

HUNGRY NATION

A Novel by Greg Nichols

*“A nation that is hungry for God
will not go hungry...”*

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I dedicate this book to Debbie Nichols, my wife and best friend, a great advisor, an outstanding editor and author, my soul mate and co-worker for Jesus Christ, and a true daughter to Father God.

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Disclaimer:

This novel is fiction and is written for entertainment and none of the characters are real, even the ones who have apparent similarities to real people. Circumstances and issues facing this fictional America may be very close to the real America's issues, but they are not exactly the same; the solutions as well, in this novel, also may be similar, but are not the same. When a literary work is completed, it is subject to being a snapshot of a moment in time which does not have the benefit of continual updating as real life does. This novel is to be read for its insights and entertainment value, but is not to be used as a guide for steps to be taken in the real world.

*“For behold, the darkness shall cover the earth,
And deep darkness the people...”*

Isaiah 60:2a

Chapter 1

The Modern Joseph

Ancient Egypt BC...

TODAY THE YOUNG ruler would implement his new plan. He had sought the Lord who showed him what to do and how to do it. His servant now entered his palace chambers with a tray of food for breakfast so that he could begin his busy day. He thought about the task before him. The people of Egypt would just have to understand the current sacrifice. Only by giving up food today could they survive the coming famine. Joseph contemplated the strategy. A mandate from Pharaoh, their supreme ruler and authority would be the only way they would comply. All we need now is a way to store enough to feed a whole nation. It will be a hungry nation. Joseph spoke aloud now: "I will need every bit of the Lord's wisdom that I can receive from Him to bring this to pass. Pharaoh is counting on me. Millions of lives hang in the balance. Jehovah will not let me down; He will see to it that I can feed this hungry nation."

Modern Day...

Justin Brooks ran around the corner and almost tripped over a starving homeless person lying against a building. The downtown area was abandoned except for those poor souls forced to live there.

He heard the beast right behind him, and its breath was hot and loud with snorting and low growling. Justin now sprinted down the boulevard dodging overturned burned out cars and leaping over piles of garbage strewn in the city street. Out in the open, the creature which stood over 8 feet tall, was now able to spread its wings and lift off into flight which allowed it to quickly close the distance on Justin and with an ear piercing blood curdling scream, swoop in on its prey like a great hunting bird. Justin looked over his shoulder and saw the large black reptile face on the creature and the huge red eyes, glowing as if right from hell. Justin picked up his pace. He saw his car 50 feet away and thought if he could just get inside of it, he might be safe. He darted right in a maneuver that quickly moved his body just in time to avoid the creature lunging for him; reaching the car, he dove over the hood to the driver's side. The creature flew past the car and overshot its landing by 10 feet beyond the car. Justin saw his chance, threw open the car door and jumped into the driver's seat slamming his door shut. The creature came up to the passenger door and smashed its clawed fist through the window so that it could grab the metal part of the door and yank on it with its massively strong front legs and claws. Justin could feel and smell the stench of the creature's hot breath as it violently pulled at the car door. Because of the creature's supernatural strength, it didn't take long. The door began to rip right off the hinges. Justin sat there frozen, screaming, "No. Noooooo."

Justin lurched up in his chair and awoke from the nightmare. He was in a cold sweat as he sat in his office at the college with the door shut yelling "no" as he awoke. This was the second time Justin had this dream but this time it was worse. What could have brought it on? He had simply leaned back in his chair to rest his eyes after grading a stack of homework papers. Evidently he fell asleep and this vivid and terrifying vision had returned to haunt him once again. He had no idea what it meant and why he was having it. One nightmare

is random; two of the same thing had to have a purpose behind it. Justin got up and went out of his office and down the hall to the restroom. He splashed water in his face and looked in the mirror. His heart was still racing from the very real dream. He returned to his office more calm and ready to finish the paperwork open on his desk. The day was drawing to a close and he wanted to get home to the secure feel of his home, a good dinner, and his wife. He quickly finished his work and picked up the morning's newspaper, lying on the corner of his desk, to scan it before putting it in his briefcase. The day had been too busy to really get to read it as he'd hoped.

After a moment, Justin laid down the newspaper and leaned back in his swivel chair. Folding his hands across his chest, he looked around his small office at the junior college where he had been teaching for over 20 years. He loved this little office that had all the earmarks of a room that was lovingly well used. Today, however, he didn't find the peace he usually felt in this place, especially after the nightmare he just had. He rubbed his tired eyes, folded up the newspaper and put it in his briefcase.

As Justin walked through the now quiet corridors of the college out to his car, the headlines of the day resounded in his thinking: "*U.S. Dollar Wasting Away!*" and "*Worldwide Economic Crisis Mounting!*" Justin muttered to himself. "Lord, what is going on in this world? Are these signs that the end is near?" Justin refused to believe that his beloved America had painted herself into a corner from which she could not escape. A mere handful of years ago we, as a nation, were in so much hope, he thought. After the millennium incident, there was so much room for optimism. The country went happily on for a season until that great day of the final loss of our innocence on September 11, 2001. And now, with the liberal agenda in power, things were moving swiftly out of control.

As Justin drove home, he thought of the upcoming presidential election. The leftist president in power had been tromping on

liberty. No one knew this better than Justin, who had earned his Masters Degree in Political Science some years back. Justin thought to himself, *we are so far from the founding fathers' design for this nation. Government was not meant to rule, control, and to take over business affairs. Rather it is to work for invisibility and for anonymity so that industry and free enterprise can flourish.*

Justin drove the shady, tree lined streets towards his home continuing to think about the economic problems and the government. No one was ever supposed to be elected that did not treasure the rights of the people above the ambition of building his own empire in government. There had been men like this before in the nation's history who had sought this great Office of the President, but the wheels and gears of Democracy, and idealism and freedom had quickly sorted them out and eliminated them. America, however, had been in such a state in recent years, that the candy-coated promises of change mesmerized a nation, and the election was a landslide. Who, in the population that so blindly voted for the man, realized that our symbolic eagle of freedom would be or could be overshadowed by the vultures of socialism? How could they have seen that the proposed changes that were promised were an insincere non-disclosed agenda of a whole group of liberal thinkers?

Justin was deep in thought as he neared his home. Now, the nation was not only in a slump, but the very real danger of innocent Americans being hurt is all too real. The government must not control business or bail it out and take ownership, for then the natural order of the economic organism, bringing itself back to health through time honored principles, is blocked.

He knew that economic decline follows very poor decisions by government. Politicians must see that government, bailing out big firms, was damaging to free enterprise and forms a cancer on the face of the nation that destroys the fabric of liberty and opportunity. It would be hard to break out of and escape the downward spiral of

impoverished conditions once they begin. Lack would become huge in people's minds and also in politicians' minds. The result is that people create more lack by the habits they develop and it is perpetuated because of the choices that the politicians make based on lack.

For the last 12 years, Justin had been writing a column for a national newspaper, *The American Tribune*. His column was called, "Common Sense for a New Millennium" and was quite popular because of his expertise on government and his ability to convey this knowledge in a way that anyone could understand. He submitted his articles from home but continued teaching because he enjoyed the interaction with his students and hoped that he could make a difference in their young and searching minds. He also enjoyed a unique relationship with his editor, Harold Barnes. Justin had inherited this column as the result of a strange set of circumstances that he encountered at the beginning of the new millennium. Justin's readers knew that he loved America, and they were always checking to see if he had an article in the paper because he only submitted them randomly and intermittently.

Justin pulled up in his driveway and got out of the car. His beautiful wife, Angie, met him at the door as she always did and gave him a kiss. Justin gave her a hug as he returned the kiss. Angie told him dinner was almost ready so he headed to his bedroom to change his clothes and get ready for dinner. Angie was a great cook and he could smell something good coming from the kitchen, yet he could not stop thinking about America and the current economic issues. Could people be in danger, he thought? How about his own family and home? Could poverty ravage this beloved nation and leave it in a heap like a third-world country? His thoughts continued through dinner as he picked at his food. Angie noticed he was somber and non-talkative. Usually, during dinner, he was easily filling her in on his day and the interactions he had with his students.

To finally break the silence, Angie asked him, “is something wrong?”

Justin cut his meat even smaller, not wanting to drag Angie into his concerns just yet. He spoke softly and arranged his words carefully, “I have some bad feelings about the nation and the direction it is taking. I wonder if our leadership knows the danger of some of our failed economic measures, and what kind of catastrophe could be brewing here? It seems to me that most Americans don’t really care until something affects them personally. As long as they have access to and can continue their daily routines and comforts, they seem oblivious to the future we could be facing.”

Angie just stared at Justin. “Wow,” she said. “I guess someone really does have the weight of the world on their shoulders tonight. Maybe you should take a walk after dinner and pray over this. I believe that God would have us in peace about the future.”

Justin stared back at her. “Peace? Yes I agree, peace, but non-action? That might be stupidity.” Justin was a little irritated at his wife’s simplistic thinking. The way his wife viewed it was very indicative of the nation’s population and the apathy over the direction of America. On the other hand, Angie, as a woman of faith, would be one to have peace no matter what.

Angie now looked a little hurt. But she recovered and stayed true to her usual calming way. She looked directly at Justin and said, “Yes, America may be in for some serious trials, but God can see us through them, as long as we will believe and pray. God is bigger than a little poverty and economic crisis.”

Justin sighed as he responded, “You’re right. I will pray.”

After dinner though, Justin did not take the walk his wife had suggested. Instead, he went into his home office, sat down at his computer and went online looking up some current event articles on the economy. He researched and read for hours. Angie had long ago gone to bed but he was too stirred up to follow her. He tried to

watch a little television to take his mind off his concerns for the nation, but ultimately shut it off and headed for bed, not even knowing what he had been watching. Later, as he lay next to his wife who was sleeping soundly, he could not stop thinking about his wife's child-like faith, and her steadiness. He thought to himself, is it just that easy? As his body finally began to relax and slumber began to take over, he said a little prayer under his breath, "Lord, help us in this country; guide us, bring about Your will, and if you want me to do something, make it known to me. Amen." Justin fell deeply asleep to a night of very eventful dreams, the kind that shape one's destiny.

“Were we directed from Washington when to sow and when to reap, we should soon want bread.” Thomas Jefferson

Chapter 2

The Dream

JUSTIN AWOKE AT his usual time of 5:30 a.m. Angie was already up. She would no doubt be fixing breakfast and drinking coffee in the kitchen. After showering and dressing, Justin appeared in the kitchen for breakfast and to spend some time with his wife. He brought a notepad with him. “Angie,” he said, “I had the strangest dream and I want to share it with you, if you don’t mind.”

Angie smiled. “Go ahead, I am all ears.” She loved it when Justin took the time to share with her. Justin knew this and always tried to make that a priority in their relationship. Listening to her was equally important to him as she often had a perspective that was very different from his own. God had definitely and fittingly brought them together. They balanced each other very well.

Justin opened the notepad and wrote down a few words and dated the page. He took a deep breath. “I have had this dream a few times before last night but each time it has slightly different variations. I want to tell you last night’s version of the dream.” With that he paused and looked at his wife. She was focused but he wasn’t sure

if he could quite read the expression on her face.

He began, "I dreamed that I was driving down a street downtown and I saw people everywhere sitting against buildings with blankets over them and those who had children, had them gathered close to them. Their faces were drained looking and pale and they all had deep dark circles under their eyes. They were obviously homeless. They had little to eat and were very emaciated. In fact, they looked like they were starving. There were hideous flying creatures, reptilian in nature, very large, maybe 8 feet tall, and they flew up and down each block of the town searching for food to consume. These creatures had seen to it that the city was literally drained of food and water." Justin noticed Angie's eyes get very large, but she sat still and very quiet; she was listening intently.

Justin continued, "These creatures had large teeth and red eyes and made shrill ear-piercing sounds. In the dream I had to cover my ears. In other versions of this dream, these creatures have viciously pursued me and tried to kill me; but in this particular dream, they totally ignored me and acted like they couldn't see me."

Justin made notes as he spoke and went on. "An old man flagged me down – he was very gaunt and unshaven and filthy. I stopped my car and got out of it. He approached me and begged, 'Help us sir. We did not know, and now we are doomed. We did not know.'

"At this point in the dream, I was perplexed. I grabbed the old man who seemed to be babbling, and asked him, '*What* didn't you know? What is wrong? What has happened?'

"The old man began to cry. 'My grandchildren are all dead, they all starved. This thing hit us fast; we thought it wouldn't last. We thought that running out of food and water was temporary. Food trickled in and the Army and the police brought some supplies to us, but no sooner would we get it then these horrible creatures would come and take it away from us and consume it themselves. We were powerless against them and the Army and police acted like they

couldn't even see the creatures. But we could see them, we still see them, and they take everything.' The man heaved a soul wrenching sob again and shaking his bent head said, 'Every time we get food, it is taken away, and these hellish creatures seem to be here to make sure no food remains very long.'

"I asked the old man; 'Where are the creatures from? Who sent them?'

"The old man looked intently at me and said, 'They just showed up after things got really bad. We thought that when we got low on food and water, well--with rationing we could last. But our poverty continued to change; once we were desperate, these creatures showed up and things went from bad to worse. It seems that they will not stop until we are all dead.'

"I was dumbfounded at this man's words. I perceived that if poverty had a face, it was the face of these hellish winged creatures. As I stood by the old man, another man came down the street. He had an object in his hands. He looked different than the others on the street; he was dressed in beige pants and a white shirt. He was about 35 years old and he was clean-shaven. He walked right up to me and he handed me a round, somewhat heavy object about three feet in diameter. It looked like an archery target. It had a round dark spot in the center, and then round circles around the center going out to the edges. He looked at me and said, 'Help these people, Justin.' And then he turned and walked away in the direction he had come.

"I yelled after him, 'what do you mean, how?' But he just kept walking until I couldn't see him any longer. That is when I woke up."

Angie grimaced and carefully said, "You didn't have a dream; you had a nightmare. That is an amazing retelling, Justin."

Justin took a sip of the now cold coffee that Angie had set in front of him. "It is so weird. I have no idea what it means, but I cannot help but think it was from God. This time I awoke with tears, and felt very in awe of His presence, right there in our bed."

Angie looked at him softly now. “Maybe you should speak with Pastor Thompson about it.”

“Maybe I will; I will think about it.”

Justin imagined what his Pastor might say about this dream. He thought that calling his good friend, Duffy, and asking him what he thought about the dream might be the better idea. Duffy French was his old spiritual mentor. If anyone would know what the dream meant, it would be him. Justin couldn’t help but think that the dream was tied to what had been troubling him last night.

He looked up at Angie. “This morning I am going over to the college early to get a few things done before classes.”

What he really hoped to do was catch Marty Abraham in his office before his classes so they could talk. Marty was a Professor in the Economics Department. Their friendship and respect for each other had grown in recent years as a result of many lengthy conversations about the state of the nation and as they both realized how much in common their views were.

Justin and Angie finished their breakfast and chatted about lighter things. Angie briefly updated him on her recent conversations with their two children, Aaron and Bethany. Both were away at different colleges in the Mid-West. Justin relied on Angie’s updates as she spoke with them more often than he. Funny, he thought, no matter how old your children are - Aaron had just turned 21 and Bethany was 19 - they still call home to Mom more than Dad. Angie had cultivated this in them though and for that he was grateful.

With a kiss on Angie’s forehead as she sat at the table finishing her coffee, Justin headed out the door for work. As he drove, he prayed and listened to some Christian music. He thought, Lord, what were those awful creatures, what did they represent? And who was that man with the round target-like object? Was that an angel from you? Are people in this country going to starve and go through a food crisis? I know things are bad, but surely never in America

could anything like this happen. Or could it? His dream was such an apocalyptic view of things.

Justin spoke to himself out loud, “What I saw in the dream was pure evil and I know because I have seen evil like this before.” Justin pondered the possibilities of what his dream might represent. He was noticing that feelings he had not felt in a long time were resurfacing from the crisis in 1999. A kind of post-traumatic stress syndrome had given him occasional trouble after that time, but he had come through it. However, that was a more tangible enemy. What he was seeing now was very different. He pondered how hard it would be to fight something that no one believes is going to happen. How could he make people see what he saw in his dream? Also, was he even sure what his dream meant? One thing Justin had learned is that he could trust what God showed him in dreams, if he could figure out what they meant and how they applied to his future.

Justin arrived at Wenatchee Valley College and parked in his designated space. He had been at this college for over 20 years. He loved it here. The campus was beautiful during every season. He even loved it when it snowed and it was hard to find his parking space. He enjoyed the students in all their varieties... and there were many varieties: conservatives, tattooed and pierced, shy and bold, etc. He appreciated them all. This was the future and he knew that he had a voice into their lives. He was also keenly aware of how some of the other teachers and professors seemed to despise their jobs. He would hear them grumbling at meetings and in the lounge. Justin, however, was grateful to be there and smiled to himself as he got out of his car.

“I predict future happiness for Americans if they can prevent the government from wasting the labors of the people under the pretense of taking care of them.” Thomas Jefferson

Chapter 3

The Gathering Storm – A Dark Foreboding

JUSTIN WALKED DOWN the hall towards the Economics Department. It was 7:45 a.m. and he was going to try and track down Marty Abraham. He walked passed a few people already at their desks and turned a corner to where the private offices were. Justin saw the name on a door: “*Professor Martin Abraham*” Justin knocked and nudged it open.

Marty looked up from the pile of papers he was grading and seeing Justin, jumped up in delight. “Justin! Come in. It is so nice to see you! It has been way too long, my friend!”

Justin smiled and held out his hand to Marty. “I agree, it’s been too long, and it is great to see you. How are Nancy and the kids?”

Marty shook his hand. “Oh, they are all fine. They do keep us pretty busy though. The older they get, the busier we get!” Pausing, he looked keenly at Justin. “So what brings you in here so early today?”

“Well, I would like to speak with you about something – if you have some time.”

Neither Marty nor Justin could see the demon enter the room just after Justin did. The evil being, invisible to them, took a position in the corner. Justin did not realize that through his dream and his seeking of truth, he was being led into a conflict that was part of a major strategy of Satan. The spirit inclined his head and focused on the two men; he gave close attention to what was being said so that he could report back to his superior.

Indicating for Justin to take a chair, Marty sat down and looked across the desk inquisitively. “Sure, what’s on your mind?”

Justin fidgeted in his chair. “I am hearing such disturbing things on this economy. I am concerned by the government’s approach to things, and I need to speak with someone who is an expert in the economic field.” Justin smiled a little. He was amused that he, a political science buff and instructor and Marty, an Economics PHD were going to discuss the fate of America.

Marty picked up a pen and played with it. “The economy is not good, and the solutions right now are very few, if any. America is heading for a major crisis and catastrophe, and our current governmental policies seem to be ushering us in that direction as fast as possible.” Marty sighed and went on. “Most Economists right now have little hope that we can avert the inevitable, and if the inevitable happens, the American way of life will change drastically.”

Justin asked tensely, “What *is* the inevitable? What does that mean exactly?”

Marty paused for a brief second and then looked directly into Justin’s eyes and spoke it out, ever so softly, as though someone might be listening, “The collapse of the U.S. dollar.”

Justin had heard this kind of talk before, but not from such a reliable and educated, first-hand source. This would be a hard pill

to swallow. Justin thought about the International recognition of the U.S. dollar and how many nations used it as a world standard of value. “How could that happen?”

Marty jumped up and carefully closed the door to his office. He sat back down and leaned forward as if he were about to whisper a secret. “Justin, our government is printing money at will and as needed. It takes advantage of the fact that our money is trusted when in fact it is not trustworthy at all. Also, more and more countries are catching onto this fact as time goes on. This has to do with the U.S. consuming more value than we put out and playing a pea and shell game with the world. Without anything of value--namely gold--backing our currency, we are trusted to make good on all the paper money we produce. America will always be here, and in that sense, we want to make good on it, but that is only if we can in the face of skyrocketing inflation. America cannot use such irresponsible tactics and not pay the piper one day. Our debt is in the trillions and the world is about to call us on it. If we are cut off from any further borrowing on our future and our children’s future, then we will have a dollar that is increasingly of less value through hyper-inflation and finally value-less.”

Justin looked in amazement at Marty. Marty sounded like he had been waiting to tell someone who would listen what he knew, and what he was dreading. This stirred up Justin in a way that he had dared not consider. He asked, “Are you telling me everything? I need to hear the worst-case scenario. Let me have what you really know.”

“Alright, but remember, you asked me. What I am about to tell you is unofficial and very speculative. I could lose my job here if it got out that I shared this with anyone or it was perceived that I believed even part of it. It is so horrifying; I do not know where to begin.”

Marty knew even more than what he was about to tell Justin and he knew he had to choose his words carefully. It wasn't that he didn't trust

Justin; it was that one slip could affect his very life and the life of his family. The reason for Marty's fear was because of a colleague of his who had taught at a college in Philadelphia. That friend, who thought much like Marty, seeing and understanding what was happening to the nation, had not only joined a group of freedom-loving citizens in the fight for America, but had also used his position as a professor and his voice to begin to warn others. Opening his mouth was a mistake. He had been found shot outside his home. Though it was made to look like a drive by shooting, Marty and others were suspicious that there was more to it than that. His friend had told him that he thought he was being watched. This had made Marty consider his own safety and the safety of his family. Though he had not joined any such group just yet, he had talked often with his friend and the fact that someone may have been listening concerned him greatly.

Marty paused as though to collect his thoughts and carefully frame his words. "If the dollar collapses, then every dollar anyone holds will have no value and life savings of our citizens will be wiped out. But that is only part of the problem. If the dollar has no value, then there will be nothing that it can buy, and people will have no way to obtain the supply of their basic needs, unless they barter with goods. But at the higher level, companies will not be able to ship and distribute, so it is conceivable that goods such as food, water, and gasoline may be hard to get. We are talking about a total economic collapse at every level of society. Even now we already have countless numbers of children – perhaps in the hundreds of thousands – going to bed hungry in this country while everything seems stable. But if this economy breaks down in a collapse, then not thousands, but millions of children *and* adults will face hardships such as hunger, and suffer in ways that United States citizens have never experienced."

Justin leaned back in his chair and closed his eyes. He felt as if he had just been slugged in the stomach. He thought of his dream,

and the way the people looked in his dream, emaciated, starving, and hopeless.

Marty went on. "Justin, one Economist said we are three meals away from anarchy. A parent might let their child miss two meals, but once their child misses three meals, they will go find food at almost any cost. Add this to the fact that the 43 million people on welfare nation-wide would have it cut off suddenly and have no way to replace their food stamps or welfare checks. Then, the homeless soup kitchens and feeding programs would also dry up due to a lack of funding and many in that group would resort to crime to survive. Door to door begging could become rampant; many desperate and needy people might refuse to leave the homes where they were unsuccessful at begging. If you add the fact that the government might have to close prisons for the lack of funds to run them, then all those prisoners would be back in society also fighting to survive. Lastly, the government at federal, state and county levels could disintegrate due to not being able to pay workers, so those workers would disperse to their homes and to the streets to work in hopes of earning something of value that they could live off from or barter with. This could include police forces also and even basic services such as garbage collection.

The only solution to curb looting and urban rioting would be the military and the declaration of martial law by the powers that be. Then, the only way to regain control of the social issues would probably be food distribution by the military or federally appointed agencies, such as FEMA. The government would need to revert to force to keep order, and killings of citizens, just trying to survive, would be all that certain factions in this country would need as an excuse to rise up against the Federal Government in a civil war. Any contingent of anti-fed groups that are put down would cause more and bigger ones to surface because Americans are not willing to be harshly ruled.

You can see the escalation I have described because of shortages and the dollar collapse. At all costs, it is critical that this not happen. The catalyst that it would become for destruction would be too great and possibly irreparable. But the collapse of the dollar is all too inevitable if the current administration stays in power, for socialistic tendencies create destruction to free societies. The average American does not really understand that socialism empowers government to stop the freedom of business. Business, however, and free enterprise without governmental interference really is the only cure for economic upheaval in a society and the potential collapse of U.S. currency. If left unchecked, socialism will steal every last scrap of food out of every person's mouth."

Justin jumped forward in his chair at Marty's last comment. Marty smiled. "Did I hit a nerve?"

Justin thought of his dream and the hideous winged creatures who took all the food from the people, and he had a revelation. He decided not to speak of the dream to Marty but inside he felt queasy. *Those monsters are the true face of socialism and God has shown it to me.* Justin relaxed and said, "No Marty, I just found that last comment interesting. That's all."

Marty smiled. You mean the part about socialism taking every scrap of food?"

"Yes, that's it."

Justin now regrouped his thoughts. "So what you are saying is that we must fight every Socialistic move this current president makes, and we must undo all he did when he is gone, and we must by all means vote him out in the upcoming election."

"That's right" said Marty, "if the people can be made to see the dangers and not be blinded right now. But we must also stop printing money, and living on the edge as a nation, thinking all will right itself for there is always a day of reckoning which follows irresponsible behavior."

Looking at his watch, Justin stood up. He had a class to get to and was sure that Marty probably did as well. He said with a small smile, "Marty, I want to thank you for your time and the economics lecture, even if it was hard to hear. Is there anything that would stop all that from transpiring in this country?"

Marty stood up too. "Perhaps a miracle would stop it, Justin. If America ever needed a miracle, this is the time. The next 24-36 months will tell the tale."

Justin looked down. "Yes" he said, "a miracle."

At those words, the demon spirit left Marty's office as slyly as he had entered and the two men were both unaware that their apparent secret conversation had an audience.

Marty followed Justin to the door. "Come back anytime if you would like to be depressed." He smiled, but there was a sadness and heaviness in his voice as though he too was carrying a great weight that he could not freely share.

Justin returned the smile at Marty's joke. The two men shook hands and Justin walked out of his office. As Justin walked down the hall towards his own office, he thought about the discussion. Oh God, what about all that? Did you show me the face of socialism and its pure and true form in those creatures? The old man said in the dream, "*we didn't know.*" Could that mean that people expected change in the country and only got destruction, which was in itself change? Justin posed a question to God: *Lord, could you use me to help this matter and save lives?* Throughout the rest of the day, that question was never far from his thoughts. The storm clouds were gathering.

“Freedom is never more than one generation away from extinction. We didn’t pass it to our children in the bloodstream. It must be fought for, protected, and handed on for them to do the same.” Ronald Reagan

Chapter 4

The Man of God!

JUSTIN SAT AT his desk in between classes and let his mind wander as he doodled on a notepad. It was one of his light teaching days and he was grateful for the time to think. He was disturbed by his discussion with Marty earlier that morning, and he realized that most of what he had heard Marty share was true and already reality in America. Therefore Marty’s conclusions could have potential truth also. Justin picked up the phone and decided to call Duffy French. Duffy was a true man of God that had been at Justin’s side long ago when Justin was in the midst of a crisis. He had seen Justin through it and they had been close friends, no - more father and son - ever since. God always seemed to work through Duffy in a mighty way. Justin especially appreciated Duffy’s humility and was always amazed at his ever-growing knowledge and understanding of the Bible. The phone was ringing now. Duffy lived in another part of Washington. A woman’s

voice answered the phone. "Hello."

"Liz, this is Justin Brooks."

Liz's voice warmed up and she exclaimed, "Justin, it is so good to hear from you. It has been so long! How are Angie and the kids?"

"All are fine," replied Justin. He and Angie had had a special relationship with Liz over the years. "Angie and I are empty nesters. Aaron and Bethany are away at college. Angie is doing great and is finding things to fill her time... things she's been waiting a long time to do, but she does really miss the kids. That's normal, I guess." Justin was eager to get over the pleasantries.

Liz laughed but sensed that Justin had called for a reason. "That is great to hear. Give Angie my love. Duffy is in the next room, would you like to speak with him?"

"That would be great, Liz; thank you."

A gruff sounding voice came on the line. "Hello Justin."

Justin knew that behind this gruff sounding voice was a man of pure love. "Hello Duffy. I am really glad to hear your voice."

Duffy paused a moment then went on. "What's wrong, Son?" Duffy was a "get to the point" kind of guy.

Marveling at his perception, Justin asked, "Does my voice sound that bad?"

"Not so bad, but I know you have some things on your mind."

"This may take a while. Do you have time to spare right now?"

"Son, I am in my easy chair, I have a huge mug of coffee and for you, I have all day."

Justin smiled and began to share. "Duffy, I had a very strange dream last night and I want to tell you about it. I've actually had this same dream with slight variations a few times now. Let me also preface telling you the dream by saying that I've been seeing more and more what is really going on behind the scenes in our government. I find I am increasingly distressed by the realization that every where I turn, I see socialism. It is so subtle, so evil, and

my biggest concern is how many people don't even realize it. I'm not sure we can survive a second term by this current president."

Duffy chimed in. "I would tend to agree with that whole heartedly."

Justin went on. "I had this dream which I feel was perhaps God inspired, and if I may, I would like to share it with you."

After Duffy's go ahead, Justin shared the dream in perfect detail just the way he had told it to Angie with all the starving people, the man with the target, and the hideous creatures.

Finally Duffy asked Justin, "What do you think this dream means, Justin?"

Justin cleared his throat. "I didn't really know until I spoke with an Economics Professor here at the college just this morning. Though I didn't share the dream with him, what he shared with me is so upsetting, and well, I feel that dream does have more clarity now."

Justin then began to share with Duffy many of the concepts and principles and the possible outcomes of today's economic circumstances. He told him about Marty's theories about the U.S. dollar, a socialistic president, government bailouts, the potential of a collapse and food riots and martial law.

Duffy was sitting back in his easy chair listening intently. He had learned years before that Justin was to be taken seriously at all times and that he was not a flakey or overly fearful person. As Justin slowed down Duffy sensed that Justin wanted a response from him. He said, "I have known, Justin, for a long time that our country was in trouble, I just did not know the extent of it as you have just explained. When a nation walks away from God collectively, then there are consequences. God does not punish them, but the resulting lack of wisdom and ability to discern right and wrong brings consequences and great trials upon people. Now you say that America is in danger of food shortages and great need

and want. But I submit to you that a nation that is hungry for God will not go hungry.”

Justin sat up and leaned forward at Duffy’s last remark. Duffy had Justin’s complete attention. He had not felt much hope in the last few days.

Duffy went on. “Every trial that America has ever gone through has merely been an opportunity for great victory and great glory. If the army of Egypt had not pursued God’s children in the wilderness, the Red Sea would never have needed to part. If Jesus had not been crucified, there would have been no redemption of man from sin and no resurrection. Right now, if America faces her greatest crisis, then she also faces her greatest opportunity for coming through as a better nation, a nation tested by fire. Her people can profit from facing their darkest hour. If all goes well for a country, decade after decade, the people can get spoiled, decadent, fat and lazy, and selfish. It appears that something may be coming where character will be important once again and putting others first will be necessary on a daily basis.”

Justin smiled. “I’m glad I called you, Duffy. Instead of seeing this as an event of total destruction to bring about an apocalypse, this can be seen as a test to see what America is really made of. If she has lost her way, then she will be lost forever, but if she has some of the old qualities of patriotism and Godliness left, then she will rise to the occasion and overcome her enemies, like poverty, lack, and her temptation to embrace socialism.”

Now it was Duffy’s turn to laugh. “Justin, you are receiving information from God faster than I can give it to you. You have always been that way. It looks to me like God has something for you to do.”

Duffy pushed on. “Justin, America needs to have the Kingdom of God manifest for her, as a nation and a people. People in America need to seek the God of Heaven for America’s sake and bring God

and His Kingdom into the equation as a solution to this financial mess. That leads me to my next thought. You are a gifted writer and you have helped sway public opinion before. I submit to you that you seek God for His heart and His direction and then allow Him to use you in your gifts and talents, for America.”

Justin took a deep breath before responding. “I figured that if I called you, it would come down to me writing for this cause. I guess that the responsibility is so great, and the stakes so high, that I am apprehensive.”

“Justin,” replied Duffy, “you can’t do a thing to help this matter, it is too big, but God inside of you can, and that is what you have to remember. The Bible says a man’s gift will make room for him. You have been highly gifted by God in the use of words.”

Justin felt amazing peace as Duffy spoke. He asked, “What do you think those creatures were in my dream?”

“Justin, those are probably the spirits from Satan that are behind socialism. They may not fly around and eat every scrap of food in the natural world, but that may be a prophetic thing you saw, as socialism will destroy a people’s chance to be well fed if they entertain socialism long enough. Anytime you have evil from Satan, it usually does have a face in the spiritual realm, and the true face or appearance is never pretty. As far as that old man in the dream saying over and over, ‘we didn’t know,’ that may be a prophetic picture of how the voters of America did not know what they were getting, which was a totally destructive, political make-over, when they voted in this current president. When the old man said his grandchildren died, that is possibly prophetic about how many will be hurt by the mistakes this country has made, and children will be the innocent ones who suffer. As far as the man with the target, and handing it to you, I don’t know what that means unless God wants you to target a certain thing over this whole issue.”

Justin could see what Duffy was saying, and he was quite grateful that Duffy had an ability to interpret dreams. Justin and Duffy went on talking for a while longer, and then they said their goodbyes. Justin sat at his desk staring at the calendar. “When Lord, when will these things start to take place?” Justin muttered that question to God several times. “Lord, what can one man do?” He leaned forward and rubbed his face in his hands. He did have peace over Duffy’s words, but he knew he needed to pray like never before.

“Within the covers of the Bible are the answers for all the problems men face.” Ronald Reagan

Chapter 5

The Night Visitor

The place where darkness dwells on this Earth, known as the second heaven, was ablaze with talk of someone realizing and resisting the demonic plans for America. Many under-rulers agreed that swift action was necessary. The Evil One dispatched a spirit of fear and he took off into the heaven—lies like a shot, to accomplish his mission.

JUSTIN DROVE HOME from the college absorbed in thought about his earlier discussion with Duffy. He always enjoyed the 20 minute drive from the college to his home. Wenatchee was a unique and beautiful town along the Columbia River in Central Washington. It had the distinction of being known as the Apple Capital of the world and its residents were proud of this fact. However, today he drove the route home instinctively as there was so much to think about. He knew he should write, that was already in his spirit to do, but Duffy confirmed it for him. However, writing as “the boy who cries wolf” on this subject could be very damaging to him, his reputation, possibly his job, and more. Economic woes that leave a nation

in the throes of poverty and hunger are things people do not want to hear about, and those who bring the news are called “doomsayers.” Even though Justin’s expertise was in political science, he did have a keen understanding about socialism and leftist views and he knew that the government could bring America down with a socialistic agenda and the death of free enterprise.

He would have to figure a way to warn about the looming economic collapse while explaining socialism and its dangers. He would need God’s wisdom and His favor to pull this off. The Lord had led him to this point, to pick up the pen; for the pen is mightier than the sword. But where he was to start; that still perplexed him.

He had a nice dinner that night with Angie. As good a cook as she was, he was very aware of the extra effort that had been put forth on the meal. It was as though the roast, fresh vegetables and his favorite chocolate cream pie were her way of ministering to the upheaval in his soul. He loved her for that and made sure she knew how much he enjoyed the meal. Throughout dinner, he shared all about his discussions with Marty and Duffy. Angie was an attentive listener. However, in the telling, as he watched her reaction, he knew she did not get the full importance of the information he was sharing. She was not walking in his shoes, she did not have his dream, and she did not hear first hand the data that he had heard. He would have to settle right now for the fact that she was kind of humoring him. After dinner and helping with the dishes, he went into his study and sat down at his computer. He brought up a blank page and saved it and named it with the date. Then, he just stared at the screen for 15 minutes. Finally, in frustration, he laid his head down on the desk and closed his eyes. He said a short prayer. “Lord, you need to let me know if you want this written, and if I am the man to write it.” He could feel tears welling up at the weight and enormity of what was before him. He wiped his eyes quickly. Although he did not hear God speak and say “write,” he also did

not hear Him say, “Don’t write.”

Justin needed quality copy and content worthy of his column at *The American Tribune*. He needed what would be palatable to the people and acceptable to pass through his own editor at the newspaper. Justin sat up straight. He put his fingers on the keys to type. He did not even have a title yet. Centering himself for a title, he began. The words appeared across the middle of the top of the screen:

“Hungry Nation”

The title was kind of short, and very unoriginal. In fact, he doubted himself now as it actually sounded dumb. But he left it, and began to type. He was reluctant to share too much about God or Christianity in this writing. He typed about the president and the need to get the liberals out of office and get back to a proper role for government. He wrote of the socialistic tendencies of this White House administration and the damage that could be done to America. He wrote of the need for conservatives to get out and vote at the next election. This was the first time in his column that he took such a strong stance and in the right wing direction. He would have to publically back conservative candidates with the hope of getting the nation back in the direction of free enterprise.

Then he began to write about the potentially serious issues facing America: the crash of the dollar, the ensuing panic and chaos that it could result in, the potential for rioting, and the subsequent food shortage. Much of this information was about the future, and he could not prove it. He only shared the signs. He could already imagine what scoffers and ridiculers were going to say. Was this how Noah felt when beginning the Ark? He had a gut instinct about the happenings that he was sharing. He felt God had warned him and made him a sentry on the wall. He had a job and was compelled to answer this call.

Angie peaked into the study where Justin was working. He was

so focused and working very intently. She recognized and understood that he was in a flow. She had seen it many times and knew it was best to leave him be and not disturb him; she tiptoed quietly past his office and went off to bed. She didn't really need to be quiet, however. Justin was so focused that he wasn't at all aware of her presence and that she had been standing for a moment in the doorway.

Justin wrote for about an hour longer until he felt good about the column. As a closing to the article, he typed a phrase that he had heard Duffy say over the telephone: *"A nation that is hungry for God will not go hungry."*

He saved his work again, closed the program and got up from his desk and went to bed. Angie was already asleep as he crawled in beside her. Justin dosed off quickly and had been asleep about an hour when it happened.

Justin was dreaming that he was being smothered. As he began to awake from a dream state, he realized that he had tightness in his chest, and he was gripped with fear. As he fully awoke, nothing changed. It was not a dream. He was shaking and his breathing was mighty heaves as he struggled just to get his breath. He looked across the bedroom. The light from the adjoining bathroom that they kept on at night gave a slight view of the room. Standing about seven to eight feet from his bed was a tall figure wearing a large black robe. It had very shocking facial features with a large sharp jaw and large nose. The eyes were black and piercing, and the face was very pale with dark red lips, almost as if wearing heavy dark red lipstick. On its head was a hat like a joker would wear in a King's court. There were three different streamers coming off the hat with a small ball on the end of each one. He could not imagine that it was a man. The being seemed to be sucking all the air out of the room. Justin was terrified.

Angie was now awake. "Justin" she yelled, "what's the matter?"

Justin gasped. "I can't breathe. There... is... a...a...a... person... standing in our room."

Angie looked out across the room. “Justin, I don’t see anyone.”

Justin looked again. His heart was pounding out of his chest. Something had to be done. He saw the being as plain as day. It just stood immobile and stared at Justin. For some reason, Angie could not see this. Justin knew he could not speak well, so remembering their Biblical training, Justin cried out to Angie, “Rebuke the evil spirit.”

Angie quickly got up on her knees in the bed. She pointed a finger in the direction Justin was looking and yelled out, “In the name of Jesus Christ, I command you to leave this house and leave us forever.” She repeated it again. Angie could see nothing but Justin could. Angie acted totally in faith. The moment she yelled the words “leave us” the first time, the being disappeared and Justin could suddenly breathe and a great peace flooded over him as the fear left him. They both lay back down and Justin let out a few shudders. They said little as their heart rates slowed down and began to beat normally again but Justin noticed that Angie had nestled closely to him. There was an almost supernatural feeling of overwhelming peace in the room that superseded the need to talk or discuss what had just happened. He felt her body relax as she began to breathe softly and steadily. The event had drained him but the peace that had washed over him as the being left, drew him into a deep and tranquil state and he fell into a deep, deep sleep.

Justin and Angie both awoke to the alarm at 5:30 a.m. They had slept soundly through the rest of the night and each awoke with a peculiar refreshed feeling. Justin was reminded of that scripture: “He gives His beloved sweet sleep.” That was the best way to describe the rest of his night... it was sweet. They both were ready for their day and sitting down to coffee and a simple breakfast together by 6:15.

Angie was the first one to bring up the incident. As far as she could tell, there may or may not have been a spirit in their bedroom. She didn’t know if perhaps her husband was under some kind

of spiritual or mental or physical attack. She was aware, however, that when she rebuked the spirit as Justin asked, he did calm down. Nevertheless, she said, “Justin, maybe you should see a doctor today.”

Justin looked at her with frustration. “Angie, I am alright. It was not a physical ailment; it was a demonic attack. I saw the demon. I saw it leave when you rebuked it.”

“Alright,” Angie replied. “You certainly did settle down when I did that. But I did not see anything.”

Justin looked up at her again, but with more compassion. “I guess faith believes when you cannot see. I don’t know why I could see it. I just appreciate you coming to my aid, Love.”

Angie smiled. “This is the kind of thing you read about in books, or see in some movie, but evil spirits appearing in our own bedroom is unsettling.”

“Angie,” replied Justin, “I submit to you that often there are more spirits nearby than most people would like to think; they just cannot see them.”

Justin prayed as he drove in to the college. “Lord, I can see that I need to cover my family and myself better in daily prayer, and keep this kind of thing prevented instead of having to react or respond. Lord, I declare that the blood of Jesus protects Angie and I, and our family. Thank You that we are encircled about with angels and Your own Holy Presence. I set angels upon my home and my work place and I declare that my home is off-limits to evil spirits in Jesus name!”

Justin soon forgot the prayer; but with that prayer, he had begun to take dominion, not realizing he was in training for events that would soon be unfolding.

“I am a firm believer in the people. If given the truth, they can be depended upon to meet any national crisis. The great point is to bring them the real facts.” Abraham Lincoln

Chapter 6

Spreading the Word

JUSTIN WALKED INTO his office at 7:45 a.m. and sat down at his desk. He had a few hours until his first class and had already determined to begin making some notes for upcoming writings about America. He planned a series of a minimum of six articles for *The American Tribune* and he needed to call his editor, Harold Barnes, about this new direction. Would he be open to his new message? Was it too controversial for the mainstream media to bring to light? Justin needed to find these things out.

Harold Barnes was a Christian man who was in an influential position as Editor-in-Chief of a nationally published newspaper. Justin decided to call Harold but had no way to know his editor was ripe for the call as the winds of change were blowing back to grass roots soundness for the editor.

Justin dialed Harold’s cell phone at *The American Tribune*. A voice quickly and curtley answered, “Harold speaking.”

“Harold, this is Justin Brooks.” Justin’s tone was fairly subdued.

He could picture Harold sitting in his massive office with a view of all of Manhattan and piles of articles and papers all over his desk, waiting for his undivided attention. Justin knew he was a very busy man.

Harold, however, replied with much enthusiasm. “Justin, how are you? I hope you have an article for me.” Harold’s paper had moderate standings politically, but in recent years, Harold had seen a need to bring it into a more conservative philosophy. He had just not known how. Harold, now 70 years old, was not into the politics anymore of playing both sides and waffling; he felt he had little to lose at his age and doing the right thing was becoming more and more apparent for the good of the country.

Justin smiled at the focused way his editor got right to the point, so he did the same. “To be honest, I have an avalanche of writings coming towards you, but I want to discuss them with you first.

Harold trusted Justin immensely and knew Justin’s abilities. He could sense an intensity hidden in Justin’s words and he was intrigued. “Sure, I have some time. What are you thinking about?”

“Well, Harold, I’ll get right to the point.” Justin appreciated Harold’s open mind and his own drive made it easy for him to share what was on his heart with this man.

“I am thinking that it is time someone, who has a media platform, address the growing socialism in our nation, but in a new way, one that shocks the nation into awareness.”

Harold sat up straight in his large leather chair and said, “Ok, you’ve got my attention. Go on.”

“First of all, I would like to change the name of the column from ‘Common Sense for a New Millennium’ to ‘Hungry Nation.’” Justin paused for a brief moment to see if Harold was going to respond to that. His column had been very successful under the other title. But Harold was silent, so he went on. “Then, I’d like to do a patriotic push on the principle of freedom and liberty while exposing

socialistic tendencies that are beginning to become obvious in this nation. I would also like to explore possible ramifications of prolonged socialism; kind of a ‘what if’ scenario.”

Harold spoke. “Justin, I also see the need for this to be addressed, especially on a large and national scale. I would say if there is a man to do it, it would be you because of your background in government and your large readership here at the ‘Tribune.’”

These words were a relief to Justin, but at the same time he really wasn’t surprised because he had had some long “political” discussions with Harold in the past and he was pretty sure he knew where Harold stood.

Harold continued, but this time more as an Editor with all an Editor’s responsibilities, “I am a little concerned about the risks to the paper *and* to you. These kinds of articles are sure to create new political enemies. This socialistic swing is very fresh and is quite uncharted territory for the people of this nation and for the press. Justin, have you prayed over this?”

At Harold’s question, Justin leaned forward in his chair in his little college office. Harold was a strong Christian and Justin knew that he was also a praying man, which gave Harold an ability to run his newspaper with incredible discernment and excellence. He felt very blessed to be able to work for a man like this.

“Harold, I have been praying nonstop ever since I began to see the evil that is in store for America.”

Both men were silent for a few moments, each keenly aware of the depths and ramifications of this growing evil. They also each knew that somehow they had a part to play in the battle that lay ahead. Justin broke the silence. In a firm, but humble tone he said, “I believe it is my destiny to follow this course and to bring awareness to the American people of the lurking danger in this land.”

Harold took a deep breath. He felt a burning inside his heart, one that grabbed him and reminded him of his younger idealistic

days. Sadly, he felt that he had lost that idealism to the cynicism of old age and long days spent dealing with worldly issues. Yet, Justin's desire for his column seemed to stir something up in him. Justin was exuding a passion and an innocence that might be very effective and maybe his part was to support and promote this younger man and his vision. "Justin," he said, "Send me your first column, and I will take this up at our next staff meeting. It may meet with some resistance, but I'm not too concerned about that. I do have the final say, and I like what you're thinking."

Justin hung up after brief goodbyes and took out a flash drive and plugged it into his laptop. He attached the first column with the new title, "Hungry Nation," to an email for Harold Barnes. He could imagine the look on Harold's face when he received so quickly the article they had just discussed. He hadn't told Harold that it was already written. He typed a short message thanking Harold, and then there was nothing left to do but hit the send button. He paused and was remembering a statement by Jesus in the New Testament about counting the cost before taking up an action. What would be the ramifications of entering this fight so publicly? What costs might he encounter? Writing for *The Tribune* was something he knew well and loved. He had been writing for this paper since the beginning of the year 2000, yet he had done so with little consequence to his own lifestyle. Though his articles were very conservative and sometimes bordered on extreme, he had never invaded darkness or a political system with such deliberation before. He had never written anything directly against a standing president as he highly respected that office. He also had never felt nor seen so much movement in the country in a direction that was fraught with such evil. No, he could not count the costs effectively, for this was uncharted territory as Harold had said. He was feeling his way along.

Justin sensed a presence in and around him which was ever so peaceful, and he knew it was God. He felt the leading of the Spirit,

so he put his cursor over the send button on the email and clicked. What would the costs be to him? God would have to count those for him. Little did Justin know that that click would be a shot heard around the nation within days and it would be like a smart bomb landing square in the middle of Satan's camp.

Justin began to type a new page of notes based on some revelation that Duffy had once taught him. He had built on it with some of his own Bible studying and hoped to bring forth a Christian essay soon that would give enlightenment to believers for prayer consideration. He needed to put some of these notes and personal revelations down as they applied to what lay before him in these coming articles. He typed:

Even as God and His angels are not living in time and space as man does, neither does Satan or his spirit beings. From centuries of attacking and deceiving man, they have learned to discern when it is time to move. Much stirring was now going on in the realm of darkness on the Earth, and they were about to invade time and space in America. What was going on in plain view in the natural realm of politics and business was the tip of the iceberg where the spirit realm was concerned. And that which is in the spirit realm is much bigger, much more involved, and much more dramatic. Satan was moving on America in a big way, and since every nation has its own ruling principality from Satan's kingdom, America was not exempt in this area. A demon ruler is in charge of America and then has thousands of minions that answer to him. Each state also has its own principality, or ruler. Canada has one and so does Mexico. This is evidenced in the book of Daniel, when the angel indicated that from the day Daniel began to pray, he was sent with the answer, but was detained by the Prince of Persia. (Daniel 10) This was the ruling principality over Persia, its people and its king. It was not a human. This principality was not about to have Daniel alter the course of the Persian Empire through his Heaven-felt prayers. But the Lord dispatched Michael, who came to

assist the original angel, and then came to Daniel to announce the answer and bring to pass that great vision of the book of Daniel.

America not only has a ruler over the whole nation, but can have rulers over each governmental agency such as the IRS, DHS, ATF, CIA, FBI, The White House, Congress, The U.S. Judicial System, and many more. This does not mean that each person in those agencies are evil, it just means that earthly kingdoms can be, and most governmental ones are. Why is this so surprising to believers to learn this? Satan tempted Christ and told Him that the kingdoms of this world belonged to him. Jesus gave him no argument. This indicates that Satan's rule permeates almost the whole Earth, including nations, agencies, businesses, and the like and he is only absent from where he is made not welcome and forcefully evicted by praying believers.

Justin felt God was leading him forward. He closed the file of notes he had been writing. Still at his desk in his school office, he took his cell phone and located the phone number in it of his old friend Jeff Graham in Denver, Colorado and dialed. Justin and Jeff had worked together in 1999 on the major crisis that had ultimately established Justin as a columnist at The American Tribune. Jeff was considered a computer expert and had been extremely helpful to Justin in those days. Justin now needed someone more savvy and competent with computers and the internet than he was. Jeff was definitely that. They had spoken only a few times in the past 12 years and that was usually when Justin had a computer need.

A voice came on the line and said hastily, "This is Jeff."

Justin could hear the distraction in Jeff's voice. He was probably focused on some computer issue. "Jeff, this is Justin Brooks."

Jeff was stunned. Although he had not spoken with Justin for over 5 years, he was an ardent reader of Justin's column. "Justin!" Jeff answered with obvious delight. "I am so glad you called. I needed a break from my computers."

Justin smiled to himself because that gave him a mental picture of the Jeff he always knew. “Jeff, I believe I need your help again.”

Jeff shot right back at Justin, “Alright, anything I can do I will.” This kind of sheer trust and rapport was so typical of anyone who had had previous dealings with Justin.

Avoiding usual pleasantries, Justin laid out his plan. “Jeff, I find myself beginning a national campaign to bring public attention back to freedom and hopefully inspire a move away from socialism.”

Jeff perked up. The direction of the economy had taken its toll on his business and he had just begun to understand a little about socialism and what it was causing. Justin’s next words were exactly in line with his thinking.

“I am convinced that we must stop the nationalization of business and commerce and we must resurrect the American people’s thinking processes to recognize and understand this problem before it is too late.” Justin knew this was a mouthful, but he felt urgency and pressed forward. “To do this, I am writing a series of strategic articles in my column.”

Jeff was listening intently but was wondering where he fit in and what Justin needed from him. The answer came with the next sentence.

“This is the reason for my call. I would like to set up a website that brings Americans to the internet for up to date information and further expert opinions. I need web support for what I am doing, and I was wondering if you would be interested in helping me set it up?” Justin paused to get Jeff’s reaction.

Jeff thought just for a second and then said, “Justin, how could I not help you? But I have just one question. Will this involve explosions and men shooting at me, or insane and dark power mongers stalking us?”

Justin laughed. “I’m afraid it is much bigger than that.”

Now laughing himself, Jeff said, “Justin, you can count me in and

anything included in my skills or resources are at your disposal. Just tell me how this is bigger than last time.”

“This is the government and the leftist agenda, and we do not really know how far reaching that is. I am taking the stance of a whistle-blower on the whole issue, and I really have no idea where this is taking me. All I know is that God is dealing with me about it, and I am moving ahead.”

Jeff sighed. “Justin, I know God because of you and Duffy French, and I am deeply indebted to both of you for that. Michelle and I are now Bible believing, church going people since that time at the millennium. For that, we will be forever grateful to the both of you and especially to God. Tell me, is Duffy included in this too, or is he way too old by now?”

“Oh, Duffy is involved. You might say that he is an advisor.” Justin grinned to himself as he thought of what Duffy might think about being called an “advisor.” He wasn’t sure he would like it. Justin went on, “He holds his age very well, and I believe that is a God thing.”

Jeff thought for minute. “Hmmm... Sounds like you are re-assembling the team, one by one, except for those who passed of course.”

Justin laughed. “Well, that is not my intention, but those days were the most exciting and also horrifying of my life.”

“Ditto,” Jeff heartily agreed.

Justin now brought it back to the subject at hand. “Jeff, I would like you to see if a domain is available. Check out: ‘Hungry Nation.org.’”

Jeff wrote that down. “OK and while I am at it, I will check on ‘HungryNation.net’ and ‘HungryNation.com’ as well. It may be a good idea to get all three of those. The extra two can just redirect back to the main one.”

“Good idea. That’s why you are the one I called.”

Jeff was very enthusiastic and driven with purpose which is what Justin had hoped for. He went on, “Let me research this and get back

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to you later today.”

“Sounds good, Jeff.

They ended the call like the old friends that they were and both set out to do what their particular gifts offered, each with the intent of serving and perhaps saving their country.

“We the people are the rightful masters of both Congress and the courts, not to overthrow the Constitution but to overthrow the men who pervert the Constitution.” Abraham Lincoln

Chapter 7

The Human Target

WITHIN THREE DAYS, Justin’s new column, “Hungry Nation” hit the presses at *The American Tribune*. Following the lead of *The Tribune*, several other newspapers, with permission, ran the column in their papers. The effect this article had was extremely diverse. The article was an irritant to the White House, and was sheer propaganda to the liberal left. But it highly resonated with the public, the right wing groups, the average working man and woman, the military, the Tea Party, the Christian community, many grass roots movements, and other groups of patriots. Business people enjoyed the hope the column gave as they considered the possibility of once again experiencing a nation of total free enterprise. Until now, there had not been a voice as courageous as Justin’s in expressing these concerns in the general media, which normally had a liberal bias. Justin’s “Hungry Nation” column was copied and shared with many. People treated it as a document instead of a newspaper article. It was so well received that many concerned Americans were already

eagerly awaiting the next article.

Justin found himself overflowing with purpose at the first release of his new column, “Hungry Nation.” He was fully aware that there was a particular difference as he had begun this column; something significant and imperative with intensity he could not put his finger on. He re-read it as it appeared in *The Tribune*:

The column for the last several years has been entitled “Common Sense for a New Millennium.” Beginning today, due to the current economic climate and our government’s socialistic reaction to the difficult times, the columns I write will be now be entitled: “Hungry Nation.”

“Hungry Nation”

by Justin Brooks

“When you can’t make them see the light, make them feel the heat.” Ronald Reagan

Are you prepared to barter for your food? Are you prepared for a loss of energy to light and heat your homes – things you take for granted, such as electricity, natural gas, coal and other critical necessities? What if you lack gasoline, propane, or other crucial transportation needs? The average American has no idea of the dangerous precipice we are at, the lurking danger of economic collapse, the closeness of financial catastrophe. Most people have not prepared for a barter system in society, and will be caught quite off guard. It has been said that we are always three meals away from anarchy. Parents will not see their children miss more than three meals before going on a spree to forcefully take food. Many American children currently go to bed at night hungry, but if things in our nation stay on their current course,

we will have a very hungry nation of children and adults.

If our dollar collapses, this dark scene could be the economic climate of America. I know doomsayers have preached this for years, but we have never been closer considering the debt load of our nation, the condition of the dollar internationally, and the reputation of the U.S. itself. Our nation is plunging itself deeper into debt like an irresponsible 18 year old who just received their first credit card but was never instructed on how to wisely use it or the woes of credit abuse. America has committed the unthinkable: the continued and mass printing of money not matched by anything of substance to back it up. This increase of wealth on paper only has a day of reckoning and hyperinflation is the coming correction. However, the damage done by inflation to our way of life may be very hard to reverse. He, who has ears to hear, let him hear....

Our nation has been on a decline for over five years, but it started long before that. Our free enterprise system has a way of correcting itself out of recession and depression but that is based on a free enterprise system, which is becoming of more value than most liberals first realized. We as a nation, by our decisions and by our own ignorance, are moving away from that kind of system to a socialistic system. The foundations are all in place. At the first hint of socialism, as it first entered the public arena, there should have been a cry go out throughout all the land in protest such as has never been heard. This would have been prudent of Americans, for free enterprise is the only concept that can pull us out of economic woes. Unfortunately, most Americans do not even recognize or understand what socialism is or what it brings; they do not understand its ultimate consequences.

Americans are like lobsters in a pot that is gradually going to boil, and they are desensitized because the destruction is gradually creeping up on them and the extreme heat is not noticed. All the reasons for our loss of liberty seemed like good ones. Feeding the hungry through a system of welfare seemed good. It allowed most of us to not have to consider the needs of the growing number of poor and disadvantaged in our own cities because the government was handling it. Now, however, we have a potential monster on our hands. If the forty-five plus million who are currently a part of the welfare system are suddenly dropped from that system, and unable to continue drawing on what it provided, we, as a country, will be in a state we could have never imagined. Some of this massive group will need to turn to begging or even possibly threatening our homes or places of business. Nationalized healthcare seems like a good thing on the surface, but it lays bricks in the foundation of a socialized nation that believes in equalized wealth for all. Canada has had social medicine for years and many of their citizens come to America for the cutting edge services and medical breakthroughs that only a free nation can achieve by using its free enterprise system.

So at what cost should our liberties be prostituted for comfort and convenience? Most Americans do not know that in the healthcare legislation, the president has also been given power to appoint and start an Armed Corps, a National Police Force, for the control of the American people. Is this to force them into healthcare or was this a bait and switch maneuver to get an armed force on the scene to be able to force all future socialistic agendas in our nation? The bailouts and nationalization of corporations, such as the mortgage institutions and automobile manufacturers, were another step, perpetrated by The White House and Congress, out of

fear of the collapse of our economy. Who doesn't remember when all trust in our American free enterprise system was betrayed by fear because our legislators had reports on the table that said our way of life would be over if they did not pass the bailout bills?

All of these issues are paled in comparison to the danger of a leftist president whose agenda is the re-writing of our ideology of freedom. This socialistic ideology is completely different than the principles this nation was founded upon. This is supported by an appointed liberal cabinet as well as close allies and supporters who are either brainwashed by their proximity or "titled" position, or are just plain ignorant of the changes to our country's values and principles and what they will mean to this country as well as to them! Daily this group symbolically cuts pieces out of our Constitution and sews them back in, re-written. How can we, as Americans, stand at a pro football game and lay our hand on our heart at the National Anthem and get a tear in our eye, and be so ignorant? Like lobsters, we have been unaware of the changes taking place that are destructive to our freedom and our precious nation which provides and guarantees those freedoms. This is happening daily in ways we can never know as long as this administration is in office. Let's use our God-given right to peaceful revolution through the vote as elections draw nearer.

Lastly, and most important, if you are a praying person, pray for America now, and every day and ask God to restore our great land.

"A nation that is hungry for God will not go hungry..."

Until next time!

Justin Brooks



Anders Drake slammed the newspaper down on his huge desk, and his three subordinates jumped in fright. “Hungry Nation” he yelled with disgust. “That is the worst. It’s insane! How dare they print such trash in *The Tribune*? They know nothing about socialism! They have no idea of our president’s dream for this nation. Imagine the idiocy to bring God into it.” With vehemence and rage in his voice, he went on. “A nation should not be hungry for God; they should be hungry for a new order of things!”

Anders turned his back on the three men in the room, stuffing his hands in the pants pockets of his hand tailored suit and looked out the seventeenth story window of his exquisite and expensive corporate offices. His firm, First Axiom Trading, a commodity brokerage, was in truth a false front for a leftist and covert organization. The high rise that they had 4 floors of was located squarely in the middle of downtown Manhattan. Most of its employees were mercenaries, former military, and spies who would do anything if the price was right. There were also employees who were there to help this organization with its appearance of legitimacy. At its foundation and core, however, it was a dark and rogue organization full of the kind of men and women that only exist to the everyday person in novels and movies. Anders Drake and his principals loftily referred to themselves as the Leftist Elite. In a rather short period of time, his organization had cultivated a calculated and strategic access to very wealthy people as well as many far left politicians. Anders had dreamt in his younger years of becoming a politician but had decided that he could have more effect from behind the scenes. He didn’t need the accolades that went with politics. His desires were far greater and having the ability to control and facilitate a greater vision from behind the scenes brought him much more satisfaction

than being a senator or congressman ever could. A non public life was the place for him. He was a sinister man and was drunk on the power that he had. He also found that that power could not be satiated and he found himself wanting more.

Anders went on with his rant. "This man Justin Brooks is our new target; this man is going to die." Anders turned and looked around the room and glared at his three men. All three were trained killers and were fearful of nothing except the man that stood raging in front of them. Anders knew this and it served to further fuel his fury. He continued, "You will begin to track this man and find him and then kill him. Keep me apprised of your progress."

The demon in Anders smiled, and whispered his approval to Anders. This was the same murderous demon that had appeared to Justin only a few days before. It whispered again to Anders' thoughts. "Justin Brooks must die. Justin Brooks must die. Justin Brooks must die."

Anders grabbed his painful head and scowled at his men, "Leave my office now!" He then fumbled in his desk for a bottle of pills, and took four of them from the bottle and gulped them down with a glass of water.

Now Satan had a man in place that was possessed with a demon strongman; it would be able to get some things done. This particular strongman of Satan had been used many times before in American history. This was a spirit which had taken possession of the man, Anders; it was not Anders himself. This spirit was well versed in bringing to pass the will of his master, Satan, and Anders was the perfect puppet. Anders had come to this willingly and his own sin of blind and evil ambition had been like a magnet, which drew this strongman of Satan to him. First, Axiom Trading was one of several such entities secretly carrying out sinister deeds for the leftist movement. Where the orders were coming from was unknown, but the higher ups were bent on power and the Leftist

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Elite was a good descriptive name because once socialism becomes the ruling power in a nation, an elite group will grab the power and live very well, controlling the masses and oppressing them. This is the dark and sinister goal of those ushering in socialism. Then, there are those ignorant ones who will back them in the name of social equality and equal abundance for all. This is the mask on socialism, but there is only evil behind the mask and it is always the same.



The three retired Navy Seals sat around a large conference table in their new office, admiring the simple but new décor. They sat comfortably in large leather chairs each holding their beer of choice in their hands. Commander Rod Scoggins, the owner of this new business, Chief Petty Officer Keith Johnson, and Petty Officer 2nd Class Derek Singer, his associates, had just opened this security firm near the heart of downtown Los Angeles, and were now open for business. They were savoring this moment which had not been easy to achieve, but at the same time they were ready to move forward on their first project... when they had one.

