

Seven Years Until Eternity  
The Rise of the Antichrist

## **Seven Years Until Eternity**

The Rise of the Antichrist

by Benjamin L. Reynolds

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ISBN-10: 145381583X

ISBN-13: 978-1453815830

Printed in the United States of America

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## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

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My special thanks go to Chrissy Siggee, [www.chrissysiggee.com](http://www.chrissysiggee.com) for her assistance given to Seven Years Until Eternity: The Rise of the Antichrist. Her re-write and presentation has given character to this end time's novel and an easier read for the reader.

Thanks also to Greg Baker, for his part in the technical process and the creativeness and expertise that went into the new book cover. His website can be found at [www.elegantelephant.net](http://www.elegantelephant.net).

I hope you enjoy the new presentation of Seven Years Until Eternity: The Rise of the Antichrist.

Benjamin

## TABLE OF CONTENTS

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Prologue	6
Chapter 1 - The Deal	11
Chapter 2 - Survival	39
Chapter 3 - Project Wilderness	46
Chapter 4 - With a Wave of His Hand	72
Chapter 5 - Let's Make a Deal	78
Chapter 6 - The Covenant	84
Chapter 7 - Say Goodbye	92
Chapter 8 - The Farm	95
Chapter 9 - The World at War	105
Chapter 10 - Touched by an Angel	111
Chapter 11 - Too Close to Stop	115
Chapter 12 - Spreading the Gospel	118
Chapter 13 - Angels on Assignment	129
Chapter 14 - Egypt	142
Chapter 15 - Decisions	150
Chapter 16 - For Better or Worse	160
Chapter 17 - The Stage is Set	168
Chapter 18 - Show Me the Way	175
Chapter 19 - War in Heaven	188
Chapter 20 - Embracing the Darkness	199
Chapter 21 - The New Religion	209
Chapter 22 - The Messiah	222
Chapter 23 - Wounded	230
Chapter 24 - The Awakening	241

Chapter 25 - The Mark of the Beast	247
Chapter 26 – Decisions	256
Chapter 27 – Deceived	263
Chapter 28 - I'll See You in the Rapture	280
Chapter 29 – Paradise	294
Chapter 30 - The Witnesses	302
Chapter 31 - The Gathering	320
Chapter 32 - Babylon is Fallen	325
Chapter 33 – Armageddon	329
Epilogue	343
Endnotes	345

## PROLOUGE

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From looking at the boy, you would have never guessed that he was going to become the antichrist. Nassir Ibrahim Berzovsky was born in Haifa, Israel, to a Jewish mother and Turkish father. As a child, he was bright and inquisitive, especially in matters related to politics and war. His parents had never married. He spent a lot of time flying between Israel and Turkey and grew up mostly under the care of his mother because his father, Muhammad Ibrahim, always seemed to be traveling around the world on business. Nassir's mother died when he was fifteen years old and his upbringing was taken over by his mother's sister but the young man was too rebellious and strong willed for his aunt and her husband. He was constantly getting into fights with other Jewish kids because of his Muslim heritage and his Muslim first name. A year later he was sent to Turkey to be raised by his father for some much needed discipline and guidance. His aunt knew Nassir was a bright young man and just needed the proper direction and guidance.

Too busy with his own life of world travel and building his growing telecommunications business, Muhammad Berzovsky quickly discovered that he didn't have time for his son. He sent the boy away to a prestigious military academy in Turkey for his high school education. Within

the academy environment, Nassir began to excel and show signs of promise. He quickly discovered that he loved all things military and was especially gifted in areas of strategy and command. For the first few years he consistently led his classmates to victory over their upperclassmen in mock war games. The same was the case when his class participated in computer simulated war games. Whether he commanded naval, air force or army units, Nassir managed to lead his team to stunning victories.

He also had an uncanny ability to manipulate people at whim. He often talked his way on and off campus with ease to obtain items prohibited by the school. Video games, magazines and movies, even outlawed items; Nassir was able to use his influence to receive favors for himself in return. His natural charisma, brilliance and tendency to share his accolades with others who were loyal to him, made Nassir extremely well-liked. As his popularity grew so did his immense allegiance from his peers. He charmed the school staff with both his intelligence and panache. They nicknamed him Prince Nassir, because they said he won battles and led his men like an Arab prince.

