THE FINAL HOUR OF PLANET EARTH (CHAPTER 1) FINAL DRAFT

By : Upper Room

WHAT WILL BE THE CHAOTIC STATE OF THE WORLD WHEN ITS END DOES COME? WHO WILL HAVE TO ENDURE? COULD THIS EVENT BE IN OUR DAY? I WILL ANSWER THESE QUESTIONS AND MORE IN THIS NOVEL BASED ON THE BOOK OF REVELATION, AS WELL AS OTHER SCRIPTURES. I ENCOURAGE YOU TO GET YOUR BIBLE OUT AND STUDY THE VERSES I PROVIDE FOR YOURSELVES.

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Chapter 1: THE FINAL HOUR OF PLANET EARTH (FINAL DRAFT)

I

Mark set in the cold waiting room of the doctor's office waiting to get the results of the test he had the previous week. He had been sick along time and was worried what the results would be; even now he could feel the nausea coming on. He thought to himself how awful it is to be waiting for news that you dreaded to hear. He was nervous, thinking, "Surely, this news cannot be that bad, I am only twenty-three years old."

It was about fifteen minutes when the nurse opened the door to call him back, "Mr. McFadden, the doctor will see you now."

The nurse did not lead him back to a room, (he felt like the cowardly lion going before the great and powerful Oz), but she took him straight to a door. Mark looked up to read the plaque on the door, it did not read Oz but Dr. Hollister. He entered through the door to see Dr. Hollister sitting behind his desk with a stack of papers.He was an elder man in his sixties; he could have retired long ago but refused, insisting on helping others.

"Thanks nurse, you can leave now." Dr. Hollister directed. He pointed toward the red velvet covered chair in front of his desk. "Have a seat Mark."

Mark felt his stomach go into knots as he placed himself in the chair. He wasn't one to show a lot of emotion, so he started the conversation.

"Give it to me, Doc. How bad is it?"

"Well, Mark, how long you had these symptoms?"

"I have been sick for awhile, the first time I noticed it was probably a year ago."

The doctor went through a series of emotions, starting with disappointment and ending in sadness.

"I wish you would have come sooner, Mark."

Dr. Hollister folded his arms on his desk as he continued his uncomforting message. "You have stage-four cancer, Mark. There is not much I can do for you. I would say you have six months, at best."

The color fled from Mark's face as sweat beaded up on his forehead. Dr. Hollister noticed and grabbed for the waste basket where Mark preceded to vomit until it turned into dry heaving.

The doctor rose from his desk and leaned up against the book shelf behind him and looked at Mark. Here before him sat a young man with the frame of a skeleton, aged beyond his years. The thick dark hair was all that remained of his youth.

Mark turned toward the doctor as his hand was stretched toward him with a moist towel; he wiped his mouth and asked, "Can it be treated?"

Dr. Hollister looked at Mark with hopelessness, "I have to be honest; the cancer is too far advanced for medical science to treat. The cancer is already moving into your liver. It would be a waste of money."

Mark buried his head in his hands and wept uncontrollably. Dr. Hollister placed his hand on Mark's shoulder in hopes of comforting him. Mark felt a strange sensation as the doctor touched him, but he soon tossed the thought.

Mark took some time and got a grip on his emotions and grabbed a Kleenex from the desk and wiped his eyes. His voice was stern with anger, "You know, Doc, with all the money my family has it doesn't help one bit at a time like this."

Dr. Hollister returned to his desk and leaned back in his chair, "Can I ask you a serious question, Mark?"

"I don't see why not."

"Do you believe in God?" Hollister asked.

Mark looked stunned. "Wellâ ¦I guess so. I mean me and my family go to the Church of Tomorrow every Easter."

The doctor knew what that meant, "Do you have a personal relationship with Jesus Christ?"

"I'm not a fanatic, if that's what you mean." Mark said, grinning.

The doctor reached in his desk and brought forth a card and handed it to Mark. "Give this some thought."

Mark took the card and read it.

Upper Room Ministries

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come see, if you don't see miracles, don't come back

Mark looked confused, "Tell me you don't believe this quack. I've seen him on television praying for people. My father said those people are paid."

The doctor lowered his eyes and half shook his head. He knew Mark's father was a successful business man, but he pitied the man, in all his money, he had great ignorance.

"There are fakes out there." Hollister began to explain, "If there are counterfeits out there that means there must be the real thing somewhere. I have been going there for a little over five years now and I can't begin to write down all the miracles I have seen. I sit on the front row so I can see the miracles as they happen. I could tell if it were fake."

Mark looked doubtful. "Well, whatever you say."

The doctor pulled a slip a paper out of his pocket and handed it to Mark. "Here are some scriptures for you to study. If I were you I would go home and consider it tonight." The doctor looked at Mark seriously. "You

might want to give it serious thought. What do you have to lose?"

Mark thanked the doctor and left, laughing at the thought of going to *that* church. Yet, all the way home that last question the doctor asked kept pounding in his head, like flying monkeys were the ones doing the pounding.

#

The atmosphere at Nick's bar was as smoky and as loud as every Friday night. The crowd was starting to chant and shout for the opening act to begin and getting more and more impatient and drunker by the minute.

Tabitha Wilkins, an African-American woman, was backstage with her friend since early grade school days, Lilly Hardin. Lilly was about to take the stage and Tabitha was there for her friend, she had a feeling Lilly would be a Country Music star soon.

"You ready, Lilly?" Tabitha asked.

"Yes, as ready as I am going to be." Lilly responded. Though she was about to perform, Lilly appeared downcast, and Tabitha knew why.

"Would you get her off your mind?"

"I can't," Lilly said, "this is the third time I have played and invited her every time." She looked at Tabitha pleadingly. "Could you go check for me?"

Tabitha sighed, "Alright, you stay here and get your head together."

"Oh, thank you, Tabs. I owe you one."

Tabitha went back to where the curtain opened up to the audience. Sure enough, there was the reserved seat empty; for the third time. Lilly's grandmother had once been a singer, but she was now a church going woman. She had renounced the world, saying Jesus would not want her in a place like Nick's Bar. Tabitha always thought she was a little loopy, but never expressed her true feelings to Lilly.

Tabitha went back to Lilly with the sad news that Lilly was already expecting. Tabitha had not been raised in a Christian home. In fact, her family did not bow to any gods for they were atheists. They thought of Christianity as a crutch people leaned on whenever time got tough.

Lilly wanted her grandmother there, yet she was afraid to talk against her grandmother for her decisions. Her grandmother raised her in the fear of the Lord, and she would not talk against a true believer.

The music stopped and the roar of applause came up from beyond the red curtain. She stood there awaiting Nick's introduction.

"Ladies and Gentleman, here is the one we all came for tonight!" The future of Country Music right here in New York, Lilly Hardin!"