Commander Scoggins was 54 years old; he had been the highest ranking of the three and the other two highly respected him for his achievements and still saw him as the Commander. However, because of the close bonds they had developed during many dangerous exploits, they all called him, "Skipper." Johnson had retired at 43 after serving for over twenty years. He loved the Navy and had stayed active until he was insured of a nice retirement. He was proud of his service and was a man who was greatly content with whom he had become. Just as when he was still active duty, everyone called him, "Chief" which only served to remind him of who he had been in all the years serving his Country. Singer was only 30 and had not retired with his twenty years. He had loved the Navy also, but

these two men had become his family and he had gotten out early to join them in their endeavors. He also had a private reason that had helped influence his decision. He had developed a nickname shortly after he had been accepted to the Seals. His team mates began to call him "Sig," because of his particular affection for the Sig-Sauer handgun and his particular prowess with weapons of any sort. The "Sig" as this weapon was called, was his weapon of choice on almost every occasion. Now he sat here with the two men he most respected and admired in the world and felt their equal as they all pondered what their first job might be.

The purpose of their company was to provide security to notable and prominent people as highly paid personal bodyguards. They had especially chosen Los Angeles as their home in the hopes of being retained by wealthy celebrities, something they were all three extremely well equipped to do. Their elite Seal training had included many deadly fighting skills sufficient for any situation. More important than even these though, was their proficiency and cunning in swiftly discerning the potential for danger and eradicating the threat. Their intention was to only be hired as a team; that was the Navy Seal way. They not only worked well together, but each brought a unique and specialized ability to the team. They had learned to trust each other because of those abilities, which is what made this threesome so very formidable.

Commander Scoggins was also somewhat of an idealist and at the point of retiring with more than twenty years served, he found himself happy to be done. He was not in agreement with the current administration's views towards war, the military, and the national defense of a country he had loved and served for so many years. Navy Seals often see and hear things that the ordinary citizen is not privy to and Scoggins' views were very representative of a growing sentiment in all branches of the U.S. Military. Many service men and women were becoming disgusted by the lack of respect of other

nations whom they, America, had fought so passionately and sacrificially to defend. Scoggins viewed the current military as weaker than it should be because of its weak leaders in Washington D.C. With these thoughts he did not mean the military; he was proud of the honor and strength of the U.S. Military Forces. He was referring to the lofty and liberal politicians who were actually blinded and ignorant of the value of America's brave soldiers.

These three men were ready to carry out a mission when given one, but being ready did not insure having one. They discussed and reviewed and planned and prepared. They discussed various scenarios and explored details of other security efforts taking place around the world; they envisioned themselves in those efforts and conferred how they might do it differently or better. As a result, they found themselves prepared and actually over prepared much of the time. But this is how they had been trained; they were ready to leave at a moment's notice. In civilian life, however, this meant leaving the office early on a regular basis and stopping off somewhere for happy hour on the way home. They had no idea what was coming.



Five days after Justin's first "Hungry Nation" column appeared, Harold Barnes received a phone call. He was sitting in his office reviewing the next day's front page copy of *The American Tribune*. His private and personal cell phone rang. Only his wife had this number. But it was not his wife. The voice on the other end was somewhat disguised and spoke in low guttural sounds. It stated the following: "Your man, Justin Brooks, will die if one more of his articles are published in your newspaper. We know where he lives in Washington State and how to reach him." The line went dead. Harold leaned back in his chair and considered what had just taken place. He had an uneasy feeling in his stomach; in all of his years as

an editor, he had never had a death threat on one of his reporters or journalists.

The next day, an anonymous note, created with letters cut out of what appeared to be newspaper headlines was delivered to his office addressed to him and marked, "PRIVATE." It restated the message on the previous day's phone call. However, the column "Hungry Nation," was glued on the page as well. Harold had messages from disgruntled readers before, but never a threat like this. His paper was what he called daring and cutting edge and it was bound to stir up some crackpot threats. But these threats felt different and so he began making some inquiries. Who ever this was, they knew where Justin lived, and that information was not public. Harold considered that this might not be the usual crackpot.

That evening, as Justin was working on another article for his column, the home phone rang. It was Harold Barnes. Trying to keep his voice temperate and not alarming, but getting right to the point, he said, "Justin, we have an issue that has come up. It seems a party has made a threat on your life if we run one more article in your column. They also know you live in Washington."

Justin sat back stunned. "Could this just be a hoax?" He was also aware of how empty threats were commonplace in the newspaper industry.

"I don't think so and the police are not viewing it that way either. The threat indicated that they know you live in Washington. In fact, they tried to trace the call I received but found it went back to a disposable cell phone somewhere in Manhattan."

Justin took a deep breath. "Harold, though this is shocking, I cannot react to things like this. There are so many nut cases out there and we can't run and hide each time we get a threat. I guess I need to discuss this with my wife, but you can count on my article tomorrow."

Harold reluctantly agreed. He and Justin were much alike in their thinking, but he did feel an obligation to watch over his journalists

also. “Justin, I do agree that you must hold steady here, and for selfish reasons I would like you to continue submitting your articles. But I also believe we can’t be like ostriches either, burying our heads in the sand. Going forward doesn’t necessarily mean the threat will just go away. We have no idea who we may be dealing with and I am torn because I do care about you. Though you have made many friends, I am most certain that you also have made many enemies.”

Harold went on with the secondary but more important reason for his call. “Justin, the head of a major corporation wants to put you under the protection of a bodyguard service, all expenses paid for a year.”

Justin was astounded at what Harold was suggesting. Even more astounding was that some apparently unknown person, at least to him, wanted to provide this for him. To him, this was ludicrous. He said, “Are you kidding me? I don’t need a bodyguard.”

“Justin” said Harold, “what about your family? You need to think of their safety.” Justin did realize that Harold might be right. He could not be with Angie at all times, and he had dragged her into this situation without really asking her if she was behind it. How could this have escalated to this point? “OK Harold, I will talk to Angie about it. One question though. Who is this ‘head of a corporation’ and why do they want to provide this for me?”

Harold quickly responded, “Justin, you have made many enemies with your conservative views and your willingness to share them so openly and bluntly. At the same time, you have made many, many more friends with these same views. It is in their best interest to support you in any way they can. They believe in you and what you are sharing; they see this as vital to their own survival. That is why they desire to remain anonymous.”

Justin understood and didn’t press any further. He promised to call Harold in the morning after talking all this over with Angie. They said goodbye and Justin leaned back in his chair staring at his

computer screen. He was humbled by the interest and support. The phrase “Hungry Nation” was staring at him from the screen.

Justin pushed back from his desk and got up to go find Angie. She was in the family room, and she was working on some craft project. She loved to create things and she seemed to find a quiet place in her creativity. Justin smiled and kissed her on top of her head. “If you have not started anything for dinner, let’s go out and eat somewhere. Some place nice where we can talk.”

Angie looked at him suspiciously. “Is everything alright?” She didn’t usually get this kind of offer mid-week, not that she didn’t like the idea of someone else doing the cooking.

Justin looked back at her. “I hope so. Let’s go.”

Justin and Angie sat at their favorite steakhouse. This restaurant was part of an exclusive five star hotel and always served the finest food. The environment was perfect for a quiet dinner and intimate conversation. Even as they ordered, Justin could see that Angie was perplexed. So Justin began to share the issue while they waited for their salads. “Angie, you know about my last article called “Hungry Nation?”

Angie nodded her head. “Yes. I actually enjoyed it very much. You did a great job.”

“Well, not everyone liked it.” He went on, “Harold called me and it seems there is now a threat on my life if I write one more ‘Hungry Nation’ article.”

Angie shuddered. She could see on his face that not only was he telling the truth, but he believed it. “Oh Justin, how could this be? What kind of person would make a threat like this on you?” She was struggling with the thought that someone, anyone would want to harm one hair on her husband’s head, let alone kill him. He was a good man, a man with a good heart. She felt a sense of fear rising in her. She didn’t scare easily, but this was uncharted territory for her. It all seemed too big.

Justin answered, “I don’t know, honey, but the police in New York City are taking it very seriously. I am thinking we should too.”

Angie was still trying to wrap her head around this news as their salads were placed in front of them. “I don’t get this. It is just an article. It’s a good article, a great article in fact. But threatening your life?” Her voice trailed off....

“Angie, I don’t want to sound heroic and noble, but to take a stand for freedom is sometimes a very costly thing to do. I didn’t plan on this, but it is here with us just the same, and we need to make a decision now.”

Angie looked up at him, now very puzzled. “What decision?”

Justin relaxed his tone somewhat, sensing her anxiety. “A reader has offered to hire us bodyguards for one year. I guess some wealthy person who likes what I am writing has offered it.”

Angie picked up her napkin and purposefully unfolded it and laid it across her lap. Justin could see she was studying how to answer. After a moment, she raised her head and looked up. With a firm and decisive voice she said, “I think you should accept it.”

Justin smiled. “I guess I knew you would say that. I think it is a good decision since at this point we don’t know what we’re facing. And you think I should continue writing the ‘Hungry Nation’ articles?”

Angie looked into his eyes and said, “Yes, honey, I do. These are important and if you don’t write them, who will? However, more importantly, have you asked God if you were supposed to write this or continue writing this column?”

Justin so appreciated his wife. He didn’t give her credit sometimes for all she understood. He said, “I actually haven’t prayed since I spoke with Harold, but I will. Then I will contact Harold afterward. You realize, if God confirms to move forward, and we get protection, we could lose some of our privacy and lifestyle by having bodyguards around.”

Angie smiled. "Like you said, freedom does have its costs." To lighten the mood a little she added, "Do they clean house also?"

Justin smiled and leaned close to her and kissed her like he hadn't for quite some time. God had really blessed him with this woman. Even in her fear, she came along side him and even did it with a sense of humor!

The rest of their evening and dinner was enjoyable and relaxed as they talked about lighter things. They left the restaurant holding hands as they always did. However, not far from either of their thoughts were the events that were unfolding in their lives. As they drove the fairly short distance home, Justin kept looking in the rear view mirror. He couldn't tell for sure, but maybe a car a ways behind him had followed them a little too long, almost all the way home, in fact. Was he now being too suspicious, or was he just extra alert? Time would tell.

“Discipline is the soul of an army. It makes small numbers formidable; procures success to the weak, and esteem to all.”
George Washington

Chapter 8

The Frogmen

IN THE NATURAL and physical realm, a drama was unfolding. Justin seemed to be the hub of the activity and a flurry of people were becoming involved in this huge, private warfare. The column that Justin wrote seemed a small thing, but people were shocked into thinking about the Country and the article was like throwing a rock on a still pond. The ripple began to move outward into different lives around the country.

The three Navy Seals were in their individual offices, each working on making contacts and following up leads for new business. Rod “Skipper” Scoggins came bounding out of his office like a kid at Christmas time right before he gets to open his presents. “Gentlemen,” he yelled, “We are employed. We have a client.”

Keith “Chief” Johnson threw all the paperwork on his desk up in the air and came out of his office. Derek “Sig” Singer jumped up from his desk and did a little victory dance into the hallway where Skipper stood.

Chief was the first to think to ask, "Who is it, Skipper?"

Skipper settled down and sat down and took a breath. "It is a journalist, Justin Brooks, and his wife, who live in Washington State. This is the guy that writes that column in *The American Tribune* called, 'Hungry Nation.'"

Chief enthusiastically responded, "I know that column, I always read it." In truth, they had all read it and each liked it.

"Apparently" said Scoggins, "this man has made some serious enemies that want him dead. At the same time, a corporation who wishes to remain anonymous has put up a retainer for us and wants us to guard him and his wife for a whole year. \$200,000 as a retainer is being wired to our account tomorrow morning. The year's pay will be enormous."

At this news, young Sig excitedly hi-fived Skipper. One day they had no business and the next day they are set for a year. "\$200,000 plus" said Sig. "This guy must really be important."

Skipper got a little reflective. "I am not sure it is him, or what he stands for, but someone wants him healthy at least through the election at the end of the year. If this man is a conservative and has the courage to speak out at his own risk, this might just be a man worth protecting."

"But how," said Chief, "how did we get *this* man to protect?"

Scoggins smiled. "I have a friend who is a former Green Beret, and he told me that this wealthy businessman was looking for the right team. We got referred by someone who loves America to someone who is fighting socialism with his money."

Chief shook his head. "I can't wait to meet this guy up in Washington."

The three men began making preparations to fly to Washington the next day to meet Justin and Angie, assess their security needs, and get set up. The wealthy client who hired them also faxed them Justin's column so they had a little more perspective about what

had instigated the threat, even though they had all already read it. Once they re-read it, it was obvious it was probably a liberal nut that was after Justin Brooks. They had no idea that the threat was more than one man and more organized than one person.

These former Navy frogmen packed their weapons and other equipment that was of a more clandestine nature. Chief forwarded the office phone to his cell phone. They were ready in a matter of hours to take off for an indeterminable amount of time to face a threat that wasn't yet fully understood. Chief was the only member of the team who had a family and he planned to spend the rest of the day and night with them before his flight to Washington early in the morning. Skipper was divorced with grown children and Sig had never married yet. It was Sig's responsibility to drive the men to the airport and would pick up the other two and then store his car at LAX.

In the spiritual realm, all Hell was breaking loose, literally. Satan had dispatched millions of demons and they were waiting for orders. They formed a line up and down the eastern seaboard from Maine to Florida. They kept a watch in the high atmosphere, the 2nd heaven, and many fallen angels were among them as their leaders. These go by different names, but the scripture refers to them as thrones and dominions and powers. These are different than principalities that are more geographic, assigned to a leader of a city or limited to a certain corporation or government agency. The whole framework of Satan's kingdom is all quite organized and concise in its functioning.

At this point, God's angels were doing very little about this new insurgence in the dark kingdom. The angels had been moving around the country on business as usual as many of the nation's believers are quite regular about prayers and intercession. Certain prayer groups meet and pray and declare their faith and God's angels move in direct response to that prayer activity.

At this point though, very little prayer had gone up over the forthcoming presidential election, and even less had been offered up over the socialistic tendencies that were expanding each day in the nation. In fact, and for some reason, in proportion to the amount of Christians in America, too few believers were actually committed to praying over governmental affairs. This allowed Satan to somewhat freely make his plans and strategically begin to place his evil principalities and dominions and powers where they could do the most harm. Someone said once that the Church was a sleeping giant. Satan was determined to take advantage of their slumber and their apathy as long as he could. That meant that Satan could literally throw a party and do just about anything he wanted while believers slept on the job, remaining apathetic, enjoying their entertainment and their shallow lives. Too few believers took up the Cross and allowed the Holy Spirit through them to enforce the provision bought at Calvary by Jesus. To stop the mounting assault, it would take believers who were obedient to diligently pray and who recognized who they were in Christ; it would take believers who knew their authority and understood the call to pray for a nation that was under attack. Satan knew that there weren't many answering that call and he laughed with contempt at the victory he was sure was his.

Men like Duffy French were obedient to diligent prayer, but the hordes of Hell caused the need for more willing believers than just a handful in each city. The saints of God, Christians, are a very peculiar army. They can pray well if they want to, but often must have an emotional high to do so, and then that does not last long. Christians, although shown in the Word that they have enormous power, slough off the watchfulness and the duties to police the Earth based on feelings and temporary little surges of soul gratifying energy. One believer can actually dispel thousands of evil beings as other believers join that first person in common purpose, with only two being able to easily put 10,000 or more demons or foes to flight.

At times, a Christian will rise up with the correct motivation,

which is a Divine Word to act on, a Divine Revelation to impart and to move forward with. But then, often being alone, they fizzle out and cannot overcome the attacks when they needed the body of Christ to support them and watch their backs. At this time, when facing a hungry nation, socialism, leftist presidents, an army of evil minions on the eastern seaboard, and strongmen inhabiting the leftists elite, an army of believers needed to rise up, to hear God, to pray, and to act, giving their very lives in the cause, but many are called, few answer, and even fewer are chosen.

The three frogmen's plane rolled to a stop in front of the small terminal in Wenatchee, Washington. They had a rental car waiting for them near the terminal. Two men were with the car, a black Chevy Suburban with black tinted windows; one was proceeding to unload their luggage from the plane and the other was handing over the keys. This was not what they expected, but Skipper understood that the details of this were being handled by the one who had hired them. As soon as the luggage was loaded, they proceeded to Justin's home across the river. Justin's address was already dialed into the built in GPS system in the car. This was efficiency that the three frogmen appreciated and understood.

Skipper called Justin; it would be the first time speaking with him. Harold Barnes had arranged that their first meeting would be at Justin's home and had given the number to Scoggins. Skipper heard the phone ringing and finally a voice come on the line. He noted that Justin had a soft voice, almost like a teenager's. It was nothing like what he expected the writer of an aggressive column like "Hungry Nation" to sound like.

"Justin, this is Rod Scoggins, and I am with the security firm hired to protect you and your wife. We just arrived and are about 15 minutes from your home. We would like to come by as soon as possible. Is now a good time?"

Justin was amazed at the business-like demeanor; it was like a sales call. “Hi Rod, uh...yes, now is fine. We’ve been expecting you.”

“Great. We will see you shortly.”

The two men hung up. It was Saturday. Justin and Angie had taken the day to relax rather than do the normal Saturday chores. It was hard to focus on any task other than the one that seemed to be in front of them: becoming acclimated to their new life of death threats and body guards. They had spent the morning praying and had a peace about these men coming into their lives. It was a strange feeling, peace with uncertainty. But their certainty was in God and they felt like God was in this. Justin also had never met a Navy Seal. It would be interesting.

The Suburban pulled up in front of Justin’s home, and the three men got out. They each scanned the house and the surrounding neighborhood as Skipper led the way up the walk of the nicely manicured lawn and garden. This home had regular and attentive care and this did not go unnoticed by the frogmen. There was an excellence that was obvious and this they appreciated and respected. They walked up the steps of the restored but older single-story home. It was peaceful and the front porch gave a good view of the street and surrounding homes. Skipper rang the bell.

After a few moments, Justin opened the door. Standing before him was a nice looking man with a sun tan, hair that was graying but with still much dark hair in it. He was wearing slacks, a long-sleeved shirt, and casual loafers. He had a square jaw and a nice smile. The man was about an inch taller than Justin who was 6’1” himself.

The man spoke, “You must be Justin. I am Rod Scoggins.”

Justin held out his hand and said, “Nice to meet you Rod. Please come in.”

The three men walked into a comfortable but small entry with a coat rack, plants, and a marble table with framed family photos.

The Skipper introduced the other two men. "Justin, this is Keith Johnson, or 'Chief,' as we call him."

Chief was a few inches shorter than Justin, but he was somewhat stocky and stout looking. He also wore slacks, but with a polo shirt. Justin noticed that Chief was balding, with nice features and piercing blue eyes that seemed to look inside of you. Justin reached out and shook hands with Chief. "It's nice to meet you Keith."

"You too sir, but please call me 'Chief.'"

"OK, Chief," and Justin smiled as he used the nickname.

Skipper brought forward Sig. Sig had lingered in the rear as was typical of his rank in the service but also to assess his surroundings. "Justin," said Skipper, "this is Derek Singer. We call him "Sig."

Justin put out his hand and shook Derek's hand. Derek was tall like Rod, maybe taller. He was so very young. Justin thought he might not be much older than his own son. He had dark curly hair, tanned skin, high cheekbones and a broad nose that may have been broken at one time. He was ruggedly handsome. He had on Levis and a T-shirt with the words "Ready to Lead, Ready to Follow, Never Quit" across the front. Derek gripped Justin's hand very strongly. He had a muscular frame of about 6'3" or 6'4".

"Nice to meet you, Sir."

Justin smiled. "You too, Sig." Justin was trying to make him feel at home by using his nickname from the start.

Justin invited them to follow him into the living room. Angie was standing near the couch with a huge smile on her face. Justin introduced her to the men and then told Angie each of their names and nicknames.

Each of the three men came forward one at a time and respectfully shook Angie's hand all saying the same thing, "Hello, Ma'am, pleased to meet you."

Justin turned to Rod and asked him if he had a preferred a

nickname. Skipper laughed. "Let's make it unanimous and simpler. You and Angie can call me 'Skipper.'"

Justin invited them to sit down and Angie asked them if they wanted some tea or soda, or a bottled water. Each man gave her his request and she went out of the room to get their drinks. Once again, the men were discreetly noticing their surroundings. It was a comfortable room with lots of windows. Each window had sheer curtains as well as blinds. Despite the many windows it did not feel like a vulnerable room. The room's furniture was worn yet nice. A well used leather sofa with throw pillows and a neatly folded blanket dominated the room, surrounded by other less substantial chairs and furniture. The décor told the three men a lot about the couple but they were more interested in calculating the vulnerability of the home and the best way to protect this couple.

Justin broke the ice by asking them about the Navy Seals. Each man gave a brief synopsis of their privilege of being a Navy Seal, but Skipper's was a little more real and friendly. It seemed that he was more seasoned socially and very relaxed. After Angie returned with the men's drinks, she sat down next to Justin.

The Skipper was eager to get to the business at hand. They had much to learn and much to share with this couple. "Justin and Angie, as you know, we have been hired to protect you. Like you, we do not fully know the level of the threat that has been made against you. Therefore, we must plan for and expect anything. This will not be easy, for we must 'dog' you, or should I say, 'escort' you everywhere you go. We also must be in and around your home at all times, and at least one of us must accompany you to work, Justin."

Justin didn't flinch. He still had a peace about it, but also many thoughts about how they were going to explain three men suddenly living with them and accompanying them everywhere. He said, "We know; we sort of expected this. We have discussed

it and we understand the commitment you have and the one we must make also.”

Skipper went on. “We will seem like house guests overstaying their welcome and not leaving when they should. However, until we get a handle on and do some recon on your life and activities, we cannot leave you at all. We would like a tour of your home and property. Initially, we are thinking one man outside at all times and two inside.”

Justin responded, “It just so happens we have three spare bedrooms. Our kids are grown and gone and we rarely have company that stays over.” Justin was trying to make them feel welcome and make the best of a situation that was less than ideal.

Chief spoke up. “Sir, that will be wonderful, and we appreciate it very much. We will try to be as little a bother as possible. It is important that on the outside your life look as normal as possible, even with us here.”

Sig nodded his head in agreement.

Skipper stood up and suggested they get their things out of the SUV and then move the car around the corner so it would appear that Justin and Angie were alone. It would be much better to catch the culprit who threatened them than to simply deter them. As they went out the door, Skipper said, “We will get more acquainted later.”

It took a couple trips for the men to get their things in the house. Justin was amazed at how much they had brought. The reality of what he and his wife might be facing was becoming more real as he saw the heavy cases, bags, and gear. Justin led them down the hall to their rooms. They came loaded with equipment, weapons, and night gear. They had a telescope, and they had communication devices and other items. They were loaded with gadgets. Justin led them down the hall, and each man had several bags in his hands. Justin gave Skipper the first bedroom and then Chief

the second and he gave Sig the last bedroom in the back of the house. Justin and Angie's remote master bedroom and bathroom broke off in another direction in the home. They had designed it this way when their kids were young and as a result weren't giving up much of their privacy to have the men in their home.

Justin and Angie felt the safest they had felt in the few days since the death threat was first made. Angie went about preparing the dinner for the group, enjoying getting to cook for more than just her and Justin. While Justin's guests unpacked and got situated, he went to his home office to work on another article until dinner was ready.

That night, as the five of them sat at dinner, Justin and Angie learned more about their protectors. These men had an extremely colorful time in the Navy and none had more to say than Skipper who had been in the Navy Seals as far back as 1983 in Beirut. Justin talked to the men about the column at *The Tribune* and his work at the college. He spoke a little of his politics but he never mentioned his part in the incident at the millennium and the action that he saw then.

After dinner, the two younger men went to their rooms to go through the equipment, and Skipper went outside to walk the area around the house. After a while, he came in and found Justin sitting in the family room reading some of what looked like student's papers. He sat down near Justin and waited for Justin's full attention.

"You know, Justin, I really didn't want to leave the Navy when I did, but my love for America and my politics made me make a choice. We are not the nation we once were, and our Armed Forces are not what they were either. The leadership in Washington D.C. does not stand behind the troops, and the morale is not good. I had to leave before I did something that would embarrass my men or my superiors or said something that I should not say."

Justin stared at Skipper. He was not expecting this from an

obvious patriot. He told Skipper, "I know. We are sick as a nation and I am praying that God will heal our land."

Skipper smiled. "You know, Justin, you sound in your articles much like a general I know who was a Green Beret. I mean the way you speak about socialism."

"I do?" Justin looked amused.

"Yes. And it has crossed my mind that you and he should speak soon."

Justin perked up noticeably. "I would be very interested. You could arrange that?"

"Yes, maybe by phone tomorrow morning. We will see."

Just then, Sig joined them. He was dressed completely in black and had a gun strapped to his side and what appeared to be some sort of microphone or communication device on his head. "I am going out for the night watch. I will be in at 0200 and wake up Chief. He went to bed already." Skipper nodded. The young man left and they could hear Sig quietly closing the front door.

Justin and Skipper talked way into the night, not noticing when Angie went to bed. Justin was blessed to have a man of character and a man of idealism like himself to talk to, but more importantly as his bodyguard. Skipper was a man of like values and great honor. At 1:45 a.m., they were still talking, but Justin noticed that Chief crept quietly outside to spell Sig. Justin hadn't realized it was so late and he decided to say goodnight to Skipper and head for bed. He slept very well that night.

Satan had a man in place that was the host to a major strongman demon in Anders Drake. The whole leftist group in Washington D.C. who occupied the White House and Congress were also pawns of Satan and working daily to bring about a socialistic regime. God had men too and Justin was a man God could use because he was willing to step out in faith and stand in the gap for the land at risk to his own life. This

is pivotal and gives God the access He needs to position His people in strategic places around the Earth. God even chose the three frogmen and guided them to set up their business so that they could be there for Justin. A man's mind may choose his own way, but God directs his steps. None of these three men were saved. The wealthy person who hired them was doing God's bidding also but he was a spirit filled believer. So God was working, but if you could see through glasses that showed you all the spiritual activity, it would look like total domination by Satan and his millions of evil beings, ready to pounce on America. The balance and equalizing would need to come, but that would depend on praying believers.

“Americans love to fight. All real Americans love the sting of battle.” George Patton

Chapter 9

Sig’s Secret

JUSTIN AROSE EARLY and put some coffee on. The house was quiet and peaceful. Angie was still sleeping. Justin sensed that the advent of the threat had made her more tired than she had let on. Skipper came out and the two men sat and chatted while the coffee was brewing. Once the coffee was done, Justin poured them both a cup and sat back down across from the head of his security team. This man intrigued him. There was a lot more to him than met the eye. Perhaps that was why he was so good at what he did.

Skipper looked like he was in deep thought. “Justin,” he said, “I have a lot of respect for what you are doing in service to your Country.”

Justin looked down, humbly, into his cup. “Skipper,” he said, “I just don’t know who else is going to do it if I don’t.”

Skipper laughed. “You remind me of a phrase from the Navy Seals Creed. It goes like this:

‘We train for war and fight to win. I stand ready to bring the full spectrum of combat power to bear in order to achieve my mission

and the goals established by my country. The execution of my duties will be swift and violent when required yet guided by the very principles that I serve to defend.’

“That is a great creed. I’d love to hear the rest sometime. In fact, I know many Christians who need to hear that phrase.”

“All Navy Seals love that creed and use it often. It is like a rudder that guides all of their decisions, on and off the battlefield. But you are a combatant also, we Seals use weapons but your weapon is a pen and your mind.”

At that moment, Chief came in from his night watch. Justin jumped up to get him some coffee. Angie came out also, looking refreshed and well rested. Justin was glad to see that. He got her a cup of coffee and the four of them sat and talked for a little while, then Skipper excused himself as he was going outside to keep his morning watch.

Skipper went to his room and got a jacket and a firearm. The weather didn’t necessarily warrant a jacket, as the air was only slightly cool, but he needed a place to conceal the weapon and the jacket provided that concealment. He went out and walked up and down Justin’s street, but stayed away from the house, as he did not want to appear to be guarding it. He wanted to look like a neighbor who was walking the streets for his health in the early morning hours. Skipper thought as he walked of the creed he had just quoted, and mulled it over in his mind. He still believed in every word. It was in the fiber of his being and it was what he still lived by. Chief and Sig felt that same way and that is why he had first approached them to join him in this business venture. He knew that they too lived by this creed and were therefore extremely reliable, and men of great character; they were men that couldn’t be bought and to Skipper this was essential.

His thoughts then turned to the task at hand and his contact on the East coast. He was pleased with Justin’s willingness to speak

with this man, but actually, after meeting Justin and having an opportunity to talk at length with him, he wasn't surprised. He glanced at his watch. He would make the call at 0800 hours. That was only 20 minutes from now. He continued surveying the neighborhood. At this time of morning, it appeared to be a peaceful neighborhood. The full trees that were in most yards and that lined the street indicated that the homes had been there a while. The homes on Justin's street were for the most part well kept suggesting that the inhabitants took pride in their properties. Skipper felt this was a good thing because anything that was out of the ordinary would stand out and be easily spotted. On the flip side, the many well established shrubs and hedges also made it easy for someone to sneak close to Justin's and Angie's property. Skipper's intention was to use that to his advantage, however. He would have someone posted outside at night, every night, and they would not be easily spotted.

It was 0800 hours and time to make his call to set up a time for Justin to speak with the man that Skipper had told him about the night before. He made the call as he continued to walk and survey the neighborhood. Because it was Sunday, Skipper felt fortunate to reach him.

Shortly before ten hundred hours, as Skipper approached Justin's house, Sig passed him going the other direction, indicating the he had now taken over the watch. They said nothing to each other in case someone was watching. Skipper casually went inside to find Justin. He found him in his office deep in thought at his desk. Justin looked up and Skipper handed him a slip of paper with the cell phone number of General Bob Franklin, the former Green Beret. He said, "If you have time, you may call him now." Skipper turned and left the room.

Justin reached for his cell phone to make the call.

The phone rang and the general answered authoritatively, "Franklin speaking."

“General,” said Justin, “This is Justin Brooks. Rod Scoggins asked me to give you a call.”

“Yes,” said the general, “I just spoke with him a short time ago. Commander Scoggins said he is currently assigned to guard and protect you and your wife. He told me that you are a journalist, but one with your head on straight. So what can I do for you?”

Justin was inwardly chuckling at Skipper’s assessment of him and his description to the general of his journalistic slant. Justin cleared his throat. “I guess Skipper said that you could enlighten me on what you perceive are some socialistic issues in this nation.”

“Yes, I can. I am not sure exactly where to begin, however.” The general paused as though to frame his words carefully and succinctly. “Throughout my military career I have traveled the world, often on highly classified missions. I have personally witnessed the rise and fall of many socialistic regimes. Marxist and socialistic insurgencies often are earmarked by specific characteristics. First, there is an attempt to nationalize major areas of the economy such as the bailouts we have just experienced. Secondly, there is an attempt to redistribute wealth such as our current health care legislation. Thirdly, all opposition is discredited, such as right wing groups or any group that can bring a threat to the philosophy of socialism. Fourthly, an armed force is developed to control the population to see the change through to its full-blown stages of socialism.”¹

The general paused. Justin’s mind was spinning. He had never heard the truth spoken so brilliantly in such a few short sentences. This man had the ability to take what he had seen and was still seeing and interpret it and express it efficiently. No doubt his career in the United States Military had opened his eyes in a way that few ever have the privilege of. Justin knew that he had tapped a resource that could be invaluable in his calling to express the truth in his writings.

“General, all four of these things that you just described are

already happening or in place right now in America.”

“I know, Justin. This is why it is so critical and imperative that this information be shared, and shared as soon as possible.” The general had raised his voice on the words “critical” and “imperative.” In Justin he not only had someone who listened and understood, but also someone who was willing to take action.

Justin responded, “Well, General, I appreciate your perspective more than you know. With your permission, I will get this into my column right away.”

“You absolutely have my permission. But there is just one more thing, Justin.” the general went on, “You make them see this. You make the people see this. I do not want to have to get some old boys together and go kick the current government’s ass.”

Justin wasn’t surprised at the general’s crude speech, but he hoped the general was kidding. They spoke for a while longer and then Justin got off the phone and turned to his computer to finish working on his second article for his column.

Justin worked through the afternoon and finally finished around dinnertime. He had no idea what his three new houseguests were up to, but he had a real appetite. He wandered into the kitchen to find a note from Angie that said: I am out picking up Chinese food for 5 people - Will be right back. Your Love! Justin walked into the living room to find Skipper poring over some papers.

“Hi Justin” said Skipper as he stood. “I was just looking over some maps of the city and your neighborhood and the routes to and from places you frequent. Angie left a half hour ago. She didn’t want to disturb you; Sig followed her car in the Suburban. He is watching over her.”

Justin sighed. This gave him comfort while at the same time was disconcerting. He hadn’t been sure what to expect exactly from these three men. Obviously they weren’t taking any chances. He replied, “I guess that’s good; but Angie and I are sure not used to people

hovering over us.”

Skipper looked at Justin and smiled. “Imagine how you could be controlled if someone kidnapped your wife, Justin.”

Justin had a flash of bad memories that brought a tightening to his stomach. He thought to himself: if Skipper only knew that he had actually been through that once before. At that moment Angie came through the door with several bags of Chinese take out food and said, “Dinner will be served in 10 minutes.” Skipper went to get his buddies and Justin went to wash up.

Shortly after dinner, the phone rang; it was Duffy French. Justin was so glad to hear from him.

“Justin, my Son, I have been praying for you quite a bit.”

It felt good to know someone was praying for him. “Thank you, Duffy. It has been a little strange here and I think things could be better.”

Duffy asked Justin about what was going on. It was somewhat of a relief to have someone to share with. “I guess someone has threatened my life and they know where we live. Now I have bodyguards and the whole bit.”

Duffy was silent. This was odd to him, but because of his prayers he knew that Justin and Angie were in a stressful situation. “Justin, the main reason I called was to get you to come over here to Woodcrest for a few days. I have something to discuss with you and there may be some safety in it for you too.”

Woodcrest was in the hills not far from Seattle on the Western side of the Cascade Mountains. It was a Christian retreat facility and Duffy and his wife, Elizabeth, were owners. Justin had been there several times over the last several years. It had always been a place of rest and refuge – except for that one time. Justin didn’t like to think about that time very much. Going there right now seemed like a good idea. “Duffy, I’d like to come, but do you have room for me, Angie and our three bodyguards?”

Duffy laughed. "Of course I do; bring them all."

Justin was thinking quickly. He would have to take a leave at the school, but he was due one anyway. He would call the school office and get a replacement for a while. "Duffy, we'll leave late tomorrow morning after I contact the school." Justin was glad he only had afternoon classes Mondays as this would give him time to make arrangements before leaving for Woodcrest.

Justin got off the phone and went to tell Angie. She would have to like the idea since he had not asked her. For her safety, however, there was no way she could remain behind. She usually enjoyed impromptu get-a-ways, and she especially liked Woodcrest. Justin also needed to talk to Skipper.

Skipper tensed when Justin told him about the trip. He didn't like variables that he wouldn't have time to prepare for. He grilled Justin about Duffy and who else would be present on this little "vacation." They would only be staying a few days. Skipper was trying to figure how this might work in their favor. It was important that they were not followed. Also, from this point on, he was going to have to require Justin to keep his phone conversations vague so as not to tip off anyone who might be trying to listen.

Though he knew he didn't really have a say in the matter, Skipper agreed to the trip. Their job was to accompany their client and his family and keep them safe. However, if he sensed extreme danger, he would tell Justin that he shouldn't go. He finally went to tell his two associates and all three began packing and preparing for the trip and what to them was an unknown situation. The next morning, they would all leave for Camp Woodcrest.

Sig took the first watch that night outside of Justin's home. He put on a dark coat and went out armed with his 9-millimeter weapon and his alertness and his training. Sig went down the block and saw the Suburban parked on a side street where he had left it. It was undisturbed. Near the corner was a hedge and Sig took his usual spot

inside the hedge, out of view of any passersby's. There was a perfect man sized opening near the ground, so he would sit on the ground and relax, but his eyes were ever vigilant. When alone, Sig would think about his life in the Navy Seals, and often ponder how much he missed it. He had been out for only 10 months. He had been fortunate to get this job with Skipper as a professional bodyguard, but he missed the ever changing action and intrigue of the Navy Seals. Because of this he had developed a side activity to fulfill what he was missing. If Chief and the Skipper knew what Sig did in his private time, they would be shocked. Sig let his mind go and thought of his secret pass-time as he sat on watch.

It had started when he was visiting the city of Sacramento. He had gone to visit a former Navy buddy who lived in a rough part of the downtown area near a railroad station. Sig was staying at a Holiday Inn off of "J" Street and had decided to walk the fairly short distance to his friend's apartment. It was dusk and the air was cool that night. It was pleasant and he was enjoying the walk and the fresh air that the wind was sweeping off of the nearby Sacramento River. He noticed how quickly the area was changing from a decent business district to a more impoverished area. He walked down streets of old and worn out homes from the early 1900's. They were no longer single family dwellings, but they had been turned into multi-family apartments. The poverty flowed from the sidewalk up the walk and onto the porch and into every door and window of every home. It was strange how in a matter of one block everything was different. There was no dignity in this area any more. As he turned a corner, three young drug-needy "hostiles" jumped out of the shadows and attacked him. He had only been out of the Navy Seals for about two months. There was no one around which is no doubt why the three thugs had chosen to attack. One of the young men had a lead pipe and was the first to swing hard at Sig. Sig ducked the swing and immediately met him with an open handed palm strike to

the face which knocked out all of the man's top front teeth. He fell to the ground in pain and lay there moaning and bleeding profusely from the mouth. By now the second hostile had swung a fist towards Sig, but he blocked it and quickly swept the man's leg out with a sideways leg sweep and the man landed flat on his back. By now the third hostile had kicked at Sig but Sig grabbed his leg and then used a leg bar with his arm that brought pressure on the locked out part of the knee, snapping it. Sig turned his attention once more on the second man, who was getting up and took him out using a face kick. All three muggers were quite incapacitated, bloody, had broken bones and missing teeth; all was done in about 10 seconds. These three hostiles had simply picked the wrong prey on the lonely streets that night. Hopefully it was a lesson that would haunt them the rest of their lives. They would think twice before jumping someone again.

Sig walked briskly away from the three men lying on the ground and did not look back. He felt no fear of repercussion from the violence he had inflicted. After all, what were the hostiles going to do, call the police to admit they attacked him, three against one? Sig felt exhilarated and he was not injured in the least. In fact, he felt a real rush, the first he had experienced since his departure from the Seals.

Only four weeks later, Sig was finding himself drawn to the tougher areas of downtown Los Angeles. He started walking alone at night in areas that most would not even walk through during daylight hours. He even occasionally feigned a serious limp or a drunken stagger to draw out predators. Was it dangerous? Of course it was. He knew how dangerous it was and that was part of the draw for him. He not only got an adrenaline rush, but he also believed that there was value in what he was doing. Because of his belief system, he felt that these predators should not be able to continue so freely; he felt justified in this behavior. He smiled to himself as he thought of how his activities reminded him of a Charles Bronson movie he had seen long ago. However, unlike the movie, he was not interested

in killing anyone. He only felt that he should mete out like punishment with brute force that was equal to the attack being brought on him. He hoped that by offering himself this way, he was saving those who could not defend themselves. The fact that he would show up to work or training with his co-workers with cuts and bruises at times was a little disconcerting to Skipper and Chief. They did not know if he was into bar room brawling or that his ongoing martial arts training was just too intense. They just chalked it up to him being young and never really thought to question him. Sig was grateful for that as he didn't want to have to fabricate any stories to his partners.

Sig let his mind go deeper into what had really gotten his extra curricular activities started. He had been madly in love with and engaged to the woman of his dreams. However, his life in the US Navy Seals was putting a strain on their relationship. She had complained that they never saw each other and she was right, yet his life and devotion to her never waived. When his enlistment time was drawing to an end and he was faced with re-upping, he knew he had to make a decision. He chose her. He had also been presented with a job offer from his old Skipper and team mate, Chief, which made his departure from the Seals and his beloved Navy a little easier. And so he retired – early.

However, his sacrifice for the woman he loved was betrayed. He discovered that she had been unfaithful to him through much of their engagement and he figured probably many years before that as they had known each other since high school. When he realized this something inside him exploded and the violence and rage that came up out of him was as though he had stepped on a land mine and been blown to pieces in every part of his being. The rage came bursting forth to this woman, who was to be his wife, and her lover and he realized that he could easily have killed them in a moment. Somehow he had restrained himself. This was probably due to his Seal training of perceiving the outcome of an action in less than a

split second. Part of him didn't care, but part of him had to survive as well. Killing her, killing *them* would have seemed so justifiable. He had killed overseas for seemingly less. But he didn't do it. He walked away leaving the terror in his fiancé's eyes and letting that be his only answer to what he had discovered.

It was probably this unhealed and unreleased rage that gave him such joy when he went out at night on his own and made himself a target for the evil predators who prowled the streets at night looking for someone to take advantage of and do harm to. He would not and did not want to face the wound inside him. The wounds that were so much deeper and far more destructive than any wound he had received in his flesh on his many Seal assignments.

Suddenly Sig was alert and his thoughts focused. He sat up in the bushes where he was hiding, staying concealed, as he watched a car creep past Justin's house and then slowly past him. Sig did not move as he waited. The car circled around the block and came by again. It was a Ford 4-door sedan, silver in color. Because of the street lights, he could see that there was a large "Hertz Rental" sticker on the rear bumper. The car went slowly down the block and turned and left the street.

The car did not return. Neither was there any change in activities. He quietly texted Skipper concealing the light from his phone as he did. It appeared to be nothing, but Sig wanted someone else to know just in case. He then relaxed and settled in again. His mind was back on his passion again: violent encounters.

A few months after the Sacramento incident, he was in Merced, California and was walking on the main street downtown. He passed by three men who had turned all of their attention on him. As he passed them, they began to slowly follow him. He went further up the street where it had become less populated and was darker. Suddenly the three hostiles came upon him quickly. One came face to face and put up his fists and arrogantly sneered, "Come on,

let's see what you got." There is something about being on someone else's turf, something animalistic as when animals mark their area by urinating on the perimeters. If you are a stranger and are crazy enough to walk their turf at night and blatantly display no fear, you are throwing a challenge out to the locals that must be met. As that first hostile engaged him head on in a fistfight and danced around, Sig sensed the second hostile coming up on his right side. He was swinging a lock-in-a-sock, a solid padlock in the bottom of a sock which creates a nearly deadly weapon. This accounted for the false bravery in the first man. Sig easily dodged the sock and then round-house kicked that man with his right leg and caught him squarely in the temple. That man went out like a light and fell limp to the ground. The first man was still swinging his fist towards Sig who then parried the swing and glided the man's arm right past him, only to back knuckle the back of his head as he went past Sig. This was a blow that probably had caused the man to see stars as he collapsed to his knees. The third hostile now had a knife out and was circling Sig. Sig knew how to protect himself against knives and effectively disarm a combatant with one. This had been drilled into him in the Navy and he had also learned some additional moves from his extra martial arts classes. Sig stepped inside and wrist-locked the knife hand and peeled the man back over by stepping through with his right foot which put the man on the ground. Sig took the knife from him while twisting his arm up behind and then Sig stuck the knife firmly and forcefully into the man's hamstring muscle. The man cried out in agonizing pain.

All three attackers had had enough and staggered and limped fearfully away, looking over their shoulders as they went, not sure if *they* would be further assaulted. Sig straightened his clothing and dusted himself off and headed back toward the busy section of town. There was no pursuit by the men, and once again Sig had, in his mind, corrected wrongs and taught a firm lesson to predatory people.

These people had no way to know that Sig was one of the best, even in the Seals, at hand to hand combat. He was fast and agile and often felt like his opponents were moving in slow motion. Knowing this gave him a lot of confidence.

Sig was brought again back to the present and sat up as he saw the Ford return and drive again down Justin's street, this time from the opposite direction. It parked about four houses down from Justin's house. He could see the license plate and memorized it so he could trace it later. Sig had his finger on the trigger of his weapon as he sat immobile watching the car; he was ready for anything. As he had been trained, he observed every detail while he waited. He could see that there were two men sitting fairly motionless in the car. They had a clear view of Justin's house and sat there for about ten minutes before finally driving off. He had taken in as much detail as he could noting the details of the car, how long the men stayed, and the fact that they seemed to only be observing. He was certain that this was related to the death threats on Justin. His Seal training held him steady, but he found himself sorry that he could not confront these suspects as he would have enjoyed it, perhaps in a very unhealthy way. They eventually left and Sig carefully texted the activity and license information to Skipper. The rest of the night, he stayed focused and on alert for any further activity, but Justin's neighborhood and street remained quiet.

Sig didn't give any further thought to his other activities or the reasoning behind them. He was in a way addicted to the violence and at the moment not in the least bit interested in changing. But God knew and God's Holy Spirit was after him and there was a Divine appointment in his future to bring him the healing that he needed so desperately. Healing that would give him the ability to truly step into the fullness of all he was called to.

At dawn, Sig saw Chief quietly and casually come out of the house. He knew Chief was on his way to relieve him. Sig quietly

eased himself out of the safety of the bushes he had spent the night in and moved towards their Suburban to rendezvous with Chief. Once Chief arrived at the car, Sig filled him in about the previous night's visitors, the description of their car, and the license number. Sig then made his way into the home to talk with Skipper, grab a bite to eat, and get a little sleep before they left town.

#1 Based on an episode of "Its Supernatural" by Sid Roth and Rick Joyner.

“I am concerned for the security of our great Nation; not so much because of any threat from without, but because of the insidious forces working from within.” Douglas MacArthur

Chapter 10

The Counsel of Woodcrest

JUSTIN HAD A crack team of former Navy Seals to protect he and Angie, but what he did not know yet was that God was setting up a team of His own of which Justin was a key figure. Whatever the three frogmen could pull off in the natural realm could not come near to what obedient men and women of God could pull off in the spirit realm, for it is on this realm that everything seen and unseen relies. The keys to success with God’s Kingdom are hidden in the Word of God, the Bible, sitting there for the people of God to mine out and use to direct and change the destiny of the world. This is done in partnership with the Holy Spirit and never alone. This is also done as a body of people, for God will not allow one lone hero to arise to wield great power.

Justin had seen that America could starve as a nation, and losing its free enterprise and freedoms would be a sure way for this to happen. The onset of socialism in America, in its current subtle form, is all that would be needed to ensure a financial collapse and supply

catastrophe of Biblical proportions. Of course, Satan was behind this in every way, as he had rulers in place to make sure it would happen. What those millions of beings could not know was that Justin was leading a small entourage across the state of Washington today, traveling west and into his destiny, a destiny that would be launched in something called The Counsel of Woodcrest.

That morning Justin got up to turn in his next article. This one would be the one that the threat Justin had received was referring to; supposedly if Justin ran one more article, he would be killed. Justin took a deep breath and whispered a small prayer out loud: "Lord, Your will be done, in Jesus' name. Let the writing hit the target as never before. You are my protection, I will not fear." He re-read the article one more time before hitting the send button:

"Hungry Nation"

by Justin Brooks

"America will never be destroyed from the outside. If we falter and lose our freedoms, it will be because we destroyed ourselves." Abraham Lincoln

Since the last time I wrote this column, much more data has come to light and there is urgency in the air for freedom loving people. America stands at the edge of a deep precipice and there are those who would give her the final shove over it. There is a presidential election coming but I wonder if we even have time to use this method of law to replace our president. I am referring to the voter system of law. Might impeachment be in order as a choice once you read this column today? I cannot think of a period when a president has been so outrageously out of step with the American way of thinking and life. We are a free people, and we believe that we

have the most freedom when government is at its simplest and smallest form. We cannot be told or dictated to about what healthcare to have, and when treatment is necessary, or when it is not. We can also not be told at what point we should receive no more treatment, nor should the choice to die be made for us. But if you take the time to study the current healthcare bill you will see that many of these freedoms have been taken from us; stripped away “for our own good.”

The healthcare bill calls for a National Identity Card and a “chip” to be implanted in people who receive the healthcare. This will not just relay healthcare information; it will also relay financial information regarding that person. I realize that this sounds extremely ominous, as if one were reading the Book of Revelation; however, one needs to recognize that this bill spells out the loss of major and minor freedoms, many that are implied and many that are clearly stated. If this president loses the election, the new conservative president can repeal this bill. If the current president wins, then other legal means could and should be taken to make sure this bill does not go forward, and impeachment is certainly up for consideration. For even that to take place, the country would need the House and the Senate to come into agreement and receive a House majority vote and a Senate two-thirds vote. The necessity is to bring accusation for high crimes and misdemeanors. Can we find those? If Americans would finally read the healthcare bill, and have patriotic attorneys who are Constitutional experts decipher what is in it, we may find that bringing straight socialism to bear with subtlety against an unwilling and unsuspecting American people could be discerned as a treasonous act on the part of the author of the bill, the president. It is likened to feeding slow poison to a person without their knowledge for the purpose of

terminating their life. Without its freedom, America has no life at all and it would become something other than what the founding fathers intended. That is what so many have died for in defense of our country. A slowly advancing socialistic or Marxist government is the slow poison being fed to America and the victims, the citizens of this country; they do not know they are being poisoned.

I recently spoke with an expert who knows from personal experience about socialistic regimes and how they are slowly formed. There are four critical points that are subtly and secretly implemented in a subversive way by socialistic thinkers to bring forth their ideals and influence upon a people. First, there is an attempt to nationalize major areas of the economy. We saw this happen with the “bailouts” provided to banks and other corporations. Secondly, there is an attempt to redistribute wealth. We see this in our current health care legislation and the proposed over-taxing of the rich. Also, many of the poor and struggling lower income families often love this as it feeds their jealousy of harder working individuals and reinforces their unwillingness to work harder. Thirdly, any and all opposition to these first two points is discredited. Right-wing groups, Christians, Veterans, or any group that can bring a threat to the philosophy of socialism are smeared as traitorous and violent groups and individuals who are full of propaganda. Fourthly, an armed force is developed to control the population, to easily impose martial law, and to see this evolution brought through to its full-blown stages of socialism. This last point is actually touched on in our current healthcare legislation. It is not easily noticed as it is hidden in the form of an amendment of a law from the 1930’s. This law allows the president to call forth an armed force for the purpose of what? Could it be for getting people to take their

flu shots? I think not.

I feel it would be proper and in order for us to request and publish to all Americans the voting record of legislators who voted for any socialistic concept that has become law in the last 5 years. I say this because I believe that Americans have the sense to be a free people and if given the opportunity of gaining knowledge and of knowing the facts, they will do the right thing. I have children, perhaps most of you do as well. Our future generations depend on the decisions we make today. I believe that Americans will decide for freedom. This I will stake my life on.

“Give me liberty or give me death.” Patrick Henry

Until next time,
Justin Brooks



Justin pushed the send button and watched the email leave, then he closed down his computer and stowed it in his laptop bag with other accessories he might need for the trip he was about to take. As he did, he found himself talking to God about the writing he had just sent. There was no telling when this article would run, or if it even would run. His editor would take quite a risk to publish this in the newspaper. Justin said in the article he would stake his life on the American people. He realized he may have just done so. Only time would tell.

Justin and Angie set out in their car with Chief in the back seat for the journey over the mountains towards the Seattle area. Skipper and Sig drove behind in the Suburban. It was close to a three hour drive to Camp Woodcrest, and it was a beautiful one; Justin always looked forward to this drive over the mountains because of the

scenery. This time he was as much looking forward to his destination and the opportunity to sit down with Duffy. They had much to talk about and it seemed that Duffy wanted to talk to him. He was eager to get there and hear what was on Duffy's mind. He and Angie made small talk with each other and Chief during the drive, asking Chief about his family. Chief was very forthcoming and quite proud of his family. But even as he talked, Justin could see that Chief was focused on everything around him.

Skipper, in the Suburban following behind, was not at ease with this short trip as he had never been to Camp Woodcrest and had had no time to scope out the route or the camp itself; he especially felt that while traveling they were possibly leaving their client in the open. Because of that, each of the three frogmen wore an earpiece that helped them stay in communication during the short trip. All were paying close attention to every car that followed them or passed them. After last night's visit to Justin's house, which Justin did not know about, they weren't taking anything for granted. Skipper had given them designated call handles. He was Leader, Chief was "Number 2", and Sig was "Number 3." Their designations were according to their rank, but also according to their function. It also gave them cover to anyone listening in on their frequency.

After 30 minutes into the drive, Chief's earpiece went off: "Leader to Number 2." It was Skipper checking in with Chief.

"Number 2 here," said the Chief.

Skipper came back on the radio. "Just checking the frequency; we have you in sight number 2. Everything looks clear."

Chief shot back a reply. "Affirmative, Leader. All is well over here."

Skipper signed off and relaxed for the long drive. Skipper and Sig were both quiet in the Suburban. Sig kept a watchful eye out for any suspicious activity or hostiles as he and Skipper followed Justin's car. Skipper thought of his career in the Seals as he drove.

He thought of his sooner than expected retirement and how disappointed his superiors were of his decision. He had been an exemplary Navy Seal Commander, and he had worked hard to earn his way up through the ranks. Skipper had been in Beirut at the time of the Marine barracks bombing in 1983. He was a Lieutenant and had lost a close friend. He remembered how helpless he and his fellow Seals felt when that happened. The dead: 241 American servicemen, including 220 Marines and 18 Navy personnel. Skipper remembered how the world changed with that suicide bomber and all the terrorism that followed. Now, Skipper was in the private sector and he couldn't help but feel that his country was at stake now and his team's role as bodyguard to Justin Brooks might be a key and pivotal contribution, just as much as serving in the Seals. There were costs to being a Navy Seal. His marriage had not survived that career; he was gone way too much to hold it together. Now he was excited at his new business and this very first client that he and his men had obtained. They would keep Justin and Angie safe; he realized that whatever the cost, he and his team would accomplish this mission. After leaving I-90 near the little town of Garcia, Justin navigated the two car caravan along winding roads through hills and thick forests until they finally arrived at Camp Woodcrest around 2 p.m. They pulled into the parking area that was surrounded by trees, and Sig and Skipper pulled in right next to them. As all got out of their vehicles, Sig and Chief immediately began to do reconnaissance. All three bodyguards had paid close attention to the route in. Now it was time to get the lay of the land and make this place secure for their clients. As Skipper was taking initial stock of the area, an older couple came out of a larger and homier type cottage. They were obviously glad to see Justin and Angie. As they embraced and hugged, it was to Skipper like parents receiving their children for a visit. One could see, without even meeting them, that this couple had a fatherly and motherly way about them. While the two couples

laughed and enjoyed pleasantries, the three bodyguards noted some details about the camp. Located about 1/8 mile off the small winding highway, Camp Woodcrest appeared to be an older facility, perhaps built around 1960. There were two large buildings in the center with signage that said “Dining Hall” and “Meeting Room.” There appeared to be about 35 small cabins nestled in the trees as well as a small office between the older couple’s cottage and the meeting hall. The place was very well maintained; this spoke volumes to the three former Seals. Where there was order, chaos would stand out.

Justin was feeling more relief at being at Camp Woodcrest than he thought he would have felt. He felt a peace that ministered to him in a way that only the Lord would know he needed. The presence of the Lord was in this place and it was wonderful. He wondered if Angie was noticing it as well. This camp had many memories for Justin, both good and sad. He never came here without being aware of those memories. Duffy and Liz had been owners of Camp Woodcrest for decades; this place had been their home for a very long time. Justin and Duffy and this camp had a history together as well. Now, however, was not the time to dwell on those memories.

Justin turned towards his three bodyguards. “Skipper, Chief, Sig, please come over and meet this couple.”

The three frogmen walked up to Justin and Duffy and Liz. Angie stood nearby. “Duffy and Liz, this is Rod Scoggins, or ‘Skipper’ as we call him.”

Skipper reached out and shook both their hands politely. “Sir, ma’am, it is nice to meet you both.” Justin introduced the other two former Seals, impressed with their extreme respect and courtesy. Duffy and Liz were of course equally gracious as though seeing the man inside rather than the man and his job.

Duffy said, let’s go to the office and get you all some cabins. As they walked, Duffy said, “Gentlemen, should I use your real names or do you prefer your nicknames?”

Skipper spoke up. "Sir, feel free to use the nicknames. They are easy to remember."

Duffy smiled. "Alright; but you must call me 'Duffy' and you may call my wife 'Liz.'"

"Ok Duffy. Will do."

In the office, Duffy and Liz hustled about and got keys for their guests' cabins. The cabins were always ready for guests. However, in anticipation of these particular guests, they had put bottled waters in each cabin, had already made the beds with fresh sheets and blankets, and added fresh flowers to Justin's and Angie's cabin. Justin and Angie were in a cabin closest to the Meeting Room, with their three guardians in cabins close by. Skipper had asked for his own to be adjacent to Justin's, which Duffy gladly gave him. He asked for Chief and Sig to share a cabin that would flank the other side. The group went their separate ways to go get their gear into the cabins. As they left, Duffy shouted out, "There is chow in the Dining Hall at 6:00 p.m. or 1800 hours." The three frogmen and Justin all smiled. Duffy was going to make these men feel at home.

After they got settled, Chief and Sig set out to investigate the grounds. These men were forever diligent and aware of their duty to be vigilant and they understood well the potential dangers of being in such a remote location surrounded closely by trees and brush. These former Navy Seals made perfect bodyguards as they missed nothing and mentally, they were very prepared to find danger and neutralize it. It was instinctual with them because of years of intense training. As Chief walked by himself through the wooded areas surrounding the cabins, he reflected on his family, his wife and little boy and girl. Little was an understatement. The boy was twelve and the girl ten. His wife, Carla, was 40 years old, just three years younger than him. He missed them, but he was used to being away from them. Last year, he had returned from an 8 month tour away from his family. That was when he decided to retire from the Navy Seals;

it was a family thing. He needed to be around them; they needed to be around him. He was enjoying the solitude and family time for a season at home, but he also missed his career. In trying to choose a career in civilian life, he realized he wasn't suited for a lot of things. That was why he was shocked and delighted when the Skipper approached him about the security team he was forming. These men had worked together in the Seals, and they knew one another and trusted one another. Yet here he was in Washington State, once again away from his family who was back in Los Angeles. He missed them, and the fact that this job would require so much travel had not been anticipated. Conversely Chief also felt the importance of this particular mission to protect Justin and Angie. He felt America needed this couple and what they had, and he deeply admired Justin as a man. In his way of thinking, Justin acted like a founding father of the nation; penning documents for the good of that nation, perhaps even at the cost of his life. Chief was determined to make sure this couple would be safe. Deep inside, he knew that his family's future might also depend on it. Chief and Sig now moved in together and worked the perimeter closer to the main area. They then headed to the office to obtain keys to open and check the other cabins.

Duffy was very cooperative and gave them a master key to all the cabins, pointing out which three cabins had guests in them that shouldn't be disturbed. Seeing the troubled look on the bodyguards' faces as he told them this, Duffy reassured them of not only their quality but that he knew them intimately and also that they would be meeting them at dinner.

Skipper lay on his bed in his quarters relaxing and thinking. He thought about Duffy. Justin said he was a real man of God, a very faith filled and Holy man. Skipper thought back into his own childhood. He was raised Catholic, but he had not followed Catholicism since junior high school. All these years, he had had kind of a Deist view of God, one who was not around in men's affairs. This view

definitely served him well in his career advancement, as devout Christians seemed to get labeled as weak and not stable by the system. Duffy did not look like a priest or anything close to it; he wore overalls and running shoes, and a flannel shirt. Skipper chuckled at the sight of Duffy, yet he could not help feel a peacefulness in this place, a quiet reverent awe. He was enjoying it. He did not understand it, but he could feel it.

Justin went to find Duffy while Angie unpacked their small suitcases and tried to take a short nap. He noticed how the surprise of a small vase of wild flowers blessed her. He made a note to himself about that. After all these years, he was still learning things about her and what she liked and what made her tick. Justin found Duffy in the meeting hall with some people. They were sitting on furniture around a fireplace in a very cozy setting. There was a man and a couple with Duffy. Justin looked surprised. He thought that they were the only ones up here as it was Monday. But there might be people lingering after a weekend retreat.

“Sorry for the intrusion,” Justin said. “Shall I come back later?”

Duffy jumped up. “No, Justin. They have been waiting to meet you.” The man and the couple stood up. Duffy brought Justin over to them. “Justin, this gentleman is Herman Gustafson. He is an Evangelist to South America and originally from Germany.

The older man smiled and held out his hand to Justin. “I am glad to meet you Justin.”

Justin returned the smile and shook his hand. “My pleasure, Herman.” Herman was medium height, kind of lean, and had white receding hair. He looked fit, but he could be about 65 to 70 in Justin’s estimation. He wore a long sleeved white dress shirt, open at the top with no tie, and a pair of khaki colored slacks. Herman had a very thin white mustache, neatly trimmed and he spoke with a very strong German accent.

Duffy then directed Justin to the couple. “This is Dave and Ellen

Francis. They are missionaries to the Philippines.”

Now hiding his puzzlement, Justin shook their hands. “It is nice to meet you both.” Justin was very quiet and reserved when first meeting people. This time was no different. He was eager to find out what the purpose of this meeting was. This couple was in their fifties, like he and Angie. Dave wore glasses and was balding, and he was dressed in blue jeans, athletic shoes, and a polo shirt. Ellen was a pleasant looking lady with graying brown hair that was pulled back in a pony tail. She was casually dressed also with slacks and a blouse. Justin noted that she held on to Dave’s arm closely like a young couple in love. Duffy invited them all to the sitting area by the fireplace to sit and get acquainted.

Dave spoke first and asked Justin about his column. “Justin, I feel like I am in the presence of a celebrity. I read your column; I was wondering how long you have been writing it?”

Justin laughed. “Oh, I started that in the year 2000.”

Dave went on. “You certainly write with conviction and you seem to say what no one else is willing to say.”

Justin looked at Dave and paused as though studying how to answer. “I guess I write from my heart. I have a political science background and I love America. My passion for it, however, has gotten me into some trouble more than once.”

Dave laughed. “Justin, we will be praying for you and your special work. I know God is using you right now in a way that very few can be used. He has set you up and you have been called for such a time as this.”

Justin recognized the quote from the book of Esther. “Thank you Dave. I just pen what I see, and then I do leave the outcome in God’s hands.”