Additionally, he scored high marks in all of his classes while his yearly IQ tests were continually off the charts. Everyone knew he was headed for great things. They also knew what he really wanted: to one day be in command of the Turkey's armed forces—the sixth largest military in the

world. To prepare himself for leadership, he had studied military leaders like Alexander the Great, Julius Caesar, Hannibal, Saladin and Napoleon. Nassir believed that he was as good as or even better than the greats and he was determined that one day he would prove it.

After graduation Nassir chose to attend the Turkish Military Academy in Ankara. With high marks, being selected as valedictorian of his class and glowing recommendations from nearly all of the officers on the school staff, he was easily accepted. He continued to excel and gain influence with his peers and school staff. As the years went on, he showed his proficiency as a naturally gifted leader and military thinker. When other cadets went home on holidays, Nassir stayed at school and used the time to study. When other students and staff returned back to school from holiday, they often found him in the library with books open around him and endless pages of hand written notes. He was relentless in his studies and pursuit of absolute excellence. Nassir graduated from the Turkish Military Academy as class valedictorian with honors enabling him to choose a career path of his choice.

Muhammad was extremely proud of his son and knew that he was on the fast track to political stardom. Several of his close friends had been watching Nassir's development over the years, so he and several others managed to use a combination of business contacts and bribes to get Nassir posted to the Southeast command in Turkey where he would have a better chance for career advancement. This



assignment would definitely jump start Nassir's career, since he was practically guaranteed to see military action in the Southeast region of Turkey and have the opportunity to distinguish himself by helping to defeat anti-government rebels.

The government of Southeast Turkey, ruled mostly by the military elite, was bent on wiping out the Turkish Workers Party rebels. The Turkish government had banned Kurdish political parties. The Kurdistan Worker's Party (PKK) separatist movement had been banned in 1990. As a result, the PKK responded in 1992 with violence, announcing a war on the government which would instigate an uprising campaign with the intention to provoke Turkish military intervention, reprisals and human rights violations. Even back then, the Turkish military was large for a country its size. This was due to global instability and the wars being fought around the world. Since then, the military had grown even larger and was now even more determined to end this insurgency as well as radical Islam. The insurgency campaign was exactly what Nassir needed to make a name for himself.

Nassir advanced to the rank of Captain in the Turkish Gendarmerie. His responsibility was to maintain order during peacetime in rural areas not under regular military forces. His unit was stationed in Diyarbakir in Southeast Turkey, near the Tigris River, and was assigned to take part in the new campaign the government had announced to put

down the PKK insurgency there.

# 1

## THE DEAL

---

It was during the insurgency campaign in 2012 when Captain Nassir Ibrahim met the love of his life, Narissa Elam. Narissa had been sent as a reporter for World News Network to interview Nassir about the campaign.

Nassir had learned that Narissa had been born in London to a black Christian father and a white Jewish Mother. Her long, flowing black hair, olive green eyes, light bronze skin, and her charming English accent, claimed his full attention. Narissa was the most beautiful woman he had ever seen.

Narissa, too, was mesmerized by this handsome six-foot-four, athletically built specimen of a man; his stern, dark features with bronze skin, dark wavy hair and deep blue eyes that somehow drew her in.

“Ms. Elam,” Nassir spoke with an air of authority. “I was told we have an interview.”

Narissa broke from her trance with a start. “Yes, we do.

Thank you so much for your time, Captain Berzovsky. My name is..."

"I know who you are, Ms. Elam. Please, I do not have much time. Let us get started. As you know, my men and I are very busy and we have much to do here."

"Yes...well, sorry for the interruption." She hesitated momentarily. "Your English is very good, Captain. They told me that I wouldn't need a translator, but I still thought that..."

He raised his hand, palm out. "Yes, I speak six languages, all fluently. As I said, I do not have much time. Let us just get this over with so that I can return to my duties."

"I'm sorry, Captain, maybe we got off on the wrong foot. I don't mean to inconvenience you, but I'm just a reporter here to do an interview that your government approved. The world wants to know what..."