Lilly took her first steps out onto the stage, pushing her long blonde hair back behind her ears. As she did her grandmother's voice echoed in her ears in the form of a verse she had given Lilly when she had told her that she was pursuing a music career **(Mark 8:36).**

Chapter 2: II

II

Mark awoke from a restless nights sleep. It was not pain that kept him up all night; (surprisingly he had been in no pain that night), it was the words of Dr. Hollister that caused him to toss and turn the night thru.

He spent the night thinking of the Upper Room ministry that Hollister had mentioned. No matter how he tried to block the image of the church from his mind, he could not get away from it.

The church had just been a few miles from where he and his brother Gregg grew up. Gregg and Mark used to mimic the services of Pastor Kaleb Lambert they watched on television in the living room, laying hands on one another and "praying" for the sick.

Mark rose from his bed as the sweet fragrance of the maid Juanita's cooking hooked him and pulled him toward the kitchen. Mark's father, Oliver, had made a financial success of himself when he "created" his own computer technology company, but Mark knew his father had stolen the plans from his fellow co-workers. His father often boasted of the fact to him, teaching his son to be a business tyrant. In those days past Mark thought his father was a brilliant man, but as his life drained from his body drop by drop, he saw his father as nothing but a con.

"You want some breakfast, Mr. Mark?" Juanita asked in a Mexican accent.

Mark thought about it a moment and noticed he was hungry for the first time in many days. He smiled at Juanita and said with a broad smile, "Yes, I believe I will."

She handed him a plate decorated with bacon, eggs, and toast. Mark ate all of it with swiftness. He pondered for a moment as he wiped his mouth with a napkin. He noticed he felt no sickness. He began to wonder if the doctors knew what they were talking about. Mark thought maybe he did not have cancer.

The last of Mark's O.J. was going down his throat when Gregg walked in the room. He and Mark were alike in facial features, but since the sickness their bodies were night and day. Gregg was a well built guy and nine years older than Mark, although Mark looked like the older brother due to his illness.

Gregg was a successful attorney for the most prominent law firm in Albany. He based his whole life on his financial success. His beautiful wife, Ellen, was six months pregnant with their first child.

"How are you this morning?" Gregg inquired.

Mark looked at Gregg, "Quite well, actually."

"What are you doing this evening?" Gregg asked.

Mark thought about it and he had no plans, "Nothing".

"Then meet me at Charlie's Diner for dinner tonight. My treat, I insist."

Mark thought about the great breakfast he had just ate and responded quickly. "You bet, but you better be ready. I plan on eating big." Mark said with a chuckle.

#

Lilly did not wake up until after noon. She never was up early after a night of singing and the after parties that followed. Her head was pounding from all the drinks she had had at the party. A knock came at the door and she grabbed her head in disgust at the sound of the knock.

"Yes, who is it?" She asked.

"It is grandma, you ready for a meal or are you going to sleep all day?"

"I'm getting up." Lilly told her grandma as her eyes rolled in the back of her head and she collapsed back into her pillow.

Lilly got up and the room started to swim before her. She grabbed the mattress of the bed in order to balance herself. She managed to somehow get her night gown on and made her way downstairs.

There her grandmother was sitting on the couch and sipping coffee from her favorite cup. "Well, nice of you to join the living."

"Don't start, grandma, my head is throbbing."

Lilly said that and she saw disappointment written on her grandmother's face. "I bet it is." Her grandma agreed.

Grandma Hardin got up from her chair and took her coffee cup to the kitchen. She put her cup in the sink and started washing the breakfast dishes. "I suppose you aren't hungry." Grandma Margaret assumed.

"No, not right, now." Lilly confirmed.

Margaret continued washing dishes through tear dimmed eyes she kept hidden from Lilly. She, too, had made her mistakes by following the world in her past and Jesus had been gracious enough to rescue her. However, she knew everyone was not that fortunate. The verse **Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it (Proverbs 22:6)** came to mind.

She had heard people tell her not to worry about Lilly. They told her this verse meant if you raised a child up in the truth they are guaranteed to get to Heaven; but she knew that to be a lie. She knew it meant their minds would not be able to escape the truth; it was still up to them to accept it.

She prayed without ceasing for her granddaughter, whom she had reared since her parents had split and left Lilly with her. Lilly was the reason Margaret had turned to God so she could raise her right. Then came Lilly's teen-age years and she slipped into the influence of friends and the world. Those "friends" led her down the wrong road.

Margaret's thoughts were interrupted by Lilly's voice. "I missed you, again, last night."

"It was my Bible study night." Margaret replied, trying to divert the subject.

Lilly became angry, "You have those meetings every Friday night, and can't you put that aside just one night and watch me perform."

Then Margaret became stern, "I would not come see you play that music in those places no matter what night it is. I know you have a great voice, but you need to use it for God's glory and not money. He is the one that gave you that voice."

Lilly gave a devilish sneer and began to mock, "That glory won't put food on the table." Lilly spread her hands out and spun around the room in a circle. "I want the world to hear my talents and get paid big for it."

Margaret turned from her, not wanting to see her mocking face any longer. "You will be rewarded, alright. You will be rewarded by man." Margaret assured her. "The world may applaud you but God won't. Then when you miss Heaven like the other wicked what will you have to show for it?"

This only made Lilly even angrier. She did not know it, but the devil used her at that moment to bring up Margaret's past. "You know, it is funny. You did the same thing I am doing when you were young. I think you are jealous."

"No, sweetheart," Margaret lovingly denied, "I begrudge the time I gave the devil and the world. I would not trade my relationship for all the money in the worldâ ¦"

"I know, I know, *for what shall it profit.* I am sick to death of hearing you tell me that verse!"

Margaret saw she wasn't getting through, and knew she may never get through. Jesus' words rang truer than ever for her now, **Give not that which is holy unto the dogs, neither** cast **ye your pearls** before **swine, lest they trample them under their feet, and turn again and rend you. (Matthew 7:6)**. In her heart God dealt with her and let her know there was no need in continuing on. Lilly's soul was vexed with the sins of the world.

Margaret gave one last statement, "I am not preaching to you any longer. All I can say is if I were in a place like that when the trumpet sounded Jesus would not take me home.

#

Mark was sitting in the corner booth at Charlie's Diner. He had known Charlie Henson a long time; in fact he worked for him when he was in his late teens. Charlie was a robust man in his late fifties; and looking forward to retirement.

Charlie came out from the swinging doors of the kitchen and saw Mark sitting there. He walked over toward Mark's booth. "Hey, buddy, how are you doing today?"

"I'm doing pretty well." Mark replied. "Just waiting on Gregg, he is buying dinner for a change."

"Wow, Ol' money bags is treating." They both shared in a laugh.

Charlie was the only person outside of doctors and family that he had told about his sickness. Charlie said he would be in his prayers, but he had heard that from many people.

"You like a soda while you wait?" Charlie asked.

"Yes, that would be good."

Gregg soon showed up and they shared in a typical great meal that Charlie prepared. Charlie could cook a mean steak. Charlie came out and got Gregg's credit card to pay the bill.