Duffy spoke up. “Justin, we have one more couple arriving a little later, hopefully by dinner time.” He looked around the room at each individual then continued. “At dinner I’d like to share with everyone

why I called them here. This definitely has to do with America and what God wants to do; Justin, I believe you are a key figure in it.”

Justin smiled awkwardly.

Duffy went on. “Also, could you make sure all three of the men who accompanied you today are here for dinner as well? I’d like the group to meet them and for them to hear what we are about. It may not be familiar or their cup of tea, but it can’t hurt and may be like planting seed in their lives.”

“Of course,” Justin said. “I will make sure that they are here.”

After Duffy had finished, the other couple left for their cabin and Justin spent a short while visiting with Herman, who turned out to be a very interesting man. Eventually Justin excused himself to spend some time with Angie before dinner. She didn’t know anything about the other guests and he wanted to bring her up to speed.

As Justin headed for his cabin he thought about the surprise guests. It was just like Duffy to not tell him. He thoroughly trusted Duffy’s intentions, but found himself wondering what it was all about. It sounded to Justin like it was going to be a very interesting evening.

“Build me a son, O Lord, who will be strong enough to know when he is weak, and brave enough to face himself when he is afraid, one who will be proud and unbending in honest defeat, and humble and gentle in victory.” Douglas MacArthur

Chapter 11

The Counsel’s Agreement

SKIPPER HAD FALLEN asleep in his cabin. The bed was more comfortable than he had expected. But then, he had learned to sleep anywhere and in any situation and the need for a comfortable bed was not a high priority to him. He fell into a deep sleep knowing that the other two were on watch. As he slept, he had a recurring dream about an extraction mission he and a Seal team were involved in the 1980’s. They were sent to extract a general out of Libya. This man was going to take power within weeks, and the U.S. Government had wanted this man out of the way and brought in for questioning. Skipper was a Lieutenant at the time, and the team leader. Their insertion plan was this: a Blackhawk Helicopter dropped eight of them into the Mediterranean in the middle of the night. They swam 5 miles into Tarabulus, formerly known as Tripoli. They left gear hidden on the beach and made their way to a military compound a few blocks from the coast. Each Seal was dressed in

back with black stocking caps and black paint on their faces. Four men went around to the left of the compound, and four went to the right. Each group had their assignment but stayed in close contact with the other. Skipper was known as “Leader” and his top man was “Number 2.” The rest of the team was numbered according to rank with the youngest enlisted man being Number 8. The team encountered five guards in the entry to the compound and they stealthily snuck up on them and, using knives eliminated them to maintain a cover of silence.

Once inside the compound, the team who went left ran into another small group of guards as well. Skipper was on the team that went to the right. He and his group quietly scaled a balcony and went into a room that intel had revealed was the general’s sleeping quarters. Two of the Seals grabbed the general, and gagged him and bound his hands. A flurry of gunshots rang out on the compound and Skipper flinched; he knew they had been discovered and his men were being fired upon. Then, a voice came into every man’s ear-piece. Leader, this is five. We’ve encountered hostiles; we took them out, eight is down. Skipper groaned inwardly, as that was his youngest man and one of his favorites. Petty officer 3rd Class Mark Billings was down which meant dead or severely wounded. Skipper’s group made their way down the rope and lowered the bound and gagged general by a long strap. They headed for the beach. As Skipper looked to the right, he saw three men carrying a fourth towards the beach. Number Five came up to Skipper and reported, “He is dead.” They made their way to the gear and inflated two motor powered rafts and set out for deeper waters. The group in the one raft respectfully and reverently placed their fallen comrade on the bottom of the raft. No man is left behind. Skipper had tears welling up in the corner of his eyes. Gratefully, the sea’s mist was hitting him in the face. The extraction was a success. They quietly got away with the general, but at what cost? With that, Skipper awoke in his bed at Woodcrest and

found he was sweating profusely. The dream lingered in him as he threw his legs over the side of the bed and rubbed his eyes. He had not thought about young Mark Billings in a long time. Skipper realized that he was still grieved over the loss; he was in fact saddened by every loss of life on any of his missions. He felt responsible.

Skipper looked down at his watch. It was 1740 hours and he would need to shower fast to get to dinner on time.

Justin came by Skipper's cabin at 5:55 p.m. looking for his bodyguards. Skipper answered and was ready. Justin told Skipper that Duffy wanted to make sure that all three men would be present at dinner. Skipper went to get the other two and Justin, Angie, and the three Seals converged on the Dining Hall at 6:00 sharp.

Justin brought Angie near the group standing near the fireplace and introduced her to the people he had met earlier. A new couple was in the room and Duffy did the introductions. "Justin and Angie, this is Mike and Sarah Keller from Omaha, Nebraska. They are Pastors of a very large church in Omaha and they are also world Evangelists; they travel around the world holding meetings and crusades, and they have a healing ministry. They also oversee a very large network of churches around the world in an apostolic position."

Justin, estimating that this couple was probably in their fifties also, was thinking how important they apparently were and yet how they looked so down home and normal. Mike had on blue jeans and cowboy boots and wore a western shirt. Sarah wore jeans and a sweater and was a very petite looking woman. Her husband was far from that, however. He was burley and large, with hands as big as frying pans and he had a deep and gruff laugh. Mike was probably 6'5" in height and probably 275 pounds. This couple reminded Justin of Duffy and Liz; they seemed to have the love of God coming out of every pore as they smiled and hugged Angie and him.

The three bodyguards were still standing near the door of the Dining Hall, observing and sizing up all of the people in the room.

Justin called them over and introduced them. They were cautious, but also not very concerned. The recent arrival, Mike, seemed particularly friendly and interested in them.

As Duffy called everyone to the table, Justin was amazed at the other guests who were present. He was also eager to find out why they were there and more importantly why he had been called to meet with them. There was Duffy, a man Justin respected more than anyone on the Earth, and his wife Liz. Then, there was the missionary couple, Dave and Ellen Francis. Next, there was the evangelist to South America, Herman Gustafson. And lastly, there was this new couple, Mike and Sarah Keller, Pastors from Omaha. In Justin's mind it was a somewhat strange group.

Everyone took a spot around the table and Justin's three bodyguards got a seat next to each other on one end. The ex-Seals were quiet and respectful but had positioned themselves so as to subtly watch and continue to assess every guest. Duffy and Justin and their wives were down on the other end. Mike Keller sat right across from the three frogmen. Duffy said a brief prayer and He and Liz began serving food to all their guests. As usual, Liz's ability in the kitchen did not disappoint. That was one of the things that made this retreat location so popular. All ate heartily and comfortably as they shared light dinner conversation.

Mike Keller wanted to know when each of the three frogmen had joined the Seals, what their specialty was, and what their final rank was. Mike shared that he was a former Army Ranger. They told him some stories and he told them a few also. There was a common bond here between these three and Mike. Some of the ladies present carried on conversations about their children and grandchildren. Justin and Duffy were on the other end speaking with Herman. Justin found himself strangely drawn to this man from Germany as he spoke of the miraculous realm.

At the end of the meal, Duffy stood up and asked to share a

few things with the group. When he got their attention, he prayed, “Lord, guide and direct us by your Spirit and reveal what you want us to do. Bless what is said here tonight in Jesus’ name. Amen.”

He looked up and continued. “After much prayer, Liz and I felt directed by God to invite you all here. God showed us whom to ask, and I want to thank each of you for your obedience to God in coming. I know that every one of you have extremely busy schedules and it is a sacrifice to be here. This whole time together is about Justin’s work. He needs heavy spiritual support. It is also about our country needing a miracle from God if it is to survive. This week we have an opportunity to birth something in the realm of the Spirit that can bring great change to our nation. At the risk of his life, Justin has written articles that are creating quite a stir in the country, and I must say the devil is mad and pulling out all stops to heighten his onslaught and retaliation. I also hate to say this, but the Christians who need to be praying, well, many of them are too mad at the president and the circumstances to be able to be in the Spirit and pray in the will of God. What I would like to see here with our group is a stand of faith for God to raise individual and small groups of prayer warriors around this country and even the world, which will begin to bring Heaven’s resources on the scene. We need angels to get into the mix on a national level, and I do not think they have done much yet. Lastly, Justin needs Godly counsel and I have invited people here who can seek God together for his counsel for this time. From now on, if it is alright with Justin, I’d like all of you to work together, even when you go back home, to remain Godly and seasoned counsel as a resource for Justin and Angie. I would now like to see what others of you have to say.” With that, Duffy sat down and opened the floor to whoever wanted it.

Justin was overwhelmed. So was Angie. The magnitude of what Duffy had just said and how it pertained to him was eye opening. Angie was looking at Justin as though for the first time. She knew

what he was writing, she knew the potential. But until this moment, she had not fully realized the depth. This was her husband and she now saw the mantle on him. She saw the bigger implication and more importantly God's hand in this assignment that He had laid upon her husband.

Herman stood up first. He turned to Justin and spoke in his thick accent, "Justin, I am from Germany, but I have used the United States as my home base for many years. I am now proud to say that I am a United States citizen. I would first like to thank you for your personal sacrifice to produce the column, as I know it is dangerous work. You have thrown a rock at a hornet's nest, so to speak. But instead of running, you keep throwing more rocks." Many in the room laughed, including Justin. Even the three frogmen chuckled at the picture. Herman went on. "God can use you boldly stating the truth to our nation. The anointing is the most powerful in exact truth. Not a degree of the truth, not half-truths, but 100% truth. That is what is needed. Jesus laid forth the principle that the truth will set us free. But first, to be free, one must have 100% truth. That is what our country needs. Duffy, I agree with you that Heaven has hardly started to be involved yet due to a lack of focus and direction on the part of the Church." Herman looked squarely into Justin's eyes and said, "You have set your foot in the Jordan so that it might part, and we must now carry the presence of the Lord through the parted waters, and that is done through prayer." With that, he sat down.

Dave Francis, the missionary, was the next to stand up. "I feel that the climate nationally is evil, and the enemy is running rampant. There is real danger on the horizon here, and it may be sooner than we think. I have been to many nations, and many starving countries, and it was a solace to always have America to come back to. But now America is heading towards a third world climate if changes are not made. Justin, I feel that the path you have taken is right-on. It is needed. I am also appalled at the examples of socialism I have

seen around the world. The seed principle would dictate that every small move towards socialism propels us faster towards it. It begins to build upon itself, and it now is multiplying itself in our land. I'd like my wife to share a vision she had about this issue."

Dave gave his wife, Ellen, the floor and sat down. She began, "First let me say that I agree wholeheartedly with all that has been said thus far." She lowered and cocked her head to the side as though listening to something or someone. She took a breath and continued. "I had a vision about six weeks ago and I saw America as a barren wasteland. People were scurrying from here to there throughout the land trying to find food, and many were begging for it. The resources of our land were blighted with drought and famine and there was not enough food, anywhere. No cars were on the roads and no trains were on the tracks and no airplanes were in the air. No television was seen, and no phone lines worked; no cell phones were operating. The land was suffering and demonic spirits walked the land freely in plain sight seeing to the total destruction. The Lord spoke to me and said that this was the future if America stayed on her present course. The Lord also revealed to me that He would be able to intervene, but He quoted me the scripture, "*you have not because you ask not.*" So I believe we have some prayer work to do." Ellen then sat down.

Justin was shocked. This was exactly like his dream several weeks back and appeared to be about the same time. Justin stood up, shaking inside as he remembered his dream and how real and terrifying it had seemed to him. He cleared his throat and began to speak. "I also had a dream a few weeks ago; the vision is the same. In this dream, the people were starving and that is what started me on this path. I saw the hungry people of our nation in a dream, but our nation got that way through deception and deceit and that deception is that socialism is a solution to our nation's financial problems. The American people need to know that all socialism must stop. All governmental interference with free enterprise, all increased

government cost through taxation and increased programs, it must all stop. Business must be business and government must be government and it should not cross over. If it does cross over, then America could have a monetary collapse that can leave millions of Americans hungry and in desperate dangerous times. I also believe that we must pray and seek God to heal our land. I am very open to you men and women of God and your guidance. I am impressed that some of God's best are here, and I greatly desire your counsel. I am with you as we pray this week." Justin took his seat.

Angie stood up next. She was a little timid but she felt compelled to share. "I have seen my husband agonize over America and he has carried a great weight on his shoulders. Now, because of his obedience to what God has shown him, he and I now have little freedom because of death threats. My husband is a good man and a man who stands for what he believes no matter what the cost." Angie stopped and turned now towards her husband and spoke with a firm yet softer voice. "Justin, I want you to know that I am with you no matter where this thing takes us and I will always believe in you. I do pray and will continue to cover you before the Lord on a daily basis. We are in this together." Turning back to the group again she said, "I so appreciate this group, each and every one of you, for undertaking with us now. I thank God for all of you." Angie sat down.

Justin was so proud of her at that moment; he reached for her hand and gave it a squeeze.

Mike Keller, clearing his throat, stood up next. "I have been around the world many times and I have never seen a nation like America. Americans take for granted the blessing, the privileges and the benefits of living in this nation; most of them do not realize that this freedom, their freedom and the life that was America may be ending. We are called 'delusional.' Often what we say is called rhetoric or we are called 'right wing extremists.' But if we are extremists, then every founding father was, the Constitution was, and

everything that our beloved soldiers have died for is vanity and they were extremists too. I am a Veteran; I fought in Viet Nam and many of my friends never came home from there. To see our country lose its freedoms is to disgrace and dishonor the memory of those men and women who died fighting for this country in any war. We need to stand in prayer, and we need to tell Satan, 'hands off this nation!' I believe our first order of prayer is to ask God to expand the praying numbers of believers in this land and to raise many such groups to action. Justin and Angie, we are with you, and we will stand by you in the Spirit realm. We will not let up." Mike sat down. The room was quiet.

Everyone turned in the direction of the noise of a chair being pushed back. Skipper, to everyone's surprise, especially his men's, was standing up. He looked soberly around the room. "I am not a minister like the rest of you. But I have been impressed tonight by your comments as people who have real concern for our country. I have wanted to see this concern exemplified in our politicians and other officials, as well as in some of our military leaders. Many of them are climbing the ladder of ambition and not paying attention to our eroding nation. I want all of you to know that as the team leader of Justin's security team, I will protect Justin and Angie so that they are free to do what they must do. We are ready to risk our lives to do this if need be." Skipper sat down. Everyone in the room applauded.

Now Sarah Keller stood up and there was a long pause. Then, in perfect pitch and a beautiful tone, she began to sing the National Anthem, a cappella. Quietly everyone stood; some with heads bowed, some with hands over their hearts, the soldiers at attention. In view of the evening and the dinner, and the dire situation, every person in the room was very moved, even the tough young ex-Navy Seal, Sig.

Eventually the evening came to an end. Duffy stood and thanked them all for their words, and again for coming. With a smile he added, "We will serve breakfast here at 8:00 a.m. and meet to pray

at 9:30 a.m. in the meeting hall. The group broke up and many left for their cabins. Chief and Sig, having spent the evening indoors, left to do a thorough patrol of the grounds, escorting Angie back to her cabin, on their way. Skipper had excused himself as he had some work to do. Justin stayed around to talk to Duffy, Herman, and Mike who were lingering.

America was in trouble but God was moving, and the move was beginning in the Spiritual realm first. This group of people was not fully aware of their key role in God's plan, since they were moving by faith. All Hell was arrayed against the country and it was slipping fast into a dark abyss, but God was raising a standard. These humble people who gathered to help Justin were a counsel of great and Godly people who came together to receive the counsel of God and give that counsel to Justin and Angie. You might call this the Counsel of Woodcrest, for it was a kairos moment, a season of destiny, and time of great strategy. This was God's way, this was God's moving. No attack from Heaven would be launched without a true foundation in the Word and in prayer.

"I tremble for my country when I reflect that God is just."
Thomas Jefferson

Chapter 12

The Master's Plan

THE SENATOR PICKED up his cell phone and dialed a number. He looked out his office window and saw the winds whipping flags and blowing through the trees outside of the nation's Capital. Washington D.C. was windy for this time of year. He heard the phone ringing. A familiar voice answered the phone. It was Anders Drake in New York City. Senator Donald Norton, a U.S. Senator, was after an update. The Senator was impatient and angry. "Anders," barked the Senator, "Justin Brooks has released another column today, and this was NOT supposed to happen. This new column is already getting increased readership and drawing much too much attention! It is the most inflammatory thing anyone has done yet towards the president."

Anders was also angry. "I know Senator Norton, I agree, the article is right here in front of me. We are already on top of this."

The Senator relaxed only slightly. "Well, the less I know about it the better, but we are counting on you. Don't let us down! I have a lot at stake on this next election and so does the Country. We can make

this nation a truly great one, but change must happen, major change. The less the people know or understand the less uprising against any change there will be.”

Anders replied like the “yes” man he was. He actually despised the Senator though. He knew he was much smarter than this egotistical and pompous representative of the people. Still, for his own purposes he said soothingly, “Got it Senator, we will not let you down. I guarantee the target will be removed from the public scene.”

Anders had said the right thing, the right way; the Senator was now much calmer. “Anders, did you notice how Justin Brooks signed off on his column this time?”

“Yes I did, Senator,” replied Anders. “Give me liberty or give me death.”

The Senator released a demonic chuckle and said, “Anders, let’s not give him liberty.”

Despite his contempt for the Senator, he appreciated the joke. “I understand, Senator. We are more than happy to oblige him.” The two men exchanged goodbyes and set about their day’s nefarious work.

Early Tuesday morning Duffy came into the conference meeting area. He had already been to town and had picked up multiple copies of *The American Tribune*, the one that had Justin’s current column in it. He built a fire and sat down to read it. It had been announced in Sunday’s issue that the column would appear on Tuesday; there were many readers anticipating its arrival. Duffy was one of them. There was the column in its usual spot. Duffy read it with great interest and fascination. He thought this writing would really stir the cooking pot of controversy as Justin was discussing presidential impeachment and other drastic measures. Duffy couldn’t believe Justin had gone there. He could see why Justin was the target of hateful people; he had hit the proverbial hornet’s nest. However, what was written had to be said and could only be said by someone willing to

risk all. Duffy was proud of Justin, his son in the Lord. He also was concerned and knew the only place to address the concern was in the presence of the Lord. Justin and his wife would need much prayer covering. Duffy closed the newspaper and closed his eyes momentarily lifting up a prayer to the Lord. He then went to help Liz finish preparing breakfast. It was going to be a full day with teachings and praying and whatever else God showed them by His Spirit. Duffy was excited and expectant.

Justin sat in front of his laptop writing for a few hours before breakfast. He had been working on his column and praying over it; he was making good progress. It seemed time was flying here. It was already Wednesday. The activities of the day before had been over the top. The tiny group that Duffy had assembled had sought God together as a group, worshipped, and shared teachings. Herman Gustafson had taught on something called: "God's Legal Access." Justin had been really blessed by what he had heard; he had taken six pages of notes. It was awesome and very Biblically sound in Justin's mind, and it was needed at this hour in history.

Justin realized he had a refreshed drive and vigor. The dinner meeting the first night there had given him so much courage and motivation to push on. He could see spiritual substance building and he could sense God moving. He could also feel the effects of the prayers. He would continue his column and use his platform to pummel socialism and to do whatever his part was to bring freedom back to America.

Angie stirred in the bed of the little one room cabin. The cabin was only big enough for a double bed, small couch and desk. It did have its own bathroom which was, despite its age, as immaculate as it probably was when first built. Even though these were close quarters, he and Angie always enjoyed coming here. She enjoyed the intimacy and nature; for him it was a place of peace and rest and he always found it easy to write here.

Sig had relieved Chief's watch at 0300 hours. Every night thus far had been uneventful and he was finishing this watch by doing an early morning recon of the camp. He walked carefully and quietly through the woods. Despite the branches and limbs on the forest floor, he didn't make a sound. His ear was tuned in to the morning sounds of the woods; mostly birds competing with each other. Nothing seemed abnormal... the birds would sound different if there was. Still he moved stealthily around the perimeter of the buildings, making sure all was secure. He had checked out the license plate of the car that he had seen outside of Justin's home a few days before. Unfortunately, he hit a temporary dead end when he found out and confirmed it was a rental car. He would have to dig deeper to find out who had rented it. The three frogmen did not really expect trouble at Woodcrest, but they kept a 24 hour watch anyway. Sig and Chief did most of the watches, although Skipper did relieve them at times. This was out of respect and the informal ranking in their firm, as Skipper was the boss, the owner, and signed their paychecks. It did go deeper than that, however. The Seals had taught them all how to lead and how to be led. Every man that wore the Trident knew how to keep a chain of command; often, their very lives depended on it. It was important that their leader always be in a position that he could direct from. Skipper was their leader, and Sig and Chief didn't mind that one bit. Skipper was also one of the smartest men that Sig knew and he was a father figure to Sig as well. He respected this man more than anyone else he knew. However, Skipper's support of Justin, which went beyond just protection, was slightly baffling to Sig. He did not quite know how to take Justin. Justin seemed to think it important to hang out here at Woodcrest with these "Bible" people. Sig had little use for any of it. He was here to do a job, nothing more. Rather than depend on God, Sig preferred to think that he could depend on himself and his team. That was all he needed. He felt that Justin's dependency on others

was a weakness. He did like Justin, and he did admire what he was doing for the country, but he was not fully persuaded that Justin was as honest as he seemed, or as strong and solid as he appeared to be as an individual. Sig looked at his watch. It was time to go in and he was hungry; He was looking forward to breakfast. He definitely had no complaints about the food at Woodcrest.

Every day that passed, Satan's foothold in America was getting stronger. There was still no major contingent released from Heaven to turn the tide of the political climate. The current angelic activity was just routine activity, and was not stirred up like the demonic activity taking place in the air around the nation. For God's angels to move out requires God's people to pray. That is a given. But many of God's people were throwing up only sporadic shotgun prayers and thinking that someone somewhere else was doing what was needed in the way of structured and effective efforts. But these efforts were not going forth, not in the massive action that is required to overcome such a host of enemies. Many believers who desired change were caught in a trap of feeling hatred for the liberal president. This is no way to move God's hand. Faith only works where there is love and forgiveness. When believers became concerned for the president's eternal soul, this would be a good basis for their prayers for help from God. (Mark 11:24-25)

Other believers were in deep fear and had lost faith months back. And they had good reason. Here is a summation of the opposition. This liberal president had much of the country behind him because they had been lulled into a sense of security and they wanted his healthcare, and the social programs, and the handouts, and it was basically like Esau, Jacob's brother selling his future birthright for the pot of lentils; he was hungry for what was instant gratification. Likewise, Americans wanted immediate comfort and financial help from the government at the cost of future freedom. The lentils were the healthcare and other dangling carrots, and the birthright was the country's freedom. With masses of people

having their human nature being appealed to, this had turned into a very demonic situation, one from which there seemed no return.

America had been set up in the previous years of prosperity by evil to now have a socialistic takeover come to pass. Since so many believers were immobilized for one reason or another, this created a vacuum over the political and economic arena as far as prayer was concerned. The leaders at the Counsel of Woodcrest knew this fact and they were taking steps to address and solve it, through faith and prayer. Before you could pray against the massive demonic hoards, you first had to pray for the praying and voting army of God to arise. Herman's message on God's Legal Access made that fact very clear to all of them.

When Hitler rose to power, he did so with the help of demonic power. There was a strongman demon in him, and hundreds of thousands of demons pushing and driving the Third Reich. That little nation of Germany was virtually unbeatable for quite some time. It took a conglomerate of allied nations to bring about their defeat with God's help. Some of the allied leaders like Winston Churchill called for a National Day of Prayer. Leaders and citizens of those nations literally threw themselves upon the mercy of God to give them the wisdom and the strength to beat Hitler. It was a very close call.

That same demonic power had now mounted up in America and the focus of all was on the coming election. Could this liberal candidate be beat without God's intervention? This was a good question, as he had popularity, a biased media, and many ignorant Americans ready to vote for him. Would this man be used of the devil to bring America to its knees and would Satan get his way and drive this nation into socialism and potential poverty and starvation? If the nation could not get hungry for God, it might just get hungry.

The Woodcrest group stayed together all week, taking turns teaching while others took copious notes. More importantly, they prayed and sought God, often just sitting around in silence or even

laying on their face quietly, all together in Holy reverence. The presence of God was very strong most of the time. Justin, himself, received much helpful understanding and revelation about the nation on a spiritual level. He also had many intimate talks with the wise people that Duffy had assembled at Woodcrest.

During that week, the three frogmen floated around Woodcrest, quietly keeping watch, always aware of what was going on and who was where, but never getting in the way. In fact, most of the time, Duffy's guests were not even aware of their presence. It was fairly easy work and at times so peaceful it felt like a vacation. They wondered about Justin's next move, and knew they would be heading back to Wenatchee by the end of the week. Angie and Justin had stayed glued to the sessions and attended everything that Duffy had set up for the group. One of the frogmen rotated into each session to be with Justin. Skipper did the most sessions; he got much out of them too.

In one particular session, Mike Keller was speaking. It was Sig's turn to sit in with Angie and Justin. He sat in the back of the room like a faithful bodyguard only paying half attention to the teaching. Sig was drawn to Mike who was a kind and loving huge bear-like man. Mike had at least two inches on Sig in height and about sixty pounds of weight. But Sig, a combat hardened and violent warrior had never found an equal in hand to hand fighting. Sig did not know that Mike had left all that in his Army Ranger days and replaced it with an utter dependence on God and the love of God.

Justin was focused intently on what Mike was sharing. Mike had called the teaching: "The Dominion of Christ." To Justin, on the heels of Herman's teaching on "God's Legal Access," this was very well timed. Justin thought he had been raptured up by Mike's teachings into a permanent state of Heavenly revelation.

As Mike was sharing, he noticed Sig sitting in the back of the room. He understood Sig more than Sig realized; he knew the kind

of faithful yet conflicted man Sig was. Mike had been just like him. But, he had traded in his position and skills in the Army Rangers for God and God's unending love. He had not come easy into the Kingdom, but come he did and just as when he gave his all for the Rangers, he had given his all to the Lord. Mike ended the teaching in prayer and then called out to Sig. Sig was leaning against a wall in the furthest rear point of the room. Almost as if to make clear that he was in no way a part of these meetings. Mike asked, "Son, can I pray for you?"

Sig sat up and answered awkwardly. "Oh, I don't think that is necessary, Sir."

Mike, however, had already started towards Sig and responded, "oh son, there is nothing to be afraid of."

Mike could not have said a better thing, for Sig was about to prove that he was not afraid of anything and replied, "That will be fine. Go ahead Sir."

Mike in his hulk-sized form was already standing in front of Sig. Justin and Duffy turned around to see this, having a small inkling of what was coming. Mike was a man that was full of God's love. He had been around the world preaching, getting the lost saved, praying for the sick and ministering the Holy Spirit to millions of people. He had dealt with the vilest of demons in his career as a minister of the Gospel of Jesus Christ and had been used by God to produce the most profound miracles as well. Now this great man was focusing on this young frogman, and he was intent on blessing him.

Sig had never been called "son" by his dad. In fact, to this day, he was not even sure that his dad had ever loved him. He had convinced himself that it didn't matter and never would. Sig looked up into this ex-Ranger's eyes.

Mike smiled kindly at Sig and began. He put his hand on Sig's shoulder. "Son, I want to pray that this mission to guard Justin and Angie is a successful one for you." He closed his eyes and began to

pray, “Lord, I ask you to help these men in a supernatural way to protect this couple, and in so doing, to be a blessing to this nation too.” He opened his eyes and Sig relaxed.

Sig thought, that wasn’t so bad, short and to the point.

But Mike wasn’t finished like Sig thought and continued. “Now Son, God has shown me a few things about you, and He says you are a very strong and powerful man who has great skill. You have impressed God with your bravery and your obedience to superiors, and He also says you have been through some very difficult things in your life. You had a personal breaking in the last year, and it left you sad, lonely and disappointed with other people. You feel that some people cannot be depended on.”

Sig was fidgeting and moved from foot to foot. This man was laying out his life in front of him and the man didn’t know him. Sig had never told this to anyone, not even Chief or Skipper. Tears were welling up in Sig’s eyes. He tried to hold them back. He was not one to cry at all. But this man was touching the deepest hidden part of his heart. He was glad the rest of his team was not present.

Mike went on. “This broken relationship left you angry, Son, and you wanted to kill people but your strong sense of duty held you back; in fact, you swallowed the pain and hurt. But Son, God knows how you feel, Jesus was also betrayed, and He knows how you feel. He says you are going to be OK. You will be alright in the coming days. He is healing your wounds inside; He is healing your heart. He is soothing you now.”

Sig now had huge drops of tears flowing and he was sniffing and his nose was running and Duffy ran him a few tissues to help stop the flow. Sig felt like he had been reverted back to the innocence of his childhood. He felt a huge weight fall off of him, and he did not understand it. Sig felt anger dissolve out of him in a moment of time. He could think of no other explanation but God – a God he didn’t know or understand. In this moment, he felt that he was important

to God. He did not know how to process this. All he knew is that he did not want the euphoria to stop.

Mike and the others understood. Everyone who has ever been radically saved knows exactly how it feels. One moment you are in despair and alone, the next moment you are lost in His love and this love follows you the rest of your earthly life.

Mike asked Sig if he had ever received the Lord. Not knowing exactly what Mike was asking, Sig was pretty sure he hadn't and said "no."

Mike led him in a sinner's prayer and Sig followed along. Sig had total trust in Mike, this fatherly figure. Mike had Sig slowly and deliberately confess Jesus as his Lord and Savior. Sig was in a daze, but also very obedient. He was following the man of God's lead and he knew that he wanted to go where this man was taking him. There was something about this love that was pouring into him. He felt he was being fathered and it was filling something that he hadn't even realized was so empty.

Sig finished the sinner's prayer; he had become a born again man. Nothing would ever be the same for him again. The ferocious lion would become a lion for God, and from now on, he would be meek as a lamb most of the time. Love would rule him. God had used Mike to break open and heal and fill this complicated young man. This was quite normal for Mike. Mike walked in the Father's anointing and was used by God many times to crack open hard shells around the hearts of God's lost children; and then call out to them through the gifts of the Holy Spirit and lead them to Jesus. The shell a person puts around himself, to protect him or her from other people, keeps Father God out too. Once the shell is open, God can then minister ever so tenderly truth, love, nurturing, revelation, and just plain inner security to bring that person inner healing.

Sig had just received Jesus Christ. It felt strange. Warmth, like waves of current was pulsating gently through his body. But the

biggest shock to him of all was the love. He felt it like he had never felt it before. What he previously thought was love could have only been a poor counterfeit. He was healed inside. He could barely stand, he felt as though he had been drinking all day long, but he was sober. But he was drunk too.

Mike stepped back and released Sig's shoulder. He stood about three feet from him. Mike looked at Sig and asked, "Son, do you want even a bigger blessing?"

Sig wondered how it could get much bigger. "Y..Yes," he stammered.

Mike swung his arm around like a softball pitch and released his hand right at Sig, very fast, never even touching Sig.¹ Sig flew back against the wall with a huge thud and slid slowly down it. He was totally limp as he went to the floor. This tough, former Navy Seal was no match for the power of God's Omnipotent Holy Spirit. Mike turned and walked away. At the back of the room, Sig lay there with his back against the wall and his eyes closed, occasionally crying. Justin and Angie and Duffy looked on incredulously. They had never seen anything quite as powerful as that.

God demonstrated Himself many times that week at Woodcrest through Mike and several of the other ministers. Many other God happenings occurred that week at Camp Woodcrest and the little group was very blessed. God had met each person in a special way and touched them with His love and plans and purposes. Even Skipper saw things that were beyond his reasoning and he was blessed also. None, however, was more impacted or more changed than young Sig.

Significantly, Justin and Angie received a new outlook and were able to lock in for the battle that was to about to come. They didn't know what was ahead, but their trust was Heaven-ward and they were pushing forward. On Friday, the small band of spiritual warriors had packed and they all came together in the meeting hall one

last time to say goodbye. The group knew they needed to leave this mountain top experience and get back to their lives. They each felt more equipped for the tasks that lay ahead and they knew what they had to do. More prayer and more action were needed now. It was not to just pray for the nation; it was seek to God and let Him change them first. Then they would have the ability to change the nation.

Duffy hugged Justin like a father saying goodbye to his son who is going off to war. Justin could feel the extra strength in Duffy's arms; what did Duffy know? Had God shown Duffy something about his future? Both of them had tears in their eyes. Angie and Liz embraced, and were teary eyed as well. Duffy also gave each of the frogmen a huge hug. This was Duffy's way; these three bodyguards were now family and these men each reciprocated the show of affection. Justin's group left and began the drive back to Wenatchee. Duffy watched them leave and offered up a little prayer for their traveling safety.

#1 This Holy Spirit ministry in power is very similar to the miracle ministry of World Evangelist, Pastor, and Apostle Dave Duell of Denver, Colorado who was inspiration for the Mike Keller character.

“Firearms are second only to the Constitution in importance; they are the peoples’ liberty’s teeth.” George Washington

Chapter 13

The Interview

The spiritual climate was already changing. In the last week, because of the increased prayers of the saints, more angels had come down from Heaven into the atmosphere over America. As they arrived they were threatened and daunted by Satan’s fallen angels and demons, but the demons did so from a safe distance. There were still thousands of evil beings for every one of God’s angels that had as yet manifested on the Earth. God’s people had not yet established a spiritual platform. The Counsel of Woodcrest had done much to lay a foundation, but more time was needed, and more prayer. In the book of Daniel, an angel arrived twenty-one days after Daniel began to pray. His prayer was over the destiny of a nation. (Daniel 10) This angel had been detained by an evil strongman from Satan called the Prince of Persia. This being had spiritual dominion over the Persian Empire and it had not been challenged for hundreds of years. He no doubt inhabited the King of Persia. Daniel was bringing a rumbling spiritually to the status quo in Satan’s hierarchy of command on Earth. No wonder so much resistance was given to this angel who was sent by God. But the Arch-angel, Michael, was also dispatched and

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gave assistance and the angel got through with a message for Daniel. America was like this right now. The evil beings now ruling in America felt that their scheme was under threat and they knew an extra supply of angels were manifesting from Heaven. It was not an all-out assault from Heaven yet, but it was more than normal.

ON THE DRIVE back to his home in Wenatchee, those in Justin's car were quiet. It was an exhilarating yet tiring week for everyone. Justin was more strengthened in his resolve but also knew that he had even more to pursue God about. He felt that timing was critical and he knew he couldn't waste a moment. However, the pressure, if you could call it that, was not the kind of pressure that anxiously said, "You better hurry, you don't have much time, hurry, hurry." Rather it was a gentle insistence and knowing that there were things to do and he was being called to get right to it. They hadn't been on the road very long when, as Justin was pondered these thoughts, his cell phone rang. It was a television station in Seattle and they were inquiring about whether he would be available to do a live interview on a local news talk show. They wanted him to discuss his views on the government as well as comment on his recent column and people's reaction to it. Justin was quite excited to do this. After accepting the invitation, he turned to Skipper, this time riding with him and Angie on the trip home, and filled him in on the details of the invitation.

Skipper was not very excited about a public appearance for Justin. Justin had been asked to arrive the next evening at the station in Seattle at 5 p.m. Once again, Skipper realized that he and his team would need to make the drive across the mountains tomorrow with no time to prepare or do much, if any, advance reconnaissance. For her safety, Angie would need to come along as well. He didn't want to divide the team up any more than necessary, and Angie staying home alone was not an option.

Justin was thoughtful and reflective the rest of the drive home from Woodcrest. His interview at the news station could be very key and possibly be aired nationally, or at least bits and clips of it. It looked like doors were opening for him to go public and possibly expose the truth behind this current administration's campaign goal of bringing about political and economic change. Justin's target was to stop the re-election of the standing president who seemed bent on altering the face of America through great deception and deceit. Why a man would be so sold out to socialism was baffling to Justin. Justin knew that socialism was a totally evil blight on humanity, a slap in the face of freedom, and a way to bring a country to its knees economically. He remembered the words and warnings of Marty Abraham, his colleague at the college. America was headed for an economic collapse, and the president and the Federal Reserve Board were doing things that would insure this would happen. Was this deliberate? Did they want a total collapse so they could completely restructure the country financially and politically? Did the president really want to see a collapse? Or was he just a pawn in all of this? Justin wondered...

In the Suburban following closely behind Justin's vehicle, Chief and Sig sat quietly. Skipper checked in a couple of times, but other than that there wasn't much conversation. Sig drove, but was reflecting on their stay at Woodcrest. He was still in utter amazement at what had happened and couldn't talk about it just yet. God had spoken to him, and he had a new concept of a Jesus who is all-powerful and loves him just the way he is. This was amazing to him. He didn't even have to perform to make God love him. This was a new way of thinking and this new thinking in him was put to the test on the drive home.

Justin pulled off the freeway and into a gas station with a convenience store to use the rest room. Chief and Sig followed Justin into the little store where the restrooms were located. Besides the

clerk, there were three loud, unruly, unkempt, and rough-looking young men. They were gathered around the chilled beer in the back of the store. To Chief they looked like they lived comfortably in the surrounding woods; they were probably in their 20's if that and were big boys; all unshaven, wearing combat type boots and flannel shirts. Justin, not taking much notice, headed for the restrooms. Chief and Sig walked down separate aisles of the store. These boys had obviously been drinking. Chief and Sig feigned interest in grocery items, but kept a keen watch on the men. The men selected some beer and were heading to the counter when they intersected Justin coming from the restroom. The obvious leader of the group made a mocking comment to Justin, trying to get a reaction. Justin ignored them and nodding to the cashier, headed back out to the car. This seemed to incense the men who threw insults at him as he left. The men had no idea that Justin had two men with him in the store, ready to use deadly force to protect him if need be. Chief made his way around a long shelf to the other end, and came back up an aisle close to where Justin was exiting. Chief was also unsure how Sig would react to this situation. He knew Sig's skills and a little about his temper in instances such as this. Chief was tensed up and ready for anything, but he knew better than to subject Justin and Angie to any kind of violence if it could be avoided.

Justin exited as one of the men said, "Not much of a man is he?" The others laughed, and slammed a couple of six-packs of beer onto the counter. Sig had moved to a position right behind the men who had now turned their attention towards the cashier and were giving him a bad time. They were looking for a reason to fight and seemed intent on picking one. They weren't really aware of Sig's or Chief's presence, but the cashier was. Sig had a pack of gum in his hand, trying to look fairly innocent. The cashier asked to see the young men's identifications and the three bullies were not having it. With heated voices, they began to threaten and swear at the cashier.

Sig was evaluating the situation but was also ready to react if necessary. As things were beginning to escalate, he finally, said, "Come on guys, leave the man alone. If you are not old enough, then get out."

The man who had spoken rudely to Justin turned and stared at Sig who stared right back. The man was about the same size as Sig, who was 6 foot 3 inches tall. Normally, Sig would act shy and weak just to deceive the other person into taking an aggressive action. Then he would cut loose on him and swiftly diffuse the situation. But something in Sig was different. This time, he acted very authoritatively and as a seasoned man who wanted to avoid confrontation.

The young man, however, started to clench his fists. This could have been an awful mistake on his part. The man was so arrogant and drunk that he was clueless to who was standing in front of him. Chief noticed the man's body language and stepped up next to Sig. In the most authoritative voice he had, Chief said "What seems to be the problem here?"

Now two more mature and confident men stood in front of these big young guys. The leader, who had been the most belligerent moments before, spoke a little more softly now. "No problem, I guess we are leaving." With that, the three men hurried out of the store leaving their beer on the counter. They got in an old pick up truck and sped off.

Inside the store the cashier profusely thanked the two strangers for coming to his rescue; he knew that it could have been a real sticky situation as they had made trouble before. Sig bought his gum and the two men quickly left; they didn't want any attention brought to them or the cars they were traveling in. The two vehicles headed back to the freeway. Sig thought on the incident in the store for quite a while as they headed back toward Wenatchee. He had not wanted to harm the three men as he would have before and he was acutely aware of this change in his own behavior. Sig had chosen to

impose authority on these young men instead of luring them to a situation where he could mete out the punishment they deserved. Sig had found mercy inside of his own mind and heart and though it felt slightly foreign to him, it also felt good. He didn't need vengeance on mankind any longer. He was pretty sure that this new mindset would not interfere with his duty to his boss, his job, or their client. He was a new man; he was healed of the wounds. His mind went to Jesus. That force that Mike Keller had released on him that day that flung him against the wall was now in his own mind the greatest power on Earth; it was the power of love, the love of God. He was now a man that belonged to God. He liked how he felt at that thought. In truth, he hadn't felt good about himself for a very long time.

Justin worked that night in his home office and prepared the third article for his "Hungry Nation" column in *The Tribune*. He also sent some writings off to Jeff, his friend who was setting up the website for him. When Jeff released the website live, it would have ready-to-go resources to support Justin's viewpoints as well as other critical facts. Angie and their bodyguards were preparing for the trip to Seattle the next day. It was fairly simple as the group would only be gone overnight. Justin would be interviewed as the others watched; the producer had said that it would only take about 30 minutes. This would be Justin's first public appearance in years and the first time he would speak on this issue of the current economics, and the country's current socialistic direction. Justin's plan was to openly discuss the socialistic ways of the present administration and the nation as a whole. He was very prayerful about exactly what he should say; there was so much to cover and he had only 30 minutes.

Justin finished with his work and went to hang out with Angie who was still packing. Because of the accompanied drive from Woodcrest and the immediate need to re-pack for Seattle, he hadn't had much private time with her. He was glad she was at his side; he

needed her there. He also knew that with all the changes happening so fast in their life, she needed to know that despite the busyness, he was there for her. As important as this call was that God had placed on him, Angie was his first priority. He found her focused and carefully laying folded clothes across the bed for their quick overnight trip. He threw himself on the bed next to the piles which brought a scolding from her. He laughed; then she laughed.

After chatting a while, Justin left Angie to her tasks and went into the family room to relax. Skipper was sitting in a chair near the window apparently deep in thought. He looked up when he heard Justin enter. "Justin, do you have time to sit down a moment? I would like to talk a little."

Justin took a seat opposite Skipper. "Sure. What's up?"

"Well," said Skipper, "I don't feel very good about this trip tomorrow or this interview. My men and I are supposed to keep you safe, and when you are out in the open or doing something in public, without any advance preparations and with thousands of people watching you, whether on television or in person, we are at a definite disadvantage."

Justin sighed. "Skipper, your concerns are duly noted, but I am not going to shut down my life. I can't. If I give in to fear, the enemy has already won."

Skipper knew Justin was speaking on a spiritual level again when he used the term "enemy." "Ok," said Skipper. "I figure that we are not going to talk you out of it, but you need to listen to us when we are there. You and Angie both need to do things our way. It is for your own good. It is for your safety."

Justin stared at Skipper. He thought about how these men were possibly putting their lives on the line for him and he knew he needed to submit to their wisdom. Otherwise, what was the point of them being his and Angie's bodyguards? Despite the inconvenience, he was feeling safer and he could tell that Angie particularly was.

“Skipper, I can do that. I do recognize and appreciate that you and your team are good at your business, so I promise that I will not be a fool about this at all.”

Skipper smiled. “Thank you Justin, I feel a bit better. Your cooperation is essential to do what we do. We will be on high alert, however, because of the many variables there are in a big city. We will move carefully, and with precision and only after we feel it is safe. I know I can’t hold you back from what you are destined to do.” With a twinkle in his eyes he continued, “Maybe it is my destiny to see that you do it.” Both men laughed.

Late the next morning the two vehicles set out for Seattle. They wanted to have plenty of time to locate the news station in advance, get checked into the hotel that the station was providing, and get a bite to eat. This time Sig rode with Justin and Angie and Chief and Skipper drove the Suburban. There was room in the Suburban for all of them and their gear, but Justin liked the normalcy that driving his own car provided, especially for Angie. The frogmen also thought it better tactically to have a separate vehicle following behind. Anyone approaching or attacking Justin’s vehicle would immediately come under the assault of the two men in the Suburban. That strategy would blindside any attackers. So, with Sig in Justin’s car and the Suburban following subtly behind, they felt they had the best coverage possible.

In America, no one that was human could see the swarming demons and fallen angels, or God’s angels, except for perhaps some gifted Christians who were sprinkled into the mix of the population; individuals such as Duffy and Herman who sensed and even at times saw these beings and knew the spiritual forecast. These men were not alone, there were thousands of people who had this discernment but not all of them were positioned for warfare. In America, the demonic stronghold over it had not been challenged for years, or even decades, but now because of

the noticeable way it was shifting to socialism and giving up precious freedoms, many Christians had finally had enough, and were ready to make a stand; spiritual dominion in America would need to be taken back from Satan.

The 3-hour trip to Seattle seemed to go by quickly. They easily located the news station and then found and checked themselves into the 5-star hotel that the station had provided for Justin and Angie. They appreciated the news station's accommodations as they were nicer than what they would have chosen for themselves. The station had not, however, provided the bodyguards with rooms, as they were supposedly not aware of Justin's companions. The three men, however, had somehow arranged to have rooms on either side of Justin and Angie. After checking in, they had just enough time to get a light dinner. Justin and Angie dined in the hotel restaurant and Sig and Skipper sat at a nearby table, not giving any indication that they were associated with the other couple. Chief stayed up in their room working on equipment and checking weapons, making sure that the three were well prepared for anything. They were of course hoping that all of their efforts and preparation would not be needed. The work ethic of these frogmen was astonishing; something productive was always happening. Even the two in the restaurant, who had positioned themselves to observe all entrances, were constantly assessing customers and doing visual recon. These three men instinctually flowed together in their tasks, each enhancing the other's efforts. The teamwork was amazing.

Justin and Angie returned to their hotel room so that Justin could dress for the interview. They all then drove the two miles to the news station near downtown Seattle. The station manager was Bill Whalen, and he would be there to greet Justin. They again took both cars, Sig again riding with Justin. They arrived without incident and Justin parked in a designated guest spot. Chief dropped Skipper next

to Justin's car and drove away to park the Suburban. Chief would then remain posted outside and keep watch around the perimeter of the building. All three bodyguards were heavily armed. Each man had at least two hand weapons. Sig had his Sig-Sauer 9-millimeter, his namesake, and a smaller revolver in a leg holster. Skipper had two similar weapons. All three frogmen were also equipped with state of the art earpieces, the best that money could buy, and were in constant communication.

Skipper and Sig escorted Justin and Angie toward the front door of the station. The building was an older 2-story building, dingy brown with a transmitter antenna on top of it reaching up into the sky. Next to it was a one-story building, a business that appeared to be closed for the evening.

Justin, Angie, and their two bodyguards found themselves in a considerably lush lobby that was in complete contrast to what the outside of the building looked like. The entrance was beautifully tiled and surrounded by a very thick, rich-looking patterned carpet. Straight ahead was a large receptionist counter and desk made of a dark and highly polished wood. Behind it sat a young but professionally dressed girl who stood up as soon as the group entered. With an outstretched hand and a gracious smile she said, "Mr. Brooks, Mr. Whalen has been expecting you." She directed them towards a seating area and said, "Please have a seat and I will let him know that you are here." The group sat down, all raising their eyebrows as they looked around and at one another. The waiting room was just as nicely appointed with upholstered wing-back chairs and beautiful coffee tables.

The girl went back to her desk and made a quick phone call. In a few short minutes, a nicely dressed, fairly young, but authoritative looking man came through the door to her right. He swiftly approached the group but went straight for Justin. He seemed to know him by sight. "I am so glad you could make it!" he said as he eagerly

shook Justin's hand. He also knew who Angie was and welcomed her, but looked questioningly at Sig and Skipper.

Justin quickly introduced the two bodyguards as very close friends and apologized for not letting the station manager know they were coming. This seemed to satisfy the curious look on his face and he hurriedly shook their hands and directed them towards the door he had come out of, stopping by the front desk to get visitor badges for the three accompanying Justin.

Justin was astounded at the activity on the other side of the door. Just like the outside was a major contrast to the reception area, the inner workings and commotion of this part of the station was in direct contrast to the lobby area. There were cubicles everywhere filled with people on phones, piles of files on their desks, and file boxes everywhere. Everyone was engrossed in their task even as the many monitors were showing different news stories on the surrounding walls.

Skipper had a different perspective. This was a potential nightmare. He quickly scanned the room, looking at people, entrances and exits. At the far end of the large room, he also noticed two men in blue jumpsuits with the words, "Nelson Electric" intently focused on circuitry inside a large electrical-type box. Skipper suddenly realized that too many people had now been added to the safety equation for him and his fellow body guards to securely insure Justin's and Angie's safety.

The foursome was ushered through this outer area into a smaller more quiet office area. In this office were other doorways marked, "Sound Booth," "Make-up," "Green Room," and "Studio." Justin was dropped off at "Make-up" and the other three were escorted through the doors marked "Studio."

The Studio's purpose was for efficiency and décor was not of any real import except on the platform at the front where there were nice chairs, tables with flowers on them, and a painted

background of the city of Seattle. There were small areas to the left and right of the cameras with theater type chairs designated for audiences. Angie and Sig and Skipper were escorted down some steps and were directed to sit on the left side. Sig sat in the back row and Skipper sat with Angie in the front. In front of them and in front of the cameras, was the platform and a nicely dressed young man was seated on one of the chairs, studying some notes and obviously preparing for the interview with Justin. There were three men working at the cameras making what appeared to be last minute preparations and sound checks in coordination with the sound booth. Out of camera range they could see a timer indicating there were five minutes left until airtime.

Skipper and Sig heard Chief on their earpieces: "All quiet and clear on the outside."

Just then, a man in a sports coat and slacks, about in his forties, came through the studio door where Skipper, Sig, and Angie had just been seated; he was also wearing a "visitor" badge. He briefly glanced around and went to sit in the audience chairs opposite Sig on the other side of the room. Skipper was sizing up the man seated across the room when he saw the two men in the jumpsuits that had been working on the electrical panel walk into the studio. Skipper thought, what are they doing in here so close to the interview? It was now only four minutes until air time; Justin would be walking in any moment. The camera crew paid the two men in the jumpsuits no notice – probably used to various visitors, but Skipper had a feeling in his gut that he had learned to trust on Navy Seal missions when his team's lives depended on him. He gently reached into his coat and unsnapped his shoulder holster where his 9-millimeter was while speaking softly into his mic to his men, "Attention 2 and 3," These were Chief's and Sig's designations respectively, "we may have hostiles. In addition to what appears to be three cameramen and interviewer, there are three

others - suspicious; one is in a coat and slacks, and two guys in blue jumpsuits.” Sig had already noticed and had also readied his weapon. Chief, at Skipper’s report, was bolting around the side of the building towards the front doors of the station.

The two men in jumpsuits made eye contact with the other man seated on the right. The intruders were not concerned about the two men that had entered with Justin and Angie; they had no idea that Justin’s and Angie’s escorts were trained Navy Seals and their bodyguards. They took note that one sat with the woman and the other one sat alone in the back row. To the three hostiles, Sig and Skipper seemed just to be there at random. The two stood in the back for a moment looking throughout the studio. A voice rang out over the loud speaker, “Make-up, bring in Mr. Brooks.”

Understanding that Justin was about to walk through the door, both of the men unzipped their jumpsuits part way and pulled out weapons. Skipper assumed the man in the slacks was doing the same. Skipper and Sig were ready though. Their weapons were already out. Skipper pushed Angie to the floor and motioned for her to crawl to the end of the row away from the men.

These men were Anders Drake’s hired killers and mercenaries. The frogmen were about to earn their money and this was a very tight and close situation. Sig laid out a barrage of gunfire at the men and they scrambled for cover to the far side of the studio. The three assassins had not expected any resistance as they came in to complete their task; Skipper’s and Sig’s quick response flustered and panicked the hired killers. The camera men and interviewer had dove for cover as the first shots were fired.

At this point, Justin came running through the studio doors to see what was going on. Hearing the gunshots, he was frantic to find Angie. Justin paused for a moment right inside the doors, scanning the room for his wife. Skipper had seen an opportunity and he grabbed Angie while Sig was emptying his clip at the men now

pinned behind chairs and debris on the far side of the studio. Justin saw Skipper taking Angie out; realizing that she was safe for the moment, he ducked into a nearby hallway on the right side of the studio. Skipper ducked into a janitor closet with Angie and deposited her behind several large bins he found in there. He looked her right in the eyes: “do not move from here and make no sound at all.” Angie, terrified and speechless, nodded.

Skipper came back into the studio from where he had deposited Angie and eased around the walls towards the main studio doors. As he did, Chief came through the studio door with his weapon drawn. Seeing Chief, the man in the slacks bolted through a doorway near where he had taken cover and ran right past where Justin was hiding; He didn't notice he was running right past his objective. Justin, who had ducked into a doorway just inside and to the right of the studio entrance, had not realized who was positioned where; his motive was to remove himself from the line of fire. Sig and Chief now had the two men in jumpsuits pinned down, and sandwiched in.

Justin now came ducking out of the doorway and Skipper, who had moved closer to Justin's position, intercepted him. “You stick with me.”

Justin objected. “Where is Angie?”

Skipper in a low and gruff voice answered, “I hid her and she is safe.” With that, Skipper ran into the hallway where Justin had been hiding and where the third man had disappeared. Justin followed. Skipper turned and stopped him and said, “You wait here, I will be back.” Skipper pointed to the dark doorway where Justin had hid before. With that, Skipper went a little further down the hall and then stopped at a stairway. Looking up he slowly ascended holding his weapon up towards the higher floor. Soon he was out of sight.

Justin listened. Every few seconds or so, shots were exchanged by the two remaining men in the studio and Sig and Chief. Justin could also hear sirens in the distance. He heard a door open and

close up the stairs and he assumed Skipper went through a door up there. Justin did not know what to do. He had no weapon and felt useless. Then, a door opened down the hall he was hiding in. Justin ducked further back into the shadowy area Skipper had placed him in. He saw the man that Skipper was looking for quietly go to the stairs; holding a gun, the man began to head up. Skipper had gone upstairs to find this man and this man was now behind him, stalking him. Justin heard the same door open at the top. He needed to somehow warn Skipper. Justin ran to the stairs and bound up them skipping steps as he went. There were two doors at the top, the closest he tried, but it was locked. He was pretty sure that neither man had used that door. The other door said "Roof Exit." Justin opened it ever so slowly. Before him was another flight of stairs. He hugged the wall as he quietly ascended the stairs. At the top was a door that was partially open. He carefully went through it onto the roof. Not too far from him was a huge heating and air conditioning unit, higher than his head. He saw Skipper going around one end, and he saw the man who was after Skipper, going the other way. Suddenly the man stopped and held up his gun. He seemed to know and anticipate where Skipper was and was waiting for Skipper to come around the corner right into his line of fire. Skipper would be shot.

Justin acted instinctually and began to walk softly towards the man who did not hear him above the roar of the heating and air equipment. What would he do when he got to the man? He had no idea. As the distance closed, however, Justin picked up his speed and now was sprinting. He made a flying leap at the gunman, hitting him with full force just as Skipper came around the corner fully exposed. The man's gun discharged but missed Skipper completely because of Justin's tackle. Justin hit the man about four feet from the edge of the second story building. His momentum hurled them both over the edge. Skipper had come around the corner just in time to see Justin hit the man and see them both topple over the side.

Justin held on tight to the man as they fell. The fall seemed like an eternity. Justin thought for sure he was dead. The two men hit with a thud on the tarred roof of the one-story building next to the news station. The man softened Justin's fall, but Justin blacked out. The assailant was worse off. He was dead.

Skipper raced for the ladder that went over the side near where the men had toppled over. Sliding down, he quickly ran to the men. He pulled Justin off the other man, and checked his pulse. He was alive, but was bleeding from his ears and mouth and nose. The other man obviously had a crushed skull and blood was quickly pooling around him. He was still clutching his gun, which Skipper removed and tossed off to the side. Skipper could still hear a flurry of gunfire inside the building and then it all suddenly stopped. A moment later, Chief came bounding out onto the roof. Inside, Sig was checking the two men in jumpsuits. One had a bullet through his brain, put there by Sig. The other man had been shot four times, and the final shot was delivered by Chief, right through his heart. The threat was over. Outside, Chief got down to the lower roof and saw Justin. Skipper had already called an ambulance for him. Skipper told Chief, "stay with him, I need to go get Angie." He paused and gave one more instruction, "Before the police get here, go through this guy's pockets and grab anything that can help us find out who he is."

Chief quickly obeyed Skipper; he knew law enforcement would be there imminently. The security team needed to find out anything they could to continue to protect Justin. He found nothing in the man's pockets except a disposable cell phone, which he quickly put it into his own pocket. He glanced at his client with a sort of sick feeling. He checked Justin's pulse and said a little prayer. He didn't believe in losing and he wasn't going to lose Justin. Somehow, he felt like they'd failed.... They would get to the bottom of this no matter how hard; they would find out who was behind this.

Skipper had climbed the ladder and run across the roof and back

down the stairs and into the studio. He found Angie safe and sound where he left her, but trembling. Now he had to tell her that Justin was hurt.

In spite of her trembling, Angie was stronger than Skipper anticipated. She straightened her back and boldly said to him in a voice that would not be quarreled with, "Get me to my husband, NOW!"

Sig met them on the roof and helped Angie over to the edge and down the ladder to where her husband lay. Angie cried out in pain when she saw Justin; he looked terrible. Chief was blotting the blood off Justin's face with his handkerchief. Angie kneeled down and began to speak to Justin. Sig and Chief both stood by looking angry and devastated at the same time. Skipper broke the silence. "He saved me. He jumped the man who was about to fire on me and then they toppled over the edge." Skipper's voice was cracking with emotion. Chief and Sig stared at Skipper. In all their years in the Navy Seals, and despite all that they had faced together in the field, they had never seen him like this. Skipper went on. "Here we are, his *trained* expert protectors and he is the only one hurt and he was hurt protecting me."

Angie sat there and held Justin's hand. She spoke firmly and lovingly to him, trying to get a response as tears flowed down her face. The paramedics had now arrived, and they immediately called for a life-flight helicopter to get Justin to a hospital quicker. They began to attend to Justin, working very swiftly and purposefully. Besides the trauma to his head, it was determined that he had a broken leg; any other injuries would have to be determined at the hospital.

Justin was soon loaded onto the helicopter which had landed on the rooftop where he lay. Angie climbed in and Chief followed. Though the three assailants who had made an attempt on Justin's life were now dead, Skipper was taking no chances and wanted Justin still under protection. He and Sig would meet them at the hospital after they had cleared things up with the police who were now all

over the place and demanding answers.

There were plenty of witnesses, including Bill Whalen, who had ducked under a desk when the shooting started. The camera guys and interviewer were also safe as they had hidden in a well protected area backstage. Sig and Skipper had gun permits and licenses for their security business in California and for now, this was acceptable to the police, especially based on what the witnesses had told them. The head detective seemed to have a good grasp of the whole scenario and he actually seemed quite partial to Skipper after he found out that these men were retired Navy Seals. Skipper had saved Angie, and Justin had saved Skipper by getting the jump on the attacker that was trying to kill him. The two younger frogmen, through strategic moves and a hail of gunfire had effectively terminated the lives of the two phony electricians. John Price, the head detective promised to call Skipper with anything he found out about the men. They exchanged phone numbers. However, standard procedure also required that Skipper, Chief, and Sig stay available in the area until a few more things were confirmed and documented.

Skipper and Sig were enormously worried about Justin and left the station as fast as was possible and made their way to the hospital. Neither man could say much on the ride. Both men were literally praying to God quietly within themselves, something that was out of character for both of them. Their lives were changing.

“Those who hammer their guns into plows will plow for those who do not.” Thomas Jefferson

Chapter 14

The Best Defense

JUSTIN WAS IN a deep coma. He had a traumatic brain injury which the doctors referred to as “TBI.” His leg was set and cast, and by next morning, though his vital signs were stable, he was still considered critical and in the ICU with very limited visitors allowed. He had swelling and bleeding of the brain and at this point; the doctors were not sure if or when he would awaken. They showed Angie and the three frogmen his brain scans which showed much blood on his brain. They had some tests still to do, but because of the nature of the injury and the resulting trauma, they actually gave little hope. They also suggested that even if he did awaken, there was little or no expectation that he would be completely back to normal.

Angie never left his side that first night, except to go call Aaron and Bethany, their children who were in colleges back East; they were stunned to hear the news, but said they would catch the first available flight to Seattle. Angie had not slept at all through that first night. She now sat close to Justin in the darkened room

surrounded by machines, heart monitors, breathing apparatus', and the like. She was tired, but was strong and quietly confessing and declaring God's word over Justin. She was also talking to him about his destiny and his vision for the future.

The three frogmen had come to Angie and deeply apologized, asking for her forgiveness. Angie knew and understood how bad they felt. However, she in no way held them responsible. She knew there was a potential risk and perhaps deadly cost to the action her husband had taken in writing these articles. She turned to the three of them and released and comforted them all. Then she looked directly at Skipper. She said, "I married an honorable man who would give his own life for almost anyone, and that cannot be your fault. Do not even go there; do not take this blame, Justin would never want you to do that. God could not have stopped this because Justin made a choice, which I am sure God is quite proud of; I know I am."

Angie's words brought great consolation and peace to the three bodyguards. They had lost comrades before, but somehow this was different and they knew it. They received Justin's wife's words but they knew they still had a job to do. They went out to the lobby to talk about and assess the situation. Angie hung close to Justin and just prayed.

Skipper, Chief, and Sig went to a nearby small hospital waiting room that was in sight of Justin's room. It was empty and would give them the freedom to thoroughly discuss and evaluate the whole mission. They had not anticipated the outcome of this attack; they knew an attack was always a threat, but they felt that somewhere they had possibly missed something that they should have seen – something they were trained to see. They stood in the center of the room, too agitated to sit. In the corner of the little waiting room, a television was on. It was the national news, one of the morning shows. Chief saw it first; Justin's photo was on the

screen. The sound was muted but Chief grabbed a nearby remote and un-muted it. The men's eyes were fixed on the screen. The reporter went on. "Justin Brooks, writer of the nationally syndicated column 'Hungry Nation,' has been seriously injured in Seattle. The hospital has listed him in critical condition with brain injuries after a serious fall from a second story rooftop last evening. According to police reports, there was an assassination attempt on Brooks' life. Justin Brooks was about to be interviewed by a Seattle news station when three armed men, who had somehow been allowed into the studio began shooting. Armed bodyguards, assigned to protect Brooks, returned fire and the three assailants were killed. We are going live now to the police Chief in Seattle who is conducting a news conference." With this, the news show cut away to a local scene and press conference. The police chief was answering reporter's questions. Chief turned down the television and the three men looked at each other. Their job had just gotten harder. They each immediately knew that Justin's enemies would not want him to survive this and his life was still in danger, even while in the hospital.