He interrupted her again. "What abuses and human rights violations are taking place, right? They are terrorists, Ms. Elam. No more, no less. We are here to stop them so that you people can continue to have your freedom of the press. You people in the western media sympathize with these terrorists so that you can have a nice story for your six o'clock news bites, right?" He continued before she could react. "Do you know what will happen if we do not stop them and if these people are allowed to win? Do you remember the Taliban in Afghanistan? That is what they would like to do here, Ms. Elam." The words poured out continuously, keeping the reporter jotting notes as fast as

her beautiful hands allowed. “Well,” he persisted with strained discipline. “I can assure you that we, here in Turkey, will stand up to these radicals, even if we are the lone country in the Middle East to do so. We do not tolerate radicalism in politics or in religion.”

Nassir’s manner and narrative became intense. He became angry when he saw that the news reporter was standing there smiling at him. “We want peace and prosperity. That is my job, Ms. Elam, to ensure the peace of my country—as well as yours.” He stared into her dancing eyes and forced a frown. “Do you think this is amusing? What do you think these people would do with someone like you if they caught you today?”

She leaned over his desk to look into *his* eyes. “Well, what would you do with me?”

His mouth dropped open wide. He was speechless. The only thing he could focus on was her eyes; her beautiful, smiling eyes. He grinned uncontrollably before allowing himself to laugh. He sat down and leaned forward in his chair. He shifted his line of vision to take in her pink smiling lips. “I am sorry. You got me, Ms. Elam.”

She sat down in the stiff backed chair opposite Nassir and leaned back. “Lighten up. You take things too serious, Captain. Let’s start over again. I’m Narissa Elam from WNN.”

“Yes ma'am, you certainly are.”

From that moment on, they were in love.

Six months later, Nassir Berzovsky had all but wiped out the PKK in Southeast Turkey. In fact, he had been promoted to Colonel due to his spectacular military success. The speed and surprise that he used to strike his enemies was astounding. He was a master at using spies and stealth to locate the rebels, and speed to move quickly to surround them, and with an overwhelming force, they were destroyed. His forces seemed to be everywhere at once, showing up in places no one thought they could be. When the PKK thought they were secure in the mountains and they could only be struck by cruise missiles and artillery, Nassir's Special Forces would sneak in, scale the mountains by night, and destroy their entire base by morning. He was deadly. He was daring, and he was always victorious. Soon, even the hardened PKK and radical Muslim groups began to lose heart fighting against his forces. Victories at Sirnack, Otlak and Uludere in Turkey, forced the enemy into northern Iraq. They withdrew believing that the Turkish military would not follow them there. They were wrong. Times had changed and the world was a different place.

The former superpowers of the United States, Britain and France no longer had the economic and military clout they previously did and chose not to interfere in global politics like they once did. Lack of money and changes in public opinion about foreign policy now kept their armed forces at home. Turkey was free to pursue the PKK

wherever they pleased. The recent global economic meltdown, huge national deficits and war weariness helped to usher in a wave of new political leaders in the world's democratic nations, who were elected on their campaign promises of keeping their countries out of wars that did not concern them. America and her allies had pulled out of Iraq in 2011 and left Afghanistan in 2012, causing both countries to degenerate into chaos. Nassir marched his troops into Iraq and soundly destroyed the PKK and a few other radical Muslim groups on the way, like Al Assam in Iraq and El Alaquin, who had decided to interfere.

With the additional military forces he had been given due to his earlier military victories, Nassir could have taken over the entire country. Zakho, Dahúk and Mosul in Northern Iraq, all fell quickly under his leadership. If it wasn't for the Turkish government stepping in to stop his advances, Nassir would have taken over the whole of Iraq. Nassir tried to argue that Iraq needed to be fully invaded to prevent a backlash of radical Islam from threatening Turkey, but Iran threatened to intervene. So, Nassir relented and gave in to the political leaders and withdrew his troops—for the time being. He swore silently that he would strive to be free of short-sighted leaders and one day return to finish what he had started. Before Nassir withdrew, his intelligence network tortured the enemy combatants they had captured and forced them to give up the names of the families of the leaders at the top of the PKK. He then ordered cruise missiles and Unmanned Aerial Vehicle

(UAV) drones to carry out attacks on their homes as well as ordering his special forces to carry out secret missions to kidnap and torture the family members of the PKK leadership.

