the Bible, sweetheart. I'm having a hard time wrapping myself around the idea of me being one of Jesus's chosen twelve apostles. That I actually walked around with him for three years. It's beyond my belief."

"What does the Bible say about Philip?" she inquired.

"Not a whole hell of a lot. There's more written about him in scriptures that aren't included in the Bible. I wonder why that is the case." Eddie went silent for a moment thinking, *Yeah, why would there be more about him not in the Bible than is in the Bible? Good question, I must find that out.* "Elizabeth, it looks like I'm going to have to do some research on this guy."

Elizabeth could understand why Eddie was having a hard time with this. When a person thinks of a saint, they don't think of someone who is just another guy. But then again she knew that Eddie wasn't your average fellow; he just destroyed a bunch of demons according to her daughters. "Eddie, do you believe what Joan said about you killing all those monsters?"

"Sure, why wouldn't I?" It seemed strange to him, but he knew those twins don't lie.

"Does it say anything about the apostles having special powers?" she asked.

“Oh, that’s right! They do! I forgot all about that!” Eddie was excited now. Elizabeth was on to something here.

“Well, what is it, Eddie?” She knew she just jarred his memory over something very important.

“They had the ability to cast out demons!” said Eddie. “It was a gift given to them by Jesus. It all makes perfect sense now!”

August 7, 2014

Sydney, New South Wales, Australia

Thirty-seven days after the demons left the twins, they returned, yet this time they were different.

“Elizabeth, slow down and tell me what happened,” pleaded Eddie. Twice Elizabeth had tried to relay the story of the previous night with Eddie, but due to her being so anxious and excited, she had failed.

“Well, according to Joan they were both sleeping in her bed together. Then she awoke and saw a whole bunch of what she calls giant lizards at the foot of her bed. They reached out to grab the twins when she says she saw a blinding, bright light show up behind the lizards,” she started and then hesitated.

“Yes, go on,” said Eddie while guiding her through this process.

“Then Joan said the bright light reached out with two hands from behind the lizards and yanked them off the

twins. She said it was like they were going to take or abduct them, and this light shows up and stops them,” said Elizabeth.

“Okay, sweetheart, keep going,” said Eddie.

“You don’t believe this do you?” asked Elizabeth.

“Oh yes, I do. So then what happened?” asked Eddie.

“She said this light reached from behind the lizards and then threw them. Like tossed them aside or something. Do you know what I mean?”

“Yes, honey, and then what?” asked Eddie.

“She said she had a look at the light, and it was you,” said Elizabeth.

“Me?” asked Eddie.

“Yes, you. That you was the light. And then she said that you proceeded to beat them all up,” said Elizabeth.

“I was the light? How many were there?” asked Eddie.

“Joan said there were dozens of them and that four got away,” said Elizabeth.

“How did they disappear?” he asked.

“She said they just disappeared before you could get your hands on them,” she replied.

“Hmm, she said that the light looked like me, eh?”

“Yes, that you was the light,” said Elizabeth.

“Did she say anything else?” he asked.

“No, that was pretty much it,” she answered.

“Is she around? Can I talk to her?” Eddie asked.

“Yes, let me go get her.” Elizabeth put down the phone and went off to fetch Joan.

While that was happening Eddie was thinking, *Giant lizards! What the hell are giant lizards? She said they came to abduct the twins. Why would they want to do that? What kind of threat would these twins be that they would want to do that? Are these beings aliens or demons?* His thought process was interrupted by Joan.

“Hi, Daddy! How are you?” said Joan.

“I’m doing well, honey.” He paused and then spoke, “Your mommy tells me that giant lizards came last night and tried to take you?”

“Yes, Daddy, but you beat them up and killed them all. Well, not all, four got away.” Joan told the story like she would tell a story from an event at school, like it was not a big deal. It seemed that Joan was handling the event much better than her mother had.

“What did they look like?” asked Eddie.

“Giant lizard men. Scaly like crocodiles, and their color was green like the trees,” said Joan.

“You said I killed them?” inquired Eddie. This was the part that was really blowing his mind.

Now Joan was getting excited. “Yes, Daddy! You was pulling them all apart and kicking and punching them. They sounded like cats when you hit them!”

“Like cats?” asked Eddie. *This story’s getting better every minute.*

“Yes, the way cats sound when they screech and get into fights. Daddy, can I go play now?” Joan was already bored by this whole thing, and her favorite show was due to come on the Disney Channel.

“Sure, honey, run along, put your mom back on the phone,” said Eddie.

Joan handed the phone back to Elizabeth.

“Hello,” she said.

“Hell of a story, I’d say,” said Eddie.

“Eddie, there is one other thing we haven’t told you yet,” said Elizabeth.

“Oh yeah, what is that?” he asked.

“The twins have bruises on their legs and arms from where these giant lizard men tried to take them,” she spoke.

“What? Bruises? You mean this wasn’t a dream she had?” He was incredulous at this latest news. *Bruises? They did try to abduct them after all!*

“I’ll text the pictures to you,” Elizabeth said.

Ten minutes later, Eddie received the images of the bruises along the girls’ legs and arms. There were bruises along the forearms and the calf muscle regions. Like something had grabbed them and was ready to take them away but was interrupted from doing so.

All day long he couldn’t stop thinking about the event. These giant lizard men had tried to abduct the twins for some reason, and he showed up as some brilliant white light and annihilated them. What could it all mean?

After hours of thinking about it he thought that maybe Elizabeth's friend Charlotte was correct, that he was the Apostle Philip in a past life and that he had this amazing ability to cast out or to kill demons.

This was definitely a lot for Eddie to take in. *The apostle Philip? This guy was a saint in pretty much every Christian denomination out there*, he thought. He decided then and there that he would read everything about this apostle whether it be in the Bible or not. He had to find out more about this Saint, and then maybe he would begin to find answers to what is going on with the twins.

That night, Eddie had another dream.

He saw a great leopard came out of a forest, and it ran and threw himself at his feet.

Then it spoke to Eddie, saying, "I worship you, servant of the divine greatness and apostle of the only-begotten Son of God. Command me to speak perfectly."

Eddie then said, "Okay, speak to me."

Then the leopard said, "Hear me, Eddie, groomsman of the divine word. Last night, I passed through the flocks of goats and seized a kid. Then when I went into the forest to eat it, after I had wounded it, it took a human voice and wept like a little child. Then it said to me, 'Oh, leopard, put off your fierce heart and the beastlike part of your nature and put on mildness, for the apostle of the divine greatness is about to pass through this desert.'"

The leopard continued, "At these words of the kid, I was perplexed, and gradually my heart was changed, and my fierceness turned to mildness, and I did not eat it. And as I listened to its words, I lifted up my eyes and saw you coming and knew that you were the servant of the good God. So I left the kid and came to worship you. And now I ask you to give me liberty to go with you everywhere and put off my beastlike nature."

Eddie said, "Where is the kid?"

The leopard said, "It's under an oak tree where I left it." The leopard guided him to where the kid lay.

Then they went to the oak tree, and once he saw the kid, Eddie said, "Let these animals forsake their nature of beast and cattle and come unto tameness, that the Leopard no longer eat flesh, nor the kid the food of cattle. But that men's hearts may be given them, and they may follow me wherever I go and eat what I eat, to the glory of Jesus, and speak after the manner of men, glorifying his name."

Then the leopard and kid rose, lifted themselves up, and followed him.

When Eddie awoke, he thought to himself, *These dreams are getting more and more intense, someone is trying to tell me something.*

September 1, 2014

Bald Eagle Bluffs, Michigan

Fifty-year-old Edward Dudley was at a crossroads in his life.

This woman, Elizabeth, had entered his life and radically changed it. It wasn't that long ago—a few months to be precise—that his plans for the rest of his existence was to work until retirement then just relax with his dogs for the rest of his days. He knew long ago that there wasn't going to be any long-term relationship plans on his part. He was too old to get involved with anything new, and it was always a pain in the ass getting to know someone. One had to tell them all about their history, and Eddie just couldn't be bothered with it. Settling himself into a nice routine of work, eat, sleep, and a few hobbies, life had become quiet, just the way he liked it.

Eddie was good at short-term relationships but to hell with those long-term ones. They always wanted too much;

they wanted his soul. *Well, screw all that, I'm not about to change for anyone. And why is it that every time I met one, they wanted to fix me?* he often wondered. In Eddie's mind, there was nothing there that needed repairing. *I'm happy with my life, why isn't everyone else?*

Life had been good since he gave up that eternal demon, alcohol. It had been years ago, and he didn't miss it one bit. Eddie had grown to be an older, wiser man, and that contented life was well within his grasp.

Granted, his life had been unusual—two remarkable spiritual experiences, the hand of God, and a near-death experience, which gave him new vision, and six years in the navy, so he was lucky enough to see a good portion of this world. A lot more than most people had.

Yet here was the kicker—no wife and no kids. No legacy to leave behind. Who would he leave his house to? His property and dogs? He supposed there were his sisters, but he rarely saw them, and they didn't live that close to him. Eddie was quite the loner; much less drama that way. Also being the loner, his friends could be counted on one hand.

Being comfortable in his own skin, he didn't mind being alone. A little companionship every now and then but nothing worthwhile. Many a woman were stood up on second dates with Eddie; he just didn't feel like pursuing them further.

Then this woman came along and out go all his plans of peace and relaxation. *Kiss that long-awaited and deserved contentment good-bye, buddy!* he mused.

Elizabeth seemed to know him without him having to tell her, which was a major plus. She could see right through him, and she didn't seem to mind what she saw in his being. Eddie's attitude didn't repulse her in any circumstances as it did others.

For the first time in a very long time, Eddie was falling in love. And not just with Elizabeth, but her twin daughters as well. They just grew on him in so many magnificent ways. Calling him "Daddy" just melted his heart; they swore that he was their real father, yet he couldn't make sense of that. He thought how it was possible for him to be Jessica and Joan's biological father yet never had met nor had sex with Elizabeth, who also lived on the other side of the planet. *How can all this be?*

The twins claimed that for years, they saw Eddie in their dreams. Years. That they had seen, heard, and smelt him. It boggled both Eddie and Elizabeth's minds. Yet their blood type had not matched their supposed father James or Elizabeth's but matched Eddie's only. That neither Elizabeth nor James had certain vaccinations such as the DPT, but Eddie had and this had also been shown with the twins.

And then this latest revelation: that Eddie was the apostle Philip in his past life, and that he had this ability

to cast out demons. This one seemed the most mind blowing of all. That according to the twins, there was a part of him that was a bright light that would annihilate and exterminate demons.

He did some research in the scriptures and the Gnostic texts and found that Jesus had given the twelve apostles the ability to cast away demons, heal the sick, make the lame walk, and in a few circumstances, raise the dead. That it is some kind of supernatural power given to them through the power of the Holy Spirit. All they had to do was use the name of Jesus, and whatever was asked in his name would be granted.

The demons, with all their powers and advanced technology, were no match for this power of the Holy Spirit. The gates of hell couldn't stand against it.

Eddie, like a lot of other people, knew of the trinity—the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit—and that all three were different aspects of God. He then remembered back in 1986 when he was touched by that hand. *That feeling that I had for three days must have truly been the Holy Spirit! Maybe it still lives within me? And that is how I have this unique gift of destroying demons?* It all made sense yet still difficult to believe. But Eddie deemed this was not impossible, so he kept researching further into this apostle named Philip.

His world the last few months had definitely taken a turn. *So much for that peace and tranquility that I had so*

Evan Ansot

longed for the last few years and hello to adventures filled with saints and giant lizard men.

Chosen. The word echoed in his mind from the mouth of Francis. *What does it all mean? Chosen for what? And by whom?*

September 27, 2014

Bedford, Texas

During the last couple months, Elizabeth had convinced Eddie to come and see the twins and her in Australia. It took this confirmed bachelor a while before he realized there isn't anyone else in the world for him but her. Therefore, the passport was issued for him, the electronic travel authority, which is a ninety-day, short-term visitor visa that lasts for up to a year by the government of Australia, was also issued.

The flight was booked through the airlines to travel from Grand Rapids to Dallas to Sydney. The entire trip with layovers was to take about twenty-two hours.

The twins were counting the days down until they could finally see their daddy. They started at thirty days, and by the time they were down to one, they were beyond anticipation in seeing their long-awaited father.

All was well through Grand Rapids. The attendant took his passport number, his ETA, and his plane ticket that cost

him two thousand one-way. She scanned all of them, and everything looked fine. The baggage was checked in and tagged to go all the way to Sydney and the boarding passes issued. So he boarded the plane and off to Dallas he went.

Dallas was where he ran into trouble. Eddie knew something was wrong when the attendant had to scan the passport number twice and asked for his ETA number three times. She then got on the phone and called her superiors. A nice-looking manager showed up and went through the same process the attendant went through.

“Sir, I’m going to have you to ask to step off to the side for the others until we get your ETA straightened out,” the manager spoke in a rather snobbish voice.

“What the hell is wrong?” asked Eddie.

“Your ETA appears to be invalid,” she replied. Customer service wasn’t her strong suit.

“I’ve got a copy of the damn thing right here. It says it is good until the twenty-first of August of next year,” said Eddie. He was beginning to lose patience with these idiots. *Elizabeth and I had just spent the last month making sure this was all straightened out before we purchased the plane ticket. And now this lady is telling me there is a problem with my visa? What the hell?*

“Please, just stand aside.”

So he grabbed his bags and watched the circus that was developing in front of him. Complete with three rings, it had an attendant, a manager, and now, another big shot

with a suit. All were on their phones. None of them looked like they had a clue.

Eddie got on his own phone and called Elizabeth. “These jackasses down here seem to have my ETA mixed up,” he told her.

“That’s not possible, I got it here from the migration attorneys, and they said everything is fine,” she responded. Elizabeth was biting her nails thinking, *What the hell is this all about? He should be on his way in about a half hour, and they have him stood up in Dallas?*

“I’m not sure what is going on. I’ll call you back when they get this figured out.” Then Eddie hung up the phone.

“Sir, can you come here?” said the attendant. “It shows you not having an ETA. I tried to run you a new one, and it wouldn’t issue one.” This attendant had seen better nights than this one. This system was always screwing up, and now here she had another annoyance in front of her.

“I’ve got one right here,” said Eddie, and he showed her his copy of his visa.

“I know, sir, and I tried that number, and it says it doesn’t exist,” replied the attendant. *This is truly going to be a long shift*, she thought to herself.

“Well then, why did they issue this, and what the hell am I supposed to do now?” he asked.

The manager walked over to him and handed him a piece of paper and said, “Here is the phone number for the Australian embassy in Washington, DC. You are to call

them Monday morning, and then they can tell you what is wrong with your ETA.”

“Monday morning! It’s Saturday night, for god’s sakes!” said Eddie with a bit of attitude to his tone.

“That’s what I was told to tell you, sir,” and then she moved on to her next crisis.

“If I can solve this Monday, can I get a reissued ticket?” asked Eddie.

“Yes, sir, I’ll see to it personally,” she responded.

“Thank you,” said Eddie; he then picked up his bags to look for a taxi to a hotel in Dallas on a Saturday night.

After stopping at a dozen hotels, finding them full, and running up a fifty-dollar cab bill, he finally found a hotel in the suburb of Bedford. He later found out why all the hotels were full: the Cowboys were playing the Saints on Sunday Night Football. Therefore, half of Texas and half of neighboring Louisiana were there for the game. He then called to update Elizabeth on the latest happenings and nodded off to bed at two in the morning.

On Monday morning, he was finally able to reach the embassy. They told him that his ETA had expired, that they had no idea why since it had just been issued in August, and that they would get back to him, but that he was free to try Australian Immigration and gave him the number in Canberra, Australia.

On Monday afternoon he reached Australian Immigration who told him that his ETA was perfectly fine,

and they had no idea why the airline had denied him his flight. Eddie was then instructed to go to the same terminal and have the airline reissue a ticket.

On Monday evening Eddie was standing at the same terminal having the same conversation with the same attendant who was telling him the same old thing. “There is no ETA, sir.”

“But Australian Immigration in Canberra said it was fine,” pleaded Eddie.

“I’m sorry, sir, it doesn’t show you having one.”

No luck Saturday night, none Monday night either, so Eddie booked himself into the same room he’d had for the last two days, followed by another update call to Elizabeth, and another two-in-the-morning sleep time. As the great Yogi Berra had said, “It’s like Déjà vu, all over again.”

On Tuesday morning, he was back on the phone to Australian Immigration in Canberra who told him nothing except that his ETA was listed as fine and if he wanted to, he could check it on the Internet and then gave him the website for this. He then checked it and showed there was nothing wrong with it.

Elizabeth then called him and told him that he should call Australian Department of Immigration and Border Protection. He told her that he had talked to them twice already, in which she replied that this was different than Australian Immigration. *Well, there’s socialism for you, a department of immigration and border protection is different*

than Australian Immigration. Two different departments doing the same thing. Jesus Christ, talk about inefficiency. No wonder my paperwork is a mess. And why do they call it border protection? Have they noticed that they don't border any countries? It's not like they have a hundred million Mexicans trying to get into their country the way it is here, Eddie wondered.

After spending an hour on the phone with Immigration and Border Protection, they told him that he needed to call back the Australian embassy in Washington, DC, precisely where he started on Monday.

Finally, on Tuesday afternoon, he called the embassy in Washington who told him that his ETA had been cancelled on the twenty-fifth, two days prior to his scheduled travel day.

“Well, why didn't they e-mail me that information? That could have saved me a hell of a lot of trouble. Here I am in Texas because you guys couldn't e-mail me that!” Eddie was beyond pissed off at this point. He'd had enough of the Australian government for one lifetime.

“I'm sorry, sir,” was all the official could say.

Yeah, I am sorry too, Eddie thought, *I'm sorry that your sorry ass is currently in my country.* “Can they tell me why?” he asked.

“I can send you the e-mail of the cancellation,” the official said.

“You’re a few days late but go ahead,” said Eddie. “Why did the ETA go through in Grand Rapids if the ETA was already cancelled?”

“I don’t know, sir,” said the official rather weakly.

“Something is fishy here, and I intend to get to the bottom of it. Good-bye.” *No wonder their population is less than the state of California. They don’t allow anyone in.*

Eddie retrieved his e-mail and read the cancellation. It was stated that the reason for cancellation was that Eddie had a substantial criminal record including 12 months of incarceration. *Well, that’s wrong. I had a few drunken drivings that gave me a total of five months behind bars but not a year! Maybe they are counting the probation period as well? Seems someone didn’t want me into Australia,* he thought.

The next phone call he made to Elizabeth wasn’t pleasant at all. She and her daughters had been counting the days to see him, and now her government had denied him entry. He fought with the airline for two weeks, but they wouldn’t issue a refund because they were willing to reissue the ticket. *So much for customer service. Guess I can kiss that two thousand dollars good-bye. If the immigration authority would have e-mailed me that my ETA had been canceled, I would have gladly canceled my ticket and then got a refund, but because they didn’t, there goes that money.* Needless to say, Eddie’s opinion of the Australian government wasn’t quite up to par.

He caught a flight back to Grand Rapids the next day and instead of sulking over the whole situation, decided to do what he has been wanting to do for the last ten years. Eddie Dudley decided to write a book.

It would be a spiritual book about his spiritual experiences complete with the hand of God, the near-death experience, and his new revelations about the possibility of him being the apostle Philip and the ability he has to cast away demons. He had spent half his life searching for the answers to his questions regarding the spiritual experiences he had experienced. He felt he needed to share some of that information.

Once he got started, he was on a roll. It took him all of the twenty-seven days to finish a fifty-thousand-word manuscript. The words just seemed to flow out of him in a never-ending tidal wave at the urging of the spirit.

He then sent his manuscript out to twenty different publishers who specialized in spiritual books, hoping for the best. Little did he know that the spirit would be aiding him in getting his book published.

October 28, 2014

Grand Rapids, Michigan

After Eddie returned from the fiasco in Texas, he and Elizabeth decided the next best thing was for the twins and her to fly to Michigan.

The tickets, passports, and visas were booked, this time, without a hitch. And the three touched down in Grand Rapids on the night of October 28, 2014.

“Finally, I get to see you three in the flesh!” he exclaimed.

“Daddy!” the twins hollered as they ran to him while the entire airport watched the scene, some with tears coming from their eyes at the sight of the girls’ happiness.

Elizabeth and the twins gave him a huge hug, and all were excited to be united. For the twins, their long nine-year wait of meeting their father was over. The dreams they had of him but never knowing where he was at was finally over. Jessica and Joan had spent many nights praying

for his whereabouts, and now finally, their prayers had been answered.

Tears ran down the twins' cheeks at his first kiss to them. Joan could only whisper, "Finally I'm with my Daddy," while he picked her up and held her tightly, giving them bear hugs that only a father can give to his daughters.

Eddie proceeded to give them teddy bears as gifts for the girls and roses for Elizabeth. The ride back to Bald Eagle Bluffs was filled with smiles, laughter, and singing. The two-and-a-half-hour drive seemed like ten minutes. Jessica kept touching her daddy to make sure he was real. He'd look back and see her smile that wonderful smile of hers.

Upon arriving to Eddie's cabin in Bald Eagle Bluffs, the dogs immediately took to the twins. Curling at the foot of their beds at night for protection, they sensed these girls were special, and they would do their duty. Eddie thought to himself that his dogs never take to anyone instantly such as this. It was as if the angels of heaven were having the dogs watch over the twins, which was true.

Once the twins were put to bed, Elizabeth settled in for some Italian Lambrusco wine, and Eddie with a diet soft drink. After an hour of chitchat, they snuggled into their own bed and made love for the first time in their lives. It was a special experience, two soul mates reuniting after a life time of separation.

The four of them would spend the next two-and-a-half months together in Michigan.

To Elizabeth, the four of them represented a complete family. They went to the movies together, went out to dinner, and took long walks with the dogs escorting them. The nature and scenery of his property was breathtaking. She had never seen anything more beautiful or felt such completeness in her life. The mere touch of his hand had sent shivers through her being from the time they first touched down at the airport until the time they lifted off in January.

Halloween was not celebrated in Australia; therefore, Eddie thought it was imperative to have the twins dress up and go trick or treating in Manistee. That was quite the experience for the girls, to say the least. Pumpkins were carved and candles lit inside them, which stood on the porch of the cabin for a couple days. Massive amounts of candy were eaten.

Thanksgiving was celebrated with just the four of them. They had much to give thanks for but, mostly, their time spent together. They held hands at the table, and Joan led them all in the Lord's Prayer. Once this was finished, Eddie carved the turkey, and they all proceeded to stuff themselves.

It was the first time the Australians had ever seen snow. After the first storm of the season, snowmen and snow forts were built, snow angels were made, and snowball fights had. Memories were made that will last a lifetime.

Elizabeth's camera captured memories nonstop. She must have taken a thousand pictures of Eddie with the

twins. Her favorite was one of the three of them standing next to the snowman they had built, which the twins named Frosty. For many nights later, she would break out the pictures and study them. *Look at their faces, how the girls match his in every way. Their noses, chins, and cheeks all the same. Eye and hair color match perfectly*, she mused. She had no idea how it had been done, but she knew deep down that Eddie was their biological father. *Whether he knows it or not, this is indeed an extremely special man in every sense.*

Eddie led them all in cutting down their first Christmas tree together—a beautiful scotch pine—that they all decorated together with ornaments and tinsel.

On Christmas morning, they all drank hot cocoa and opened their presents while listening to Christmas carols being played on the radio. It was surely the best of times for the four of them.

Before they were to leave, Elizabeth promised Eddie that she would put herself under so Eddie could talk to the spirit directly without having to go through her. Most of the time she did this, she spent time talking to her Grandmother Nina, but on occasion she could call for the spirit in the form of an angel. She coached him beforehand, telling him that the questions put to the spirit must be direct. They couldn't give you any answers if you didn't ask

the questions. And they couldn't answer any questions that violated another's free will.

To say the hour-and-a-half conversation between Eddie and his guardian angel Samuel was informative is like saying Mount Everest is large, a massive understatement.

It began with two confirmations: that Eddie is indeed the twins' biological father and that he was in a past life the apostle Philip.

Then Eddie asked a few questions in regard to that Apostle.

"What is significant about Philip?" asked Eddie.

"The bloodline," answered Samuel.

"The bloodline? Whose bloodline?" asked Eddie.

"The bloodline of the Lord Jesus and Mary Magdalene," the angel answered him.

This took Eddie back a bit. He knew the gospels and the story of Jesus. Nowhere did it say anything about any bloodline in any of the four gospels. He then asked, "Are you telling me that our Lord Jesus had a bloodline with Mary Magdalene? That they had children?"

"It is true, those two had children," answered Samuel.

Eddie was blown away by this information. He never in his wildest dreams imagined Jesus having children. He had always been under the impression that Jesus was a virgin and died that way without any wife or children. He then asked, "So you said Philip is significant in regards to the bloodline?"

“That is true,” said Samuel.

“In what way?” asked Eddie.

“Philip was the only one who wrote of Jesus having a wife,” said the angel Samuel.

Eddie had read what little there was about the apostle Philip in the four gospels of the Bible and the Book of Acts. There was nothing there that hinted at what the Angel was telling him. So he would have to dig deeper, which meant he would have to delve into the Gnostic scriptures, the Gospel of Philip and the Acts of Philip, which he hadn't done yet.

“I guess I'll have to look into that,” replied Eddie.

“You will find much information about yourself there,” stated the angel. In the spiritual realm from the angel's perspective, Eddie and Philip are one and the same. Two parts to the same being, time meaning nothing to this visitor of the Spirit.

“Well, that's interesting. You stated that Philip wrote of Jesus having a wife,” said Eddie.

“Yes, a companion,” said Samuel.

“What else does the bloodline have to do with Philip besides him telling of Jesus's relationship with Mary?” asked Eddie.

“You are the key in the survival of the bloodline, both then and now,” said Samuel.

“What?” asked an absolutely bewildered Eddie at that last statement from the angel.

“You are the key in the survival of the bloodline, both then and now,” repeated Samuel.

“Yes, I heard you the first time!” Eddie was in shock at this statement by the angel. He waited for further elaboration from Samuel, but none was forthcoming. So he asked, “What do you mean by that?”

“I cannot answer unless you ask, and since you asked, I will tell you. As Philip, you were instrumental in the safety and survival of Mary and her two children after Jesus was murdered. As Eddie, you are just as important in the survival of the bloodline, because Eddie, you are of that bloodline.”

Well, that is three bombshells in a short period of time! First I learn that Jesus had a family, then I find out that I was instrumental in their safety, now I find out I am a part of that family! What next? thought Eddie. “So that means my children, these twins, are also a part of that bloodline?” asked an astonished Eddie. *There is only so much my mind can expand, and this angel is presently pushing it to its outer limits.*

“All your children, Eddie, not just the twins,” said the angel, delivering this latest revelation in a matter-of-fact tone of voice like it was reading the newspaper.

A few months ago, Eddie thought he was childless, then he finds out through some miracle the twins are his, next he finds out he has more? It’s a wonder Eddie didn’t receive a heart attack through all of this.

“How many children do I have?” asked Eddie. *A good shot of whisky sounds good right now, but I’m not going to lose*

my sobriety or I will lose everything. Maybe I can find some weed somewhere. I sure as hell need something! thought Eddie.

“You have five children. Three about the same age.” Samuel paused. “And then the twins.”

“Five! Jesus Christ! Oh, I’m sorry, I shouldn’t have said that. Where are the other three?” Eddie asked. *How many spiritual experiences can one have in a lifetime?* he thought.

“One in Asia, one in Africa, and one in Europe,” answered the angel.

“And two in Australia,” said Eddie in the most sarcastic tone he could muster. “Can you be more specific?” *From having no kids to having kids in four continents, well isn’t that special!*

“I’m sorry, but as of right now, no, I can’t be more specific in the identity of your other three children. To do so would violate,” said Samuel.

“Okay, you tell me I am key to the bloodline, but you can’t tell me the identity of that bloodline?” asked an incredulous Eddie.

“Not presently, Eddie. Be patient, more will be revealed in time,” said the angel.

“I had a premonition a while back when I realized that I might be the apostle Philip. He wasn’t there for the crucifixion, was he?” asked Eddie.