Sig was the first one to get emotional and upset and voice it to the others. He literally blew up. "We can't do this, we 'Seals' don't guard; we are trained to act offensively. Our training does not serve us to be bodyguards. We extract, or attack, or assassinate. We go after the threat; we do not wait for it to come to us." He paused. He had the attention of the other two men and continued more calmly, "We are not used to any situation being at our opponent's advantage; we are more accustomed to taking the advantage through, intelligence, logistics, and intense and thorough planning. I am about to lose it from the stress of waiting, waiting, waiting for something to happen so that I can react to it." Sig sighed. He looked down at his feet and said, "Justin deserves better than this."

Skipper looked at Sig. "Son, I hear you. This has felt all wrong

from the start. You just put into words how I also have been feeling.”

Chief quickly nodded now and said, “I also concur, we must act now and not wait.”

Skipper sat down and the other two sat down near him. Skipper shared his thoughts. “I will approach our financial backer about more funds for additional personnel who have the proper qualifications. Then, we will get someone who can do some Intel on these people and when the right Intel comes in, we will send in a team to take out the source of this threat. Instead of killing hornets one by one, we will go after the nest.”

Sig smiled and replied, “This feels right. This is a much more effective means of protecting Justin, not waiting for the threat, but being proactive about it.” Sig seemed relieved, but had one more question. “Will we get to be in on that?”

Skipper laughed. “You will need to be right where I need you the most. It may be there or it may be here.”

Sig nodded in understanding; not bothered at all by Skipper’s light rebuke.

Skipper went on. “If all any of us do is protect Justin only, it will be comforting to know we have experts handling the offense while we are handling defense.” Skipper smiled because he was proud of his sports analogy.

Duffy and Liz walked into the waiting room. The three frogmen jumped up and greeted them and Duffy gave each one a warm hug. Skipper filled Duffy and Liz in before they went in to see Justin. Skipper told Duffy how Justin had sacrificed himself to save him and as a result, had fallen off the roof of a second story building onto the one story roof of the adjoining building. Duffy got tears in his eyes as he listened. This was his spiritual son. He loved Justin as a father would. Duffy and Liz headed for the ICU room where Justin was with Skipper and Sig following. Chief posted himself a short distance from Justin’s room where he could observe

the personnel and visitors entering the area of Justin's room.

When a man like Duffy comes on the scene, the God potential heightens because of the faith he brings. The doctors did not give much hope to Justin's diagnosis because they are trained to think that way. But there is always hope in God. Satan must have been laughing because Justin was near death and the doctors were wishing that his wife would come in line with their reasoning as they had given her no hope. But God has other ideas and thoughts that are not man's thoughts. It pays to be one that is tapped into God's way of thinking and God's thoughts. Justin was a key figure and a person being used by God for the nation and Justin had no intention of dying when he tackled the assassin to save Skipper. Justin was not ready to go home to the Lord. His destiny had not been answered; in truth, he had barely begun. God respects that. Duffy French also knew this fact.

Duffy and Liz quietly entered the room, but as he saw Justin, he quickly went to his bedside and grabbed his hand. Justin had tubes and machines all over him. He was not even breathing for himself. He was swollen and did not look a lot like Justin. His head was bandaged on one side of it. Duffy put his other arm around Angie, who had stood as they entered, and pulled her close. She turned into his shoulder and let out a huge sob. Liz came up and put her arms around Angie as well. The three of them stood there as one for a few moments, releasing the pain and comforting each other with their love.

Duffy finally pulled Angie away. He looked at Skipper and Sig, getting their focused attention, and then with both hands on her shoulders looked directly into her eyes. He said, "We are going to pray and get Justin up. He deserves it. Look what he has done for us, all of us. We will not leave him in this state or yield to these circumstances. This is not what God wants. We will pray and keep praying, and God will do it, and we will not stop until God does do it."

With that, Duffy turned around and put his hand gently on Justin's head and his other hand on Justin's shoulder. Angie went around to the other side of the bed and grabbed Justin's hand and squeezed it. She wanted him to feel her presence. Instead of asking God anything, Duffy made a declaration. He said, "Brain, I declare healing to you, all swelling must stop, any bleeding must stop, and I call this brain healed in Jesus' name. I bless Justin right now with the blessing of the Lord, and I release the power of the Holy Spirit to flow through Justin's body from the top of his head to his feet, now." As Duffy said these words, he thought he saw Justin smile. He also thought he saw his eyes flutter as if he was dreaming. Duffy added to his declaring prayer, "Lord, let his dreams count for you while he is mending."¹

With that, Duffy stepped back, and faced the four people in the room. "Do not let the doctors do what they want; you all act and behave in word and deed as if Justin will be fine. Also, do not be moved by the good reports or by the bad ones, either way. Rather only be moved by what the Word of God says. That is true faith. If you catch yourself following symptoms or signs, stop it quickly and get right back to the Word of God. Faith in the Word will bring progress, and the moment you come away or off the Word, the progress stops. Keeping one's eyes on signs and physical symptoms stops progress. God said in His Word that Justin is healed. Stay on that Word. Act as if that is true. Anything else will be unbelief and that does not produce results. Also, do not let any negative people around here. This is advice you must follow until he is fully restored to his and your desired level of recovery."

Sig listened intently to what Duffy was saying. Duffy was very authoritative, like he had done this many times before. Sig intended to obey every word to the best of his understanding.

Duffy and Liz stayed with Justin and Angie most of the day in the hospital room before finally leaving that night. Doctors, nurses,

and technicians came and went throughout the day. It was interesting to note that they were not quite as negative and often said nothing in the presence of the patient, wife, and two guests. Duffy noted this, but wasn't surprised. He was establishing the dominion and spiritual perimeter with God's Word. He believed that their faith was going to affect the people that were caring for Justin; their negative diagnosis' was not going to affect Justin or their faith-stand for his full and complete recovery.

The three frogmen set a watch schedule and went back and forth between the hospital and the hotel. Fortunately the hospital was not too far from their hotel. Because of the attack on Justin's life, they decided to work in overlapping shifts, all the time having two men near Justin and Angie: one in the room, one outside the room. Each person that needed to enter Justin's room had to pass the scrutiny of the bodyguard sitting on the outside of the room and the bodyguard inside was the second line of defense. It was also established with the doctor and nurses station who would be allowed in or out. Every possible precaution was being taken, and of course they were more than well armed.

Late on the afternoon of that first day, Skipper got on the phone to call Bill Whalen, the Station Manager of the Seattle television station. He inquired on how Justin came to be invited to do the interview the night before. Bill let Skipper know that he personally had followed Justin's column for a long time. However, a few days before they extended the invitation to Justin, they had received a call that brought Justin more to their attention. The caller inquired whether the station had been following Justin's column and wanted to know if they were aware of the various reactions and responses taking place around the nation. The caller also suggested that this would be a great interview and story. Skipper asked who had made that call. Bill was not sure as they had left no number and he did not recall the name. He was also quick to point out that their station

encourages anonymous story suggestions from their viewers as a way of keeping them faithfully tuned in to them rather than one of their competitors. The story about Justin was just such a story.

When Skipper got off the phone, he felt his suspicions had been confirmed. The enemy, whoever he was, had set up the whole interview for the purpose of waiting in ambush for Justin. He was not one hundred percent sure, but it was certainly looking that way. If it were true, it was a clever and sinister mind that had conceived this plan that had almost succeeded; almost, but not quite. Also, Skipper realized that there would have been very little way for him and his team to have this Intel in advance. This knowledge, however, did not make Skipper feel any better about what had happened.

The next call was to Justin's wealthy benefactor, the one who had hired Skipper and his security team to protect Justin and Angie for one year. Skipper explained the whole situation and how he needed additional persons to do thorough Intel and to possibly carry out a mission more consistent with the Seals mode of operation. He also made it clear that he believed Justin's life might depend on the additional resources available. The man at the other end of the phone had to only think about it for a moment; he had seen the earlier news reports and he too saw the necessity for what Skipper was requesting. He indicated that \$300,000 would be wired into Skipper's firm's bank account the next day. His last words before ending the call: "Rod, do what you have to do. Let me know what else you need. Just make it happen." They ended the call and the extended mission was now on.

Skipper called a friend who was formerly an agent for the CIA but now did freelance work in security and in private investigation. His name was John Howe, and his background and experience was extensive in getting hard to get Intel and doing black ops missions. John was 45 years of age, and very intelligent. He was based out of Las Vegas. Skipper and John took a few moments to catch up, but John,

sensing that there was a more specific reason for the call, pointedly asked Skipper what he needed. This was one of the things Skipper appreciated about this man. They were very much alike and they also operated the same way: direct and to the point. He explained to John his current job and asked him if he would contract with him for not only the protection of Justin and Angie, but in finding out who was behind the threat and possibly eradicating it. John was open to it and relished this type of work; it was very different from the superstars he was usually called on to provide security for. They worked out the details and fees and were ready to move forward. John would fly to Seattle to visit with the police and find out what he could about the three dead men. He would also pursue the rental car Sig had seen at Justin's house. Lastly, he would use his contacts to follow up on the cell phone that Chief had taken from the pocket of the man who had fallen with Justin. If there was any information to be gotten, he would get it. Skipper would send the phone later that day to John. They were both confident that they could find the people behind the threat and the ensuing attack. This is what Skipper and John Howe specialized in; this is what they were good at.

Angie had dozed lightly on and off through out the night. This was her second night at Justin's side. She had stayed next to Justin, laying her head on his bed to sleep, never letting go of his hand. The day before, flowers with lovely written condolences and well wishes started arriving for Justin. Word had gotten out. Harold Barnes from *The American Tribune*, and Jeff Graham, Justin's computer and technical expert, had sent flowers. Many news affiliates that carried Justin's column sent flowers. Angie described each bouquet and read each note to Justin, unless they sounded negative or hopeless. Angie was making it a practice to talk to Justin and assumed he could hear her, coma or not. She also was not allowing any negative talk around him whatsoever. Every few hours, Angie would literally call to Justin to stir him out of the coma and out of the place where he had slipped

away too. She believed in God's Word and she put faith in the prayer of faith that Duffy had prayed, knowing that God could do anything. Angie prayed non-stop. She was in battle and she was focused. It was strange to her that she was so focused in her prayers, but also aching deeply inside for her husband. Yet, she also felt the comfort of the Lord's presence. She stared at her husband's swollen face. She thought to herself, where are you Justin?

Occasionally, the bodyguard who was in the room with Angie would come close to Justin and talk to him a little. All three bodyguards were extremely grateful that Justin had saved Skipper. Though they had their varied tasks that were part of protecting Justin, they also were very sensitive to Angie. Later that morning, Chief showed up with a small bag for Angie. She had refused to leave Justin and was grateful for the change of clothes and toiletries that Chief brought her in her little overnight bag. While she slipped out to quickly freshen up, Chief noticed that she had not touched the breakfast that the hospital had provided. He might have to say something to her; she would need her strength for the days ahead.

Angie felt better after freshening up; she was still somewhat exhausted however. She learned of the arrival times of her children at Sea-Tac Airport and Skipper insisted on being the one to pick them up. Angie appreciated this as he was fatherly and she felt her two children would be comfortable with him. She was looking forward to seeing them, but also realized that they might be very shocked at what they saw when they arrived. Justin didn't look good. Her children knew God's power; especially Aaron. Bethany was more timid in her faith, but did love the Lord. This, however, would test their faith for sure. Angie knew that she needed to establish the hope she had for their Dad's full and complete recovery the moment they arrived. She also knew that their presence might be exactly what Justin needed and having their support would be good for her as well. Family was everything at times like this and she definitely

needed their support. She looked at her watch. They would be there in a few hours.

John Howe was busy locating the people behind the attack on Justin. He had and used a great degree of his own very sophisticated technology to begin his investigation. He also had many friends and strategic contacts in the government which gave him access to their technology as well. Skipper brought in another retired Navy Seal to work with John. His name was Ron Franklin; he had retired six months earlier as a Master Chief. Ron had also served with Skipper and Skipper trusted him implicitly. Ron, who lived in Reno, hooked up quickly with John and together they were turning over every stone to find their objective.

Skipper entered Justin's room. Sig, who was in the room at that moment, stood up; Angie turned towards the sound of the door opening. Following close behind Skipper were Aaron and Bethany, hers and Justin's two grown children. Seeing them caused her to run towards them, weeping silently. The three hugged a moment and then Aaron pulled away and looked at his father. This was worse than he expected, yet he remained silent. Bethany held back momentarily, holding Angie's hand.

Angie realized that though she had been somewhat emotional, she needed to establish right then and there what she was believing for. She told them both as she pulled Bethany close to her father that their father would live and not die. She made it clear that he would awaken and they, as a family, would see Justin through this. She told them both to move close to Justin and speak as she felt that he could hear them both.

Skipper and Sig had moved to the corner of the room. They were both moved by this little family's strength and determination to stand for Justin's recovery in spite of how he looked. Skipper patted Sig gently on the back and then exited the room, leaving Angie, Aaron, and Bethany standing around Justin's bedside as Sig watched

from the corner.

The country could not look worse right now as Justin lay in a coma. The election looked very questionable, as the president was doing well in the polls, and popular opinion was with him among the poor, the unions, the civil service workers, and the uneducated. Then, add the faithful Democrats who always vote Democrat just for the sake of doing so, and because their parents did so, and you had a majority. The conservatives certainly had their work cut out for them. The spiritual condition in the nation was equally bleak looking, but there were things stirring in the spirit realm. All hell broke loose when Justin's third article for his column hit the presses, just three days into his coma. Due to the media frenzy covering Justin's attack, he was now better known than ever. Many people were talking about Justin and his coma and the heroism that saved a man's life; and many were talking about his column, "Hungry Nation." Justin's previous columns at The American Tribune's website were also being looked up and re-read by the public. Just at the peak of this interest, The Tribune released the next segment that Justin had sent to Harold Barnes the night before he left for Seattle. Harold Barnes, the Tribune's editor, had held off from publishing the article out of respect for Justin and his situation. However, after receiving a personal request from Justin's wife to go ahead and run the article, he put it in the next issue. This of course increased the media attention even more, and sparked a new interest in "Hungry Nation," and its emphasis on patriotism and bringing free enterprise and freedoms back to America.

Duffy walked briskly into Justin's room the next morning with a copy of *The Tribune*. Angie was standing over Justin but straightened up as Duffy entered. Aaron and Bethany, who had just arrived moments before from the hotel where everyone was staying, were standing on the opposite side of the bed. Chief was on duty and sitting near the foot of the bed. Both Aaron's and Bethany's faces brightened up at seeing Duffy. He had had a huge

impact on their lives growing up as they had spent many weekends at Camp Woodcrest.

Duffy was excited to see them as well and giving Angie a nod, went straight towards the two children and wrapped his arms tightly around both of them. He held them for what seemed like a long moment. His heart was a heart of love and he was releasing that around these two as he held them.

Angie looked on fondly. She knew that both of her kids needed this. God was so faithful even in His timing of bringing Duffy in at that moment.

Finally Duffy released the two kids and turned towards Angie and laid a newspaper across Justin's stomach. He said, "Angie, he did the best job yet in his column; it is very motivating and quite thought provoking."

Angie smiled. "I have not yet read it, but Justin did tell me a bit about it right after he sent it."

Duffy grabbed it off of Justin and handed it to Angie. "Here" he said, "read it to us."

Angie took the newspaper and turned to Justin's column. She sat down and Duffy and the two children sat down opposite her. Chief leaned in slightly also to listen. She cleared her throat and began to read the column:

"Hungry Nation"

by Justin Brooks

"I would like to thank *The American Tribune* and its affiliates for having the courage to run these articles I have written. I am disappointed with most of the other news agencies in the country for creating or permitting news blackouts of information vital to the American public. Just as voting records of our representatives in Congress should

be examined to expose those who gave away some of our liberties, so should the network news shows, the newspaper firms and the media companies that failed to give the truth also be examined. America has a right to boycott programs and even corporate sponsors of the programs that did not keep us informed. I challenge watchdog groups to research this information and get the word out. I am writing like this because I cherish freedom and I believe every American that is fully informed will do the right thing by this nation and vote correctly in November. If we do not do this as a people, who have the ability and the right to turn this around, then in the future, we deserve whatever we get in the way of an oppressive government.

People are missing the America that once was and most feel it no longer exists. This feeling was common even before socialism had really taken over in a large way. How will you feel if we are not diverted from this present course? We have a president who is pushing for a National Identity Card so that the government can know everything about you. His strategy is to require this card so that it may then be turned into a required implanted chip placed into every individual. Legal preliminary wording for this has already been provided for in the current Healthcare Bill. He is also rallying for a national security force and again, the wording for this is already in the Healthcare legislation. He is creating the ability to more easily declare martial law through an executive order. He is attempting to bring a redistribution of wealth and has skillfully and cleverly worked to nationalize many companies already. Our president has actually had the audacity to fire a person who was the head of a privately owned corporation. Did we ever want our president operating as a person in free enterprise and did we Americans, as a national entity,

ever want to own mortgage firms, auto firms, and more? The nationalization of businesses is a step in a very wrong and improper direction for our nation. If you want our economy to recover, then the high debt manipulation, the government spending, and the irresponsible behavior by rookie or self-serving politicians in Washington DC must all stop. Pray for America before it is too late. But most of all exercise the liberties granted us by God and set in place by our founding fathers that were used by God, to form the greatest nation on Earth. The liberty to which I am referring to is voting.”

Just at that moment a nurse walked into the room drawing everyone’s attention. Angie paused while she performed her duties, checking Justin’s monitors and logging the information.

After she walked out, Angie, taking a gulp of water from her bottle, looked around at the listeners surrounding Justin’s bed.

Bethany caught Angie’s eyes and said with amazement and some regret, “I haven’t really been following these at all. This is good! I’m proud of Dad.”

Duffy patted her on the hand and winked at Angie.

Angie continued:

“Americans are choking on our ever-increasing big government; and the choking and subsequent loss of freedoms is because we no longer have the air of freedom to breathe. Rather, we are being controlled by government, being told what we must do, what we must believe, what we must accept, and it is getting worse all the time. The political air in America is polluted with many practices that would absolutely shock our Founding Fathers. We need, and need it now, the leadership in America that is willing to address and discuss freedom, the freedom this country was built upon. Our current president never discusses the loss of freedom

in America or the subject of advancing socialism because he is working diligently to bring about both; he knows that to discuss this would be hypocritical. This absence or unwillingness of our president to enter into any discussion about these two issues is in itself quite revealing and speaks volumes. His actions and therefore his motives appear to be in support of socialistic programs and the loss of the individual's freedoms in America. However, he is also not stupid; he knows grassroots America will never stand for loss of freedom if they know they are really losing it. The trouble is, my friend, most Americans are easily being deceived into forfeiting their freedoms.

The manipulation of news or blackouts of certain events from biased and liberal media is a breach of a sacred trust. Since the birth of this country, Americans have put their trust in news outlets to let them know the whole truth, including anything that will affect them in a negative way. They have trusted the media to be impartial when in fact most are not. Unless the liberal and more mainstream media is quite ignorant, their choice to be selective and one sided in what they cover is very revealing. They also refuse to acknowledge or address issues that are being discovered and revealed by internet news sources. This refusal of the more mainstream media to report all sides of the current issues is actually aiding and abetting deceitful politicians.

The new Healthcare law is about the redistribution of wealth and is socialism in its purist form. Another serious issue is the massive entitlement of society. As government grows, so does entitlement and the mindset for entitlement. The loose standards of the liberal left to create an entitlement minded society is eroding the fabric of our free nation.

“When the people find that they can vote themselves money, that will herald the end of the republic.” Benjamin Franklin

Fellow Patriots, vote for the candidate who, in their election campaign, is willing to establish the concept and make a firm platform that freedom and free enterprise matter in our country more than anything else. America and freedom have been nearly synonymous words for over 200 years. Now is not the time for this to end, for America shall be a free land as long as she exists. God bless America.”

Justin Brooks

Angie laid down the newspaper and looked at Justin. “Good job my love. It’s a great article, with great passion.”

Duffy agreed. “If his last column got under the opposition’s skin, just think what this one will do. I think this one may really make some progress.”

The five of them just sat quietly and looked at Justin, as if waiting and expecting to see him wake up at that moment.

John Howe and Ron Franklin were progressing with their research on the few clues they did have. They were fully aware of all the details surrounding the attack on Justin and how he had come to be hurt. This job was not just about money to them or simply a business contract; this was an opportunity to make their skills count for the good of the country. They plunged passionately into the problem. After getting all the information he could in Seattle, John returned to Las Vegas where his office and forensic lab were located. Ron had joined John in Las Vegas and was working closely with him. After some additional inquiries and investigating, John called Skipper to update him. He knew Skipper would be eager to hear anything he had discovered.

Skipper answered his phone. “What can I do for you John?”

“Skipper, we may have some leads on these guys. Not surprising, we got nowhere on the three bodies; they were clean of any IDs. We have a call into a source about their fingerprints but are not sure that will take us anywhere; these guys were professionals. However, the rental car that was sighted near Justin’s house turned up something interesting. It was paid for by a firm called Axiom and Associates out of New York. That fact by itself does not mean much, but we have a tie-in with the disposable cell phone that one of your men took from the body that went off the roof. Although we could not figure out who purchased it, we were able, through triangulation of the calls in the phone, to pinpoint a location. The location is a high-rise office building in downtown Manhattan and that office building is leased by Axiom and Associates.”

“Bingo,” blurted Skipper very excitedly. “This is what we needed. Now we have something tangible to pursue.”

John was glad that he had, in Skipper’s mind, hit pay dirt and that he was pleased. John, however, also knew there was still much further to go. “Skipper, before we move out on this, Ron and I are going to fly to New York and put this place under surveillance. We don’t yet know who exactly we’re dealing with. Some more careful and close-up investigating ought to get us the final proof we need to take action.”

“OK John. I am sending Sig, I mean Derek Singer, to join you in New York. He is an ex Navy Seal and very capable.”

John chuckled. “He calls himself Sig huh?”

“Yes, that’s his favorite weapon.”

He chuckled, “Oh I know I am going to like him.”

Skipper called Sig and informed him he was being sent to New York on the next available flight.

Sig was very enthusiastic. Deep down he felt more proactive and a little more in control.

Skipper warned him. “Sig, this is American soil that this mission

is on. Don't do anything that will bring us, or our firm negative attention. Also be ready to remind John and Ron that if need be.

Sig was aware of the delicate nature of this mission. He also knew that because John and Ron hadn't been in on this from the beginning, their perception might not be completely accurate. Though seemingly relaxed, Skipper was giving him a serious order and he knew it. Sig responded, "Yes Sir."

Anders Drake was fuming as he sat in his office in Manhattan. He had Justin's article spread out in front of him. He was staring at the paper and tapping his fingers on the desk. Two men sat rigidly on the other side of his desk. "It seems that our golden boy, Justin, is in a coma. We are going to be patient. Timing is everything."

He looked up at the two men and continued, "In one week, less if he wakes up, you will go to Seattle and finish the job that your fellow associates bungled."

Anders was trying to contain himself. He was feeling the heat from above and he was being held responsible for the lack of success thus far. Justin should be dead and this should have been resolved by now. He was disgusted by the ineptness at every turn. He knew, however, that he had to rely on others to do the dirty work. He needed to keep his hands clean, at least the appearance of clean. He was considering how he could make this work to his advantage and still do damage control.

Anders continued with his assignment to the two men in front of him, "Right now, we need the media coverage to die down and then we will infiltrate the hospital and take care of this issue once and for all." Anders pulled the column closer and looked at the picture of Justin next to the column. He then laid the newspaper on the desk and took a pen and crossed out Justin's picture. His demonic hatred was highly evident.

The two men knew that he was very emotional over this project, and that he was under great pressure to get it done. Anders didn't

GREG NICHOLS

understand how three of his men failed and were killed. He knew that Justin had bodyguards, the news reports had said so, but he had no idea that former Navy Seals were involved. Anders' men were highly trained also, but they had no idea when they came after Justin, that equally or more highly trained men were prepared for any attack, and of course, Anders' men did not know that this was God's doing, as Justin was under a prayer protection of His blessing.

#1 Recognition is given here to Marine Sergeant Samuel Nichols, wounded in 2006 in Iraq and left in a coma, from which he has now awakened and is recovering still. Special facts used in this story were based loosely on Sergeant Samuel Nichols' injuries.

“This will be the best security for maintaining our liberties. A nation of well-informed men who have been taught to know and prize the rights which God has given them cannot be enslaved. It is in the religion of ignorance that tyranny begins.”
Benjamin Franklin

Chapter 15

Loose Ends

If one could see in the spirit realm, America would look like a chess game that Satan was dominating and God was losing. Few of God’s angels had gathered but Satan had demons everywhere; this was in addition to the ones waiting, on hold, off the East Coast. Who could be surprised at this one sided scenario in the spirit realm? Simple Scripture explains this quite easily. Jesus said that the demons and fallen angels and Satan access the Earth illegally. “Most assuredly, I say to you, he who does not enter the sheepfold by the door, but climbs up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber.” (John 10:1) This is contrasted by the way God and His angels enter the Earth, for they may only access the Earth legally, and this is kept strictly enforced. Daniel’s prayer and fasting in the book of Daniel, chapter 10, gave access to an angel, but illegal angels blocked him for a time. Another legal angel, Michael, was released or dispatched to help and then Daniel got his answer. The legal access for Michael was

Daniel's prayers along with his fasting. Even Jesus had to enter the Earth in a legal fashion and the strict orderliness of a virgin birth and many other details hidden in a mystery of revelation were behind the legal access that brought Jesus on the scene to save the world.

God's side in America, that is, angel reinforcements, were weak in America at this time because many in the church misunderstood warfare and prayer and what releases angels legally. Many others in the church were angry at the flesh of men, and in strife and pride over the issues, such as the president's actions, and this voids their prayers and creates a spiritual vacuum which can offer no productivity.

The Counsel of Woodcrest and the handful of men and women who were there understood the legal access and the way to pray to bring forth God's angelic activity. They did not expect Justin to be injured and lapse into a coma, but not one of them expected Justin to stay in a coma once they found out about it. America had many men and women of God who wanted to pray for America effectually, but they did not know how to stand in the gap. "So I sought for a man among them who would make a wall, and stand in the gap before me on behalf of the land, that I should not destroy it, but I found none." (Ezekiel 22:30) This dilemma was addressed at Woodcrest and prayed over, and the small group would try to become a catalyst for the rest of the country. As to why Satan was currently dominating on all fronts, economic, political, and with sin in the land, there was one reason: "My people are destroyed for a lack of knowledge." Hosea 4:6 Justin was a key to educating the people, but Justin was in a coma, and there were evil men who wanted his very life.

JOHN HOWE, RON Franklin, and Sig had been watching First Axiom Trading for three days. They had rendezvoused at a hotel within walking distance of the building that housed First Axiom. They had each come prepared, loaded with every potential piece of equipment that could possibly be needed, including weapons. As part of their surveillance, John had walked through the building

many times; he had obtained the blueprints of the building and had a good sense of what was where. Sig had actually gone into First Axiom's offices as a delivery person a number of times and had not only gotten to know and gain the trust of the receptionist, but had had the opportunity to note some of the people in the offices. They took turns tailing people that came out of First Axiom's offices, at times following them all the way to their destinations. It didn't take long to see that they were dealing with professional killers. This explained a lot, but in no way concerned them. It just better equipped them for the tasks that lay ahead. They were also finding out much on this Drake character. He was, by far, the worst of any they had observed coming to or going from the building. He actually reminded them of some of the purely evil leaders that they had dealt with on covert missions around the world. They discovered that not only did he have a criminal record, but he had intimate and covert connections to many in very high places. The three man team listened to every conversation that took place in Drake's office, many of which were very seditious. But the key conversation they overheard was that he was sending several more men to Seattle on Friday to terminate the "golden boy," Brooks.

John immediately called Skipper on the disposable phones they were using for any communications regarding the mission. He relayed the information about the next attack on Justin. John told him there was only 36 hours to take action before another attack on Justin's life. John's group was already planning to make an offensive move, but this information moved their timing forward by a few days. Their plan was an incursion into the high-rise building, to breach the offices of First Axiom in broad daylight and eliminate all hostiles that were present and, if possible, extract Anders Drake, alive. Drake had been given the code name "Viper" and his offices were called "the Nest." The four men who appeared to be his remaining right hand men were labeled Hostiles 1, 2, 3 and 4.

Access to the floors that Drake used would be gained through interior elevators and stairwells. Surprise would be their ally as they would enter through unalarmed janitorial doors, masked and with silencers on their guns. They would know likely positions and locations of targets not only because of the floor plans they had obtained, but because they had been listening in on all conversations and tracking movement with infrared technology. This was urban warfare for which all three men on Skipper's New York team had training. They would do this with great stealth and be out of the building fifteen minutes after entering. They knew their primary targets and those were their focus. They were hoping for minimal collateral damage. They would call 911 upon leaving and allow the police to show up to discover the scene. They would leave no trace except the dead men; they knew how to do this, especially John Howe, ex CIA. This is how Justin would be best protected; former Navy Seals would protect Justin, by going on the offensive. Drake, if able to be taken alive, would be taken to a pre-designated warehouse and interrogated to discover who had hired him. They had not yet, despite the deep investigating they had done, been able to discover who was behind the threat on Justin's life. The only thing they knew for sure was that Anders Drake was answering to someone else. All three men, the CIA trained leader and the two frogmen, had experience in extracting information through torture. This was not publicly well known, but behind enemy lines, was widely done. Drake's last moments on Earth could prove to be agonizing. Never would Anders, in all of his demonic influence and murdering ways, expect this thing to go this way.

John Howe called Skipper early on Thursday morning. It was even earlier in Seattle. "Skipper, the mission is complete. Hostiles 1 through 4 have been terminated; Viper did not permit himself to be extracted and did not survive the mission. No harm to friendly personnel and our team is all 'boots on deck.'" Skipper knew the Navy

terminology meant the team was fine.

Skipper sighed with relief. His men were safe and Sig was safe. Justin was safe for the moment. Skipper felt a sort of redemption for allowing Justin to be injured. Anders Drake was dead, as were most of Drake's men. His team had pulled off the impossible and came out smelling like a rose. They had had to play offense for a while but now they were done, hopefully for good.

Strangely, this event did not get big press. The authorities suspected that this was a strike worthy of commandos, military, CIA, or the like; at the least, they knew it was a professional job. John Howe ended the call with Skipper and shut off the cell phone. He removed the SIM card and then casually tossed the phone and the gloves he was wearing into a waste container on the sidewalk in downtown Manhattan and kept walking.

“I hope I shall possess firmness and virtue enough to maintain what I consider the most enviable of all titles, the character of an honest man.” George Washington

Chapter 16

Dark Days

WHILE IN HIS coma, Justin was aware of certain things going on around him. He had heard Duffy’s prayer over him and he had heard his wife calling him to awaken. He had even heard her read aloud his “Hungry Nation” column. He thought he had heard his two children’s voices, but was unsure as they were supposed to be at college. He also heard Skipper come in and report that he had heard from a former CIA man that the people involved in the attack had been taken care of. He was not totally sure what that meant. Things would seem clear and then fuzzy. He had no idea how long he had been in this state or how much longer he might remain this way. He just knew he was in trouble and that he was seriously injured. Other than that, he had peace; he knew God was with him. However, he also sensed he had much to do. This was a trust issue; he needed to trust God as he had never trusted before.

What Justin did not know was that his heroic act of saving a man and being injured and the press coverage that resulted had

catapulted him into the kind of notoriety he needed to influence the nation. Not only had the injury helped him, but also the fact that he was attacked and injured while trying to bring a patriotic message of freedom to the nation. In fact, lying in the coma, he had done more for the cause than any thing else the several weeks before. The morbid human interest side of what had happened to Justin had caused his column to be not only duplicated in other newspapers but also to spread rapidly throughout the internet.

Justin was getting frustrated with his condition and situation. He was unable to move his body and he was unable to speak. He had the words if he could get his voice to work. He could not even open his eyes. It seemed he had been lying there for an eternity. In truth, it had only been eight days since the incident. Justin knew Angie was staying near and it gave him comfort. He did not feel alone.

For the next few days, Justin lay there and waited for something to happen. At one point, he heard Chief and Sig come in and they spoke to him for a few minutes in a one sided conversation. Later, Skipper came in and sat and talked with him also. Finally, Duffy stopped by towards the end of the ninth day to see him. Duffy read to Justin from the book of Psalms, the 91st Chapter. When Duffy was done, he put his hands on Justin's head and released a Divine energy into him. He kept his hands there for a long time, and he said these words: "Holy Spirit, be released into him now, in Jesus' name."

Justin could sleep in his coma; he had waking times and sleeping times. During the sleep times, he would dream vividly about many things. One night however, and he was assuming it was night, but maybe he was just asleep, he had a nightmare that Angie had died. It made him feel so sad; he wanted to cry but couldn't. He just felt this gnawing ache deep inside, an ache that had no release. It took him a while to emotionally recover from that dream. The next morning, he thought he heard her calling him and though she had been calling him on and off the whole time he had been laying there, hearing her

voice at that moment gave him great relief and assured him that she was still there at his side.

Another strange thing began to happen. Sometimes while in his awake times, he had the sensation of getting up, dressing, and going out just as if nothing was wrong. He would walk outside and even walk to his car and drive it.

About mid-day on the tenth day, Justin felt a weird sensation and he felt he could open his eyes. He began using the muscles around his face and he felt his eyelids fluttering. Angie shouted and he heard her. "Justin, come on, you can open your eyes, Justin, sweetie, my love, come on..." Suddenly, his eyes were open, and he was moving them around the room, seeing things. The darkness was gone. The dark days were over. Angie hugged him, and kissed him and asked him if he could speak.

Justin just looked around the room. He wanted to be sure he was really awake. Finally he said in a raspy voice, "Water..." and Angie got a cup of water and wet his lips. Until now, all of his fluids had gone through an IV.

Chief, who was on duty in Justin's room guarding Justin and Angie, had jumped to his feet. He was grinning from ear to ear, and said, "Welcome back, Sir."

Justin smiled weakly at him. Angie asked Chief to run get a doctor and nurse. They both came running and they were absolutely shocked to see the progress. Neither of them thought Justin would wake up, and if he had they thought he would never be alert or cognitive.

By the next day, Justin was sitting up, and Angie, all three frogmen, and Duffy and Liz were in the room with him. He even had a lunch tray and was nibbling on it, though it wasn't the best food he'd ever tasted. Angie had told Justin that their two children had had to go back to school but they had called every day to see how he was. He had heard their voices after all. Justin was amazed at how good

he felt, especially after learning the details of all that had happened and the doctors' unhopeful prognosis. The only injury he was aware of was the cast on his leg, but it did not hurt him. His head, which everyone said should be hurting, felt fine too.

He had one side-effect that he assumed was probably from hitting his head and he hoped would go away soon. The room was not stable; he felt it was moving at times, and the floor and the ceiling would at times bounce or shake, especially in his peripheral vision. He also thought he saw things out of the corner of his eyes, like maybe creatures or something not quite normal. However, as soon as he looked full on in that direction, they would disappear.

While he was still eating lunch, and all his loved ones and bodyguards stood happily around him, he looked out into the hall just in time to see a hideous person walk by and look in. It had a face that seemed to have scales on it, and very red eyes, and a very high forehead. It hardly looked human, yet it was wearing a hospital coat. He flinched as he saw it. This startled all his friends and Angie.

"Did you see that?" said Justin as he pointed towards the door.

They all looked out the door.

Sig ran over to the door and looked both ways. "There's nothing out here," he said.

Justin blinked his eyes a few times. "I guess my brain still has some side-effects from the injury."

Angie had heard enough. "OK everyone" she barked. "My man needs his rest, so let's clear out."

As a joke, Skipper said to Angie, "will do, Skipper."

Chief and Sig chuckled. He was yielding to her rank as the protective wife which not one of them would ever dare challenge. They all said goodbye and Justin lowered his bed so that he could sleep. Angie alone stayed in the room to watch over him, and one of the three frogmen was posted by the outside door of his room, giving the couple their privacy.

Because of the extent of Justin's injury, despite his amazing and speedy recovery, Justin was made to stay in the hospital another week. He was moved out of ICU and placed in a different room, but when the hospital tried to put him in a room with another patient, Skipper had to cause a ruckus and go to the head of the hospital to insist that Justin have his own room for security purposes. This didn't bring much favor to the team, but Skipper didn't care. He needed to reduce any security risks as much as possible.

Justin needed continued testing, especially on his brain, and some physical therapy as well. He could move all his limbs and even walk with crutches, but he was shaky and the therapy addressed that. When he was not in therapy, he caught up on the news by watching the television in his room or by reading the newspaper. The doctors felt his TBI was not as bad as they first thought, but he and Angie decided they would give God the glory for His faithfulness to restore Justin. Duffy came by a few times and had some great talks with Justin during the week. Justin still saw the images in the peripheral and he thought the room looked unstable, but he felt he was getting better. He wanted to go home and opted to not mention what he was seeing to anyone except Duffy, lest they keep him in the hospital even longer. He was trusting God for his complete recovery.

Justin also saw the creature with the doctor's coat a few more times during that week; it was going up and down the halls of the floor Justin was on. Duffy, in one of their talks, suggested that Justin may have been given a temporary ability in the coma which is lingering beyond the coma to see spirits in the invisible realm. This Justin didn't understand, but he quietly pondered the possibility. If Duffy was correct, what could this mean and what was the purpose of this ability? Was there even a reason, or was it all because of his injury? In addition to the strange creatures, he also noticed that he could sometimes see something strange on certain people on television. He considered it could just be a double image or something

like that, but it happened frequently. Even when he saw the president speaking on television, he thought he saw an evil glare in the president's eyes that was anything but human. He continued to keep all this to himself. He felt he would be so much better if he could just get home. The things he was seeing made him doubt himself at times. If the doctors knew what he was seeing, they might want to put him in a padded room.

Two days before his projected release from the hospital, Justin was watching the national news. Angie had gone to the hotel room, which she still had, to rest and freshen up. Still aware of the potential for danger, Chief accompanied her. Justin was enjoying the solitude. He wasn't enjoying what he was hearing, however. The news anchor was reporting that the national debt had risen sharply. Economic markets around the world were reacting to the news. The value of the dollar was rapidly decreasing. The cost of groceries, gas, and energy were all rapidly rising which was making it harder on the already stressed American family. Unemployment was also going up again and the stock market was in trouble. Justin was troubled by the reports. He remembered his dream and Marty Abraham's warnings about the economy and the dollar crashing.

The next day on the news, there was a report about a run on a bank in the Midwest. Apparently, a major and national bank had had computer issues and people could not access their accounts online. Due to the increasing fragility of the economy, the rumor spread swiftly that this bank was about to close. At one of the branches in Omaha, Nebraska, hundreds of people swarmed the bank wanting to withdraw their money from their checking and savings accounts. They were asked to leave, but refused. The bank managers called the police and SWAT arrived to control the growing crowd. The crowd finally began to dissipate and leave after SWAT ordered them to disperse immediately or face consequences.

In another Midwestern city, the city's water company had had

a serious breakdown in the water treatment plant which caused widespread pandemonium as people swarmed the stores and cleared the shelves of all bottled water. Limited abilities to cook food, wash themselves, and even flush toilets was spreading as the potable water began to run out and the water treatment plant couldn't get clean water back on line to the public. As the situation escalated, this story, which would not have normally been so newsworthy became so when the National Guard, who had been called out to deliver water to the town, also ran out of water. The excessive heat, coupled with the fear about the economy fueled the impatience of the people. The growing fear in America that this could happen at any time to any town was very newsworthy and the country was paying attention. It was reported that in a few towns across America, bottled water was flying off the shelves. These news reports were great fodder for doomsayers but Justin wondered if they were prophetic in nature as to coming events in America.

At the end of the week, Angie, Skipper, Sig and Chief took Justin home. He had not yet been outside and it was nice to get some sunlight. He was wheeled out of the hospital in a wheel chair and Sig helped him into the backseat of his car. Chief came driving up behind in the Suburban, and Sig got in; Skipper drove Justin's car with Angie in the front seat and Justin in the back with his casted leg across the back seat. As they drove away, Justin glanced back at the hospital where he had spent the last 10 days. He quietly gasped as he saw four winged creatures sitting on top of the hospital about four stories up; all were staring directly at him. This unnerved him and he felt his whole body go stone cold. They were very large, at least eight feet in height and stood still like gargoyles on a medieval church. They looked slightly human in appearance, but with dragon or reptile like characteristics, and they had huge wings. They were just perched there and apparently no one else was seeing them or aware of their presence except him. He watched the creatures, never

taking his eyes off of them, until, as their car traveled further away from the hospital, he saw them fly away together and finally disappear from his sight. He turned his body back to face forward in the car, but felt like he needed to keep looking back in case the hideous creatures returned. He realized that they were amazingly like the creatures he had seen in his dream a few weeks before. Yet those creatures were objects of a dream, of an unconscious state. He now was awake. Was he hallucinating or did he, like Duffy suggested, awaken from his coma with an extra ability? Was this a gift of discernment from God? He knew he needed time to get alone with God and pray about this. He hadn't had much time in the hospital to do that because of the comings and goings of nurses, doctors, technicians and his wife, bodyguards and friends. As he looked ahead to the road the car was on, he noticed that the horizon was unstable and jumped slightly or bounced, much like looking through a camera that is bouncing. Some images he was seeing were slightly distorted also. He could however read road signs and billboard ads. Ultimately, he was grateful to be alive, but he was not happy that he was able to see things no one else could see, and worse, that these things were hideous and evil looking. He felt like he was in the Twilight Zone, and he needed to somehow extricate himself from it. At the same time, if these things were from Hell, and Satan's kingdom, he could see himself learning a lot as long as he had this ability. His thoughts vacillated back and forth between purpose, God's purpose, and concern that he had something wrong with him. Time would tell, or God would.

Skipper finally broke the silence. "Justin, I don't want to ask this too early, or risk Angie's wrath here, but what is your next move? I ask this only as the one assigned to keep you and your wife safe and secure. I guess I also am asking as your friend."

Angie had been quiet, peaceful and seemingly content thus far on the drive. Her husband was going to be alright and they were

heading home; that's all that mattered. Skipper's question, however, jolted her back to reality. His teasing of Angie was also not missed by her. She turned toward Skipper and smiled. Faith and boldness were rising up in her. She could laugh and that meant she could laugh at the enemy also. In truth she was grateful for the protection that God had provided in these three men. She also understood the mandate and call on her husband's life and where he went, she would go.

Skipper saw Angie's smile and knew he was in safe waters. He was also relieved because his question, though seemingly innocent, also told him right where Angie was at and gave him a small window into what she was thinking. He needed to know that she had really made it through all of this and that she was still on board and would be cooperative.

"Skipper," said Justin, "I am going to keep writing my column and promoting the things that bring change. I guess I will do nothing different." With a small smile and light chuckle he added, "Except maybe be a little more cautious on roof tops."

Skipper smiled. "That is what I thought you would say, and, I agree about the roof part, just so you know." They all three laughed and the laughter seemed to blow away the mounting tension in the car.

Skipper went on. "Just so you both know, the three of us are not going to stay in your home. Instead, we are going to get a place within a few blocks of you and then rig a panic alarm for you in the home and place hidden cameras around the exterior of the house. We will also have one of us watching your home at all times from a strategic point on the exterior. The reason we are doing this is that we believe that we can watch you better and see any approaching threat better from the outside and further away rather than the inside. This means we will have one man in close proximity and one man viewing monitors at all times. Also, one of us will continue to accompany you both everywhere you go."

Angie let out a big sigh. She said, "Maybe now we can have our life back a little. Though I am grateful for all of your presence, it has been very hard." Angie noticed Skipper's grin and turned back towards Justin in time to catch him smiling as well.

Justin closed his eyes and rested for the rest of the trip. Leaving the hospital had taken more out of him than he'd realized. He was eager to get home and maybe take a good nap in his own bed. Skipper and Angie made small talk the rest of the way being interrupted only one time when Chief called and checked in. Justin dozed in the back seat.

It wasn't long before they were coming out of the mountains into the Wenatchee Valley. Justin was now awake and eagerly looking out the window. Before long they had arrived in Justin's and Angie's neighborhood. Skipper was on alert as he drove as were the men in the car following them. After what they had experienced the last few weeks, they were going to stay sharp.

When they were a few streets away, Justin too was alert, but for something else. He wanted to know if he would see any strange beings in his neighborhood. Before he had closed his eyes in the car, he had seen evil looking and strange creatures in cars or on the hood or trunk of cars. They weren't on every car, but at least every three or four cars he would see one. They were with the people in the car. In the past, Justin disliked people that thought they discerned demons everywhere; but now what was he doing? He seemed to be seeing possible demons everywhere.

Now he was nearing home. What would he see? In his neighborhood, he could see evil looking creatures on top or in front of many of the houses. Some were sitting on good neighbor fences. Many of them were not winged like the creatures at the hospital. Most of them were rather shorter, impish looking, and dark. Some looked like E.T., the alien from the movie, with huge round heads, real big eyes, and tiny noses and mouths. Their bodies were skinny

and some jumped around and were quite fast, darting here and there. Some were very tall and quite hideous looking. They all turned and looked at Justin as he passed by as if knowing he was fully aware of and watching them. Although these apparent demon-like creatures did not have horns as often depicted in books and movies, some did have tails that whipped wickedly behind them. Others with tails had a reptilian look in the face and walked upright with a man's body. All in all, Justin could see that whatever they were, they came in all shapes and sizes and there was nothing good about them.

They were on Justin's street now. He could see which of his neighbors had demons and which ones did not. Justin realized that he knew that these demons in the neighborhood seemed to be waiting for opportunities to go to work in the homes at which they were posted; no doubt there were others already in homes raising havoc. Justin was also fairly sure that none of the unbelievers had any protection from these creatures, but rather only the Christians, and then they might not be fully protected at all times without some faith in God over the matter. Despite what he was seeing, Justin was even more amazed at the understanding that seemed to be unfolding in his mind; this had to be a gift of the Spirit for sure.

By now, Justin was pretty sure he was seeing into the spirit realm and he was not seeing anything that was not already there on a routine basis. This was business as usual and even Christians who loved God never really saw this stuff, they all had to take it by faith. At times, Christians, through a gift of discernment, would be shown a demon that was present, or they would sense it. Perhaps the Holy Spirit would just tell them it was there, but hardly ever did anyone ever see these beings with the naked eye as Justin was seeing.

As the car pulled into the driveway of his own house, Justin's heart jumped with excitement, for sitting on his own roof was an angel. He knew it was an angel, it was human looking, its clothing was white and glistening and it had a majestic look about it. It appeared

to be male, with short brown hair, and he sat on the very peak of the roof. No wings were visible. Justin looked at the houses around him and there were no evil beings on any of those houses either; the houses on either side of his and across the street were all clear of any demons. Justin wondered if this one angel created this much intimidation and fear in the impish demons he had seen on other streets and they therefore steered clear of him and kept a distance. Might this be the influence of a Christian home in a neighborhood?

Skipper pulled the car into the garage, and the frogmen in the Suburban went to park around the corner in the same spot as before. They were still trying to keep Justin's protection low key and inconspicuous to any possible observers. Angie and Skipper helped Justin into the house through the garage. To all of them it felt good to be back in Wenatchee.

Justin kicked back in his easy chair the rest of the day and kept his Bible open on the armrest. He was grateful to be home where he could really rest, relax, and consider the events of previous days, especially this new ability to see the invisible realm. He was looking at Ephesians 6: 12: "For we wrestle not against flesh and blood but against principalities and powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this age, against the spiritual hosts of wickedness in the heavenly places." It was right here; this explained everything. God had shown His children through the Word already everything he was now seeing with his natural eyes. These beings, who are everywhere, are the hosts of wickedness God was referring to in Ephesians. Justin pondered how many times these beings had possibly spoken through someone and he had heard it and thought it was the person speaking. He was seeing that this is what all these beings have been waiting for, the timing and ability to express or manifest themselves into this earthly realm through persons of flesh and blood. Sadly, most people have no idea that demons are influencing and using them this way. Justin, however, could see and realized that from now on, as

a basic rule, he would deal with the evil and not the person. This is what God meant for every believer to do.

Justin wondered about the angel. He quickly turned to Psalm 103:20. "Bless the Lord you His angels, who excel in strength, who do His Word, heeding the voice of His Word." Justin thought about this. What gave angels something to do? God's Word did. He thought of all those families in the cars and in their homes with demons all around them inside and outside. If angels heed or hear and then do the Word of God, then if these families do not use God's Word, the Bible, they have no angel action at all, and they can be overrun by demons. Justin could see how being born-again would be a pre-requisite for these people to even be able to comprehend this principle. On the flip side, Justin thought that if he and Angie could become very proficient at using the Word and speaking it and declaring it, they could keep the angels very busy and the evil beings would be kept at a very safe distance.

Justin dozed until Angie came and brought him some medications and some dinner. After a nice home cooked dinner, Justin felt exhaustion setting in and with Angie hovering at his side, he headed to bed. As he began to drift off to sleep, his thoughts were still on Ephesians 6, especially verse 13: "Therefore take up the whole armor of God, that you may be able to stand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand." Justin meditated the words, "evil day." He must stand, and now is the time to stand, and stand firm in God. America, the country that he so dearly loved must not go down in flames, so he must stand. No matter what the cost, he must stand. He fell into a deep sleep with his mind on standing against all evil to see God bless America.

“Do not pray for easy lives. Pray to be stronger men.” John
F. Kennedy

Chapter 17

A New Friend

THE THREE FROGMEN spent one more night at Justin’s home, making sure he was settled and all was secure. The next day they would go find a place to stay. Justin’s first night home, Chief had the first watch outside. They had no way of knowing whether or not Justin had made more enemies, or whether or not someone had escaped from their raid in New York and was still at large, able to still pursue taking Justin’s life. They suspected that there was still someone, a bigger wheel, who had been behind the whole attack and was calling the shots. However, the trail was still cold in that area. Therefore they needed to take every possible precaution. So they remained diligent and explained to Justin and Angie that the ongoing protection was still highly necessary. Chief sat in the Suburban for a while. He was at the corner, but he could clearly see Justin’s house from his vantage point.

Justin woke up with a start to a loud shrill cry outside his home. Trying not to wake Angie, he carefully got up and grabbed one crutch to support him and walked out of the bedroom in his pajamas and

slippers. He went to the front door, unlocked it and went outside. In the distance he saw a winged creature flying away, still letting out the loud shrill cries as it went. He limped gingerly down the porch steps and into his front yard so that he could look back up on the roof of his house. Sure enough, the angel was still sitting there. He was excited. The angel looked at him and smiled. Justin went as close as he could to the side of the house so as to still keep the angel in view and spoke to it. "Are you an angel from God?"

The angel was slow to speak anything. He looked down at Justin and then looked back out in the distance and then looked around the area. His gaze came back to Justin and he fixed his eyes on him and spoke, "Yes, I am an angel of the Lord God."

Justin noticed he spoke in a soft but strong clear voice. Justin asked, "What is your name?"

The angel responded, "I am called Micah."

Justin wanted to know many things. Maybe this angel would tell him. He asked, "Why are you on my roof?"

Micah, seeming amused, smiled at Justin. "Why Justin, you ordered me here weeks ago."

Justin looked confused. "You know my name?"

Micah nodded his head and answered, "Yes, many of us know your name."

The answer amazed and puzzled Justin. He asked, "When did I order you here?"

"You did this after the night you had the spirit of fear in your bedroom. Angie rebuked it and made it leave and the next morning on your drive to work you declared the blood of our Lord around you and her and you declared angels around yourselves and your home."

Justin remembered the incident. But he still had questions. "If angels were protecting me, then why did I fall and get seriously injured?"

Micah said, "You fell by your own choice when you decided to risk your life to save your friend. No angel will get in the way of a

sacrificial act, for that is your business and the Father's business, and no one else's."

Then Justin understood what had happened. No one is ever stopped from a choice of his or her own will. That explained the death of martyrs, something he had often wondered about. Martyrs would be released from Divine protection for a moment in time by these extra-ordinary beings, the angels. That is what happened to Jesus as He went to the Cross. The clarity of Justin's understanding was coming fast; he was on a fast learning curve.

Justin had more questions. "Why can I see you and all those demons?"

Micah answered, "That you will find out in time."

Justin was perplexed. "Can anyone else see you?"

Micah answered, "People cannot see us they can only see the influence we create, and sense the thoughts we give them."

"I don't understand." Justin responded.

Micah paused as though listening and then explained, "I was sitting here previously in what is known as your recent past, and three men drove up in a car in the middle of the night to do you harm. I placed in them a sense of danger, and they left. They came back later to try again. I again diverted them with feelings of strong danger, and they left for good. They never saw me, but they sensed me, and I allowed them to sense your bodyguards too, even though they never saw them. There are times when I must show myself if I cannot influence someone, but I have not had to do that in forty-seven of your years."

Justin thought about the rental car that Sig saw. Things were being tied together and falling into place.

About that time, Chief walked up behind Justin out of the darkness. "Sir, who are you talking to?"

Justin jumped but recognized Chief's voice instantly. He looked at Chief; then his eyes shot back up on the roof at Micah. The angel

was still there, but Chief could not see him. Justin knew he could not explain, and he knew he would not be believed. “Chief, I was praying.” Justin was not lying, but the conversation, though prayer-like, was not praying.

Chief started to move towards the front door just as Sig was coming out. He turned to Justin and said, “OK sir, go ahead. I am going in to hit the rack and Sig is taking over the watch.”

Sig looked slightly perplexed as he passed by Justin on his way to his hiding place. Justin smiled because the frogmen did not know they had supernatural help with the watch. Justin waited for Sig to get out of earshot before he turned again towards his new friend on the roof. He realized he had probably asked enough questions for the night and wanted to say goodnight to Micah.

“Micah, I want to thank you for keeping watch.”

Micah replied, “Thank the Lord, Justin; do not thank me, for He gives his angels charge over you to keep you in all your ways. He set me in service of man thousands of years ago, and this is my charge and my duty.”

Justin understood and bowed his head. “Alright, Lord...thank you that Micah is on my house watching over my household.”

Micah smiled as Justin turned and went inside. Justin could not stop thinking about one of the biggest thrills of his life. What a rush, he thought. I have my own angel. But wait; didn't I already know this by faith? Of course I did.

The next morning, Justin and Angie were in the family room watching television when they heard the news. It stunned the whole country; it stunned them. Two Islamic terrorists had opened fired with small weapons on people in a large and popular shopping mall in Los Angeles. At the same time, in another part of Los Angeles, half a dozen Islamic terrorists opened fire with small weapons in a park located near office buildings in the downtown area. The focus of this attack was on people relaxing in the park as well as those

coming and going from offices during work hours. The terrorists had strategically positioned themselves in the park as well as on roof tops. The death toll between the two sights was in the hundreds and included many women and children.

At the same time, there was a similar attack in Las Vegas. Again, small weapons were used by just a couple terrorists in a shopping mall in one part of town. More terrorists, also using small weapons, wreaked havoc and fear in the central business district of downtown Las Vegas where there were higher numbers of people going in and out of office buildings. Again hundreds had been killed and many were critically wounded.

Details and facts became clear and were updated on the news throughout the day. At first, all the public knew was that there was a huge siege in both cities that lasted for hours. Though spread somewhat thin due to having to be at two locations, SWAT teams were able to finally bring it to an end and law enforcement was reporting that they believed they had taken out every terrorist. The whole country was riveted to their television sets and electronic devices. The reaction of the people was just like on 9/11; the terrorists had stopped the nation in its tracks. The four attacks had been well synchronized to happen at exactly the same time just like the consecutive crashing of the jets into the World Trade Center towers. It was realized after the gun battles ended that the attacks in the Los Angeles and Las Vegas shopping malls were simply diversions for the larger attacks in the downtown areas where most of the fatalities resulted. Once the threat was neutralized, the speculation by experts was that these Islamic terrorists were probably al-Qaeda based.

Though reports and discussion was still all over the news, the nation took a sigh of relief as the day ended and America went to bed. However, the very next morning at precisely the same time, exact duplicate attacks were carried out by terrorists in two other cities, San Diego and Phoenix. This left the authorities reeling and once

again the public was glued to the news and wondering what city was next and could it be theirs? America was on alert and terror was beginning to seep into the minds of the people. Between these four cities, over a thousand people had perished and the number of critically injured was enormous. Fear of the unknown, the most powerful form of fear, was beginning to dictate the actions and decisions of many Americans as they chose to stay close to home.

Justin knew that these attacks were very damaging to America, and could not have happened at a worse time. In fact, he strongly felt that this was a direct economic attack on America's fragile financial system. America's enemies were fully aware of what ongoing attacks of this nature would do. The terrorists also no doubt knew the ripple effect that attacks such as these would cause on America's homeland.

Justin remembered his friend Marty's scenario. However, nowhere in the scenario did he mention the potential of a crippling blow such as this. The terrorist's plan was quite simple. Draw police and authorities into the shopping mall shootings to divert them from where the real damage would occur, which was the downtown attacks. That few minutes of time would allow maximum damage on the downtown area. The outcome was then doubled by doing this in four major cities, giving the feeling of a declaration of war on our nation. It finally came forth that 32 Jihadist Muslims had infiltrated our Southern borders from Mexico over a period of 18 months and picked out four major American cities fairly close to the border. Rather than try to bring in a nuclear weapon, their choices of less sophisticated and smaller automatic weapons were ones they could obtain through contacts in America. Who would dream that small weapons such as these would be able to deal such a jolt to the nation? The terrorists had efficiently sowed the seeds of panic and terror and for the first few days; no American knew which city or shopping mall was next.

The bottom dropped out of all financial markets the day of the

second attack. Most Americans stopped transacting any kind of commerce to watch and ponder the newest developments. This was not good for many businesses, especially ones with delicate budgets; an interruption like this could be enough to throw many into bankruptcy. Justin could see a snowball effect here and a spiraling nightmare approaching. As a total death toll, these numbers in no way matched 9/11. However, because of the fragility of peace in the nation as a result of 9/11, the strategy used by these terrorists made it appear that the attacks would not stop. Not since 9/11, had the economy come to a standstill such as this. After 9/11, the commerce in our nation was put on hold in part for at least sixty days. The difference however is that the economy in 2001 was far better than it was now, and was not so feeble. The consequences of these attacks might still remain to be seen.

Justin and Angie began to pray even more fervently because they saw that the forces of darkness were arrayed against America like never before. After spending a day of solid news watching, Justin went outside to see if Micah was still at his post. Indeed he was, sitting there, looking like a statue. Justin stood staring at him; Micah turned and looked his way. Justin lifted his hand in a waving gesture and Micah did the same in return. Justin didn't say anything and went back into his house; somehow he was comforted after all the bad news on television.

On the third day after the attacks, because of the uncertainty and potential threats that were gripping the nation, the president declared martial law. This decision was made in the hopes that it would be a deterrent to any more attacks. Justin perceived that this was something the president had wanted to do, and these attacks gave him a perfect excuse. He had recently created an Executive Order giving him the right to declare martial law during peace time, and now the order was being exercised. This declaration would be theory to most Americans until the reality of it affected them locally or

personally. No one really knew what martial law meant to America or how far it could possibly go, or how thoroughly it could affect the normal way of life for most Americans. When a person hears the word “martial law,” their mind tends to think of tanks rolling down the local streets and armed soldiers outside the grocery store or post office. Another mental image is military arrests without due process. Justin wondered what this martial law would mean and just what would happen. He also wondered how soon it would happen.

After a few days of constantly monitoring the news, Angie had had enough. She and Justin were sitting in their family room watching the noon news. She jumped up and turned the television off. She turned and looked at Justin. “Justin, I am on overload. We have not watched so much TV in years.”

Justin agreed. He wasn’t learning anything really new. He was pretty sure this is what most Americans were doing... sitting and watching and waiting for a new bad report. He didn’t want to succumb to that. He said, “I think I will go work in my office and get some writing done.” He picked up his crutch and hobbled into his office. He sat down at his desk and turned on his computer. He hadn’t spent much time writing since he had gotten home. He had intended to focus on the next column of “Hungry Nation,” but the recent terrorist activities had sidelined him from that. In himself he could see how easily these attacks could stop the average American from continuing to live and be productive. He was going to change that. He would spend time working on the column and make some progress. There was much to write about. Before that though, he needed to call Duffy. He hadn’t spoken to him since right before he left the hospital.

The phone rang at Woodcrest. Surprisingly, Duffy answered, which was unusual. “Duffy, this is Justin.”

Duffy was delighted to hear Justin’s voice. “Justin, how is your recovery going?”

“I am doing well.” In truth, he felt he was recovering rapidly. “If you have a few minutes, I would like to talk to you about some things.”

As usual, Duffy was gracious but also very interested. “Go ahead. I do have time. My weekend retreat guests aren’t scheduled to arrive for another few hours and I’m all ready for them.”

Justin began. “I am sure you have seen the news and are aware of what has happened the last few days. The terrorist attack, the martial law, and our fragile economy are a huge concern. I just wanted your take on it. What do you think?”

“Justin, I am not too surprised at all we have seen. We just need to keep praying. Also, aren’t these things lining up with the dream you had about America?”

Justin paused before answering. “I guess I had hoped that the extremity of my dream was wrong or at least things wouldn’t be lining up so quickly in the country.”

“Justin,” said Duffy, “when the enemy of man steps up his attacks, the people of God must be strong and pray. That is what I think.”

Justin laughed. “I guess I knew that. I just needed to hear you say it too. Another thing I wanted to share with you is that I am still seeing what I now perceive are demons. I am getting use to it, if that is possible. However, I can also see angels. I have even spoken to one who is sitting on top of my house.”

Duffy was shocked at Justin’s words, but he also seemed to understand and accept what Justin was saying. Cautiously he said, “Justin, that is not normal, even for Christians, so be careful about it.”

“What do you mean?”

Duffy went on. “God has warnings in the Bible about listening to beings other than God, even if they seem good and pure to our mind. Angels are not to form our doctrines or give us revelation; that is not their job description. If a supposed angel gives you a revelation, it may be an evil angel with a mission to deceive you.”

“Actually,” said Justin, “he and I just made small-talk. It was

nothing earth shattering. He reminded me of a prayer I had prayed about protection, and he was right on about it. The other issue is this, I can see demons and they are nothing like him, in appearance or in nature.”

“Justin, it sounds like you are doing fine, and there is no danger in that angel. Just be careful and be sure to line up what he says with the Word. In other words, remember that anything he says must line up with God’s Word, and not be contrary in any way to it. The test you must use is found in 1 John 4:1.”

Justin submitted to his spiritual father and said, “Alright, Duffy. I will watch that.”