The enemy wasn't used to this kind of unrestricted warfare. In the past, the western countries they fought with concentrated only on the men fighting. Nassir had no such limits and went after their friends, families and loved ones. Even the terrorist groups wondered, "Who can fight with such a man?" His unorthodox methods were enough to bring the PKK to the peace table. In seven months, the campaign was over. The military had predicted at least a year, maybe more to defeat the PKK. Not only had Nassir soundly defeated them militarily, but he had brought them to the peace table and instilled a deep fear into them and other potential insurgent groups. The politicians were pleased with the outcome and asked him to negotiate a trilateral treaty between Turkey, the PKK and Iran, who promised to no longer supply arms to terrorist groups in Turkey and Iraq. Nassir became a national hero and was becoming known around the world for what he had done. Time Magazine, US News and World Reports wrote articles on Nassir Berzovsky. With the fame and notoriety Nassir had achieved in Turkey and around the world, the Turkish military felt it wise to promote him to the rank of Brigadier General before the negotiations begun.

The WNN sent Narissa Elam to Ankara, Turkey for the peace negotiations. The world wanted to witness the



historical events, and an exclusive one-on-one interview with the Brigadier General would be a trophy in any reporter's career. It had been more than seven months since they last saw each other and he was overjoyed to see her again. Narissa easily convinced Nassir to assist her in gaining her prized trophy.

Narissa and Nassir kept in touch well beyond the interview through handwritten letters and his father's billion dollar Video Phone Mail invention, VMail. The world had embraced VMail and it had become Nassir's favorite method of communication. It was almost unheard of to write letters and send plain emails and although he spoke often to Narissa by VMail, he still enjoyed taking the time to write to her at the end of the day. He thought himself as a modern day Napoleon and Narissa as his Josephine. He was deeply in love with her and she was in love with him.

They scheduled dinner for the next day after the peace negotiations at the exclusive Al Qasin hotel in downtown Ankara. Nassir and his men arrived an hour early and took time to search the restaurant. He paced back and forth and straightened his collar and cuffs repeatedly. He has never felt this way about anyone in his life, except perhaps his mother. Military school had taught him to be stern, disciplined and only show emotion when needed to perform his duties. He never had time for a woman in his life until now and he looked forward to exploring his feelings.

When Narissa entered the restaurant he stepped forward to greet her. “Narissa, my love.” He took in her radiance. Her long white dress was drawn in at her tiny waist with a thin black belt. She wore white shoes and her hair was tied upwards with small white flowers threaded through it.

“Nassir, my prince.” She paused. “You do know that’s what they are calling you now—Prince Nassir. They’re calling you the prince of peace after getting Turkey and Iran to help bring peace to Kurdistan and Iraq.”

“Let us not talk about that, Narissa. We have not seen each other in so long. I just want to talk to you about you. You look beautiful. If I am the prince, then you will be treated like a princess today.”

He led her to their table and pulled out her chair.

“Nassir, you’re so sweet. Does the world know that this great military man has such a soft side?”

“No, they do not. That part of me is just for my dear Narissa. What they do not know is that while I have conquered men, you have conquered me.” He hugged her and then kissed her on the cheek.

She began to cry.

“What *is* wrong, my dear?”

“I’m so happy right now. I never thought that I would ever be so happy. You are like a dream come true, Nassir.”

He grasped her hand. “You as well, my love. Narissa, I

have missed you so much. Let us skip dinner and go to my apartment. It has been so long and I love you. We can..."

"Nassir! You know I am a Christian and I can't do that! I take my beliefs seriously. We have discussed this often on VMail."

They exhaled in unison. They looked briefly away from each other, then back again.

"Narissa, those are the old ways. I do not understand that..." He waved his hand in a circular motion.

"Nassir, you're a sweet man, the most wonderful man in the world, but there's a man that I love more than any other man. I love my God too much to do anything to hinder my salvation." She reached over the table, grabbed both his hands and gave him a sad and persuasive look. "Please understand that for me, Nassir."

"I know you love your Jesus, Narissa. You have told me that it is like you are married to him. I know you love him, but could you ever love anyone else as much as you love him?" He reached into his coat pocket.