“No, he was not. He was called away by the father at what you call the Last Supper,” said Samuel.

“I thought so. Something inside me told me this,” said Eddie.

“It’s the Father who told you this,” said Samuel.

“So why was he called away?” asked Eddie.

“Why were you called away? After Jesus broke bread and drank wine with the apostles, Judas took his leave to go betray the Lord and report him to the religious authorities. Not long after, Philip heard a voice from the Father in his head which said to go to Gaza. He looked up at Jesus who told him, ‘What the Father tells you to do, you must do.’

“You see, Jesus also heard a voice which told him to send Philip to Gaza to preach to a man there. Therefore, Philip and his good friend Bartholomew went to Gaza, preached to the Ethiopian, and missed out on the crucifixion. Two days later, before Jesus had risen, Philip returned to find out what had happened. When he found out that Peter had betrayed Jesus, he was outraged at this act. He really lit into Peter over this. He then turned to the rest of the apostles, calling them cowards, and he and Bartholomew stormed off.

“This is why Peter wrote a letter to Philip begging him to return to the Mount of Olives as commanded by Jesus after he had risen. You will find this letter in Gnostic scripture. Once Philip regained his composure, he returned to the Mount of Olives, apologized to his fellow brothers, and all was well with them.”

“I thought so. Why did the father have Philip leave the night before Christ was crucified? Was it strictly to preach or was it for some other reason?” asked Eddie.

“If Philip had stayed, he wouldn’t have left Jesus as the others had, and he and Bartholomew would have been crucified as well. The Father saved the two of you from certain death because your mission was not yet fulfilled,” said Samuel.

“I see. Thank you, Samuel, for answering my questions,” said Eddie.

“You’re quite welcome,” said Samuel, who then disappeared.

After the conversation was over and Elizabeth snapped out of her self-induced trance, he filled her in on all that was spoken between Eddie and his angel. She listened intently with her jaw to the floor as he relayed about his relationship to the bloodline. It was much food for thought for the two of them and agreed that both needed to research into this further, he through scriptures and her through the spirit.

Then came that dreaded day of January 11, 2015 when Elizabeth and her twins would have to leave him and head back to Australia. Kisses were exchanged, promises made, and the three boarded the plane, leaving cold Michigan for sunny Australia.

All the presents that Eddie had given them had been neatly packed into their suitcases. All with the exception of one. The night before, Eddie had snuck his Bible into the

bottom of their suitcase so that the twins could have it. It was to be a surprise.

The surprise came two days after arriving into Australia.

“Did you find a surprise when you unpacked your suitcase?” Eddie asked Elizabeth.

“No, why?” she asked.

“Well, I packed my Bible into the bottom of your suitcase, the night before you guys left,” he said

“Are you sure?” she asked.

“Yes, of course I am. I’ve had that Bible since I was nine years old. I wanted the twins to have it. You sure it wasn’t there?” Eddie asked. *Where the hell could it have gone to? I know I put it there.*

“I didn’t see it when I unpacked,” she replied.

That night, Elizabeth put herself under and had a conversation with her Nan. She was informed by the spirit that the Bible was taken by the Reptilians, the giant lizard men as Joan had called them. They took it the night before they left to go back to Australia, and that she was to warn Eddie that these demonic beings could use that Bible against him since it carried the essence of him with it.

They didn’t use it against Eddie yet, instead they turned toward one of the things Eddie loved most. One month after they had left for Australia, in February 2015, all three of Eddie’s dogs had died due to poisoning. As he was burying the last one on his property, he muttered the words, “I will avenge you three, if it’s the last thing I do.”

February 1, 2015

Bald Eagle Bluffs, Michigan

As instructed by the angel Samuel, Eddie studied the Gospel and the Acts of Philip. What he found staggered him.

In the Gospel of Philip, he found this:

There were three who always walked with the Lord: Mary, his mother, and his sister, and Magdalene, the one who was called his companion. His sister and his mother and his companion were each a Mary.

Well, thought Eddie, there is the word companion that the angel spoke of. Apparently back in those days, the word companion was the same as being referred to as wife.

Also in the Gospel of Philip, Eddie found this verse:

As for the wisdom who is called “the barren,” she is the mother of the angels. And the companion of the [...] Mary Magdalene. [...] loved her more than all the disciples, and used to kiss her often on her mouth.

The rest of the disciples [...]. They said to him, “Why do you love her more than all of us?” The Savior answered and said to them, “Why do I not love you like her? When a blind man and one who sees are both together in darkness, they are no different from one another. When the light comes, then he who sees will see the light, and he who is blind will remain in darkness.

Eddie studied this carefully. *There are a few key words missing in this*, he thought. *It seems as though Jesus loved Mary Magdalene more than all the rest of the disciples and used to kiss her. Then Jesus gives them a parable suggesting that she could see the light while they remained in darkness. Interesting.*

In the Acts of Philip, Eddie read of a healing of a leopard and a goat. And also of a slaying of a dragon or a giant snake. *Well, there is where my dreams come from*, he thought.

Then he found the letter that Peter had written to Philip that the angel Samuel had told him about. It begun with this:

The letter of Peter that he sent to Philip

Peter, the apostle of Jesus Christ, to Philip, our beloved brother and our fellow apostle, and (to) the brethren who are with you: greetings!

Now I want you to know, our brother, that we received orders from our Lord and the Savior of the whole world that we should come together to give instruction and preach in the salvation that was

promised us by our Lord Jesus Christ. But as for you, you were separate from us, and you did not desire us to come together and to know how we should organize ourselves in order that we might tell the good news. Therefore, would it be agreeable to you, our brother, to come according to the orders of our God Jesus?

When Philip had received these (words), and when he had read them, he went to Peter rejoicing with gladness. Then Peter gathered the others also. They went upon the mountain, which is called “the (mount) olives,” the place where they used to gather with the blessed Christ when he was in the body.”

Interesting letter, thought Eddie. Well, that is what the angel Samuel told him. That he had stormed off from the rest of them and that Peter had written him a letter so that he could return.

As he read about his prior life, it still hadn't completely sunk in to Eddie. It was so much to take in. That in a past life he was the apostle Philip who had been instrumental in preserving the bloodline. As if that wasn't enough, Samuel had said that he is to be instrumental in doing the same in this life. Eddie wondered, *How can that be? I'm just a simpleminded man from Michigan, and here this spirit is telling me that I am key in this bloodline of the Lord. That I have five children spread out all over the world. It's just so much to take in. Did the spirit have it all wrong? Is this a case of mistaken identity?*

“No, it is not,” Eddie said aloud to himself. “It is not,” he repeated. It was just a lot for Eddie to wrap his mind around.

But there is something more to all of this that I am missing. The reason can't be solely for the reason of the apostle Philip. What is it that I am missing? Maybe the reason for this bloodline lies in the scriptures?

Then he remembered the words of the friar in his near-death experience. “*You've been chosen, Eddie, because of an agreement, a long time ago.*” *Well, how long is a long time ago? That's a pretty vague clue, but at least it's something to go by.*

March 15, 2015

Florence, Italy

It was the Ides of March in Italy, and the nuns were all assembled for their fifteenth-of-the-month ritual of prayer to Mother Mary, who would appear above the abbey and if there was a message to give, send it to the now twenty-eight-year-old Sister Gabriella. Most months there was no specific message, just a blessing from the Mother Mary. Occasionally, such as was the case with the statue of Mother Mary, a subtle sign would be given to reassure the nuns that the Holy Mother had indeed visited them. But it had been a couple years since such a miracle happened.

The nuns of the order felt extremely blessed to have been selected for these visits. Mother Anastasia rightfully believed that the reason the order had been selected was due to them adopting and caring for Sister Gabriella when she was just a young child. They never revealed to

a soul both within and without the church the contents of these messages received. They kept the Holy Mother to themselves for fear of outside intrusion and the inevitable circus that would accompany any miracle reported. Besides, they didn't mind having Mother Mary all to themselves. It was indeed a special blessing felt by the entire order.

These rituals were begun with the Lord's Prayer followed by the Rosary. It was always during the Rosary that the Holy Mother would appear to Sister Gabriella. The message would be given, and then she would relay whatever Mother Mary spoke to the rest of the order during breakfast.

This visit would be much different. The Rosary had finished, and Sister Gabriella was still kneeling in prayer. In a frenzied state, she was sweating profusely and shaking uncontrollably, refusing to rise. Sisters Francesca and Maria attempted to help her, but she wouldn't budge.

"No, don't touch me yet," said a very ill-looking Gabriella. Her head was soaked with sweat, and the color of her cheeks was gone. Her eyes were off somewhere else in a state of near madness.

At the sight of two nuns attempting to assist Gabriella, Mother Anastasia ran over toward her, knocking the other nuns out of the way as if they were bowling pins. "Child, what is wrong?" she cried in between strides.

"Please, Mother, the Holy Mother is not finished yet," wailed Sister Gabriella.

“Everyone, kneel back down and keep praying,” barked Mother Anastasia. The order of nuns did as they were instructed, yet none of them were looking at the ground, all eyes were fixed on Sister Gabriella.

Deep concern filled the order. Never had the messages taken this long nor had this kind of effect on Sister Gabriella. Something must be terribly wrong, yet the Holy Mother was still with them, so they shouldn't have been concerned. Yet the nuns couldn't help but express deep anxiety over the scene of Sister Gabriella shaking like a leaf and drenched with sweat. She then proceeded into an epileptic fit.

Finally, after five more minutes, Sister Gabriella passed out.

The nuns rushed to her side, performing first aid. After two minutes of being passed out, she was finally revived, looking up at the eyes of two dozen nuns of the order.

“Help her to her room,” instructed Mother Anastasia, who was just as curious as the rest of them as to the message, but their first concern was Sister Gabriella's health.

Once laid to rest, she passed out immediately and stayed that way, unmoved for the next twelve hours. Every hour, the nuns checked on her condition, but they dared not wake her.

All through breakfast, their morning duties, lunch, their afternoon duties, and dinner, the nuns couldn't stop talking about the events that transpired that morning. Nor could they keep their curiosity in check over what the message

received was. There was much speculation, but without Sister Gabriella to speak to them, they had no idea.

In the late afternoon, after dinner, Sister Gabriella finally woke from her slumber. She arose and went straight to Mother Anastasia.

At the sight of Sister Gabriella walking into her room, Mother Anastasia made the sign of the cross and ran over to her. "Thank god you're safe!" exclaimed the Mother Superior.

"I'm well, Mother, just a bit fatigued is all," said Sister Gabriella.

After Mother Anastasia had prepared Sister Gabriella some soup and crackers along with some milk, she asked, "Sister, what happened this morning?"

Sister Gabriella ate like she was famished then took a drink and said, "I'm afraid of what was given to me, Mother."

"What do you mean, my child?" asked Mother Anastasia.

"What the Holy Mother told me was hard to hear," said Sister Gabriella then she lowered her eyes and cried.

Mother Anastasia took a towel and wiped the tears away while giving Sister Gabriella a hug that only a mother can give to a child, a hug of unconditional love. "There, sweetheart, it's going to be okay," said the Mother. *I have never seen Gabriella act like this since she was a child. God only knows what is wrong!*

"No, it isn't!" cried Sister Gabriella. She then put her head in her hands, and the sobbing continued. She stopped

briefly to tell Mother Anastasia, “I have a message for the Holy Father from Mother Mary.”

“Dear god!” cried Mother Anastasia.

“Nothing will ever be the same,” said Sister Gabriella.

March 15, 2015

Alexandria, Egypt

Twenty-eight-year-old Youssef Sherif was bent over for his morning prayers when he saw the light appear before him. It began as a flicker of light that expanded in a thousand directions until it took the shape of a man. The over-eight-foot-tall being had long, dark hair with blazing eyes. He was adorned in a white linen robe with a golden belt tied around his waist. Fastened to the belt was a sheath with a long sword inside it. He wore leather sandals, and as he entered, Youssef could hear the sound of rushing waters.

Youssef kept himself prostrated to the ground in prayer, shaking to his very core. Then he felt a hand touch him and a voice that spoke, “Youssef, son of Philip, you are much favored. Please arise, for I am not to be worshipped.”

Youssef felt strength enter him at the touch of this being and stood upright. He slowly opened his mouth and uttered the words, “Who are you, my Lord?”

“I am Gabriel, messenger of the Host, servant of the Most High.”

With that response, Youssef was once again ready to prostrate himself in prayer to this archangel, but he was immediately stopped by the hand of Gabriel. As a devout Muslim who knew the Koran, Youssef knew that it was Gabriel who led the prophet Muhammad on the night of power and also gave the prophet the Holy Koran. He also knew that it was Gabriel who announced the births of the prophets John and Jesus. Youssef could hardly contain himself at the presence of the Angel that he had read so much about.

“Please do not worship me, only the Lord shall you worship,” spoke Gabriel. His voice was like the sound of oncoming waves hitting the beach.

Youssef was ready to pass out but was once again strengthened by the hand of Gabriel. He mustered enough strength to ask, “What do you wish from me, messenger of the Most High?”

“Youssef, son of Philip, you have been chosen to lead your people during the time of the great tribulation. In the years ahead, a deceiver will appear who will deceive many. You are to make certain that Egypt stands against this son of perdition.”

“What can I do? I’m just a lowly representative, not the president of the country,” objected Youssef.

“You’ve overthrown one president, you will overthrow another and assume the power of Egypt, and then you will lead your people through great tribulation.”

The angel just prophesied a mighty thing to Youssef, and it was taking time for his thought process to let it all sink in. He then asked, “Why do you call me son of Philip? I know not my father.”

“Philip, a friend of the Most High, is your father. With him carries the return of Israel, the promise of Egypt, the prophecy of the church, the glory of the bloodline, and the hope of the world,” said Gabriel.

“I do not understand,” said Youssef.

“In time you will, Youssef. You’ve been chosen. I will return to you, to strengthen you,” said Gabriel. And with those final words of the visit, the light of the archangel vanished into thin air.

Youssef then kneeled back down on the ground and continued his prayer.

March 15, 2015

Haifa, Israel

On the same day that Mother Mary visited Sister Gabriella and the Archangel Gabriel visited Youssef Sherif, the Rabin family received themselves a visit. Nine-year-old Miriam was reading while Sarah and Anna were putting away the dishes from dinner when it happened.

A brilliant white light appeared in the middle of the living room. It began as a flicker of light that expanded in a thousand directions until it took the shape of a man. He had long blond hair with blazing eyes. He was adorned in a white linen robe with a golden belt tied around his waist. Fastened to the belt was a sheath with a long sword inside it. He wore leather sandals, and as he entered, the Rabin family could hear the sounds of rushing waters.

Sarah turned toward it and trembled immediately. Anna and her daughter Miriam just looked at the figure and smiled with no fear whatsoever.

“Greetings, most favored of the Most High,” spoke the being of light.

Young Miriam then spoke up immediately, “Greetings, Michael, it is good to see you again.” That response then caused Sarah to look at her granddaughter in amazement and then back to her daughter.

Anna had always had the touch—yet she had just that one visit from Michael—looked back to her mother with raised eyebrows.

Miriam, on the other hand, sounded as though she was completely familiar and comfortable with his presence. As if reading her mother and her grandmother’s thoughts, Miriam looked at them and said, “This is Michael, commander of the Host and protector of Israel.”

“Thank you for the introduction, sweet Miriam,” said the commander.

Anna then spoke, “Welcome to our home, Michael, and what do we owe the honor of your presence?”

“Sweet Anna, I have a prophecy in regards to your daughter,” answered Michael. “Years from now, your daughter Miriam will give birth to a child who will be named Sophia. It will be a virgin birth as yours was, Anna, and she will lead her people after great tribulation.”

Sarah spoke, “Does all this have anything to do with Eddie?” She never forgot about him nor ever loved another since. She had no idea what made her say that to Michael;

it had just come out of her mouth before she had the chance to think about it.

Michael responded, “Sarah, you deserve to know the truth of Eddie. The reason you met him was to return the holy bloodline of the Lord Jesus back to Israel. In a previous life of Eddie’s, he safely smuggled the bloodline out of Israel, and when he met you he returned it to its proper place in the person of Anna.”

“So what Anna said so long ago is true about her being in the family of Jesus?” asked Sarah.

“Yes, she is, as well as Miriam. But most importantly, Miriam’s child, Sophia, will be. She is the sister to the Lord Jesus and the return of the anointed one.”

“You mean that Miriam’s daughter will be the long-awaited Messiah?” asked Sarah. She was about ready to faint; she grabbed the kitchen counter to steady her balance.

“She is the one who has been prophesied of for so many years,” answered Michael. “The Lord Jesus will destroy the enemy and make straight the way for her. The Lord Jesus and Lady Sophia are the male and female aspects of the Most High. The brother will destroy the enemy so the sister can rule and teach. It is all written for those with ears to hear.”

Sarah was about to ask more questions but was interrupted by Michael who said, “That is all I can tell you for now. The enemy will try to resist this, so be careful, yet it

is written, and therefore, it will be done. Peace be unto this house.” And then the commander of the Host disappeared.

At his leaving, Sarah thought, *I'm just a common Jewish girl. Why has God chosen me for this mission? My daughter is some holy bloodline, and my granddaughter will be the prophesied Messiah come to Israel? And what was that part about Jesus destroying the enemy to that His sister can rule? This is all just too much for a simple woman like myself. I need to talk to the rabbi some more, but what do I say to him? He's a beautiful and open-minded rabbi, but even he would have a hard time believing any of this.*

She then proceeded to get on the phone and tell him what had just happened.

The rabbi was on the other end of the line, scribbling notes as fast as his hands could. It was time to pay the Rabin family another of the many visits he would end up making.

March 15, 2015

Bald Eagle Bluffs, Michigan

Eddie was never much of a prayer warrior. The type of guy who would study the scriptures for hours, but when it came to prostrating himself, that was for others. Yet this night, something had changed in him. He had just received a letter from a publishing company that agreed to publish his book. And for that he decided he must give thanks.

“Father God, thank you for giving me the words to write and convincing someone that they those words needed to be heard. My mind has been blown recently by new revelations of who I am and that I have children in this world. Please protect them. I understand from your holy angels that I am prominent in a holy bloodline coming from the Lord Jesus. Help me to understand all this and give me the peace of comprehension. Also, give me the strength of fulfilling whatever will you desire for me, in Jesus’s holy name. Amen.”

After he prayed, he felt a little better about things.

It had been a lot to take in since he met this Elizabeth from Australia. His whole world had been turned upside down. He fell in love, he found out he has children, he found out in a previous life he was the apostle Philip, and he heard from this Angel known as Samuel that he is key to this whole bloodline thing. As he was pondering all this, he heard the words in his head, "*Would you die for them?*"

What was that? Eddie looked around the room but saw no one there. It had been quite the lonely house since the passing of his dogs, and now it was only him. But he swore he heard a voice somewhere in the house. *Or is it in his head?* he thought.

"Would you die for them?"

There it is again! Am I going crazy? Hearing voices in my head! He made a pass around the house one more time to make sure it wasn't someone playing tricks on his, but then again who would do that?

He thought to himself, "*Would I die for them? Die for whom?*"

This was just all so surreal for him. His life was turned upside down in a matter of a year. *Now I'm being asked by a voice inside my head asking me if I would die for someone. Well, the first question is whom would I die for? And what would be the reason for that?* Eddie knew from reading up on the apostle Philip was that he was crucified upside down like

Peter was and that he died because he held fast to his faith in Jesus. Quite simply, Philip had died for the faith.

Would I die for them? Eddie thought. To him the answer was he didn't know because he didn't know who *them* was. But the way things were going, he figured he'd be finding out soon enough. It had a deep-sounding, melodic-singsong type of voice to it. Like the voice of an angel he reckoned. *Would I die for them?* he thought again.

March 16, 2015

Florence, Italy

The day after the Mother Mary's visitation, all the buzz was still about Sister Gabriella and what the message received was. Sister Gabriella was holed up in Mother Anastasia's room for her own protection from the prying eyes of her fellow sisters.

Sisters Francesca and Maria attempted to find out from Mother Anastasia but was met with a stare that made both of them scurry back to their duties. No new information was gained much to the chagrin of the order of nuns.

In Mother Anastasia's office, she was on the phone with the bishop.

"I have a sealed message for the eyes of the Most Holy Father and no one else," said the mother.

"Now, Mother, you know that is unprecedented. The message must first pass through the eyes of the bishop and

then on to the cardinal before it reaches His Holiness,” said the bishop.

“This is a message received by one of my nuns in my order from the Holy Mother Mary to the Most Holy Father,” said an exasperated Mother Anastasia. “If I have to take the message to him myself, I will!”

“No need to be rash, Mother,” said the bishop. “Now, you know that we are going to have to investigate the validity of the message.”

“Be assured, Your Excellency, it is valid,” said Mother Anastasia.

“How can you be so sure?” asked the bishop.

“I saw it happen myself,” she answered.

“Do you know the contents of the message?” asked the bishop.

“No, I don’t,” she lied. “Only Sister Gabriella does.”

“I’ll see that he gets the message,” said his most excellency, the bishop.

After the phone call, Mother Anastasia held a meeting with the entire Order of the Nuns of Badia Fiorentina. She felt that they all deserved to know the contents of the message received from the Holy Mother Mary from the previous day. After all, besides satisfying their curiosity, it would affect each and every one of them.

After revealing the message to the nuns, Mother Anastasia ordered each one of them to keep the contents of the message to themselves. She told them an investigation

was about to descend on Badia Fiorentina, and the nuns must remain united behind their beloved Sister Gabriella.

Two days later on March 18, 2015, His Most Holy Pope was in his private study reading from a sealed letter written by the hand of one Sister Gabriella of the Order of Nuns of Badia Fiorentina in Florence.

It read as follows:

To the Most Holy Father,

My name is Sister Gabriella of the Order of the Nuns of Badia Fiorentina. I received a visit from the Holy Mother Mary on the morning of March 15, 2015.

The Holy Mother has instructed me to send you this message immediately. She told me that to withhold the message would bring dire consequences to the Church.

The Holy Mother has stated that the Heavenly Father has decreed that Rome in general, and the Vatican City in particular, will be burned to the ground and prophecy fulfilled within twenty years at the receiving of this message if the following conditions are not met within three months.

1. That the Vatican publicly beg forgiveness in the wrongdoing that they did to Saint Mary Magdalene by declaring her a prostitute in the year 591 AD.

2. That the Vatican admit to knowing of the holy bloodline of the Lord Jesus and Saint Mary Magdalene and publicly beg forgiveness for withholding this knowledge from the public.
3. That females are allowed to lead the church. This includes the positions of priests, monsignors, bishops, cardinals, and pope. This will begin with installing Mother Anastasia of Badia Fiorentina as the first female Pope. And then she, with the guidance of the Holy Mother Mary, will make the necessary changes in the other positions of Vatican authority.

Sincerely,
Sister Gabriella, dated March 16, 2015,
Badia Fiorentina, Florence, Italy

The pope arose from his desk then called his personal secretary. He then informed his secretary to set up a Miracles Commission to immediately go to the Badia Fiorentina in Florence.

Once he finished with that, he got down on his knees and prayed to the Heavenly Father for wisdom.

March 20, 2015

Sydney, New South Wales, Australia

Elizabeth and the twins settled into their daily routine after arriving back from Michigan in January. With the help of Elizabeth's parents, Bob and Helen, Elizabeth went back to work, Joan went to school, and Jessica was receiving one-on-one therapy. The daily calls continued with Eddie as they all looked forward to being reunited with him again in the fall of the year.

Eddie delivered the exciting news to her that he was going to have a book published. She kept up with her communications with her Grandmother Nina and through that was able to locate an agent for any future manuscripts he may have.

She then put herself under and inquired to the angel Thomas about the possible future of Eddie being a writer.

"That is one of his missions," said the angel.

"It is?" asked Elizabeth.

“Yes, to create awareness,” replied Thomas.

“I didn’t know that about him,” stated Elizabeth. The angel remained silent, so Elizabeth then asked, “What else is there I don’t know about him?”

“It would be a violation to tell you some things about him. He must come to those conclusions himself,” said Thomas.

“Okay, then tell me about the book writing or whatever you can about it,” said Elizabeth.

“If he chooses this career path, and it is up to him to decide that, then he will be extremely successful with many books, creating awareness for many. He has such a deep knowledge of the spirit that it would be a shame for him to keep all that knowledge to himself,” said Thomas.

“He just decided to do this last October,” said Elizabeth.

“He’s been thinking about it for quite some time now,” said Thomas.

“Well, if it’s successful, he can then quit his job as an electrician,” said Elizabeth.

“Much more than that, Elizabeth,” said Thomas.

“What do you mean?” asked Elizabeth.

“He will ultimately decide, but he’s destined for much more than just quitting a job. The money earned by writing books can ultimately help children such as yours,” said Thomas.

“Autistic kids?” asked Elizabeth.

“Kids with special needs,” said Thomas.

After she finished her session with the angel Thomas, Elizabeth thought that maybe that was their life's mission. He could write the books, and she could help the kids with scheduling therapies, biomed, and other educations. *Who knows*, she thought, *if he is extremely successful as the angel put it, then he will make money that can be used to help others.*

She talked about this with Eddie, but he blew it off. Eddie's thinking was that if he made fifty thousand dollars a year from writing, then he would just retire from the paper mill and set his course toward a new career. Knowing that he is no Ernest Hemingway, he had no grandiose expectations of becoming a *New York Times* best seller. But if he could make a living from it, he would. After all, he wasn't getting any younger, and his body had been through enough at the factory.

But after listening to the angel, Elizabeth had other ideas. Maybe the money could be put to the good use of helping children with special needs, setting up a program to help autistic children through her alternative methods. She had been getting results with Jessica; the only problem was that it cost a lot of money to do the type of therapy she wanted.

She planned on eventually marrying this Michigan man, and if he could provide through the use of his pen, then so be it. All she cared about was him and her children, and if it benefited them, then she was all for it. If he could bring in the money through books, then she wouldn't have to work,

and she could concentrate on some sort of learning center for special needs children. She could think of no better way to spend money than on children. She would have to wait and see what happened with Eddie and his books, but she began to develop a plan for her children and others who would eventually follow.

April 11, 2015

Florence, Italy

Determining whether or not a miracle has been performed is a multistep process for the Vatican.

The first step is investigated by the Miracles Commission, an office in Vatican City whose sole purpose is to investigate whether or not a miracle has happened. In this particular case, the pope himself had assigned one bishop to head the commission who is to be assisted by six priests for a panel of seven members. If the commission agrees that it was a miracle, then it would be up to the pope to have the final say in the matter.

Most miracles in this day and age are of the medical variety where doctors are called as witnesses. This particular investigation was not that type of miracle, so no doctors were needed. What was needed in this are the witnesses of the nuns and priests of Badia Fiorentina and the bishop of Florence.

The bishop and the priests of the order had already testified before the commission of having no knowledge of any miracles performed at the Badia Fiorentina. They all agreed of having no special knowledge of anything in particular associated with the nuns of the order. They knew not of any special gatherings of the nuns every 15th of the month. If there were miracles going on in Florence, the priests were being left out of the discussion. All testified that they had no prior knowledge of any miracles being performed at the Badia Fiorentina when asked repeatedly. The nuns had kept the priests out of the many blessings.

Next to speak in front of the panel of seven was Mother Anastasia.

She thought it looked as though the Spanish Inquisition was being revisited. Seven members of the Vatican gazed at Mother Anastasia as if she was being called before a Senate committee hearing.

The Bishop was the first to speak to her. "Good Morning, Mother."

"Good Morning, Your Excellency," said Mother Anastasia.

"It is my understanding, Mother, that one Sister Gabriella sees the Mother Mary every fifteenth of the month, is this true?" asked the bishop.

"You have my report, Your Excellency," answered Mother Anastasia.

"Yes, I do," the bishop said without patience. "But I'd like to hear it from your own lips, if you may."

“She sees the Holy Mother on the fifteenth of each month,” said Mother Anastasia. *My answers are going to have to be short if I’m going to make it through this interrogation,* she thought.

One of the priests interrupted, “Then why hasn’t this been reported sooner?”

“Father, because of the inevitable circus that would follow,” replied Mother Anastasia.

Another priest piped up, “Are you saying that the miracles commission is a circus?”