The two men ended the phone call and Justin scooted up to his computer to write. It was time to crawl back in the saddle of the bucking horse after his injury. If the nation was going to hell, he would make an attempt to stop it, and all he had was a very powerful weapon, the pen, or a computer keyboard, as the case may be. It was time to turn up the heat.

“Arbitrary power is most easily established on the ruins of liberty abused to licentiousness.” George Washington

Chapter 18

An American Animal Farm

JUSTIN LAUGHED AS he wrote about the next *Animal Farm*: America. Would this writing be tolerated? Would this use up the rope he had been given by the conservative *Tribune* and would the liberal left of the country let it pass? *Animal Farm* was one of Justin's favorite political books. The brief allegory about animals on a farm that overthrow the farmer, and then set up their own form of government was a fast read and written by the brilliant George Orwell, also the author of *1984*. Justin thought about the newly declared martial law and the country's reaction to the terrorist attack on four cities. This was an evil trigger to stop the economy, and it was working, but there was no hope for recovery if America was no longer a free country with free enterprise and little or small government. Justin wanted to spring Orwell on the country and appeal to them in a way that would capture a past literary masterpiece. Orwell's allegory was a critique of totalitarianism or fascism, and communism. George Orwell had just seen the end of World War II and the fall of Nazi Germany, and the timing of this book was at the rise of communism

in Russia. The little novel, *Animal Farm*, was becoming more and more applicable to America as America lapsed further into a socialistic form of government. The novel also showed in graphic detail the pure evils of such governing, the oppression, the murder, the loss of liberty and the drain on national productivity. Justin chuckled as he thought, America is going to the pigs and that must be stopped.

While sitting there at his desk, the phone rang and Justin answered it. It was Skipper. "Skipper, what can I do for you?"

"Justin, I've been having my mail forwarded since we've been up here. I just opened a letter from the Federal Government. It seems they are setting up a national police force and Chief and I both received a letter of interest. Chief heard about it from his wife. It appears they are seeking ex-military types to come on board. After doing some investigating, I discovered that they are also recruiting police from local police forces all over the country. I suspect that they will have a force of thousands in just weeks."

Justin was shocked. He knew that the president had threatened to establish a national security force, but now the justification of the terrorism in the four cities was being used to warrant its immediate implementation. Justin stammered. "Skipper, are...you or Chief going to take the job?"

Skipper let out a huge growl, "Hell no! Uh, please pardon my language." Skipper was passionately disinterested in the idea of joining any such government organization. "I am not going to serve the liberals and help tear down this nation."

Justin was perplexed. He asked, "Why didn't Sig get a letter?"

Skipper answered, "We don't know, maybe he did and he just moves around too much to get his mail, but I know for a fact that he wouldn't do it either. This force will be set loose upon innocent Americans who object to and reject the liberal agenda, and I want no part of it."

Justin thought about what Skipper was saying. He was much more correct than he may have realized. “Skipper, for what reason could a national police force be assembled? We have a National Guard already. We have local police, county sheriffs, city police, rangers, airport and courthouse security and more. We have state police. We have the FBI, the CIA, the NSA and Homeland Security. We have the 4 branches of the military, the border patrol and the Coast Guard. We have Customs and Harbor police. We have even more than that. If we are in an economic crisis, why spend the money to fund one more government machine, and something the people would not want? It will no doubt be built on borrowed money at that.”

Skipper sat there on his end of the line and shook his head. “Justin, there is no reason for this force, or should I say, farce? But, because of this, I am leaving in a few hours for Los Angeles. I want to check on some of this and see if I can get a better grasp on what is really going on. I need to check in on some things at our office anyway. Chief and Sig will remain up here on duty watching over you and your wife.”

Justin smiled. “I understand. I also realize you probably could use a break. You all three deserve one, the way you all work non-stop.”

Skipper replied, “We will get our breaks, but at the right time.”

After some more discussion, they ended the call and Justin went back to his writing. He quietly said, “Lord, thank you for that phone call. That was helpful.”

Justin worked for a few more hours and finished the column. He was surprised at the ease with which he wrote after finishing his talk with Skipper. The words had seemed to tumble easily on to the screen despite his being out of commission for almost two weeks. He had written with passion and new purpose and after proofing his writing, he sent the finished column to Harold Barnes at *The Tribune*. He was done for the day and it felt good, though he realized

he was also quite tired.

Justin got up and hobbled to the family room to prop up his still aching leg and relax and catch up on the latest news about the previous days' attacks. It was frustrating to watch because the country was in an upheaval. There was no mention of the new national police force on the news at all. This no doubt was the same media bias that cloaked the many activities of the liberal left, especially in an election year. Even the martial law was downplayed on the evening news, but Justin knew from a reliable internet news source that twenty-five major cities now had U.S. troops in them with encampments on the outskirts of the cities. The government didn't seem to expect anymore terrorist attacks, but had used them as an excuse to call for martial law. What they were now waiting for was the potential rioting of Americans; rejection by citizens of martial law, military occupation and presidential maneuvering that was not so presidential. Justin had seen on the internet that gas lines had been forming at gas stations due to slow deliveries of gasoline. Food shortages in some cities were causing some national concern as well. The gas and food issues of course were also televised because after all, it was news, and the media had a way of invoking the most fear it could from things like this.

Another thing Justin thought was interesting was that no official such as the president or a senator or anyone was offering any press conferences to the public to calm them and instruct them. This was puzzling. The lack of comments coming from elected officials made it seem as though they didn't notice or care. Justin could not help but think that this was purposeful. They probably thought: "let the country burn so we can rebuild it. To blazes with the hurting people who are confused and upset, want answers, and especially want and need hope." Justin thought this was poor leadership.

Angie now walked in after a long day of errands and sat down

with Justin. They held hands and painfully watched their nation deteriorate before their eyes. Where was God in this? They didn't understand. They needed to pray.

Sig was down the street watching the home. Lately, the guarding had been ever so boring, as they felt they were in a lull of activity where Justin and Angie were concerned. Chief was back at the apartment they had rented. The three frogmen had rented a two bedroom apartment near Justin's home; Sig and Chief shared a room. They lived like three bachelors with very little furniture and they all had just blow up mattresses for beds. But they were comfortable and it suited their current situation perfectly. They had equipment, weapons, and state-of-the-art security tools, and it looked like a military facility inside. Skipper had a desk and he worked at it much of the time with a phone and laptop. Down the street from Justin's house, Sig was only two minutes from home. Chief would come down and relieve him at 0100 hours. Skipper was in California and not due back for several days. Every couple of days Angie would have the three men over for a home cooked meal, but most of the time they subsisted on fast food or TV-type dinners at their apartment. Due to the need to be always on alert, there wasn't time to do any cooking, and Angie's cooking was always looked forward to and appreciated.

About 2330 hours, Sig sat in the Suburban watching Justin's house. A house between where he was posted and Justin's home had a flurry of activity. A car drove up and screeched to a halt. A man got out and stomped inside the home. Sig rolled his window down to listen. Coming from inside the house were sounds of a knockdown drag out fight. It sounded like it was between the man that had just entered the house and a woman, possibly his wife. The lights were coming on in all the surrounding homes. Neighbor after neighbor was coming out on their porch to see what the yelling and screaming was about. Justin came out in his yard with a single crutch under

his arm. When Sig saw Justin, he got out of the SUV and walked quickly in that direction.

As Justin stepped off the porch and onto the lawn, he looked back and saw Micah sitting calmly on his roof. Micah seemed to not pay any attention to the problem. Justin looked in the direction of the raucous. He could make out six demons gathered around the couple who were now on their front lawn yelling and screaming at each other. These beings had this couple really going. Somehow, Justin knew the demons names or functions; they were anger, strife, jealousy, envy, competition and divorce. Justin saw the demon of strife whisper something in the husband's ear. This man was burly, about 250 pounds, and about 6 feet tall. He appeared to be about 40-45 years old. One of Justin's neighbors, Phillip, walked up to the couple and asked them to keep it down and take it inside. The husband hurled curses at him, threatened him, and began to move towards Phillip as he told him to get off his property.

Sig was now directly out on the street in front of the house where the couple was. It would have been so easy to walk up and use a little bit of his training to subdue both the man and his wife. But he held back. He didn't want to bring attention to himself and possibly reveal his purpose for being in the neighborhood and the woman appeared to be in no immediate danger as the fight had not gotten physical yet. Sig, looking at the woman a little closer, also felt she could give it out if she needed to protect herself.

Just then, the man yelled at Sig. "What are you looking at?"

Justin was sure the man had been drinking. The situation seemed to be growing more volatile. Justin looked at Sig closely to see what he would answer. He knew that God had touched Sig back at Woodcrest, and he felt this would be a real test for Sig. The man stuck his chest out and pulled his pants higher as he started stomping towards Sig. Although Sig was a little taller, this man had weight

on Sig. He actually looked like a truck driver or a construction worker. Justin could now see a small demon on the man's back as though catching a ride. He somehow knew by inner unction that this was a demon of alcohol. Justin was pretty sure that not all the people using alcohol had this demon, but this man did. The man was full of the emotions of wrath and anger and he was looking for someone to vent on. Sig had been chosen. The demons of the same names, wrath and anger, were there to make sure the emotions would be maximized. With every staggering step towards Sig he became more explosive. Sig had not changed his stance, however; he appeared at ease and in control. Even though it was night, Justin could see from the street lights that the angry man's face was bright red and he was sneering and showing his teeth. He stopped right in front of Sig. Justin tensed. The man was in extreme danger and Sig was the human weapon of that danger.

“Can't you speak when someone talks to you?”

Sig cleared his throat. “Sir, you need to calm down. This is not profitable.”

Just then, Justin saw the little demon grab the man's head and squeeze it. The man grabbed his temples and rubbed them. He looked at Sig with red eyes of fury. He then reached out a hand and tried to push Sig backwards. Sig, however, did not budge, but kept his center of gravity. Justin prayed under his breath. Sig did nothing. Sig could have put the man on the ground, just with a finger grab, but he held his peace.

Justin prayed a prayer in a low but audible voice. “God, I bind this from happening; I bind the devils and I break the evil power off this man now in Jesus' name.” He was not that quiet, but not one of the neighbors who had now made a semi-circle around the couple's yard seemed to hear him. It was as though he prayed from the secret place of the most high under the Almighty's shadow.

The man reached out his hand to try to once again push Sig. Justin saw Sig tense up. This was it. Sig looked like he would now put the man down. Hopefully he would not hurt him. Then, Justin saw a bright flash shoot from the top of his roof toward the man and hit squarely between the man and Sig with an explosion of light. The man fell down backwards, and the demon went scurrying away. The man, who had looked ready to explode moments before, hit the ground hard and lay there stunned. The wife, who he'd been fighting intensely with just moments before, ran over and yelled at Sig, "What did you do to my husband?" But Sig had not touched him.

In a few moments the man was coming around, and Sig and the man's wife helped him up. They both angrily pulled away from Sig and turned their backs and started towards their home nursing their pride and ego as they went. Justin looked back up at Micah. He sat motionless and looked at Justin. He nodded slightly. Justin nodded back.

Sig walked up to Justin. "I don't know what just happened there" said Sig. "I thought he would shove me again and he just keeled over before he could. Strangest thing I've ever seen." He chuckled and lightheartedly added, "I am sure I used my deodorant today."

Justin laughed out loud. "Sig, did you see anything strange?"

"I saw that man fall backwards for no reason," he replied. It was as Justin thought; no one saw the flash of light but him. No one had even heard him pray, and no one saw Micah's part at all. The neighbors gradually dispersed back to their homes and Sig walked Justin back towards his house. They both leaned against Justin's car.

Justin wanted Sig to know about his prayer. "Sig, I prayed right before the man was about to push you. I believe God did something there to assist with that man."

Sig looked intently at Justin. "Sir, I wish it was that easy, but I don't know. I do know something happened to him, something not

in my control.”

“Sig, nothing is the same after God gets in your life. We Christians need outside of the box thinking. The spirit realm is ever so real, and we see so little of it and the average believer uses so little of its principles and concepts.”

Sig seemed to understand. “Sir, I have lived by a certain way so long, it is hard to change one’s ways or how things are done, but I am willing to learn. When Mike Keller knocked me down at Woodcrest without touching me, I knew God has a power like none other. I just need to know how to assimilate it into my life.”

Justin smiled. “It looks like you did a good job of it tonight. You did not react when most men would have.”

“Yes, I know, and that is different for me.”

“Well, God does not always knock a person down for us,” said Justin, “so I submit to you that He did it for you as much as He did it for me. It seems God has both of us on a learning curve.”

Sig smiled. “I think you might be right, Sir.”

Justin grabbed his crutch that was leaning on the car and started toward the house. He was suddenly feeling exhausted again. “I need to get in to bed and get some sleep.”

“Goodnight, Sir” said Sig as Justin shuffled slowly toward the house. Sig could see that Justin had probably over done it and was watching carefully in case Justin needed him. Sig stood out by Justin’s car for quite a while, just thinking. It couldn’t be that simple, he thought, could it?

Early Monday morning, Harold Barnes from *The Tribune* called Justin. Justin was groggy from the activity in the middle of the night. “Justin, it was nice to get the column,” exclaimed Harold. “I thought you had written your last one!”

“Harold, I am glad I am still around to do it.” Justin truly was grateful. He knew he had come very close.

“Justin, the article is really good. It is very inflammatory against your political opposition, but good. We at *The Tribune* have stood alone for some time now as a conservative voice, and we have received much criticism for it. But releasing strong opposing arguments like yours has paved the way and a few other media outlets are now following suit. We are very grateful to you for your courage to stand up for your convictions.”

“I am thankful that you gave me the opportunity to do so,” replied Justin.

“Well,” Harold went on, “you will see the column in tomorrow morning’s issue.”

The next day, *The Tribune* did release the column as Harold had said. Due to the recent events of both Justin’s attack as well as current issues in the nation, this particular column was grabbing many new readers, both conservative and liberal alike.

The next morning, in Los Angeles, Skipper bought a copy of *The National Tribune*. The word about Justin’s column was already out and Skipper wanted to read it. He headed for a Starbucks and after purchasing his coffee, found a seat in a quiet corner and opened to Justin’s column and began to read.

**“Hungry Nation:
An American Animal Farm”**

by Justin Brooks

The political face of America has drastically changed over the last few years. Many Americans do not understand this change, and many feel the change is not so bad. The first droplets of an approaching torrential downpour of social change that is reflected in socialism are refreshing, and seem to be very long awaited. People want to see their government

take action and solve issues. So the silver lining of early socialism in a nation does not last, and human nature is the root cause. The temptation to seize control of a weakened nation that feels it must turn to socialism to repair its problems is a great one; those in power with the ability to grasp control must grab it and use a vice-like grip to keep that control. This is the human nature factor, and because of this, socialistic regimes are quite predictable.

“I predict future happiness for Americans if they can prevent the government from wasting the labors of the people under the pretense of taking care of them.” Thomas Jefferson

As this quote of Thomas Jefferson suggests, the introduction of socialism to a nation is a pretense and a ploy to seize power by a few power hungry people. In a socialistic society, there is always one party who will not live equally with all the rest of the nation in commonality, and that party is the ruling party. Next, that party must develop a police force of considerable might, such as the Gestapo or KGB, to oppress and terrorize the people by keeping them in line or to turn over any uprisings of patriots who feel the system is unfair or want their old freedoms back and are trying to preserve the few freedoms they have left. Once full-fledged socialism has set in, the lack of freedom is dreadfully evident and very nearly intolerable.

In the 1940's, author George Orwell wrote the novel *Animal Farm* as a response to totalitarian regimes, such as Hitler's in Germany, and communism. The novel is still a brilliant look at human nature, or should I say “the animal nature” behind socialism. In the novel, an allegory is made when a human farmer is very harsh and mean to his animals,

and does not care for them properly. Finally, out of desperation, the animals overthrow the farmer and take over the farm, driving the farmer out. It is a refreshing new feeling to the animals as they are excited to have a say in the running of the farm. The idealism is short lived as the pigs of the farm, who feel they are more intelligent than the other animals, seize control of the farm through deceit and manipulation. They are working under the pretense of having more intelligence. These pigs represent the liberal left of a society. They are drunk on power and want more. The pigs begin to live opulently on the sweat of the other animals, creating for themselves a type of upper class. They raise a litter of puppies that grow to be large vicious dogs and they set them in place as an SS or Gestapo-like force that brutalizes or even executes the other animals that will not come into agreement with the pigs' policies of a totalitarian style government. As a result, the other animals begin to face starvation due to a lack of food because the ruling party, the pigs, is siphoning off more than their share of the supplies as they continued to live lavishly. The dream that was *Animal Farm* has gone very wrong and it is sad and frightful to say the least. The symbolism of this novel is now all too eerie for a savvy American to gloss over as just a children's story. I urge every American to get their hands on this short novel as there are millions of copies in print and it has been out in circulation for decades. But as you read it, you will see that it looks as if it was written for America as she is right now.

America has a chance in an upcoming election to overturn this evil agenda that could leave our nation in so much utter disrepair that it could take one hundred years to remedy or rebuild. Socialism is evil, and at all costs should be cast

off, resisted, blocked, and halted in this nation.

Skipper had to stop reading and laid the newspaper down. He leaned back in his chair and closed his eyes for a moment. What he had just read was incredibly powerful and so true that it was frightening. Justin had nailed the current state of America; it absolutely was quickly becoming the *Animal Farm*. He looked around the Starbucks at all the people, conversing and sipping their gourmet coffees; they were either ignorant or just didn't care. He knew that they had no idea that if they continued to follow a socialistic leader, they would one day soon, not even be able to afford a simple cup of coffee. He found himself fearing for them and wished he could shout out to them and make them see. Instead, he turned his attention back to the rest of Justin's article.

One of the strongest characteristics of socialism is the gradually increasing lack of freedom. Many Americans have begun to grow more and more use to this in our nation's 200 years. The oppressive government machine in socialism spits out its citizens, and treads them under the wheels of the ruling elite. The evil face behind socialism can manifest itself very quickly if the nation's people are ignorant enough to tolerate these kinds of political agendas for even a moment. Do not follow the candidate with the seeming praiseworthy solutions for change and for a utopia of the future; this is a façade of evil and you will ultimately sell your liberty, even your very soul for an empty promise. The government cannot and should not pay for all of your problems, no matter how much you need them to or would like them to. It cannot afford it; you will pay it back in the end. The government also must not control business and manipulate it and remove the "free" enterprise segment of our society. The opportunity,

privilege, and right of every man or woman in a free country is to own a business that is not run or manipulated or owned by its government.

“Were we directed from Washington when to sow and when to reap, we should soon want bread.” Thomas Jefferson

The result of thinking that the government is the answer for our woes is loaded with land mines and pitfalls that are invisible and unknown. However, history confirms that the people will suffer with poverty and oppression and starvation if freedom is not the course they are on. Millions of Americans actually are not concerned whether we are encumbered with socialistic, freedom restricting programs or not. There are also Americans who feel that full blown communism is the solution to problems. There is a progression to the stripping away of liberty and freedom; of first socialism, then totalitarianism, then fascism and/or communism. People soon forget that these forms of government caused the murders of millions of people worldwide in the last hundred years or so. The deception that it can help us is birthed in Hell, and spiritual beings that are supernatural in nature are in this Earth influencing mankind to accept this evil doctrine. Karl Marx, the father of communism was demon possessed. Listen to this quote by him: “My object in life is to dethrone God and destroy Capitalism.” Why would anyone want to follow a person who is that ignorant or deceived? Anyone declaring war on God is insane or possessed, or both.

Let us learn the lesson well of the animals in the novel, *Animal Farm*. Let us demonstrate a thinking power and a prayer life that results in the wisdom worthy of our forefathers when they founded this great Nation of America.

Let us have freedom for every man, woman, and child in America. We must cast off all socialistic trends as well as the leaders that promote and encourage them. The time is now; we no longer have the luxury to wait and see what happens or hope that someone else will take care of it. If you are an American, it is up to you.

Justin Brooks

Skipper lay down the newspaper and muttered under his breath, “Way to go Justin.” And then he took a large gulp of his coffee.

“A people that values its privileges above its principles soon loses both.” Dwight D. Eisenhower

Chapter 19

Moving Ahead

IN THE REALM of the internet media, Justin had a growing group of allies. Several ultra political news services, specializing in online information for those who considered themselves right-wing, published many articles about Justin and his writing and the accident and assassination attempt on his life. Other than *The Tribune*, which was a national newspaper, only about eight other news sources carried Justin’s column. Mainstream media seemed to feel that publishing Justin’s articles was just too risky for them. However, the online media world often considers that there is no risk too great for what they feel is right, and so “Hungry Nation” received excellent and ongoing publicity and support there. In addition to that, there was social media like Facebook and Twitter, where simple everyday citizens shared and re-shared every piece of information they could to further their beliefs and address their concerns. It was on these sites where Justin was making the greatest headway of support for his cause to depose a socialistic president and topple the growing socialistic movement in America.

Justin had gotten a Facebook account a few years before, and because of his column he hit the 5000 limit of friends in no time. He decided it would be strategic to attempt to harness this momentum that he already had on Facebook and create a fan page entitled “Hungry Nation” that he would share with his own 5000 friends first. Almost immediately he picked up a few thousand followers on that page. These followers began sharing the page and virally he began to have exponential growth every day. He was not one to care about notoriety. He did however wish to touch as many people as he could with the facts and the truth about America. Justin had received his website from Jeff Graham while he was recovering, and Justin was now able to simply add different content to it himself. He kept the website and the social media sites linked together so people could see the new material with ease no matter where they were at. Justin’s audience was growing through these strategic maneuvers and he felt that he was able to communicate with a great cross section of Americans. When he came back to his website and the social outreaches every few days, he was pleased to find that he had hundreds of new contact requests and page “likes.” Because of the use of technology, things appeared to be moving forward in Justin’s personal campaign to alter the election.

The turmoil in the country, however, was getting more severe daily. Everywhere Justin went on the television or online, he saw news that unsettled him. A week had passed since the terrorist attacks. The economy had certainly frozen during that time, but now businesses around the country were attempting to pick up the pieces and get back to normal once again. Prices however had jumped; gas was up a dollar a gallon or more. Food prices had also increased sharply. As a result, there had been several demonstrations that took place around the Capital in Washington DC over the martial law and the rising prices. The cost of living was rising so rapidly that many consumers were getting priced right out of

their ability to survive. Fear was in the air and the public was angry and blaming leaders.

Another big news item that Justin noticed was that the Department of Homeland Security (DHS) was expanding, and opening a new division called Security and Surveillance Organization. (SSO) This division was where all the police and veterans that had been hired as a result of the recruiting spree that Skipper had told Justin about, were being placed. From the very start, the SSO had 9000 recruits and it was growing. Justin thought to himself: So they finally did it. They finally have built the armed force that will bring in their regime. The liberal elite will operate this group like puppets and its members will possibly not even realize it. This could be America's Gestapo. I wonder if they have even noticed the first two letters: "SS."

Justin received multiple phone calls every day asking for interviews. The man, who was injured and put in a coma while trying to bring awareness to America about the diminishing freedom and advancing socialism, was a newsworthy subject. Justin kept declining the invitations. He realized that any interview might be strategic, but the events in Seattle were still too fresh. He was also aware of what Angie's response would probably be. However, finally a reporter out of Los Angeles, Don Weimer, at KHNR, was able to convince him to do an interview. This would take place at a local Los Angeles station but would be able to be picked up by national news programs. Justin would need to get to LA and he had only four days to get there. He also wanted to drive. Angie was the first person he would have to convince about the plan. He had said "yes" without discussing it with her first, something that he recently had a bad habit of doing. He was convinced that the interview was important, especially since he never got to do the last one. More importantly, he had a peace about the trip which made him confident that God was in it and it was His will.

Angie just stared quietly at Justin as he told her. He apologized for not discussing it with her first and though he knew she was forgiving, she still said nothing for a few moments. He could understand why she might have an aversion to going to another news station, especially one so far away. Finally, however, she gave her consent making it a point that to do this they must trust God, now more than ever. She stated that she knew they couldn't hole themselves up forever, though that would be fine with her right now. She also expressed that she knew she could not protect Justin; God would have to do that. Changing gears, she immediately began to scope out the trip and make a "to-do" list. This Justin appreciated as she was a detail person and a trip like this was usually, to her, an adventure and a challenge.

Justin next called Skipper who was still in Los Angeles, and explained the pending trip. Skipper was less than enthusiastic. He said, "Justin, I do appreciate your calling me, but I wish you had called me before you said yes so that we could do a little advance research and ensure this was a safe and good idea. We only have four days to do this and that isn't much time. After the last interview, or should I say 'almost' interview, I feel we need to be even more cautious and suspicious."

Justin responded, "I understand and I guess I agree. However, I feel I need to do this and I need your help to do it safely." Skipper was silent on the other end. Justin continued, "There is one more thing. I realize the interview is in four days, but I would like to drive instead of fly."

"Whatever for," barked Skipper?

His voice had suddenly changed and it startled Justin for a moment. Justin thought that this tone was probably his stern, commanding officer voice. Justin, knowing that Skipper might not understand his reasoning, replied firmly, "I would like to experience America a little bit; a writer's research so to speak. This is an opportunity for

me to see, first hand, a glimpse of what is going on in the country; at least on the West Coast. And, this is what I do; I am a journalist.”

Skipper knew it was pointless to argue with Justin on this. He was learning how, despite Justin’s somewhat passive demeanor, he was really a very proactive person, driven to do what he felt needed to be done, without much thought for him self. “OK Justin, give me the name of the news station, your contact, and their phone number. I will begin to work on the security for this immediately and I will also make the hotel arrangements.”

“Thank you, Skipper.” Justin was relieved. He knew that his security team would do what he needed, but he also wanted them to be in support, to have their heart in it. After discussing some further details, Justin went to his next task: preparing for the trip.

30 minutes later, Chief and Sig were knocking on Justin’s front door. Justin opened it and jokingly said, “I expected you five minutes ago.”

Sig said, “Sorry Sir.” Chief and Justin both laughed.

As the men came into Justin’s living room, Chief said, “So Sir, it’s an incursion into the bowels of LA.” Chief was amused with himself, and now Sig laughed.

Justin smiled at both of the men. Despite Chief’s age, both Chief and Sig felt sort of like sons to him. He knew how Skipper must feel as their Commander, boss, and father figure.

Chief went on, this time more seriously. “We will meet Skipper at a pre-determined rally point at 1400 hours in 4 days. That will be in time for your interview that evening.”

Justin nodded. He could sense Chief’s concern or perhaps frustration about the trip, even though he said nothing. Perhaps that was why he and Sig had been so jovial initially. No doubt this was from their days as Navy Seals; covering up the potential severity of a mission with relaxed humor, no doubt kept them and more importantly, Justin, at ease. He responded, “That is perfect. I take it I will drive

my car with Angie and you both will follow in the SUV?”

“That’s correct Sir,” replied Chief.

Justin said, “If possible, I would like to leave early tomorrow morning so that we have a two day drive and approximately one day to relax before the day of the interview.”

“That shouldn’t be a problem, Sir,” said Chief, “we can be ready at 0700 hours.” That was all the two frogmen needed and they left saying they had much to do to get ready and one of them had to return to stand watch that night.

As Justin packed that night, he wondered what Micah would do. Would he go with him to LA or would he continue to stand watch on Justin’s house without budging? Justin wanted to ask him but remembered Duffy’s warning about angel secrets and guidance so he decided he would just wait and see what Micah did.

Justin sat down at his computer to make some last minute notes and transfer them to his laptop. On a hunch, Justin decided to call Marty Abraham. His friend, the Economics Professor, was on his mind. Much of what Marty had told him that morning a few weeks ago at the school was happening and Justin wanted to know what else Marty could shed light on. Marty answered after three rings. “Marty, this is Justin Brooks.”

“Hey Justin, it is great to hear from you. How are you feeling?” Marty seemed pleased to hear from him.

“I’m doing great. I still have a cast, and it itches, but considering that it could have been so much worse, I am just fine.” Justin was eager to get the pleasantries over. “Marty, this is the reason for my call. Based on our last conversation, I want to know your take on what is happening in the country.” Justin had cut right to the chase.

“Justin, it is bad and I believe we have not nearly seen the worst of it yet. The news does not show all that is going on because I believe they are afraid to. Right now, with martial law and the strength of our Executive Branch of government, actions can be taken to

close down media outlets and news studios before anyone can check the legality of it. The new SSO is ready to swiftly go anywhere in the country it is needed to take swift action at the order of the current presidential administration. Therefore, because of restrictions on the media we have blackouts on certain types of news; news that would be of great interest to the American people. We are not seeing the demonstrations, food lines, tent cities, wandering homeless people, and small but growing groups of rebels who are committing crimes such as looting. Most Americans believe that everything is progressing nicely and their world is going to be just fine.”

“Marty,” said Justin, “This has seemed to happen so fast. How could this be?”

“Justin, we have actually been like this for at least a year, but it has been under the surface. The government has been hunting down people for months now, and taking them into custody, but they are not even being read their rights. This is being done in the name of Homeland Security. I expect this will escalate now with the new SSO; I believe it will become more common and out in the open.”

Justin was astonished at what Marty was saying. He was partly in disbelief that such a thing could happen and at the same time dreadfully and sickeningly sure it could.

Marty continued, “Until now, people have just disappeared, and been incarcerated if the government felt they were a threat, or a voice against the common good, so to speak. But some very good citizens have also disappeared. You can now see why so much effort has been undertaken to develop the SSO, because they have been doing things illegally and have been violating the Constitution. The SSO will be allowed to do things that Homeland Security really couldn’t or shouldn’t get away with. No one will dare question the activities of the SSO. Their livelihood and life and even their family’s lives may depend on it.”

Justin could only listen and think. His thoughts were racing and

he was trying to assimilate them into where he was in all of this. He realized Marty had paused and was asking Justin if he was still there. Justin said, "I'm here, just thinking and taking in all you are saying. I guess I am not surprised by any of it; deep down I know it is all true. It is not easy, however, to have it so clearly spelled out. This is what America needs to hear."

Marty continued, "What is really disturbing is the lack of food and gasoline. This is more obvious and hits us all fairly equally. The terrorist attacks left us with a gaping hole in our economy. I am pretty sure that is what the intentions of the terrorists were. The dollar is now devaluing as I thought it would. Right now, it is losing about five cents per week. Prices are up everywhere, but incomes are not. Many families are going broke. No one knows what this will look like in just four to five weeks."

"Marty, how do you know all this?"

Marty sighed. "First of all, Justin, I have been traveling around and talking to many people. I have also seen the chaos and destruction first hand. I also have many close friends around the nation who are seeing what I am seeing and we have been talking. We are not relying on the news for information. Instead, we are comparing notes and sharing with each other." Marty paused as though thinking how to say what was coming next. "Justin, this is a pipeline of people that I am connected to who are organized and growing; it is a group that is getting ready to resist the police state."

"Amazing," Justin responded. "It was not long ago that I was taking on militia who were out to bring down the U.S. Government. This has come around 180 degrees. Now *that* government has gone haywire and sane and good citizens are rallying to protect their country. So much can happen and has happened in a decade."

"Yes," replied Marty, "this could not be more absurd if written in fiction. Your most recent article about the book, *Animal Farm*, and the oppression of the early stage of socialism, really hit the mark."

“Marty, Angie and I are going on a road trip to California. I want to see first hand what is going on that the liberal press does not want us to see.”

Marty chuckled. “Justin, California is hardest hit, economy wise, and you will most assuredly see some things there. Just be ready for anything, and do be careful. You can assume things are always worse than what you see on the surface. By the way, when will we see you back at the college? You’re somewhat of a celebrity since your accident.”

Justin grimaced at the mention of his job. “I guess that I have turned this into a sabbatical for the rest of the semester. I need time to heal but more importantly, there isn’t much time before the coming election and if any of us can do anything that is non-violent to bring change, we must do it. I believe time is of the essence. Also, lives may depend on it; and, the life of our nation.”

Marty agreed and they wound up their call promising to stay in touch and keep each other informed. Justin reflected on their conversation for a moment. He had a quick uncton that they had not been alone in their discussion. Could someone have been listening? If all that Marty said were true, and he guessed it probably was, then why wouldn’t someone be listening in? Also, if the country was turning into a budding police state, privacy would become a thing of the past. He hoped it hadn’t come to that and that it never would.

Justin had another quick call to make to his web master, Jeff Graham. He felt he had to get these calls made before he left town. Jeff was very up beat when he realized it was Justin. Justin explained the reason for his call: “I’m just calling to check in. Are you doing OK?”

“I’m fine,” said Jeff, “but times are crazy, aren’t they? How are *you* doing?”

“I’m doing fine and yes, I agree, times are crazy right now.” Justin went on. “I wanted to thank you for the good job you did on putting

together my website. The content I gave you is presented very well; very appealing.”

“Thank you,” said Jeff. “I have been following your column and it is really great material. That last one on *Animal Farm* was scary but very right-on. I remember reading that book when I was in High School. I didn’t really get it then. Now I do.”

“I’m hoping that everyone feels that way,” replied Justin. “I have a question for you. As each article I write comes out at *The Tribune*, can you link or install it directly to my website? Also, I am going to do a television interview this week, and I wonder if you can get a clip of it onto the website?”

“Yes and yes,” replied Jeff. “You just want it up to date with anything about or from you, right?”

“Exactly,” replied Justin. “Just stay up on that even if I do not get to instruct you to. I am after all the press and publicity that I can get to bring this information to light in the country.”

“I understand,” said Jeff. “Don’t worry; I have your back on this.”

Justin dialed one last number. A woman answered on the other end. “Liz, this is Justin, is Duffy around?”

“Hello Justin.” Liz inquired how he was doing and then said, “Duffy’s here. I will go find him for you.”

Duffy came on the line a moment later. “Hi Justin, how are you feeling?”

“Oh, I am fine. Healing nicely and relaxing as much as possible.” Justin turned to the reason of the call. “I wanted you to know that Angie and I are driving to California tomorrow. I am going to do an interview with a national news station in Los Angeles.”

“That’s interesting.” Duffy sounded positive, but was really concerned. His voice, however, didn’t reveal that to Justin.

Justin went on, “I had hoped to stop by and visit you for a few hours tomorrow on the way.”

“That would be awesome.” Duffy was pleased at this news.

“Duffy, it will also be two of the bodyguards.”

“That’s great. I love those guys anyway. I will get Liz to cook them something nice.”

Justin laughed. “She will have them eating out of her hand. They loved her cooking last time.”

Duffy asked a question he had been wondering about for a few days. “Say, are you still seeing angels and demons?”

Justin smiled at the question. “Yes Duffy, I am. I am getting used to it, though. There is still an angel named Micah sitting on my roof. If he has ever left his post, I have not seen it. I believe that this last week, he knocked one of my neighbors down who was very drunk, quite belligerent, and becoming violent. During the situation I was praying. It was a strange experience.”

“That sounds fascinating. Just remember what I told you about angels. The Word of God is your guidance, and not other beings. I do not know why you can see these beings, but there is probably a purpose of God in it.”

“I will remember that. So we can be by about 11:00 a.m. if that is OK.”

Liz and I will look forward to seeing you all.”

Justin had work in his office he had to finish before calling it quits for the night. He had been typing for only a few minutes when suddenly, a chilling voice spoke to him. “You will not survive this trip. You will die for sure this time if you go.”

Justin went cold. He sat back in his chair and stared into space. This gave him a sickening feeling in his stomach. Was this God? No, the fear he felt indicated this was not God at all. This was an evil thought conveyed to him and the fruit of it was terror; God would not do that. This was Satan, who wanted to paralyze him and stop him in his tracks. Justin would not have it. He resisted the fear and would not let it get a grip in him. He was not going to receive fear over anything he was doing.

He got up from his desk, and went to find Angie. She was in their room organizing and packing for the trip. He sat down on the chair in their room and said, "I believe Satan just spoke to me and said that I would die if I took this trip."

Angie had a flash of anger. "Love, you are right. That is Satan who is speaking and he is a liar. We don't believe anything he says and we need to send him packing!"

"Angie, would you consider not going with us tomorrow, but going to see your mother for a while instead?"

Now Angie flashed angry eyes at Justin. "I am going where you go and no one can stop me; not any devil, or any other person, and not even you."

Justin knew the tone of his wife's voice and that there was no sense in trying to persuade her otherwise. He was also glad that she felt that way as their strength together was a strong force, something the devil would be sorry he messed with.

Justin turned his attention toward the evil that had threatened him in his office. "You foul devil, you are a liar and we do not receive your words, I will live and not die, and God is with me in the name of Jesus." Even as Justin said the words, he received peace from God. The faith released through his voice stilled all fear in him. They would leave in the morning. Nothing was going to stop them.

*"I feel in the depths of my soul that it is the highest, most sacred, and most irreversible part of my obligation to preserve the union of these states, although it may cost me my life."
Andrew Jackson*

Chapter 20

The Drive on Highway Five

JUSTIN AND ANGIE and their two bodyguards pulled out of Justin's driveway around 8:00 a.m. the next morning. As he looked back at his house, he saw Micah sitting on top of his roof. Micah had been there for many days and that seemed long and boring to Justin, but to Micah, Justin imagined, it was probably short considering his existence, where he no doubt guarded people for whole lifetimes. The question in Justin's mind was what would Micah do now that he and Angie were leaving his home and going on the road? Most people never even get to verify if they even have an angel, so this caused more questions in Justin than most people could even entertain. As they drove out of Justin's neighborhood, he again saw demons on and around various houses, and they were in all shapes and sizes. He figured that this early in the morning they were waiting to stalk and accompany the humans they were assigned to wherever they might go. Other demons at these homes might be just waiting

to start trouble in the homes they were skulking around, that they might carry out their hellish assignments.

Justin was letting Angie drive as his leg was still mending; he was now walking with a cane instead of a crutch. Chief drove the Suburban and Sig rode shotgun. On their way out of town, Justin saw something he had not seen in decades. At the service stations there were gas lines of people waiting to pump gas. Justin also saw a family attempting to hitch a ride. There were two parents and two children all huddled together at the freeway on-ramp. The husband had an enormous backpack on, like a tent and a sleeping bag and the wife had one about half the size. This couple looked free for travel and adventure; but there were four demons that Justin saw standing around them and the children that indicated something different to Justin. Instinctively, Justin knew that these were demons of despair, oppression, depression and poverty. It was his gift again; he just knew what demons they were. It made sense too when he thought more about it. The couple had probably lost it all, their home, car and more and now they were forced to live a vagabond type of existence. Justin guessed that the hardest part was their children and the agony that they had somehow failed them. He had trouble imagining how the parents must feel.

His thoughts turned to his own children, Aaron and Bethany. Angie had told him how they had raced to his bedside when he had been injured, but, not knowing when he would awaken from his coma they both decided to go back to school. However, he had talked to them at least every other day since he'd awakened from the coma. Their relationship had grown deeper and he had begun to realize how much he had missed in his years of letting Angie do all the communicating. They were both none too happy about this drive to Los Angeles. They were not easily persuaded about the purpose when Angie tried to talk to them either. His son, Aaron, promised to pray. That was something. Justin prayed for them intently. He

would leave nothing undone where his family was concerned. They didn't know about this ability of his to see into the spiritual realm. They weren't ready for that. They might even think he had lost it. Hopefully someday they could talk about those things.

Justin thought back to the hospital when he first awoke with the gift. The tall being walking the halls of the hospital with the reptile face with scales was a spirit of death. He did not know it then, but he knew it now, it had just come to him. However, he could not identify the winged beings on top of the hospital roof. He muttered softly a prayer up to God, "Lord, can you tell me what those beings were?" Then he laid it aside and went on to other thoughts.

Angie pulled onto the freeway and made her way west towards Seattle. Justin could see his two protectors about five car lengths behind in their large SUV; they were not allowing anyone to get between them and Justin's car. The drive to Woodcrest to see Duffy and Liz was not even three hours. The plan was to have lunch with them and then hit the road again and continue to Interstate 5 where they would head south towards California. Justin adjusted his seat slightly back so that he could relax. He and Angie made small talk, mostly about the kids, but soon he just closed his eyes to be with his own thoughts. He thought about Marty's words and revelations about America. Things really sounded bad. The government had pulled many socialistic maneuvers. The president had declared martial law after the terrorist attack. An organization called the SSO had already been put in place by the DHS, the Department of Homeland Security. The dollar looked like it was about to crash and if it did America would go through a poverty cycle the likes of which had never been seen, not even in the Great Depression. Justin could not see how utter chaos would not ensue with this nightmarish train of events. Could the people of America ever turn this all around? Was God finished with America? Was it too late to avert any of this through the coming election? Justin's mind was heavy

with it all. He opened his eyes as they were coming down out of the Cascade Mountains. He could see clouds forming in the West towards Seattle. It looked like a storm blowing in.

The group arrived without incident at Woodcrest. Everyone got out and was stretching their legs as Duffy and Liz came out to greet them. The air was cool and crisp and there was a definite feeling of rain which was not uncommon in these mountains. They all hugged, and Chief and Sig were just as happy to see Duffy and Liz as Justin and Angie were. Duffy was his usual animated self. "Sig and Chief, I am so glad you are here today, but let Skipper know I missed seeing him!"

Chief smiled. "Skipper is taking care of some business down at our headquarters. He will be sorry he missed some home cooking."

Duffy smiled. "Come on," said Duffy, "let's all get inside, it may rain soon. And lunch is waiting."

Liz had a lunch spread out that was fit for a king and his court. The group sat down and after a prayer of thanksgiving, ate heartily, especially Chief and Sig who both ate like men eating their last meal. This was a typical case of bachelor living where their usual fare was either from a drive-thru or a frozen meal; either way it was usually unhealthy food. As Chief ate; he thought of his wife and children and his home and his wife's cooking, and the fun they had at mealtimes.

The conversation around Duffy's and Liz's table was light and casual. It was nice to not be too deep and speak of fearsome things while eating so as to help aid digestion and keep things harmonious. Right after lunch, after pouring out praises to the cook, Chief and Sig went out to walk around and ensure the safety of their surroundings. Liz and Angie cleared the table and went to the kitchen to clean up the dishes and catch up. Justin and Duffy went over to the clubhouse to chat and hang out for a while before Justin had to leave.

Duffy started the conversation first. "Justin, I went to Seattle the

other day to take care of some business. Things did not look good. People were out in mass. It reminded me of the kind of traffic and congestion you see a couple days before Christmas when people are frantically shopping. There were also military vehicles and personnel everywhere directing people. I also saw some of the new SSO police force; they were in Humvees equipped for combat. I had the opportunity to get close to one of them. I noticed that they were sporting a DHS insignia on the side of their black uniforms. I made some inquiries and found out that the government missed the distribution of Welfare funds, food stamps, and Social Security payments. The result has been increasing chaos and anger. We can only suppose that this is going on all around the country, but the news has not reported this at all, so word of mouth is the only way we know.”

Justin stared in disbelief and yet based on what Marty had told him, he realized he shouldn't be surprised. He said, “This is going to be a nightmare Duffy. You can't just take something away from people with no warning when they are not only used to it, but expect it, and live and survive from it. Especially welfare; people have got to eat and that is what they have been conditioned to rely on. We will have riots if this is not corrected; and corrected fast.

Duffy agreed. “I know, but apparently the dollar is in trouble, and on the verge of collapse. Some think we are only two weeks from total collapse of the dollar. The government is scrambling for social services and all kind of other issues. They really have their hands full.”

In Justin's statement to Duffy about welfare, Justin was not condoning welfare and a free meal ticket to the masses, but he knew that to abruptly end it would cause great civil unrest. It had to be done with great wisdom and reduced gradually. Justin stared off into space.

Duffy watched him thoughtfully. “Justin, you might want to avoid Seattle because of the events taking place there right now. If

you take I-90 west to Highway 18 south, it hits I-5 near Federal Way before you get to Tacoma, a distance below Seattle. That means you will miss traffic issues in Seattle and the mess over there, and though you will probably find issues in and around Tacoma, they may not be as great as Seattle because of the lower population. The spiritual climate in Seattle is very dark.”

Justin nodded in agreement. “Duffy, what I have been desperately fighting and trying to avert is already happening.”

“Pray Justin,” replied Duffy. “We must both pray and use our faith like never before.”

“I agree,” replied Justin. “Would you pray for me now, before I leave?”

Both men bowed their heads as Duffy began. “Lord, America is in trouble, and we do not know what will happen. But I ask that you guide my son, Justin. Keep him and show him what he is to do, for I believe You can still use him to make a difference.”

Suddenly, Duffy began to weep, very openly and strongly. Justin wondered what Duffy was seeing as he often, in the Holy Spirit’s power, could see future things.

Duffy went on. “Lord, I declare your protection and the Blood of Jesus around Justin and Angie for Divine protection; in the name of Jesus, Amen.” Duffy was done, and that was all he was saying and Justin knew it. The two men went on talking for another twenty minutes, and then they got up, knowing it was time to part company. They did not know when they would see each other again because of the growing troubled times they were living in. There was an undercurrent of sadness in both of them as they walked out of the building into the daylight. The clouds that earlier predicted rain had mostly dispersed and the sun’s rays were trying to make their way through the tall trees to where the cars were parked and the others were waiting.

Duffy and Liz hugged every person and blessed their journey. As

they pulled out of Woodcrest, Justin saw an angel sitting next to the Woodcrest sign at the highway entrance at the edge of Duffy's property. The angel was beautiful and large. He was strikingly handsome and clothed in a robe that glistened with light and flowed down to the ankles. Justin saw no wings. The angel had short blonde hair and he was very laid back and relaxed as he sat comfortably on a tree stump next to the sign. He momentarily turned his head towards Justin and they made eye contact. So, Justin thought, Duffy has his own angel too, watching, forever alert, never sleeping.

As they navigated the small roads that led away from Woodcrest, they passed a small country store with a single gas pump. Justin had Angie do a u-turn and the SUV followed. They all were relieved to find gas there and filled up both vehicles and topped them off. They were quickly back on the road and heading west on I-90. Justin had informed his bodyguards that they would be taking a detour around Seattle by way of Highway 18 South. He did not tell them why. Justin sat comfortably again in the passenger seat as Angie drove. She was quiet and seemed focused on her own thoughts as she sped down the road. Justin was tired and laid his head back to rest. As he was just dozing off, he heard Angie's voice saying, "Justin, Justin." He lifted up his head, and looked at Angie and said, "Yes? What's up?"

Angie looked back at him with a bewildered look on her face and said, "I didn't say anything."

Justin looked at her in amazement. "Ok, I guess I dreamed it then."

In a few minutes they saw a road sign that said Highway 18 and Justin motioned for Angie to take it going south. As she took the off ramp and came to the junction of Highway 18, Justin saw two of the winged creatures next to the sign; they seemed to be staring at him and watched his car go by. These two creatures were hideous to look at, very tall, and almost dragon-like in appearance. They did however have some human appearance to them too. They were obviously not of this world and Justin knew he was seeing them because of his new

gift. Suddenly, in his thoughts he heard the words, “Socialism” and “Poverty.” Justin understood that both creatures were each Socialism and Poverty at the same time. It suddenly became very clear; socialism is poverty, plain and simple. Both are demonic concepts from Hell. Socialism leads to poverty and poverty leads to socialism. Socialism is nothing more than poverty with a deceptive mask on it and full of empty promises that lead to true poverty. At first, it has the appearance of something that is good and full of hope. However, that something else is short lived, giving way to Hell’s true objective which is poverty and death.

Justin’s dream was now coming back to him; the dream that started this whole chapter in his life. He had dreamed that people living in a huge city were starving and that creatures, hideous creatures like the ones he was seeing now, were flying around to make sure there was no food and no water and to insure the deaths of the people. In the dream, a man brought him a target of some type and told him to save these people. Justin still did not know what that meant. Justin looked into his side view mirror and watched the two creatures grow smaller and smaller as the car got further away. Suddenly they sprang into flight and flew due West, towards Seattle. They flew as with purpose and no telling what trouble they would cause over there. He also wondered if they were watching him and tracking him. He closed his eyes and laid his head back considering his thoughts, thoughts he couldn’t discuss, thoughts that even he didn’t quite understand. Soon he was dozing, but not very peacefully.

Circles, lots of circles; as Justin drifted in and out of the dream world, he kept seeing circles. They were not separate; they were inside of each other. Concentric circles having a common center, and then expanding out from the center in related circles. They looked like a target. Justin popped up his head suddenly as he abruptly awoke. He reached for a writing tablet in a bag at his feet. The man in his dream had handed him a target and told him to save the people. A target’s

circles are a striking example of concentric circles. What did concentric circles have to do with the people? Justin thought of the expression about how people “run in certain circles.” The context of the phrase is that these circles are spheres of influence. Justin thought about it. Circles or spheres of influence with a common center; how could this help people not starve? Justin was on to something and it was just out of reach of his conscious thought processes. He needed God to show it to him. Lord, he said to himself, show me this little mystery. As soon as he used the word “little,” he knew he was wrong. He knew instinctively that it was a big mystery.

Justin looked in the mirror again and saw the SUV following vigilantly behind. He then looked at Angie who was driving and humming a tune. He patted her leg and said, “I love you.” She smiled and said the same thing back to him. They saw a sign for Tacoma. Highway 18 would end at I-5 soon and they would begin to finally head south towards California.

Justin continued to see demons on the roadside as they continued towards I-5. He especially noticed a swarm around an old tavern. There were several demons outside the bar as if to lure people in who passed by. Justin knew that one demon was lethargy; another was laziness; and another alcohol. Justin was amused at this, but not at all surprised. He was getting use to knowing the actual identity of the demons he would see. Seeing and knowing that Satan was hard at work and ever busy on bringing destruction upon mankind was often overwhelming. People were oblivious and this greatly saddened Justin.

The ring of his cell phone brought Justin out of his thoughts. Chief was calling from the SUV behind them. “Hi Chief,” said Justin.

“Sir, I just wanted you to know that I am going to go see my family.” Chief sounded like a kid at Christmas.

“When are you going?”

“We will pick up Skipper in Portland and he is sending me home

for some time off with my family,” said Chief.

Justin thought about this for a minute. “That works,” he said to Chief, “I-5 goes right through Portland.”

Chief replied, “Exactly Sir. So if it is Ok with you and you feel it will not disrupt your plans, I thought we’d stay over in or near Portland. Skipper lands there at 2300 hours tonight. That’s 11 p.m.”

This made Justin laugh. He was getting use to the military time that the bodyguards used. Jesting with Chief he said, “2300 hours is just fine.”

Chief chuckled. He appreciated Justin’s humor more and more. He went on, “We will get you checked in to a hotel and I will drive out to meet him and fly out. He will return and join the rest of you.”

Justin had to admit, the plan was impeccable and the timing quite perfect. But what can you expect when working with former Navy Seals? Justin replied, “Chief, it sounds great, it should work out well. I am so glad you get to see your family.”

“Thank you Sir.”

As they ended the call, Justin realized he was eager to see Skipper; he had begun to think of him as a close friend. Of course he liked the two younger men, but they did not have the depth of experience that Skipper had. With Skipper, Justin was able to share more intimate details about his own personal goals; and Skipper knew things about the government and socialism and life that made him as clever and sly as an old cat that always knows how to land on its feet and survive. He and Justin had that in common. This made Justin smile to himself.

As they went over a hill they saw the city of Tacoma in the distance framed by the Olympic National Forest behind. Dark clouds hung over the city. These were not unique to the coastline and waterways of Western Washington. This part of the state was noted for its year-round rain and fog. However, these clouds were somehow different. The ominous appearance set off the city and the surrounding

area in a shroud of night time like darkness, although it was barely mid-afternoon.

Justin noticed that many cars were exiting the condensed city areas and moving towards them. The almost bumper to bumper traffic that was going in the other direction was hurriedly heading north and east away from the city. Though it was close to commute time, these travelers looked different than the normal people commuting home to the suburbs after a hard day at work. Justin saw many suitcases and other belongings tied to the tops of many of the cars. There was an air of franticness to their driving. Justin did not know why there were so many cars seemingly so desperate to get out of the city, unless they were trying to evacuate.

At Duffy's advice, Justin's two car entourage had purposefully avoided Seattle due to the reports of the chaos within the city limits. In a total collapse of the economy, the cities would be subject to rioting and a degree of anarchy, so these people exiting Tacoma and the surrounding areas made some sense. But what was going on at the national level? Was Tacoma a microcosm of the nation at large? Justin was eager to get checked into a hotel and get on his computer to look at the news or tune into a news station on television. As they drew closer to the I-5 interchange, they could see down some of the side streets of the areas along the freeway. The streets were crowded with people and they saw person after person along the sides of roads with backpacks and with carts. These side roads seemed littered with what appeared to be homeless people. Strangely, Justin even saw a few small tents and some tarps as well. Where large groups of people were congregating, Justin also saw many demons pushing, hovering, and inflicting their damage on the unaware people. No one could see these demons but him. No one knew they were there unless they knew it by faith. As a person grows in the Lord and in their understanding of the things of the spiritual realm, they will be able to know and sense when evil is present. Justin knew that this was a gift

of discernment. He also knew that what he was able to see was quite different than discernment. He didn't fully understand it and even Duffy did not know what it was. What's more, Justin had no idea how long it would last.

Within minutes, the two vehicles merged onto I-5 South. Even though they were on the freeway, they were only creeping along. However, this allowed them to take in more detail of what was going on around them and on the streets adjacent to the freeway. What they saw next totally shocked the occupants of the two cars. Lining the streets in view of the freeway were massive amounts of people. Justin figured it to be at least eight hundred people. He saw at least twenty police cars dispersed around the crowd. Justin could not tell if there were more people or more demons. Demons were moving all through the crowd. Justin saw two of the winged creatures in the air over the crowd, flying and hovering and spreading their particular influence. They might be the same ones he saw earlier at the Highway junction. Justin saw some military vehicles also, about ten of them, and they were closed in around a large semi truck trailer. Justin had been through this area many times and never did it look like this. There was litter and debris everywhere. He saw a few burned cars, like a riot had recently taken place. He also saw many broken windows on offices and businesses. Tacoma looked like it was under siege, but this was not that large of a city. Imagine New York City or LA right now.

Angie was the first to vocalize it. "Justin, this is like a bad apocalyptic sci-fi movie. God have mercy on them."

"I know Angie, this is a crisis here. I fear, however, this is just a glimpse of what may be happening all over America." Angie still did not know about Justin's ability to see the evil beings. He had only told Duffy, and although Duffy did believe him, telling him had been a risk as Duffy might not have believed him or worse, thought he was crazy.

“Angie,” Justin went on, “the government missed the welfare and food stamp payments; Social Security benefits have also not been paid. I suspect that many of these people are out here to eat. If they cannot eat, they will turn violent. This is a very demonic situation; Satan is after this nation.”

Angie and Justin continued along I-5 each quietly wrapped up in their own thoughts. They had veered south away from Tacoma with their bodyguards in the vehicle close behind. The further away from Tacoma they got the more speed they were able to pick up and the more relaxed they became. Justin was deep in thought; this situation was more complex than a nation on the brink of poverty. The whole system was off kilter. It was an overreaction to enforce martial law when they did. It had not been needed after 9/11, and this episode of terrorism in Los Angeles, Las Vegas, San Diego and Phoenix were smaller acts of terror in comparison. The required conditions that would necessitate martial law being imposed had lowered drastically. This was directly related to who was in office in the White House. This use of martial law was not good for the country. It caused people to react the opposite of what was expected; they would rebel. The government’s manipulation of the Federal Reserve and the climbing national debt by politicians who had no idea what they were doing was also destructive. The devaluation of the U.S. dollar, was that planned and schemed, or was that just a collection of many errors too many to mention?

Justin knew one thing. Free enterprise would be the only way to heal the nation’s economy. That is free enterprise and the grit of the people to pull through this crisis. People would also have to be giving and share, and be their brother’s keeper. The government could not do this, only the people. Justin knew that Americans had it in them to be more than just rioters and marauders desperate for food. The problem was that they had become conditioned to the idea that they could be kept and that programs and the government would

take care of them.

Justin saw that the love and kindness of God would need to come into play. People would need to help those within their own circles or spheres. There it was, the target, the concentric circles, the overlapping circles carrying out the influence of the center. But not through government; government has no right to usurp the acts of love and charity. When that happens, the corruption and human nature of government spoils any move of love that God intends, because power corrupts absolutely. Power does not work; it will not work; it cannot work. History shows this all too well and socialism and totalitarianism cannot do what people must do for their neighbors; it can try, but it will fail. The reason is the great Biblical command: "Love thy neighbor as thyself." Government cannot love; it is impossible.

Justin was now seeing the bigger picture. A country could handle a crisis such as this unless that country's government was in the way. The monster that the American Government had become was now a block to the restoration and very existence of this mighty nation. Any politician or political party who pushes for more government becomes the enemy of the people and of that nation. This is because in a time of national crisis, that government will not allow recovery, for it, in itself, is the problem.

Justin felt a great sadness deep within the pit of his stomach. He closed his eyes and quietly bowed his head and prayed within himself to the Lord: *Lord, draw the people of America into a relationship with You where they will truly love their neighbor and become the solution that government has tried to be. Let them see You, Lord, and Your ways. Cause them to cry out to You and to trust You, Lord. Save this land, Lord. In Jesus' name. Amen.*

“Those who trade liberty for security have neither.” John Adams

Chapter 21

The Uprising

THE GROUP WAS now moving quickly towards Portland, Oregon hoping to arrive in the city’s outskirts by dinner. Justin was looking forward to rendezvousing with Skipper there. He decided to see if he could get a news update on his smart phone’s news app. There were numerous headlines, none of them good. One article caught his eye: “U.S Troops in 34 States!” Another one also stood out: “Six Nations Kick Out the U.S. Dollar!” The third headline made his heart sink. It read: “Federal Food Distribution Program Underway!” Justin considered the ramifications of what he was seeing. Once a federal food distribution program begins, the liberal leftists in power would and could do just about anything they want because Americans will be literally eating out of their hands. Justin wondered just which parts of the U.S. Constitution were still being kept and honored, if any. This president had wanted to bring change. The people of America had no idea what kind of change; they just wanted change. Justin wondered if the current condition of America was enough change for the ones who had voted him into office.

Justin and Angie passed a car that had pulled off to the side of

the road. Its flashers were on and the back end was up on jacks. A man was on his knees changing the tire and a huge demon was sitting on the car trunk near the jack. As the man hurried to fix his problem, he was obviously clueless to the possibility that his current situation may have been caused by a demon. Justin knew by the Spirit that this particular evil being was called "harassment." He soon saw another interesting and somewhat humorous incident. A man sped by driving at least 20 MPH above the speed limit. As the car raced past, Justin looked to see who was driving in such a hurry. The man was driving alone except for the demon that was standing on the backseat behind the driver with its hands gripping the man's head. Justin knew this spirit's name was "lawlessness."

Not all the people Justin saw had spirits influencing them, but often, if the person was in some abhorrent behavior, he could see at least one related demon and often more. However, it was not every time. With all the demons and winged creatures Justin was seeing, he did not know exactly why he did not see more angels. They seemed painfully absent at a time when people needed them the most. Justin was becoming gradually aware that the presence of demons tended to be the norm, and having angels present was the special or the uncommon occurrence. He thought to himself: this needed to change and change on a large scale; a scale the size of a nation. Justin was reminded of something he had heard at the Counsel of Woodcrest from one of the other men who had attended. He had said that God has given man the gift of controlling his own destiny by using his faith to release angels into the Earth. This was evidenced by Daniel as he prayed for his people in Babylon. He had further said that people need to obey God and use their faith to stand in the gap for their land which tilts the balance of power towards the Kingdom of God. At this recollection, Justin was eager to go back to his notes from that meeting and further study this out.

Another thing plagued Justin's thoughts: What were the winged

creatures? God has showed him they were Socialism and Poverty, and that was their mission, but where did they come from? Could they be fallen angels? Might they be something such as seraphim that had followed Satan and been perverted to a hideous appearance by their evil? These were good questions. He hoped the Lord would reveal the answers. He would continue to pray on that as well.

The group had just crossed over the Columbia River into the State of Oregon. They had estimated that they had enough gas to get into Portland and they were now very close to the city. The travelers in both cars noticed the airport signs just inside the border. They began to see industrial and commercial areas, indicating they were on the outskirts of the city. They saw homeless everywhere. They also saw many tents strewn about the landscape. It seemed that the popular plan was to camp out in the open on or near or under freeway abutments and embankments; this was no doubt for safety reasons. Justin could easily imagine that these people living on the streets were subject to huge predatory practices from other desperate people who were after any scrap of food they could find or a few bucks for drugs or alcohol. This made many of the more innocent homeless a target. Justin could see that many had banded together for safety and were staying right out in the open for whatever added security it might provide. Justin had never noticed or understood so much about the homeless before. He knew that they existed in any economy. He had seen many in and around his own city of Wenatchee. Now, however, he had an increased awareness and understanding of their growing plight and in many ways his heart was aching for them, especially the ones that had been forced into this lifestyle by an uncaring and contriving government. The situation was enormous; too enormous for one person.

Justin noticed now that Portland was also cloudy and overshadowed with an oppressive darkness. It looked as if more than a mere storm was closing in. As they got further into the city, they

witnessed the same masses of people that they had seen in Tacoma heading in the opposite direction. The further the freeway took them through the heart of the city, the more people they saw. Right now, they needed a hotel, and they wanted to head to the south side of Portland, maybe on the outskirts, to find one.

As they passed by a rather seedy and lower-income area of Portland, Justin saw a frightful sight. There was an open area with several police cars, about six fire engines, and a few ambulances. What was going on there? It looked volatile and felt dangerous even from the safety of his car. Milling in and around the confusion, Justin saw many demons among the bystanders. At least a thousand people were scattered around a few block area. There were no cars damaged, and no building was on fire. It appeared there may have been a riot or a fight. The writer in Justin would love to know the story here, but he suspected there were similar incidents in cities all around America.

Angie broke his concentration saying, "Something's going on."

The traffic ahead was slowing and people seemed to be exiting town towards the south. More and more cars were pouring onto I-5. After 20 minutes of slow driving, they were finally approaching the south end of Portland. Angie commented on the excessive litter and filth around the freeway and the surrounding streets and off ramps. They saw people walking on the freeway shoulder, and the police seemed to either not be paying attention or were just too overwhelmed and knew they didn't have enough manpower to combat these current situations. Justin heard Angie lock the doors of the car. It hadn't even occurred to him to do this because he was so engrossed in what he was seeing.