"Nassir, you know I love you more than any man on this planet."

"Good, Narissa. That is what I wanted to hear."

He knelt on one knee.

"Nassir!" She exclaimed a little too loudly.

Nassir lifted the tiny box, smiled, took the ring out and placed it on her left ring finger. Narissa wiped fresh tears from her eyes.

"Narissa, I love you more than anything, more than life itself. I cannot spend another day apart from you. Will you

make me the happiest man in this world? Narissa, if you love me, then please do me the honor of being my wife.”

Narissa put her hands on her heart, stood up and stumbled backwards. “Yes, Nassir! Yes...One thousand times...Yes!”

He bent his other knee, reached out and pulled her close to him. He put his head on her stomach and hugged her. She put her hands on his on the top of his head.

“You have made me so happy, Narissa. I am the happiest man in the world. More than anything I have ever done, this has made me the happiest.” A tear began to roll down his left cheek. “Narissa, there is a Christian minister ready to...I have a church. My men are ready to...”

“Yes, Nassir. Let’s do it. I’m ready. I have been ready for you all my life.”

The restaurant erupted with clapping and shouts. The couple had been unaware of the other patrons staring at them before, but now they hugged each other and smiled as everyone there shared in their joy. Nassir was overjoyed.

Nassir signaled to Kassim, the head of his security, who nodded in reply, touched the transmitter button on his wrist and called the security detail outside. “It’s a go. We are exiting now.”

Narissa grabbed Nassir’s hand and said, “Come on, I can’t wait. Let’s go.”

“Narissa, my love, we have to wait for my men to give us the all clear signal...”

“Nassir, everyone loves you, they love us. Come on. I have waited over seven months to become Mrs.

Berezovsky. Remember what I told you when we first met?

“Yes, I do my love,” he smiled.

“Well, as I said to you then, lighten up. You take things too seriously. The sooner I become your wife, the sooner we can...”

“Kassim! We are leaving now!”

“But sir, we haven’t yet cleared the street...”

“KASSIM!”

“Yes sir,” Kassim lifted his transmitter. “Get ready, they are coming out NOW.”

Narissa grabbed his hand and pulled him toward the restaurant door. The patrons in the restaurant were all smiling and cheering. It was a beautiful moment.

Nassir's convoy of three Hummers waited outside. There, too, were the photographers and reporters. They had heard that the “Prince of Peace” was in the building with a woman. Everyone wanted to know who the mystery woman was. The street was crowded and Nassir and Narissa needed the help of the military security to push through to his vehicle. In the commotion and yelling around them came the shout from a man near the front of the crowd.

“Allah Akbar! THERE WILL BE NO PEACE!”

Kassim heard the man, drew his pistol and turned to the sidewalk on their right to fire.

The man's hand was already on the detonator trigger.

Kassim yelled to the guards and drew his pistol. “Protect the general! Get him out now!” Kassim bellowed,

and fired at the man.

Two guards quickly grabbed and pushed Nassir back through the hotel doors, onto the ground and then lay on top of him.

“Narissa! Narissa! Let me go!” Nassir protested. “Where is Narissa?”

The explosion was loud. It shattered the hotel windows and turned two of the Hummers over. Nassir pushed the guards off him and rushed outside. He found Narissa under several people. She was covered in blood and barely breathing.

“Narissa, my love. Do not die!” He began to sob. “NARISSA!”

Slowly she opened her eyes and looked up at him. “Na...Nassir...”

“Yes...yes, my love. I am here for you.” He buried his face in her neck.

“Na...Nassir.” She could barely speak and blood spurted from her mouth when she coughed. “Nassir, please forgive them. You have to forgive them.”

He lifted his face toward her and looked at her bruised and bleeding appearance. Furiously, he rebuked her. “Forgive them? Look what they have done to you. They are all animals! Oh, my love. How can I forgive them? No! I...I cannot...I...they must...”

“Nassir, please...promise me that.”

“No Narissa! No...I will not!” He shouted into a group of blood spattered guards and people that had formed

around them.

His screams mingled with dry sobs and didn't hear the approaching paramedics.

"Sir, you have to get back and let us help her."

Nassir grabbed one of the paramedics by the collar of his coat. "You must save her. Do you hear me?" he pleaded. "You cannot let her die."