"Hey, bro, you mind getting the tip." Gregg asked. "I don't have any cash on me."

. "I guess I can manage that, you did buy me dinner." Mark said smiling. He pulled his wallet out to put the cash on the tabletop when the ministry card Dr. Hollister had given him fell on the counter. Charlie noticed it.

"Where did you get that?" Charlie inquired.

Mark's face turned a dark shade of red with embarrassment. "I got it from Dr. Hollister, yesterday."

Gregg slapped his forehead. "I forgot. How were the results?"

Mark turned somber. "Not good, he said the same; colon cancer."

Gregg suddenly became serious. "How bad is it?"

"He said six months to a year."

Charlie looked worried for Mark. "If I were you I'd go there." He said pointing toward the card.

Gregg picked up the card and was astonished. "Charlie, you can't be serious. This place is one big hoax. It is like a magic show, smoke and mirrors."

"Oh, I did not realize you been there." Charlie said trying not to smile for he knew Gregg had never been.

"Well, not actually, just seen it on television and read about how it was false on the internet." Gregg replied.

Then Charlie's next statement shocked them both. "I have been going there a few months, now. I was diagnosed with congestive heart failure about six months ago by Dr. Hollister. He gave me one of those cards, too. I went and now the new EKG shows I have a brand new heart."

Mark sat there speechless. The only thing he could finally say was, "I don't know what to say."

"Well, I do." Gregg chimed in. "I don't know how you got well, Charlie, but I am sure it wasn't this *church* that helped."

"I agree it was not the church." Charlie fired back. "Jesus healed me through the church where His truth is preached and His Spirit can move."

Mark looked up to his brother and did not want to look foolish. "Yeah, besides, I have felt great all day. I think the doctors may have been mistaken."

Just as those words left Mark's lips nausea hit his stomach like a hammer. He ran to the bathroom and vomited his entire dinner up.

Charlie continued to talk to Gregg. "You need to get Mark there, Gregg. If you love your brother you will. What do you have to lose?"

Mark walked slowly back to the booth. Gregg looked at the frail body of his brother and it was all he could do to hold back the tears.

"Here it is, Mark. You and I will go check this place out tomorrow night. We can't tell dad, we will just tell him you are hanging out with Ellen and me."

Mark was astonished for his brother was a man of intellect. He was an agnostic that believed there may be a god, but he did not believe it was for today.

"You sure you want to do this?" Mark asked.

"I don't go in for foolishness, you know that, but if it will make you happy we will go." Gregg cut his eyes toward Charlie. "After all, what do we have to lose? When you go and realize it is a fantasy we will get you some real help."

Charlie was beaming. "I'll see you guys tomorrow night. It will be a good service. Pastor Lambert will be speaking on the coming of the Lord."

Gregg got up from the booth telling them goodbye, all the while thinking, "Oh, how could people be so gullible?"

Chapter 3: III

III

The parking lot at the Church of Tomorrow was packed as usual. They were forced to build a bigger church six years previously for they had outgrew the old building. The new church seated up to thirty-thousand people and it was almost always filled up. Many members were from Albany, but people came from all over to hear this great speaker that had made so many happy.

Oliver McFadden got up early and went to church that morning in time to make the second service. He very seldom went; (not being a real believer), but this particular morning he had a meeting with Dr. Jack Ingram concerning who would be backed in the upcoming election for a seat in congress.

The choir finished singing the song *God's Love Will Cover Your Every Sin.* Oliver was content with the way this church did not get carried away with the hellfire and brimstone like the church his great-grandparents had made him sit through when he visited them. They had him scared so much as a child that he almost became a Christian, but his great-grandmother passed and her husband placed in a nursing home and his visits to their home ceased.

The preacher there in Farrell, Pennsylvania had been what was referred to as an old time preacher. He preached the hellfire sermons and spoke a "bloody" gospel. His great-grandmother passed when he was eleven. He still remembered all the shouting and carrying on that was going on at the funeral. There lay a dead woman in a casket and they spoke of victory. He thought to himself how unintelligent those people were.

Oliver took his seat and was required to rise again as the crowd began to cheer and applaud as a young man in his early thirties took the stage. Dr. Jack Ingram was a fairly handsome man and everyone was on edge waiting for what this weeks "sermon" would be.

A huge smile beamed from Ingram's face as he began, "Hello and good morning! I trust you have had a blessed week." He moved down and stood in front of the congregation. "We had a bump in the road financially this week in the world, but remember God is still overseeing us all."

"Do not let your heart be troubled in these times," He continued, "the world will look bad before it gets better."

He walked up to Oliver, one of the church's biggest contributors. "Isn't that right, Oliver?" Ingram said patting Oliver on his shoulder.

"Now, some of these preachers today want to suck you in with *fear religion."* He made a mean face, "They tell you of a vengeful God that is going to rain down judgment." He straightened his face and began laughing, and the people followed suit.

Ingram began to tell of another minister, "On the other side of town we got one of those "fanatics" about to start an end time series tonight." He then stood back and did a pitcher's wind up, demonstrating a pitch. "We don't have a service tonight, the ball game is on. Make sure you pray for those Mets." He started laughing again and the crowd roared in laughter with him.

He continued on the minister. "Don't get me wrong, I am not throwing off on the man. My father preached the same way before he left to be with Jesus. That is the way of old, though. Here at the Church of Tomorrow we have been enlightened to know God loves us all, no matter our short comings."

He looked at the congregation and smiled, knowing he had their attention for they were all hooked with his great charisma and charm.

"We have the truth, here. We know God won't destroy the world for He is all love. We know that very soon this world will reach the perfect age. The Messiah will come and rule in love and peace as the ages roll."

He spoke a little longer, but was finished by noon. He did not like to drag his sermons on for fear his congregation would shrink and his wallet as well.

"We will meet here next week, enjoy the game and do your best to serve God." The church service was over to Oliver's approval, and he went back to speak to Ingram.

#

The parking lot at the Upper Room church was not as full as the Church of Tomorrow. It had maybe three-thousand compared to their thirty thousand or more. Gregg pulled the car to its parking place amazed at how easy it was to find one.

"You ready, we should not have a hard time finding a seat." Gregg stated.

Mark nodded his head, but did not respond. He was nervous with his mind on the service and knowing not what to expect. He wondered would this be one of those churches where they run and holler down the aisles. He hoped not and already decided to set on the back row just in case for an easy exit.

Mark and Gregg got seated as many welcomed them with a smile. They were amazed at how friendly everyone was to them. They saw Charlie and he was so glad to see them.

"Keep your mind on God, Mark. This could be the night you will never be the same."

Mark smiled at Charlie, but he was not sure if all he said was on the level. He came being pessimistic, not wanting to get his hopes up.