Suddenly Justin saw something he hoped he would not ever see because he emphatically knew what it would mean. Heading north towards the heart of Portland, the direction that they had just come from, was a caravan of military vehicles; there were supply vehicles,

troop transports and Humvees and jeeps in the entourage. They looked like troops that would be much more at home in Iraq or Afghanistan. Yet here they were in Oregon; ready for battle. This was the fruit, the ramification of martial law being enforced. This is something Americans should never want. Justin considered this fact: the reason for the martial law was that four Islamic attacks over two day's time caused the government to assume that the attacks would continue. The attacks did not continue, therefore the martial law was an over reaction and unnecessary. Justin further considered this question: How much did the martial law contribute to the impending financial collapse? Justin felt that the martial law was mostly political. The question was never how much would it take for the president to declare martial law? The question was always how little would it take?

After communicating, Justin's little group decided to get gas before finding a hotel. After checking his GPS, Justin had Angie take an off ramp south of town and go east towards a residential area in Portland's suburbs; a suburb would be a good place to fill up. They found a station and pulled in. Justin noted that there was no gas prices posted on the sign as there would usually be. He suspected that it was less likely that the station was out of gas and more likely that prices were fluctuating so rapidly that it wasn't worth trying to keep up with posting them. As Justin stepped out of the vehicle, and started for the inside of the convenience store to pay, a man approached him with a huge backpack on his back; he appeared to be homeless. Sig had stepped closer, but felt the situation was safe enough.

"Mister" said the man, "can you spare some change for my family?"

Justin looked into the man's eyes and said, "I might be able to help you, but can I ask you a question first?"

The man nodded, warily.

"Can you tell me what has happened to you and why you are

asking me for some change?”

The man was taken aback by the question, but he somehow felt that Justin was a person who cared; there was something about him. No one, in the past year, had ever asked him that before; no one had ever cared. The man said, “I lost my job three years ago, and then I was forced to take my family onto the streets to live a year ago. We get welfare assistance and food stamps, at least we did; this month, however, we did not get paid on the first as usual, and we are hungry – my kids are hungry.”

Justin pulled out his wallet and found a \$20 bill. He handed it to the man. He asked him, “Can you tell me what the last few weeks have been like here in Portland?”

The man’s eye got so big when he saw the \$20 being handed to him. He said, “Thanks mister. The last few weeks have been crazy. The nights are the worst. People will attack you for food or a few cents of change or anything, even the clothes off your back. It doesn’t matter that we have children. They don’t seem to care. We camp near here in a field and we have five other families living close to one another for protection. It seems to work, as the more depraved people tend to roam around alone or in twos or threes. In numbers, we can protect ourselves. The Army arrived last week but we have not heard much from them yet.”

Justin smiled, thanked the man and wished him well. As the man walked away hiding the money deep in his pocket, Justin and Sig went inside the store to pay for their gas. Inside the small store, there was one man behind the counter and another man standing in the corner with a hunting rifle. Justin said, “I noticed there are no signs with prices and the pumps do not give any pricing either. Are they broken?”

The man replied, “No, they are not engaged to give a price but the price is right here.” The man held up a homemade cardboard sign with some numbers and letters handwritten on it. It said, “Gas, \$11.50

per gallon, in American cash, or \$5.00 per gallon in silver coins.”

Justin read the sign and then asked the man for clarification; he didn't quite understand why the difference. The man said, “The dollar is about done for, and we are taking a risk to accept it at all. We realize, however, that that is what most people have. So, in our endeavor to stay in business, we are offering the alternative payment of silver. If you have silver coins that are pre-1965, then we have a value guide here.”

He showed Justin a small chart inside a plastic sleeve. The chart converted silver by weight and coin value into dollars. Justin wondered how accurate the chart was.

The man went on. “We will also consider gold, but most people don't have that, and if they do have it, often what they have is too valuable for us to give change for. Silver works perfectly.”

Justin said, “The last station we stopped at took our debit card and the gas was priced normally.”

The man said, “I don't know where that was, but some folks do not know what is going on. We do.”

Justin replied, “I don't have any silver, but I have cash or debit card.”

“We only take cash. We are not trusting banks right now.”

Fortunately, both Justin and Sig were carrying huge amounts of cash for the trip, so they each paid the \$11.50 a gallon to fill their cars. There was no point in trying to find a cheaper station. Justin knew that this was going to be the norm from here on out. He was considering now that flying might have been a better idea. By the time he reached LA, the cost could be enormous in gas alone.

As they left the store, the man said, “Have a nice day.”

Justin felt he had just been robbed at gunpoint and chuckled to himself at the irony considering there was a man standing in the store with a gun. Sig and he filled their gas tanks and got back on the road and headed towards the freeway. They still needed to find a

place to stay. Hopefully the hotels and motels were not exacting the same kinds of prices.

They soon found a reasonable looking hotel not far from the freeway. It wasn't the five-star that they had checked into in Seattle, but a lot had changed since then. Convenience was everything right now. They were given a room on the third floor and Chief and Sig requested the room right next to them. They were able to pay with their credit card, which was a relief; and though the rooms were extremely expensive considering the kind of hotel it was, they were tolerable. It was only for one night. He could see from the look on Angie's face, however, that she was quite uncomfortable. In their infrequent travels, she had always arranged for them to stay in at least three to four-star hotels; this appeared to be an unkempt and dilapidated two-star at the most. It seemed she understood and he was grateful that she didn't say anything; but she was probably wondering what she had gotten herself into.

With respect to how they paid and what they paid, it was obvious that different businesses had different policies and those policies were directly related to the level of fear in the management or owners. The dollar had apparently not gone completely out of circulation yet, although prices were rising fast. If the confidence of those whose businesses relied directly on people to survive was dropping, then that would hasten the dollar's demise. If the dollar were to completely collapse, then that \$20 he gave the hungry man at the gas station would do the man no good; he would not be able to spend it anywhere. Also, Justin would not be able to spend even the \$11.50 per gallon for gasoline; the only option would be to have silver or gold or something else for barter. Business transactions could still be made in the event of a total and final collapse, but only a small percentage of Americans would be prepared to buy and sell and have the means to do so. Millions of people would be totally unprepared to survive in a financial catastrophe even though many economists

had been warning them about the potential for one for the last two years. Justin knew that the public had grown dull of hearing and not heeded the warnings; they had instead scoffed at these warnings as paranoia and propaganda.

Justin and Angie settled into their room that night after sharing a quick meal with Chief and Sig. Angie had brought snacks, but Liz had made an assortment of thick ham and beef sandwiches on homemade bread for their long drive, which they had chosen to save for dinner. They were all pretty tired from the day's travels and revelations of what they had seen. After saying their goodbyes to Chief, who would be flying out of the Portland Airport that evening, Justin walked out on the balcony of his hotel room. It was dark, but he could see the afterglow of the setting sun. He heard a familiar shrill cry and turned in its direction in time to see the winged creature that made the cry high in flight, going north to upper Portland. What foul purpose this creature had was anybody's guess, but Justin considered that it might have to do with the military entourage of martial law that they saw going north on I-5 just a couple of hours ago. As the creature got further away and disappeared from sight, Justin noted the wingspan. It had to be about 12 feet wide. Justin figured that these creatures had been plaguing America without its knowledge for a long time; since the 1960's or before, trying to bring about or at least set the stage for a socialistic state. They were no doubt somewhat limited in power until the strongman of Satan could assume leadership in a man. That had taken place in the last presidential election. Justin had learned much in the Counsel of Woodcrest about the enemy's tactics and the Divine authority of the Church of Jesus Christ over those tactics. Now it was all fitting together. These creatures were diabolically evil and had been sent to bring clever strategies about by doing the bidding of that strongman of Satan present in the current leader of America.

Justin awoke early the next morning, got dressed and crept out

of the hotel room attempting to not wake Angie as he did. It was about sunrise, but you couldn't see the sun just yet. The fog was too thick. He pulled his jacket closer around him as he strolled around the hotel. As he approached the pool area, he saw a familiar person sitting next to the pool in the early morning quiet. It was Skipper. Skipper saw him too and leaped up and they greeted each other with a hug, delighted to see one another.

Skipper motioned for Justin to come have a seat by him near the pool. There was no one else on or around the pool deck and they had total privacy to speak. They were each eager to have the uninterrupted time to talk to one another as they each had much to share. Both of these men knew that America was in trouble and were weightily aware that they might hold a key, Justin in sharing of strategic information, and Skipper in seeing that Justin was able to do it.

Skipper spoke first. "Justin, downtown Los Angeles is a crazy place right now. People are on the streets and there are food shortages. The Feds are bringing in trucks of food to feed people but the military is there, in force, to control them. However, because of all this, the predator situation is way out of control. People are victimizing others for their goods, especially those who dare to go out on the streets. It is not a safe place there and after dark, it gets a hundred times worse. There is talk that a curfew of 2200 hours may be imposed and any violators will be shot on sight."

"I am not surprised," said Justin. "This sounds like some foreign nation, not America; but because of the things I've seen in just the last 24 hours, I see it as entirely plausible. Things have spiraled downward so fast in this country, especially the last few days. Have you seen those cartoons about a little snowball rolling down a hill and picking up speed and growing larger and larger and taking everything that gets in its way with it?"

Skipper nodded. He knew exactly what Justin was saying.

"Well Skipper, that is what is happening and the larger the

snowball gets, the more it consumes and the more powerful it becomes, and finally, it mows down anything in its path. It cannot be stopped.”

Skipper was quiet. He easily envisioned what Justin had just described. It was a perfect metaphor for what was happening in America. He thought, like the people on the hill and at the bottom of the hill, no one in America realizes that a massive snowball is racing towards them and it is picking up speed.

Skipper's continued, “That is not all. There is a growing opposition that is rising up to resist the government. I have been receiving private reports from personal contacts all over the country. Two weeks ago, in Gillette, Wyoming, three men shot at the SSO officers and a gun battle followed. Government reinforcements showed up and the three men were all killed within minutes. Two of those three men had families and all three were veterans. The families have been taken into custody and no one knows where they are. This did not make the evening news; it was thoroughly covered up by the media. Still the news got around by word of mouth, and these men are considered heroes. Their sacrifice was the fuel that fired a mini movement the next week. About thirty-five men in Boise, Idaho fired on the SSO and their accompanying troops near a food drop-off point. This time, seven SSO officers were killed and it is estimated that at least three more SSO and four soldiers were wounded. Of the rebels, I prefer to call them patriots, twenty were killed, and five wounded and all of the remaining survivors are in custody. I have also heard that the families of these brave men are also being tracked down and taken into custody. That brings us up to date for this week. Right now, my sources say there are thousands of men and woman who are armed and ready and rallying secretly to formulate strategic strikes against many of the current establishment's present objectives. The hope is that their early resistance to the un-American tactics of this new regime, catching them while they are still setting up, is the best

way to avert the intended socialistic takeover.”

Justin had almost stopped breathing as he sat listening to Skipper’s report. He slowly exhaled and asked, “Skipper, what new regime? Is our republic gone? Are all of our liberties just a place in history?”

Skipper replied, “It would appear so. At least it has made a complete turn towards that end.”

“How do you know all of this? How did you get this information about these secret movements?”

“Because I have friends in it, and they wanted me to join them.”

Justin stared out at the pool, and the landscape beyond the hotel. A thick fog was resting on the area and there was a cold dampness to the air. Every once in a while the early morning sun had tried to break through, but the fog, having a mind of its own, wasn’t going to let it; at least not yet. The fog seemed to match Justin’s spirit at the moment; dampened by Skipper’s report. He turned his attention back to Skipper and asked, “So, if the country is already broken beyond repair, and a civil war is upon us, why am I going to Los Angeles to get on television? I mean, if our country as a free nation is all but gone, and there is no longer a government machine of checks and balances like Congress and The Judicial System to slow down or stop this president, then why bother to speak out? That can only lead to trouble for me and my family.”

Skipper now stared at Justin and said, “Justin, I am surprised at you. Is this person I am hearing the same man that went over a rooftop to save my life at the potential cost of his own life? I refused to have anything to do with that movement because you have made me believe in America again, and violence is not the way. Justin, America is made up of people like you, and you carry it forward whether you know it or not. I came back here to protect you, so that you can carry freedom, the belief in freedom and what it really is and what it really means, to the people, even at the sacrifice of your life.

This is who you were born to be. America may be changed, but the old fabric is still here, the Constitution still stands. Our nation is a ghost of her former self in ideology, but that ghost of freedom is still in hearts around the nation, and we can revive it back to life. We, *you* must breathe that life back into her, into the people.”

Justin had just been rebuked by this frogman; but he needed it. At the correction, Justin noticed that the sun was breaking through and piercing the fog that was trying to envelop them by the pool. “Skipper, that was quite a speech. I am sorry, I was wrong. Of course, we will go on and we will prevail.”

Skipper smiled, “That sounds more like it; that’s the Justin I know.”

Justin said, “If anything is to be done, it will be with the mercy and the help of God, for only He can sort this out now. I also have to continue to trust that our steps are ordered of Him.”

“I agree,” said Skipper.

Justin looked at his watch. “I think I better get some coffee up to Angie. Shall we hit the road in an hour?”

“I need to run an errand first. You have breakfast with Sig at the diner across the street; checkout isn’t until noon. I will be back long before that.”

“Sounds like a plan,” said Justin. Justin was curious about Skipper’s plans, but total trust in the man caused him to keep silent.

*“Government is not reason; it is not eloquent; it is force.
Like fire, it is a dangerous servant and a fearful master.”
George Washington*

Chapter 22

The Belly of the Beast

SKIPPER DROVE NORTH to an area in downtown Portland; Sig stayed behind to keep an eye on things. The things Skipper saw along the way were quite disturbing. Homeless people were everywhere, jay-walking to cross streets, sitting on sidewalks, and there were multiple tents on vacant lots and in alleys. There was a great deal of trash and broken glass everywhere, more than should be in this part of town. It looked like garbage pick up had ceased. Skipper realized that if the food distribution source was near this downtown area, then people would need to stay close if this was their only supply of food. Skipper turned down a few side streets, following the instructions on his GPS and finally pulled up at his destination, a coin shop. It was a small, hole in the wall, establishment located in a business district. It had iron bars across the windows and door and as he drew closer, he could tell the glass was extremely thick, maybe even bullet proof. That alone told him a lot. He pushed a buzzer, and a middle-aged man unlocked the door.

“I am the man that called you yesterday,” said Skipper. Skipper noticed that the man was holding the door open with one hand, but the other was behind his back. Skipper knew he was likely holding a weapon of some sort.

“Oh yes,” said the man. “I’m ready for you.” Skipper entered and moved toward the counter. The man locked the door behind him.

The man hauled out a big box. In it were several small bags. “In these bags is all the junk silver you need,” he said.

Junk silver was a collection of odds and ends of pure silver coins predating 1965 but not too old so as to have too much antique value. All the coins were about ninety percent silver that gave them a street value by weight, but also by their face value too. This would be a perfect barter replacement for U.S. dollars for anyone who was wise enough to obtain some. Skipper handed the man an envelope with several thousand dollars of devaluing cash. This man would then quickly convert it to precious metals while the dollar was still in operation in the country.

Skipper examined the box contents the best he could and then carried it out, with one hand on his weapon under his coat. He heard the man lock the doors securely behind him. Skipper quickly put the box in the back of the SUV and took off for the hotel, maneuvering down side streets before hitting the freeway to avoid people and traffic. Once back at the hotel, they would leave for California. This errand had not taken as long as he thought it might.

The group was back on the road, heading southbound by 10:15; Justin chose to let Angie continue to drive as his leg was still sore after the removal of the cast a week earlier; It was slowly getting better and he was looking forward to being 100% once again. Skipper drove the Suburban. Sig missed Chief; except for some of the things they saw on the previous day’s drive, they had really enjoyed each other’s company and Sig had learned things about Chief that he hadn’t known. However, because of what they had seen, Chief was

pressed to get home to his family and this fact Sig understood. He knew that Chief's obligation to his wife and children was of the utmost importance. No one could do a job like they were doing, or at least do it well, if their family was possibly in danger. The mere fact that Chief's family lived in the Los Angeles area meant that they could be at risk.

Sig looked at Skipper. It was good to have him back. However, he was deep in thought. Moody wasn't the right word, but Sig couldn't quite think of the word to describe what he was sensing. He decided to keep to his own thoughts and let Skipper have his. He focused on the car ahead and the areas surrounding the freeway.

Justin looked out the window as the car went down the freeway; they were making good time despite the late start. Oregon was a beautiful state, but he couldn't focus on the terrain. His thoughts were on his discussion with Skipper that morning and what he had shared with Justin. He tried to imagine how the country had become so explosive with so much chaos so quickly. He tried to bring an order of events to his mind. First, the nation was put on guard against terror after 9/11. Many unseen and taken for granted liberties were dispelled with at that time. Most Americans, himself included, tolerated and accepted this because of the enormity of what took place on 9/11.

Next, preying on people's economic miseries, a highly liberal presidential candidate promised change, but in very vague terms. The people, feeling desperate, loved this and embraced those vague promises. As a result, even though he had little experience, he was elected for his smooth speeches promising change. A large percentage of the nation did not care one bit about his extremely liberal views that were so far to the left they could tear apart the country. They only cared about the hope of something different; something that would allow them to go back to the lifestyles they loved.

So the president entered the office without Constitutional

respect, arrogantly mocking the founding father's careful requirements and never even providing or verifying to critics the papers that confirmed his legal birth as an American citizen which gave him the very right to be the President of the United States. To comply and satisfy his accusers would have been to show respect for the Constitution that he was called to serve and defend.

His healthcare plan, his first primary focus, then became a doctrine that was full of freedom-destroying legislation that brought dissension even among liberals. It was full of deceptive points that were used to guarantee that which was never intended as well as strategic tools that he desired to implement in the future.

Next, after the election, he began to shed his pseudo Christian heritage, openly defending and promoting Islam and rejecting and putting constraints on the Christianity that he declared during his campaign. This exposed him to be a total liar. Sadly, the people again looked the other way.

This president was also responsible for and supported many corporate bailouts and pushed forward anti free-enterprise maneuvers which created more tension in the nation and created a philosophy that minimized freedom in business. While this was happening, irresponsible manipulation of the Federal Reserve brought even bigger national debt. Most Americans still seemed to turn the other way, not demanding answers, never asking the questions.

Then the creation of the SSO, a security force to be used by the government on the American people, was established to enforce the will of the government on the people in difficult times. People weren't watching as this was being designed and created. If they were, they didn't expect the need for it.

Recently, the untimely terrorist attack by Islamic terrorists paralyzed the commerce system throughout the country by terrorizing people which kept them from buying and selling. Though this was already in motion, the attack thrust an already hyperactive inflation

curve further, affecting consumer goods such as food and gasoline.

As a result, and possibly unnecessarily, martial law was declared as a response, or better, an overreaction to the recent terrorist attacks. This was done even though it was believed that all of the terrorists had died in the attacks.

Next, the government, either on purpose or through incompetence, missed the Welfare and Social Security payments. This resulted in the poor coming out in mass to protest, riot, and even loot to not only object, but to find a way to meet their own food needs.

Lastly, because of the liberal socialistic policies, marshal law, and the creation of the SSO police force, ordinary but frustrated and disheartened Americans began arming themselves and banding together. They formed groups to protest the current government through acts of aggression. They were willing to lay down their lives for what they believed, and most of them did.

This list, Justin realized, was only a summation of things that were evident. He knew there was much more going on; many Americans knew or were in the process of finding out. Their response could possibly bring America once again to the brink of a civil war; friends against friends and fellow Americans against fellow Americans.

To Justin's mind, that brings the whole mess up to the present. No wonder there was so much chaos and anarchy. Some of the last items on the list that Justin had been pondering had only happened in the last four weeks. Justin felt that what he was seeing and understanding was most likely just the tip of the iceberg. The size of what lay beneath the surface was yet to be determined. He was fairly confident that it was massive and without careful and clear steering, could sink the United States of America.

So, for the past decade, America had been a ticking bomb waiting for the right set of events to set it off. The presidential candidate that promised change seemed to be that event. How could America have known, that by choosing him, they were sending the nation too far

to the left and that it would cause a tear in the fabric of the nation?

Justin could see that these consecutive scenarios had brought, in a very short time, a change in America. Now many Americans were looking at their country in disbelief, wondering if this could be the same America of thirty days ago. However, a few Americans, rising up with weapons against such a large well oiled machine, were not enough to stop that machine. The answer was in the true power that had been given to all American citizens by the forefathers. It was the right to choose, the right to vote. Guns could defend and support freedom, but unless they were massively organized, it couldn't bring the change it was after in time. The enemy had swiftly and significantly seen to it that Americans would be subject to and dependent on the government to meet most if not all of their needs. Freedom was being taken away from them. The one hope would be that Americans could see the truth before the next election which was only a few months away.

The two vehicles pushed steadily southward towards California, stopping only one time for gas and some snacks. California, Justin thought, was the very seat of probable chaos; the state with highest population centers, a country in its own right; the hardest hit economy; the highest crime rate; the most impoverished; the highest rate per capita of liberal voters and people; and the literal belly of the beast. He had been to California years before to a two week teaching conference. He had had the opportunity to see a few of California's well known sights and had been amazed at the state's varied geographical beauty with its unique coastlines, many mountain ranges, exquisite waterways, and great cities. He was looking forward to seeing it again. He wondered, however, if it would feel the same.

They passed through the somewhat sizeable city of Eugene and many smaller towns that seemed to be built around the freeway. The further south they got, the more trees and forests there were. Oregon

was known for her forests and lumber. He could see why many wanted to live here. They were now approaching Medford, which meant that the California border was very close and the outskirts of Sacramento was only about five hours from there. Hopefully they could make Sacramento by nightfall. It had been a long day and Justin knew Angie was eager to get off the road and rest.

Justin saw two of the hideous winged creatures circling over the city of Medford. Justin wondered if they had been following his small caravan down I-5 or if they were unique to the area. Perhaps they were the very two creatures he saw soon after he left Woodcrest. There was no way to know for sure. Angie called his attention to black smoke rising out of the city. Medford appeared to have at least three fires burning in different parts of the city, and even from the freeway, they could hear many sirens. The traffic, as it was in so many cities they had passed through, was fairly heavy heading north out of Medford. Justin wondered what the appeal of going north was, unless they were heading to Canada. That was an intriguing thought he would have to pursue later.

Justin called Skipper on his cell phone and they both decided to drive straight through Medford and not stop there as they had originally planned. Medford appeared to be like so many other towns they had seen as they had headed toward California. Many tents were scattered around and there were homeless people milling about the streets near the freeway. Justin saw an old man with a long white beard and long hair coming up an on-ramp onto the freeway. He was literally dressed in rags and pushing a cart full of all his earthly possessions. What really caught Justin's eye were the demons standing on each side of him; one of the demons was speaking into the man's right ear. Justin somehow knew that the demon speaking to him was confusion, and the other one was rejection. Justin saw and discerned all of this in a moment as the car sped by.

As they closed in on California's border, Justin's expectations

of what he might find in California were not good; he considered that California might make Oregon look like a child's rowdy birthday party.

They gassed up and got a meal in a small town just below the California border. The foursome felt blessed to find both, even though they paid severely for the gasoline and slightly high for the food. Apparently, pockets of businesses were in fear and seriously altered, others either did not know what was going on or did not believe it and naively continued on as normal.

As they pushed on and the further south they got into the state, Justin began to notice that the spiritual climate of California was different than that of Oregon. He felt an oppression come upon him that was absent just above the border. Justin had learned at the Counsel of Woodcrest that spiritual principalities were territorial and they were legal, and they fastidiously occupied their territories right up to the very lines of their borders. The demons, or "strongmen" as they are also called, that were running California were not about to allow any changes to the spiritual climate, the politics, or the economic condition that they were enforcing.

Justin had also learned at the Counsel of Woodcrest that any believer with faith in his own position in Christ and revelation of dominion could bring down or make one of these strongmen yield to God's will. Jesus revealed to His followers a Kingdom mystery when He discussed binding the strongman. He had done that in Israel when He walked the Earth in flesh and blood and lived His ministry. This is why His ministry exploded and grew so fast, He had released the people from oppression in His prayer times so they could receive. Justin laid his head back on the car headrest and prayed silently to God. "Thy Kingdom come Thy will be done over California."

Justin dozed and prayed, drifting in and out of slumber. He awoke once again to Angie's voice calling, "Justin, Justin."

He jerked up and said, "Yes love, what do you want?"

Angie, who was singing softly to a CD that she'd put on, looked over at him. Her eyes were quizzical. She said, "Have you lost it? I didn't say anything. You're making me start to worry about you."

Justin shook his head in wonderment. "I don't know, I think I am hearing you as plain as day, and yet you have said nothing. I know I was asleep, but...." Justin's voice trailed off.

Angie smiled and she said, "Now that you are awake, let's talk."

Justin replied, "OK. Let me get some water first. Do you want one?" Justin was reaching for the bottles in the back seat.

"No, I'm good," she said, and began to talk. "You miss a lot of strange sites when you doze off. I see all kinds of things happening along this freeway with people and the homeless and the like."

Justin said, "It certainly is not the America we knew, is it?"

Angie nodded and replied, "No, things actually look pretty hopeless. All I can do is pray and praise God, because He now must undertake for us and for the people of this land."

Justin had not yet told Angie all that he knew. He decided it was time. He began to share some of the things that Skipper had shared just that morning, about the uprising, the rebels who had been killed in two shootouts with the government, and about friends of Skipper's who had asked him to join them in the uprising.

Justin also shared some things that Duffy had shared about the missed Social Security and Welfare payments.

Angie was in total shock. "No wonder people are swarming the streets looking for food in any way that they can. They have no money and they have no food. My guess is that the grocery stores are also out of food. That makes us even finding food a miracle of God's provision!"

Justin replied, "That is no doubt a true assessment, as the military seems to be distributing food and they may have used martial law to confiscate much of the food from businesses who market it."

Angie listened to her husband as she drove. He was so very smart and she trusted his Godly perceptions and intuitions. She knew that most men did not have what he had. After a moment she said, “The uprising is a huge nightmare.”

“I know,” said Justin. “These well meaning people who have taken up their guns need to use other means, means that are peaceful. They just validate the government’s decisions and actually give the government more fuel. They have to see that there is another way.”

Angie reached over and grabbed Justin’s hand with her right hand. The two just sat quietly as they drove down the road into their destiny, holding hands and drawing strength from each other and their love.

Skipper and Sig were in plain sight in the rear mirrors as they approached Redding, California. Justin could see Mt. Shasta towering in the distance. He had actually been seeing it for quite awhile. Justin noticed that the skies above Redding were clear and very sunny, and didn’t have the dark clouds that most of the cities further north had. He saw many homeless along the freeway heading south into town, but very few demons. This alone was strange as everyone was heading north in the other towns. Also, in the other towns, there were four or five demons for about every ten people. Here, he saw hundreds of people but maybe only six or seven demons.

Suddenly, Justin saw angels. There was one, two, no, three, no, five angels near the people on an on-ramp to the freeway. No wonder he saw no demons. Demons and angels do not mix. He had only seen Duffy’s angel just outside of Woodcrest and Micah at his home. But now, the further they went the more angels Justin saw. He was absolutely amazed and bewildered. When he had counted 78 angels, he quit counting. He also sensed a peace in and around this city. With all that was going on nationwide, this was unusual.

There were also no dark winged creatures in the sky and the demons were few. There still were some demons, but they seemed to

stand back and out of range of influence. They seemed to be waiting for openings and susceptibility in their human targets. He wanted so much to tell Angie what he was seeing, but he couldn't because he would have to explain too much and he wasn't ready for that. He also did not want to bring fear to anyone, and he knew there was a reason why God did not want people to openly see the spirit world at all times as he was doing. Justin's Bible was on the seat next to him. As he looked out the window, he saw another twelve to fifteen angels. They were hard to track now for their great numbers. He opened his Bible to Hebrews 12. He read verse 22: "But you have come to Mt Zion and to the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, to an innumerable company of angels." He closed the Bible.

Justin had learned at the Counsel of Woodcrest that there were places like this where God's dominion had broken through, but the angels were not about the place as much as they were about the people of the place. Many angels were just sitting and watching. Many of them seemed to see him as he went by. He waved furtively so that Angie wouldn't see him; they would wave back. They seemed to know that he belonged to God. Justin saw homeless and hurting people as they passed through Redding, but he did not see the demonic influence he saw elsewhere. This great site of heavenly visitors in this city was something Justin had known about in theory. Now he was witnessing it. This was a response to the workings of God in people, and this was needed throughout the nation. If this was happening here, perhaps it was happening elsewhere. Perhaps it could happen all over the country. Justin saw no fires or damaged buildings or overturned cars in Redding as he had seen in many other towns. As they left the city, Justin saw many tents of the homeless, so he realized that Redding was not without problems, and issues, and some poverty. But he did know, because of this special ability to see, that God was at work here like no other place he had yet seen. He was eager to tell Duffy about this. In all, he thought he saw at least

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three hundred or more angels just along the freeway, which would be just a sampling of the whole city. He would need to come back to this city one day soon to investigate. For now, he was driving to less friendly domains and territories, and he knew it. They sped on out of Redding and the ribbons of the I-5 that they floated along seemed endless.

“To sit back hoping that someday, some way, someone will make things right is to go on feeding the crocodile, hoping he will eat you last – but eat you he will.” Ronald Reagan

Chapter 23

Insurrectionists

THE GROUP DROVE through many small towns in Northern California. Justin’s expectations were not disappointed. The destruction and the rioting and the mobs were plentiful to see and each town was a totally different experience. California was definitely a hotspot for the nation and on the edge of everything that was considered anarchy. A lot of this was because California was a huge welfare state and also had one of the largest populations. As they drove south, Justin could see that the demons along the freeway had returned and were plentiful, usually hanging around people in parked cars on the streets adjoining the freeway. No town had what Justin had seen in Redding, which was the presence of many angels everywhere and in plain sight. Another thing they began to see more frequently was abandoned cars along the freeway. Had the cars run out of gas? At times, a car or truck might even be in the middle of the freeway and the group would then have to slow way down to navigate around them. It was somewhat apocalyptic, almost as if the

people had just disappeared.

Justin's and Skipper's cars both needed gas and they all needed something somewhat substantial to eat. They were approaching a town called Willows. There were many homeless camped along the on and off ramps of the little town. Justin's group pulled off the freeway, passing many people holding cardboard signs and staring at the cars' occupants. Skipper and Sig were following close behind. Angie was driving cautiously and turning wherever Justin directed. They drove around for what seemed a long while, looking for a restaurant or coffee shop and a gas station. They saw many but they all were closed or abandoned. Some of the smaller coffee shops had obviously been broken into, no doubt by people looking for food.

They found themselves driving further from the freeway hoping to find what they needed. It also occurred to Justin that the further away from the freeway they got, the prices might be more reasonable simply because they were further from the freeway. They weaved through the small town looking up and down every street as they went. On one of the streets they drove down, there were all kinds of business outlets and they saw dozens of people standing around and talking or just waiting. Many of the people had a look of homeless, and as before, Justin saw several demons interspersed throughout the crowd. It was late afternoon and there were long shadows from the buildings nearby. Justin had noticed that the dark and ominous cloud cover that he had seen in some of the larger towns they had passed through was not always present or evident in some of the smaller towns. Perhaps that had to do with the size of the town and the amount of evil taking place there. Justin didn't know and shelved the thought for future pondering and prayer.

They soon found themselves on a small two-lane highway. It was heading out of town into more rural areas. They came around a bend and Angie had to slam on her brakes and so did Skipper

right behind her in the SUV. They all looked on in horror. Six men stood across the two lanes with guns pointed at them. Another handful of men stood some distance behind them in the background. The men were outfitted with hunting rifles and shotguns. Skipper revved the SUV and aggressively pulled up next to Angie's car. A few of the men stepped back while others braced themselves as if ready to shoot. Skipper jumped out of the SUV and walked towards the men with his hands held high. Justin and Angie were frozen in their seats. Justin, trying to take the focus off their predicament, joked nervously, "I think we just hit Redneck-ville." Angie didn't laugh.

One of the men yelled, "Stop right there, and identify yourself."

This command sounded to Skipper like military protocol. Skipper yelled back, "Commander Scoggins, U.S. Navy."

Just at that moment, Sig stepped out of the SUV brandishing a weapon that was obviously superior to their weapons. It was an m60e3 lightweight machine gun. Sig, holding his gun casually, yet ready to fire, walked slowly up to where the Skipper was with the barrel of his weapon pointed at the ground.

Every man standing opposite Skipper and Sig held their ground but some of them gulped at the sight of the m60. The apparent leader of the confronting men, mockingly said, "What's the Navy doing way out here?"

Skipper eyed him carefully and quickly assessed the men pointing guns at them. He answered, "We are former United States Navy Seals and we are currently on a mission of private security. We are not your enemy."

Pointing to Sig's m60, the mocking leader spoke again. "What is 'sonny' doing with that toy?"

Sig answered with confidence; like a man that knew he was in the superior position and was not at all afraid. "I don't think any of you want to see what this 'toy' can do."

Skipper made a gesture to Sig with his hand to be still by dropping his hand towards the ground quickly on the side that Sig was standing. Sig obeyed.

Suddenly, a man came running forward from the area behind and said, "Scoggins, Rod Scoggins?"

Surprised, Skipper said, "That's me."

The man then said, "Men, lower your weapons, this is a friendly." The men reluctantly lowered their weapons. The man who had mocked Sig continued to glare at Sig even after he pointed his weapon down. He was attempting to intimidate a man that couldn't be intimidated, only he wasn't aware of the kind of man that Sig was.

Through his car windshield, Justin saw three demons standing around the men. The demons were "violence," "rebellion," and "murder." The three names of the demons told Justin a whole lot about where these men were at in their mindsets.

Two older men, around Skipper's age and in good physical shape, came up to Skipper and Sig. The two seemed to be in charge and very respected by the men standing behind them. The one who seemed to recognize Skipper's name walked straight up to Skipper and introduced himself as Bob Jeffrey. He explained that he too was retired U.S. Navy. Skipper looked at him quizzically and Bob answered the question that was on Skipper's mind. He had been a Senior Chief Petty Officer aboard a ship that was transporting Scoggin's Seal Team to a foreign destination for a covert activity. He remembered the Team well and was especially impressed at the time with Commander Scoggins. He went on to introduce the man at his side, Frank Meadows, a retired U.S. Army Master Sergeant. All four men shook hands as Skipper introduced Sig with his real name, Derek Singer, Petty Officer 2nd Class, U.S. Navy Seals. The men all had military backgrounds and because of that there was a slight camaraderie among them. Never the less, each man remained cautious.

Justin had been holding his breath and watching all of this unfold. In seeing these four men seemingly hit it off, Justin let out a sign of relief. Angie also was greatly relieved. She said, "It would seem that we are not in the danger we first thought we were."

Justin noticed the men in the background, though pointing their weapons downward, were still ready to fire if the need arose. He elected to not point this out to Angie. He simply responded, "Yep, I think you're right."

Bob turned his attention fully on Skipper and said, "It is nice to see you way out here. I remember you and your team, you guys were somewhat legendary."

Skipper nodded but shrugged his shoulders unassumingly at the compliment. "I remember you too, Bob. You did a great job helping us with that mission."

Bob looked around Skipper at Justin's car. "Who do you have in that car?"

Skipper glanced around at Justin and Angie. "That, Bob, is our client who we are protecting."

Frank Meadows broke into the conversation. "So you have someone real important there?"

Skipper stared at Frank. His trust for Frank was not at the same level as his trust for Bob; he didn't know anything about this man except that Bob seemed to trust him. He decided that despite the similarities in all their backgrounds, he still needed to be cautious. "Maybe," he answered.

Sig fingered the trigger of the m60. With one word from Skipper, he could take out most of these guys in a couple seconds and he knew it.

Frank Meadows stared back at Skipper. "I didn't mean anything by that. We really are not interested, no matter who they are."

Skipper, ignoring Frank's statement, turned to Bob. He really did recall the quality of the man standing before him, at least the

quality that he had back then. He decided to trust his instincts and test the waters. “Bob, in that car is a man named Justin Brooks and his wife Angie. Justin is a columnist for *The American Tribune* and writes an article called ‘Hungry Nation.’” Normally, Skipper would never divulge his client’s identity, but in this case he felt it could be helpful; right now, they needed some friends or at least people they could trust. He wanted to believe that the men standing before them were such men.

Meadows and Bob both looked amazed at what Skipper had just revealed. A wave of revelation swept over their faces as they recognized Justin’s name. Meadows said, “We know him and many of us have followed and discussed his writings. That guy is the only one with guts in the media to speak his mind and tell the president where to go. We love that guy.”

With that statement, Sig took his finger off the trigger and let the tenseness flow out of his body. He was glad that it looked like there would be no confrontation; he was also fully aware that neither of the two men standing opposite him and Skipper had realized that had they answered any other way, it could have been their last words on earth.

Justin had seen Skipper look back at them and decided it was time for him to get out of the car. He slowly approached the four men. When he got close, Skipper introduced him. They both shook Justin’s hand, and Bob said, “Mr. Brooks, this is a pleasure meeting you, a real pleasure.”

Justin, relieved, smiled at him and said, “Please call me Justin.”

Bob went on, “I have followed your column for years. I think I have read everything you have written about our nation and our government.”

Justin shrugged his shoulders. “I appreciate your loyalty. I haven’t heard many people say that they’ve read everything or followed the column so closely.”

Justin felt impressed to get some answers and decided to fish for some information. This is what taking this road trip was about. He wanted to get a clearer picture of what was going on in the nation and hopefully a better understanding. “Why were you on this road and why are you carrying guns?”

Frank Meadows stepped forward slightly and answered, “We are out patrolling and protecting what is ours.”

This was too pat of an answer for Justin. Skipper realized it too, so he decided to push the envelope with this past acquaintance and give Justin some assistance. Skipper had chosen to only address Bob, thereby establishing a subtle chain of authority; though the men acted like they were equal in their present leadership roles, Skipper sensed that Bob carried more authority. He looked into Bob’s eyes and said, “Bob, you guys don’t exactly seem like lone individuals out protecting your goods. You are obviously organized with leaders and military protocols. What have you got into here?”

Bob, standing a little straighter, as a Chief would who had just been asked a question by an officer, studied how to answer. “Rod,” he said, “we are just ten guys out target practicing. We want to be ready if that group in town gets this far out in the country. We call them ‘zombies’ because they walk around aimlessly looking for money and food; they were not prepared for this crisis. Many of them are homeless and now they are also without their food stamps and they are desperate. We are just protecting our families and our homes, which is every man’s right.”

Justin wanted to know more. He had suspected that there were groups like this growing rapidly all over the country. It was a natural response to the threat but only those who were equipped could really defend themselves like these men were. Justin pressed for more. “Bob, I am writing to a large audience about America and what is going on. I am also going to be speaking soon on television. If you have some information that can help me, please share it. I

would be most grateful.”

Bob replied, “I am sorry Justin, I’ve got nothing to help you.”

Frank made a gesture at his watch to Bob and said to him, “we need to get a move on.” Frank was beginning to feel uneasy about the direction of the conversation and wanted to break up the gathering.

Bob looked at Skipper in such a way so as to send him a silent signal. Skipper picked up on it. Bob said back to Frank, who had started to move back towards the men behind them, “OK, let’s go.” He said goodbye to the Skipper’s group and the men turned to leave.

As Bob was getting ready to get in his truck, he told the men with him that he had forgotten to find out how to contact Rod Scoggins and excused himself for a few minutes. He came trotting back to the Skipper’s Suburban where Justin and Skipper were still standing and talking. He broke in hurriedly, “OK, you guys, my men think I am just getting your address so I have three or four minutes. You were right; this thing goes deep. There are men and women in every state and almost every city who are committed to see America stay free. We are organized and are training, doing maneuvers and exercises; that is what we were doing today. We do stop travelers at times to find out their purposes and allegiances. We do not however hurt or harm regular citizens. We are just not going to take anything off of leftist oppressors; we have all sworn to die first. By the way Rod, real quick, do you have a business card or something with your address and phone number?”

Skipper fished in his wallet for a card and handed it to him. “Here,” said Skipper.

Bob went on. “It would be a big mistake for the Feds to underestimate us; we have some real talent, being mostly made up of veterans and police officers. We also have some very high ranking people among us; some that are currently still on active duty in the military. As it stands, a huge section of the current military is with us.

Bob turned to Justin. “Justin, I wish I had more time to talk to

you; I have to get back so they are not suspicious. We are a tight knit group and not many know what is going on underground so to speak. Is there a question I can answer quickly for you? I sensed you wanted to know more.”

Justin looked at Bob and asked the question that had been plaguing him. “Bob, are you ready to kill fellow Americans?”

Bob replied, “I hope I will never have to, but if I must, I must. I can live with it. The real question is ‘what defines a true American?’ Now, I’ve got to go. Go with God.” Suddenly Bob was bounding back to his men who were unaware that he had shared such vital information. He justified the time spent talking with Skipper and Justin with the fact that he was trying to recruit Rod and Sig into their group; he had Skipper’s business card to show for it. Bob secretly, however, knew that what Justin was doing was probably more powerful than anything they were attempting. He hoped that Justin could help the country and he felt he that he may have contributed to a more peaceful strategy by helping Justin.

As Justin and Skipper and Sig were getting back into their vehicles, one of the pick-ups came by. It was Bob and Frank. Bob, who was driving, slowed and pulled to a stop and leaned out his window. Speaking loud enough for both Justin and Skipper to hear he said, “forgot to tell you, there is a military checkpoint just north of Sacramento, on I-5 in both directions; you need to bypass it. They will take all of you in if they find the weapons you are carrying. Just pick up the I-5 south back in Willows, and then cut east on Highway 20, then Highway 65 south. You can hit Interstate 80 west back to I-5 in Roseville and that will take you into Sacramento below the checkpoint. It is a little longer but crucial, or you will have big trouble.”

Skipper was grateful and said, “Thanks.” Bob didn’t really hear Skipper say thank you as he was already speeding off in his pick-up.

Justin said quietly under his breath, “Thank you Lord for the tip

from those people. That was no chance meeting.” He knew it was a Divine appointment. He had learned so much in such a short time.

Skipper wasn’t so sure about the information that they had received; he was suspicious of a route that would take them weaving through not only the outskirts of Sacramento, but also further through interior areas of the city that he felt might have its own dangers. His concerns were based on what he’d seen in other cities they had passed through and the Sacramento region was much bigger. Though I-5 did pass through Sacramento, the benefits to staying on it were that the section of I-5 that passed through the city was more direct and swift; it would also, he felt, keep them from getting too deep into the population of the city. Skipper would have to examine this further with Justin when they stopped to eat.

Justin noticed the gas station first. There was a diner next to it. He was feeling more and more that God was directing them as this “find” was a timely blessing. They pulled into the gas station first. When Justin and Skipper entered the little store to pay, they found that cash payment was unacceptable. That explained the prices not being posted outside. Other means of payment such as silver was acceptable. Since they left Washington, they were noticing that silver was quickly becoming a standard of payment and old coinage was desirable. Justin felt deflated. He was about to walk out to find another station when Skipper stopped him.

Skipper said, “Not so fast Justin.” He reached into his jacket and produced a small bag of silver coins and paid for both cars on the spot. Gas was not as expensive if paid for in silver.

Justin looked on in amazement as Skipper paid the man. As they walked out the door, he said, “Not bad Skipper, I owe you. Thank you!”

Skipper grinned, “We Seals are always prepared.” Then he winked. Both men laughed.

At the neighboring restaurant, they were able to pay normally

again. It was strange how half of the country was working with credit and banking and debits, and half was not. But being able to pay for the meal with a debit card gave them hope.

The four of them sat at a table and discussed over dinner the adventure of the road blockade by the rebels. The tension they had first experienced at the encounter was more than stressful. Justin was actually amazed at the whole trip down I-5. It was truly like a gauntlet where you could be pummeled by circumstances at every turn. They also all recognized how close they had come to encountering a military checkpoint that could have seriously changed the outcome of their trip. Who knows what the authorities might have done? Justin saw that as Divine Providence and said so.

“Justin,” said Skipper, as he worked on his plate of food, “I feel we should leave your car at a storage place in Sacramento and go on together in the SUV.”

Justin looked up from his plate. “Why?” he asked.

Skipper looked Justin in the eye, “There are way too many dangers now and they are all around us. You saw the issue today with several armed men pointing guns at you and Angie. There is also the continuous looting and rioting and California is the worst we have seen yet. We need to be positioned to protect you better; all of us being in one car would work towards that end. Justin, this is for your protection, and Angie’s, and it is the right thing to do. We can swing back by on the return trip to Washington to get the car.”

After a moment, Justin realized he actually liked the idea. He wasn’t yet ready to drive and Angie not only needed a break, but he didn’t want her to be driving if they encountered any further things down the road. He also thoroughly trusted Skipper’s instincts and they hadn’t failed him yet.

Angie piped in before Justin could respond. “I agree. Remember me, Justin’s actual life partner in all decisions?” She had a big smile on her face but both Skipper and Justin got the message and laughed.

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Just because she was quiet, didn't mean she didn't have an opinion or thoughts on a matter. She needed to be included in things, or the two men would suffer the consequences. They finished lunch and got back on the road headed for Sacramento. It was close to dusk as they got on I-5 heading for the Highway 20 exit.

“Experience teaches us that it is much easier to prevent an enemy from posting themselves than it is to dislodge them after they have got possession.” George Washington

Chapter 24

The City of the Sacraments

THE GAUNTLET CONTINUED as they made their way south. It was dark and they picked up Highway 20 and made it into Marysville where they found a junction that would lead them to Highway 65. This route took them right through downtown Marysville. There were many homeless there and the police were out in force, along with several fire engines. The two cars were down to a crawl for a while as traffic was backed up; often Angie had to pull to a complete stop because of the people pressing in and around the car. Justin was tense and sitting straight up, ready to react if necessary. It was Friday night and there seemed to be a party spirit, amid the chaos. A man who had ventured into the street near Justin and Angie’s car was yelling at Angie and Justin in their car. He staggered to the hood of the car and fell over it while they were stopped. Justin could see a demon spirit of alcohol on the man’s back and next to the man was another spirit called “revelry.”

Sig and Skipper were more focused on Justin’s and Angie’s car

than their own. They too were braced and ready for action if need be. When they saw the man flop himself down on the hood of Justin's car, Sig was about to get out of the SUV and deal with the man. Angie, however, beat him to it by honking the horn loud and long. Sig smiled as the man jumped up and back with a start as if he had suddenly come to his senses. But this honk only angered the larger group of people.

A paper sack of some kind with unknown contents hit Justin's windshield. Justin thought: Lord, all we want to do is to get to Los Angeles. Help us please. About four men started towards the car, but Angie saw an opening in traffic ahead and took it, and they were out of there and down a few blocks in just a few seconds. Justin looked back to check on Skipper; the SUV had kept up with them. The locals would have to find other people to harass or do harm to. It was becoming clear to Justin that Skipper's idea of leaving their car in Sacramento was a good one. Justin was feeling a little guilty for having his wife in these circumstances and being in that SUV with the frogmen was an attractive thought right now in this small town; driving through a town presented much more danger than being on a freeway.

Justin saw many demons on the main street. Some were standing around and some were close to people, speaking to them. It was interesting to Justin that though the people were harder to see at night, he could see the demons perfectly. There were more facets to this gift than he realized. Suddenly Justin heard a high-pitched cry overhead; he knew instantly that this was a winged creature. Either Marysville had a winged creature or, it had followed them all the way from Washington. He now thought of his dream weeks ago. People were in a city and they were starving to death, and these winged creatures were flying around. Justin knew that part of the problem here in Marysville was a food problem and the military was no doubt supplementing their food supply. Justin remembered

that he had seen two names for these winged creatures, "Socialism" and "Poverty." The two evils went hand in hand, and could not be separated and the severe welfare situation that developed in America over the last few decades no doubt had help from these two evils. One followed the other. Poverty hit America and socialistic welfare had to follow. Now, socialism was hitting the middle and upper class as well and poverty would follow closely. What Americans who voted the far left did not understand is that it was a vote for Hell and Satan, because the leftist movement brought on advancing socialism. That is what had gotten America where it was right now. That socialistic way would not just affect the poor and lower class. It affected all levels of society. The sad truth that most did not realize was that socialism was a literal demon from Hell, not just a political philosophy. And socialism has three cousins: communism, totalitarianism, and fascism, all of which are evil entities desiring expression on Earth and right now, especially in America. It is not the first time that an evil being has done its work so well that it successfully presented a desirable belief system that was embraced by the less discerning persons who courted evil. Nazi Germany was a perfect example of this evil. Socialism is every bit as evil as Nazi Fascism; the difference is that it is much more subtle. A police state will always accompany either of these two evil political structures for it is always about control.

In a few moments, the two vehicles were out of the downtown area and on a highway again, Highway 65. They sped south with virtually no interference. A sign read, "Roseville" and below it, "Sacramento." It was now about 9:00 p.m. and they hit the Roseville city limits at about 9:30 p.m. They saw a mega shopping mall off to the right of Highway 65. The mall had only a few cars and virtually no shoppers, and Justin figured the time of day was a reason but he also wondered just how busy they could be in this current economy. Right after they passed the mall they merged onto I-80 and headed

west towards Sacramento and would be there shortly. This freeway had many cars pulled off on the side of the road with people standing aimlessly next to them and there was very little moving traffic at all. Justin also saw homeless tents on either side of the freeway beyond the fencing that bordered the freeway. Justin had been here once, to Roseville, and it was an affluent town from what he remembered. But he could see it also had many homeless. After just a few more exits, the two vehicles passed out of Placer County and crossed into Sacramento. Justin could feel a change in the spiritual level of oppression at that instant. In a few minutes, it also became apparent to the naked eye.

Justin could see flames and smoke in the dark skies in at least four different locations. The air was heavy with the acrid odor of burning things. It was hard to put your finger on what was burning exactly, but the smell was harsh and oppressive. Even with their windows up, they could hear emergency vehicles in every direction. As they passed areas where there were businesses and stores, Justin could see large crowds of people gathered for whatever reasons and just standing outside in the dark. He supposed they were waiting in line for food – probably for the next morning, drinking, or maybe even plotting mischief; there was no way to know. What a horrible way to live; and that seemed to be developing into the norm for America; at least for California as he'd seen already.

Justin remembered Bob's warning about the military checkpoint north of the city on I-5. No doubt, the military was strong in this area and martial law was in force here. He wondered what the curfew was because that would dictate his little caravan's need to get off the road. But the crowd looked as if it feared no curfew. Could the curfews be different or non-existent in certain locations?

As they drove westward, they were approaching an area with woods and small waterways that was sparse of homes or businesses. Suddenly, Angie heard a thump, thump, on the road and realized they

had blown a tire. Grateful that she wasn't driving fast, she quickly took a freeway exit and the SUV followed her off. She pulled to the side of the road onto a patch of dirt just off the freeway.

Not knowing why she had suddenly pulled off the freeway, Skipper had a foreboding about Angie's maneuver; this was a dark and remote area and he felt she should have stayed on the freeway. The SUV stopped behind Angie's car and he and Sig got out. Quickly assessing their surroundings they saw what appeared to be a thick large wooded area to their right. Both men had gotten out of their vehicles fully armed. The area felt very vulnerable and dangerous to them. They were exposed; not a good thing when you are trying to stay unnoticed. Upon seeing that their body guards had exited their SUV, Justin and Angie got out of the car. Justin's car had a flat tire and the four stared at it for a moment.

Suddenly Skipper whispered, "Quiet!"

They were not alone. The dull sound of a multitude of voices could be heard coming from the woods. They saw nothing, but could hear much. The enormity of what they were hearing indicated a mass of people possibly in the hundreds, maybe thousands. This was more than just a remote location. Angie and Justin had frozen as they listened. Sig had cocked his weapon.

Skipper figured they had accidentally come upon a massive tent city, housing scores of people, people who were hungry and desperate for food or money or valuables. The small group realized that the voices had lowered. Could they have been spotted? Were they being discussed?

Justin felt the hair on his neck go up; Skipper felt the same thing. In an almost inaudible voice Skipper barked out to Sig, "You stand guard, I will change the tire."

Sig positioned himself to defend the little group. Both men acted quickly. Skipper had the spare out in no time and as quietly as he could, he jacked up the car. Justin had Angie go sit in the SUV. Justin

stood next to Sig and stared into the dark, listening while Skipper quickly worked to change the tire. The two men heard a branch break, like someone was approaching. Then another and another; there seemed to be about twenty to thirty people approaching in the dark. Justin now wished he had flown to Los Angeles. He peered over his shoulder at Skipper's status. Skipper needed about five more minutes to finish the tire. But the group was coming closer. He was certain that it was some sort of predatory gang whose only motive would be to do them harm and take everything they had of value. Sig mounted an infrared scope on the m60 in seconds. Suddenly, three men came out of the woods and started walking towards Justin and Sig. Angie, who was watching gasped and held her breath.

One of the men yelled, "Hey! Need some help?"

Justin saw this as an obvious façade as these people had no intention of helping; they only wanted to get close enough to jump them. Justin saw two spirits with the three men. They were "deception" and "violence." That only confirmed to Justin their intent. Justin blurted out, "No, we don't need help; we are about done."

Another man in the little band of three said, "Can you spare a few dollars, my baby needs milk for the morning."

Though the thought of a baby needing milk momentarily tugged at Justin's heart, he knew this was an alternate diversion, especially since he had seen the two demons. Sig had also changed his stance. He had taken off his safety and was now openly aiming at the three men, making sure that they were aware of his weapon now pointed at them. He had a red bead on the man in the center and was ready to fire; he was not going to let these men get much closer. As Justin contemplated his response, he and Sig heard the unseen group in the woods edging closer. They had been steadily sneaking forward making just enough faint noise to confirm their presence to Justin and Sig. This was surely a set-up for a mugging or killing and Justin and Sig both knew it. Sig peered through his infrared scope and

could see, hidden in the tree line, about twenty-five heat signatures which represented that many individual people were waiting to attack them.

The man who had been slowly inching towards them suddenly stopped; he seemed to realize the danger he was in. He made a quick decision to tack differently. Trying to sound intimidating, he said, "We could get you in a rush."

Sig laughed out loud. "Want to bet?" Sig slightly lowered his weapon and sprayed about twenty ear-splitting rounds into the dirt in front of the three men who were now just yards away. The sound was so rapid, and bullets streamed out in bright flashes and in just a second or two, Sig had ejected a huge number of shells. Not only did the three men run; but they could hear the whole group that had been hiding in the trees, crashing through the woods in great fear, probably hoping they would not be shot in the back as they ran.

A few months before, Sig would have sprayed the woods with bullets, sparing the world of a few dozen more predators. Now, however, a deep compassion that he never thought possible caused him to understand that these people were victims too, just trying to survive. God was at work in Sig.

Angie shuddered as she watched in total shock. Just then, Skipper quickly shouted out, "I'm done." With that, they all jumped in their own vehicles and quickly got back on I-80. As they continued west down the freeway, Justin leaned his head back on the seat while Angie drove; both were trying to relax; it wasn't easy. It had been an exhausting and tense day that seemed to never end.

Sacramento, the city of Sacraments. This obviously Christian name was no doubt given to the city by Spanish missionaries who had settled early in California. Justin figured that the word Sacrament was about the only God thing about Sacramento right now. He had not seen any angels for quite a while and there seemed to be little angelic activity here in Sacramento.

In no time, the group was finally heading south on I-5 again, grateful to have missed the military check point. Exhausted however, they decided to take one of the first exits they came upon that had a hotel. They had just crossed the American River and the hotel was located right next to where it merged with the Sacramento River. They did not know that just over the levee and up and down both sides of the river was a host of homeless people living in tent cities, and predators, whose numbers would have easily dwarfed the group they had just fled from. But these homeless people did not harass the hotel and its occupants, and because of that, the police allowed them to squat on the protected parkways of the river. It was now 11:00 p.m. as they checked into two rooms of a somewhat decent hotel. Angie and Justin dropped into their bed and both were asleep within minutes.

As Justin dozed; he felt God's presence strong upon him and he felt as light as air. The next thing he knew he was floating out of his body and through the ceiling of the hotel. He remembered the Apostle Paul speaking of an out of the body experience in Scripture. Actually, Paul said whether he was in or out of his body he could not tell. As he floated up above the hotel and city he looked down and saw multiple campfires along the river that the homeless had lit. He had had no idea that the hotel was so close to so many homeless people. There must be about a hundred campfires with as many as a thousand people. He looked east and saw a few major fires still burning on the horizon. Sacramento was a city in turmoil, and one that was suffering. He was at total peace and knew God was with him as he floated and looked in all directions. Usually, he had a fear of heights, but he was feeling no fear.

Justin asked God, "Lord, what am I doing out of my body?"

The Holy Spirit spoke to him. "Son, I have done this and you are being translated in the Spirit much like the incident in Acts 8 with Philip and the Ethiopian. Just enjoy the experience."

Justin asked one more question. “Lord, am I doing what they call astral projection?”

“No,” said the Lord. “That phrase is used by men and that practice is powered by Satan and demons. You are experiencing miracle translation. Many men of the Bible did this, and it is enabled by Me.”

Justin felt himself going east now, moving in a brilliant flash; he stopped and seemed to drift over what he knew by the Spirit to be Denver, Colorado. His friend Jeff Graham lived here. Denver looked no better than Sacramento. It was a hub of air travel and Justin saw many planes landing and taking off as he hovered over the city. He looked at the Rocky Mountains near Denver and was impressed by their beauty. As Justin went lower, he could see military vehicles encamped in the city and he could see homeless tents everywhere. It was still warm enough in Denver to be outside in tents; what would these people do when winter hit? In the dark, Justin saw a winged creature sitting on a military truck just watching. These winged creatures were about control and oppression and that is what the military presence provided in the cities. For some reason, Justin thought of Chicago, and the next thing he knew, with a huge flash of light, he was there. His aerial view was very revealing. Campfires burned steadily everywhere, their small orange glow indicating that many people were camping outside in many locations. Justin could see a riot had broken out in a more urban area. Police were in riot gear. Multiple military vehicles were making their way in that direction. Justin thought about the people he was seeing in the crowds below. What were they thinking, how desperate were they? Did they even have a clue about what had caused them to be in that crowd on that particular night? Did they even care or were they just desperate and in survival mode? Justin found his heart breaking as he helplessly watched the sights below him.

Justin wondered about the rest of the country. What was happening in New York City? God was in his mind, and God answered,

but not with words; but rather with a flash of light. Suddenly Justin was above New York City. He could see the East River and he could see Manhattan. He could see Ground Zero and the lights that were shooting Heavenward from where the Twin Towers once stood. This bird's eye perspective revealed so much. This area was more than congested. Looking south, he could see Brooklyn and the Bronx. Suddenly he was going down into a neighborhood where he saw scores of looters. They were breaking windows and running in and out of stores with items that most of them couldn't even use except to maybe barter with. The people were in a frenzy and it seemed contagious. He could see the military at the end of the city sweeping through. He could also hear multiple gunshots above the sounds of the chaos below. It was the middle of the night, but the city was far from asleep. He descended lower and found himself going into a house passing right through the roof. A family was inside but they could not see him; he assumed this was because he must be in a spiritual form only. The family was made up of two parents, two small children, and a teenage boy. The two parents were dashing around like mad. Justin arrived just in time to hear and see a big rock come through the living room window and land on the living room floor. The mother screamed and the father cursed when this happened. The mother had a long stick in her hand; the father had a baseball bat. A demon stood next to the mother and Justin knew that this was a spirit of fear. There were several men outside the home that were trying to get in. The family had barricaded the doors with furniture and they were watching their windows, terrified. They were not safe and knew it. Justin saw the fear on the small children's and teenager's face. The young man was carrying a bat like his father. This family was being victimized by a gang of looters and the terror they were experiencing was horrific. Coming up out of the inside of him Justin prayed, "I command this to stop in Jesus' name."

He heard the voices again, and then it began to grow quiet. The family seemed to relax a little. The demon spirit of fear was gone and not in the house any longer. As the family seemed to realize that they were safe, Justin saw relief sweep over each one of them. The wife pulled her two small children close to her and wept. The father and teenage son relaxed their grip on the bats. Justin knew that there was probably more to face, but tonight this family could be at peace.

He shot upward right through the ceiling and into the night sky of New York City. He considered another city. Washington D.C. He wanted to go there. The familiar light flashed and he was suddenly in the air above the hungry nation's capital. He saw the Washington Monument reaching up into the sky. He saw the Capital Building. He could see the beauty and magnificence of the well-lit White House. However, despite its historical beauty, the whole city was in utter chaos.

The next thing he knew, he was standing in the Oval Office and the president was sitting behind his desk. The president's czars, the head of Homeland Security and the female director of the SSO sat nearby. Justin saw one of the winged creatures over in the corner, and it was looking at him. It could see him. He had never seen one of these creatures up close and sitting quietly where he could actually study it. It was monstrous and hideous and quite evil looking. Its eyes were red and it breathed heavily. This creature was taller than the room and had to slump over just to be in it. There were also about twenty demons in the room, each standing around but doing nothing at the moment. As the president sat at his desk, Justin saw that his eyes were glassed over as if he had been drinking. He looked tired. There was a demon being in him. Justin considered that it was strange how he could see the president, but also the demon that possessed him. This demon was not like the other demons he had seen or like the ones milling around the room. This demon seemed

to carry more weight and more importance and more authority; it was no doubt a strongman of Satan. The two Cabinet heads also had a demon inside each one of them. These human czars, as they had often been referred to as, had an evil influence helping them to carry out their position.

Justin realized he had entered in the middle of a conversation. He heard the head of Homeland Security saying to the president, "If the country keeps deteriorating, you will have nothing left to rule."

The president nodded and said, "Just the same, I believe now, because of enacting martial law, we have the justification to postpone the elections in November until at least six months out." The president's statement was from both himself and the creature who was dominating him. They were in perfect sync, in perfect harmony. Justin realized he was getting an inside glimpse of how demonic possession worked. The president seemed to have come into agreement with the demon strongman that now resided within him.

Suddenly, the winged creature cried out and the evil spiritual beings all around the room looked up. All of their eyes were on Justin. But it was too late, Justin had heard enough and they knew it. The beings pulled slightly back and abruptly looked over to Justin's right and then to his left. He looked there himself, and saw an angel standing on each side of him about eight feet away. He didn't recognize the angels, but they looked at him and nodded. He had an escort. His heart was warmed with the love and the knowledge that His Heavenly Father cared about him dearly and was watching over him. These beings would try nothing with these angels nearby.