"Sir, we will do our best."

"Your best is not good enough." He released the man and sat back beside the love of his life. "This woman cannot die. Do you hear me?"

"Yes sir, we understand."

The two paramedics worked furiously on her. Nassir's guards came and joined him on the blood stained roadway. One of them spoke quietly to Nassir.

"Sir, we have to leave now. It's not safe here and your servant, Kassim, has also been wounded..."

Nassir's head jerked toward the voice and looked the man straight in the eyes. "We are not going anywhere until they save her." He unsuccessfully brushed debris off his uniform.

"But sir, they are trying to *kill* you."

"They cannot kill me. They cannot kill Nassir!" He stood up. "DO YOU HEAR ME? DO YOU COWARDS HEAR ME? You will NEVER kill Nassir!" He shook his fists in the air.

One of the paramedics suddenly spoke. "We have a pulse. She's breathing—but barely. We have to get her to the hospital."

At that moment a Special Forces troop arrived with a special security detachment for Nassir.

“I will ride with her and you will escort us there,” he told the sergeant who had just arrived.

“But, sir, we have orders to...”

“Do you know who I am? You will do as I say, now!”

“Yes, sir. As you have ordered. To the hospital! Hurry, on Prince Nassir’s orders.”

They arrived at Al Saladin hospital within five minutes where the staff was ready to receive them. Narissa was whisked down the hallway to the operating room immediately. The doctors tried to check Nassir for injuries, but one stare from him and they knew to step aside.

After two tense hours, the doctor came out to talk with Nassir. With bloodied hands, he pulled his mask down. “General, she is asking for you.”

“How is she? Will she live?” Nassir asked.

The doctor breathed heavily and looked at the floor, too afraid to speak.

“No. No. THIS IS NOT HAPPENING. Not now. Not today!”

“Sir...I...understand...but...there’s not much time. She is asking for you.”

Nassir pushed the doctor aside and walked into the room. He gently took her hand and caressed it. “Narissa, it is me, Nassir. I am here for you.”

“Nassir. I’m glad you are here.” She put her right hand



on his cheek. "I'm glad you're safe," she struggled to breathe. "They...they say..." Tears began to stream down from her pale cheeks.

Tears burned Nassir's eyes. "My love, I will not let you... I will find better doctors. It will not happen this way. This..."

"Nassir, can you do something for me?"

"Yes, my love. Anything you ask."

"Can you pray with me right now? Please."

He was surprised, but willing to give her what she wanted, considering the situation.

"Nassir, do you remember what we talked about before—about you becoming a Christian?"

"Narissa, please, not now. This is not the time..."

"Yes, Nassir, it's the perfect time. Please. Take my hand and pray with me. Promise me that you will get to know Christ...that you will go to church."

Tears streamed down his face. "Okay, I will pray with you to your God. I will ask him to save you. If he saves you Narissa, I will serve him. I will give him anything he wants from me if he saves you."

"Please, don't say that, Nassir." She sucked in air in short, painful gasps. "Please just promise me that you will get to know my savior."

"If he is your savior and saves you, I will. Nassir will serve Jesus Christ."

"Nassir, I want to see you again in heaven. I...I want you to be there with me."

"Please Narissa, do not say that! You cannot leave me.

You cannot leave Nassir!”

“Shhh...Calm down my love. She put her hand on his cheek again. Remember what I always tell you.”

“What is that, my love?”

The corner of her lips turned upwards. “Lighten up.” Her hand slid slowly down his face and into his hands. He looked up at the machines that began to beep loudly and the doctors and nurses came running. They worked on her for over ten minutes...then they stopped and drew back.

“No. This cannot be. NO!”

“5:23 PM. Time of death,” the doctor muttered. “We are sorry, sir. Her injuries...they were just too severe.”

Nassir simply stared at the doctor for a few moments before he backed up and walked away.

“They will pay for this. All of them! THEY WILL PAY!”

In the waiting room, Nassir was inconsolable. There were a lot of people coming to the hospital due to the bombing, but even though they knew it was dangerous for him to be there, his security men dared not speak to him. Another hour had passed before his father arrived.

“Father, what are you doing here?”