“Father, I know what the Vatican did to Sister Lucia after the Fatima prophecies. I didn’t want to see that again to my beloved Sister Gabriella. I kept it from the Vatican to protect her from this,” said Mother Anastasia, waving her hand toward the commission. *Dammit!* She thought, *I don’t need to lose my temper during this process. Keep your balance and don’t let them get to you!*

“What do you mean by that?” asked the bishop.

“They silenced her nor did they ever reveal the true contents of the third secret of her message against the Holy Mother Mary’s wishes,” said Mother Anastasia. *The church be damned,* thought Mother Anastasia. She wasn’t going to let this commission steamroll her beloved sister from the order without Mother Anastasia putting in her two cents’ worth.

At this outburst, the bishop became quite irritated. “Do you know the contents of the message given to the Holy Father?”

“I do, sir, as do all the sisters of the order,” replied the mother. The order had decided to stand with Sister Gabriella through this entire ordeal. They would not let their beloved sister stand alone, and Mother Anastasia was going to be their rock.

The bishop then read the contents of the message to the six priests. He then asked, “Does it not strike this commission as odd that the Holy Mother Mary is appointing Mother Anastasia as pope and to determine who shall be cardinals, bishops, and priests?”

The priests agreed that this was a very unusual set of circumstances. One of them announced, “It almost seems a political ploy by the order of Badia Fiorentina to take over the Holy Roman Church.”

Mother Anastasia was not surprised by any of this. She loved her church, but she loved the Holy Mother more, and if Sister Gabriella said that Mary spoke these words, then she did. It was a patriarchal faith, and it was showing throughout this commission and the series of questions that were asked. She knew that as she read the letter for the first time after Sister Gabriella wrote it, Rome would never agree to any of the three terms. There weren't about to admit to any cover up, and they certainly weren't going to hand over the keys of the kingdom to any female. She

knew that the Roman Catholic Church was the definition of the good ole boys club. A case in point was that there were seven men on the commission and not one female.

“Mother Anastasia, please bear with us. We are only trying to get to the truth of this matter,” said the bishop.

“You have the truth of the matter in your hands in the letter from Sister Gabriella,” said Mother Anastasia. The more she thought about the contents of the letter, the more irritated she became at the church that had shunned women in general and Mary Magdalene in particular.

“We are only trying to determine if a miracle occurred,” said one priest.

“A miracle has been occurring since Sister Gabriella set foot at the Badia Fiorentina so many years ago,” said the mother.

“And what do you mean by that?” shot another priest at her.

“Exactly what I said. Sister Gabriella has been a gift to the order of nuns ever since that day when she showed up at our doorstep. The Holy Mother Mary sent her to us to rescue this church,” shot back Mother Anastasia.

“Excuse me, I didn’t know that this church needed rescuing,” said one of the priests.

“You wouldn’t, Father. You are a male,” said Mother Anastasia. *There goes that temper*, she thought. *This entire establishment is sexist and chauvinistic!*

“And what is that supposed to mean?” asked the father.

Mother Anastasia had conformed to the Roman Catholic ideal of Christianity for her entire life, but after this revelation by the Holy Mother, she realized that this was a man's church. Her words became bolder. "The Holy Mother is correct. This male-dominated church has one last chance to redeem itself, and by the looks of this panel, I doubt it will happen."

"This church hasn't changed since the days of Saint Peter!" shouted the bishop.

"That's the problem," shot back Mother Anastasia.

"That this church was started by Saint Peter or that it hasn't changed?" asked the Bbishop.

"Firstly, the church was not started by Peter, but by the blood of the Lord Jesus. Secondly, yes, it hasn't changed in regards to females. Jesus didn't mind having females as teachers of the faith. Why do you?" asked Mother Anastasia.

"Which female teachers are you referring to?" asked the bishop.

"The one whom the church branded as a whore!" yelled Mother Anastasia.

This bantering went on for the next thirty minutes, and then Mother Anastasia was excused from the hearing on the notice that she may be called in for more questioning at a later date. She stomped out of the hearing, shaking her finger at the panel, vowing to never put herself through that inquisition again.

One by one, every sister of the Order of Nuns of Badia Fiorentina sat before the commission all telling the same story. That on the fifteenth of every month they prayed to the Holy Mother Mary and received their monthly visit from her. And on March 15, a truly remarkable thing occurred between the Holy Mother Mary and Sister Gabriella. None of them broke under pressure from the priests. All formed a protective cordon around their beloved Sister Gabriella. They would not leave their sister to hang out to dry. Three things kept them united: Mother Anastasia's iron will, their love for the Holy Mother, and their love for their Sister Gabriella. If one was going to go down, they all would follow.

Lastly, it was Sister Gabriella's turn.

"Hello, Sister," greeted the bishop. "How are you?"

"Quite nervous, thank you," she said as she scanned the seven faces intently staring at her every move, listening to her every breath, trying to peer into her mind.

"Don't be nervous, Sister, we are only trying to get to the bottom of this," said a priest.

"Yes, Father," she answered.

The bishop cleared his throat and went on, "I have read your report, Sister. It says that you have been getting visits from the Holy Mother for years, is this true?"

"Yes, Your Excellency," she answered.

"Every month?" asked the bishop.

"Yes, sir," replied Sister Gabriella.

A priest was about to speak, but the Bishop put his hand in the air to stop him and said, "Tell me of these visits."

"Which one?" the sister asked.

"All of them," said the bishop.

"Well, they happen on the fifteenth of the month, every month, without fail. The order gathers together and prays the Lord's Prayer. And then my fellow sisters of the order begin the rosary, and that is always when the Holy Mother visits us," she said.

The bishop interrupted, "And how long has this been going on?"

"For years, Your Excellency," she repeated.

"Years? And you never bothered to report it to us?" he asked.

"That was a decision of Mother Anastasia. She thought it better that we didn't," she answered.

"And why do you think that would be?" he asked.

"You'll have to ask her," she answered.

"We already have," the bishop said. The truth is they had asked the same question to every one of the nuns of the order, and they had all said the same thing. Apparently, there had been some coaching from Mother Anastasia on this subject. She was willing to be their shield for the order.

"Please go on. What happens next?" he asked.

"Most of the visits are just special blessings from the Holy Mother Mary to the order of the nuns," said the sister.

“Not the Vatican or the bishop or the Holy Father?” asked the bishop.

“No, Your Excellency, just the nuns,” she answered.

“Well, now doesn’t that sound strange to you, Sister, that the Holy Mother would make a special visit but not bless the Holy Father, only the nuns of Badia Fiorentina?” he asked.

“It doesn’t sound strange at all, sir. If she wanted to bless the Holy Father, she would,” Sister Gabriella said.

“We will not take any of that insubordination here.” His voice was rising by the second.

“It isn’t insubordination, sir. You’ll have to ask the Holy Mother herself why she doesn’t bless the Holy Father,” she defended herself with.

“Well, unlike you, we don’t receive visits on the fifteenth from the Holy Mother!” yelled a priest.

“You’ll have to ask yourself why that is the case,” said Gabriella. She was becoming bolder by the second with this inquisition. She sensed now that Mother Anastasia was correct. These men didn’t want to hear what any nuns had to say; they had made their decision beforehand.

The bishop put his hand up again to stop the priests from getting into a shouting match with Sister Gabriella and asked, “Tell me what she looks like?”

“Her face is as the sun. Her dress is flowing and white.”

She was about to continue when Mother Mary showed herself at the proceedings to Sister Gabriella.

“She’s right here, can’t you see her?” she asked.

The bishop and priests looked around the room and saw nothing.

“Where is she?” he asked.

“Standing right in front of you,” Sister Gabriella said.

“Well, I don’t see her. Tell her to give me a sign,” the bishop said.

Sister Gabriella looked at the Holy Mother, heard her, and then looked at the Bishop and said, “The Holy Mother just said that an evil and adulterous generation ask for a sign.”

“Get out!” yelled the bishop.

As Sister Gabriella was leaving, the bishop’s ring was taken off his finger by some invisible force and thrown to the ground, smashed to pieces.

Sister Gabriella looked back at the Bishop and said, “There is your sign, Your Excellency.”

April 15, 2015

Haifa, Israel

Rabbi Benjamin Yahuda thought he was retired, and then this next revelation of the Rabin family stopped him from all that wishful thinking. He had given up his practice, but the God of Abraham apparently had other plans for him.

A month ago, Sarah and Anna had visited him with news that frankly was beyond belief. He knew this family had been special for years, but the news of another visit from Archangel Michael had leapt his mind from the surreal to beyond. It was hard to believe the reports they had given him, but he knew that the Rabin family didn't lie about anything. He was torn between what he could see and his faith within him. *Could it be true? The long-awaited Messiah would come from a member that was so close to me? Had the Lord chosen me to be the rabbi to the family of the anointed one? I need to look into the scriptures for my answers.*

The rabbi searched the scriptures and found from the prophet Ezekiel that first there must be a spiritual revival in Israel. The Valley of the Dry Bones prophecy that said Israel was all but dead but then the Spirit of the Lord came upon the dry bones and breathed life into them. *Well*, thought the rabbi, *that has already happened with the rebirth of the nation of Israel*. He searched further and found that Israel would be a unified country. Not like the old days when there was Judea and Samaria but one Israel. *Well, that has happened as well*.

The prophet Ezekiel spoke of gathering Israel from the nations. *That certainly has happened after more than 1,900 years of being away from Israel. We've been gathered together under one nation*. It says that David shall be king over them forever. *Everyone knows that the Messiah will come from the line of David. The Rabin family spoke that this Eddie, whoever he is, has come from the line of Jesus who, according to the Christian New Testament, had come from the line of David*.

If the father to Anna was indeed from the royal line of David, then it made perfect sense. But he, along with everyone else, is under the impression that it will be a king who will reign, not a queen. And the Rabins spoke of a Sophia, a future daughter of young Miriam who will rule the nations. *How can it be that a female will rule?* The rabbi prayed for the Lord to give him the answers he sought and continued on with his search of the scriptures.

It has to be here somewhere.

Meanwhile, Sarah had finally believed everything the archangel had told her. *Who was this Eddie? Could it be that what the angel said was correct? That he was sent to Israel to bring the bloodline back?* She was having a hard time believing everything she was told, yet her daughter had taken it all with a grain of salt.

Anna had no issue with believing anything brought forth from the spirit. She was proud as a peacock knowing that the Messiah would come forth from her. She told her mother Sarah twice now that she was to be the grandmother of the Messiah, and that made her exceedingly proud.

For centuries, Jewish women had prayed to the Holy Father to mother the Messiah. Now Anna's daughter was to be the chosen one. She had no problem believing Archangel Michael. After all, he was a glorious being of light, and who was she to argue with him?

Her daughter, Miriam, seemed very comfortable with him. *Had she been having visits without notifying me?* Anna thought. She would have to investigate all this. Anna knew from her own childhood experience that the supernatural became natural. She just needed more information, especially in regard to this unknown father of hers. This man that her mother Sarah calls Eddie, whom she calls Philip. There has to be something more to him. He is the key to the whole bloodline, and she needed more information. Her

mother had been reluctant to share information regarding him, maybe her daughter would be more forthcoming about him.

After inquiry, Anna received some new information from her mother Sarah about her biological father. Sarah told her that he was a sailor. Anna already knew that his name was Eddie, and her mother still kept that picture of him. *Well, at least that's something*, Anna thought. But apparently, Sarah was going to keep the rest of the information on this man to herself, which Anna thought was quite unfair. She felt she deserved to know more about this man. After all, he was her father and the key to this whole bloodline thing that the Archangel Michael spoke of. When she was a child, she seemed to have all the answers about him, but for some reason or another, those memories had faded into oblivion.

All she knew was that he was in the United States Navy who came to port in Haifa about nine months before she was born. Since she was born on July 21, 1986, that narrowed it down a bit. It would have to be a sailor who was ported in Haifa at or near the middle of October 1985. She decided then and there to go to the rabbi and ask for his help in finding out which ships were in port near that date.

She then went to her daughter, Miriam, and inquired if she knew anything given to her by the Spirit. That was a dead end. It seemed as though Miriam knew more about the angels of heaven than she did this mystery sailor, Miriam's grandfather.

Well, she thought, at least I have something to go by. A sailor by the name of Eddie who was in port during the middle of October 1985. It isn't much, but at least it was something.

April 15, 2015

Florence, Italy

Despite the objections of the bishop and the Vatican, the Order of the Nuns of Badia Fiorentina assembled outside the courtyard of their abbey for their monthly prayer to the Holy Mother Mary. Except this time, it was not done in secret but under the watchful eyes of the bishop of Florence and two priestly representatives of the Vatican.

Once the rosary was finished and the nuns received their monthly blessing from the Holy Mother, they all rose and proceeded to breakfast. It was here that the bishop intercepted Mother Anastasia.

“Didn’t the Holy Mother Mary pay a visit this month?” asked the bishop.

“She always pays a visit, Your Excellency,” answered Mother Anastasia.

“I didn’t see any miracles,” said the bishop.

“The visit is the miracle,” said the mother.

“How can you be sure?” asked the bishop.

“We are all sure,” answered the mother, and then she walked away from him to receive her meal.

Ever since the interviews given to the nuns of Badia Fiorentina, the Vatican had kept a close eye on the order. They had issued a gag order to the nuns that they were not to reveal the contents of the message received from the Holy Mother Mary. They were not to talk to the Media or anyone else in regard to the message until a ruling was made as to whether or not this was a certified miracle.

The nuns had kept silent, at least to the outside world. The last thing they wanted was a three-ring media circus on the fifteenth of each month. But to each other, they had talked much.

The nuns had rallied around their beloved Sister Gabriella, paying constant visits to her, not allowing her to be alone with her own thoughts throughout this whole ordeal. Mother Anastasia issued the orders, but she didn't have to; the nuns knew that Sister Gabriella was to be comforted during these trying times.

On the night of April 15, Mother Anastasia went to Sister Gabriella's room to pay a visit. Gabriella was in tears, knelt in prayer, saying the rosary when Anastasia entered.

Mother Anastasia walked over to her beloved sister, touched her shoulder, and said, “Sister, can I interrupt? We need to talk.”

“Yes, Mother,” said Sister Gabriella, and she arose and took a chair.

“Gabriella, I know this must be a heavy burden for you to carry. I need you to know that the sisters and I are here for you,” said Mother Anastasia as she wiped the tears from Sister Gabriella’s eyes.

“Thank you, Mother, I know that,” said Sister Gabriella.

“I’ve been thinking,” began Mother Anastasia.

She was interrupted by Sister Gabriella who blurted out, “They’re not going to comply with the Holy Mother’s wishes.”

“That is what I’ve been thinking,” said Mother Anastasia. “Child, how do you know?”

“The Holy Mother told me this morning,” said Sister Gabriella.

“But you told the order that we only received the traditional blessing this morning and nothing else,” said Mother Anastasia.

“I lied,” admitted Sister Gabriella.

“That’s okay, child, I suppose there are too many prying eyes these days for us to completely tell the truth,” said the mother.

Sister Gabriella got up, poured herself some water, and said, “I never wanted to give that original message to the Holy Father.”

“I know you didn’t. But I always knew sooner or later that the Holy Mother Mary was going to give us something

that would have to go to the higher authorities. I just didn't know what it would be."

"The Holy Mother told me this morning that the Vatican would reject this miracle and proclaim it as nuns' fantasies," said Sister Gabriella.

"I figured they would. Did she say anything else?" asked Mother Anastasia.

"She once again told me who my father is," said Gabriella.

"She did? I remember years ago you told me it was Philip," inquired the mother.

Sister Gabriella reached over to her Bible and looked up the John 14. She then told Mother Anastasia, "The Holy Mother told me it is the one who asked the Lord Jesus to show us the Father, and it will be sufficient unto us."

Mother Anastasia, who was aware of whom that was, read the verse anyway in John 14:8: "Philip said, 'Lord, show us the Father and then we shall be satisfied.'

"Your father is the apostle Philip. That's twice now that she has brought that up. I wonder why?" asked Mother Anastasia.

"According to the Holy Mother, yes, he is, and I don't know why she keeps bringing that up," said Sister Gabriella. "There is one other thing."

"What is that, my child?"

"I have a special sister out there somewhere who is the bloodline to the Messiah."

"What?" asked the mother.

“The Holy Mother told me that I have an older sister who is the keeper of the bloodline in Israel, whatever that means,” said Sister Gabriella.

“The keeper of the bloodline,” mumbled Mother Anastasia, deep in thought.

“Yes, that’s how she put it,” said Sister Gabriella.

“How can that be?” said Mother Anastasia.

“Mother, I don’t know, but that is what the Holy Mother told me,” answered Sister Gabriella.

“Well, I, for one, am not going to question the Holy Mother on this matter,” said Mother Anastasia. “But what does it all mean?”

“I don’t know,” said Sister Gabriella. “Why would the Holy Mother reveal this to me again about my father?”

“This is a mystery. What do you know of your biological father?” asked Mother Anastasia.

“Nothing. I never had a father, I can barely remember my mother, it was so long ago,” said Sister Gabriella.

Mother Anastasia was thinking back to that day back in 1991 when they had found little Gabriella at the steps to the abbey, how she had looked unkempt and unwashed, trying to recall the conversation she had with the police officer about Sister Gabriella’s biological mother. *How did she die? Was it some kind of overdose as I recall? What other kind of information did he give to me in regards to her? I can’t remember. It was all so long ago.*

“Sister, do you remember anything about your mother?” asked Mother Anastasia.

“Mother, it was all so long ago, and I have blocked all that out of my memory,” answered Gabriella.

“Think back, child, and try to remember,” Mother Anastasia said.

“I don’t remember much about her, she was always gone.” She paused and tried to think back, but it was all so vague and hazy to her. “Mother, I just don’t know, I was too young.”

“I’ll see what I can do,” said Mother Anastasia.

That night, Mother Anastasia went down to the basement and looked through the old files back to 1991. She learned from her personal notes that the police had reported that Sister Gabriella’s mother was a prostitute in the Livorno area. The policeman had said that Gabriella was more than likely a product of a sailor who was on a Mediterranean cruise at or around 1986.

We need to keep this information away from any prying eyes of Rome, thought Mother Anastasia.

She then took all the notes she had gathered on Sister Gabriella and burned them. *No point in the good sister, or the Vatican for that matter, knowing any of this information about her mother or her father.* She would keep all this to herself. But her search for Sister Gabriella’s biological father was far from over.

April 15, 2015

Alexandria, Egypt

Youssef had spent the last month thinking about his visit with Archangel Gabriel. In particular about whom the archangel named as his father, “Youssef, son of Philip,” and “friend of the Most High.”

Son of Philip, who is Philip? He searched the Holy books and knew that Philip was a follower of the prophet Jesus. *Is this the same Philip that Gabriel was referring to?* “Friend of the Most High” must be that Philip was a companion of the prophet Jesus and a friend of Allah. He knew from the Holy Koran that the disciples of Jesus were true Muslims.

When Jesus found disbelief on their part, he said, “Who will be my helpers in the work of Allah?” The disciples replied, “We are Allah’s helpers, we believe in Allah and you bear witness that we are Muslims.”
(Surah 3:52)

Gabriel had told him that in time he would understand. Apparently it wasn't that time yet but that he would when he needed to. He would wait until Gabriel returned and then receive his message. Until then, it would remain a mystery.

He asked his mother one more time about his father but once again got nowhere with her. It was time to hire his own investigation team and find out more. She couldn't be counted on for this information; he would have to do it himself.

As far as the political scene, it seemed to Youssef that he was more interested in finding out whom his father was instead of the prophecy that Gabriel gave to him that he would have the power of Egypt.

Yet he could sense that there would be another regime change soon in Egypt. *These idiots in power don't understand the pulse of the youth of Egypt. In 2011, they overthrew the Mubarak government, and in 2012 they overthrew another,* he pondered. The government had responded in its usual fashion of clamping down on any opposition, therefore Youssef had hired security guards for his own safety.

He was becoming too high profile in Egyptian politics and a major threat to the existing power. He knew the frustration of the twenty-some-year-olds of Egypt, and the powers-to-be still hadn't figured them out. Youssef was a fan of history, and he studied the riots and marches of the United States in the 1960s and how effective they

had been. He also read about Gandhi changing the course of India through peaceful marches. Those same tactics were being put to use in Egypt—nonviolent protests and marches to show just how brutal the present government was. The advantage these days was the Internet. It was a tremendous organizational tool that could fuel the masses in a very short period of time as the previous governments had learned.

He would find out more about this mystery father of his and about how he would assume the power of Egypt either from the archangel or his own network of informers. It was time to put them into use and find out who this mystery Philip really is.

April 21, 2015

Bald Eagle Bluffs, Michigan

While miracles were happening all over the world, things settled down in Eddie's life. His book was due to be published in six weeks, and optimistically, he was ready for a change of careers.

He decided to quit his job one day after losing interest as an electrician. With no two-week notice, he walked to the foreman's office and said, "I've had enough of this shit," and left. Leaving the objections behind him, he walked out the door and into a new life. Twenty years of pension would follow him, so he didn't care. If he lived frugally, he would be financially set for life.

He then decided to write a second book and see if he could indeed make a career out of writing. The second book would be a commentary on the Book of Revelations. Prophecy had always been one of his subjects back when

he studied the scriptures. He would knock the dust off his notes from yesteryear and plow forward with it.

It would be completely controversial, looking at the revelation of Saint John from a completely different angle than anyone else had ever thought of. *None of that same old same old that other authors are writing about*, he thought. *Most religious authors don't even bother with this book because it's just too difficult to comprehend. It seems like it's spoken in an otherworldly language, but I figure I'd get through this and see where it would lead me.*

There were so many different symbols in that book that a book could be written just about them alone and have nothing else to do with the rest of the text. He looked within himself, and all the answers to every question about the book was there, ready to be put into his computer.

He might as well have this manuscript coauthored with God. Therefore, before he began to write, he prayed to the Heavenly Father for guidance, and off to the races he went. Within two weeks, he had another sixty-thousand-word manuscript finished and sent to the same publisher. *Not bad*, he thought, *not bad at all.*

He then remade his will so that Elizabeth Dudley and her two daughters would receive any future royalties for his books if something should happen to him. He didn't know why he decided to do that, but he felt something in his gut that compelled him to. *One can never be too safe*, thought Eddie.

The Book of Revelations. Might as well go big or go home, Eddie. As he was writing this manuscript, many answers just seemed to come to him from the Father. It was as if the Old Man wanted some message out there that wasn't being told to the masses. He'd meditate on a subject on the symbolism of it, and right away he would get his answers about all those symbols, such as the dragon, the woman, the harlot, etc.

When it was finished, Eddie gave himself a pat on the back and congratulated himself for a job well done. Well done indeed.

April 25, 2015

The Kingdom of Tartarus

Lucifer sat on his throne surveying the three beings who stood in front of him.

Baphomet was there as his chief demon, along with the false gods Ba'al and Lilith. Behind those three were thousands of demons all standing in formation awaiting the orders from their lord. Most of the demons looked like giant lizard men. Some looked like pale beings with large, black, almond-shaped eyes. Others looked like humans dressed in all black suits with black sunglasses.

Ba'al was dressed the same as Baphomet. Except that as Baphomet had a goat's head, Ba'al's had that of a bull's. Both wear black cloaks covering their top halves, while their bottoms were covered by black leather pants and boots. Lilith had long, dark hair with blue eyes that matched her lord Lucifer's and was also dressed in black leather pants and boots. She wore a black leather top with a black leather

cape tied around her shoulders. All three wore sheaths with long swords inside them.

Lucifer, the first being created by God, knew how to rule by fear, intimidation, and power. He, being an archangel, had more power than all those assembled in front of him combined. His mere presence made most of them quake in their boots. He surveyed the crowd assembled in front of him and wondered whether his army was enough to overthrow God's kingdom. He knew his opponents are formidable, but Lucifer felt he had an advantage. *My enemies have someone to do the thinking for them, they are but mere sheep*, thought Lucifer. He will never figure out why Michael and Gabriel didn't follow along with his plans. He would have given them far more power than the Father ever will. They decided to follow this human God Jesus instead. That made him think of his own son.

"What is the status of my son?" asked Lucifer.

"He is being schooled and trained for his mission, Your Highness," said Baphomet.

"And how is he being trained?" asked Lucifer.

"He is learning the Holy Scriptures, sire, and how to become altruistic when the time of deception is at hand," answered Baphomet.

"And his looks?" asked Lucifer.

"He will look exactly like the image on the Shroud of Turin," answered Baphomet.

“Excellent,” said Lucifer. “That should fool them.” *A counterfeit Jesus that the masses will think of as the second coming. Use their own religion to work against them. The church is presently materialistic and weak. They worship money, not the Father. Most of them think they are going to be raptured up before the final battle. Fools! They’ll throw themselves at my feet,* thought Lucifer. *Threaten to take away their goods and watch them bow down in a hurry.*

Lucifer’s plan had been in the works ever since the agreement between himself and his two former brothers, Michael and Gabriel.

Jesus would come first. He would be allowed to preach for 1,260 days, and then he would be allowed to be sacrificed for the forgiveness of sins. Then after a period of time determined by the Father, Lucifer would be allowed to have his son preach for the same amount of time.

The Father set the time period. It was declared that Jerusalem would fall 40 years after the sacrifice of Jesus. Once Jerusalem fell, there would be a period of 280 periods of 7s, or 40 jubilees, and then the son of Lucifer would be allowed to reign for a 1,260-day time period, the same time period Jesus was allotted.

A jubilee was fifty years minus one year or forty-nine years, or seven periods of seven years. The Jews of old would work the land for forty-nine years, and then, all debts would be forgiven, slaves would be set free, and the land given a

rest for one year. That sabbatical year of rest was known as the Jubilee year.

There would be 280 periods of 7s, or 40 jubilees, both came up to 1,960 years. The fall of Jerusalem happened in 70 AD, so that would put the reign of the son of Lucifer beginning in 2030 AD.

If one counted the sabbatical year in the jubilee and made it a fifty-year jubilee, then it would be forty full jubilees after the sacrifice of Jesus, which was in 30 AD. That still put the beginning of the reign at 2030 AD.

Either way, that's not much time left, thought Lucifer. Fifteen years before I incarnate myself into human form and take what is rightfully mine. After waiting all this time, forty full jubilees, then it will be my time to reign.

He looked around at the mass of demons assembled. It was almost time to unleash this massive force. *Once my son is completely trained, the Earth will have no idea what hit them, thousands of demons unleashing havoc on the Earth. With my son leading the way, I will topple the throne of Jesus and assume what is rightfully mine.*

“What of the child of Israel” asked Lucifer?

“She is under the protection of Michael,” said Ba'al.

Lucifer slammed his fist on his throne and thundered, “So what?” He then composed himself and asked, “Lord Ba'al, does that worry you?”

Baphomet interrupted, “Michael is not to be taken lightly, Your Highness.”

“Whoever said I take him lightly? I know the power of my younger brother,” hissed Lucifer.

There was a long moment of silence in which Lucifer studied Ba'al. Wondering the worth of this ruler, sizing him up, he said, “Ba'al, you are to remove this Israeli threat yourself.”

“But, Your Highness—”

“Is this too large of a mission for you, Lord Ba'al?” Lucifer interrupted.

“No, Your Highness, but I will need many warriors,” said Ba'al.

“Take as many as you need and don't come back unless you have the head of Michael with you,” said Lucifer.

“Yes, my lord,” said Ba'al.

“You are dismissed,” ordered Lucifer. He turned his attention toward Lilith. He looked the master of seduction over and said, “Do you think you are capable of seducing a sailor?”

“With ease, my lord,” said Lilith

Lucifer turned toward Baphomet and asked, “What do you know of this troublemaker from Michigan?”

“In a previous life, he was one of the chosen twelve apostles of Jesus. The one they called Philip. He has already destroyed dozens of our warriors with just his voice. It seems as though he has the power of the Holy Spirit within him,” answered Baphomet.

Lucifer shot back at Baphomet, “Isn’t this the man you told me was taken out of the way back in 1996?”

“Yes, my lord,” answered Baphomet.

“Apparently not if he is still around.” Lucifer looked toward Lilith. “Are you capable of fighting the power of the Holy Spirit?”