The choir came out and sang a few songs, but one especially got to Mark. They sang a song called; *I Wish We'd All Been Ready*. It was a song about the end and he did not like hearing of that. Ingram had taught them there was no such thing and he was satisfied with that answer. He felt himself wanting to get up and leave, but forced himself to stay thinking, "It is just one service then we are gone."

When the choir had finished Pastor Lambert came out. He came out bubbling over with happiness and proclaiming the name of Jesus. He kept mentioning the Blood of Jesus and the congregation was praising God for the Blood.

Mark was shocked for the Pastor seemed for real, it did not seem fake to him. Here was a man in his early to mid-seventies. He could have retired long ago, "Why is he still preaching?" Mark reasoned with himself.

Mark turned to Gregg but he was rolling his eyes in obvious doubt. He turned to Mark and cracked a grin, but soon put that grin away noticing Mark had not returned one to him.

Pastor Kaleb began to speak, "Tonight is a big night for the sports world. Many churches have their lights out tonight, but not here. We put God first here and the Spirit is here to honor all of you who have put God first."

He stepped up to the pulpit. "Tonight we begin the prophesy series. Contrary to most views today; (including Christians), they don't see the end drawing near. Those that claim to love God really don't believe it is close or they would live like it is."

"The subject tonight is *One Flight Out*. There is only one escape flight out of here before the Tribulation period sets in. Oh, many will be yelling for Jesus to come back for them, but it will be too late."

"Jeremiah spoke of the days coming, **Alas! For that day is great, so that none is like it:** (Jeremiah 30:7). There has never been a time like it before nor ever will be. The days that end all days will be the worst time in history on the face of the earth."

Pastor Lambert kept his eyes fixed on the congregation as he continued. "There is not one sign left to be fulfilled for the Rapture of the Bride of Christ. Jesus could come this very second and no prophesy would come up lacking."

Mark noticed how the message just seemed to flow from Pastor Lambert with ease. "Keep your eyes fixed on Israel, the Holy Land. The turmoil going on over there is a clock of sorts. I believe we are within minutes till the clock will strike midnight for planet earth."

"The devil hates that land for it is the Promised Land, the promise made unto Abraham. This is why the devil uses so many people to try and destroy it; and has come close to succeeding a few times, but God would not allow it."

"Jeremiah prophesied, **Therefore, behold, the days come, saith the Lord, that they shall no more say, The Lord liveth, which brought up the children of Israel out of the land of Egypt; But, the Lord liveth, which brought up and which led the seed of the House of Israel out of the north country, and from all countries whither I had driven them; and they shall dwell in their own land** (Jeremiah 23:7, 8)."

"This was Jeremiah prophesying that the Jews would return to the north country; (Russia), first, and then they would return to the Holy land from countries everywhere. This started in 1921."

"Jesus foretold of the Israel becoming a nation. What did Jesus have to say of that generation? **Now learn a parable of the fig tree; When his branch is yet tender, and putteth forth leaves, ye know that summer is nigh: So likewise ye, when ye shall see all these things, know that it is near, even at the doors. Verily I say unto you, This generation shall not pass, till all these things be fulfilled.** (Matthew 24:32-34)."

"The fig tree in prophesy always represents Israel. When did the fig tree bloom? It was in 1948 when Israel became a nation. Those born in 1948 up until now have a greater chance of being here when the Rapture takes place."

"We do not know the exact moment that Jesus will come, but just like we know when the seasons change, the Bride will know it is fast approaching."

"There are nations on every side of Israel that hate and despise them; many going as far as to say so. What will they think when God delivers *all* land back to Israel? **In the same day the Lord made a covenant with Abram, saying, Unto thy seed have I given this land, from the river of Egypt unto the great river, the river of Euphrates.** (Genesis 15:18)."

"Many preachers today will tell you the promises of Israel are for the church, not so. The Gentile Dispensation will end when the Rapture takes place, and the final week; (or seven years), of the Jewish Dispensation will begin."

"In closing, the world now is ready for the end and many do not know it. The world is in such turmoil economically that when the man of sin; the antichrist, the world will have no problem accepting him for he will have all the answers."

The next statement shocked both of the brothers. "I believe the antichrist is alive on planet earth today being groomed to take his place center stage. He was no doubt born in the late sixties. The world; (this country included), has not been the same since. The days of *The Andy Griffith Show* were gone and Hollywood began making filth, getting worse every year. The hippies made drug use *cool* and they stood in the streets mocking God and their country."

Then Pastor Lambert came to a dead stop. He seen a man in the congregation who had one eye, where the other should have been was just an empty socket.

Pastor Lambert pointed toward him. "Sir, this message has gotten your faith up there and God is moving for you. The Spirit of the Living God is moving for you."

Mark and Gregg turned to see the man Pastor Lambert was speaking of, and they seen something they could not begin to explain. An eyeball was formed right into the empty socket.

The man jumped up shouting, "I have a new eye! I have a new eye!" The congregation began to praise God in abundance. Mark wiped a tear from the corner of his eye.

Once everyone was quiet pastor Lambert spoke. "What you have witnessed here was spoken by the prophet Joel, **And it shall come to pass afterward, that I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh** (Joel 2:28)."

"I felt the man's faith go way up as I was preaching. God lets me sense faith the way you sense hot and cold. With his faith high, he was ready for his miracle."

The Pastor began to move among the people, warning them of what was coming. Mark had never heard such a message, yet he could tell this man spoke the warning in love.

"Many have taught the Holy Ghost Baptism isn't for today, but that is false doctrine. Joel prophesied *all flesh*. It is like salvation, it is for whosoever will, let him come."

He spoke a little more then the choir took their positions. "Don't wait too late, people. The Lord will come in an hour you think not, the Bible declares. The Rapture is fast approaching, **Behold, I shew you a mystery; we shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed, in a moment, in a twinkling of an eye, at the last trump: for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed.** (I Corinthians 15:51, 52)."

The choir began to sing, *I Surrender All.* "Have you surrendered all?" Lambert asked. "Have you given Him everything? I can say tonight I have held nothing back. I have given my whole life to Him."

Mark set in his seat, deep down he knowing what he was hearing was true. He was thinking it all over when he was shocked to see Gregg suddenly rise from his seat and run for the altar. He wept before God and Mark witnessed his brother become an entirely different person. **For if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new.** (II Corinthians 5:17).

Chapter 4: IV

IV

Mark was astonished at all he had just seen; having never seen anything like it before. Gregg came back to his seat beaming. "Mark, I am light as a feather, Jesus is so real!" Gregg proclaimed.

Mark had never seen his brother like this, or anything like this church and he could not leave without answers. He began frantically searching for someone that may look like they could direct his path. Finally, he found one of the ushers standing in the back.

"Sir, I need to speak to someone about all this." Mark pleaded. "I feel I can't leave without knowing what I just experienced."
The usher looked Mark over and could tell he was sincere. "Follow me."

He led Mark onto the platform and behind the pulpit. "Wait here." The usher directed through a nearby door.