Justin knew that the president and his two czars could not see him at all; nor could they see the angels. But every evil being could see all three of them and just stared at them. The strongman was looking over at Justin while the president was looking all around. The humans were in a state of confusion. The beings had not even

revealed themselves to these poor pawns that they inhabited. In a flash of light God gave Justin a monumental revelation. This president, and his two minions, was not the enemy. The strongman and the demons in the three of them were the enemy. And these people were every bit the victims that anyone else was. The poor president did not know that his thoughts were coming from a strongman of Satan. He thought that they were his own ideas. He had said he wanted to delay the elections. But that was not him; that was the strongman's influence. How many Christians were consumed with hatred for this man when they should love him, as God does, but hate the evil *in* him? This is why Paul said to pray for those in authority.

Since the three people conversing in the Oval Office could not see Justin, he felt he could speak to these beings. God gave him boldness and faith rose up in him. Justin remembered Jesus' words, "if you first bind the strongman, you can plunder his house and steal his goods."

Justin spoke out, "You foul strongman in the president; I bind you from speaking to him and command you to let him go in Jesus' name!" Justin realized he could have done this in prayer from Wenatchee, Washington if he had had faith for it. God had to bring him here to show him what Christians can do. Justin looked at the president; he seemed dizzy and then suddenly his head dropped to his desk with a huge thud. Justin looked at the president's two czars. They were staring with mouths agape at the president.

Before they could react, Justin said, "You two demons get out of them now!" The head of the SSO put her hand on her head and rubbed it as though she was having trouble concentrating and the head of Homeland Security began to have a coughing fit. Justin looked at the three. He no longer saw either demon or the strongman anywhere near the people that they had been occupying just moments before. They had left the room completely. Justin turned

toward the winged creature that was shifting back and forth uncomfortably on his clawed feet. He said, "Socialism, get out of here." Not hesitating at all, the creature flew out through a wall. Justin looked at the rest of the demons in the room. "All of you go." They all vacated the room.

Both angels were now smiling. One looked at Justin and spoke. "You sons of our Lord can do that much easier than we can. We must drag them out one by one. But the Lord's Spirit enforces your words instantly."

Justin asked, "Is that true Lord?"

The Holy Spirit said to him, "Yes."

Now the Holy Spirit had something to tell Justin, as he stood in the Oval Office of the White House. Justin waited. He looked at the president and then the other two. The three were looking very tired and very confused. The president got up to go out. The Lord spoke to Justin. "What you just did will not last, but at least now you know you can do it. The beings will come back, and this is because these three do not want them out. They have no alternative beliefs to live by except the evil doctrines they believe are their own. This is because the church, who has had the job of praying, in love, for these people, has not prayed for this man and these other two. So when they do get free, like now, they return to the bondage. Don't you remember when I said in Scripture that spirits that leave bodies travel around and then return and find their domains clean and swept and then they return bringing others with them?"

Justin said, "Yes Lord." Justin realized that the Holy Spirit had been speaking to him, and for a moment it was Jesus, but then Justin remembered Jesus saying that the Holy Spirit was His spirit and those two are One in unity with the Father. Justin suddenly shot up through the ceiling, and was traveling west. He had seen much and learned much, and he was so thankful to God.

He thought about the destination, Los Angeles, and what he

might find there. The light flashed and he was suddenly over the Hollywood sign that stood boldly on a hill overlooking the greater Los Angeles area. He knew God was giving him a preview of where he was going. However it was sobering. Fires were all over the city; more than he'd seen in any of the other cities that night. He could see South Central LA, and it was a mess with multiple fires and intense rioting. The Army was everywhere. He could also see SSO vehicles wherever there was a military presence. Worse, as his gaze traversed the city's expanse, he could see about seven of the winged creatures flying all around the fire-lit night sky. If he thought Sacramento was bad, the City of Angels was ten times worse with turmoil. Justin wondered if Chief and his family were alright in this immense and troubled city which was drowning in chaos. Even from his vantage point above the city, he could tell that people were hurting and broken and starving. Compounding their deep distress was an inordinately huge crackdown by the very government they were counting on. It looked like a war zone and he and Angie were on their way there tomorrow; it looked like it was going to be extremely dangerous to enter into this city. They would need to rely on the Lord's protection for sure.

Justin had a question for the Holy Spirit. "This city is named after angels, but none are here. In fact, I have not seen any anywhere except in Duffy's Camp Woodcrest, my house, meaning Micah, and in the town of Redding. What is up, Lord?"

Then Jesus spoke by His Spirit. "Justin, to see few or no angels around your country is quite normal. We made them for you, for man, but no one uses them. In fact, people do not use many of My principles because of apathy and lethargy in My Church. When people complain less and use their faith more, and make bold declarations, they will begin to see victory. The people of Redding have angels but not because I sent them there, but rather because the people of God there believed Me and they worshipped Me into their

city. Any city in America can do this; and I want them to. But the angels don't come by themselves, they come with Me, and if I arrive, they arrive. The angels are merely My own entourage; they travel with Me. Just as those frogmen go with you, the angels go with Me. If people want Me, and receive Me, they will get my angels. Many people of America, including many Christians, mostly do the opposite; they want false idols and they want to serve themselves and sin, therefore they get the entourage of Satan. They get demons and other evil beings. What spiritual beings you see an abundance of in a city is indicative of what its people having been doing with their time. Justin, the best words you ever wrote are these, 'a nation that is hungry for God will not go hungry.'"

Justin was amazed how well the Holy Spirit answered the question. It was not that He didn't usually answer well; it was that He had made it so clear and so concise for Justin's understanding. The Holy Spirit knew the depths behind Justin's question and answered it just as Justin needed it answered. With that, the Spirit of God became silent.

Justin heard a voice calling him, "Justin, Justin." It was Angie.

He suddenly woke up in the Sacramento hotel room in his bed next to Angie. He sat up fast, and said, "Yes, did you call me?"

Angie groggily awoke out of a sound sleep. Barely awake she said, "What?"

Justin said, "You called my name."

Angie tiredly replied, "No I didn't. You're dreaming. Go back to sleep." With that she turned over and went right back to sleep.

Justin lay back down and looked at his alarm clock. It was only 2:00 a.m. He realized he had been around the nation, on both coasts, without an airplane. He had seen Denver, Chicago, and New York; he had saved a family there. He had been to Washington D.C. and the White House and thrown a devil out of the president of the United States. Lastly, he had gotten to speak with God over

the burning city of Los Angeles, all while sleeping in his bed in a hotel room. Wow, he thought. He didn't doubt at all the events of the night. They were solidly in his spirit. He knew that God had done something special that night. Justin pondered the events. He hoped he would get to do it again. He had learned so much. His stomach growled loudly. I could use a sandwich, he thought.

“When the American spirit was in its youth, the language of America was different: Liberty, sir, was the primary object.”
Patrick Henry

Chapter 25

Choices

SKIPPER AWOKE AT dawn and got up. Sig was already outside doing his job and watching over all of them in the hotel. As Skipper sipped the awful room coffee his thoughts turned to Chief, who was still on vacation. Skipper hoped he, and his family, were OK down in LA; the few reports they had received or seen on the late news indicated that the conditions in Southern California were very poor.

Skipper’s thoughts were interrupted by his phone ringing. Rather early for a phone call. He answered it.

“This is Orion.” Skipper knew instantly that this was John Howe, his security friend; the one that had helped him out with Justin and eliminated the group that was after his client. Orion was the designated code name to be used only between him and Skipper.

“OK Orion, what can I do for you?” Skipper was feeling edgy and concerned. He thought his business with John was finished.

John continued, “You know I have some sources because of my technical expertise.”

Skipper was perplexed. "Yes," he said slowly. Skipper thought for a moment about John, an ex CIA agent, highly desired security expert, and very sharp individual. With precision accuracy, John had done away with the liberal elite thugs who had been after Justin.

John got right to the point. "Your boy is in big trouble. The SSO has issued an order to bring him in along with all of his known accomplices. He has been labeled a rebel and a domestic terrorist and they have orders to shoot him on sight if necessary. These orders are highly classified since he is a public figure with opposing views, so anything they do will never be made public or hit the media."

Skipper sat on his bed; he was reeling from this information. Could this still be America they were in? He asked John, "How sure are you of this information?"

"Relatively sure," voiced Orion.

"What can we do? What do you recommend?" said Skipper.

"He needs to leave the Country immediately."

Skipper said, "Hell, we all should leave the Country. But he won't leave, I already know that."

Orion said, "Hell is a pretty good description of the country right now. When evil runs a nation, it will turn into hell. You have some choices to make here. To continue to do your job is to go against the U.S. Government."

Skipper let out a sigh. "I know."

John went on, "I feel I have now repaid some of the favors I owed you with this information." He paused and said, "One last thing. Do not speak to anyone by cell phone, at least not the one that is registered in your name."

Skipper grinned; he understood exactly what John was saying. "Like we are doing now?" he said.

Orion chuckled. "You are; I am not. But you are probably contaminated already. However we mentioned no names on this call. We could be talking about anyone out there."

“Agreed,” said Skipper.

Orion said, “Take care of your self, friend.”

“Will do, and thank you for the heads up.”

The two men ended the call. Skipper gazed into oblivion. He could not have received worse news. How could he tell Justin, an American patriot, that he was a wanted fugitive and could be shot on sight? Also what about Justin’s family and his and Chief’s family? How safe were any of them?

Skipper walked out of his hotel room and went to find Sig. He found him seated with his back to the wall in the hotel’s small dining room eating the complimentary breakfast. He could see everyone that entered or left the hotel lobby. Skipper liked this young man. He had a knack for what he was doing and he was glad Sig was on his side. Skipper sat down across from Sig, careful to not block his view. The waitress came up to him. He looked at her and said, “Just coffee please.”

Sig noticed that Skipper looked pale and sullen. He asked, “What’s wrong?”

Skipper sighed. “I have been speaking with John Howe. He just informed me that Justin is wanted by the SSO and there are shoot on sight orders.”

Sig set down his coffee and stared wide-eyed at Skipper. Incredulous, he said, “What?”

Skipper looked at his young friend. “Sig, Justin has a raw and fresh outlook on America and patriotism, and right now he is an influential voice against the existing socialistic takeover. Furthermore, he is even more dangerous to the powers that be because of the coma he suffered and the resulting heroism of how he suffered that coma. Lastly, Justin is eloquent and a great communicator and the Feds no doubt realize he might be able to mobilize a rebellion and incite the people to overthrow the current administration. Our boy is all that and more. I believe God is with him, and now this new

twist makes me believe in a devil and that the devil hates Justin more than any man in America.”

Sig stared at the food on his plate, deep in thought. Then, softly, looked up and spoke. “I guess I believe that about the devil. I heard them speak about him at Woodcrest and I thought they were crazy. But too many things now are adding up. I am not going to let Justin be destroyed by an evil government, just so they can shut him up. I know I gave an oath to protect my country when I joined the Navy Seals. This, however, is not the country I swore to serve; this is something quite different. Justin is like the country I love, and I will die protecting him if necessary. If this nation is no longer about freedom, then I am, in my own mind, released from the oath that I took.” This was the hardest thing Sig had ever said and he knew it. But he had weighed his words carefully and believed exactly what he was saying.

Skipper sat and listened and a small tear welled up in the corner of his eye. He was so proud of Sig, who was very much like a son to him. Skipper spoke. “Sig, I am glad you feel that way, but I can not order you to come along; it has to be your choice.”

“I know that, Sir.”

Skipper continued. “We must have hope that America can be changed back again, and I believe Justin is a key to it. But I don’t know that because of all the facts on the table right now, I have a gut feeling, and that just may be God sharing it with me.” “I am with you on that,” said Sig.

“One more thing; we need to ditch and destroy all our cell phones. They could be tracking us with those.”

Skipper finished his coffee and left the dining area. Sig sat there, quite still, watching Skipper until he left the dining room and had gone out the hotel doors. Skipper got outside and saw Justin walking towards him on the sidewalk that surrounded the building. Skipper waited for Justin to get close and said, “We have to talk.”

Justin said, "Oh?"

Skipper motioned for Justin to follow him into the hotel lobby where there were a few large padded chairs to sit on. Both men sat down and Justin looked at Skipper. He could tell something was up and this was going to be more than just a little chat.

Skipper wasted no time. "Justin, I just heard some shocking news from a source of mine. There is a directive out to have you arrested along with all of your known accomplices. The SSO has orders to shoot you on sight if necessary."

Justin shook his head in disbelief. "No, there must be a mistake. How could that be? And accomplices; what does that mean?"

Skipper was firm with him. "There is no mistake; this is the way it is. My source is extremely reliable. The government has changed faster than any of us imagined, and you represent the worst of the president's enemies. Sig and I are prepared to help you get out of the country if you give us the word."

Justin sat there reeling with disbelief. How could this be the America he had loved his whole life? However, realizing the gravity of what Skipper had just told him, he said, "I will speak with Angie; maybe we can get her away. I, however, am not inclined to run away from this. There must be *some* threads left of the fabric that was once a free America. There has to be."

Skipper looked at Justin. He felt sorry for him. He also had great admiration and compassion for him as well. "I want you to know, Justin, that Sig and me are both prepared to go with you which ever way you go. If you want to flee, we will take you, and if you wish to fight this and make a stand, we will be with you."

Justin nodded. "I appreciate that Skipper. Thank you." Justin got up and went to talk to Angie. He walked out the lobby doors and turned towards the hotel wing where their room was. Strangely he was not afraid; nor was he disheartened. After what he had seen and heard last night on his journey, he realized that this threat was

somewhat logical; he had bound a strongman and the Holy Spirit had told him that it would not be a permanent work. This made it easy to understand that this was probably the reason for such a backlash. Though he wasn't the only one who was a political threat to this president and his administration, he found himself glad that he was a thorn in their sides.

Back in their room, Justin explained to Angie what he had just learned from Skipper. They looked at all the aspects of the situation and threat. One consideration was their children who were away at college. They wanted to make sure they were safe and protected. Angie, however, was adamant about herself. "Justin, I am going with you and I won't take no for an answer."

Justin said, "I didn't think you would, but I still would feel better if you were tucked away safely somewhere."

Angie put her hand on Justin's as they sat next to each other on the bed. "My place is with you. It always has been; it always will be."

Justin looked at her and kissed her forehead. He knew he was partly who he was because of her support and devotion. "I will talk to Skipper, about getting protection for the kids. Let's go get some breakfast."

The group was now traveling together in the SUV as they headed down I-5; they had found a storage facility on their way out of Sacramento and deposited Justin's and Angie's car there. They were now traveling safer and lighter. Both body guards rode in the front seat and Justin and Angie rode comfortably in the back seat looking through tinted windows at the passing sights. Angie was relieved to just be a passenger after the previous two days' tense travel. The luggage and supplies, including the heavy weapons, were deposited in the far back compartment. Skipper was driving and Sig was riding shotgun; all four were quiet as they each considered the implications of the report that Skipper had received from his friend. As they drove south out of Sacramento, Justin

was seeing even more demons, but he still didn't see one angel. Wherever there was a demon or two, there was a person nearby; wherever there were people, he saw demons.

As Justin gazed into fields and land a half hour south of Sacramento, he thought of the night before and how drained of energy it had left him when he returned to his bed. The perspective of the nation, a nation he so loved, was simply shocking to him. America was in much more trouble than any of the other three people in the SUV realized. Los Angeles was literally on fire with rioting and violence. Justin wondered if the television station they were traveling to would even be up and running. Justin prayed for a while. "Lord" he said quietly, "I don't know why we are going to LA, but I feel you want me to go. So here I come." With that thought, he dozed and slept most of the way to Los Angeles. He awoke to the SUV coming to a stop along the freeway. Sig jumped out and Skipper jumped out and they each ran around the vehicle and changed sides. Now Sig was driving and Skipper was riding shotgun and the m60 was leaning on the seat by Skipper's legs. Justin sat up so he could see where they were. He couldn't believe that they had let him sleep the whole way. He must have been more tired than he realized as he hadn't even woke up when they stopped briefly for gas. He also was curious as to why they switched drivers, and why the gun?

Justin looked around him. He somewhat recognized the area. They were just passing Magic Mountain. He and Angie had passed it when they drove their kids to Disneyland many years ago. It seemed a lifetime had passed since that drive. So much had changed.

Signs along the freeway indicated that the popular theme park was closed. He wondered if Disneyland was also shut down. He imagined it would be; the happiest place on Earth, but no happy people to go there. They picked up speed as they further descended into the valley. Justin looked ahead at the great expanse of the Los Angeles region. It was known for its terrible smog that would get

trapped in the city, layer upon layer, until there was a good strong breeze or a cleansing rain to cleanse the air. Today there was no such breeze. What he saw before him was worse than the normal smog that so many had grown accustomed to. It was smog and more. Smoke from the fires he had seen the night before and from the fires that were still burning blanketed the city. It filled the air that seeped into their car. How could anyone breathe in this he thought?

It was almost mid-afternoon and strangely quiet. The traffic was minimal and this in and of itself was odd as this was a city which is notorious for its traffic being bumper to bumper at any time of day. What little traffic there was, was moving slow, but steady; Sig and Skipper were tense as they scrutinized the slowly moving vehicles around them. Finally they took an exit off of the freeway they'd been on for two days. Their destination, the news station, was in downtown Los Angeles on Wilshire Boulevard. After a few miles, they turned onto Wilshire but still had miles to go, as it was a very long boulevard, running east to west through downtown LA towards Beverly Hills, and the news station was closer to the other end of this well known boulevard. This part of the city was very quiet, which was strange as it was so near the heart of the big city. Justin had also expected to see some chaos because of his experience over LA the night before. Could the day hours be quieter? Was there a reason why the streets were bare? As they traveled west on Wilshire Boulevard, Justin saw at least three of the winged creatures flying above tall skyscrapers in the distance. He noted that they were above the area he supposed they were headed. From where the four were at, there was no way they could know what was going on ahead of them. The presence of those creatures, however, was not a good sign.

The group traveled a little further and then stopped to have lunch at a small diner that was open and quiet. Their plan was to get to the television station and check in to make sure all was a go for the next morning's taping of the interview. They had a leisurely

lunch and then went outside to get back in the vehicle. A skinny and raggedly dressed man who was holding a bottle in a paper bag was sitting on a nearby bench. He was slouched and murmuring to himself. As Justin and Skipper passed by him, he mumbled something about police and soldiers. They both figured he was very drunk and could be hallucinating; just the same, both Skipper and Justin sensed the potential for danger and knew they needed to proceed with great caution. They got in the SUV and started west again. Skipper was sitting in the passenger side with his hands still on the m60. Justin had not yet asked Skipper why he had changed places with Sig. He did believe that Skipper was very intuitive. They began to see more and more burned cars as they traveled down Wilshire. They could also see that some of the buildings had been on fire and that many windows in smaller establishments had been broken and the contents looted. There was definitely evidence of rioting in this area; in fact, it looked somewhat like a war zone.

The tall buildings on each side of the road now loomed into the sky throwing long shadows. Skipper had an uneasy feeling in his gut. After ten more minutes on Wilshire, hitting all the green lights and moving quickly, they were now just three blocks from the television station. Skipper knew something was wrong. He was glad that he had sent Chief home to be with his family. He was glad Chief was safe. Skipper knew he operated on what he always believed was intuition; but of late, after the Counsel of Woodcrest, he felt God was guiding his life. Skipper prayed under his breath.

Sig's senses were also heightened by his years of experience. He drove carefully and purposefully. But the one who felt the most foreboding was Justin, as he saw seven winged creatures in the air up ahead. They drove one more block and coming around a slight bend in the road, saw what they had all been dreading. This was what the drunken man was trying to tell them and this was why so many winged creatures were in flight above. Straight ahead was

a thick blockade of police, SSO, and military vehicles. The blockade was completely across the road ahead for hundreds of feet on both sides of where South Vermont crossed Wilshire Boulevard. There were armed men all across the blockade, and two tanks were pointed straight at them. Sig skidded to a stop with a loud screech, and sped around in a fast U-turn. This immediately alerted every soldier and police officer and they all raised their weapons at the now fleeing SUV. Several police officers and federal agents raced for their vehicles.

With a shout on sight order for Justin, Skipper and Sig had no intention of letting Justin and Angie fall into the pursuers' hands. They also would not go down without a fight. Sig sped back in the direction they had just come from. Skipper was yelling, "Faster, go faster."

Two black SSO Humvees along with four police cars, sirens blaring and lights flashing were closing the distance between them. Justin was watching through the rear window and praying with Angie. Suddenly the four realized that shots were being fired. They could hear bullets hitting the back of their vehicle. One bullet came through the rear window and Justin felt it tear through his right arm. He pulled Angie down to the floor and told her to cover her head and stay put.

Skipper yelled, "Stop."

Sig hit the brakes and screeched to a halt; the vehicles following a full block behind them slowed down slightly, not knowing exactly what was happening.

Skipper looked at Sig and said, "Get them out of here. I think I can hold them off briefly."

Knowing his response would be futile, Sig said, "Don't get out Sir. Don't get out, we can make it."

Justin vehemently agreed. "Skipper, stay here."

Skipper smiled and said, "Sorry men, I am going. Get out of

here. *Now!*"

With that, he pushed open the door and jumped with the m60, lunging behind a parked car. Without another thought, Sig gunned the engine and the SUV took off, shutting the passenger door with the force of the forward motion. Justin looked back at where Skipper had jumped out of the car. He heard multiple shots ring out; Skipper was spraying the pursuing vehicles with the machine gun. The pursuers had slowed and turned all of their guns on Skipper. As Justin's car sped east, away from the attackers, he saw Skipper crumple to the ground, still shooting as he did; and then he lay motionless in the street.

Skipper's decision to jump from the car had helped Sig to pick up a few blocks lead on the police and Feds that were chasing them. Justin knew that Skipper was gone, killed by massive gunshot wounds; he made himself a target, a sacrificial offering to save the rest of the team. Angie had not seen what had happened and Justin was not sure that Sig had seen either. He wasn't going to say anything; now was not the time. The focus had to be on getting away.

They all heard the sounds of a helicopter above them; a military chopper was overhead, but it was highly restricted by the tall buildings lining both sides of the street. Justin was aching deep inside over the loss of Skipper; he knew that his bodyguards had no doubt experienced this feeling many times as they returned from various missions with casualties; but how could they endure this over and over? Justin pushed it out of his mind; there was no time to think about it now. He needed to pray and get Angie to safety.

Sig was speeding the SUV and its two passengers further east on Wilshire Blvd as fast as it would go. The authorities were pursuing just as fast and closing the distance. Blood flowed freely out of Justin's arm and it throbbed in pain, but he hardly noticed. He and Angie were thinking that they might not make it through this and that they could all be dead soon. Sig knew they would be.

"It is foolish and wrong to mourn the men who died. Rather we should thank God that such men lived." George Patton

Chapter 26

The Crucible

SIG WAS GRATEFUL that the streets were void of traffic because he was speeding through the stoplights without even slowing. Suddenly, they heard gunfire, and lots of it. It sounded as if the quiet canyons between the skyscrapers that lined the boulevard had erupted with claps of thunder. Sig had counted that they traveled seven long blocks from the blockade. Justin looked back in time to see one of the pursuing Humvees explode and fly into the air. The other Humvee and police cars were under heavy fire, but Sig and Justin and Angie had no idea what was going on.

Up ahead, three men came into the street with weapons and motioned Sig to pull over. Sig complied because he sensed these men were non-hostile. The men motioned for them to get out. One man yelled, "Are you Justin Brooks?"

Justin shouted back, "I am." Deafening shots kept ringing out and they could hardly hear each other. Justin looked back to see that the pursuing vehicles were being decimated by a barrage of bullets coming from a multitude of directions. One car crashed into a

streetlight without stopping which caused the others following it to coast to a stop. No one could have survived in those vehicles. Justin saw weapons fire coming from building tops and from windows of the same buildings. This was urban warfare at its most brutal and aggressive level. Now the Fed's chopper was under fire and it quickly retreated back towards the safety of the blockade.

The three men that had pulled them over motioned for Justin, Angie, and Sig to follow them, which they did. Justin, holding Angie's arm tightly, walked as quickly as his still feeble leg would allow; Sig brought up the rear. The three men were in military fatigues; two in a brown woodland color and one in a lighter desert colored pattern. All of them had bulletproof jackets on. They ran quickly up Wilshire another block and then turned right and ducked into a building. There were several military types standing around, and one stepped up to Justin and introduced himself. "I am General Patterson and you are..?"

Justin put out his hand and said, "Justin Brooks, and this is my wife, Angie." Justin winced from pain as he extended his arm. Justin was taking note of all the activity. He felt like he'd just walked onto a military post. He asked, "Who *are* you guys?"

General Patterson replied, "Justin, I have followed your writings for years. We, the men and women you see about you here, are what I would say are true American patriots and warriors. We are going to stop this thing."

Justin looked perplexed. "You are rebels?"

The general smiled. "If that is what you want to call us."

Sig stepped up. "General Sir, I am Derek Singer and I am their bodyguard. Those forces down the road are going to be up here any minute."

"We know that" said the general. "We are ready and waiting."

Sig had one thought; his mission and task of ensuring Justin and Angie's safety. He went on, "Well Sir, I know you have some

firepower up in those buildings, but how can you take on the American Government? They probably have not had reinforcements stop arriving since the chase began a short while ago.”

The general smiled. “Derek, we have over a thousand men and women in position in these buildings and on them, and we have a few thousand more arriving tonight. We have our own blockade now equipped with 50 calibers and rocket launchers. Those buildings are also loaded with innocent civilians.”

Justin just shook his head. “How did you happen to be here, in this part of LA, now?”

The general kindly took Justin’s good arm and said, “You had better come sit down over here. I want to get your arm looked at anyway.”

Angie followed and so did Sig. Angie had been silent up to that point. She had been processing everything that was happening and now the people scurrying around her. She instinctively knew that even for the general’s confidence, they were still in a lot of danger. If six months ago, someone had told her she would be standing in that room today having dodged machine gun fire and outrunning someone who would just as well have seen her husband and her dead, she would have thought they were completely crazy. Yet here they were; and it didn’t look like there was much of a way out either.

The three sat down at a small table. Sig was numb about Skipper; he *had* seen and knew that his friend and father figure was dead. He knew and understood the sacrifice, yet it didn’t make it easier. However, years of training told him he needed to suppress the emotion for now and stay strong and clear minded. There would be time to grieve later; hopefully. For now, Sig would not lose his focus or fail Justin and Angie. They were his only concern.

General Patterson sat down across from them. Six armed men took positions, at ease, all around them. This general was obviously beloved and revered in the eyes of his warriors. The general motioned for a man to come and examine Justin’s arm. They continued

to speak as a medical corpsman gently tore Justin's sleeve off and began to tend to Justin's arm.

The general looked at Sig first. "Young man, I am retired Green Beret. Are you one of the three Navy Seals?"

Sig answered, "Yes sir."

The general said, "We have heard about you and your two associates." Strongly, but gently he continued, "I am sorry to tell you that your comrade is dead. One of our sniper spotters, positioned on a nearby rooftop, saw him go down. It was reported that he died trying to buy you guys some time."

"I know, Sir, I saw it in my rear-view mirror."

Angie hadn't known and she looked into Justin's eyes. She knew the general was telling the truth because of the pain she saw in her husband's eyes. Justin had seen and had tried to spare her. Skipper was gone and there weren't words for how she felt; he had died trying to save them. The reality hit her and silent tears rolled down her cheeks.

The general went on, "He died a hero, and he gave his life for America. Isn't that what his life was all about?"

Sig answered, "Yes sir." Sig was beginning to like this man. He sensed that this seasoned officer in front of him understood things on a level that very few ever did.

The reality of Skipper being gone was also hitting Justin. The adrenaline that had been racing through his body during the chase had subsided and he felt drained and exhausted. It was too much. He never imagined it could come to this. Angie was softly crying to herself. He looked at his wife; he could have lost her today. He took Angie's hand with his good arm and squeezed lovingly.

The general continued speaking. "I was asked to come out of retirement to head up this rebel army. Every man and woman with me is an unpaid volunteer, and a patriot. The fat cat SSO, the police, and weekend warriors down the road are all drawing salaries and really

not prepared to die for their jobs. My people are prepared to die for America. That gives us an edge. You saw how they danced around Waco years back with just a handful of hostiles and waited months to go in. The women and children at Waco were also a strong consideration. We also have innocents in our midst here in Los Angeles and we considered that as their weakness when we planned this military action.”

The general focused on Justin. “We heard about you and your news spot this week; and so did the Feds. They have been monitoring you all the way from Washington; but then, so have we. That chance meeting you had with our men in Northern California north of Marysville gave us your timetable and we thought your entry into Los Angeles would be a perfect opening to do what we have been planning for months. They began setting up that blockade three days ago and clearing people off the streets. The news station is the center of all of this. Because of inside intelligence, we knew where they planned to take you out, and we began positioning here seven blocks out from that.”

The general looked towards Sig and continued. “We saw you go by a while ago and we figured you frogmen would come back in this direction as soon as you realized what was waiting for you at that blockade.”

Justin thought to himself, what a keen military strategy. This man is no slouch here on tactics. He also considered that he was taking a calculated risk that a) they would come back the way they had came and b) they wouldn't get shot in the process. Justin wondered if the general had any idea that God was protecting him and Angie; probably not.

The general turned toward Justin and addressed him, “You see, Justin, we figured that in their mad desire to capture and eliminate you, they would let their guard down to travelers and everyday people who were not you. So, in the past 24 hours, we have been able

to bring in over a thousand armed troops a few at a time from all directions right under their noses.”

Justin wondered if the intelligence source the General Patterson had was the same person or persons who supplied Skipper his information. Although Justin was impressed with this old military man, Justin could not help but think that he was as mad as the Feds and bent on rebellion and there was no telling how long he had been this way. Justin’s thoughts were interrupted as a man came and whispered something to the general.

The old warrior laughed out loud. “It seems,” said the general, “that the Feds are moving the blockade closer and are setting up two blocks west of here across Wilshire.”

Another man came up to whisper to the general. He responded, “Good, good.”

General Patterson looked at Justin. “We already guessed that they would begin to move around us and try to cut us off so that we could not add reinforcements; Because of that, we have begun to bring in our people in an expansive pattern many blocks north and south and east of this location. We have the resources to bring five thousand troops into this city to fight in house-to-house combat, building to building, in urban warfare, and to be a massive thorn in their side. Hopefully, of course, that will not be necessary; but we are willing and able. They will no doubt bring in the marines to try to take us out. But we know their resources are limited right now, and to them, this will be like another Iraq, this time, with us, their own, as the insurgents.”

Justin felt that the general had a seemingly just cause, but he could not help but think there was a demonic influence here also. What seemed good, was not always God. He looked around. He saw at least twenty demon spirits standing around, waiting for something to happen. Justin knew that these were spirits of rebellion. It seemed that Satan really had this country where he wanted it. The

Feds were infested with demonic control and socialism and the rebels were infested with demonic rebellion. It was as though Satan was playing both sides of a chess board. Justin remembered the men up north in Willows. They had demons of violence, rebellion and murder and they were part of this group. The stage was set by the enemy to bring forth an extremely high death toll.

Justin considered where America was at in this moment. The stage seemed set for a massive civil war that would bring death and destruction to all of America as well as poverty, starvation, disease and a great loss of the lifestyle all Americans had known. This absolutely could not be the will of God here. Yes, the rebels had saved his and Angie's life, but what had he personally triggered by his trip down to Los Angeles? And yet, the general had indicated that this was their plan for months, with or without him. He had only been a catalyst to bring forth this scenario right now. In a way, they had used him.

The man who was examining Justin's arm told him that the bullet had sliced deeply through his arm and had probably nicked the bone. It would need medical attention, but the man would clean and wrap it for now. Angie watched closely as the man finished with Justin.

The general got up and excused himself to attend to a pressing matter. After he had left, Sig leaned over to Justin and said with earnest, "I could so easily join these people."

Justin turned around and fixed his eyes sternly on Sig. "Sig, this is not the answer. Skipper would not have been for this. If you really knew your boss's heart, he was about the blessing of America, not its destruction. He was too wise to get sucked into this thing. He only fired on the Feds because they had fired on us first, and he was doing his job. He was not a rebel. He would not want that for you. There will not be a winning side here. This is the will of Satan, the total potential annihilation of America. Both of these sides here are

not too different from one another. They fight for who and what they believe to be right. But both have murder and violence on their minds. I am not a pacifist; I am just a man of God. There has got to be some other way.

Sig stared back at Justin, slowly nodding. "I can see what you are saying, Sir. My boss believed in you one hundred percent, and I can now see why. But a year ago, I would not have seen what you are saying. After Woodcrest, I can see a lot of things. You tell me what you would have me do."

Justin said, "Pray. Just pray."

In thinking about prayer, Justin wondered why he had seen no angels around when Skipper died, or when they were being pursued. In fact, he had seen no angels since his night travels in Washington D.C. in the Oval Office. Justin was wondering now what he should do. He had brought his wife into the middle of this standoff, this place of death, and he felt either way he went here, she was in grave danger. To stay with the rebels would be to eventually be taken out by the federal authorities in a long-term siege, and to surrender to the Feds could mean being shot on sight, him almost certainly but possibly Angie as well.

Their host returned to their table and said, "I'd like you three to come with me." He led them to an elevator and they all went inside along with two armed men. He hit the 11th floor button. The elevator doors opened into a room filled with light. The room they were standing in was huge with floor to ceiling windows. It was bright considering how dark their situation was. The general took them to a spot near one of the windows. On a table nearby, there was a stack of mirrors. He gave one to each of them and instructed them to stand by a partition post and look at the outside using the reflection of the mirror only. No doubt the other side had snipers posted and ready, and the general was not going to give them any targets. One of the armed men came first to Angie and then Justin to make sure

that they were positioned safely and out of the line of fire as well as accurately holding the mirror. Sig didn't need help. He had done this many times before.

Justin was amazed by what he saw. As the general pointed out, the blockade had advanced to only two blocks away from the building they were now in. He also pointed out that in the last thirty minutes it had also tripled in size. They could see in the distance a whole convoy of military vehicles coming up Wilshire from the West, no doubt National Guard or Army or a combination of the two. This situation was escalating, but the general actually seemed rather excited over this fact. Justin knew General Patterson was a good man that loved America and he was in fact a true patriot. However, though this man was not demon possessed, he was very possibly demon influenced. That was not that uncommon. The problem was, in Justin's opinion, the general did not see the long-term ramifications of their plans to resist and fight against the government; he was obviously brilliant on short-term battle strategies, but Justin was sure he could not see the bigger picture and potential consequences of his decisions at this moment.

Two blocks away, Justin could see men in uniform, with weapons, dispersing to the right and to the left, north and south, and pouring into the city to strengthen and fortify the federal position. This whole scenario had caught the Feds off guard and the rebels had actually gained the upper hand position-ally. The federal troops were now trying to change that or at least equalize the odds. It looked like the Feds had more firepower and troops; but the rebels had more passion. Before his very eyes, Justin was seeing what had started one night with a dream about starvation and socialism, was quickly turning into a reality of an American nightmare of epic proportions. Would Los Angeles be the first battlefield in what appeared to be a new civil war?

The general had men perched in high sniper positions watching

the placement of the federal troops; but he would not allow them to give away their positions with gunfire. They would note each position taken by the Feds in windows and on rooftops and the like, and mark that position, only to terminate the threat later at the general's orders. It was of course, brilliant. Any movement such as a curtain or a window blind was noted by spotters through scopes and marked. Justin believed that many innocent people would be killed in this battle if it broke out. He felt overwhelmed by the anxiety and the stress. He felt the weight of the world, the weight of America, on his shoulders. He knew that he needed to get alone to pray; getting in the Lord's presence and hearing from Him was the only way to get a clear perspective.

The general took the three back down to the lobby of the building. Justin asked if there was a private room that he could use for a while; he was granted his request. What appeared to be a low ranking soldier was directed to escort Justin to a huge room, about two to three thousand square feet. Justin entered and the soldier closed the door behind him. The room was stripped out and empty; it was like a lonely sanctuary, echoing his footsteps as he walked to the center of the room. He felt vulnerable in such a large place. His places of intimate prayer were always small rooms or even his car; places he felt safe and covered. He began to speak out loud to God. As God's presence began to fill the room, Justin felt the weight of it all and he collapsed onto the floor and began to weep. He thought of Skipper, and of America, and of the sadness of this moment of great testing and destruction. The magnitude of the burden that he felt was filling the large room. This room had been perfectly chosen by the Spirit of God for Justin; it was a place for not only Justin to pour himself out from the depths of his very being, but also for him to embrace the magnitude of God's heart for what was going on in his beloved country. Justin lay prostrate on the floor and wept for a long, long time.

Finally Justin spoke, “Lord, this is a dark place to be and I am caught here in a fiery furnace, a crucible of sorts, a place of trial and testing. I do not know what to do. Lord, you must help me.”

God was waiting for those words. Justin sensed the Holy Spirit stirring in his heart; God was about to speak.

Justin continued to wait patiently. Then, those words...those magnificent words... “My son, you know what to do, and I can’t do your part. Remember what you learned at Woodcrest. Remember the Oval Office. You have authority to part the Seas here. You are My servant whom I have ordained for this hour of history. Your training began decades ago. Now is the time to stand up and walk into your calling.”

Justin spoke through tears. “I hear you Lord, but where do I begin?”

Then the Holy Spirit spoke. “First, you must bind the strongmen here. Then, follow Me, as recorded in Isaiah 53, “...he is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, as a sheep before his shearers is dumb, so he opened not his mouth.”

Justin lifted his head off the floor, startled. He said, “I see it Lord. I see it. I know what to do.” Justin knew that right at that moment he was full of the Spirit and under the anointing, and position-ally seated in Heavenly places with Jesus at the right hand of the power of God, and that he was in the place of Holy dominion. Justin jumped to his feet. He turned toward the area of the building where the general was and boldly declared, “You strongman over the General Patterson and this rebel group, I bind you and I forbid you to speak to them, to any of them, and I bind violence, murder and rebellion from these men and women in the name of Jesus Christ.”

Then, Justin turned west towards the blockade and declared, “You strongman over the President of these United States, over the DHS, over the SSO and over the military heads of martial law, and every police person and authority involved in this blockade situation,

I bind you from speaking to them or lying to them, from driving them to conquer or dominate; I bind you from telling them that socialism is an answer or a better system, and I bind you from retaliation for today's attack by these rebels. You winged creatures, you foul spirits of 'Poverty' and 'Socialism.' you are bound and I rebuke you and forbid any further contact from you with any Americans, influential or otherwise. This I do in the name of Jesus Christ."

No sooner did Justin finish those words than with a bright flash of light, an angel appeared in the room. The angel just stared at him. Justin smiled at the angel and said, "Thank you, Jesus."

Justin came out of the room and walked down a corridor to the room where Angie and Sig were sitting at a table. Justin walked past them, and headed straight for the general. He said, "We need to talk."

The general looked bewildered by Justin's tone, but intrigued. He motioned for Justin to follow him to the table in the corner away from everyone. They both sat down. "General, I prayed and God showed me I am to stop this today."

"But why?" he exclaimed with incredulity. "We have waited months to be in this position."

Justin spoke firmly and with authority. "It is a position of death. All of your men and women will die and you know this to be true if you will listen to your heart."

The general was listening without the demonic influence, but he still did have his ego and pride. Justin continued, "General, I just saw an angel in that room I was in. Do you believe in angels General?"

"You better believe it, son. They saved my life in combat many times."

"Well" continued Justin, "God spoke to me and gave me instructions. He wants me to do something here. However, I can't without your cooperation."

"What is it?" The general had ever so slightly tilted his head and

his brow had furrowed slightly. He seemed to know that everything Justin was about to say must seriously and cautiously be considered.

“I want to turn myself in. I want to walk down there and present terms on your behalf.”

“Son,” said the general. “If you do that, you will die. They have been instructed to shoot you on sight.”

Justin nodded. “Yes, I know that; but I am no longer the big fish on the line, you and your people are. Besides, I have angels with me. I know that if God has given me this instruction, He will keep me.”

The general was intrigued. In a slow, precise, and commanding tone he asked, “And just what will I be offering?”

“You General, and your troops, will be offering to leave quietly and return to your homes.”

This was not what the general was expecting to hear; but he found himself fascinated and drawn to Justin’s plan, not understanding why. He wanted to hear all of it and he asked Justin, “And what will I be demanding?”

Justin replied, “You will be demanding that the Feds concede to some terms; I want a television camera on me and I want to be live to the nation. You will demand that I get my interview, and that I speak live with the president himself, on camera, until you are satisfied with it. Then your men and women will leave in peace with no retribution or retaliation for today’s violence and there will be no federal interference to your departure whatsoever.”

The general sat staring at the table thinking. He thought to himself, why could *this* man not be the president? The general didn’t know that Justin had been thinking the same thing about him earlier.

As the general sat quietly weighing all the pros and cons of Justin’s plan, Justin’s phone rang. He had turned it off at Skipper’s instructions in Sacramento and even removed the batteries so they could not be traced very easily. However, after they had been brought into protective custody by the rebels, and realizing that the Feds did

in fact already know where he was, he turned it back on. He wanted to be able to communicate, especially with his children if need be. After a pause, he answered it, and the voice at the other end said, "Justin Brooks, this is Field Agent and Officer in Charge, Chuck Waterman of the SSO. I am approximately two blocks down the road from your location."

Justin looked quickly at the general who had, at the sound of Justin's phone looked up. Justin pointed to his phone, and held it up to the general and quietly mouthed, "It's them."

Justin calmly spoke back, "Officer Waterman, how can I help you?"

The officer said, "Justin, what do you guys think you are trying to achieve down there?"

Justin replied, "I will not discuss this over the phone. I am coming down." Then Justin disconnected the call. The SSO officer called back, but Justin had switched the phone to vibrate and just let it keep vibrating.

The general was impressed with the boldness of the man that sat before him. He had just hung up on the SSO stating that he was coming down to them. The general found himself trusting Justin; this younger man had no military experience, but he seemed to have a sense about all of this that even he, a successful West Point military lifer could not say that he had. He looked into Justin's eyes and said, "OK, son. I guess we have no choice now. You may go down there and speak for me, but if you can't make the headway that you think you can, know that this will be a fight to remember. We have no choice but to defend and preserve this country with all the means we have possible, even if it means fighting to the death."

The general gave Justin his cell phone number and said, "You have one hour from the time you leave this building to call me. One hour, that is all."

Justin nodded and went over to where Angie and Sig were sitting

expectantly. They knew something was up; they could tell by the seriousness of the discussion between Justin and the general. They were not prepared for what Justin was about to say to them.

Justin looked at Angie. "Love, you know that you are safer here than out there. However, I must go out."

Angie pushed her chair back from the table and stood up looking terrified at Justin; tears began to stream down her cheeks. She thought of Skipper. Slowly shaking her head back and forth in disbelief at what her husband was saying to her, she softly and through tears said, "No, you can't."

Angie was now weeping and grabbed Justin's left arm and said, "You are not going *anywhere* without *me!* We stay together!"

Justin took Angie into his arms and hugged her tightly. As he did so, he looked at Sig, giving Sig the signal to help him with Angie. Justin firmly and lovingly pried his wife away. He saw a mixture of anger, fear, and sorrow in her eyes. He could imagine what she must be thinking and it was breaking his heart. However he had a directive from God and he needed to obey and he needed to do it quickly.

By this time Sig had come around the table and was holding on to Angie. He had been speechless at Justin's announcement.

Justin said to him, "Sig, if you ever want to earn your pay, you keep her safe by keeping her here, against her will if you must."

Sig replied as he held tightly on to Justin's wife, "Sir, I should go out there with you."

Justin snapped back. "I must go alone; all I ask is that you protect my wife and do not let her follow. Then, if this goes wrong, no matter what happens to me and before any fighting breaks out, get her out of here, with or without me. That is what I need you to do. Can I count on that from you, Sig?"

Sig understood and nodded saying, "You can count on me, Sir." He knew the importance of knowing that what you leave behind is being cared for. The success of a mission depended on that

knowledge. Part of him also felt that he was failing miserably at his assignment. Things had turned totally upside down; first the loss of Skipper and now possibly the loss of Justin.

Justin turned again to Angie, being held firmly by Sig. There is no way he could explain risking his life to her and there wasn't time to even try. At Justin's instructions to Sig, Angie had stopped resisting. She looked spent and her shoulders were shuddering. He said to her, "No matter what happens to me, you let Sig get you to your mother's house in Wyoming." Angie nodded as in disbelief at the words she was hearing. But Sig heard and nodded to Justin.

With that, Justin left the room and walked out the main doors of the building, down the block to Wilshire Blvd and turned west.

“If this be treason, make the most of it!” Patrick Henry

Chapter 27

The Mediator

AS JUSTIN TURNED west onto Wilshire Blvd, the general, who was now perched up on the 11th floor, spoke through his radio to all of his people. “No one fires a shot unless I say so. Let’s watch our boy here. That, my friends, is a brave man.” Hundreds of rebels who were set up with powerful rifles and other forms of powerful ordinance at high windows watched Justin as he slightly limped down Wilshire Blvd, his right arm crudely wrapped in a white gauze bandage. He was still suffering slightly from the effects of the broken leg he had sustained from his fall when he saved Skipper’s life. The bandage and the limp gave him the appearance of a veteran returning home after a long battle, though Justin did not seem to be aware of this at all. He was walking with purpose and resolve and not the least bit dissuaded by his physical feelings or appearance. He was a man on a mission; it was an assignment from God, but only Justin and General Patterson knew that.

Justin was also being watched by the Feds, who at that moment were the enemy. They also had good viewpoints as many of them were watching from their particular vantage points and observing

Justin through their riflescopes. Justin, however, had the best view. On top of every building, along the front, not visible to anyone but him, were hundreds of angels of the Most High God. He felt like the prophet who said, “Lord, open my servant’s eyes so that he may see that those who are for us are more than those who are against us.” As Justin looked up, on the very first building was a very familiar face; it was Micah. Micah waved at him with a very small and graceful hand gesture. These angels seemed to be almost at attention or in a place of honor and giving a salute of respect to Justin. Justin had no weapon, he only had his words. He didn’t even have his cane, which he had left in the SUV. He felt rather like a lamb being led to slaughter. Might this invisible and multiple angel salute have been given to Jesus as He carried the cross through Jerusalem? Justin was filled with confidence that he was right on target with God. His life was in God’s hands and he was totally surrendered to His plan. In that surrender, God had given him a peace and a boldness to walk down this street and trust that no matter the outcome, God was working everything for his good and more importantly, the nation’s good.

Suddenly, Justin realized what it took to get angels into Los Angeles, the City of the Angels, or anywhere for that matter. It took faith, listening to God, being willing to sacrifice one’s self, to put it all on the line, and to be in an act of destiny. Justin could not forget the Lord’s words, that where He goes, His angels go. Bringing God’s presence brings angels. Justin realized that the presence of the Lord was all around him as he moved west down Wilshire Blvd.

Each building he passed, Justin looked up and acknowledged the angels on it. There were no less than ten angels on each building. Seeing them gave Justin enormous confidence. Justin was now at the end of the first block; he had only a block to go. He crossed the next cross street and continued down the second block towards the federal blockade. There was no indication of people on or around

the street; this part of the city seemed desolate and empty. Though he knew there were soldiers from both sides strategically positioned in the tall buildings above him, to Justin, only he was there; and the angels. No demons were present.

Justin looked up ahead to the blockade. One lone winged creature sat on a Humvee. Justin pointed at the being and said; "Go!" The creature flew away suddenly in fright, screeching as it went. Justin looked around; he saw no hellish beings at all anywhere, near the blockade or elsewhere. As he got up to the half block mark, he saw three police officers and two SSO agents coming toward him. There had obviously been a "do not shoot" order given. Either that or the angels had frozen every person on the Feds side. Justin smiled at the thought of that possibility.

The officers approached Justin very warily and when he was in reach all three officers forced him to the ground, which was excruciatingly painful to Justin's arm. In seconds they handcuffed his hands behind him. He felt a warm flow of liquid down his arm and realized this rough behavior had starting his arm bleeding again. The men picked him up and rushed him back to the blockade. Justin was very aware of a spirit of fear that enveloped the officers; they feared for their lives, supposing that rebel snipers could easily fire upon and kill any one of them. They were correct in their thinking, but the rebels were, for the moment, totally submitted to the general's "do not fire" order.

SSO Agent Chuck Waterman was waiting for Justin behind the safety of the blockade. He motioned the officers to bring Justin to a large trailer used as a mobile command facility. Justin was helped up the steps and taken inside and sat at a desk. As Justin looked around, he saw an intricate computer system, monitors, radios, and more equipment that he didn't recognize. About five people sat at different desks or work counters. A few had headphones and were speaking softly into microphones. This was a military communication

center. Justin was for the moment amazed at how much could go on in such a small space.

Agent Waterman sat down at the desk across from Justin. Three other agents stood nearby, guarding Justin. Waterman asked, "Mr. Brooks, have you incited a rebellion?" Justin thought about that question carefully. Imagine him getting the blame for this. He just met the rebels himself, and he had never spoken with any before the town of Willows in Northern California, which was only yesterday. In truth, the president was the one to blame for this rebellion; he was responsible for trying to bring socialism upon a free nation. They shouldn't be surprised about the reactions of people who loved their liberty and this great nation that guaranteed it. What else would they expect?

Agent Waterman went on, not waiting for Justin's response. With a matter of fact tone to his voice he said, "At the very least, this will get you life in prison; or, you may be executed. Did you consider the consequences when you started this?"

Justin decided to not exchange words on philosophy with this man who obviously was brainwashed into a certain belief system. It was better to stay on task. He knew that he could incriminate himself by saying the wrong thing here, but his task, his mission, was more important than self-protection.

Justin cleared his throat. He said, "Sir, who I am and what I have done and what you do to me in the future is not of great importance. What is important is that you are about to face what will be known as the historic Battle of Los Angeles. History will record it as a huge governmental folly, with enormous loss of life; thousands of Americans on both sides will die. I simply walked down here to speak for the general back there who is about to kick your butts."

Agent Waterman's face turned red with anger. His fear tactics had not worked on Justin as he had suspected they would. What are you going to do with a guy who seems to fear nothing and also acts

like he is strategically holding all the cards? Waterman needed to press past this man's audacity and find out what he knew. He asked, "Who is this general and what does he want?"

Justin said, "His name is Patterson and he wants war now."

Waterman looked over his shoulder to an associate and said, "So Patterson is here. We should have known."

Justin thought he could sense some fear as well as respect in Waterman's voice at the mention of Patterson's name. Obviously Patterson had more of a reputation than Justin realized. Suddenly a demon appeared behind Waterman. Justin could see that it was a demon of oppression. Justin pointed at it and suddenly spoke out loudly, "You get out of here." The demon disappeared instantly. Justin could see that this spirit had wanted to influence Waterman.

Waterman and the three agents looked around at what Justin pointed at. Nothing was there. They would not have seen it even if it had still been there. Waterman smiled, and said to his men, "we have a psyche case here."

Justin smiled too. Waterman went on speaking. "Tell me now what 'the general' wants. Does he have terms?"

Justin thought very carefully. I will have to make it up as I go and hope that Patterson agrees, but the Lord will help me, he thought.

Justin spoke. "This is a communications trailer of the military. Am I correct?"

Waterman nodded ever so slightly.

Justin went on. "I want a live video feed with the president to discuss terms. I also want it televised live. That only will do and nothing less. If the president complies and lets me have a totally unbiased interview, and General Patterson can verify it, he and his troops will leave peaceably."

Waterman scoffed at him. "You are crazy."

Justin continued boldly as though Waterman had not said anything. "If the general does not hear from me in one hour then the

bloody war begins. Do you want that liability and responsibility at your pay grade?”

Waterman did not change the look on his poker face, but Justin could see the color go out of his face; he could also see the wavering in his eyes. Waterman abruptly got up and disappeared out of sight behind a closed door in the rear of the trailer. Justin could hear nothing from behind the door. He looked up at each of the men surrounding him, standing quietly with hands near their guns. Justin hoped that they had been listening to what he had said and were personally counting the cost of which side they were on.

After fifteen minutes, Waterman came back holding a phone. He handed it to Justin. Justin said, “Hello.”

The voice on the other end spoke. “Justin, this is Director of Homeland Security, Thomas Evans. I understand we have a situation out there in LA.”

Justin replied, “I don’t have a situation, you do. I am just a messenger.”

Evans replied, “Did you and your people kill several SSO agents and police officers this morning or not?”

Justin needed to be careful. In this negotiation, he needed to not distance himself too much with the truth if he wanted to get results. Justin said, “Those officials who were killed fired on my vehicle first and I was shot, and my wife was put in serious danger. Only then did my bodyguard fire on your people and he was killed for it. But before we go any further, where is the president?” Justin heard the line click.

“Justin, this is President Nwosu. I am on the line with Thomas Evans of Homeland Security and Janet Towers who is the SSO Director.”

Justin was shocked that it was these three particular people; he remembered them from the previous night’s visit in the spirit to the Oval Office. This gave him discernment over their spiritual condition. Justin saw no reason to not be civil. “Mr. President, I

asked for video on a televised spot, live. You are running out of time with the rebels.”

The President replied, “We have a counter proposal. You can have your video and it will be televised, but we require a two-hour delay. In those two hours, the rebels must pull out and return to their homes. They will not be hindered or pursued. You however will remain in custody. That is our final offer.”

Justin thought about the president’s proposal. How would General Patterson go for this? What would be the guarantee that there would be no betrayal or the destruction of the video after the rebels pulled out? Justin had to assume that the president and his czars were possibly being deceptive. He knew that they would not air the video once the rebels complied. Because of this, he also felt that President Nwosu would, knowing that the video would never be seen, probably be very candid about his intentions and views, much more so than in his normal national speeches. Whatever the president would say would most likely be a deceitful snow job to get General Patterson to relent.

Justin replied. “Let me call the general. I can only ask.” Justin handed the phone back to Waterman. He asked for his cell phone which they handed to him. He called the general on the number he had programmed in earlier. He only had 5 minutes left of the one hour time limit the general had set. The president had cut it very close.

General Patterson answered. Justin said, “General, they want to do the video but want a two hour time delay after which they will air it on the news. You will all be able to leave but must do so within those two hours.”

The general asked about Justin’s release. Justin calmly replied, “I will be taken into custody.”

The general was angry. He said, “Son, they must let you go.”

Justin said, “General, I want that as much as you. But they do

not want me so much for rebellion as they do because of my being a political dissident to their new government. If I leave with you they will be waiting for me at my home and my job and anywhere I go and pick me up. I want to get it done and settled as far as my part in this so I am choosing to go with them. You just tell me if you agree to the terms.”

The general backed off his point but with some resistance. He finally said, “Let me talk to someone and I will call you back.” The general hung up. Justin waited for about five minutes before his phone rang.

This time, the general said, “I accept but they must show me the video before I give my final word.”

Justin looked at Waterman and said, “General Patterson wants the right to see the video before he withdraws the rebels.”

Waterman walked towards the back of the trailer to where a man was sitting and asked him how to do that. They spoke for a few minutes. Then, the man came forward with Waterman and spoke to Justin. “Tell the general that we will run a network cable from our trailer here down two blocks to where he is at and then we will bring a monitor down there in an enclosed vehicle. The general may climb in the vehicle after being searched for any cell phones or recording devices and he may view it there. If we send a monitor only it will be impossible to record or steal the video. We need to be sure of this.”

Justin had held the phone near the man so the general could hear his instructions distinctly. Justin spoke into the phone. “Did you get that, General?”

The general answered back, “Yes, but hold for a minute. I need to talk to my security team.” So Justin waited on the line for the general. Finally he came back on the phone and said, “Justin, everything I have heard is acceptable. I will wait for the truck to view the video.” The two men hung up.

Justin was very confused. Why had the general been so easy?

Was he bluffing all along? Was he just happy with getting the president to comply with something, no matter how small? Did he never want a fight? Regardless of his motives, Justin was happy that there was a chance to stop bloodshed, at least for today, and quench the situation.

It only took an hour to prepare for the video. Justin had been sitting at the same desk the whole time. His arm was aching with pain because of the gunshot wound. It seemed with every beat of his heart, the wound throbbed with pain. No one seemed to care; this spoke volumes to Justin about the condition of his future. If they weren't interested in the condition of his health, they were probably not interested in keeping him alive either. This was perhaps the cost; he would lay down his life for what he believed in.

The communications man led Justin back to a room in the trailer where a camera was set up. Justin was instructed to sit in a chair in front of the camera. Next to the camera was a screen to view the person on the other end. Waterman stood by as did the three other agents. Justin was given a two-minute warning until the camera would go live. Those two minutes seemed like an eternity. The man overseeing all the technological equipment said "three, two, one - live."

Suddenly the president's face appeared on the screen in front of him; Justin assumed he was equally visible to the president. The president spoke first. "Mr. Brooks, you have asked for this interview time as a condition to the dispersal of forces gathered in Los Angeles against the current government of The United States."

Interesting, thought Justin, he used the wording, "current government." Justin wondered if the president even knew that he said that; perhaps a Freudian slip? Justin replied, "That is correct." Justin continued. "Mr. President, since you entered office, this nation does not appear to have the same form of government as when you began. What, Mr. President, is our *current* form of government?"

“Mr. Brooks, can I call you Justin?”

“Yes,” said Justin.

“Justin, we are a free nation, but to insure the safety and the quality of life in this great country, we must have increased laws and rules to protect the people from them selves. In that sense, I am for more government.”

Justin responded, “Mr. President, everyone knows you want more government, but what people do not believe is that America is still a free nation. We have rioting, we have hungry people who need food, we have military troops and vehicles in every major city and you have even created a new entity to control the people, the SSO.”

The president replied, “The Islamic terrorist attacks on the four cities were the reasons for the necessity of martial law; and some serious economic conditions have caused the rioting.”

Justin was amazed at how smooth this man’s words were. Perhaps the president intended to air this on television after all, maybe editing anything he didn’t like. His comments seemed to really be playing to the audience. Just as in his previous television appearances, it seems he just cannot help himself when a camera is turned on. However, Justin knew that this placating white-washed speech would not be enough to sell the General and motivate him to pack up and leave.

Justin decided to tack differently. “Mr. President, why would thousands of Americans pick up weapons and organize to fight against you in America today? Dozens and dozens of presidents have managed to steer clear of outward rebellion to their administration, but you have sailed into those dangerous waters easily and apparently willingly.”

The president said, “Justin, you exaggerate the numbers of what I would call mere rabble in downtown Los Angeles today.”

Justin was amazed and said, “Mr. President, at this moment there are over one thousand trained and well equipped troops amassed against your troops all in elevated positions. I am afraid your field

people here in Los Angeles have not given you the facts or they have not assessed them correctly. They are in fact, not ‘mere rabble’ as you lightly described. Furthermore, they are ready in cities all across America and frankly, your military and federal officers are quite small in number to take them all on. Americans will not have their freedoms challenged. You have underestimated them and their numbers. In addition to regular freedom-loving citizens, I estimate at least 200,000 troops of American patriots even at this early stage and the numbers growing. They consist of Viet Nam Vets, Desert Storm Vets, Desert Shield Vets, as well as Afghanistan and Iraq Vets; there are possibly even some Korean War Vets. These are all ex-military or former military; this does not count those in the current military ranks who will not back you and fight against or turn on their own people. These servicemen and women have fought for this nation’s freedom; they will not give up that freedom to a leftist leader like you.”

The president now spoke. “Justin, I am sympathetic to their frustrations, but I am not their enemy. I believe in America and its freedoms also; and anyone picking up arms against this nation will be arrested and prosecuted for treason.”

Justin thought about telling the president that he needs to have himself arrested based on his last statement. Instead, Justin said, “Mr. President your military and federal police are too thin to spread around to all the cities of America. The best you could hope for is to call in allies to help quench the rebellion. But you have alienated many of our allies and lost their respect.”

The man on the screen before him chuckled. “Justin, your biases are showing, you sound like an ultra conservative who is to the right of the right.”

Justin replied, “Mr. President, are you a Marxist?”

The president paused for a brief second as though in shock at the question and replied, “Absolutely not.”

Justin said, “Mr. President, did you not make hundreds of socialistic maneuvers in our economy since your election?”

The president seemed to sit up straighter and slightly tense as he replied, “I am not a Socialist, but many things I do or have done look that way. But in a monetary crisis, steps must be taken to get back economic control.”

“Mr. President, did you nationalize several corporations that should have stayed private?”

“Yes.”

Justin leaned in to the camera and said, “If it looks like a duck, and walks like a duck, and acts like a duck, it probably is a duck.”

“Very cute, Justin.”

Justin decided to push a little deeper. “Sir, I have heard that you are going to postpone the election.”

The grimace on the President’s face was out for all to see before he could regain his composure. He chose to pretend that he did not know what Justin was talking about. “I have no idea where you got that. However, if we did decide to do that, we would be well within our rights as the nation is in chaos right now.”

Justin tensed. I have him now, he thought. Justin said, “You would be treading on our Constitution to postpone the election. However, that has not stopped you yet; you have disregarded that document dozens of times now in the last four years.”

The president countered, “Justin, you now go too far. At times, my interpretation of the Constitution is different, but I have attorneys pouring over it continuously trying to walk in the footsteps of the founding fathers.”

“Mr. President, I don’t doubt you have attorneys pouring over it, but I believe they do so to help you get around it or alter its content to suit your own agenda.”

“Justin, your numerous accusations sound very familiar to me and the radical right will no doubt applaud you. But I believe the

American people will see through your propaganda and appreciate my contributions at election time.”

Justin knew that his time was running out, and the patience in this man would not last for long. The president had said many vague things thus far, but even if they were not inflammatory enough, Justin’s questions hopefully were great seeds of thought to make the people think. “Mr. President, are you planning to rule America in the future beyond the normal duties and time limits of the presidency as outlined in the Constitution?”

Justin now watched the president’s eyes. If they dart down, it is said the person is lying. The president began to speak, but as he did, he looked down, not once, but three times.

“Justin, I plan to be the president according to the laws of this nation. I plan to win the next election, and finish creating the change that I promised at the start. I will stop at nothing to accomplish this goal. Failure is not an option.”

Justin pressed more. “Mr. President, what can you say to appease the men and women who are ready to lay down their lives today in Los Angeles?”

The president said, “I would ask them to not follow a madman, but to get back into step with America and its real leadership. America may not look like it once did, but I consider it better.”

Justin lurched. Did he just say what I thought he said? “Mr. President, even your Democratic supporters are going to wonder how you think America is better today than before. Obviously, you do not get out much.”

Justin went on. “Mr. President, you said you were Christian during your campaign, but you are obviously a Muslim to all who observe, even when you refer to the Koran, you say, with an accent, and great reverence, ‘Holy Koran.’”

With a slightly raised voice he replied, “Since when does religious affiliation have any bearing on running this nation?”