“With ease, my lord,” answered the woman in black.

“We shall see,” said Lucifer. He looked to Baphomet and asked. “How did he destroy dozens of your warriors?”

“It was an attempted abduction of the twins from Australia. He intervened and annihilated a whole platoon of demons. Four were able to get away,” said Baphomet.

“We will have to deal with those twins later. I’ll leave that mission for my son,” said Lucifer. He looked to Lilith again as if to say, “Are you ready to deal with that kind of power?”

“The twins suffer from autism my Lord,” said Baphomet.

“That still doesn’t negate their potential power,” said Lucifer.

“One other thing, my lord, we have his Bible,” said Baphomet, handing Eddie’s King James Version of the Bible to Lucifer.

Lord Lucifer looked it over. He opened it to the first page and noted the date. “He’s had this since 1973. Impressive.” He then thumbed through the pages noticing how marked the Bible is with notes along the margins. “One thing is for sure, this man from Michigan is well versed in scriptures.

It looks as though he has read this quite a few times.” He studied it a while longer and added, “He pays particularly close attention to prophecy, namely the Book of Revelations and the prophet Daniel.” He finished looking at the Bible and handed it to Lilith and spoke, “You’ll be needing this if you intend to tackle the Holy Spirit.”

“Yes, my lord,” she answered.

“Then get out of my sight and do your job!” yelled Lucifer. After he watched Lilith scurry away, he motioned for Baphomet to come near him. As soon as Baphomet came close enough, Lucifer whispered to him, “I’m not sure either of them is capable of handling their assigned tasks. See to it that they are successful.”

“Yes, my lord,” answered Baphomet.

As Baphomet walked away from him, Lucifer wondered whether or not he would have to perform the assigned tasks himself. He wasn’t concerned with Lilith handling this upstart from Michigan, but he was with Ba’al tackling his brother. Michael was a fierce warrior, almost as fierce as Lucifer himself, and sending this bull god to fight this battle may be suicide. He knows Baphomet will keep watch, keep him updated, and be smart enough to stay out of that fight.

Time will tell if he has to travel to Israel himself and make things right.

May 1, 2015

Sydney, New South Wales, Australia

Beginning in early April, Eddie had decided to try Australian immigration again for another ETA. This time, he decided to hire an American migration attorney, and after 7,500 dollars in legal fees, one was issued. Money sure does solve a lot of problems.

With his ninety-day visa and passport in hand, he stood in line at the airport in Los Angeles when he noticed a tall, extremely attractive brunette standing behind him in line who seemed to be eyeing him up.

She bumped into him and asked, “Is this the flight to Sydney?”

Eddie looked at the flight listing above the counter. Sydney was listed first, so he responded, “Yes, it is.” *Apparently this woman can't read*, he thought.

“Okay, thank you,” she said and abruptly left him.

Well, that was strange. She asks me if this was the flight to Sydney, and when she finds out it is, she leaves. You run into all kinds here at the airport, especially here in Los Angeles.

Sixteen hours later, he arrived in Australia for the first time in his life to the hugs of the twins.

“It’s good to see my girlies again,” he said as he once again gave them teddy bears. *You can never go wrong with giving little girls teddy bears*, he thought to himself. He also gave them necklaces with Saint Philip pendants to put around their necks. “To ward off the evil spirits,” he said with a wink.

He gave Elizabeth a passionate kiss and said, “Close your eyes, sweetheart.” She did, and then Eddie said, “Okay, now hold out your hand.” She complied, and Eddie put a small jewelry box in it and said, “Open your eyes and open the box.”

Elizabeth opened both and tears began to run down her cheeks as she saw a beautiful half-carat diamond engagement ring in a nice 14K gold band.

“Will you marry me?” he asked.

“Of course!” she answered, then grabbed and held him as hard as she possible could.

“I’m never going to let you go!”

The girls squealed with delight, and rushed in for a nice group hug between the four of them.

“What a wonderful family we have,” said Eddie, wiping away his own tears. In all of Eddie’s life, he had never felt so close to anyone than he did with these three Australians.

“Indeed,” said Elizabeth.

As they were hugging, Eddie noticed off in the distance that same tall brunette he saw in Los Angeles. *I didn’t notice her getting on the flight. Where the hell did she come from? She’s looking at me again. That’s all I need is a damn stalker.*

He leaned over and kissed all three then looked back at where the brunette was, and she was gone.

That night, after Eddie had watched a Disney movie with the girls and then later tucked them into bed, he was finally alone with the woman he loved.

“I love you,” he said.

“I love you too,” she responded.

“I’m fifty-one years old, and I’ve never married,” he said.

“You were waiting for me,” she said.

“Apparently so. It’s going to be a wonderful three months here in Aussie land.”

The next morning as Eddie was getting out of the shower, Elizabeth noticed a mark on Eddie’s back.

“What is this on your back?” she asked.

“What are you talking about?” he said.

“Right here, below your right shoulder blade, it looks like a rash,” she said.

“Hmm, I don’t know. I’ve never noticed anything before,” he said.

She went to get him a mirror so he could look at it himself. He turned toward the bathroom mirror, held the small one up so he could get a good look, and said, "It's got a strange shape to it, like a star."

She studied it and said, "A five-pointed star. I've never seen anything like it. It's some kind of rash, maybe you should have it looked at."

Eddie despised doctors. He hadn't been to his own doctor in five years for a physical much to the physician's chagrin. Since he was over fifty years old, it was a dangerous game he was playing, and he knew it. But he didn't care, he still hated them; it always turned into an argument between them.

They were always telling him that he had to change his lifestyle: eat different foods, more exercise, and all those other distractions in his perception, all to the tune of 250 dollars an hour. He'd always end the argument by telling the doctor that he would outlive them.

He gave in to his future wife and said, "Go ahead and schedule an appointment, and I'll go."

Three days later, Dr. William Renwick was examining the rash and told him, "It looks like some sort of fungal rash, but it also looks like a heat burn. It has a weird shape to it. I've never seen anything like that before."

"Well, that's comforting to know, Doc," said Eddie.

"How long have you noticed this?" the good doctor asked.

"Three days ago," said Eddie.

“It doesn’t itch?” asked the doctor.

“Not at all,” answered Eddie.

“I’m going to give you some cream to put on three times a day. Also some fungal antibiotics you can pick up from the nurse.”

“Thanks, Doc,” said Eddie.

“No worries, mate,” said the doctor.

The day after the doctor’s appointment, the four of them were barbequing prawns on the grill in the backyard when Joan came up to Eddie and said, “Daddy, I had a dream about you last night.”

“Honey, what was it about?” asked Eddie. Knowing that this girl was strong in the touch, he was going to listen to anything she had to say. He had read in the scriptures about prophets, but in this household they seemed to run wild, especially with the twins.

“There is a lady that is after you,” said Joan.

Elizabeth’s ears perked up at this revelation and said, “Oh yeah? What kind of lady?”

“She has long, dark hair and blue eyes. Daddy, she’s very evil, be careful,” said Joan.

“Oh, don’t you worry, sweetheart, I can take care of myself,” said Eddie as he was flipping the prawns over.

Elizabeth shot a concerned look at Eddie and said, “Do you know anyone who looks like that?”

“No, not really. Although I saw someone at the airport who matched that description,” he said.

“You did? Well, I’ll be on the lookout,” said Elizabeth. She thought for a moment and added, “I’ll sprinkle some sage around the house just for safety reasons.”

“Good idea,” said Eddie. *I have no idea what all this sage bullshit is about, but if it works, it works*, he thought.

That night Elizabeth purchased some sage sticks, lit them, and placed them around the house and the yard. She blew the fire out and let the smoke absorb into every room.

“What’s this all about?” asked Eddie.

“Dark spirits hate sage,” she said. Another thing she had learned from her grandmother.

“I didn’t know that,” he said.

“My grandmother taught me this when I was younger. Negative entities love sulfur and hate sage,” she said as she was walking around room to room, saying prayers to ward off the dark spirits.

“I saw that woman that Joan described in Los Angeles and Sydney,” he said. “I haven’t seen her since.”

“I wonder who it is. Joan said that she’s evil,” said Elizabeth.

“Go under tonight and ask your Grandmother,” said Eddie.

“I hate to bother her with things like this. I’d rather talk to her about her great-grandchildren,” said Elizabeth. But she knew that this was for Eddie’s safety. Although she didn’t know how badly Eddie needed protection. According to Joan, Eddie could more than handle himself against

evil spirits. Especially after the way she talked about him slaying all those giant lizard men.

That night, she did as Eddie suggested. She put herself under and her Grandmother Nina came through.

“Nan, do you know anything about the woman that Joan described?” asked Elizabeth.

“Yes, her name is Lilith, and as Joan said, she’s very dark.”

“Why is she after Eddie?” asked Elizabeth.

“That, I cannot tell you. Eddie is attracting a lot of negative interest based on who he was and who he is,” Nina answered.

“You mean, Philip?” Elizabeth said.

“Yes, and more, but he needs to figure things out for himself. For the angels or myself to tell him more would be a violation,” said Nina.

“More than Philip?” asked Elizabeth.

“Much more. Think in terms of bloodline and agreements made long ago. That’s all I’m able to tell you,” said Nina.

“Because he has to figure these things out himself, correct?”

“Exactly,” said Nina. “Eddie is the key to the prophecy made long ago.”

Once Elizabeth was finished with her conversation with her Grandmother Nina, she relayed what was told to Eddie.

“Bloodlines and agreements made long ago,” Eddie said out loud, thinking to himself. “That is what the friar

told me during that near-death experience I had. It was all because of an agreement made long ago.”

Elizabeth was also racking her brain, thinking out loud, she said, “I believe Charlotte told me the same thing about you during my conversation with her.”

“What could it possibly mean? An agreement made long ago,” said Eddie.

“I don’t know. I wonder how long ago they are talking about?” wondered Elizabeth.

“It has to be one that deals with the royal bloodline of Jesus,” said Eddie.

“It’s like a mystery quest, a puzzle that the spirit is giving us to figure out ourselves,” said Elizabeth.

“Further research is needed,” said Eddie.

“But where?” asked Elizabeth.

“The Holy Bible, of course,” said Eddie. “Where else would I look?”

Eddie studied the scriptures for the rest of the night and into the following day, looking for agreements made long ago.

After the exhaustive research, Eddie found seven agreements, or covenants, in the Bible.

The first covenant was between God and Adam. It outlined man’s responsibility toward creation and God’s directive regarding the tree of the knowledge of good and evil. It included the curses pronounced against mankind

for the sin of Adam and Eve as well as God's provision for that sin.

I doubt this is the one they are referring to, thought Eddie.

The second covenant was between God and Noah. After the flood, God promised humanity He would never again destroy all life on earth with a flood. God gave the rainbow as a sign of that agreement.

It certainly isn't this one. This has nothing to do with any bloodlines in it. This just tells Noah that God will never destroy the Earth with a flood any more, thought Eddie.

The third covenant was between God and Abraham. God promised to make Abraham's name great. That Abraham would have numerous descendants and be the father of a multitude of nations. God promised that the nation Israel would come from him. God also promised land to Abraham's descendants. Lastly, God promised that all the families of the world would be blessed through the physical line of Abraham.

All the families of the Earth to be blessed from his line. This could be it, thought Eddie.

The fourth covenant was between God and the nation of Israel. It amplified the land covenant detailed in the Abrahamic covenant. According to the terms of this covenant, if the people disobeyed, God would cause them to be scattered around the world, but he would eventually restore the nation. When the nation is restored, then they will obey him perfectly and God will cause them to prosper.

This isn't it. This pertains only to the land promised to Abraham's descendants, thought Eddie.

The fifth covenant was between God and Moses. It stated that if the nation of Israel obeyed God, then it would receive blessings. If it disobeyed God, it would receive curses. This covenant was the Ten Commandments and the rest of the Laws of Moses.

This one has nothing to do with the bloodline. It only lays down the Laws of Moses, thought Eddie.

The sixth covenant was between God and David. This covenant amplified the seed covenant between God and Abraham. The promise to David was that his lineage would last forever and that his kingdom would never pass away permanently. That someone from the line of David will sit on the throne of Israel and rule as king.

This is it! But it's only an extension of the third covenant. The bloodline from Abraham through David to the Messiah. This covenant covers the bloodline, thought Eddie.

The seventh covenant was between God and, at first, Israel and ultimately all of mankind. In this covenant God promised to forgive sin and that there will be a universal knowledge of the Lord. Jesus fulfilled this covenant by being the savior, and therefore, all of sin is forgiven.

This covenant promises a Messiah but doesn't tell where it comes from like the sixth covenant, thought Eddie.

Eddie and Elizabeth studied the covenants carefully.

“The covenants related to the bloodline are the third and the sixth covenants and possibly the seventh,” said Eddie.

“The covenant between God and Abraham was the first to speak of a blessing through his bloodline,” said Elizabeth.

“Yes, it begins with Abraham and passes through to David and then on to Jesus,” said Eddie. “The angel Samuel told me that I am the key to that bloodline.”

“So if the friar told you that you are chosen because of an agreement made long ago and you are the key to that bloodline, then that makes you Abraham!” Elizabeth said, her excitement growing. “From Abraham to David to Jesus to you and your offspring!”

Eddie looked at her for a second. He understood what she said, but his mind hadn’t comprehended the meaning of it yet. “The first agreement which speaks of a bloodline is the one with Abraham. Then that agreement is amplified with David. Then it is fulfilled with Jesus.”

“That is for the first coming,” she said.

“True, what about the second?” he asked.

“Then Abraham would have to come back and his seed be the second coming,” she said.

“And if I am Abraham like you say I am, then one of my children or my grandchildren is the messiah,” the words came out of his mouth, but his mind had not caught up to them yet. It was all so surreal. *What did I just say? What just came out of my mouth?* he thought.

“You had to come back so that the messiah could return!” she shouted. “Because of an agreement made long ago! The agreement between God and Abraham!”

“Holy shit!” Eddie caught himself. “I didn’t mean that. Basically, what we are saying here is that it all began with Abraham.”

They both decided that was enough research for now. They would attempt to communicate with the spirit through either Nina or whichever angel happened to pass through and confirm whether or not that Eddie was Abraham and that if it was his seed that would be chosen to bring forth the long-awaited Messiah.

That night, they once again went under and communicated with the spirit. This time, it was the angel Samuel who passed through.

“Hello, Samuel,” said Eddie.

“Hello, Eddie and Elizabeth,” said the angel Samuel.

“We have some questions for you,” said Elizabeth.

“I know what they are, and I’ve been instructed by the Holy Father to answer them for your benefit. Yes, Eddie, you were the prophet Abraham in a previous life. And you, Elizabeth, were his wife, Sarah, the ancestors to all of Israel.”

“I don’t know much about those two,” admitted Elizabeth.

“Abraham was a biblical stud if you will. Without him, there is no Judaism, Christianity, or Islam for that matter. He’s the father to all three,” said Eddie.

“Good god! He’s that prominent?” said Elizabeth and tried to let that all sink in. “I must read about Sarah and him.” She looked at Eddie and thought, *I don’t know about biblical stud, but you sure are one now.*

“Okay, what about the bloodline and my children scattered all over the world?” asked Eddie.

“You know about the twins Jessica and Joan here in Australia. The other three are a woman in Israel, a man in Egypt, and a woman in Italy,” the angel answered.

“And all of them are of the royal bloodline?” asked Eddie.

“Of course.”

“What is the significance of each?” asked Elizabeth.

“The Israeli woman is for the bloodline and the most significant. The Messiah will come from that line. The Egyptian man is a political activist and was involved in the overthrowing of one government. He has become prominent in Egyptian politics and will continue on until he rules all of Egypt. The Italian woman is a nun and has significance within the Roman Catholic Church. The father has given that church one last chance to redeem itself. That is all I can tell you about them. To supply you with more information would be a violation,” said Samuel.

“Thank you, Samuel,” said Eddie. Then the angel Samuel took his leave.

“Well, that is another mindblower,” said Eddie.

She arose to get her something to drink. “That seems to follow you around, Eddie.”

“This is larger than both of us. I feel like I’m an actor in a play and someone else is doing the directing,” he said.

“Maybe we will find out what the plot is when the play is over,” she said.

“That’s usually how prophecy works. You find out what it means after the event has happened so you can’t do anything about it beforehand,” he said.

May 5, 2015

Tel Aviv, Israel

Shimon Katz had known Rabbi Benjamin Yahuda since they started school together as six-year-olds back in 1954. After graduating from their high school in Haifa, they both performed their mandatory enlistments in the army together. They fought side by side in the Six-Day War as nineteen-year-olds in 1967, and both performed heroically in the Sinai. Once their enlistments were up, they went their separate ways. Benjamin followed his spiritual calling, while Shimon joined the Israeli Secret Police organization known as Shin Bet. Benjamin followed God, and Shimon followed the action. From there, Shimon later on became a Mossad agent for Israeli intelligence. Both men retired from their professions in 2012.

They may have separated, but they never lost touch. Every other Sunday morning, one would call the other on the phone and talk for at least an hour like a couple

of elderly women catching up with the latest gossip. No matter where Shimon was in the world, he would make it a point to talk to his lifelong friend, Benjamin.

The phone call Shimon received from Benjamin on May 2 shocked him. His dear friend had told him that he had received a visit from the archangel Michael telling him that a family that the good rabbi had cared for was the lineage of the future Messiah. Benjamin had described the entire visit that he had back in 2005 and that this same family had recently received another visit from the archangel.

Shimon had asked him why Benjamin had waited all these years to tell him, and the rabbi had answered that he didn't know what to do with the information he had. But this latest visit had pressed the issue.

The rabbi had told Shimon that Michael had said "the bloodline had returned back to Israel." And that the bloodline was that of a descendant of the Christian God Jesus. And that Jesus would destroy the enemy so that his sister Sophia could rule. It was all very interesting stuff to Shimon.

Rabbi Benjamin had furnished a copy of a photo of an American sailor named Eddie and wanted to know if the former Mossad agent could find out anything about him.

Shimon had known Benjamin a long time, and he had never known the good rabbi to tell any kind of falsehood in his life nor had the rabbi ever asked a favor from him. Yet this was almost impossible for Shimon to believe in.

He had asked Benjamin over and over about the visit from this angel to himself and to the three girls of the Rabin family, and the rabbi hadn't slipped up once. His story had remained the same so he knew his friend was telling the truth. Shimon had known all the tricks of interrogation, and Benjamin had passed with flying colors.

Shimon was looking at the information that the rabbi had given him. Sarah's daughter, Anna, was born on July 21, 1986, so Eddie's ship must have ported in Haifa sometime in the middle of October. That this picture he had in his hand and his first name might be enough to find out this mystery sailor who brought the bloodline back to Israel. Shimon thought, *Could it be true? Could the long-awaited Messiah be on the way to Israel?*

This was all mind-blowing stuff even for a retired Mossad agent who had seen it all. But since Rabbi Benjamin had been his friend for sixty-one years now and had performed all the religious ceremonies in his life, including his marriage and his children's bar mitzvahs, he owed his friend, and Benjamin had never asked for anything from Shimon in their entire existence.

His rabbi friend believed in what he was doing. Benjamin believed that the Rabin family was key to the arrival of the Messiah. Who was Shimon to argue with him? After all, religious matters were the rabbi's expertise, not Shimon's.

It was time to get to work on this mission.

His first priority was to find out what ships were ported in Haifa in October 1985. That would be easy enough with his contacts at the Israeli Defense Forces.

That was the key to being a successful Mossad agent: plenty of contacts scattered all around the world. There was a wealth of electronic information out there, but what Shimon found in his thirty years with the Mossad was that human intelligence was most valuable of all. It had taken him decades to develop all the resources he had at his disposal, and if he needed to use them now for a lifelong friend, he would. The best part about all this was that since he was retired, he wouldn't have to go through the usual bureaucracy with the chain of command. He'd just have to stay under the radar from the powers that be. This whole mission would be performed off the record.

This wily sixty-seven-year-old fox was becoming bored with retirement anyway. His friend Benjamin just might be doing himself a favor with this mission.

Once he found the list of ships that were in Haifa in October 1985, he'd have to find out the rosters on those ships during that time period. That might be a little trickier, but he had a few tricks up his sleeves. He could either go the direct route with sources that had access to files within the United States Navy or he knew a couple hackers that could break into the United States Department of Defense archives.

He got on the phone and started making phone calls.

May 7, 2015

Vatican City, Rome, Italy

Archbishop Carmen Rizzo, the personal secretary to the Holy Father, was studying Antonio Firenze, bishop and head of the Miracles Commission, who was seated in front of his desk.

He had read their report of the so-called miracle that happened at the Badia Fiorentina in Florence, and now he had a few questions for the bishop.

“What do we know of this Sister Gabriella?” the secretary asked.

“She arrived at the Badia Fiorentina as an orphan and was adopted by Mother Anastasia a few days later. She has lived at the abbey ever since. Every report written about her has been that she has been a model nun according to the mother. According to herself and every member of the order, including Mother Anastasia, they meet at the fifteenth of every month—”

Secretary Rizzo interrupted, “I have read all that in the report. That’s not what I’d like to know. What do we know of her parents? Does she have any extended family? I know that she was an orphan, but do we have any information whatsoever on her?”

Bishop Firenze answered, “According to police reports, her mother was a prostitute in Livorno and her father is unknown. Her mother’s parents are deceased, therefore, she has no family to speak of.”

“Her father is unknown? You have no name whatsoever?” asked Secretary Rizzo.

“It could be anyone,” answered Bishop Firenze.

“So with all your resources, you have no idea?” asked Secretary Rizzo.

“Secretary, as I said, it could be anyone. She was a prostitute in a city that gets frequented by American sailors,” said the Bishop.

“Well, shouldn’t that be a clue for you?” said the secretary.

“Yes, that narrows it down to one in a million,” said the Bishop in a very sarcastic tone.

“Less than that,” said the secretary.

The bishop remained silent. Anything said now would be to his own detriment since the secretary has the ear to the Holy Father. It would not be politically prudent for the bishop to speak further. It’s more than likely that his tone had already landed him in a position at some remote place on the other side of the planet.

“That will be all,” said the secretary.

Little did the bishop know that the secretary had the Badia Fiorentina bugged with listening devices the day after the Holy Father had showed him the so-called miracle from the Holy Mother Mary and the three conditions that the church would have to meet within a year. Secretary Rizzo would not count on any miracles commissions to determine whether or not there was a miracle. He would get to the bottom of this himself. So he had two intelligence experts posing as priests watching and listening to all the affairs of the order of Badia Fiorentina.

What he had learned was that there had been another so-called miracle that happened last month on the fifteenth that told Sister Gabriella that her father is the reincarnated Saint Philip. That is exactly why he had pressed the bishop, head of the Miracles Commission, about any information in regard to the sister’s father.

He had also learned that Mother Anastasia had also been poking around trying to find out information about the sister’s father as well. And only running into one dead end after another. They would never find out; the secretary would see to it. It was always good to have the police on the payroll for times like this. The police would continue to stonewall Mother Anastasia on this matter. It was imperative to Secretary Rizzo that he finds out who this mystery father is before anyone else.

Meanwhile, the Vatican Police had been on this case of the missing father for over a month now, giving daily reports to Secretary Rizzo.

May 10, 2015

Cairo, Egypt

Representative Youssef Sherif had tried everything to get information on his father from his mother Sabah but to no avail. She was completely stonewalling him at every angle. For some reason or another, she was unwilling to even speak of him. The only information collected from her was that he died when Youssef was two. She had remarried a couple years after his natural father's death to a good man who treated Youssef as his own, but after the visit from the archangel Gabriel, his curiosity about his natural father was peaked. Philip, one of the first Muslims, was his father, according to the blessed archangel. *How could that be? Unless that is some kind of reincarnation of Philip's spirit. "Youssef, son of Philip."* The words played in in his head ever since the angel had spoken them.

Gabriel had also told him that he would find out more in time. It was a mystery yet to be solved. Youssef believed

it was up to him to solve this mystery. The archangel had steered him in a certain direction, and now the rest was up to him.

The archangel had also told Youssef that he would assume the power of Egypt one day, but that was secondary in Youssef's mind at the moment. Finding his biological father was paramount. Everything else was secondary in Youssef's world.

Through his connection in Egyptian intelligence, he was able to find out that his mother was on the island of Crete in December 1985, nine months before Youssef was born. *That could mean anything. I need more information,* he thought. *Where was she specifically at? And who did she run into?*

Egyptian intelligence had also told him that she was never married before she married her current husband. *Why did she lie to me about that? Was she ashamed that she gave birth to me out of wedlock? No wonder she has no pictures of her so-called first husband. He never existed in the first place! Why won't Mother talk to me about this man? What great secret is she hiding from me? Why is she hiding it? There is only one man who can help me. The mystic known as Ahmed Rama.*

Ahmed Rama is a well-known, controversial Sufi Muslim who lives between the city of Luxor in the southern portion of the Nile River and the Valley of the Kings. Most devout Muslims don't want anything to do with him due to many Imams' warnings that Ahmed gets his power from

the dark side. But others say he has the touch of Allah in him. Many times he has been able to help people with their illnesses through contacting spirits from the other side.

Many consider him a seer who sees into the future and the past. Youssef wasn't sure either way about this Ahmed Rama, but he was desperate enough to find out about his true father to take a chance on this mystic. Good or evil, Youssef was about to find out about this mystery seer.

The next day Youssef took a leave of absence for a few days from his political duties to go and see for himself this mystic from the south.

Ahmed welcomed Youssef into his home. "I've been expecting you Youssef, son of Philip."

Holy allah, the mystic knows! thought Youssef. He recovered long enough to ask, "How did you know I was coming to see you?"

"The Mighty One told me you were coming," said Ahmed, matter-of-factly.

"Allah?" asked Youssef.

"Is there any other mighty one?" asked Ahmed. Then he caught himself and said, "Oh yes, there is another mighty one that you know of. Gabriel, messenger of the Host."

"Yes, I saw Gabriel in all his glory," said Youssef. "He left quite the impression."

"And that is why you are visiting me today. Because of the information that the messenger gave to you," said Ahmed.

“Would you care for something to drink?” motioning for Youssef to take a seat.

“Yes, I would, thank you,” said Youssef. Then they both sat on pillows, facing each other. “That is true. He called me Youssef, son of Philip.”

“You are more than just the son of Philip,” said Ahmed.

“I am?” asked Ahmed.

“You are, but I will get to that later. Firstly, I must say that I have been instructed by the Most High to answer any question that you may have. You wish to know of this Philip. He is who you think he is, a friend of the Most High Prophet Jesus,” said Ahmed.

“In other words, the one whom the Christians call Saint Philip,” said Youssef.

“The very same, a mighty disciple. The founder of the Coptics in our own country,” said Ahmed.

“I thought they were founded by Mark?” said Youssef.

“You know your history well, I am impressed. Mark came along later. Philip and Bartholomew were here first,” said Ahmed.

“Okay. Now you said my father is much more than even him. What do you mean by that?” asked Youssef.

“Your father is a close friend of the Most High. He is not only the father of you, young Youssef, he is the father of many prophets,” said Ahmed.

“Will you quit speaking in riddles and just speak plainly,” said Youssef, his blood pressure rising. *Why must people like this constantly speak in cryptic sentences?*

“Do not lose patience, Youssef,” said Ahmed with a smile on his face.

Youssef gathered himself, paused, and asked, “Father of which prophets?”

“Isaac, Ishmael, Samuel, Elijah, John the Baptist and others,” said Ahmed.

“Holy Allah! That would make him Abraham, Elkanah, and Zechariah!” shouted Youssef. He was not a man to get excited, but this new revelation had caught him ill prepared, and he couldn’t help himself. *Abraham! The greatest of the prophets, the father of all the Muslims!*

“Indeed. As well as the disciple Philip, friend of the prophet Jesus. I see you are well versed in the Holy Bible as well as the Holy Koran. This pleases Allah. This is a very old soul we are talking about here. Allah chose this man to be the father of nations as well as the father of prophets,” said Ahmed.

“And this is my father? This same soul who is to all these people?” asked Youssef.

“That is true. Very much favored by Allah,” said Ahmed.

“That is hard to believe!” said Youssef.