It took just a couple minutes and the usher stuck his head out the door. "He will see you, now."

Mark did not know who he was seeing, but he followed anyway. He came in through the door and after a short right he saw a desk, with Pastor Lambert sitting behind it.

"Hello, I understand you are seeking answers."

"Yes." Mark answered.

Pastor Lambert leaned back in his chair. Mark noticed a strange sensation come up over him.

"Have a seat." Pastor Lambert said.

Mark made his way for the chair sitting in front of the desk. He set down, anxiously waiting to hear; and to leave at the same time.

"Thank you for seeing me." Mark said gratefully.

"Well, I hope I can be of some assistance."

"I belong to the Church of Tomorrow. I have never seen anything like I witnessed here tonight thereâ ¦ever." Mark assured him. "When that man received his eyeball it was unbelievable, but I know it happened. I had spoken to the man in the lobby in passing. I know there was no eyeball there. I know God had to do it."

The Pastor smiled, "The Lord has given you great wisdom and you have used it well. The same wisdom he gave Nicodemus." Pastor Lambert picked his Bible up from his desk and opened it to a scripture for Mark to read **The same came to Jesus by night, and said unto him, Rabbi, we know thou art a teacher from God: for no man can do these miracles that thou doest, except God be with him.** (John 3:2).

Mark thought it over and asked, "So you perform these miracles?"

The Pastor answered quickly. "No, no, no. I am just an instrument that God pours His power through. I am just flesh and bone." The Pastor gave an illustration. "You know how a clay pot is molded and shaped by the

potter?"

"Yes sir." Mark replied.

"Well, I am the clay and Jesus is the Potter. I yield to Him so He can mold and shape me." The Pastor explained.

Mark never doubted a word of it. It was as if he had known it his whole life and now it was being brought to the light. "The only thing I don't understand is why there aren't more people here. I mean the Church of Tomorrow is always packed."

"Some people want to be deceived, son." Lambert answered. "They don't want to believe the truth of holy living." They want to get into Heaven their way. Jesus proclaimed the road to Heaven was narrow and strait."

"Jesus said He is the door into Heaven in John chapter 10." Lambert stated as

he opened his Bible to another scripture, **Verily, verily, I say unto you, He that entereth not by the door into the sheepfold, but climbeth up another way, the same is a thief and a robber.** (John 10:1).

"Those that try to get into God's Heaven without the same holiness Jesus preached is a robber in God's eyes. There are many people today thinking they will go to Heaven, but not so." Lambert moved to the front of his desk standing in front of Mark.

"I hear people tell me all the time, *I have Jesus.* That isn't what they need to say. It should be, *Jesus has me.* Jesus must have the whole you."

Mark made a statement most would and no doubt the Pastor heard many times. If

that is true there won't be many in Heaven."

Pastor Lambert lowered his head. "Sadly, hell will be far more populated that Heaven. Jesus said few would get into Heaven. **Because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.** (Matthew 7:14)."

The Pastor continued on, "Paul the Apostle wrote to Timothy and told how people

would be in the last days, **Now the Spirit speaketh expressly, that in the latter times some will depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits, and doctrines of devils; speaking lies in hypocrisy; having their conscience seared with a hot iron;** (I Timothy 4:1,2)."

"Many today want their conscience seared." The Pastor stated. "So many churches have taken the songs that mention the Blood of Jesus out of their hymnals. Yet, I use the Blood in the services to "hypnotize" people."

A look of disgust formed on Lambert's face. "They have given over to seducing spirits, spirits that have seduced them into believing damnable lies like that one "once saved, always saved doctrine. How ridiculous that is to think Jesus came all the way from Heaven to die on a cross so people can continue in sin. That is what *they* want, their cake and eat it, too."
Mark thought it all he had been hearing over. "What has happened to churches today?" Mark asked.

Lambert continued to use the Bible for answers. "Paul also wrote to Timothy about the churches in the last days, **Having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof: from such turn away.** (II Timothy

3:5)."

"Paul told Timothy to turn away from those churches, but people are drawn to them because they ease their conscience. The churches are putting up a "front" to speak. Jesus had them in His day, **Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! For ye are like unto whited sepulchers, which indeed appear beautiful outward, but are within full of dead men's bones, and of all uncleanness.** (Matthew 23:27)."

"The biggest fighters of Jesus' ministry in His day were the religious sect, and that is the biggest fighters of this ministry, the "so-called religious". If people want Heaven they will be doers of the Word, not hearers only."

Mark was processing all this and he did not doubt one word. He knew what this man had told him was true. Not because he said it, but because the Word of God proclaimed it.

The Pastor revealed another scripture to Mark, **For the time will come when they will not endure sound doctrine; but after their own lusts shall they heap to themselves teachers, having itching ears; and they shall turn their ear from the truth, and shall be turned unto fables.** (II Timothy 4:2,3).

"This is why people choose these preachers in this late hour. They give them what they want to hear, not what they *need* to hear."

The Pastor went on to tell the difference between happiness and pleasure. "Most people today do not have genuine happiness. They place their desires on pleasures mistaking that for happiness. When they grow bored they just move on to the next pleasure."

"It is not that way for those in Christ Jesus. If they are rooted in Him they have happiness no matter the circumstances."

Mark told of how Ingram preached that God is love and would not destroy people. He told of how he said there is no flame in hell.

"That is how the devil has deceived so many today. He has had them look at the love of God only, believing it will cover their wickedness just so they believe in Him. They do not realize God can hate just as much as He can love."

Lambert opened the Bible once again. "The Bible states God will not tolerate refusal of His truth forever, **Turn you at my reproof: behold, I will pour out my Spirit unto you, I will make known my words unto you. Because I have called, and ye refused; I have stretched out my hand, and no man regarded; but ye have set at nought all my counsel, and none of my reproof: I will also laugh at your calamity; I will mock when your fear cometh** (Proverbs 1:23-26)."

Lambert closed his Bible and looked at Mark. "Does that sound like *all* love to you?"

"No, I suppose not. I want to find God, but I am afraid my dad will think I have gone crazy." Mark feared.

Pastor Lambert shot a strong response at Mark. "It is up to you, Mark. You can either please people and go to hell, or please god and go to Heaven. **Wherefore come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing; and I will receive you** (II Corinthians 6:17)."

They talked a little while longer when Mark brought up his cancer diagnosis. "I did not feel sick all day yesterday until last night."

"The sicknesses and diseases of this world came from the devil." Mark could feel God dealing with him.

"The devil backed off with the sickness yesterday in hopes you would not be here tonight. Then last night God allowed the sickness to come back to show you really are sick."

Lambert stood up from leaning on his desk. "You need the Lord, you need to give your life to Him. If you give your life to Jesus tonight, He will use the same Divine Blood for your body as He will use to cleanse your soul."

Mark began to weep and Pastor Lambert led him in the Sinner's Prayer. He felt that same peace Gregg had felt earlier. He felt new and clean.