“My son, are you okay? I heard they tried to kill you.”

“Yes, Father, they...they killed Narissa; not me.”

“These people are animals. Their religion makes them mad. You promised them peace and look what they do.”

“I know, Father, and now they will pay.”

“Nassir, I...I have someone that I would like for you to

meet. He's a friend of mine."

"Please, Father...not now. I cannot..."

"No, no, it's not like that, Nassir. It's not like before. This is not business...it's more...personal."

"Not right now, Father. This is not the time."

"Nassir, it's the perfect time. This man will help you through this. Please, trust your father. Have I not always done what is best for you?"

"Yes, Father."

"Good. Then meet this man, my son. He has helped me and he will help you." His father placed his hand gently under his son's elbow. "Please, walk with me, Nassir."

Nassir rose stiffly and walked with his father down the hallway, toward the elevators. A special guard from hospital security met them at the elevator and took them up to the hospital roof where a man was waiting for them.

Nassir looked at his father. "Who is this man? What does he want with me?"

"Nassir, I told you. He is a friend who has helped me. He will help you too. Talk to him, Nassir. You will see."

The man was tall and handsome with Aryan features—blond hair and blue eyes. He was well dressed in an expensive, dark, pin-striped suit. He was just standing there, smiling. He opened his arms.

"Nassir, welcome. I have waited so long to meet you."

Nassir did not understand why, but he felt something warm when the man hugged him and gave him the traditional Arab kiss on both cheeks.

"Have we met before?" Nassir asked. "You...look

familiar.”

“I knew you when you were a child, Nassir. Also, I’m good friends with your father.”

Nassir turned around to look for his father, but he was gone.

“It’s just you and I right now, Nassir. I am sorry to disturb you under these wretched circumstances, but we have some things to discuss.”

“Things...to discuss? Do you know what happened to me out there today? There are people who must pay for what just happened. I have things to do.”

“Yes, Nassir, and there will be plenty of time for that. In fact, that is part of what I want to discuss with you. I can help you with that.”

“What do you mean? I do not need your help.”

“Oh, but you do, Nassir. You see, there are limits to what you can do and where you can go. How would you like it if I removed those restrictions?”

“What do you want? Who are you, anyway?”

“I want what you want, Nassir—power—power to destroy people like those who killed your beloved Narissa. Power to stop these god crazed fanatics...power to change this world.”

“And how will you do that?”

“With you, Nassir. From the time that you were born, you have been prepared to be a great leader of men. Your intelligence, your education, your positions, was all given to you so that you would be ready to lead this world one day.”

“This...world?”

“Yes, Nassir, I said this world—the whole world. This world needs a man like you; someone who is *fearless* and able to solve problems. The world needs a man of *action*.” The man punched his fist into the palm of his hand.

Nassir rubbed his chin and placed the other hand on his hip.

“You have felt this all your life, haven’t you, Nassir?” He leaned forward. “Yes, those feelings that you have felt that you were meant for something great, that you were better than those around you...well, guess what? You are!”

The man stepped closer, grabbed Nassir’s hands and stared deeper into his eyes.

“These hands will reshape the world.”

Nassir stepped back. “How can I trust you? I do not even know you. How do I know you can do what you say, or if I can trust you?” Nassir folded his arms and stood straight. “I can understand that you have helped my father make billions of dollars. Okay, wealth is one thing, but you are talking about changing the world.”

“Okay, Nassir. I know you are a man who believes what he sees. I understand that. Let me show you something. What we are going to discuss now is not for anyone but you and I to hear.”

The man turned his head and looked at each of Nassir’s five guards. As he looked at them, they all closed their eyes and slowly slumped to the ground.

“My men—what did you do to them?”

“They’re fine, Nassir. They’re just sleeping.”

“How did you do that? Who are you?”

“Do you really want to know?” he said with a grin. “Come now, Nassir, you know who I am. You know what I am. I guide men, I protect them. I make them better so that this world can be better. I have done this for many years now.”

“Who have you done this for?”

The stranger rotated and spread his hands in gesture. “Anyone and everyone who has let me.”

“Names? Give me names!”

“Alexander, I made him great. Napoleon, Caesar, Ghengis Khan, Attila. Anyone that is great, I have made him great.”