“It is true, Youssef, son of Philip, son of Abraham, son of Zechariah.”

“How can this be? How can this person be all these great people?” asked Youssef.

“Reincarnation of the soul is a great truth. One soul leaving one life and entering into another. It happens all the time,” said Ahmed. Youssef was about to speak, and Ahmed interrupted him with his hand held to his mouth in a motion to quiet Youssef. “Let me explain. Abraham was a great prophet and the father of many nations. Also the father of two great prophets, Ishmael and Isaac correct?”

“Correct,” said Youssef.

“So when Allah needed a great prophet, who would be an excellent choice to come back and take physical form and be the father of a great prophet?” asked Ahmed.

“Abraham would be the best choice,” said Youssef.

“Indeed. Now when Allah needed a prophet to announce the great prophet Jesus, he chose the prophet John the Baptist, correct?”

“Correct,” said Youssef.

“And who was John’s father?” asked Ahmed.

“Zechariah,” answered Youssef.

“Abraham, Elkanah, and Zechariah are one and the same. And if you notice, their wives were barren before they produced a great prophet,” said Ahmed. “Abraham’s wife Sarah was barren, and then she produced the prophet Isaac. Elkanah’s wife Hannah was barren, and then she produced the prophet Samuel. Zechariah’s wife Elizabeth was barren, and then she produced the prophet John the Baptist. All

those men were the same soul. All those women were also the same soul.”

“I’m not sure I understand,” said Youssef.

“Abraham, Elkanah, and Zechariah are the same soul. Sarah, Hannah, and Elizabeth are the same soul. Allah uses messengers that work for his greater glory, so he will use the same soul to get those wonderful results because he knows it worked in the past and it will work again. At least four times in history that same couple produced wonderful prophets in the name of Isaac, Samuel, and John the Baptist,” said Ahmed. “They also produced, Elijah but I don’t know what their names were.”

“And the soul that was Abraham, Elkanah, and Zechariah was also the Saint Philip?” asked Youssef.

“One and the same soul. And, Youssef, that soul is your biological father?” said Ahmed.

“That would make me a prophet,” said Youssef.

“Indeed,” said Ahmed. “And you are. Did you not see the Archangel Gabriel?”

“Yes,” answered Youssef.

The seer remained silent.

So Youssef asked, “Then who is my physical father?”

“The only information I received was that your mother met an American sailor on the island of Crete nine months before you was born. His name is Edward. Allah will not give me any more information than that,” said Ahmed.

“That’s more than I had,” said Youssef.

“You are the son of a great soul, Youssef,” said Ahmed. He grabbed the young man by the shoulders and looked Youssef squarely in the eyes. “You are very much blessed by Allah.”

“God is great. I wonder if I have brothers and sisters.” Youssef asked.

“That has not been given to me. Allah will reveal all things in time,” said Ahmed.

“Thank you for this meeting. I have one last thing to ask you. Why do so many people portray you as conversing with devils?” said Youssef.

“People reject what they don’t understand or experience. If Allah is not speaking to them, then they feel he is speaking to no one,” said Ahmed.

“Allah speaks to you my brother,” said Youssef.

“And to you as well,” said Ahmed. “Youssef, one other thing. The man you are searching for is also being searched for by others. For the very same reason. Some of those people do not have his best interests in mind. That is all I can tell you according to Allah,” said Ahmed.

May 12, 2015

Haifa, Israel

Rabbi Benjamin Yahuda hadn't slept much the last few days. He had been up many late nights studying the prophecies of the long-awaited Messiah.

He had heard with his own ears from Michael, and now it was reconfirmed through the Rabin family that the smallest of them, Miriam, shall give birth to the Messiah who will lead Israel after great tribulation. *After great tribulation*, he thought.

Rabbi Benjamin Yahuda had studied the prophets Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, Hosea, Micah, Zephaniah, Zechariah, and Daniel.

The rabbi knew that the Messiah, or anointed one, according to the prophet Jeremiah, will come from the house of David.

According to the prophet Isaiah, the anointed one will be well versed in Jewish law. The anointed one will be a

charismatic leader, inspiring others to follow its example, A great military leader, who will win battles for Israel. A great judge, who makes righteous decisions. But above all, the anointed one will be a human being. Not some god or demigod as Christians believe.

As for the time of the anointed one, it could be any time. Rabbis have debated for centuries as to when the anointed one will arrive. Many differing opinions have been written; therefore, Rabbi Benjamin Yahuda had no idea of the time of its arrival.

According to the prophet Ezekiel, there will be wars and suffering before the coming of the anointed one. The anointed one will bring about political and spiritual redemption for the Nation of Israel. The anointed one will also restore Jerusalem to its proper place. Jerusalem will establish a government that will be the center of all world governments, both for Jews and Gentiles.

According to Jeremiah, the anointed one will rebuild the temple and reestablish its worship, establish a religious court system of Israel, and establish Jewish law as the law of the land.

After the arrival of the anointed one, the world will live in peaceful coexistence. Hatred, intolerance, and war will cease to exist. Some rabbis even believe that the laws of nature will change between predator and prey, Benjamin being one of them.

All Jews will return to Israel. The law of the Jubilee will be reinstated.

The whole world will recognize the God of Abraham as the one true God and the Jewish religion as the one true religion.

There will be no more sin.

The only sacrifices required will be those of the thanksgiving sacrifice.

If this is the case that Miriam's unborn child of the future is the anointed one, then the retired rabbi must shepherd this chosen family. The God of Abraham has chosen him to be the spiritual leader for the family that will give birth to Israel's anointed one. And for that honor he felt very blessed.

Yet he felt insecure to hold that position. *Am I worthy, oh Lord, for such a position?*

He remembered the words the Rabin family told him of Michael's latest visit. That Jesus and Sophia are the male and female aspects of the Most High. That the God of Abraham is both male and female.

He always knew the Rabin family to be good Jews, but apparently Michael had told them Jesus was God's son and this new anointed one will be his sister. The son and daughter of the living God.

It all seemed so confusing to the rabbi.

He bent to pray, and as soon as he did, there appeared before him a man dressed in white linen with a golden rope around its waist.

“Greetings, Rabbi,” said the being in white.

Sixty-seven-year-old Rabbi Benjamin Yahuda wasn’t sure his heart was going to hold up. He had just recovered from a vision of Michael so long ago, and now he was having another vision. This one was someone different. With long, flowing hair, he looked like a man, yet more than that. But he was different than what Michael looked.

Not knowing the name of whom he was addressing, the rabbi could only say, “Greetings.”

Reading the rabbi’s mind, the being said, “My name is Jesus, and I have come to you to answer questions that plague you.”

“Then it is true,” said the rabbi, thinking about what the Rabin family told him about Jesus being the son of God and Miriam’s future daughter being the daughter of God.

“The Rabin family is incapable of deceit,” said Jesus.

“So Miriam will deliver the anointed one?” asked the rabbi. *I better tread carefully, I’ve rejected this being my entire life*, thought the rabbi.

“She will. And all the world will be blessed through her,” said Jesus.

“The Messiah,” said the rabbi.

“Yes, the chosen one,” said Jesus.

“How can that be? I thought the Messiah was to be a male” said the rabbi.

“I am a male,” said Jesus.

“But you didn’t establish an earthly kingdom while you were here. You didn’t fulfill all the prophecies of the Messiah,” said the rabbi.

“That is true. I fulfilled some but not all of them. Those that aren’t fulfilled will be done so by my sister,” said Jesus.

“Your sister?” asked the rabbi.

“Yes, my sister, Sophia. Rabbi, let me explain something to you. The God of Abraham is neither male nor female. God is both. I am the male portion of the God of Abraham and the soon-to-be Sophia is the female portion. We are two parts of the same being. I arrived two thousand years ago and was rejected by men for a reason: to release that aspect of the God of Abraham known as the Holy Spirit. Now I will return for only one day very soon and destroy the enemy as it is written so that my sister will rule the earth from Jerusalem. Do you understand?” said Jesus.

“Sort of,” said the rabbi.

“You will, in time,” said Jesus.

“Who is Anna’s father? This sailor known as Eddie?” asked the rabbi.

“He’s lived many lives. But for purposes of all this, he is Abraham returned,” said Jesus.

“Abraham?” asked the rabbi.

“One and the same. But he was also my traveling companion known as Philip. And a couple of other prophets in other lives. He’s much favored by myself and the father,” said Jesus.

“Because of the covenant made between them?” asked the rabbi.

“That is correct. Because of an agreement made between the father and Abraham a long time ago. Once Abraham was willing to sacrifice his son but didn’t because the angel stopped him. Then the Father promised that out of his seed will be the savior and ruler of the world. In other words, all the world shall be blessed through him. I saved it by my blood, and now my sister will rule it,” said Jesus.

“The sister will come from the Rabin family,” said the rabbi.

“Yes, and the enemy will try to resist this. But I have appointed Michael to watch over that family and the whole of Israel,” said Jesus.

“I’m not worthy to be the rabbi for this chosen family,” said Rabbi Benjamin, looking down at his shuffling feet, feeling unworthy.

“Abraham said he wasn’t worthy either. The same with Moses, David, and many others. They all turned out just fine,” said Jesus.

“I need to find this sailor who is Anna’s father, don’t I?” asked Benjamin.

“Yes, and before others do,” said Jesus.

“Can you tell me who he is?” asked Benjamin.

“To do so would be to violate,” said Jesus. “You’ll find him. And when you do, be very careful. After all, he is the spirit of Abraham, the father of our country.”

“I have a man looking for him,” said Rabbi Benjamin.

“I know you do, and he is a good man. When you talk to him next, tell him to be careful, for there are others looking for him,” Jesus repeated.

“Why can’t you stop them, Lord Jesus?” asked the rabbi. *I thought I would never be uttering those words in this lifetime, but then again I’ve never seen the Archangel Michael and Jesus in this lifetime either.*

“I cannot violate the free will of others,” said Jesus. “It is the first fundamental law laid down by the father.”

“I understand,” said the rabbi.

“That is all I can tell you for now. Rabbi, shepherd my sheep,” said Jesus, and in an instant he was gone.

May 15, 2015

Florence, Italy

The two priests decided to wait and tell Mother Anastasia after their ceremonial rosary was over. That was the time when Sister Gabriella was supposed to get her messages from Mother Mary, but they doubted that any new message would come through, and if it did, it wouldn't be shared to them. Good thing that their boss, the papal secretary, had the whole place bugged with listening devices.

Once the nuns were finished, the priests approached Sister Gabriella and asked if there were any new messages from the Holy Mother.

"No, Father, there wasn't any. Just the traditional blessing of the order," lied Sister Gabriella.

"Sister, are you sure?" asked a priest. They knew that Sister Gabriella had said the same thing last month and had lied to them.

"Just the traditional blessing, Father," said Sister Gabriella.

Mother Anastasia was watching the whole conversation from a very close distance. Being the protective mother, she wasn't about to let two priests steamroll one of her nuns. She walked to the priests and asked, "Is that all, Father?"

"As a matter of fact, no it isn't. Sister Gabriella has been transferred to Rome," said one of the priests.

"On what grounds?" asked Mother Anastasia.

"On request from the Papal Secretary himself," said the priest.

"That doesn't answer my question. What are his reasons?" asked Mother Anastasia.

"Because he is the second most powerful man in the church, and if he sees fit to transfer her, then he will," said the priest.

"And I am the most powerful woman in this church besides the Holy Mother. And I need a better reason than that if he is going to transfer one of my nuns," said Mother Anastasia, her face turning red.

"He doesn't need a reason. You have until the end of the month to have her transferred to Rome. That is all." Then the priest turned and walked away.

"We will see about that," she shouted at his turned back.

An hour later, Mother Anastasia was talking to Sister Gabriella alone out in the courtyard. The mother wanted to talk in the sister's room, but Gabriella said they had better went outside and talk.

“Mother, the Holy Mother told me they are listening to our conversations. They have the whole order bugged with listening devices. And those two aren’t priests but spies for the papal secretary,” said Sister Gabriella.

“Well, that figures,” said the mother. She had believed in the church her entire life, and now those beliefs were beginning to collapse all around her. A papal secretary sending spies to the Badia Fiorentina to spy on nuns was beyond any type of comprehension for Mother Anastasia. *What other evil lurks behind the Vatican Walls?* thought the Mother.

“She also told me they were going to try to transfer me to Rome to keep my mouth shut. To put a gag order on me like they did with Sister Lucia,” said Sister Gabriella.

“Over my dead body,” said Mother Anastasia.

“I don’t know what I am going to do,” cried Sister Gabriella. The nun was shattered. Being a nun was all she knew in life, and now the entity that had given her this life as a nun was about to rip her away from her fellow nuns and friends in the faith.

“I’ll figure it out, sweetheart, don’t you worry,” said the good mother.

“I can’t go to Rome,” said Sister Gabriella.

“You won’t have to,” said Mother Anastasia.

“But you heard yourself that they have ordered me there.”

“Orders don’t always need to be followed, sweetheart. I will come up with a plan to keep you here as long as you wish,” said Mother Anastasia.

That evening, Mother Anastasia held a meeting with the Order of the Nuns of Badia Fiorentina. She didn’t care that the priests were listening in. As a matter of fact, she wanted them to hear what was said. *Maybe that will shake them up*, she thought.

She told them all that their beloved Sister Gabriella was ordered by the Vatican to be transferred to Rome by the end of the month. The entire order felt shock and outrage. They were all willing to stand behind their beloved Sister Gabriella through thick and thin. And they all knew that it was because of her that they were receiving these visits from their Holy Mother Mary.

“The Holy Mother Mary has informed us that the Vatican will declare the three requests from the Holy Father as nothing more than nuns’ fantasies. Rome has also deemed it fit to take one of our beloved sisters away from us. Sister Gabriella has been ordered to Rome by the end of the month. The Vatican has also seen to it that our conversations aren’t private within the order. I for one will not stand for any of this. If Rome intends to take our beloved Gabriella from us, then I intend to resign as mother to this order and to leave this once-holy church,” said Mother Anastasia.

She continued on, “The decision is yours to make. For all those wishing to stay within the Roman Church, I will understand. But let me say this: I have known no other life than to be a servant in this church, and I am ready to leave it because if Rome doesn’t follow through with the Holy Mother’s wishes, then the church will be condemned within twenty years.

“This was Rome’s final chance at redemption, and they have decided to stay their course. For those of you who wish to remain, know that the future of your church will not be very bright. These are the words of the Holy Mother Mary.”

One by one the nuns of the order of Badia Fiorentina stood up and told Mother Anastasia that they too wished to resign if Rome didn’t back down from transferring their beloved Sister Gabriella.

May 18, 2015

Sydney, New South Wales, Australia

Eddie felt at home in lovely Australia. He'd been there for two-and-a-half weeks and couldn't believe how beautiful the sights were. He had made up his mind that once marrying Elizabeth, Australia would trump Michigan as the place to spend the rest of his days and enjoy his retirement.

At least Australia didn't have five-month winters like Northern Michigan did. The weather gave it a more laid back attitude than what Eddie was used to.

The nature in Northern Michigan would be hard to replace, but Eddie was sure he would find plenty of it down under. The problem was that in Australia, whatever wasn't human could generally kill you, so he would have to be careful.

They drove on the wrong side of the road, but he'd get used to that in time. He hoped he wouldn't kill himself or anyone else before he learned how to drive there.

The people in Australia spoke in the strangest English dialect that Eddie had ever heard of. It seemed that every other word there was some sort of slang. Elizabeth bought him a book of words that was unique to Australia. That helped, but it would take his ears a while to adjust to those that spoke down under.

It would take a little getting used to, but Eddie was confident that this was the place where he would hang his hat the rest of his life once he got his permanent visa squared away.

The publisher had phoned him, and it looked like his first book was due to hit the bookstore shelves in another week. The agent was busy negotiating any deal to publish the second manuscript, but since Eddie didn't quite have the history of sales to leverage with yet, he'd probably have to accept whatever offer the publisher gave. *That will change soon enough. As soon as my first two books attack the New York Times best seller lists*, thought Eddie.

He had no idea what he would write about in his third book until one day Elizabeth came to him with a wonderful idea. "Why don't you write about your present situation and this whole bloodline thing?"

"Well, that isn't such a bad idea. What I already know to be true will blow people's minds," said Eddie.

Elizabeth chimed in, "Well, for one thing, you are Philip, another, you are Abraham, and you have children you don't

know about scattered all over the globe. The whole story is just beyond any kind of comprehension.”

“Yeah, but it’s too much for people to believe in. They aren’t going to accept any of this. I barely believe in it myself, and I’m living it,” said Eddie.

“Let’s see what the angels think about it,” said Elizabeth.

That night, after the twins were snuggled in bed, Elizabeth was once again able to contact the angel Samuel. He was the one who came through this time because he was Eddie’s appointed angel. If it had been a message for Elizabeth, then the angel Hannah would have passed through. If it was for the twins, then it would have been the angel Thomas.

Once the introductions were made, Elizabeth asked Samuel about the status of Eddie’s books.

“As I spoke of prior, one of Eddie’s missions in this life is to write books and create awareness,” said Samuel.

“How much awareness?” asked Elizabeth.

“The first book, which is about to be published, will be huge by October. The second book will be highly controversial and be huge by November. The book he is thinking about writing will be a giant and be flying off the shelves by Christmas,” answered Samuel.

“The third book, you mean the one about the bloodline?” she asked.

“The very same,” he answered.

“Should he tell the truth? Because to us it is almost unbelievable,” she said.

“Tell him to make it a book of fiction with false names based on facts that have happened in his life. There are many people alive today who are thirsting for the truth,” said Samuel.

“One other thing. This whole Abraham past life is blowing his mind. He doesn’t see himself as worthy as someone as prominent as Abraham. He can barely stretch his mind around him being Philip in a past life, let alone being someone who made a covenant with the Father, which would produce the Messiah from his seed,” said Elizabeth.

“Let me explain to you about oversouls,” began Samuel. “The man whom you love whom you call Eddie has lived many lives before this one. All to prepare him for this present life. He has lived an extraordinary existence, to say the least. He was chosen early on in his existence to be the man to whom the Father would make a great nation from. This was done by testing and trials.

“The Father found a man who had such strong faith as to sacrifice his son because of his belief in the Father. When Abraham passed that test and was ready to sacrifice Isaac, the Father knew he had his man. Even though the Father stopped him from this act, he knew Abraham would have finished the deed. Because the Father sacrificed his own son, he was looking for a man who loved him just as much as he loved mankind, and He found that man in Abraham.

Therefore, an extremely strong bond developed between the Father and Abraham because of this.

“One of the agreements between the two was that the Father’s own son would come from Abraham’s seed because of his show of faith. After Abraham passed away, the oversoul that was Abraham came back to life in another who would be the father of the great prophet Samuel. The Father remembered the agreements, so out of this oversoul’s seed came forth another special messenger. Then he came back as another life and gave birth to the prophet Elijah. Then after that life was lived, many years later, he came back as the father to the great prophet John the Baptist. The one who was called Zechariah. This was all because of the agreement. After that life, he became the apostle Philip. One of the chosen twelve to accompany him while he took on the flesh.

“As far as this life, Eddie, who was known as those other spirits in past lives, had to come back to bring his seed to the nation of Israel so that the Messiah of this generation can come forth. It had to be him and couldn’t be anyone else. The Father promised thousands of years ago to this same oversoul that it had to be him and only him, and the Father didn’t forget his promise to his beloved Abraham.”

“I think I understand. I’m not sure I can explain all of this to Eddie,” said Elizabeth.

“You won’t have to. The Father will be able to show Eddie all of this and has been communicating with him through this entire process,” said Samuel.

“He already knows this?” she asked.

“Deep down inside, yes, he does,” he answered.

“I am not as up on the Bible as Eddie is, but doesn’t the life of the father of John the Baptist and the apostle Philip overlap?” she asked.

“The father of John the Baptist, who was Zechariah, was martyred before John reached the age of one. What is written in scripture about King Herod wanting to have all children under the age of two killed in the Bethlehem area is true. The temple guards who worked for King Herod captured the priest Zechariah, wanting information about the whereabouts of John and his cousin Jesus. The king knew that Zechariah was the only man alive who knew where those two were, and the good priest Zechariah refused to confide in their whereabouts.”

There was a slight pause, and the angel Samuel continued on with this fascinating story. “Not long after Zechariah was martyred for refusing to disclose the whereabouts of John and Jesus, he came back in the form of the apostle Philip. John and Jesus were both two years older than Philip. The irony of all this was that Philip would be a disciple of John before he became a disciple of Jesus. So technically he was a disciple of his own son, John, just in his next lifetime.”

“Fascinating. Is there anything else for us tonight?” she asked.

“Tell Eddie to be cautious and alert. The enemy is all around him, looking to snare him in a trap,” Samuel answered.

Once she was finished, she had much to tell Eddie. It was still hard for him to believe in it all, but it was all slowly sinking in that he was the patriarch of the nation of Israel. That the Messiah would come from his seed. And that he was supposed to write books to create awareness for those seeking the truth.

It all seemed so surreal to Eddie. Biblical figures were something you read about, not something you are. Saints were someone you prayed to, not something you are.

The next day, in his spare time, when he wasn't enjoying Australia with his girls, he began his next book.

May 23, 2015

Bald Eagle Bluffs, Michigan

Inside Edward Dudley's home in Michigan stood two sixty-seven-year-old men. Retired Rabbi Benjamin Yahuda and retired Mossad field agent Shimon Katz.

Finding Eddie was rather easy for the crafty field agent. After working for decades for the Mossad, Shimon Katz had more connections than AT&T. First, he contacted his source at the Israeli Defense Forces to find out the ships that were ported in Haifa, Israel, during October 1985. There were six American ships listed.

Next he contacted his source at the United States Department of Defense for the list of sailors who were stationed on those ships during that time period. From those ships there were twenty-one sailors whose first name was Edward.

Shimon knew that the Department of Homeland Security had kept a list of every known veteran in the

United States for fear that if there ever was an uprising within America that the patriotic veterans would probably be leading the way. *Strange country, they honor their veterans by putting them on a terrorist watch list*, thought Shimon.

Next, the ex-Mossad agent was able to hack into the Department of Homeland Security database and had himself a look at those twenty-one sailors named Edward who were ported in Haifa during October 1985.

From this list, with the help of the picture that he had, he deduced that Edward Dudley of Bald Eagle Bluffs, Michigan, was his man.

He read the criminal file on Dudley: three drunk-driving convictions during the nineties but nothing since then.

The file also stated that he was a lifetime member of the American Legion and the Veterans of Foreign Wars. *That would definitely make him a terrorist to the American Government*, laughed Shimon.

Once Shimon knew he had his man, he contacted his lifelong friend, Rabbi Benjamin Yahuda, and paid him a visit up in Haifa. Shimon shared the new information he had with Benjamin, and after talking it over, both decided to go make a visit to this mysterious Edward Dudley of Michigan.

Shimon delved into his stash of fake passports and identifications and purchased a couple of plane tickets to the States.

After spending a couple of days in New York City shoring up his contacts there, they were on their way to Northern Michigan.

After flying in to Traverse City, they rented a car for a week and headed south driving down Highway 31 until they reached Bald Eagle Bluffs and into Eddie's driveway.

Once they established that there was no one home, they let themselves in. Picking locks was a rather easy task for the cagey ex-Mossad agent. Once inside, it looked like a typical bachelor pad: frozen food and TV dinners in the ice box and beer in the refrigerator; pictures of sports figures adorned the walls, with a couple of Eddie's favorite player, Miguel Cabrera of the Detroit Tigers; a large forty-five-inch flat-screen television off into the corner and a La-Z-boy, which must have been Eddie's favorite chair.

A nice picture of Eddie with a woman and two girls who looked to be twins was sitting on an end table next to the La-Z-boy. Shimon took out his camera and took a picture of the photograph. *It might come in handy*, he thought.

In the backyard, Eddie had a pen for dogs, but strangely there were no dogs in it.

In the garage were a Chevy Silverado pickup truck and a rather large toolbox with a set of craftsman tools.

It looked to Shimon that Eddie hadn't been in the house for quite a few days, so he made a note to himself to have his connections check on the airlines to see if Eddie had done some traveling lately. He also had his contacts check

with the American State Department to see if he had used his passport.

“It looks like we are late,” said Rabbi Benjamin.

“I’ll find out where he went,” said Shimon.

After they surveyed the rest of the property, Shimon said, “We are being watched.”

“How do you know?” asked the rabbi.

The ex-Mossad agent just gave the rabbi a look as if to say “I’ve been doing this my entire life. I know when I’m being watched.”

“Who do you think it is?” asked the rabbi.

“Could be anyone. Follow me,” said the agent.

They both left the premises and drove to their hotel room in nearby Manistee.

Once they arrived back at the hotel, the rabbi asked, “How did you know we are being watched?”

“Just a hunch. But after working in the field for so many years, I’ve learned to trust my hunches. My curiosity is piqued now, I wonder who they are,” Shimon said as he was peeking out the hotel room window.

“The American government?” asked the rabbi.

“No. He’s not on their radar except that he is ex-military,” said Shimon. “The American government isn’t worried about guys like Eddie unless the shit hits the fan.”

They both thought for a moment, and Shimon asked Rabbi Benjamin again what exactly he was told by the Archangel Michael.

“That the Messiah would come from the line of the Rabin family. That Eddie was the chosen one to return the bloodline of Jesus back to the nation of Israel. That young Miriam would have a daughter from a virgin birth in the future who would be the anointed one.”

Shimon thought about all this for a moment and said, “Someone else must know about Eddie besides us. But who?” asked the agent.

“The Rabin family hasn’t confided in anyone but myself,” said the rabbi.

“Are you sure?” asked Shimon.

“I’m confident. They didn’t even want to tell me. And they only did if I promised to keep it all to myself,” said Benjamin.

“You broke that promise by coming to me,” said Shimon.

“I needed to find out who this carrier of this bloodline is,” said Benjamin.

“I understand,” said Shimon. “We need to find out where he is now.” And then the ex-field agent got on his phone to make a call.

Two hours later, after the two elderly Israelis had dinner, the call that Shimon had been waiting for came through. Apparently, Eddie had traveled to Sydney, Australia, on the May 1 and was still there.

The next morning, the two went back to Eddie’s house. Shimon wanted to find out a few things before they left for Australia. The first thing he did was sweep the house for

bugs, and sure enough, he found two of them. One was in the television remote control for the living room, and the other was lodged behind a mirror in the bedroom.

Shimon studied them carefully. They were a device that he wasn't very familiar with. He knew what the Israelis, the Russians, the Arabs, and the Americans all used, but this didn't match anything of the sort. He took a picture of them and sent them off to a very secure contact within Interpol.

They then proceeded to drive back to the hotel and await the text.

It came two hours later, which told him that the bugs were made in France and generally used throughout Europe. The specific model was two years old. With no serial number on the bugs, it was impossible to trace who had purchased these specific items.

Shimon got on the phone and called his contact within Mossad to tell him to have someone keep an eye on the Rabin family in Haifa. If someone is tracking this Eddie character, then they might be led back to Haifa. *You can't be too safe in situations like this*, he thought. Someone else was tracking this Eddie Dudley of Bald Eagle Bluffs, Michigan, and the seasoned Mossad agent didn't like it one bit.

They stuck around Northern Michigan for a couple of days, hoping to see who might be spying on Eddie with no luck. Apparently, they knew that Shimon had taken out their bugs, and there was no sense in them sticking around. So they must have decided to get out of there.

Shimon staked Eddie's place out but didn't see a thing. With no point in sticking around, they checked out of their hotel rooms and booked a flight to Sydney, Australia.

With neither Shimon nor Rabbi Benjamin knowing it, two men who worked for the Vatican Police had booked a flight a day in advance of them. With one billion Catholics in the world, Vatican City may be the one institution with even more connections than a retired Mossad field agent.

May 25, 2015

Alexandria, Egypt

“I know his name is Eddie, and you met him in Crete,” said Youssef to his mother who just looked at him in shock.

“How did you find that out,” she asked?

“I have something for you to listen to,” said Youssef. He then replayed the conversation he had with Ahmed Rama. It told of Youssef being the son of not just the apostle Philip but also of Abraham, Elkanah, and Zechariah.