Pastor Lambert laid hands on him and prayed. "Jesus has healed you, go back to your doctor and he will confirm it."

Mark was overjoyed and praising God. The praises flowed until another language pushed from down deep within. He received the Holy Ghost Baptism spoke of in Acts **And they were all filled with the Holy Ghost, and began to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave the utterance.**(Acts 2:4).

Mark came that Sunday night as a doubter, but he left a true believer. Mark knew his life would never be the same again.

Chapter 5: V

V

Mark and Gregg left the church in jubilation. Mark had told many about his miracle and his conversion in the parking lot; including Charlie. Charlie was so happy for Mark and was glad he gave his heart to God.

They could not wait to get home and tell their father about the service they had just sit through and the miracles they had witnessed. It seemed the whole way home that was all they could talk about.

They pulled up to their father's home which was fenced in and guarded twenty-four hours around the clock. The entrance was marked with a huge silver chrome M for Mcfadden; (of course). The Gatekeeper allowed their entrance upon recognizing them and they pulled into the circular driveway.

They got out of the car and Mark felt like he was skipping his way up the long flight of stairs that led to the large double doors; also marked with an M, only this one was twenty-four karat gold.

They walked into their father's study where he was pouring him a glass of booze over ice; (the world called them rocks with alcohol).

"Where you boys been?" Oliver demanded. "I have been calling you all night."

"We were at church!" Mark exclaimed quickly.

"Church, I didn't realize Ingram was having a service tonight."

"We didn't go there." Gregg responded. "We went to the Upper Room church."

Oliver put his glass down, a little dazed. "You have to be kidding me." Then a thought came to him and he thought he had it figured out. "I get it; you went to get a good laugh, right?" Oliver said bumping Gregg's arm and smiling.

"No, we went for Mark's sake; at first." Gregg answered.

Gregg told his father of Mark's cancer and the details of the service. They waited for his response when they told of the eyeball appearing in the man's empty socket. He remained emotionless; to their surprise.

When Gregg was finished he and Mark remained still, awaiting their father's reaction. They did not have to wait very long.

Oliver slung his now empty glass against the wall and it shattered into pieces. Juanita came rushing in, but Oliver ordered angrily for them to be left alone.

"You know, I thought I had raised two intelligent boys, but obviously I failed somewhere along the way!" Oliver was now showing how he felt about the whole ordeal.

"Your mother would be disgusted if she were alive today." Oliver continued his rant. "She raised you in the Church of Tomorrow and here you are following some crack pot out for your moneyâ ¦"

Mark interrupted. "Have you seen Pastor Lambert's home? He lives in a humble home and Ingram lives in a mansion ever bit as big as this one."

"I don't care what kind of home that charlatan has, he has duped you two that is for sure!" Oliver seated himself down at his nearby desk and settled his nerves before he continued.

"Here is what is going to happen. The first thing tomorrow morning I am contacting a therapist for you both. It will be on the hush so the press doesn't catch wind of this." He turned his attention to Mark.

"Then we will get you a different doctor, Mark."

"I am not going to any therapist." Mark corrected.

"Well, how about honor thy father and mother, isn't that one of the Ten Commandments?" Oliver was trying to use the Word to his benefit.

Mark let out a laugh, "It is funny you quote that, now. You never considered them before."

Mark was shocked at Mark's newfound boldness. Mark had this because he had received the same Baptism that the disciple Peter did. Peter had that same boldness; the one who at one time denied Christ three times and was headed for hell till he sought the forgiveness of Jesus. Mark now had that fire from on High.

"I love you, but I won't associate with those that defile my God or defile my church. When you talk against the ministry it is the same as talking against Jesus Himself."

That really stirred the devil up in Oliver and made him all the more wrathful. "You go right ahead and do what you want, but *I* won't be the laughing stock of this community. I am an important person; unlike this Lambert. I am constantly watched by the media."

Then Oliver said something that shocked Gregg through and through. "If either of you make the decision to follow this nut, I will be forced to disinherit you."

"Father, you can't be serious!" Gregg interjected.

Mark; to Gregg's surprise, smiled. "It's alright, I'll be leaving now."

Mark was outside when Gregg caught up with him. "Don't pay any attention to him, he is just upset. He will come around in time."
"That may be," but Mark looked doubtful, "but if I were you I would leave here before the devil uses him to manipulate you from the truth."

Mark walked to his car he had left when he rode with Gregg. He knew deep down his dad was probably beyond changing. He was sad, yet he was glad he had won the victory over him and the devil.

Gregg watched as Mark drove away. He shook his head and went back inside to talk to his father, disregarding Mark's warning.

#

The penthouse elevator opened and Tony Esposito walked out with his newest wife; (his third in just six years). He was carrying his newest Emmy he had just won for another hit television show he had written.

Tony grabbed his wife around and held her in his arms. "How does it feel to be married to such an awesome writer?"

Nancy laughed, "Well, no one can say modesty is your strong suit."

"When you are this brilliant who needs modesty?" Tony said jokingly.

Nancy was excited for her husband of just one year. They had met when he was in Albany working on set on the television show. She fell for him and they were married quickly. They had moved to Los Angeles to be near his work. She had one misgiving; she had left her father and mother behind. The thought of them made her sad.

"What's wrong?" Tony asked.

"I was thinking of my family back home." She replied.

Tony took her hand, "I'll tell you what, soon I will have some time off and we will go for a visit."

Nancy grabbed his neck. "Really, that would be fantastic! I'll call and tell them."

She picked up the phone swiftly. It was three in the morning, but knew her dad would be up getting ready to go open the diner.

Soon she heard him pick up. "Hey dad, dad just got another television award. Did you see it?"

"No honey, I was at church." He passed off the award like it meant nothing to him. "Mark came to church tonight and gave his heart to God."

Nancy took a seat, feeling a little dizzy. "Mark, Mark Mcfadden?" She asked.

"Yes, he had cancer but God healed him."

Mark had been her ex-boyfriend. They had a nasty spilt before she was married.

"That is great, I guess." She assumed.

"You guess? It is a lot better than *some* television award. You have your priorities mixed up, you better find Jesus soon." Her dad pleaded.

They talked a while longer and then Nancy let her dad go so he could open the diner. She was a little unnerved over the call.

"How's old Charlie?" Tony asked.

"He is well, never better." She excused herself and went for a walk to clear her head.

Chapter 6: VI

VI

Dr. Jack Ingram went on compromising the Gospel; and the attendance in his services continued to grow. He preached endlessly about the love of God and how sin is acceptable in the eyes of God just so you believe in Him.

One afternoon Ingram ran into Mark at a local grocery store and asked him with a smile, "Where you been? I haven't seen you in my services."

Mark boldly proclaimed, "I have been attending The Upper Room church."

Mark was not surprised to see Ingram's countenance change; the same look was on his father's face so many months ago.