“Mr. President, I cannot complain that you are a Muslim, but I do have a problem with the deception of making it known *after* you were elected. That makes one think, what else would you lie to the American people about?”

Slightly calmer the president replied, “Islam is a faith that this nation owes much to. It has given us the best culture, the best discovery and inventions and achievements, and some of the best people in this nation.”

Justin replied, “Mr. President, many Christians would disagree.”

To that the president replied, “Let them.”

Justin decided to go for broke. “Mr. President, many do not believe you are a natural born citizen, and you have not been forthcoming with your birth certificate, and when you finally did, it was an electronic copy only that is highly under question. Many feel your non-compliance here is total disrespect for the Constitution. I personally feel that you may have more valid proof, but you are going to release it a month before the election and by doing so cut your detractors to ribbons and pick up huge points in the Gallup polls. Either way, this is one or the other; total disrespect, or total deception, or both.”

The president was getting angry and had begun to lose his composure. Who was this law breaking punk to question his ability and authority to run the nation? The president scowled with a flash of anger, and said, “This interview is over.” The screen went dark; the video connection was gone.

Agent Waterman brought Justin a telephone and asked Justin to turn over his cell phone. Justin complied and then put the other phone to his ear; it was the president. “Justin,” he said, “you are a very keen political adversary, but you must realize that that video interview will be destroyed and never be aired. Your simple minded general will get to view it as agreed, and I am sure he will like it thanks to you; but Justin, your life is over. You will never resurface in society

again.” The line went dead before Justin could reply.

The three agents, who had been standing quietly nearby suddenly and quite roughly, at a nod from Agent Waterman, grabbed Justin and forcefully escorted him from the trailer. The violent movement and manhandling caused Justin to wince from the excruciating pain in his arm where they deliberately grabbed him. His arms were then pulled behind his back and tied together with a zip tie. He was shoved into the backseat of an SSO vehicle and two of the guards posted themselves on either side of his door.

Justin was reeling in pain but collected himself and looked around. He observed two Army communications men rolling a large spool of cable away from the blockade and east on Wilshire towards the general’s position. They were watched by hundreds of eyes, but not fired upon, though every rebel’s gun was ready at a word. Slowly, a communications truck moved out past the vehicle Justin was in and headed to the corner near the general’s location where he would meet it to view the video. Justin could not see what was happening ...

At the general’s pre-designated position, two men got out of the truck with their hands somewhat raised, revealing they were unarmed. Several of the general’s men rushed out from where they were hidden around the corner of the building with weapons raised and put the federal men under guard. The general followed. One of the men asked the general for his cell phone. The general handed it to one of his own men. One of the soldiers patted the general down to see if he had any other recording equipment; he didn’t resist. They then opened the back of the truck. It was empty except for a table and a chair and a computer monitor. The network cable that had been unrolled from two blocks away was connected. One of the federal men then stepped back from the truck and waived his arm in the direction of the blockade. The general sat transfixed to the video. His face was hard to read, but he was enjoying the lengthy interaction between Justin and the president. When it was over, the general

stepped out of the truck and headed around the corner towards the entrance of his building. The monitor was disconnected and the truck headed back to the blockade as the cable was re-wound. No one noticed a window closing up above them on the fourth floor of the general's building.

The general walked into the lobby of the building and the elevator opened. John Howe stepped out and approaching the general handed him a small flash drive saying, "Here's the package, Sir."

General Patterson laughed. "Tell me again how you got this?"

John said, "General, it is a new technology; many do not know about it. The Army is obviously clueless. You simply point a parabolic dish at a cable or wire; and even from a distance, you can read a digital signal passing through it. To put it simply, it operates like an inductive timing light for an automobile engine. I call it a digital reader."

The general chuckled again, amazed that such technology existed and even more amazed that for all the president's perceived advancements, they were clueless. His eyes were twinkling as he said, "Good work, John. I just wish I could compliment Justin. He pulled it off and made the president look very un-American. He stepped into this role so well; he was a natural, and extraordinarily good at it. He didn't know I had a different mediator all lined up, but when he offered to mediate, I jumped at the chance."

The general shook his head. "Justin and the president both played into our hands today. This video will be televised and go on the internet tomorrow." With that, the general called out to his right hand man. "Pack it up Frank; we are getting out of here. There will be no fight today!"

With the help of John Howe, the general from West Point used his battle prowess to outsmart the president and the president's technical experts. This video would help to incriminate the president in the eyes of the people; people who had no idea what the man's

hidden agenda was. It would go far in helping to bring freedom back to the land. Although the general was clever, he didn't know that God had helped him supernaturally and that he had been used of God as His instrument; he also didn't realize that the opportunity had opened up because of Justin's faith.

The federal officials kept their word about permitting the rebels to return home without incident. They broke their word, however, about the television time, just as Justin and the general knew they would. There could be only one reason they kept their word about allowing the rebels to go home. They feared the rebels and the general and the consequences of an open fire fight.

“When you turn your heart and your life over to Christ, when you accept Christ as the savior, it changes your heart.”
President George W. Bush

Chapter 28

Revelations

JUSTIN SAT UNCOMFORTABLY in the SSO vehicle as it sped south. He was tired, hungry, and his arm hurt. He thought of Angie and wondered where she was. Sig would do his job and keep her protected and return her to safety; he knew that. Justin prayed to God. The president’s words, “your life is over” kept ringing in his ears. Agent Waterman and two other agents rode in the vehicle with him. Here he was, in a free nation like America, being treated like a political prisoner; he was not even given his rights or due process. The legal violations were incredible, and no one, no one seemed to be bothered by it in the least.

Justin had no idea that the general had outsmarted the president and covertly tapped into the video feed and that now the general was in possession of information that would be highly volatile to the man’s presidency. All Justin knew was that bloodshed had for the moment been averted and that he had done what God had shown him to do. After a long while, the vehicle finally stopped and the

men got Justin out and took him into a building. He was taken down a long corridor and shoved into a room that looked like a dorm or barracks. He heard the door lock behind him. This was some sort of federal detention facility; Justin guessed that its existence was probably unknown to the public. No medical treatment had been offered to Justin and his arm was throbbing more than before.

He looked around the room. The walls were some sort of cement block and painted a sad light green. There were about 30 bunks in the room, all with what appeared to be well worn mattresses. There was no bedding of any kind. Justin was the only one in the room. He didn't mind being alone; he was tired. He also knew it was late because it was dark when he had arrived, but he wasn't sure of the time as there were no windows in the building and they had taken his watch away from him. Justin lay down on the nearest bunk. He could feel the tension of the day still coursing through his body. The fatigue he felt was overwhelming.

After what seemed like 30 minutes, two men came to get Justin. They took him to a room that looked like an interrogation room. In the center of the room was a small table with three chairs. They sat him in one of the chairs and left. Justin heard them bolt the door. The room's only source of light was a hanging task lamp centered over the table. The rest of the room, though small, was in the shadows. The temperature in the room was cold, just like the décor.

Finally, two men came in and sat down in the two chairs across from Justin. One of the men was Agent Waterman. The other introduced himself as Matt Gaines, also an SSO agent. Gaines spoke first. "Justin, you are accused of treason and plotting to overthrow the Government of The United States."

Justin looked at the man and said, "So you need a scapegoat?"

Gaines replied, "We have been watching you for a long time. We picked up some other people too and they are in custody." Gaines seemed interested in Justin's reaction. He went on, "You might know

them. One is Professor Martin Abraham. I believe he teaches at the same college as you? Another one is a man by the name of Jeff Graham, from Colorado; we know that he does your internet work.”

Justin’s heart sank. “Why did you do that? They are absolutely innocent and have done nothing. And neither have I.”

Justin’s thoughts were racing; they must have monitored all of my cell phone calls, he thought. This was unreal, a nightmare. These people would pay a price for just being his friends.

Gaines went on. “Justin, we tried to pick up Duffy French, but when our officers got to his camp in the mountains, he had packed up everything and was gone. Apparently we missed him by just a few hours.”

Justin was amazed at what lengths they would go to suppress the political opposition. He had no idea that he had been being watched for so long. Good old Duffy, he is way too spiritually in tune with God to get tripped up by false arrest. No doubt, God had warned him. Duffy loved Woodcrest and there is no way he would totally move all his belongings unless he knew from God to do so. It occurred to Justin that Angie was also in danger of arrest, but if Sig got her to her mother’s home, she might be safe. He wondered about Aaron and Beth. He knew they were being protected, but how well? He felt helpless, but knew he needed to continue to trust God. Though this was catching Justin by surprise, it wasn’t catching God by surprise; on that Justin had to rely.

Agent Waterman interrupted his thoughts. “Justin, we want information on the rebels.”

Justin shook his head. “I just met them yesterday. That is it; that is all I know. I had met about ten of them a few days ago, in Northern California, but that meeting lasted about thirty minutes on a road outside of a small town. I don’t even know the name of the town. But even if I did, I doubt I would tell you. I found out later that they passed a message to a larger group somewhere in the nation that we

were headed for Los Angeles; that information seemed to make that larger group head for LA also. I had no idea what they were doing. Evidently they knew me because I am a journalist and well known to the public. However, I did not know them, nor did I help them plan anything. The only thing I have participated in was to earlier mediate between you guys and these apparent rebels. My motive was strictly to stop bloodshed on both sides. How could you charge me with treason for what was simply a last minute effort to mediate? My motive was strictly to save lives.”

Agent Waterman said, “You may play innocent with us. You may even think you are innocent, but we know that your motive is to tear this nation apart and encourage anarchy in the people. You are responsible and we will easily prove treason.”

Justin looked into Waterman’s eyes. They were glazed as a man who had been thoroughly brainwashed and repeating words that had been spoken to him. Justin looked at the demonic creature standing behind the Agent’s shoulder, bending down and speaking into the Agent’s ear. The demonic influence was visible and this man would see nothing but what this demon spoke; that is until he was free. Justin suddenly felt great compassion for this man. This man, these people, did not even realize the influence they were under. Their thoughts were not their own and they didn’t know it. The Agent continued speaking.

“The president is adamant; you will remain in custody until the country finds stability and you will be held indefinitely.” Waterman smiled sinisterly and looked squarely into Justin’s eyes. “You may grow old in here.”

Justin said, “I have nothing more to say.”

The two men stood up, and yanking Justin out of his chair, escorted him back to the barracks. Once again the door locked behind him. There was no water for him in there and no food was offered. Though he was thirsty, he didn’t mind; he was glad to be left alone

where he could pray and think. Justin went into a small bathroom and looked at himself. He was frightful looking, and blood was leaking from the bandage on his arm. He tried to drink from a faucet, but the water had been turned off to the bathroom and barracks.

As he walked back into the bunk area the lights went out. The room was completely black with no essence of light or shades of gray anywhere. He stood motionless waiting for his eyes to adjust to the dark, but they wouldn't. The darkness was like being in a box that was buried in the ground and covered with dirt; there was nothing except for what he could feel. He reached out and shuffled carefully forward looking for a bunk in which to lie down. Finding one, he lay on the lower bed and tried to relax by closing his eyes and imagining a different place; he thought of Psalm 23: green pastures and still waters. Aloud Justin said, "Lord, help me. Lord, I need you now; I am in trouble. Be with me now, Jesus. I trust you, Lord." Justin felt a calm come over him like warm oil; it penetrated every part of his being.

Suddenly, he heard Angie's voice again calling him. "Justin, Justin." He opened his eyes and looked around. She was not here; he must be hallucinating. Justin realized he was shivering and he curled up on the cold plastic mattress. His body, despite the shivering cold, felt warm as if he had a high fever. His arm was hot and painful. Justin reflected on his treatment thus far. The withholding of medical help and food and water as well as turning off the lights was no doubt a form of torturous treatment. This was designed to make him break under pressure. It would probably get worse. He closed his eyes to get some sleep while he could.

After several hours of dozing, Justin awoke. The room was still dark. Because there were no windows, he couldn't be sure of the time. He supposed that it could be daylight and still this dark in here. He was alone with his thoughts. This nightmare needed to end. Suddenly, Justin, perhaps because of his special gift, saw a

dark figure walking next to his bed. He then saw another one pass by the other side of the bed. Then, as plain as day, he heard one of them say the word, “traitor.” Justin sat up, letting out an involuntary groan as he did; the pain in his arm was now more than agonizing. He tried to focus and looked around in the dark. Then he spoke out loudly, “In the name of Jesus Christ, I command every foul demon out of this room, and I declare this room off limits to all evil as long as I am kept here. This room is God’s when I am in here and no evil may enter.”

Justin sensed all evil immediately leave in that moment of declaration, and no other figures were seen by him the rest of his stay. The room was clean of beings from Hell. Once again he felt the Lord’s peace. It was good to exercise his faith and despite the pain in his arm, he felt stronger. He fell asleep again and this time slept very well. When he awoke, he had a burning thirst, and knew his fever was even higher. Justin thought, surely it was the next morning; but there was no way to tell. With the fever and the complete darkness he felt slightly disoriented. He tried to concentrate and bring his thoughts into clarity. He thought about the previous day’s events. He had no regrets about his interview with President Nwosu. He knew the interview would not air to the public, but maybe the president would have second thoughts about many things because of it. As a result of everything that had transpired yesterday, he hoped now that the leftists in power would realize changing America’s political system was not going to work, not without destroying it. If Satan was controlling these people, then the nation’s total destruction would be his goal, but the leaders themselves would not want this if they were in their right mind. That begged the question, were they in their right mind, or could they be? The Constitution and the concept of a free nation and free enterprise must be lifted up and treasured above all. Justin was sure that there were enough Americans ready and willing to defend that and fight for it. He also believed that any politicians

wanting to try to bring down the two hundred plus year old tradition of freedom for all Americans would be tread under. Justin realized that he may have lost his own freedom personally, but if the fact that he was imprisoned bought or purchased freedom for his family and friends and all Americans, then so be it. It was a small price to pay.

He heard a key at the door and suddenly the lights came on blinding him momentarily. Through squinting eyes, he saw two men come into the room. They each grabbed an arm and took him out and down a hall. The light was hurting his eyes that had become accustomed to the darkness. Perhaps he had been in the dark room longer than he had realized. He felt very weak, and the walk was further draining him. That and the limp that he still had were slowing the two guards down a bit and he could tell they were getting impatient with him.

He was again taken into the interrogation room and put in his chair. Agents Waterman and Gaines also came back into the room and sat down across from him. Agent Waterman said, "My, you don't look good."

Justin knew their game and was not about to fall into it. "I feel great."

Agent Gaines said, "So, you are a tough guy."

Justin looked at him with a look of peace and acceptance. He was feeling God flowing inside and through him now. He knew he had nothing to lose whatsoever. He said, "Agents, I am a man of God, and He loves you. Jesus Christ is Lord over me and no matter what you do here, you cannot change that fact. God loves you and He desires to know you and for you to know Him; if you will let Him. I want you to know I forgive you and love you with His love."

Agent Waterman said, "Justin, you are a preacher. You need to know though that in this place, you are locked away from God and love and any help of any kind. You are alone."

Justin laughed. "You can spout all the psychological torture and

rhetoric you wish, but my Bible says, of Jesus Christ, 'I will never leave you or forsake you.' He is here alright, and He can't be too happy with the treatment I am getting."

As Justin spoke, he was sweating and shivering at the same time. The two Agents did not feel comfortable with his calm nature and the sure and certain way he spoke. This was not like any other prisoner they had ever interrogated. They both felt a wave of guilt and conviction sweep over them, but it didn't last as they quickly dismissed those feelings. However, the agents looked at each other and as if reading one another's thoughts, with a mutual nod, ended the session. They walked out of the room and discussed that obviously Justin was not ready to be thoroughly interrogated; this was not going to make their superiors happy however. Perhaps their prisoner needed a little more time alone; maybe as he grew sicker, he would then break. They both knew they were playing a dangerous game, because if he were to die, they would be in a huge mess. The president expected them to get answers from him; but his very imprisonment could become an issue with the rebels. The president was also steaming mad at the realization that his interview with Justin, which was supposed to be destroyed, had in fact been released on the internet somehow and was now going viral. Justin Brooks had become a well-known and legendary person in the country because of the events of the last few days.

Justin once again lay on his bunk and thought. His head hurt and his heart was racing. His wound on his arm ached and he still had a very high fever. He had prayed for his arm and was still trusting God. He considered the fact that sepsis might be setting in. There was no reason for a fever other than the wound in his arm. His mouth and throat burned with thirst and dehydration was another issue. He did not know how long he could last without water. His breathing was very heavy. Justin lay in the darkness and contemplated his situation. He tried to sleep, but this time, to no avail.

Hours seemed to pass and his condition was growing worse. His thoughts were racing and he was floating in and out of consciousness as he thought of his sweet wife, two beautiful children, and the difficult call the Lord had placed on him. The many facets of his life over the past months danced heavily through his mind distorting his memory of them. In a brief moment of clarity he prayed, "Lord, if this is it, if this is my death, I know You have me and I am Yours, and I know that Heaven is my destination. Lord Jesus, into your hands I place myself; receive me."

Justin lay there for several more hours, dozing and waking, going between reality and hallucinations. By what he thought must have been late afternoon or early evening, he was having trouble breathing, and he was burning up with fever. He could not walk or sit up. He figured he had had nothing to drink for thirty six to forty hours. His arm was now numb, and even if he could he was not really interested in looking at it for fear of what he might see.

Justin missed Angie terribly. She would never have let him go if she'd had any idea of what he was going to go through. He was glad she was safe; at least he hoped she was safe. But if he were dying, he would want her to be with him, to share whatever moments they had left together. In the solitude of his bunk, he realized he had so much yet to say to her, so much he wanted to do with her, so much he still wanted to experience with her. He had been so consumed by this task and now he would never have the chance. He hadn't even said goodbye properly; what had he been thinking? He had hugged her and then had left her in that strange place.

He also thought of Skipper. What a waste of a great man. He had died in action, which is what his whole life was about. He was also pretty sure that that is how Skipper would have preferred to die, in action; laying his life down for a purpose. But the sacrifice had been too great. Skipper had laid down his life for Justin and now Justin lay here losing his life anyway. Perhaps Skipper hadn't

needed to die. The only redeeming thought was that he believed that Skipper was in Heaven with all the other great warriors and men of God who had laid their life down for their country. Justin was sure of it because of certain things Skipper had said to him.

Justin was tormented with his regrets and the realization of things not yet done and opportunities missed. Hopefully his death would not be in vain. That would be the worst regret. He was feeling so ill and he did not know if he could hang on. Justin now remembered a Psalm of David from the Bible:

“I am feeble and severely broken, I groan because of the turmoil of my heart. Lord, all my desire is before You; and my sighing is not hidden from You. My heart pants, my strength fails me; as for the light of my eyes, it also has gone from me.

My loved ones and my friends stand aloof from my plague, and my kinsmen stand afar off. Those also who seek my life lay snares for me; those who seek my hurt speak of destruction, and plan deception all the day long.

But I like a deaf man, do not hear; and I am like a mute who does not open his mouth. Thus I am like a man who does not hear, and in whose mouth is no response. For in You O Lord I hope; You will hear, O Lord my God. For I said, hear me, lest they rejoice over me. Lest when my foot slips, they magnify themselves against me.”

Justin was comforted by those words. He felt a kinship with David who had no doubt been in situations many times that were so hopeless; perhaps David had even been dying like he was. David's words were beautiful and Justin felt, at that moment, that they were written for him especially.

Suddenly, keys were at the door, and Justin heard someone enter the room. The lights went on and Justin shut his eyes and then gradually opened them. A man came over and kneeled down next to him. He had a white coat on like a medical worker. He put a stethoscope on Justin's chest and listened. He then took his blood pressure

on his good arm. He also took his temperature. The man got up to walk out and was met near the door by another person. Justin could hear their conversation. The medical person said, "He is not in good shape. I give him maybe twenty-four hours if we don't treat him."

The other man said, "We will leave him alone tonight, and look at him in the morning. He is going to have a very rough night." The lights then went out and the door was closed and locked.

Justin lay alone in the thick darkness once again, cold and shivering. Every breath he took was a huge labor. His stomach felt like he'd been severely punched and there wasn't any part of him that didn't hurt; every muscle, every bone, every nerve, even his skin was too sore to touch. He was also not in his right mind. He lay there and tried for sleep. After a few more hours of ever increasing pain, he began to pray for death. What he assumed was night felt like eternity. The darkness of the room was only surpassed by the darkness of his soul. He was not free and possibly would never taste freedom again. He was a broken man. It felt like they had won. He was lost to the world, and he only had God now. He encouraged himself in that fact. He had a God who was above all this and who had never left him and would not forsake him. Justin had done the impossible yesterday, or two days ago, or whenever, he did not know how long it had been. God had helped him. He was gasping for each breath. He did not know if this was loss of blood, or sepsis, or dehydration, or all of the above. He could hardly move of his own accord and if he did, even the slightest turn of his head, it caused almost unbearable pain. The cold he felt and the subsequent shivering was now uncontrollable and sometimes violent, which contributed to the intense pain.

As Justin lay there suffering, he thought he heard movement in the room. Was he hallucinating? No, those were footsteps. But it was so dark. He turned his head in time to see bare feet walking near his bunk. It was a man. No, it was an angel. Now he saw two. Then, there were three more. At least five angels were moving

around the bunks and his bed. They gave off some light, although the room was still quite dark. They were wearing white clothing; some had robes and others had white pants and shirts. He could not tell if the clothes were white by virtue of color or by their light and brightness. Either way, the angels were beautiful. Justin realized that warmth was flooding his body. His shivering had subsided and almost stopped completely. An angel brought him a container of water, but he did not recognize the vessel as anything from earth. The angel helped him to sit up, and he drank the whole container of the best tasting water he had ever had. The angel then gently took the empty container from him.

Justin was feeling so much better. He looked around the room again. Now there were twenty or so angels in the room. Some were watching him and others were standing about and speaking to one another. Justin suddenly realized that he had no pain in his body and he could sit up on his own and even stand up. As he gazed around the room, he saw a familiar face; it was Micah, walking through the room. Micah walked right up to Justin and stood there, looking down on him. After a moment, Micah turned around and pointed across the room. Glory and light were filling the room now and it was on the ceiling and the ceiling was giving way and seemed to be opening up.

Justin saw an exquisite and shining ladder begin to appear through the ceiling. It was more like a stairway that went up and up and up. There was an angel positioned on every few steps. The twenty angels in the room now looked up the ladder with a look of great anticipation. Justin was gently compelled to get up and walk towards the foot of the ladder. As he did, he was totally unaware of the room, which had moments before been a mere dormitory with 30 bunks. He moved toward the ladder, and realized as he did, that he was no longer limping at all.

Justin wanted to ascend the ladder, but Micah held out his hand

and said, "Wait." The ladder kept opening higher. Justin could now see hundreds of angels along each side of the ladder. He was amazed at the reverential beauty of what he was beholding. Finally Justin could see the top of the ladder. Standing at the top and gazing down at him was the Lord. He was standing very still, not moving at all. However, on His face was a huge grin; He was smiling at Justin. Justin now understood the expectant gaze of all the angels. Around the ladder and all the way up was a tunnel of sorts, the walls were bright orange like fire, and Justin thought this to be a Heavenly portal. Justin thought to himself, why must I wait?

The patient was no longer breathing. Two doctors and three nurses were gathered around him, and the room was filled with chaos. One doctor had the paddles and yelled, "Clear" and everyone stood back. The paddles did their job and the patient jumped with the electrical current. They all watched the monitor. Nothing. The doctor again yelled, "Clear" and once again they all stood back. Again the patient jumped violently on the bed, but there was no change in the monitor. Another doctor was giving short bursts to an airbag that was releasing air into the patient's lungs. The doctor said, "Come on Justin, come on, breathe."

Justin stood, along with the angels, at the foot of the ladder, peering upwards. The beauty of the glory of Heaven was amazing to him and like nothing he had ever seen before.

Micah now motioned to Justin, and said, "You may go."

Justin seemed to have his full strength back. The Presence of God was everywhere, all through the room. He stepped onto the first step, and he looked each angel in the eyes on each side as he passed them. They looked back and nodded in approval of his ascent. Some of them outright smiled and even a few laughed out loud. Justin seemed to have hundreds of steps to go but he was taking them two at a time now. After all, Jesus was at the top, what would anyone do? Just minutes before Justin was suffering and in misery and wishing

to die and now he was in ecstasy beyond description with absolutely no cares in the world. As he ascended, Justin remembered Jacob's ladder in the book of Genesis. What a glorious moment for Jacob that must have been.

When Justin was about two-thirds from the top, he was still bounding upward, and then he saw Jesus begin to come down towards him taking two steps at a time also. As they met on the stairs, Jesus said his name "Justin" and Jesus hugged him. Justin buried his face in Jesus' shoulder and wept, sobbing deeply from the depths of his soul. They stood there a long time on the stairs of the ladder, Jesus holding Justin and Justin weeping. Every angel stood reverently and quietly by. In these moments with Jesus, Justin was healed inwardly in his soul of all the evil and trauma that ever happened in his life, especially the events of the last several weeks that had taken such a big toll on him emotionally.

Justin stepped back to look into Jesus' eyes and said, "To finally see You face to face."

Jesus smiled and said, "My feelings exactly. I love you, Justin."

Jesus' loving words to Justin made him feel as if he were going to lose it and begin weeping all over again. But before he could, Jesus grabbed Justin's hand and turned around; He led Justin up the stairs to the top. They stepped out of the enclosed portal and into a beautiful outside area that Justin knew was Heaven. Justin noticed that as he had entered, his tears had stopped and dried up; he remembered the scripture about no tears in Heaven.

Justin looked around. The sky was bright but he saw no Sun; rather it was bright with the glory of God. There was beautiful thick grass and lush trees and sparkling water ways all around. Maybe this was where the water he had drunk a while ago came from. Justin saw angels, and they were coming and going, not flying, just walking and moving at a peaceful and casual pace. The sounds about him were like nothing he had ever heard; they were

so sweet and melodic. Justin heard heavenly music like the sound of many choirs singing, all in perfect harmony with one another. If there was perfect music, this was it. It was so beautiful and he was so drawn to the pleasing sounds.

In the distance, Justin saw a wall and realized that it must be one of the four walls that surround Heaven. It was high, very high, maybe hundreds and hundreds of feet and also quite wonderful. Jesus still had a hold of Justin's hand and He led him across a grassy meadow. As they walked, the grass seemed to wave gently and bend and part in honor of the One walking through. Justin looked down at his hand that Jesus was holding. On the top of Jesus' hand, he saw the scar where the nail had pierced His hand so long ago.

Justin turned to get a better look at Jesus. He had brown hair that was cut shorter than most artists' portrayals; it was maybe down to His collar. It was brushed straight back on the top and the sides. Yet, although it was dark hair, it had a shine to it of brightness which made it seem to have blondish streaks in it. Jesus had facial hair; both a moustache and a beard, but neatly trimmed and short. He also wore a robe that went all the way to His feet and He had a belt around His middle with a huge buckle of glistening gold. The robe, which was mostly white except for the red and purple stripes that ran vertically down the center of it, seemed to sparkle with light. Jesus was barefoot; there seemed no need for shoes in Heaven. The most unique part of Him, however, was His eyes; they were brown, but they shined and in the center it seemed that little flames danced. Jesus, the Lord, was beautiful.

Jesus led Justin to a bench on the far edge of the meadow. Surrounding the edge of the meadow were tall trees. The trees looked somewhat like the giant redwoods he had once seen in California, yet these were even bigger and seemed so pure in their beauty. On the edge of the tree line and around the whole meadow were the most beautiful flowers Justin had ever seen. The massive varieties

and fragrance were unfathomable. More interesting to Justin was that every flower appeared to be humming beautiful melodies. These flowers seemed as alive as Justin; this thought greatly fascinated him.

Jesus and Justin both sat down on what appeared to be a hand chiseled bench made of some sort of beautiful gem. However, though it firmly held him, it felt like air underneath him. It was so soft and comfortable. Jesus looked at Justin now in the eye and said, "You must have many questions."

Justin was in fact eager to ask some questions, but had been so earnestly taking in the incredible beauty around him that he had been content to wait. "Yes Lord, first, am I dead?"

Jesus smiled. "You are out of your body, only for awhile, but you will be returning; you are not here to stay. However, medical people would call your body, as it is right now, dead. This condition will only be a few minutes long in Earth's time. In Heaven's time, you and I can take as long as we wish to talk."

Justin liked that, for although Heaven was wonderful, he instinctively knew he had much still to do back on Earth. He was also amazed at how articulate Jesus was; He had seemed to answer Justin's questions from one through ten with that one answer. Justin knew that was because Jesus knew his mind and what his needs were, before he even asked. Justin smiled at the thought as one of his favorite verses in Isaiah came to him: "...before they call I will answer."

Justin asked another question. "Will I be able to talk about this, or will I have to keep silent? The Apostle Paul came here and said he could not tell what he had heard here."

"Justin, you may talk about any thing you see or hear or do here. I want people to know of Heaven and of My great love for them."

Justin realized he wasn't just hearing Jesus' answers with his ears and his mind. Jesus' very words were penetrating deep into his spirit man and Justin was conscious of the way he was receiving them.

His spiritual eyes and ears seemed open in a way that he had never experienced before; there was no mental obstacles trying to re-direct what Jesus was saying to him. He realized there was a full acknowledgement in his spirit of all the Lord was saying. This revelation was so sweet and so amazing and made him determined to take this understanding back with him; he felt this sort of intimacy was what the Lord truly intended for his people. He also knew that this was what he had been longing for.

Jesus sat quietly waiting for Justin's next questions. Justin decided to ask three questions at once; questions that had been heavy on his heart. "Is America lost? Will I be released from imprisonment? What do I do when I return?"

Jesus looked thoughtfully and patiently at Justin. "Justin," He said, "just as My return to Earth in glory is known only to the Father, so are certain outcomes. I might say that the situation is not as bad as you think. You must find the real truth in every situation or circumstance. The truth isn't necessarily what you see and feel. I know that you have some surprises ahead of you, and I would not take those away from you for anything, for they will bless your heart. So I will let you discover the truth along the road you travel now."

That is not exactly what Justin wanted to hear, but Jesus' words did give him peace. Jesus went on. "Justin, I want My people to know that I have absolute dominion over everything in Heaven and in Earth and in Hell. Whatever you ask the Father in My name I will do it. You have absolute authority over the devil and his schemes. You and others need to exercise that authority and write the history to the remainder of your destinies. My Holy Spirit is always present to help and guide you."

Jesus paused with a barely discernable sigh before continuing. "My people are caught in the snares of anger and resentment and they don't realize how this blocks their faith. If, instead of anger and resentment, they can learn to live in and release the power of

the Father's love as I did on Earth, they can achieve anything. I give you now two principles to use. First, learn how to get legal access on Earth for the Father and I to help you; and second, learn how to appropriate My dominion over the devil. Make it a quest to learn these two truths and use them and see how well you begin to prevail."

Justin shook his head in an understanding gesture. "Yes Lord, I see. Both of those principles were shared at Woodcrest by two different men, and I took detailed notes of the teachings."

Jesus smiled. "Yes, I know, I had them share it by My Holy Spirit. If you see, then go back and use what I have told you. Our Father and I eagerly wait to be united with our family, and We love you all with love greater than you can imagine."

Justin smiled. "I love you too, Jesus. Will I see the Father before I go back?"

"No, you are not ready for that, but you may see Him and speak with Him every day by faith through your prayer life. And, if you see Me, you *have* seen the Father, for He and I are One."

Jesus and Justin sat there for a long time and discussed many other things; and Justin marveled at the things Jesus shared.

Finally Jesus stood up and Justin followed His lead. He took Justin's hand and they started back across the meadow. Justin longed to stay with Jesus but knew he must go. He was, however, also excited to go back and walk into whatever his destiny would be, and experience the surprises Jesus had mentioned.

The two of them neared the portal opening; the stairs were still filled with a multitude of angels. Justin noticed, however, that they were not ascending and descending as in Genesis; they were still stationary in their positions on the stairs.

Justin looked at Jesus. "Can I ask just one more question?"

Jesus nodded and said, "Of course you can."

"Lord, why are these angels not ascending and descending on this ladder to and from Earth where they are needed?"

Jesus smiled again. “Very good question,” He said. “There are many such portals as this one from here to Earth. New ones can be opened at any time. But this activity is not directed from Heaven; rather it is directed from Earth. My Word promised that My people would be led by My Spirit; because We, the Father and I, sent Him there to guide you. When I was on Earth, the Spirit showed Me what to do and I used My faith and then Heaven reacted to it and the angels stayed active up and down the ladders to bring miracles and dominion. This is written about in John 1:51. The Holy Spirit is still there to lead you, and I was the template for My people to follow. When they pray and use faith and walk in the principles I told you about, great victory will result. But do not shrink back from Me or My Word in unbelief.”

Jesus gave Justin a huge hug, as they now stood at the top of the stairs. Justin hugged Him back. “This is not goodbye, Justin, for I am right there inside of you, and I will be with you always.”

Justin turned and started down, looking up over his shoulder as he went; Jesus was watching Him go with a look of great love and fondness. Each angel was smiling, and a few laughing again. Justin got about ten steps and suddenly everything went black.

The doctor kept squeezing the air bag and the patient’s lungs expanded each time he squeezed. The nurses and doctors were tense, and a few even holding their breath without realizing it. The doctor said, “Come on Justin, just breathe!”

Angie was in the lobby praying. Duffy was also there praying. Angels not seeable by anyone began to fill Justin’s room. First there were three; then five more. The doctor in charge was like a tiger. No one had ever seen him this forceful before about reviving a patient. It seemed the very presence of these beings from Heaven had given him a tenacity that he had never used before. But he could not see them; he did not know they were there. Suddenly, Justin’s eyes popped open as he gasped and took a huge

breath. The heart monitor, which had had nothing but a solid deathlike hum, began to sound its routine bleep, bleep, bleep. Justin's heart was beating, he was breathing, but most importantly, he had opened his eyes and was awake for the first time since his fall off the building when saving Skipper's life in Seattle.

The doctor in charge handed the paddles to a nurse and moved close to Justin's side. Because Justin was intubated, he said, "Justin, blink one time if you know where you are?"

Justin blinked the one time, but reached up to pull out the intubation tube.

With a smile of relief, the doctor gently pulled Justin's arm away saying, "We will remove that, Justin. Just let us check your breathing first." The doctor was pleased because it was unknown if Justin would ever wake up and if he did, would he know anyone or would the damage to his brain be too severe.

Justin relaxed and after some fussing over him, the doctor ordered the tube removed; it was obvious that Justin was breathing steadily and easily and did not need the help of intubation.

Once the tube was removed, Justin hoarsely asked as though to confirm, "Am I in a hospital?"

"Yes," said the doctor, "you are in Seattle, Washington, in a hospital."

Justin was perplexed at being in a Seattle hospital. He asked the doctor, "How is my arm?"

Now the doctor looked puzzled, and said, "Justin, both your arms are fine, there is nothing wrong with either one of them." The doctor wanted to see what the state of Justin's recall was. He asked, "Justin, just what do you remember?"

"I was in Los Angeles. I was injured." Then, looking at the furrowed brow of the doctor, he said, "Wasn't I?" Justin's voice drained off from the strain of using his vocal chords.

The doctor said, “Thirty-five days ago, you had an almost fatal accident. In that accident, you broke your leg and sustained a serious TBI; that means ‘traumatic brain injury.’ Your leg has mostly healed but our biggest concern was your brain and any long term effects of the accident. However, your cognizance looks good, but we will have to do some further testing.”

Justin thought about what the doctor was saying. He ventured a question, “I am not in Southern California?”

“No,” said the doctor slowly, contemplating why Justin asked such a question. “This is Seattle.” He made a note in his chart and then patted Justin’s hand. “Now, there is a lady out in the lobby who does not know you are awake.” Turning to one of the nurses who were standing nearby, he said, “Someone go get her.”

As a nurse left the room to run get Angie and Duffy, the angels, invisible to Justin, all left the room by way of the ladder, and then the Heavenly opening closed behind them.

“Character, in the long run, is the decisive factor in the life of an individual and of nations alike.” Theodore Roosevelt

Chapter 29

Filling in the Gaps

THE CHAOS IN Justin’s room had now died down as the resuscitation team left and Angie came rushing in followed by Duffy. They took a position on each side of his bed. Angie kissed Justin and ran her fingers through his hair. Justin whispered, “Hello my love.”

Angie smiled and said, “Welcome back honey.”

Justin looked over at Duffy and said in a raspy voice, “Hi Duffy.” He held out his hand and Duffy shook it. Justin was somewhat bewildered. He had so many questions; he was trying to assimilate what the doctor had said with what he felt had been his reality for the past few weeks. How much of it was real? Obviously his arm was fine. But had he really met with Jesus? He was sure that was real. He turned to Angie and asked, “Please tell me what happened here, I don’t know what to think right now.”

Angie had been told by a doctor before she entered the room that Justin was slightly confused but that was also normal and nothing to be worried about. She just needed to be patient. Angie said, “you received a serious head injury last month when you fell off of

a building; you have been in a coma ever since. Do you remember that, Justin? Do you remember the fall at all, or the circumstances around it?”

Justin shook his head vaguely.

Angie went on. “Two days ago, you began to have trouble breathing and your heart began to fail. Duffy came over and we have been praying for you for the last two days. Today, however, you went into cardiac arrest and we thought we might lose you. But, praise God, they were able to revive you.”

Justin saw the tears in Angie’s eyes. He thought he had put her through some things in his apparent trip to Los Angeles, when all the while she was at his side here in this hospital, praying for his recovery.

Duffy interjected, “Hey son, you had us worried. But God is good, and here you are, awake. It seems it had to get worse before it could get better.”

Angie interjected. “Justin, Duffy has sat here reading the book of Psalms to you for the last couple of days.”

Justin smiled. “Somehow, I think I knew someone was doing that. Thanks Duffy.”

A nurse brought Justin some water to sip to help the hoarseness in his throat. He was thirstier than he realized. As he sipped he thought of his time with Jesus and Jesus’ remark about surprises that would bless Justin’s heart. Whatever else was real or not real, he was sure that his time with Jesus had been real; he just knew it. However, everything else that happened to him since he had been initially wounded must not have been real. He thought, well, I must not have been incarcerated, and I don’t think that I am wanted by the government, and I am pretty sure the country is not in chaos. He thought of Skipper; he was certain that Skipper was not dead. That thought gave him a wave of inner joy and relief. But he could not share it at that moment. No one would understand.

Justin realized that those were some great surprises; they were

also a huge relief. He had so many thoughts running through his head, so much to figure out. He wondered why he had had such a detailed dream that had seemed so real. Did all people in comas do this? He would have readily gone back to that dark room at the federal detention facility if Jesus had sent him there. That made being here so much more of a blessing.

He suddenly remembered the times he thought he had heard Angie's voice calling him when he was sleeping. He looked at her and asked, "Have you been calling my name the last month to wake me?"

Angie laughed, "Yes, love. Why, do you remember it?"

"Many times," said Justin.

Just then, a knock was at the door, and they all three looked. It was Skipper. "He grinned and said, "Can I join the party?"

"Come on in," rasped Justin.

"Well, look who woke up," said Skipper. He came over to Justin and the two men shook hands. Skipper said in a more serious tone, "I'm really glad to see you!"

Justin said as he held Skipper's hand, "Not as glad as I am to see you!"

Skipper cocked his head for a moment. He could sense the emphasis in Justin's voice, but didn't understand it. Skipper went on, "We need you Justin; there is much work to do."

Angie's eyes briefly flashed anger and she sternly said, "My husband is going to rest, and nothing else."

Skipper winced and smiled warmly at this loving wife who was protecting her husband and running interference for him. Skipper knew that crossing her would not be wise.

Justin closed his eyes. He realized how tired he was. Funny how waking up could make you tired. He smiled at the thought and was happy to submit to Angie's wishes. He opened his eyes again briefly and looked at the three happy people standing around his bed. He

softly said, “First, thank you all for your faithfulness and prayers.” He squeezed Angie’s hand gently, knowing that she had been at his side this whole time; that’s how she was. He then went on, “However, Angie’s right. I need to rest, but I do want to speak to all three of you in a few hours.

Justin took a long nap while the trio went to a local restaurant to have a meal and talk. They too felt exhausted, but also ecstatic at Justin’s waking up and being restored to them, especially after coming so close to losing him. Angie’s heart had not stopped offering grateful praise to the Lord for His goodness and faithfulness in watching over and restoring her husband to her.

After a few hours they returned to find Justin still sleeping, so they decided to just hang out in the hospital lobby until he woke. Finally, in the late afternoon, Justin was awake, and the three came in and took some extra chairs into his room so they could hear what he wanted to say. They were all intrigued and eager to hear a voice that had been quiet for so long.

Justin now had a captive audience of the three people who were at that moment the most important in his life: Angie, Duffy, and his friend and bodyguard, Skipper. Justin knew that the doctors had marveled that he showed no symptoms of any heart problems or brain problems. One of the technicians had said the word, “miraculous” under his breath; but Justin had heard it and knew that that was so. He also had no arm problem. To Justin that was miraculous. He remembered vividly the pain that he had experienced, or thought that he had experienced, as well as the subsequent illness. Yet, it was apparently only a dream of sorts. His leg was still in a cast, but somehow he knew that was OK too, especially after his visit to Heaven.

Justin decided to start with what was the most important thing to him. “First, I want you all three to know that I was in Heaven for a while and I saw Jesus and spoke with Him.”

Duffy smiled a huge smile almost coming out of his chair with

excitement. He believed Justin wholeheartedly.

Angie said, "Tell us about it honey."

Skipper just sat there staring at Justin, not knowing what to think about it. He'd never heard of anything like this before and wasn't sure that Justin wasn't just speaking out of his head injury. Out of respect for the man that had saved his life, he decided to quietly listen.

Justin went on. "Although you never saw me leave this bed, I believe I had an out of the body experience and visited Heaven. It no doubt happened when my heart stopped and while the doctors were reviving me. I must have really been dead for a while. I have heard of stories like these before when that has happened to a believer. That is probably why I could not ascend the ladder until I was out of my body. But Jesus is everything you would want Him to be. I was so blessed and happy in His presence. He spoke to me about many things, and I learned so much from Him in such a short time. But my time in the coma was not all joyful. Most of the time, I was having either a dream or a vision. It was more like a nightmare though and I am hoping it is not a vision of the future. It was so real; every detail was so clear and precise. Somehow, I could see angels from Heaven and demons and other beings from Hell. There was a discerning power that I seemed to have. I even knew their names sometimes; especially of the demons."

The three sat riveted to Justin's tale. Justin began by telling them about waking from the coma in the hospital, and then seeing winged creatures on top of the hospital. Justin showed them just how real the dream was when he told them that he even awoke from the coma, inside the dream. He shared how they traveled back to Wenatchee and how they all had seen on television the terrorist attacks on the country that served to bring the dollar to near collapse. He shared about the trip to Los Angeles after being invited there to do an interview and the long harrowing journey down I-5 with all of the

obstacles, rioting and looting, and people fighting just to eat and survive. He told about how the things he saw were going on all over the nation.

Justin paused and sipped some water; talking was physically hard on Justin's throat. Angie suggested he wait to finish, but he said he needed to continue; they needed to hear what had happened and he needed to tell them. Justin told the three how Chief had been sent to LA from Portland by Skipper to be with his family. He cautiously told them about what happened when they entered the downtown Los Angeles area and were fired upon by a federal blockade.

Justin paused again for a drink of water and to look into each listener's eyes. He tried to discern their reaction at what he had said thus far before going on to the next statement. Should he tell Skipper that he had died, and died protecting him? How would Skipper take it? In a moment he decided that Skipper should hear and he went on. He shared how Skipper died bravely and sacrificially, by the hands of the government. Skipper was motionless. Justin also told them all about the general and the rebels and the siege that took place in Los Angeles. He shared how he was wounded in the arm and how he had then become a mediator between the SSO and the general.

Skipper interrupted, "SS what?"

Justin smiled, "It was a new police force set up by the leftist government."

Skipper smiled then asked, "Did I die well?"

Somewhat relieved at his question, Justin laughed, "Oh yes, you died well. You died protecting the rest of us and with great courage against impossible odds."

Justin again looked at their faces. He realized that all he was saying really only sounded like a very lengthy and detailed nightmare. He also sensed that they were patiently waiting for him to finish and that this was not as emotional or as interesting for them as it was for him.

Justin decided to quickly wrap it up and perhaps get some feedback; not so much on whether they believed him or not, but rather on what he said in relation to the state of the country. He finished by telling them of the interview that he had done with the president, and then his time in the detention facility and finally of being ill because of an infected arm and extreme dehydration.

Justin said, "I was feeling like I would die, but a Psalm I have heard before came to my mind and really comforted me." He made eye contact with Duffy and Duffy smiled and winked at him. That brought him back to the beginning of his story and going to Heaven to see Jesus.

Justin knew that the story he had just shared was in no way as scary or nightmarish in the retelling as it was in reality; nor would it be as dramatic or real to anyone else as it was to him.

As Justin finished, Angie spoke first. "Honey, I'm amazed at that story; and, I am so glad that reality is better and that you are awake now; that is what counts."

Duffy spoke next. "Justin, we would have to be spiritually dull if we were to assume that this was not a vision or possibly a warning from God about what could be in store for America. I remember your dream from a few months back where you saw people starving. Justin, what did you learn from this time in your coma and what do you feel you must now do based on it?"

Justin looked toward the window on his left and stared blankly at it; he was deep in thought, considering how to answer. Then, he spoke, very deliberately. "Before, I was a man with self dependency. I did what Justin wanted and what Justin felt was right. I think that I am now more a man who is willing to do what God wants me to do. Before, I did not pray as I should; I did pray, but only when I felt I needed to. Now, I will not make any move except that which I have seen as God's leading."

Angie jumped up and stepped over to her husband and kissed

his forehead. She knew that she was hearing an answer to her secret prayers. This had been her heart's cry for her husband. She knew she had just heard a humble and exceedingly wise statement from a broken man; a man broken before God. A man, who is broken before God, would be directed and led by God. This gave her much peace and once again she was so grateful to her Lord for answering the prayer she would probably never let her husband know she had prayed. She knew that this revelation and understanding had come to many men and women through the ages, but it had had to come through much suffering. Angie again had tears in her eyes which she tried to not let Justin see. She said lightly and proudly, "That's my husband."

Duffy, as his spiritual father, just smiled with approval.

Justin went on speaking. "The election is still a ways away and I lost only 35 days, but I feel I lived a lifetime and I remember it all. God taught me some things and I plan to use them, God willing. I believe that America has a chance, a real fighting chance to become whole again with God's help."

Angie broke in now. "Honey, before you go changing the world, it is time for you to rest. I believe that they are discharging you within a couple of days since your recovery is so profound. We can pray and talk about the next step then. Now you need to rest." Skipper and Duffy said their goodbyes and Angie stayed to help Justin get ready for a good night's sleep.

Justin stayed in the hospital only two more days; though he felt fine, the doctors insisted on many tests to insure he was well enough to leave. After x-rays, the doctor made the decision to remove his cast. They discovered that even Justin's leg was totally healed; it was as if he had never broken his leg at all. This actually only served to validate and confirm his miraculous recovery. Justin was very eager to get home, however. His doctor wanted to give him one last examination and then certify him fit to be discharged and to travel back to Wenatchee and his home. As he was waiting alone in his room

for the doctor, Justin had two surprise visitors. Chief and Sig came into his room; both had huge smiles on their faces. They were glad to finally be allowed to visit with Justin. For the first days after Justin's waking up, Angie had not permitted the extra visitors so as to insure Justin's ability to recover speedily.

Chief said, "Sir, were we ever glad to hear the news that you woke up and are going to be OK."

Both men shook Justin's hand. "Thank you guys" said Justin.

Sig spoke up. "Sir, we want to thank you for saving Skipper's life. That was a heroic thing to do, and if we could induct you into the Navy Seals, we would."

Justin laughed and said, "You know guys, I don't like water that much and I don't swim too well. But I can balance a beach ball on my nose."

Both men laughed out loud, but then Chief, turning more serious, said, "Sir, it is an honor to serve you as our client. We want you to know we highly believe in your work and in you."

"Yes," Sig agreed. "In fact, I read a quote recently and it made me think of you. "The pen is mightier than the sword."

Justin did not easily take a compliment, and needed a wise or humorous comeback to this.

"Yes, Sig, and a writer's opponent will never see it coming when the writer drives the pen into his ear."

Sig and Chief howled with laughter. "See, you are like a Navy Seal," said Sig.

Just then, the doctor came in and the two frogmen excused themselves. To Justin's delight, the doctor was discharging him from the hospital in about an hour.

A little over an hour later, Angie and all three frogmen had arrived to take Justin away from his temporary home of the last month. Skipper pulled up behind Angie's car in the Suburban. A nurse wheeled Justin out to the car in a wheelchair, which the hospital

demanded but Justin didn't like. However, as he got within 15 feet of the car, he stood up and with perfect vigor, walked the rest of the way. He had no limp or any indication that he had broken his leg or been unconscious for the past month. He did concede to Angie's desire to drive, however, but he knew this was temporary; it just made her feel better. Chief got into their back seat and Sig and Skipper brought up the rear in the SUV with Skipper driving as usual. As they drove off, Justin looked up at the top of the hospital. He saw no winged creatures as before; he saw no demons or angels anywhere, and he saw no spiritual entities or visions at all. Everything along the roadways looked normal, and each small town they drove through was up to business as usual.

At Duffy's invitation, the group had decided to stop at Camp Woodcrest for a few days on the way back home to Wenatchee. It was a last minute decision and though Justin and Angie were both eager to get home, they knew that much awaited them there, including the possibility of reporters, many who had already been trying to contact them in his last couple days in the hospital. Stopping at Woodcrest was a quiet place for him and Angie both to recuperate for a few days and get back into synch with each other and life. She needed the rest and fellowship with Duffy's wife, Liz, as much as he needed the rest and Duffy's fellowship. Duffy had not moved from Woodcrest, as Justin had dreamed in his coma, and Justin knew that it would hurt Duffy to ever have to leave his beloved Woodcrest. Justin, who had also spent so much time at Woodcrest, looked forward to resting and praying and seeking God a few days in the quiet and beautiful woods that surrounded Woodcrest. He intended to have some time with Angie to walk along the quiet trails that surrounded the camp and get caught up; he knew he had missed much.

“If ever time should come, when vain and aspiring men shall possess the highest seats in Government, our country will stand in need of its experienced patriots to prevent its ruin.”
Samuel Adams

Chapter 30

The Eagle of Freedom

JUSTIN HAD SLEPT soundly and deeply his first night at Woodcrest. He awoke early in the little cabin and quietly dressed and headed for the clubhouse to be alone with God and to work on his writings which had not been touched since the accident. It was about 4:00 a.m. and there were no signs of any other early risers. Justin was grateful that logs had been laid in the huge stone fireplace and were ready to be lit. He lit them and settled into a deep wing-back chair next to the hearth enjoying the warmth and crackling that the fire provided. As he sat quietly before the Lord with his Bible open on his lap, he heard the Holy Spirit speak to him.

The Spirit said, “You never asked me directly what the dream meant.”

Justin sat there dumbfounded. Could it have been that easy all along? Justin asked the question he realized he should have asked long ago: “Lord, what did that original dream mean?”

The moment the question was out the Lord began flooding thoughts into his mind like the rushing torrent of a river. The Holy Spirit began, “The starving people were the people of your nation, and the condition they were in was the end result of socialism. When the old man said, ‘we didn’t know,’ he was speaking of the leader of the country, who kept promising change until everyone believed him. The promise of change was a huge deception, and the people did not know that they had voted into office the very evil that would destroy them rather than help them. However, the leader was just as deceived as the people were, for he sincerely believed in socialism as the solution. You see, Justin, socialism in its early stages looks appealing to many, even the leader, but it is a strategy of Hell and very evil.”

Justin was soaking in all that the Holy Spirit was saying. He was aware that his ability to comprehend had somewhat increased. He wondered if this was a residue of his time in Heaven with the Lord.

The Holy Spirit continued, “The murder and destruction and starvation of the people will always be the end result of socialism. There is a strongman of socialism in the country, who was sent by Satan, and it has been in the country for over two decades inhabiting different people. This strongman entered the leader while he was in the Senate and this gave him a meteoric rise to power that was evilly supernatural. The strongman controls millions of demons and the winged creatures that quickly spread socialism far and wide; they also oversee the human powers that mete out the socialistic evils.

“When the man in the dream walked up to you and handed you the round object that you thought was a target, that man was Jesus. He was dressed in modern clothing and He told you to help these people. What you thought was a target was not a target; the circles of a target move to the center. Rather, this object represents circles flowing out from the center and these are subjects you will

write about. I am the center of the circle. That, my son, is the meaning of your dream.”

Justin sat amazed. Some of what he had just heard he already knew or at least suspected, but he also learned some new things. Justin asked the Spirit now, “Lord, what would you have me do next?”

The Spirit of God spoke again. “Son, I want you to write an article for your Hungry Nation column. The title will be called ‘Concentric Circles.’ Do it today.”

“But Lord,” said Justin, “what should it say?”

The Spirit spoke again. “Just write that title at the top of the page. As you do that, you will receive what to say. I want you to write by faith.”

Justin, humbled, said, “Yes Lord, of course, I will do it.”

The Holy Spirit spoke again. “Once you write that article, I will give you the titles to two more.”

Justin smiled now in recognition of a Divine strategy from the Holy Spirit. “Lord,” said Justin “would those articles be related to the two principles you told me about in Heaven?”

“Yes, son, they are,” answered the Spirit. The Holy Spirit continued. “Teaching people about God’s legal access and the dominion of Christ are the circles on the object in your dream. With these circles, you will be able to help the people in your land. In Heaven, we call this the Joseph anointing. I will share with you the wisdom you need to help your nation. I will also cause them to be hungry for it. I will make America a hungry nation; hungry for Me.” Justin knew the Lord was finished speaking.

At that perfectly timed moment, Duffy came walking in. He said, “Good morning, Justin. I see you got the fire going.” Duffy took two more logs off of the small pile next to the fireplace and carefully laid them on top of the burning logs.

Justin, sensing Duffy’s hesitancy to interrupt, invited Duffy to sit down in the chair opposite him. “Duffy,” he said, “I just heard from

the Holy Spirit as I was sitting here by the fire. I am so blessed and excited about it.”

“Praise God,” said Duffy. He turned to look at the fire. “By the way, you just missed Herman. He left the night before you arrived.”

“Oh! I’m sorry to have missed him. Did he have a late flight?”

Duffy looked at Justin and just smiled.

“What,” said Justin?

Duffy looked again deeply into the fire and scratched his head, trying to figure how to exactly say what he wanted to tell Justin.

Turning to look Justin in the eye he said, “Justin, I have never told you this. Herman comes back and forth between Camp Woodcrest and South America by the Holy Spirit. The night before last, he said goodbye to Liz and I and thanked us for the great food and hospitality. Then he went back to his cabin. That is all I know. Later, the cabin was quite empty. He always leaves it very neat and tidy. He does it that way every time he comes or goes. Did you realize when you met him before that he had no car? No one picks him up, no one drops him off, and he brings no car. He always arrives in an un-rented cabin and just comes out for the next meal and to fellowship. We never know when he is coming, or leaving for that matter, but it is always a blessing when he arrives. He tries to pay us but we never accept it. It is the strangest thing I have ever seen, but it is also the most exciting thing I have ever seen. He is a man that is translated by the Lord. I never told you because it is a huge step of faith just to hear this and believe it.”

Justin sat amazed and bewildered. “I’ll say; I can hardly believe it now.”

Duffy went on. “I guess I feel you are now ready to hear this Justin because these kinds of occurrences will increase more and more in these end days before Jesus returns.”

Justin nodded knowingly. He said, “I know Duffy; I had a translation experience when I was in my coma. I remember it very clearly.”

Duffy raised his eyebrows, glad to hear that Justin was familiar with this supernatural event. He said, "Miracle translation may be in your future as you follow Jesus."

Justin chuckled and replied, "Duffy, you know the journalist in me. I will have to get with Herman and interview him about it."

Both men laughed heartily about that, but Justin was ever so serious. Justin knew that there was a whole Kingdom of God to explore and search out, and he made a mental note that he would do so very soon where Herman was concerned. He wanted to know everything. He was certain that what he had experienced in the coma was for a purpose. As a Kingdom son, he wanted to know and understand it completely.

The two men visited for another hour and then went their own way to begin their day and get ready for breakfast. Later that morning, after an enormous breakfast, Justin wrote the first article entitled "Concentric Circles." After its completion, Justin decided to take a short walk and get some fresh mountain air before lunch time. He left the small cabin and headed for a trail that would lead him deeper into the forest and away from the camp. After only a few hundred feet, he suddenly heard a shrill cry coming from above. His heart froze at the memory of the evil winged creatures that he had seen while in his coma. However, when he looked up he saw one of God's most wonderful winged creatures; it was a bald eagle soaring high in flight looking like it was keeping watch over the forest. Joy flooded Justin's soul as he thought about the eagle as America's symbol of freedom. Deep inside, he felt that God had arranged this encounter just for him. As he continued to watch the eagle circling above, he whispered, "Thank you, Jesus."

The group stayed at Woodcrest for only two nights and 3 full days. The rest and peace had seemed to multiply on them all and at the end of the third day they knew it was time to go. Justin could feel the leading of the Spirit and was eager to yield. After their good-byes,

the group was back on the road for Wenatchee and traveled peacefully east over the Cascades as they headed to central Washington where home was.

Justin and Angie talked for a while, but he really needed to just think and be with the Lord in his thoughts. He reflected on the last forty days or so, and the coma and the events he experienced while in it. What had been real in his vision or coma? Could the events of the coma all have really happened, and God simply rolled back time and undid them out of mercy for the people of America? Was that something an Omnipotent God could or would do? Then, if that were the case, Justin was the only one allowed to keep the memories of the events. That was a possible scenario but Justin dismissed it for a more logical one. He considered the fact that being in Heaven with Jesus was real and that only, nothing else. None of the spiritual beings prior to that point were real, and of course none of the nightmarish events had taken place in America. This is why Jesus did not mention anything about it. It was an invention of his mind, and oh what an invention. Justin smiled at the thought; he certainly had creative thought processes.

Justin thought about his bodyguards, the three ex-Navy Seals. So far, they had only used 45 days of a 12-month contract in protecting him and Angie. Justin knew that whatever he would do, or wherever he would go, they would be sticking to him like glue. After what he had been through, he feared no one anymore, but he knew that these men would prove useful in other ways; he also felt that God was working on them and their souls. He would remain open to them being near him if for no other reason than that. This meant the next year would be an adventure, as if he had not had enough so far.

The group pulled into Justin's driveway. It was good to be home. Everything looked like it did when they had left. He didn't realize how much he had missed the home he and Angie had built together. All he wanted to do the rest of the day was to relax and

be with Angie.

A few hours later, he went out front to have a look around. The neighborhood was quiet and peaceful. Justin walked toward the street and down to the sidewalk to look up and down his street.

As he turned back towards the front door to go inside, he looked up at the rooftop. There, at the peak, he saw Micah, the angel; Micah seemed to appear just after he looked. He was visible for only a few seconds. He looked at Justin and smiled, and lifted his right hand in a waiving gesture. Then, he disappeared. This was extraordinary to Justin. What did it mean? Micah was not supposed to have existed; it had been a dream.

After seeing Micah that day on his return home, Justin went out to his front yard daily for a few weeks and looked at his roof top, searching for a glimpse of Micah. However, he never saw him again for the rest of his life. That, of course, did not mean he was not there.

“It is the duty of the patriot to protect his country from its government.” Thomas Paine

Epilogue

THE PRESIDENT PACED back and forth in front of his desk in the Oval Office. The sun was setting and casting long golden shadows through windows behind him. The two other people in the room sat quietly, waiting for the president to collect himself and speak. The Head of Homeland Security and the Surgeon General had both been summoned out of other scheduled and important meetings; but that was not unusual. What was unusual was the silence of the pacing president before them. They waited; something was up and it seemed of great import. The polls had been fluctuating the last few days. Was the president concerned? Did he know something new?

Finally he paused and turned towards the two sitting before him. He looked into each of their faces confirming that he had their complete support and submission. He then spoke slowly and firmly. “I have made a decision. I have been thinking about it for quite some time and I think the time is now.” He paused. “I am going to enact my special police force, effective immediately.” He paused for their reaction. Wisely, and perhaps because of fear, there was none.

He went on, “I believe I will win this election. How could I not?”

However, it is imperative for the good of this country that we have a national police force in place to enforce my ability to stay in this office and lead this country the way I believe it should be led.”

The Head of Homeland Security swallowed; there was a dread rising deep out of the pit of his stomach. He had known about this plan, but had always naively believed that it was not going to be an option - ever. Rather it had been put in the Healthcare plan as a mere precaution only; or so he thought. The president’s decision had more than mere caution behind it.... What was happening?

The evil beings that stood in the corners of the room smiled with great satisfaction. They were watching closely and influencing the moment with their evil intentions. Pride, fear, destruction, chaos, and idolatry were all surfacing as planned; their master would be pleased with their success. They, however, did not see the invisible Heavenly influence being summoned by the prayers of the saints.



Justin folded the paper and lay it down on his desk in his school office. He had been back teaching for only a few days and though it felt good to be back, he knew that he would be leaving at the end of the semester. What he had just read confirmed it: “President Enacts Special Police Force.” Americans had no concept of the danger the country was now in just prior to this very decisive election. This current president, who was a novice in government, did not understand that his plan of change was not the right one for this nation; and most Americans would not stand for it once they understood it. The people that currently backed him were being lied to and did not know his personal agenda and full plan for America.

The article had been hidden on an inside page of the front section but should have been front page news. It was obvious that no one really understood what this meant; no one grasped the import

of what the president had just done. He was positioning himself and Justin knew that this decision of the president's was strategically timed in line with the looming election. Whether he won or lost, it was obvious to Justin that this president was not going to go easily.

Justin leaned over his desk and closed his eyes to pray. Nothing was more important than praying God's will and God's righteousness into this election. Time was so short, however. The strongman of Satan that was over the nation right now had only one thought: total chaos and destruction. There were dark days ahead if certain events did not transpire such as the defeat of the standing president. What was ahead could make the America of Justin's coma, which did not exist, look like a Sunday picnic. A groan came rising up out of Justin's innermost being; an agony of prayer that he yielded to as he prayed. The Spirit of God was enveloping him and as Justin prayed a Heavenly portal was opening....

*“Arise, shine; for your light has come!
And the glory of the Lord is risen upon you.
For behold, the darkness shall cover the earth,
And deep darkness the people;
But the Lord will arise over you,
And His glory will be seen upon you.”*

Isaiah 60:1-2