That the father of Youssef was a mighty prophet in his past lives and also the father of many mighty prophets. That he is destined and so is Youssef.

After Sabah heard the recording, she fell silent.

“Do you have any other information about him?” asked Youssef.

“His name is Edward Dudley, but he calls himself Eddie. I believe he’s from Michigan in the United States. We met one night in Crete, and I became pregnant because

of that night without Eddie knowing about it. There never was a first father for you.

“I’ve only been married once, and I was ashamed to tell you or let anyone else know that I had a child out of wedlock. You’ll have to forgive me,” said Sabah.

“I understand, and I forgive you. I need to go find this remarkable man,” said Youssef.

Sabah reached over and hugged her son for quite some time. This had been a secret she had kept from since his birth, and she felt a huge wave of relief washing over her for having finally told him the truth. It was a twenty-eight-year-old secret, and her son was right, it was time it ended.

“How will you find him?” she asked.

“I have people working for me,” he answered.

“When you find him, tell him Sabah says hello,” she said.

“I will. But you said you never told him that he has a son. It will come to him as a surprise that I exist,” said Youssef.

After Youssef left his mother, he got on the phone to his contact within Egyptian intelligence and told him that he needed the address for one Edward Dudley of Michigan. Once this was found, he booked tickets for himself and his two bodyguards for the next flight out of Egypt headed for the States.

The next evening Youssef and his two bodyguards, Omar and Abdul, were standing outside Edward Dudley’s house

in Bald Eagle Bluffs, Michigan. Of course, since Eddie was still in Australia, no one was home.

Youssef, like Shimon and the Vatican Police before him, contacted his connections and found Eddie to have purchased a short-term visa for Australia and was in Sydney, New South Wales.

The next day, Youssef purchased three tickets for Sydney, and they were off to Australia, two days after the Roman Catholics had left and one day after the two elderly Israelis.

May 27, 2015

Vatican City, Rome, Italy

Once Mother Anastasia received news that Sister Gabriella was to be transferred to Rome, she filled out the necessary paperwork and appealed the transfer all the way up to the Holy Father himself.

First, she had to go through the bishop of Florence to state her case. He, of course, didn't want to take on the papal secretary, so he denied Mother Anastasia's appeal to transfer Sister Gabriella.

Next up to bat was the regional cardinal for that area, and once again the appeal was denied.

Finally, after going through the necessary chain of command, Mother Anastasia was able to see the Holy Father himself on this matter.

Once she knelt and kissed the fisherman's ring of Saint Peter, he said, "So you are the one after my job."

She responded, “No, Your Holiness. That is the Holy Mother Mary’s idea.”

“Are you sure?” asked the pope.

“Most Holy Father, I have witnessed for myself miracles come from the Holy Mother to our order. If Sister Gabriella says that the Holy Mother said something, then she did,” said Mother Anastasia.

“Mother Anastasia, what type of miracles have you witnessed?” asked the Holy Father.

She thought to herself that she wrote all this herself in her report, but if the Holy Father wished for her to go over it all again, then she would. “Your Holiness, the miracles actually began when she showed up at our doorstep when she was only four years old. Her mother had passed away, and she was thirty kilometers away from her house. How she ended up in Florence, no one knows to this day. The next miracle happened when she was eight years old. She had told the order that she had a vision from the Holy Mother. Of course, we were skeptical and asked for a sign. The Holy Mother gave us one by changing the color of the dress of the statue of the Holy Mother in the Badia Fiorentina.”

The Holy Father interrupted and asked, “The color of the dress changed on the statue?”

“Yes, Your Holiness,” she responded.

“Continue on,” he said.

“From that point forward, the Holy Mother would visit Sister Gabriella on the fifteenth of the month every month.

Another miracle occurred when Sister Francesca fractured her leg once on the thirteenth of the month, and on the fifteenth she was completely healed.”

Once again, the Holy Father interrupted and said, “Fascinating. How was the order able to sneak all this past the fathers and the monsignor?”

“They don’t pay much attention to us, Your Holiness,” she said.

“I suppose that is a mistake on their part. Continue,” said his Holiness.

Once he said this, the two of them were interrupted by the papal secretary, Carmen Rizzo, who entered into the Most Holy Father’s personal study. The Holy Father held up his hand toward his secretary and declared, “I am not to be interrupted by anyone for the next thirty minutes. Thank you.”

The papal secretary and Mother Anastasia each shot each other a look of distrust, and the secretary took his leave.

“Sorry for the interruption, Mother, continue on,” said His Holiness, noting the discomfort that the mother felt toward his secretary.

“Most of the visits by the Holy Mother were just blessings toward our order of nuns. Well, over 90 percent of them. But every now and then, there was some kind of miracle,” said Mother Anastasia.

“And then came that day in March,” said the Holy Father.

“Yes, Your Holiness. Sister Gabriella fainted when she received this message. She spent the rest of the day in her bed to recover from it. Holy Father, she never wanted to deliver this message to you. She knew it would cause a scandal, but the Holy Mother warned her that she had to deliver it to you immediately,” said Mother Anastasia.

“Especially after the treatment Sister Lucia received, correct?” said the Holy Father.

“Yes, Your Holiness,” said Mother Anastasia as she bowed her head. She knew that he knew the conversations that went on between Sister Gabriella and herself, and she felt partly ashamed at the way she had spoken of the church in reference to Sister Lucia.

“It’s okay to think that way, Mother, the church was in the wrong for the way they treated her,” said the Holy Father.

This came as a surprise to Mother Anastasia and caught her off guard. “I didn’t know you felt that way, Your Holiness.”

“I don’t always agree with the church,” he said.

“Holy Father, nor do I,” she giggled.

He had himself a good laugh and said, “Now you keep that a secret between you and me, okay?”

“I promise to do just that, Your Holiness,” she said.

He cleared his throat and said, “Now about this matter of transferring your beloved Sister Gabriella. Do you believe it is possible for her and the rest of the order to be able to keep all this miracles business a secret?”

“I promise you, Holy Father, that we will remain silent. None of us want a media circus,” she said.

“Nor do I,” he said. “I don’t normally trump my personal secretary, but in this case, I feel I must have to. Sister Gabriella will remain at the lovely Badia Fiorentina under your guidance.”

“Oh thank you, Holy Father!” she exclaimed.

“No need to thank me. To separate Sister Gabriella from the Badia Fiorentina would be an injustice. Especially since the Holy Mother herself guided her there,” he said.

“She is very much guided by the Holy Mother,” agreed Mother Anastasia.

“I believe she is, and we are fortunate to have her,” said the Holy Father.

“Holy Father, if I may be allowed to overstep myself, can I ask a question?” said Mother Anastasia.

“You wish to know if the church is going to abide by the Holy Mother Mary’s wishes?” said the Holy Father.

“Yes, that has been on my mind,” said Mother Anastasia.

“Unfortunately, it is not solely up to me. There is a process for electing a pontiff, and it involves more than just one man’s opinion. If it did, I would gladly give up the fisherman’s ring. Once again, we will keep that to ourselves,” he said.

“Of course,” she said.

“Mother, for the record, I believe yourself and Sister Gabriella,” he said.

“Thank you,” she said.

After another ten minutes of small talk, she took her leave and headed back to Florence and the Badia Fiorentina to tell the order of nuns that they wouldn't have to resign. Nor would their beloved Sister Gabriella have to leave them.

May 27, 2015

Haifa, Israel

At 2:00 a.m., Miriam's bedroom went cool by about ten degrees in a matter of seconds, like a cold Arctic blast just swept through it.

Twelve giant lizard men immediately materialized out of thin air and surrounded Miriam's bed while she slept. One of the Lizard men grabbed Miriam's ankles, while another grabbed her by her forearms, attempting to abduct her. The other ten, with their swords drawn, were there in case there was any kind of interference to their plans.

That interference would come instantly as a brilliant flash of light enveloped the entire room and materialized into a giant angel with a flaming sword. With one fell swoop of the angel's mighty sword, six lizard men were cut down and dematerialized. On the back swing, the other six fell and also dematerialized. They all sounded like cat's

screeching as they were hit. The mighty angel's swings happened instantaneously.

After the angel checked Miriam to make sure all was well, the angel left the premises.

Miriam was undisturbed and slept through the whole episode.

The next morning in the Rabin household over breakfast, Miriam was telling Sarah and Anna of the dream she had the night before.

“And then Michael showed up and killed them all in a matter of seconds. It just took him only two swings to destroy them.”

“Well, thank god it was only a dream,” said Sarah.

“But it all seemed so real. I can't explain it, but I believe it really happened. I think Michael showed up to our house last night. He looked exactly like he did when he visited us,” said Miriam.

A thought occurred to Anna who then went over to her daughter and checked her forearms and legs. Sure enough, there were bruises all over her body. “Oh my god!” Anna exclaimed.

Sarah ran over to check on her granddaughter. She also looked at the bruises and exclaimed, “They must have tried to take her last night!”

Anna kept studying the bruises and asked her daughter Miriam, “You didn't wake up during any of this?”

“No, Mommy, but I dreamt it,” Miriam answered.

The bruises were deep. They would leave a mark for days. Sarah kissed her granddaughter on the forehead and said, "Tell us about the dream again, sweetie."

"It was all so fast. These giant lizard men showed up and tried to take me away. Two of them grabbed me, and as soon as they tried, Michael showed up and stopped them."

"How did he do that?" asked Sarah.

Miriam got up from her chair and showed them how Michael with both his hands on his huge sword had struck one way and then on the back swing struck the other. "And when he struck them, they just disappeared. It all happened in an instant," she said.

"Well, that settles it. Miriam, you are not going to be sleeping alone anymore," said Sarah.

"Why? Michael protects me when I sleep," Miriam objected.

"Your grandmother will feel better if you sleep with either me or her," said Anna.

"I won't take no for an answer," said Sarah.

There was one other thing that young Miriam remembered from her dream but refused to share with her mother and grandmother. Before the giant lizard men showed up, she saw an image of a very muscular man with the head of a Bull. It was there for an instant and then it vanished and the lizard men showed up followed by Michael. Miriam was left to wonder who the mysterious man with the head of the bull was.

That morning, Sarah Rabin attempted to call Rabbi Benjamin Yahuda to update him on this latest happening in the Rabin household but was unable to reach him. She left a message on his answering service.

May 28, 2015

Sydney, New South Wales, Australia

On the same day that Mother Anastasia was being interviewed by the Holy Father and young Miriam's attempted abduction took place, Shimon Katz and Benjamin Yahuda were parked two blocks away from Elizabeth Dudley's home in Sydney, Australia. They knew where to look because when one applies for a ninety-day visa in Australia, you have to put a location where you will be staying. Eddie used Elizabeth's home address, even though he planned on spending about only half his time there since the rest would be in travel.

They had found her house the night before, noted the location, and checked into a nearby hotel. Knowing that others—for some reason or the other—were also looking for Eddie Dudley, Shimon decided not to try his luck yet at the Dudley residence in Australia. He would first stake the place out.

Arriving at their present location two hours prior, they began drinking coffee and reading the local newspaper. Occasionally, Shimon would raise his binoculars and look for any activity around the Dudley residence.

Then the activity that Shimon had been waiting for arrived in the form of a black sedan with two men wearing dark suits pulling into the Dudley driveway. He retrieved his binoculars and watched as the men got out of their vehicle and approached Elizabeth's door. *This should be interesting*, thought Shimon.

After knocking several times on the door with no response, the men got back into their black sedan and drove away.

Shimon started their rental Toyota and followed behind. But not too close as to be noticed.

"Now why would the Vatican be taking an interest in Mr. Edward Dudley?" asked Shimon.

Benjamin gave his friend a perplexed look.

"One of those two men has a ring on with the keys to Saint Peter. It's a symbol for the Vatican," said Shimon.

"Interesting," muttered Benjamin. "Those must be extremely powerful binoculars you have there, my friend."

"You won't find many like them in the world," said Shimon.

The two elderly Israelis tailed the two officials from the Vatican until the black sedan pulled into the parking lot

of the Four Seasons Hotel. Shimon noted this and kept driving the Toyota away.

“Well, now we know where they are staying. They are more than likely going inside to receive further instructions from headquarters in Rome. They’ll be a while until they find out where Eddie went off to,” said Shimon.

Shimon picked up the phone and called his contact in Tel Aviv.

He scribbled something down in his little pocket notebook and drove the five kilometers to their own hotel.

“What do we do now?” asked Benjamin.

“Wait for a phone call,” said Shimon.

Benjamin looked at Shimon with raised eyebrows until Shimon said, “Right now I have a man in Mossad tracking down information about Elizabeth Dudley—her vehicle, where she likes to go for a vacation, and so on. Also I have a man checking to find out why two officials from the Vatican are in Sydney looking for Eddie.”

“The Mossad has contacts inside the Vatican?” asked Benjamin.

“We have contacts everywhere, and so do they,” said Shimon.

“Shouldn’t we have stayed and kept an eye on those two at the Four Seasons Hotel?” asked Benjamin.

“Our contacts are better than theirs. We will find out information about Elizabeth before they will. I’m just

curious as to why they are here. Those two we spotted aren't normal priests, they are assassins," said Shimon.

"How can you tell?" asked Benjamin.

"I've been doing this a long time, my friend," said Shimon with a wink.

While they waited for that phone call, there was a knock on their hotel room door. Shimon arose and answered it. He then muttered a few words to the man at the door, took the bag the man was holding for him, and closed the door.

"One can't be too safe with Vatican assassins around," said Shimon. He then opened the contents of the bag and asked Benjamin, "Remember how to use one of these?" He then held up a 9 mm Berretta automatic pistol.

"Sure, one doesn't forget after army training," said Benjamin.

"It's been a long time since you've used one, hasn't it?" said Shimon.

"I haven't used a weapon since the war of '67," said Benjamin.

"You'll be fine," said Shimon. He then walked over to Benjamin and handed him the pistol. He took another one out of the bag and loaded it. He also reached into the bag and pulled out two suppressors and attached them to each pistol.

Also in the inventory of the bag were two disposable cell phones, ten thousand Australian dollars, and two more

fake sets of identification, including driver's licenses and passports. "This should hold us for a while," said Shimon.

Once they geared themselves up with their new items, Shimon's phone rang.

"She drives a Nissan and likes to spend her spare time at Mount Tambourine, near Brisbane," said the caller.

Shimon then scribbled down the license plate number in his notebook and thought, *A little over seventy years ago, the Japs bombed Australia. Now the Aussies all drive Japanese cars. They apparently don't have as long as memories as Jews have.*

Twenty minutes later, the two Israelis went to the rental agency and changed their Toyota for a Jeep and headed north. As they did, a plane was just landing at the Sydney Airport with three Egyptian passengers aboard. Youssef and his two bodyguards, Omar and Abdul, had just arrived in town to make things even more interesting than they already were.

May 29, 2015

Mount Tamborine, Queensland, Australia

It was morning in Queensland as Eddie stood outside their lovely motel having a cup of coffee. Overlooking the Guanaba Gorge and listening to the sounds of whipbirds, lorikeets, and kookaburras as the morning mist rose through the rainforest. It was a stunning view.

I could get used to this, thought Eddie. *This country is absolutely beautiful.*

He took a sip from his coffee and noticed that same attractive brunette that he had seen in Los Angeles and in Sydney walking toward him.

Holy shit! What the hell is she doing here?

She was wearing a raincoat for some reason. Eddie thought that odd considering there wasn't a cloud in the sky. She then grabbed the coat and flashed to him what he considered the best-looking naked female body he had ever seen in his life.

Holy shit! he thought again.

“Like what you see, Eddie?” she asked.

“What?” he answered.

“You must be out of practice, sailor,”

She then approached, stuck her right middle finger in her mouth and seductively sucked on it, while her left hand reached down, unzipped his pants, and grabbed his balls, fondling them. While she was fondling him, she reached up and whispered into his ear, “You can have me anytime you want. Just say the name Lilith, and I am yours.”

Just as he was about to get an erection, the door to their motel room opened and out stepped Elizabeth. As she was opening the door, the apparition known as Lilith disappeared.

He turned toward the gorge, zipped himself so she wouldn't notice, and hollered out, “Wonderful view.” *Did that brunette just disappear or did I imagine all that?*

“Do you see why I like coming here?” she asked.

“Of course, it's beautiful,” he said while trying to compose himself from that onslaught of sexuality that just left him.

She came up to him, touched his brow, and asked, “Why are you sweating?”

“Oh, it's nothing,” he lied.

She gave him an inquisitive look, knowing he was hiding something, then looked at the picturesque scenery and asked, “So would you like to come and live in Australia?”

“You betcha,” he said.

“I was thinking about taking a cruise up north and just following the coast,” she said.

“Sounds wonderful. Is all of Australia as beautiful as Mount Tamborine?” he asked.

“Well not all of it. But a good portion is,” she said.

“You guys have got your own paradise down here,” he said.

“We sure do. But you’ll have to get used to the way we talk,” she joked.

He let out a good laugh, and they both went back inside their motel room. An hour later, they were all packed up, checked out, and headed north.

Two hours after they had left, a Jeep pulled into the same motel parking lot with the passengers Shimon Katz and Benjamin Yahuda aboard.

May 29, 2015

Sydney, New South Wales, Australia

A little while after the two Israelis showed up at Mt. Tamborine looking for Eddie, his son Youssef showed up at Elizabeth's parents', Bob and Helen's, house in Sydney.

The three Egyptians tried Elizabeth's house first and came up empty. Not to be outdone by intelligence from the Mossad or the Vatican, the Egyptians found her next of kin's address. The difference being that the Egyptians weren't moving secretly as the other two groups were, so they could be a bit more direct in their actions.

Youssef knocked on the door of Elizabeth's parents. It was Helen who answered.

"Hello, my name is Youssef Sharif. I am with the Egyptian government, but that is not why I am here. I am looking for Mr. Edward Dudley. I believe he came to Australia to visit your daughter, Elizabeth."

"What do you want with Eddie?" she asked defensively.

“I am his son,” he said.

Helen studied Youssef’s facial features and noticed the same round face, dimpled chin, and green eyes. *He does look a bit like Eddie, just younger and darker*, she thought. “Come on in,” she said.

She entertained her guests with tea, while she and her husband, Bob, listened intently as Youssef described all of the events of his life that had led him to realize that Eddie Dudley was his biological father.

Youssef pulled out a picture he had in his wallet. It was one that his mother, Sabah, had kept all these years. He handed the picture to Helen who said, “That’s Eddie, all right. It’s an amazing story of how you found out who he is.”

“Do you have Elizabeth’s phone number?” asked Youssef.

“Of course,” she said and proceeded to give it to him.

Helen then called Elizabeth’s phone, talked to her daughter, and told her she had someone special on the line for Eddie.

Youssef stepped outside into their backyard to get himself some privacy to take the phone call which meant so much to him.

“Hello,” said Youssef.

“Hello. Who is this?” asked Eddie.

How do I introduce myself to my long-lost father? Might as well just be blunt and tell him the truth. “My name is Youssef Sharif. I’m with the Egyptian government, but that is not why I called.” *I’m stalling, just get to it.*

“Okay,” said Eddie. “Why is the Egyptian government calling me while I’m on vacation in Australia?”

“I’m sorry. Sir, I have reason to believe that you are my biological father,” said Youssef.

“What?” asked Eddie. The phone nearly dropped out of his hands.

“I have reason to believe that you are my biological father,” said Youssef.

“What gives you that idea?” asked Eddie.

“My mother kept a photo of you from the night she met you in Crete. She also told me the name of my biological father, which is your name,” said Youssef.

“I’m sure I’m not the only Edward Dudley in the world,” said Eddie.

Elizabeth was driving the vehicle and listening to Eddie’s end of the conversation with rapt attention.

“You were the only Edward Dudley who was in the island of Crete in the middle of December 1985 spending the night with my mother,” said Youssef.

“Are you sure about all this?” asked Eddie.

“I’m positive. But for both our benefits, we can have a DNA test performed,” said Youssef.

Eddie then instructed Elizabeth to pull over at the next rest area along the highway. He needed to find a place to think. *A joint wouldn’t hurt either at this point, but I don’t have anything like that. Damn the luck!* “Well, if you are correct, I sure as hell would like to meet you,” said Eddie.

“And I you,” said Youssef.

“Give me a couple minutes,” said Eddie.

“Sure,” said Youssef.

He looked at Elizabeth who was asking several questions to him with her eyes, but those questions would have to wait for a minute. He asked her, “Honey, what is the closest town with an airport?”

“Brisbane,” she said. Then asked, “Why?”

“I’ll tell you in a minute.” He then got back on the phone with Youssef. “How about we meet you in Brisbane?” he asked.

“That sounds good. We will catch the next flight out,” said Youssef.

“Okay, see you then,” said Eddie. He then hung up and said to Elizabeth, “Remember when the angel Samuel told me I had children in Israel, Egypt, and Italy?”

“Yes,” she said.

“Well, I think the Egyptian has found me. We need to drive to the airport in Brisbane so he can meet us there,” said Eddie.

Ten kilometers down the road, Elizabeth then took the exit that would take them to the Brisbane Airport.

Once Youssef hung up the phone with Eddie, he hugged Bob and Helen wishing them well and headed off to Sydney Airport.

On the way there, his bodyguard Ahmad piped up and said, "I had a dream last night that we would be meeting a great man today."

Omar said, "I had a dream that said the same thing."

"What was in your dreams?" asked Youssef.

Omar was driving, so Ahmad went first. "I dreamt we would be meeting the great prophet and father of our people, Abraham." He pointed to Youssef. "You were Ishmael and you would be reuniting with your father Abraham. That you two had been apart for thousands of years, and that you would finally be together."

Omar looked at Ahmad with wide eyes. "I had the exact same dream. Except that in mine, you forgave your father Abraham for wanting to sacrifice you on the altar of God."

"That was in my dream as well," said Ahmad.

"What else was there?" asked Youssef.

Omar nodded to Ahmad as if to say "you go first."

Then Ahmad proceeded, "We were walking through a desert. It was hot, and our lips were parched. Then we ran into a caravan with our father Abraham the head of it. He ran to you, Youssef, and embraced you. He said he was sorry about the sacrifice but that it was Allah who ordered it. You told him that you forgave him and that he was only doing what Allah told him to do like a good Muslim. Everyone was happy with smiles all around us, and then all of the sudden, I heard shots ring out and that was the end of my dream."

Youssef was listening intently hanging onto his every word.

Omar said, "My dream was the exact same thing. Except I saw a glimpse of the shooters who were demons."

"Demons?" asked Youssef.

"Yes, demons. Their eyes were red, and I felt much evil coming from them," said Omar

"How many demons?" asked Ahmad.

"I saw two. They were dressed in black and their eyes were red," said Omar.

"What does it all mean?" asked Youssef.

"I think we received a message from Allah that your father is in trouble," said Ahmad.

"I agree," said Omar.

"Give me the phone," said Youssef.

He then called Eddie back telling him that he might be in trouble and to find a secret place near Brisbane, that the three Egyptians would come to him, and in no uncertain terms was he to go to Brisbane Airport. "Let us come to you," said Youssef.

"There is a motel on Mt. Tamborine that I will tell you of. When you get off the plane in Brisbane, call me, and I will tell you of the place," said Eddie.

"You'll just have to trust me on this," said Youssef.

"I do," said Eddie.

After he hung up the phone, he instructed Elizabeth to turn the car around. They would be staying longer at Mt Tamborine.

May 29, 2015

Mount Tamborine, Queensland, Australia

Two hours after Elizabeth, Eddie, Jessica, and Joan checked out of the motel on Mount Tamborine, Benjamin Yahuda and Shimon Katz checked in. After settling into their room, Shimon received the phone call he had been waiting for. After receiving the information, he hung up and looked at Benjamin.

“Well, I know why the Vatican has taken an interest into our boy,” said Shimon.

“Oh yeah? Why is that?” asked the rabbi.

“They want to know if he is the father of one of their nuns. It seems as though there has been trouble from Florence and that she is receiving visions from their Mother Mary,” Shimon said.

“How do you know all this?” asked Benjamin.

Shimon gave Benjamin a look that said, "I have been doing this for a long time." "We have people inside the Vatican," Shimon answered.

"Jews inside the Vatican spying for the Mossad?" asked Benjamin.

"I didn't say they were Jews," said Shimon. "Money solves a lot of problems, my friend."

"I see," said Benjamin.

"So what we have here is that this Eddie is the supposed father of the Rabin girl in Haifa and may be the father of a nun in Florence," said Shimon.

"He must have gotten around a bit back in the day," said Benjamin.

Shimon laughed and said, "You remember what it was like when you were in the military, don't you?"

The good rabbi chuckled and said, "You don't have to mention any more, my friend."

"The information is that this nun with her visions of the Mother Mary have given the Holy See an ultimatum. Either they allow a female pope or a prophecy will be fulfilled and Rome will burn within twenty years," said Shimon.

"What prophecy?" asked Benjamin.

"Rabbi, I thought you was the master of religious studies. The Revelation of Saint John," said Shimon.

"I tried not to pay too much attention to the New Testament," said Benjamin.

"Maybe you should have," said Shimon.

“They’ll never go for a female pope, they’re too sexist,” said Benjamin.

Shimon let out a good laugh at that one. “And how many female Rabbis do you know of Benjamin?”

“Good point,” said the rabbi.

While they were talking, Shimon was watching through the window curtains at the parking lot when he noticed a blue Nissan drive up to the entrance to the motel. He reached over to his binoculars and saw what he had been looking for.

“Shimon, what do you see?” asked the rabbi.

“I think the pigeons have just come home to the cat,” said Shimon.

Benjamin got up to take a look and was held back by Shimon. “Don’t open the curtains. Just very slightly so they don’t take any notice. We don’t know what Eddie knows, and he may be cautious at this point. Don’t draw any attention to ourselves right now, at least not yet.”

They watched as Eddie got out of the car and walked over to the motel office. Fifteen minutes later, he had the keys to their room and was heading that way. It looked to be about four rooms down from their own.

“Well, that is convenient,” said Shimon.

“Should we go introduce ourselves?” asked Benjamin

“No, not yet. Let’s see if our friends from the Vatican show up first,” said Shimon.

A few hours later, after the two elderly Jews had eaten—which was a minor miracle finding any kind of kosher food in Australia, *Must not be many Jews in this country*, thought Benjamin—another vehicle pulled into the parking lot looking rather conspicuous.

Out of the vehicle stepped not the two men from the Vatican but three men with Arab features.

Shimon grabbed his binoculars and exclaimed, “What the hell is Representative Sharif doing here?”

“Who?” asked Benjamin.

“Youssef Sharif, an Egyptian politician. The Mossad has kept their eyes on him ever since he helped topple the Mubarek regime. He’s here in the parking lot with two others that I assume to be Egyptian Secret Service,” said Shimon.

Both men watched as the three Egyptians made their way to Eddie’s room and knocked on the door.

“He is a very powerful political leader in Egypt these days. Israel feels he is a rising star,” said Shimon, watching the three Egyptians.

“Shall we do something?” asked Benjamin.

“No, not yet,” said Shimon.

“You have incredible patience, my friend,” said Benjamin.

“Comes with practice,” said Shimon. “I don’t see a gun on any of them, so this should be harmless. Although I wonder why the hell are they here to see Eddie. He is sure attracting a lot of attention.”

Four doors down from the two elderly Israelis', there was a knock on the door.

Eddie answered and saw, for the first time in his life, his own son. With him were two well-dressed Egyptians.

He studied Youssef for a moment and could see the resemblance right away. *Maybe he is right and is the byproduct of a one-night stand in Crete*, thought Eddie.

"Hello" Eddie opened the door. "Won't you come in?"

Youssef could only look at Eddie with wonderment. *Could this possibly be my human father that Ahmed Rama described? Could I finally be united with him? I pray to Allah that this is true!* "Certainly," said Youssef who let himself and his two bodyguards into the motel room.

They both hugged each other, shook hands, and Eddie offered each something to drink. Since Eddie had just brewed a fresh pot of coffee, that was the choice.

Youssef grabbed a chair, while Omar and Abdul dutifully stood near the door.

"So how did you find me?" asked Eddie.

"You'll find it strange," said Youssef.

Elizabeth laughed and said, "Everything is strange when it comes to this man," pointing at Eddie.