"I wouldn't go there." Ingram said with a sneer. Then the devil took him over and began to try and sway Mark with enticing words. "I believe he is a good man, don't get me wrong. He is misled and leading people the wrong way, though. God loves everyone, no matter what they do."

Mark recognized his haughty spirit and wanted to waste no more time on him. Mark began to speak to him, but it was the Spirit of God talking to the devils in Ingram through him.

"I know what you are up to and I rebuke you!" You have deceived this man, but you won't deceive me."

Dr. Ingram was flabbergasted as Mark simply turned his heels and walked away. He had never been talked to in such a way before.

#

Pastor Lambert continued preaching the truth without compromise, never bowing to the will of men. Mark admired him for this; (although his family confused admiration with idolization), Mark knew the difference.

The miracles at Upper Room Ministries continued to grow in abundance and magnitude. The ministry had been going over seas spreading the Word more often. There would be multitudes show up at the crusades. There was no way Pastor Lambert could lay hands on them all, but it did not matter. God is the healer; not man, and God proved it.

Many in the crowd would be healed as their faith grew while listening to the music and the messages. God would use Pastor Lambert to point out diseases and tell them how God was moving for them. Many may have doubted, but God doesn't use Lambert to point out people for the crowds benefit. It is for the individual being pointed out for they know Lambert knows nothing of them and their faith shoots up to get their miracle.

Many books began to be written by the prophet of God, explaining many mysteries not to be revealed until the time of the end. The Lord was indeed moving in a great way!

Mark was on the mission field in a crusade in Argentina when a woman came across the healing line. No one knew she was full of the devil and sent there to mock Pastor Lambert.

She stepped up to Lambert and declared in an unholy voice, "Who are you that God only works through you?" The woman demanded in arrogance. "Are we not all children of God?"

The power of God shot through Pastor Lambert and he did not seem like himself. "Who are you to question me, the Almighty, saith the Lord? I will use the vessels I choose to use. The enemy has sent you here to disrupt my Spirit. Now, you will disrupt no more."

The woman collapsed to her death and the sounds of the crowd gasping could be heard everywhere. Pastor Lambert had to get control of the service immediately.

"Please be not distressed for this woman was judged by the hand of God." Lambert proclaimed. "God will not continue to have His people swayed by deceivers talking against His true servants. This is what happened to Ananias and his wife Sapphira in the book of Acts chapter five. They died for telling one lie to keep the Church pure, and now in the end of the Church Age God will do it again."

Lambert went on to explain the situation. "This woman did not really want to be used by God. It happened with Miriam, the sister of Moses. She was foolish enough to ask the same question of him. **Hath the Lord indeed spoken only by Moses?** (Numbers 12:2). Miriam was jealous of how Moses was used by God, but she did not want to pay the price. God struck her with leprosy for seven days; holding up the walk through the wilderness.

"These gifts in my life were given to me by God because He chose me. I am a vessel God has chosen to pour his power through. I have no monopoly on the power of God, but few are willing to pay the price."

I have no life of my own; I spend hours in the presence of God for Him to use His gifts through me. I have sacrificed much to get where I am today. When my own family visits I do not get to spend time with them the way you would if your family visited you. They come for our Camp Meetings back home and I'll see them so little of the time they are there. God has given them understanding and they do not hold a grudge, as nor do I."

The Pastor looked toward Heaven, "I will do whatever He asks of me, never saying no. He gave His life that I may live, and He asks so little of me in return, relevantly speaking. My only goal in life is to win the lost, at any cost."

Pastor Lambert looked down at the woman they were preparing to move from the platform. "This woman died here tonight and opened her eyes in hell. In this hour what God has done in the past, He will do again. That goes for judgment, as well as blessings."

When the service had ended Mark returned to his motel room and prayed the night though for a world lost and dying without God.

#

Lilly Hardin was about to take the stage in Houston, Texas for her first performance since signing a million dollar contract with a record label. She had more money than she knew what to do with, yet her grandmother often crossed her mind.

Her friend; Tabitha Wilkins, was traveling the tour with her. She was so proud that Lilly's dream had finally come true. Lilly had promised to take Tabitha with her when she made the big time, and she held true to her promise.

Tabitha stood there behind the curtain waiting to step out, but her mind was clearly burdened. Tabitha knew by looking at her face why.

"Your grandmother on your mind, again?" Tabitha asked.

"Yeah, I just wish she could see things my way and understand why I am doing this." Lilly responded.

"Well, I'll give her credit; she sticks to her guns when it comes to that religion stuff." Tabitha stated. "Give her time, she will come around."
Lilly looked very uncertain. "I don't think so. She is stronger now more than ever about God. Every time I talk to her that is all she talks about is me getting *right* and how the end is near."

Tabitha rolled her eyes. "Yeah, every flaky religion claims that in some way. Take the Mayan Calendar hoax we just had." Tabitha went on dishing out her opinion. "I don't believe in God, but if He were real, I don't think He would send someone to hell for singing."

"You are right." Lilly agreed. "Maybe one day she will see it my way."

Just about that time her name was called. The red curtain rose and she stepped out to what she had always wanted, a roaring crowd screaming her name. The thought of grandma soon passed as she strummed her guitar and sang for the thousands.

#

Tony and Nancy were getting packed for they soon would be heading to the airport to see her parents. Nancy was excited; but Tony was apprehensive to say the least.

"I hope your parents don't go on and on about that church, wanting us to go." He said.

"Don't worry about that, I'll make up some excuse. Just ignore all that talk. I don't know why they ever got involved in that place."

"When I first met your father I thought he was a sensible man that was until he started talking that end of the world bit." Tony reasoned.

Nancy went on to make sense of her father. "Yeah, it is probably just something he is wrapped up in for now. It will soon pass, I'm sure."

"I hope so," Tony agreed, "I have planned on bringing them out here sometime and take them around Hollywood and show them a real good time."

Nancy let out a laugh. "Hang in there, Honey. The way my dad used to watch movies he will be begging for Hollywood tours soon."

Chapter 7: VII

VII

A little over a year had passed since Mark McFadden's conversion. He had been blessed with a great job in the ministry while the world was going through troublesome economic times. He did not have all his wants, but God had met all his needs.

Mark had settled in his black leather recliner at home, having his Bible study time. He knew the President of the United States was giving his State of the Union Address and he wanted to see what he had to say about the state of America. He finished up reading and turned the television on in time to see President Rodriguez step up to the podium to the roar of applause.

President Albert Rodriguez was a man of forty-two with black hair and well built. He was now in his second term and was the country's first minority President. He had made many promises but had come through on none of them so far. He was always grinning and trying to make the nation believe he was in control, all the while he had just as many answers to the world's problems as they did.

President Rodriguez waived his hands with the signal to calm down. He had the same look of having a firm grip on the situation, but Mark noticed some dread behind his eyes.