Youssef looked at Elizabeth, chuckled, and said, "Somehow I can believe that."

"Go on, tell us your story," said Eddie, giving Elizabeth a look.

Youssef then proceeded to tell them the long story of a visit from the Archangel Gabriel, which made Eddie and Elizabeth exchange glances between each other. Then he went on with his visit with Ahmed Rama, which made his two bodyguards exchange looks. Finally, he told of his final confrontation with his mother, which sealed the deal for Youssef. He left nothing out, including all the revelations that Ahmed Rama had told him about Eddie's past lives. He then pulled out a picture of his mother with Eddie taken back on the island of Crete so long ago.

"He told me that you are Abraham incarnate," said Youssef.

"The angel Samuel told us the same thing," said Elizabeth.

A wave of relief washed over Youssef. "I thought you would think I was nuts if I told you the truth," he said.

"Ha! I told you that strange things follow him around," said Elizabeth, pointing at Eddie.

"And not just in this life either," said Youssef.

Eddie was off in another world thinking to himself, *If I am Abraham and Elizabeth is Sarah, the ancestress to all of Israel, then that would make Youssef's mother Hagar and himself Ishmael. No wonder there is an Egyptian connection!*

"Do you realize who you are yet?" asked Eddie to Youssef.

"No, I haven't, but I have an idea because of a dream my friends had last night," he said.

"Your mother is Hagar, and you my son, are Ishmael," said Eddie.

Both Egyptian bodyguards were in shock at this latest pronouncement. Between Eddie's declaration and their dream last night, this clinched it for these two. Every good Muslim knew who Ishmael was—the son of Abraham and father to all Muslims. If what these people were saying in this motel room was correct, then they were in the presence of the founders of the Muslim faith. If this was the case, and they were both beginning to believe it to be so, then there was no way they were about to let anyone harm these good Muslim patriarchs.

“I have something else to tell, Youssef. You have sisters. Four of them. Two of them are right here in this room in the twins Jessica and Joan, one is in Italy, and one in Israel,” said Eddie

“How can that be?” asked Youssef.

“It was one hell of a Mediterranean cruise,” said Eddie. “The Angel Samuel told me that I have three children from my cruise while I was in the navy: a man in Egypt, a woman in Italy, and a woman in Israel. We were told that the woman in Israel is the return of the holy bloodline back to Israel. That their long-awaited Messiah will come from that line. He told us you are a politician who would rise to become leader of all of Egypt. And that the woman in Italy is important in regards to the Catholic Church. That the church would have one chance to redeem itself, whatever that means.”

“Fascinating,” said Youssef. “Gabriel also told me I would rise to become the power of all of Egypt.”

“Who are we to argue with God’s messengers?” said Eddie.

“I am only Allah’s humble servant,” said Youssef.

Eddie got up from his chair and asked Youssef if he would like to go for a walk and get some fresh air. Youssef arose and out the door they went. The two Egyptian bodyguards started to follow but were stopped by Youssef who said, “This is private between myself and my father, we have some catching up to do.”

“But, Youssef, what about our dreams?” said Omar.

“I will let you trail behind me, but not too close, we need our privacy,” said Youssef.

Four doors down from them, Shimon, who was watching through his motel room window, noticed Eddie and Youssef leaving the nearby motel room with the other two Egyptians following behind, but not too closely. A certain unease coursed through Shimon’s body. He didn’t like this one bit, two people he was keenly interested in going for a walk while there were two stalkers somewhere, maybe lurking nearby, maybe not. He wasn’t about to take this chance.

“Let’s go,” said Shimon.

Benjamin and himself loaded their pistols and left their motel room. Once Eddie and Youssef and his two bodyguards were a good ways away, they headed into the

parking lot and proceeded to follow the foursome. They were all walking down a lane that was coursing its way down the mountain.

“I don’t like this one bit,” said Shimon.

“Me neither,” said Benjamin.

The Egyptian pair of bodyguards were fifty meters behind Eddie and Youssef. The Israeli pair trailed the Egyptians by another fifty meters to make them one hundred meters behind father and son.

“So tell me about yourself,” said Eddie.

“Well, I’m a lawyer who became a politician,” said Youssef.

“A politician? That’s dangerous business,” said Eddie.

“What about you?” asked Youssef.

“I’m an electrician who is becoming a writer,” said Eddie.

They both erupted in laughter.

“I know,” said Eddie. “It’s a strange world we live in. You never know what tomorrow may bring.”

“That’s the truth,” said Youssef.

Eddie was about to say something when a black sedan with two men inside pulled up alongside them. The passenger stuck out his pistol and proceeded to shoot four times in their direction. The first grazed Eddie in his left arm. As Eddie twisted around from the impact, the second shot struck him in his lower back, the third shot missed, and the fourth shot struck Eddie in his left shoulder as he was falling down to the pavement.

Several shots rang out at the black sedan as it sped away from the scene. One of the shots struck the passenger side front tire and made it explode. As it did, the sedan lost control and the vehicle went off into the ditch and down the side of the hill in a rush of exploding flames.

Omar and Abdul were running toward Youssef who was cradling Eddie into his arms. Shimon and Benjamin were not too far behind them, their guns drawn.

“It looks like they got me,” said Eddie. He was laying down, bleeding profusely from three different gunshot wounds and fading in and out of consciousness.

“Hang in there, Father!” yelled Youssef.

Once Shimon arrived at the scene, his training kicked in, and he began shredding his jacket so that he could apply tourniquets to Eddie.

“Get on the phone and call emergency!” yelled Shimon to whoever would listen. That act had already been accomplished as Elizabeth and the twins were running down the lane to the scene of the shooting. While she was running, she was on the phone making the call.

For the second time in his life, Eddie was staring at a swirling black circle known as the abyss on one side and a brilliant circle of light on the other. He moved toward the light as he had done nineteen years ago and at once saw the friar known as Francis.

“Eddie,” said Francis.

“Yes Francis,” said Eddie.

“Eddie it is time to go see the Father,” said Francis.

Immediately, the angels Samuel and Thomas led Eddie by the hand into the middle of the bright light and to the throne room of heaven. As he was passing into the light, he was watching, alongside the swirling lights, his life pass before him. *The whole thing is being played out like some kind of movie*, thought Eddie. Shown in snapshot increments of his childhood first then his adolescence and into the navy and beyond.

As he was watching this experience, he was reliving and feeling not his own experiences but of those whom he had affected. When he got into a fight at the age of ten at school, he felt the punch he had delivered to the other. When he had ignored a girl who had a crush on him at thirteen, he felt her pain and isolation. He was reliving his life all over again but from the perspective of others and not himself. Eddie was truly learning that what one sends out, one receives.

“Fear not, Eddie, and continue on,” said Francis.

He saw images placed in front of him whose lives he had affected—his father, whom he turned his back on; his mother, sister, brother, whom he had all lost touch with.

He saw Sarah Rabin holding a baby close to her bosom and saying, “Thank you, Eddie, for giving me Anna. I will never forget you.”

He saw Sabah Sharif, worried about what others may think but still playing with little Youssef and thanking Eddie for bringing this bright light into her life.

He saw Maria Anotelli struggling with life until she had given in. Then a little child being led by eagle's wings to the Badia Fiorentina in Florence and being rescued by a caring nun.

Eddie looked at Francis and asked, "Who are these?"

"Those are whom you have affected the most. Continue on, Eddie," said Francis.

Eddie then saw Elizabeth giving childbirth to the twins Jessica and Joan. She had almost died during the process and only the Holy Spirit of the Father had saved her.

"The bloodline, Eddie, you are the key to it all. You began the process of redemption and you will finish it," a voice said out of the light.

He witnessed an old man sending his son away, never to see him again, only because he was told to. He then witnessed the same old man who had a young child on an altar ready to be sacrificed. The old man had a knife in his hand and was ready to sacrifice the child when he heard a voice that said, "No, Abraham!"

Eddie watched as the old man unbundled the child and set him free. The young child ran away from the old man to his mother, both never to speak to him again. Eddie watched as the old man withered away to nothing at the loss of his wife and only sons.

“But he only did as God had commanded!” shouted Eddie. Tears were running down Eddie’s cheeks at the sadness of Abraham. “He only did what you told him to and for that he lost the love of his wife and his sons. He cast one son away into the desert at your command and then lost his other due to everything you required him to do! It’s not fair! Why did you do this to him? Why did you do this to me?”

The voice of the light said, “You chose all this beforehand, Eddie.”

Eddie then watched a scene play out in front of him that showed Abraham’s younger son giving birth to twins who fought. One prevailed and gave birth to twelve more sons. He watched as Abraham’s older son also gave birth to twelve sons.

Each of the set of twelve sons both rose up to be great nations, hating each other, making continuous war against each other. Eddie heard a voice that said, “Eddie, your children have been at war for thousands of years. It is now time for them to make peace with each other. They are the key to world peace.”

“But how can I accomplish this?” asked Eddie.

“You created it, you can solve it,” the voice said.

“But how, my Lord?” asked Eddie.

“You must wipe away the tears of Abraham by having his children love each other as they once did before you sent Ishmael off into the desert,” said the voice.

“That is not my fault! You ordered me to do that!” shouted Eddie.

“For a reason,” said the voice. “As your children were divided, so shall your children be united. Only then can all things be made manifest.”

“How?” asked Eddie.

“Youssef, son of Abraham, son of Philip, has already found you. You have a daughter in Israel known as Anna Rabin who lives in Haifa. Another daughter, Gabriella Anotelli, who lives in Florence, Italy. All three must unite for this to be a world of peace. One is Muslim, one is Jewish, and one is Christian. All three faiths must unite for the world to find the prophesied peace. This will be done through your children. As happens often in history, a common enemy is the only thing, which truly unites people. A common enemy will unite this world. But your children must come first.”

“So my children are the key?” asked Eddie.

“They have always been the key, going back to the days when you were Abraham,” said the voice.

Eddie could only wonder at the voice. *My children always were the key.*

Francis grabbed his hand and led him further.

Out of the light appeared the man called Jesus.

“Philip, it has been a long time since we broke bread together,” said Jesus.

“I have missed you, my Lord,” said Eddie.

“I have news for you to take back to Australia. Tell your son to go find his sisters,” said Jesus.

“Gabriella and Anna?”

“Yes, Philip. He is to find them and protect them from the forces that are trying to destroy all of them,” said Jesus.

“Which forces my Lord?”

“The gates of hell,” said Jesus.

“Is there anything else?” asked Eddie.

“I come soon,” said Jesus.

“Come quickly, my Lord,” said Eddie.

June 3, 2015

Brisbane, Queensland, Australia

Eddie had been left in a coma for five days after the shooting with no signs of recovery.

He had been shot three times. His left arm had been grazed, which had caused minimal damage. The shot to his lower back had shattered three vertebrae. If Eddie were to live through any of this after the bullet cut into his spinal column, he would never be able to walk again. The last shot had missed his heart by an inch. The massive amount of blood loss at the scene had left Eddie unconscious and barely alive.

The physicians at the Royal Brisbane Hospital had worked for eighteen hours saving Eddie's life. Three times he had flatlined during this process.

The Australian police had performed an investigation and concluded that it was a random act of violence against Youssef and Eddie from unknown perpetrators. They

wouldn't know who had performed this dastardly deed until dental records could be matched up with the two who had burned to death at the crash at the bottom of Mount Tamborine.

They deduced that the criminal's real target was Youssef Sharif and that Eddie had shielded him and therefore saved his life. To the Australian police, it all looked like an act of terrorism against an Egyptian politician.

The police were suspicious as to why Youssef was there in the first place, but the three Egyptians had told them that they were all there on a vacation. After all, Mount Tamborine was a beautiful vacation site. The two Israelis had followed suit and told them the same story. The Australians didn't buy this story for one second, but there wasn't much they could do about it. They took their identifications and all checked out. The police instructed the hospital staff to alert them once Eddie was to come out of his coma for questioning.

Those holding vigil around Eddie were Elizabeth and her twins, Jessica and Joan; Youssef and his two bodyguards, Omar and Abdul; and the two Israelis, Benjamin and Shimon.

Once things settled down to a routine of watching over Eddie, introductions from the eight members were made. The two Israelis explained to the rest of the gathering the reason for their presence there. This surprised and shocked both Elizabeth and Youssef.

Shimon and Benjamin explained to both about Anna Rabin and her daughter, Miriam. They left nothing out including the visions from the archangel Michael and what was said in those visions.

Youssef took his turn explaining all the supernatural events that led him to Eddie. Needless to say, this was all a mind-blowing experience for Elizabeth. She would look down at Eddie and wonder at just what kind of amazing man she had fallen in love with. *This man has touched so many people both far and wide, spending almost all of his life without knowing about any of it.*

Youssef told the Israelis about his visit with the Sufi mystic, telling all that was told to him in regard to Eddie being the incarnated prophet Abraham. Rabbi Benjamin Yahuda had thought he had heard it all until this story was told. *The father of the Jews, lying in bed right in front of us. This shook the rabbi to his very being. Life turning into the surreal and beyond, the father of three faiths lying not five feet away from me.*

Elizabeth shared all the information that she and Eddie had uncovered.

Much information was shared among the faithful attending to Eddie that the whole scene looked like it was taken straight out of scripture. Characters were being listed and prophecy fulfilled.

As they all sat around Eddie chatting on June 3, he finally stirred. It started with his eyes fluttering, and finally

they were open to a crowd of people around him looking at him with large smiles.

“What are you all looking at?” asked Eddie. “Haven’t you ever seen a man in a hospital bed before?”

Elizabeth rushed over to him, gave him a big kiss, and said, “I thought I had lost you. Thank you, God, for giving him back to me!”

“Not yet, honey,” said Eddie.

“I’m so glad you came out of it!” cried Elizabeth.

“I can’t feel my legs,” said Eddie.

“I’m sorry, Eddie, but you won’t be able to,” said Elizabeth with a tear running down her face.

He kissed Elizabeth again, “I love you. I always will.”

“And I love you,” she said.

Eddie then motioned for Youssef. “I have something I need to tell you, my son.”

Youssef moved closer to his father and leaned in.

Eddie whispered, “You are to find your sisters. One of them is a nun in Florence, Italy, her name is Gabriella Anotelli. Another is in Haifa, Israel, her name is Anna Rabin. Find them and the three of you are key to having peace in this world. You are all destined and chosen for this mission. But beware because the gates of hell will be opposed to all three of you.”

“Yes, father, I will,” said Youssef.

“It’s very important, my son,” said Eddie.

“I understand father,” said Youssef.

“Find them. Save them. Then come back to me,” said Eddie. He then started crying himself and managed to get out, “I love you, my son. I’m very proud of you.”

“Me too.”

There was not a dry eye in the room at the conversation between father and son. These two men, who had accomplished so much for humanity in the past, were once again asked to give more. Ishmael was being asked by a dying Abraham to go save the world.

“I am Anna Rabin’s rabbi,” said Benjamin to Eddie.

“Then you need to go with him and help keep my daughter safe,” said Eddie.

“Who should I go to first?” asked Youssef.

“Gabiella. The archangel protects Anna and her children, but beware, Lucifer covets the bloodline, so don’t take too long getting there. But go to your sister in Italy first, because you will need her strength in Israel,” said Eddie.

With that remark, the two Israelis exchanged looks with each other.

Eddie continued, “Youssef, you need to go find your sister in Italy and then both of you go to your sister in Israel. She is going to need both of you.”

He then motioned again for Elizabeth. “Honey, you are going to need to finish that third book I began. The one about the bloodline. The first two and that one in particular will take care of all your future financial needs,” said Eddie.

“I don’t know how to write like you. And you aren’t going anywhere!” exclaimed Elizabeth.

“Talk to the spirit. The angels will finish it for you. Just be their scribe,” he whispered.

Then Eddie faded back off to sleep for good. His last words were spoken. They tried to awaken Eddie but couldn’t revive him. Doctors rushed into the room, desperately trying to save him, but it was of no use, his mission fulfilled.

This man who thought he was a nobody had come into this world and once again had changed it.

Elizabeth screamed, “Oh god, no! Please don’t take him from me! No! No!”

The physicians desperately worked on Eddie for the next fifteen minutes to no avail. The man who was Abraham, Elkanah, Zechariah, and Philip returned home to the Father to await his next mission in this world.

This man, who had never given himself much credit in this life, had returned and had set into motion a chain of events that would once again change the course of history. The man who wondered if he would leave any kind of legacy behind because he thought he was childless would end up fathering five children. All of them prophesied in scripture.

Three days later, on June 6, Eddie Dudley was laid to rest in Sydney, New South Wales, Australia. Those attending were his lover Elizabeth Dudley, two of his daughters twins Jessica and Joan, his son Youssef Sharif along with Omar and Abdul, and the two Israelis Benjamin Yahuda

and Shimon Katz. The good rabbi from Israel performed the services. United States Marines from the American Embassy performed a three-volley salute to honor Eddie's military service to his beloved country. Elizabeth was given the United States flag that had adorned Eddie's casket. In months to follow, a tombstone would be made which would read as follows:

HERE LIES EDWARD RONALD DUDLEY
BORN NOVEMBER 21, 1963
DIED JUNE 3, 2015
THE FATHER OF THREE FAITHS

Below the line that read The Father of Three Faiths were the cross, the six pointed star, and the crescent moon. The three symbols for Christianity, Judaism, and Islam.

Also attending to the services were the two angelic beings, Samuel and Thomas, who were there to give homage to the patriarch of the three faiths.

They were escorting him back to the Father once the services were finished, when at once appeared an entire regiment of giant lizard men led by the demon Baphomet along with the seductress Lilith. As Baphomet and his army of demons attacked Samuel and Thomas with flaming swords, Lilith grabbed the now-spirit known as Eddie Dudley and vanished into the kingdom of Tartarus.

Baphomet and Thomas went head-to-head in battle as Samuel was busy slaying the giant lizard men who were coming at him in droves.

“You cannot stop the Lord Lucifer,” said Baphomet as he swung his flaming sword at Thomas.

Thomas blocked the lunging Baphomet and countered with a strike of his own at the goat-headed demon. Back and forth this battle went between two angelic beings of the higher order. Equal in strength and power, this was fast becoming a stalemate. It was obvious Baphomet wasn't there to kill Thomas but to keep him away from protecting Eddie. To stall him.

Samuel was surrounded by the giant lizard men and was striking right then left then right and left at the onrushing demonic hordes. Screeches were heard all around as the lizard men, attacking in a kamikazelike fashion, were being stacked up like cordwood. Samuel could barely keep up the pace as the lizards kept up the oncoming rush. He was about to falter when all at once, the remaining giant lizard men disappeared.

Baphomet looked at Thomas and said, “Well done, my onetime brother,” and then he also disappeared.

By the time the battle was over, three dozen giant lizard men were destroyed and the spirit known as Eddie Dudley had vanished.

June 9, 2015

Vatican City, Rome, Italy

Papal Secretary Carmen Rizzo hadn't heard a word from his two contacts in Australia for days, and this worried him. He had sent word to the Catholic officials there, but they had known nothing.

What happened to them? Why aren't they corresponding with me?

He feared the worst. Something had happened to them, and the papal secretary had no idea what. As a man who was used to being in control of every situation, he didn't like this one bit. He had to take other action, and it was time to go to an alternative plan.

To make matters worse, the Holy Father had told him that he was ready to issue a papal declaration that he would step down if the College of Cardinals would elect Mother Anastasia as the next pope. The papal secretary wasn't about

to let that happen. Not only would it be bad for his career but bad for the church.

Secretary Rizzo was deep in thought. *A female pontiff, how ridiculous! Never in the history of the church from Saint Peter until now has there been a female to lead the church. The heretics claimed that Mary Magdalene had led the church in the beginning, but it was proven that theirs was a false doctrine. The true way was led by Saints Peter and Paul. Not by some harlot whom the Gnostics claimed was the Lord's companion. And where did they get that idea from anyway? Well, the Gospel of Philip, of course. Since Saint Philip didn't even write that heresy, the church rightly rejected it in the beginning, therefore, the Gnostics don't have a leg to stand on.*

It's time to put an end to all this.

Secretary Rizzo picked up the phone and made the call. When he was finished, he picked up his attaché case and headed out into Saint Peter's Square.

Walking towards his apartment, he noticed an elderly man who looked like he was having a coughing fit. He walked over to him to see if he could offer any kind of assistance to the man.

"Excuse me, can I help you?" asked Secretary Rizzo.

"Yes, you may," said the elderly man.

Secretary Rizzo leaned over and put a hand on his shoulder to help him up. As he did this, the elderly man pulled out a 9-mm Beretta and shot the secretary three times. One in the chest and two in the head. A suppressor

was used therefore no one else heard the noise coming from this powerful weapon.

Secretary Rizzo bent over and breathed his last breaths. As he did this, Shimon Katz walked away rapidly to a car that had been waiting for him. When he entered the car, the driver sped away in the direction to a safe house on the other side of the city of Rome.

As they were driving away, a bull-headed demon known as Ba'al appeared in the backseat of the car and immediately struck two knives, each through the necks of the two occupants of that vehicle. Ba'al then disappeared into the spirit.

The car lost control and sideswiped an oncoming vehicle from the other direction. It then proceeded to roll end over end, turning into a ball of flames, and resting at an intersection, stopping all traffic on the way to Saint Peter's Square.

The accident would end up causing the deaths of three more people who were coming from the other direction in a BMW as it rammed into the car driven by Shimon's contact in Rome. The total damage was five dead and six injured.

June 9, 2015

Florence, Italy

Sister Gabriella was in Mother Anastasia's room expressing her concerns over what Mother Mary's next message on the fifteenth of the month might bring.

"But, Mother, she's not going to be very happy."

"The Holy Father seemed receptive to the idea, but he knows it's not only up to him to decide who will lead the church," said Mother Anastasia.

"The Holy Mother was very specific in her demands," stated Sister Gabriella.

"I know, Sister, but there is only so much we can do," said Mother Anastasia.

"I wish I wasn't in the middle of this mess. It's only going to bring heartache," said Sister Gabriella with much resignation.

Mother Anastasia went over to her beloved sister and gave her a warm, comforting hug. This woman had been

like a daughter to her ever since that day the Holy Mother had delivered her to the doorsteps of the Badia Fiorentina so long ago. Her mind went back to that day. *It seemed there was something special about this child from the very beginning. An aura that surrounded her that gave everyone associated with the child a warm feeling inside.*

Just then, there was a knock on the door to interrupt Mother Anastasia's thoughts.

The good mother opened it to see Sister Francesca, the nun who found Sister Gabriella in the first place.

"Excuse me, Mother, there are gentlemen outside who would like to speak with Sister Gabriella."

"Who are they?" asked Mother Anastasia.

"He said he is with the Egyptian government, but that is not the reason for his being here. He said he would explain to Sister Gabriella personally," answered Sister Francesca.

Mother Anastasia, not trusting much anymore and not wanting Sister Gabriella to see anyone unless she was privy to it, instructed Sister Francesca to show the gentleman to this room.

Five minutes later, Youssef Sharif and his two bodyguards, Omar and Abdul, were shown to Mother Anastasia's room.

Once Youssef looked at Gabriella, he knew he had found one of his sisters. The same round face, dimpled chin, and green eyes were prominent. Her skin was olive, while his was Middle Eastern, but other than that, they could have passed as twins.

“Gabriella?” asked Youssef.

“Yes. Who are you?” asked Gabriella.

“Your brother,” said Youssef.

Mother Anastasia looked from Gabriella to Youssef and back, noting the similar faces and thought, *Could this be true? Could my darling actually have a long-lost brother?*

“But how can that be?” asked Gabriella.

“We both, along with another that I need to track down, share the same father,” said Youssef.

“We do?”

“We do. And I just buried him in Australia. Let me explain.”

Youssef spent the next hour telling Gabriella and Mother Anastasia about what had happened in his life the last couple months. When he got to the part of the angelic visit from the archangel Gabriel, amazingly, neither was surprised. After all, they were quite used to the supernatural. Sister Gabriella shared to Youssef about their fifteenth-of-the-month visits from the Holy Mother Mary.

The most amazing part of the entire story to Sister Gabriella was who her father really is, or was. She couldn’t comprehend it, but that her father was bringing some bloodline to the holy land of Israel was hard to take. That her father was the prophet Abraham incarnate was another story that went against the sister’s faith. She didn’t understand this doctrine of reincarnation.

“I can have a DNA test performed if you wish. I have a sample of his, and mine came out a match with it,” said Youssef.

“I want to believe you. I want to believe all of it,” Gabriella said.

Mother Anastasia sat listening intently with her jaw dropped to the ground. *What an amazing adventure this man has been on looking for his long-lost father. And what a father to look for! He sounds like he was an incredible human being.* She piped in, “Then believe it, my child, he is telling you the truth.”

“I want to—”

Sister Gabriella wasn't able to finish her sentence. For the second time in Youssef's life, the archangel Gabriel appeared before his eyes, and for the second time, he threw himself to the ground in worship at the glorious sight of the messenger of the Host.

Omar and Abdul, along with Mother Anastasia and Sister Gabriella, followed suit.

A glorious being of light filled the entire room. Once again Gabriel appeared with a white robe on with a golden belt attached. Attached to the belt was a long sword sheathed in its sheath.

“Arise, only the Lord shall you worship.” said Gabriel.

The five people assembled in Mother Anastasia's room did as was ordered. Unsteadily, each rose up one by one

until all was standing. The archangel then instructed each of them to have strength so they wouldn't falter.

Gabriel looked to Youssef and then to Gabriella. "You are to go find your sister in Haifa, Israel, and to unite with her. Make haste and do not tarry, because the enemy is closing in on Abraham."

"Anna Rabin?" asked Youssef.

"Yes, and her child, Miriam. And when you find them, hold hands with them and pray to the Father for unification of the three faiths of Abraham," said Gabriel. And with that last demand, the Archangel disappeared.

The Kingdom of Tartarus

Sharp, shooting pains cursed through Eddie's entire body as he stood shackled in chains in front of Lucifer. He was chained tightly to an X-shaped cross so that there was no relief for him. His wrists and ankles were covered in blood. A thorny crown had been mockingly placed on his head by the giant lizard men so that blood and perspiration flowed down his face.

"You have been a pain in my ass ever since you were created," said Lucifer toward Eddie.

Eddie could only look on at Lucifer with contempt.

"Does this position seem familiar to you, Philip?" asked Lucifer.

“You have me confused with Andrew. I was crucified upside down like Peter was,” answered Eddie.

“Oh, that is correct. You’ll have to forgive me. My history is not quite up to par,” said Lucifer.

“That is not the only thing about you that is not up to par,” said Eddie.

“You always had a sharp mouth about you,” hissed Lucifer as he stuck out his finger and pointed it at Eddie’s testicles, and immediately a small bolt of lightning struck them.

Eddie squealed in pain at this invasion to his privates. He would have crumpled over had it not been for the chains fastened to his wrists. “Damn you,” Eddie managed to whisper. “Oh, I forgot, you are already damned.”

“That penis of yours has caused me much grief. This whole bloodline business is very disconcerting.” After seeing the pain wash over Eddie from the electrical shock given to him, Lucifer continued, “Now you know the true feeling of pain.”

“No, the feeling of true pain is losing both of your sons as happened to Abraham,” said Eddie.

“I never took your sons from you,” said Lucifer.

Eddie just stood silently, resigning himself to his fate of being in this godforsaken place.

Lucifer paced around Eddie, inspecting the shackles around him, pulling them even tighter so that Eddie let out another squeal. He walked slowly up to Eddie and

whispered in his ear, "Your God has abandoned you just as he abandoned me."

"You did that to yourself. What do you want me from me?" asked Eddie.

"Abraham, what I have always wanted from you, for you to bow down to me," said Lucifer.

"Never!" shouted Eddie.

"We shall see about that. I've got a plan," said Lucifer.

Eddie just stood there, shackled in that unbearable hell hole. He looked up and noticed that all the demon guards were at least fifty feet from him.

Lucifer chuckled and said, "They all fear you as they should. The last encounter they had with you left many of them dead." He paced around Eddie. "But your power doesn't work with me, Abraham. My power is so great that even the Holy Spirit within you has no effect on me."

"You still think you can win, don't you?" asked Eddie.