"My fellow Americans, I come before you tonight with unsettling news. The Unemployment rate has reached nearly fifteen percent and the job market is failing. We had hoped by cutting back on military expenses and pulling soldiers out of other countries we would see improvement, but that has not been the case."

He picked up a glass near him and sipped some water as he was preparing to send the most shocking news this nation had heard in years.

"The Social Security Department has been bankrupt for quite some time. We can no longer afford to keep it running. Those already receiving benefits will continue to do so, but many will suffer pay cuts. Those fifty and under will no longer be eligible for benefits."

He continued, "The college funds as well as many welfare cuts will be performed, the application process will now be much stricter."

Mark continued watching as the President told of all the cut backs the country would make. He listened as reporters frantically asked questions of him, that he himself had no answers for. He delivered every response with a trained smile easing their fears, smoke and mirrors he had been taught.

He soon ended the night with a request, "May God be with us all." The statement turned Mark's statement. They had no idea of what was soon coming, but God no longer tolerates ignorance of his Word **And the times of this ignorance God winked at; but now commandeth all men every where to repent** (Acts 17:30).

Mark felt for those in the days ahead. He knew times would be tough and pitied the shape the world was in, but knew the Lord would protect him.

This was why God was not dealing with America as a whole any longer and the ministry was going to other countries. The U.S. had spit in the eye of God repeatedly. They have a church on what seems like every corner and a Bible in every home, yet they refuse the truth.

Many went to bed that night shaken and disturbed, but not Mark. He went to sleep in peace with Jesus.

#

Mooney Lane had gone to sleep that night in a drunken stupor, but this was not anything new to him. It was the way his night had retired so many times since the fatal accident of his wife and nine year old daughter. His former job of a detective for the Washington D.C. police department had been stripped from him due to incompetence brought on by booze.

The only thing that remained was a short, stocky man in his late fifties with a curtain of gray hair wrapped around the back of his head. The smell of his trash filled living room reeked of body odor for he had not shaved nor bathed for days.

He had listened the night before to the President ramble on about how bad the country was; all the while smiling about how he would fix it. Mooney had passed out long before he was finished speaking.

His wife had been a Christian, as he was at the time of the accident. However, since then Mooney had turned his anger toward Heaven. He blamed God for the mess his life had turned into. In his mind he could not serve a God who would take his family from him as candy from a baby.

He was awakened the next morning much earlier than usual. It was ordinarily noon before he awoke, but it was seven and he met the world head on with a miserable attitude.

He wasn't awakened by sunlight or the nuisance of an alarm clock; (for since he was fired he refused to use one), that brought him out of his half-drunken state. He heard terrible screeching and screaming coming from outside the walls of his home.

He stumbled down the stairs to his front door to see what all the commotion was about. The door opened and revealed people screaming and running all over the street and people's yards. Mooney expected to see a bomb had exploded or a terrorist officiated act, but not a hint of that was in the air.

He spotted a woman about to run by him in his front yard; she was hysterical. Mooney grabbed her by her arm to get her attention.

"What is going on?" Mooney inquired.

The woman turned to him in unbelievable terror; she was clearly in shock. "My babies, they are gone!"

Mooney thought the world had gone crazy; but he was wrong. The world

was facing an event foretold in the Holy Scriptures. The truth they had blatantly spit in the face of they were now being forced to face; for the moment. **For this we say unto you by the word of the Lord. That we which are alive and remain unto the coming of the Lord shall not prevent them which are asleep. For the Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voce the archangel, and the trump of God: and the dead in Christ shall rise first: Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: so shall we ever be with the Lord.** (I Thessalonians 4:15-17). **Therefore be ye also ready; for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh** (Matthew 24:44).

#

Tony awoke and found that his wife was missing at his side. They were in town visiting her parents and they were returning home that day. He could not wait to make a gracious exit.

Nancy's parents could not hold a conversation very long without hearing "Bible talk" and he had had enough. He felt he had heard more Bible in this house in the past week than in all his years of Catholic school. He had not had a chance to tell him about the deal he had made with a big name director to write a script. It seemed like their God was all they cared about.

Nancy's father, Charlie, had tried dealing with him about his soul. He talked of how when God gave His Son Jesus on Cavalry He gave *all* His love. He told of how when God made Adam and Eve, even then He had not given all His love. Charlie told Tony that when God gave Jesus, He gave His whole heart.

Tony remembered how two nights ago Charlie had looked into Tony's eyes with tears rolling down his face. "If you do not accept the sacrifice of God; Jesus, and live holy, you will not enter Heaven. God has nothing else to offer for sin, he gave His whole heart. What else could He possibly offer?"

Tony felt like he could be persuaded and almost asked to find God, then he came to his senses. He realized he could not be bothered with that, now. Someday, he might accept this Jesus he speaks of, but not today. Today he had to get back home and start writing on his next screen masterpiece.

Tony entered the living room to find Nancy sitting on the couch, glued to the television with a look of worry on her face. Tony was surprised Charlie and Liz weren't up, they were usually early risers. There was two mornings Charlie beat the roosters out of bed.

"Your parents are still in bed?" That is shocking, to say the least." Tony assumed.

"They aren't here, Tony." Nancy replied.

It was noticeable to Tony that she had been crying. The sounds of panic in the street made its way toward his ears, and he knew something was wrong.

Tony began to pace the floor and look out the windows. He could see people running everywhere. The sweat began to bead up on his head.

"What is all this, Nancy?"

Nancy directed him to sit down beside her on the couch. "You may want to watch the news. They are at commercial break at the moment."

Tony was a little unnerved with her response, but set down beside her just the same. She put her arm around him for comfort as the anchorman appeared on the screen.

'Ladies and Gentlemen, I don't even know where to begin." The anchorman was clearly rattled. This morning around six o' clock millions vanished from planet earth. It appears every country has been affected by the disappearances.

The tears began to settle upon the man's eyelids when one broke free and silently slid down the man's face. "It is mostly children and babies that are missing; including my eighteen month old daughter. My wife has gone hysterical to the point she may have lost her mind. She just sits there in her rocking chair, rocking and looking at an empty baby blanket. She pleads for her daughter's return."

He looked up and you could tell someone was talking to him. He grinned and shook his head, "I don't care now, Barry."

The man made a startling announcement that no one expected, not even the news station. He reached in his jacket and pulled out a form.

"This is my resignation. I do not feel I can go on telling the news. I no longer have the desire; it died when my daughter vanished."

He laid the form on the news desk and reached in his jacket one more time. He pulled a pistol this time. He turned toward the camera and made his final statement.

"My final news story for you is this." The man looked into the camera with such sincerity, like the show just went on. "News Anchor ends it all today."

He then placed the barrel in his mouth and looked at the camera one last time. The next sound was the pistol and the camera went red. He thought his suffering was over, but hell awaited him.

Tony sits there in utter amazement, he could not write a story as bizarre as this. Nancy broke down and buried her face in her hands, weeping forcibly.

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