"Of course! And I know I will," said Lucifer.

"You're deluded," said Eddie.

Lucifer crept closer to Eddie so that their noses were about to touch and whispered, "You have the greatest faith of any human I have ever encountered. But in this case, you are wrong."

The Courtyard of Heaven

In the courtyard of heaven, outside the temple, stood two archangels—Lucifer on one side and his younger brother, Michael, on the other.

“I have an offer for you, brother,” said Lucifer.

“You wish to ransom Abraham for one of his children?” inquired Michael.

“You’re quite clever, Michael, a worthy adversary. And yes, I wish to bargain the soul of Abraham for the child Miriam Rabin. I figure it is a worthy offer, after all, as it is written, Abraham is the father to three faiths and many nations,” said Lucifer.

“He is. But heaven will not ransom the bloodline for one man,” said Michael.

“Then I guess this time it will be him who will be put on the altar of sacrifice instead of Isaac,” said Lucifer.

“So be it,” said Michael.

“It’s a pity you people don’t take care of your own. You have a man here who has been a thorn in my side ever since he was first created, and heaven discards him like he is a piece of trash. If he had accomplished as much with me as he had with you, I would have made him viceroy of Tartarus by now,” said Lucifer.

“Abraham is held in as high of regard in heaven as he is on earth,” said Michael.

“Then make the trade,” hissed Lucifer.

“That is not my decision to make. And I know what the Father has already declared about the matter. The answer, my brother, is no,” said Michael.

“Then the soul of Abraham must die forever,” said Lucifer, who then disappeared in a flash of light.

June 9, 2015

Haifa, Israel

While the archangel Gabriel was paying a visit to Italy, Rabbi Benjamin Yahuda was paying a visit to the Rabin household in Haifa. There was much information to share with them.

“Anna, we found your father in Australia, unfortunately he passed away as of June 3,” said the rabbi.

Sarah let out a wail of grief at the words just spoken by her rabbi. “Oh my god, no! Don’t tell me such things!” she cried. Benjamin gave Sarah a quizzical looks at this outburst. He didn’t know the true feelings Sarah had for this mystery man, Eddie. Anna and Miriam didn’t say anything, for they both knew her feelings on the matter. Sarah had never even thought about another man, only Eddie had ever occupied that part of her mind.

She curled herself up in a ball and began sobbing uncontrollably. The rabbi went to comfort her, but she

refused his gesture. Instead, she just sat staring at the walls, numb with grief.

Anna also went to comfort Sarah but was refused. This feeling of emptiness could not be shared by her with anyone. Anna then asked the rabbi to tell them everything they had found out in Australia about her father.

“Anna, you have a brother and a sister. The brother is an Egyptian, and the sister is Italian.” The story went on for an hour as Sarah, Anna, and even young Miriam listened intently. By the time they had finished, the Israelis could only wonder at all the impact this man had on several lives.

Anna then spoke up when they were finished. “So, my brother and sister are coming here?”

“That was Eddie’s last wish. For Youssef to retrieve his sister Gabriella in Italy and come to you,” said Rabbi Benjamin.

“He was also warned that the gates of hell would oppose all of this,” added Benjamin.

“Yes, therefore we must now pray to the God of Abraham for protection,” said Anna.

As the four of them, Rabbi Benjamin Yahuda, Sarah, Anna, and Miriam Rabin was about to pray, a brilliant flash of light entered the room, and once again, the archangel Michael appeared.

“Fear not, all who are in my presence,” said Michael.

Rabbi Benjamin couldn’t help himself. No matter how often he had witnessed Michael, he thought he could never

get used to this. He was trembling, and his knees began to knock. Sarah was too grief stricken to be scared. Her only thought was of Eddie and his departure. Anna and Miriam took this visit and any other with a grain of salt. These two were used to the spirit and would be as comfortable around Angels as they would be around humans.

“Hello again, Michael,” said Anna.

“Thank you, Anna. I have been instructed by the father to tell all who are here that the enemy is waiting to capture the lovely child Miriam any way they can and to try and thwart the plans of the Father. They are presently holding the one whom is called Eddie, but who is also Philip and Abraham, as hostage to ransom for the young child. The Father will not agree to this nonsense and therefore has requested me to tell you that young Miriam is in danger.”

At the mention of Eddie, Sarah let out another wail of grief that shook the entire house. “Oh my god! How can that be? The father of my children held as ransom?” She then sunk to her knees and began to sob hysterically.

“It’s a ploy by Lucifer. I and my Angels will keep watch over this household, but you must remain strong in prayer. Because of the law of free will laid down by the father, we cannot do a thing without the consent of humans first and then the Father. This is why prayer is so important. It gives us permission to act.”

Sarah could only look up at Michael with wonder and amazement at his words. She pleaded to him, "Please help Eddie."

"His fate is tied to his children's," Michael said. He looked at Anna while he said that.

"What do you mean?" asked Anna.

"The soul of whom you call Eddie, whom we call Abraham, has always been tied to his children's destiny. He was chosen by the father amongst the multitude to begin a race in which mankind can be redeemed. This was thwarted by the enemy due to his children being at odds with each other. The only way Eddie can be saved is by his children to unite in purpose and deed. The only way for Abraham to be saved is by his children, Isaac and Ishmael, to unite in purpose and deed."

"The only way for that to happen would be for Muslims and Jews to unite," said Rabbi Benjamin.

"To realize that they worship the same God," said Michael.

"And that they both have the same enemy," said the rabbi.

"It all begins with this family and will expand outward from there," said Michael, who then disappeared.

Rabbi Benjamin Yahuda was about to say something else but then noticed a brilliant flash of light and the disappearance of the archangel. *No matter how many times I receive a visit from Michael, I doubt I will ever get used to it.*

June 9, 2015

Sydney, New South Wales, Australia

Joan woke up in a cold sweat and then in turn woke up her mommy Elizabeth.

“Mommy, wake up, Daddy is in trouble!”

“What are you talking about, child? Your daddy passed away six days ago in Brisbane,” said Elizabeth. She then felt Joan’s forehead to see if her daughter had a fever. She didn’t, but it looked like she had been sweating the whole time she was sleeping.

“The bad guys have Daddy!” Joan was adamant.

“How do you know this? And who has your daddy?” asked Elizabeth.

“I was just shown it all in a dream! The giant lizard men captured Daddy from the angels!” shouted Joan.

Jessica came running into the room and parroted, “Daddy in trouble!”

“How can that be? Your daddy is in heaven,” said Elizabeth. She thought to herself, *If anyone deserves to be in heaven after all that he has been through and done for the Father, it’s him.*

“I don’t know, Mommy, I just know that he is a bad place right now, and we’ve got to help him,” said Joan.

“But how?” Elizabeth was starting to really become worried. Her daughters didn’t normally act like this. They were truly frightened of something that Elizabeth couldn’t sense at all.

“We have to ask the angels,” said Joan. She began to pray loudly for her guardian angel, Thomas, to break through. It wouldn’t be him this time; it would be done by the Elizabeth’s angel, Hannah, instead.

“Where is Thomas?” asked Joan.

“With the Father, recuperating from the tragic events that have happened to him,” answered Hannah.

“What about my daddy?” asked Joan.

“He is in Tartarus. He’s been captured by the enemy. We all need to pray for him now,” said Hannah.

“What the hell is Tartarus?” asked Elizabeth.

“It’s the place where the fallen angels have gathered after their fall from heaven,” answered Hannah.

“Why is he there? He has no right to be there! If anyone deserves heaven, it is him!” Elizabeth was screaming at this point. *This is so wrong! I won’t be able to bear the thought of him with them monsters!*

“He is being held for ransom,” said Hannah.

“Then pay it!” shouted Elizabeth.

“We can’t. The price is too high,” said Hannah.

“Bullshit!” *I have just about had enough of these angelic beings and their excuses! Eddie’s soul is on the line here!* he thought. “What’s the price?” she asked.

“His children. The Messiah. The second coming,” answered Hannah. “The price for Eddie’s soul, which was set by Lucifer, is his grandchild Miriam. The one who is to give birth to the anointed one.”

“The Israeli girl is the price?” asked Elizabeth.

“Yes, then eventually he will get to your daughters as well,” said Hannah.

“Then what can we do for Daddy?” asked Joan.

“Pray, my dear little ones, pray for the soul of your father,” said Hannah.

“I will,” said Joan.

“Me too,” said Jessica.

Elizabeth could only look at the angel Hannah in shock. *Pray? They have all the power in the universe at their fingertips, and all they can say is to pray? What the hell kind of answer is that? Pray?*

The angel Hannah then disappeared into the spirit.

The Kingdom of Tartarus

Eddie didn't know how much of this pain he could take. It seemed as though when he was just about ready to pass out from shock, he would be revived again. *Oh lord, just let me sleep. Let me drift to you and the light and away from all this madness.*

He could barely see from the perspiration running down his eyes. But what he could make out was three figures in front of him. A goat-headed demon, a bull-headed demon, and the dark-haired lady in black whom he saw last at Mount Tamborine. They were all standing before the throne of Lord Lucifer.

"Release him and bring him to me," said Lucifer.

The giant lizard men did as was instructed and carefully untied the chains shackled around Eddie's wrists and ankles. Eddie immediately fell to the ground in a heap of flesh. They picked him up and carried what was left of the body of Eddie Dudley of Bald Eagle Bluffs, Michigan.

They sat him down in a chair placed there in front of the throne of Lucifer, right next to the three other demons.

"Why haven't you killed me yet?" asked Eddie.

"You're far too valuable alive," said Lucifer. He stared at Eddie and wondered, *How could a human such as this cause me so much trouble? Dating back to Abraham, who gave birth to Isaac and Ishmael. From Elkanah, who gave the world the prophet Samuel. From that priest of old Zechariah, who gave the world John the Baptist. Then the heretical Saint Philip,*

who gave the world Gnostic Christianity and the escape of the bloodline of my archenemy, Jesus. Now finally, this sailor from Michigan, who is going to give the world the return of the Messiah, and her two witnesses.

Eddie could only look at Lucifer with contempt. There was nothing to say to a being who had turned its back on the Father.

Lucifer studied Eddie. He could make no sense of this human who refused to turn his back on a God who had taken so much away from him. “The Father speaks to you, doesn’t he?” asked Lucifer.

“You mean through his angels?” asked Eddie.

“No, dumbass! I mean directly, like he did when you were Abraham!” shouted Lucifer.

“What do you wish to know?” asked Eddie.

He looked at the three demons who stood directly behind Eddie and knew the limitations of each. They all had weaknesses, and each would have caved in, whereas Eddie’s character refused to buckle. Also Eddie had a gift in him that none of them could ever possibly fathom.

“The future,” said Lucifer, “that is something none of these could ever possibly know,” pointing at the three underlings, Baphomet, Ba’al, and Lilith.

“All the prophecies are already written,” said Eddie.

Lucifer got up from his throne and walked over to this being who was once known as Abraham who is now known as Eddie and said, “That is not true, Eddie. Even

the mighty host led by Michael nor any demon knows the future. But the Father does reveal itself to prophets with an ear to hear.”

“And you consider me a prophet?” asked Eddie. He imagined the long-bearded men of the desert like Isaiah, Jeremiah, and Ezekiel to be prophets. He didn’t consider himself in their class.

“The highest prophet. The father of prophets,” said Lucifer. He looked at Eddie and continued, “You see, the Father quit talking to me long ago. So, I’ve no idea the endgame for the battle, which is about to take place. Even my brothers, Michael and Gabriel, in all their glory, do not know what is to happen.” He paused for effect. “But you do. I know you do. When is the date for the return?”

“September 17, 2034,” answered Eddie without hesitation.

Lucifer looked at Baphomet, Ba’al, and Lilith and proclaimed, “You see why this man is far more important than the three of you combined could ever be to me!” He started pacing faster, deep in thought, as he said, “I was close, I had it pegged at 2030 or 2031. After the 40th Jubilee after the crucifixion of Jesus.”

“You forgot the 1,260 days of the two witnesses,” said Eddie.

“Oh, that’s right!” shouted Lucifer, understanding the revelation that Eddie had just given him. He then looked toward Eddie and said, “Autism has taken the witnesses out of the way.”

“For now,” said Eddie.

“Tell me more. Tell me what the Father has given you,” whispered Lucifer.

“Your son will rise up and be defeated by the chosen one, and you and your army will be laid waste by him,” said Eddie.

“No, we will not!” yelled Lucifer.

“Send me a postcard from the abyss,” said Eddie.

With that last remark came a howl from Lucifer that shook the very foundation of all of Tartarus. He raised his hands on high and pointed his fingers at Eddie, with two thunderbolts striking Eddie right in the chest and knocking him back ten feet to the ground. He went to strike again, and a shield of light enveloped Eddie. The twin thunderbolts bounced harmlessly off Eddie’s shield of light.

“I guess you do have powers here in Tartarus. No wonder the rest of them demons are giving you such a wide berth.” Lucifer walked closer to Eddie and whispered, “But your powers are not as great as mine.”

“My children will avenge me,” said Eddie.

“We shall see about that,” thundered Lucifer. He composed himself some more and asked, “You say my son will be defeated. How?”

“By the mouth of the anointed one,” answered Eddie.

“The anointed one? Humans cannot defeat angels!” stated Lucifer.

“A human consumed by the Father’s Holy Spirit can. As your lizard friends can attest to,” said Eddie.

Lucifer thought for a moment, went up to Eddie, and said, “I will destroy your children before they destroy my son and me.” He then looked to his three underlings and ordered, “Send the army to Israel!”

June 10, 2015

Haifa, Israel

At 9:00 a.m., there was a knock on the door of the Rabin household. Sarah let in the three Egyptians Youssef, Omar, and Abdul, along with Sister Gabriella.

Sarah, Anna, Miriam, along with Rabbi Benjamin Yahuda were there to greet them. After serving coffee, they all sat down for a good chat. One in which Eddie would be very proud of.

It was Youssef who would break the ice first. He looked at Anna and said, “So you must be my older sister.”

“So it seems,” said Anna.

“And you are my younger,” said Youssef, looking at Gabriella.

“It’s a strange thing we’ve been cast into,” said Gabriella.

“All because of one man,” said Youssef. He then went on to explain to Anna everything that has happened in his life from the archangel Gabriel’s first visit to him all the way

to his adventures in Australia tracking down their long-lost father.

“Our father’s last wish is for us to come together. He said that world peace must first begin with the three of us and branch out from there.” Youssef finished with that statement.

“We’ve been told that Eddie is in trouble!” piped in Sarah.

“He is?” asked Youssef.

Sarah then went on to tell Youssef about the Rabin family’s last visit from the archangel Michael that told of Eddie being held for ransom.

“We’ve got to save him,” said Youssef.

“But how?” asked Anna.

“By doing what our father asked of us: to come together and pray,” said Gabriella. Sister Gabriella had a hard time at first believing that her father had been found by this Egyptian man. But after listening to the Rabin family’s revelations from the archangel Michael, her belief was now leaning to the side of Eddie being her father. Between her visits from the Holy Mother Mary, Youssef’s visits from the archangel Gabriel, and the Rabin family’s visits from the archangel Michael, she felt she was caught in some kind of biblical whirlwind. This was far greater than just visits from the Holy Mother Mary—it was now including all of heaven.

“We are missing two of our siblings,” said Youssef.

“The twins, the two witnesses,” said young Miriam, to everyone’s surprise.

“Let us pray and focus on communicating to the twins so they can add their prayers alongside ours, for the safety of our father,” said Gabriella.

Led in prayer by Rabbi Benjamin Yahuda, all held hands and bowed their heads in prayer for the soul of Eddie.

June 11, 2015

Sydney, New South Wales, Australia

On the other side of the planet, a vigil was being held in the Rabin household of Haifa, Israel, at the same time the twin girls were receiving a message from their siblings.

“Mommy, the three of us need to pray,” said Joan.

“What?” asked Elizabeth. She had been shattered by the information given to her from the angel Hannah about the status of Eddie’s soul.

“I’m getting messages from my brother Youssef and my sisters Anna and Gabriella to pray with them for the soul of Daddy,” said Joan.

“Messages?”

“Yes, Mommy, we need to pray,” said Joan. “We need to do it right now!”

“If you insist,” answered Elizabeth. “I don’t know what good it will do.”

The three of them formed a circle, held hands, bowed their heads, and began to pray for the soul of Eddie.

The Kingdom of Tartarus

There wasn't much left of Eddie. Continually weakened by assaults from Lucifer, his soul was just about ready to give in. It took a tremendous amount of strength and faith to thwart those damned lightning bolts from Lucifer's fingertips.

"Why don't you just give in?" asked Lucifer.

"Never," Eddie whispered.

"I've got to hand it to you, Eddie. Everyone else would have crumbled by now. You have tremendous faith," said Lucifer.

All the negative energy of the universe was coursing through Lucifer's fingertips at Eddie. The Holy Spirit within him had been sustaining him, but for how much longer? Something had to give, and he feared it would be him.

"Make it stop, Eddie. All you have to do is bow down to me, and half my kingdom will be yours. I'll make you viceroy of a kingdom with millions of demons at your fingertips. The power you will be able to yield will be incredible," said Lucifer.

"And what if I don't?" asked Eddie.

"You'll die. Then one by one, all your children will die," said Lucifer.

“I’m eternal. I cannot die,” said Eddie.

“Oh, that is where you are wrong. Haven’t you read in your beloved Scriptures about the second death?” asked Lucifer.

“You don’t have that kind of power. Only the Father does,” said Eddie.

“Wrong again! I do have that power given to me by the same Father you speak of,” said Lucifer.

“I’ll never bow to you!” shouted Eddie.

“Then you will eventually die!” shouted back Lucifer, who then shot more lightning bolts at Eddie, wearing him down even further.

As Lucifer was weakening Eddie, the army of Tartarus was assembled at the gates of heaven. It was instructed not to let anyone enter or leave the kingdom in order to reach Eddie. A negative ring of protection was formed to protect Tartarus from any assault from the kingdom of heaven.

Tens of thousands of warriors from Tartarus formed a negative shield, a barrier that was too powerful for any angel or Archangel to penetrate.

The Kingdom of Heaven

Despite the army of Tartarus standing guard at the gates to heaven, the first to cross over to heaven from earth through prayer were the twins Jessica and Joan. They were welcomed

with open arms by the heavenly host. The spirits of Elijah and John the Baptist had returned.

Next to cross was their mother, Elizabeth. The spirit of Sarah, Hannah, and Elizabeth, the mother of prophets, had also returned to the kingdom of heaven. She too was much celebrated by the heavenly host.

The three of them formed a circle in the courtyard of heaven. As they held hands in prayer, a brilliant white light that glowed between them spread out in every direction. The light was incredible, glowing brighter than any light the three of them had ever seen.

Once the light formed and became brilliant, a fourth entered the circle. It was the child of the bloodline, the mother to the future messiah, Miriam Rabin. She took the hands of the twins on each side of her and joined in the prayer.

Next to join them was the twin's sister, Gabriella. She showed up, took her place next to Elizabeth, held their hands, and joined into this most powerful prayer.

As soon as she was in place, the being of Anna Rabin showed up and took the place in between Gabriella and Elizabeth. As each new person joined into the circle, the light became brighter. The entire heavenly host had joined in and assumed a protective ring around the circle of the holy royal family.

Lastly, Youssef Sharif showed up and completed the circle. He stood in between his sisters Gabriella and Anna.

Beginning at the one o'clock position, clockwise, stood Jessica Dudley. Next to her was Miriam Rabin. Next to Miriam was Jessica's twin sister, Joan. Next to Joan stood Elizabeth Dudley. Next to Elizabeth stood Anna Rabin. Next to Anna stood Youssef. And next to him stood Gabriella, who held hands with Jessica and completed the circle of light.

June 10, 2015

Haifa, Israel

The circle in Israel had begun with Rabbi Benjamin Yahuda, with Sarah, Anna, and Miriam Rabin. First, Miriam had disappeared then Anna followed soon afterward.

“Where did they go?” shouted Sarah.

The rabbi kept his eyes closed in prayer. In his sixty*seven years, he had never felt this close to the Father. He was being led by souls that were beyond his comprehension. Led deeper into the mysteries of the God of Abraham. His deep soulfulness was jarred by the shouting of Sarah. He opened his eyes, looked around, and noticed that it was only Sarah and himself still in prayer. Young Miriam, along with her mother Anna, was gone.

“Close your eyes and keep praying,” said the rabbi.

“I can’t pray. They’re gone!” said Sarah.

Just as Sarah was finished speaking, a voice came from their circle that said, “Keep praying. They’re in heaven. They’ll be back.”

Sarah grabbed the tabbi’s hands and continued on with her prayer.

The rabbi smiled and continued, “Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God, the Lord is one.”

The Kingdom of Heaven

Beginning at the one o’clock position, clockwise, stood Jessica Dudley. Next to her was Miriam Rabin. Next to Miriam was Jessica’s twin sister, Joan. Next to Joan stood Elizabeth Dudley. Next to Elizabeth stood Anna Rabin. Next to Anna stood Youssef. And next to him stood Gabriella, who held hands with Jessica and completed the circle of light.

These seven beings represented John the Baptist, Mother Mary, Elijah, Abraham’s wife Sarah, Mother Mary’s mother Anna, Ishmael, and Mary Magdalene. Seven descendants of Abraham praying for his soul.

Out of the circle of light arose a man. He looked to each one of the beings who were all deep in prayer. Blessing each, he announced, “I now go to your father.”

The Kingdom of Tartarus

Lucifer had been continually wearing down the soul who had once been Abraham, Elkanah, Zechariah, Philip, and in his latest incarnation, Eddie Dudley. Doing every possible thing he can to take away this incredible being's great faith.

Lucifer had promised Eddie half the kingdom of Tartarus, yet Eddie refused to budge. He promised him all the power on earth if he would just yield to his new master. Still no results from this man of great faith in the Father. Still, Lucifer pressed on.

"Tell me, Abraham, how did it feel when the Father asked you to sacrifice your only son to him? Was there any doubt then that you picked the wrong God?" asked Lucifer.

"Unlike you, I've never doubted the Father," said Eddie.

"But why wouldn't you? He asked you for your only son. Well, that was the only son you had left after your sadistic God made you send your firstborn out into the desert to die!" hissed Lucifer.

"He didn't send him there to die. He sent him there to make a great nation out of him," said Eddie. His soul was getting weaker by the minute, and Lucifer knew it. These constant assaults on his body, his mind, and his soul were sapping him of any strength of will he had left.

"Oh, he made a nation, all right! One which has been against your other son's nation ever since!" said Lucifer with satisfaction. He was breaking this soul who was once Abraham down to nothing. If he could destroy Abraham,

he could destroy any future hope for Israel, bloodline or not. “Yes, Abraham, it is true. You can’t deny that your God forced you to send your first son away and then ask you to sacrifice your remaining son. And yet you love this God?”

“With all my being, I love this God,” answered Eddie.

“Yet here you are. Shackled in Tartarus. After all you’ve done for him, he has abandoned you!” shouted Lucifer.

The being of Abraham and Eddie said nothing. He could only look down at what was left of his soul.

“That wasn’t the worst of it! After your God stopped you from killing your only son, he never spoke to you again! Sarah and Isaac left you to rot away in your old years! You were abandoned not only by your God, but your family as well!” Lucifer knew he had Eddie with this one. He knew Abraham’s pain was deep at the loss of his wife and son. He continued on with the assault. “The father of three religions turned to dust with no one to love him.”

Tears came out of Eddie’s eyes at the memory of his beloved Sarah and Isaac. It’s true; they did leave him, for they could never trust a man who would sacrifice his love at the request of a God.

“That wasn’t the only son you lost, was it?” said Lucifer. “You lost Samuel as well. When you came back as Elkanah, God took another son away from you and kept him for himself.”

“Samuel was a good son and a great prophet,” said Eddie.

“God’s son, not yours!” said Lucifer. “Another son taken from you by this so-called God whom you just can’t seem to stop worshipping!”

Eddie said nothing. Lucifer was cutting right into the heart of his being. It wouldn’t be long now, and he would be thoroughly defeated. Everything Lucifer was saying was true, and it would eventually consume him. His end was near. The being known as Abraham would soon be no more, in flesh or in spirit.

“And the pain given to you from the father didn’t stop there! Let us not forget your son called John the Baptist! Another son taken away from you by your God!” Lucifer knew that Eddie was at his end, and he wasn’t about to let him off the ropes. He knew the weakness of this being was his children, who were all taken away from him. “Yes, John! A man who knew not his true father, because once again, everyone join together now, YOUR SON WAS TAKEN FROM YOU!”

“John had a mission to fulfill,” said Eddie.

“A mission without you!” yelled Lucifer. “Tell me, Zechariah, how did it feel when Herod’s temple guards sawed you in half?”

“Herod made me a martyr, nothing else,” said Eddie.

“He made your son fatherless,” said Lucifer.

Lucifer paced around Eddie like a lawyer in a courtroom moving in for the kill. “There is more. Your son, Elijah, also taken from you by your God,” he said.

Eddie could only look on at Lucifer in despair. He was stuck here in Tartarus until his soul would eventually give in and then die forever. Never be seen nor heard from again. And his last memories will be that of Lucifer taking him on a memory quest from long ago. *It just isn't fair*, he thought.

"It seems to me, Edward Dudley, that your soul has been nothing more than a sperm donor for the Father," said Lucifer. "Isaac, Ishmael, Elijah, Samuel, John the Baptist, and now the children you've left behind this time around."

"Because of an agreement long ago," whispered Eddie. Whispering is about all he had the strength to do anymore.

"Oh yes! The covenant between God and Abraham! The reason this whole mess began!" said Lucifer.

Eddie could only nod.

"Let me see if my history is correct on this one. First, there was the promise of many descendants who would become great nations. There was the promise of land from the Nile to the Euphrates. There was the promise to make your name great. And finally, the promise that all the world shall be blessed through you. We shall call this last promise the *sperm donor promise*," said Lucifer.

"And to bless those who blessed me and curse those who cursed me," whispered Eddie.

"How could I forget?" said Lucifer. He was moving in for the final assault on the soul of Abraham, and he wanted to take his time and relish it.

“Let’s get back to the sperm donor promise. You lose all these children from Ishmael down to John the Baptist, but that’s not all. Look what has been taken from you this time around. You spent nearly your whole life not knowing you have any children out there, and lo and behold you have five of them!” said Lucifer.

“That is true. I have five children,” said Eddie. He was fading in and out of consciousness. The end was near, and it took all his strength to keep his head above water. *Stay awake! Sleep and you will be no more!* A still, small voice inside Eddie’s head whispered to him.

“One son that you got to meet for a big, whopping fifteen minutes! Once again, as on cue, ANOTHER SON TAKEN FROM YOU,” said Lucifer.

The last of Eddie’s strength was spent on the tears that were now flowing down his face.

“Not to mention the four daughters, gone forever,” said Lucifer. “I will kill them all, one by one.”

“No!” Eddie managed to say. There went the last of his strength. It would be over really soon.

“Unless you bow to me,” said Lucifer. He had moved to within an inch of Eddie’s ears. Making sure the lifeless man in front of him could still strike a bargain. It wasn’t over yet, but it would be soon.

Eddie lifted his head and asked, “You promise to leave them alone?”

Lucifer was about to answer, when at once, a brilliant white light—with a man inside whom Eddie recognized instantly—appeared in between the two of them.

“Philip, take my hand,” said the being in the light known to Philip as Jesus.

As Eddie lifted his hand, two lightning bolts were shot at him by Lucifer, destroying the last remaining being of the soul known as Abraham, Elkanah, Zechariah, Philip, and Eddie.

The Kingdom of Heaven

Seven pairs of hands formed the circle in the courtyard of the kingdom of heaven. In the middle of the circle shone the brightest light that heaven had ever witnessed. Within the middle of the light stood the Son of Man. He smiled at the seven people who were praying and staring intently at him.

“Look what I’ve found,” said the Son of Man, Jesus the Christ. He then produced the soul of Edward Dudley to all those assembled who loved him.

“I’ll be there when you cross over. I love you all,” said Eddie.

Then Jesus escorted his friend Philip, also known as Eddie, also known as Abraham, also known as Zechariah, and also known as Elkanah, to the Father so that he could be with him forever.