“These men are long dead. If that is so, then that makes you...”

“Very old...I do not die, Nassir. I exist. I exist for you.” He put his hand on Nassir’s shoulder. “I exist to make you great. Let me be your father and guide you. I have given men countries, nations, power and dominion. For you, Nassir, I will give you the world and all that is in it. And when we have taken all that is in this world, we will take another!”

Nassir was astonished but intrigued. He wanted greatness. He needed something to fill the void that was now in his heart from losing Narissa. This is what he wanted.

“Some in this world would call you...the Prince of Darkness, the Devil, Lucifer...a jinn. Is this who you really are?”

“Names...humph! That’s all they are. Some call me Lucifer, Son of the Morning. The truth is; I’m a *god*. It is not what they call me so much as it is what I do. They fear what they do not know. Do you wish to know me, Nassir? Do you want me to make you a god?”

“I need to know that I can trust you. Narissa told me that her Christ was god. Now you say that you are a god. Why should I serve you and not her god?”

“That’s easy. Her god let her die. Her god allows suffering and misery in this world. He does not have what I have and cannot do what I can do. You know his story. They killed him...and he’s dead. I am here before you now.”

Nassir walked a few steps and looked around the perimeter of the roof and to the city beyond.

The man continued. “Do you know that I offered him the whole world<sup>1</sup> as I’m offering it to you now? I even offered him the power to stop evil men. I wanted him to change this world...for the better. He refused me. He believed that he didn’t need my help and look at what he’s accomplished...nothing.” He stood closely behind Nassir. “His followers are weak hypocrites,” he went on. “They change nothing in this world. I can give you the power to change this world.”

Nassir turned and smiled. “How?”

“I was hoping you would ask that. Let me show you.”

There was a bright flash of light that nearly blinded Nassir. When he opened his eyes and slowly regained his

sight, he looked down and saw the city far below under his feet. As he looked above, he saw clouds and sky. He frantically stretched his arms out to try grab onto something—anything, but there was nothing to grab. Somehow, he was miles up above in the sky.

“NASSIR!” the man yelled across a space of ten feet.

“How did we get here? What has happened?” Nassir’s face was white with fear but his heart was exhilarated.

“You wanted to see what I could do for you and now you will. Look...there below.”

Below, Nassir saw Ankara, then Istanbul...all the major cities of Turkey. He saw the army, the air force and the navy.

“It will be yours, Nassir, they will serve you.”

Suddenly, it vanished and he saw the great cities of India; New Delhi, Mumbai, Calcutta and others. He saw their army, navy, and air force as well. He saw their people, the richest and wealthiest among them. He saw them in factories, in buildings, in businesses working hard.

“It will be yours, Nassir, they will serve you,” the man said again.

Again, it all vanished and the scene was replaced by great cities, wealth, riches and militaries of Russia, China, the European Union, and the South African Alliance. All the major world powers flashed before him. Each time he saw the great powers, the man would say, “It will be yours, Nassir, and they will serve you.”

Nassir could barely believe what he was seeing, but he knew he wanted it. When it was over, he was still there, in



the sky floating. He turned to the man whose face wrinkled with a toothy grin.

“I WANT IT! I WANT IT ALL!”

“What do you want, Nassir? Tell me.”

“I want the power, the glory, the honor, and the riches. I want it all!” he shouted again.

The man laughed enthusiastically.

“What must I do? What do you want from me? What must Nassir do for you?”

In an instant, the man had moved closer—within inches of Nassir’s face.

“You want this, you want all of this?”

“Yes! I want it all!” Nassir screamed.

The man laughed again.

“Please...pleeease tell me what do you want?”

“You, Nassir! I want you.” The man’s breath and voice changed to something foul and vile.

Nassir didn’t care. He only cared for what this man could give him.

“Yes. Anything that you ask of me, I will do it for you.”

The man threw his head back and laughed even louder and hideously.

“This, I ask of you, Nassir. Bow down and serve me and you’ll have all that you have seen. It is mine and I can give it to you.”

“Yes! Yes! I will serve you.” Nassir fell to his knees, repeating the words.

The man looked down at him. “You will do what?”

“I will serve you.”

“You will do what, Nassir?” the man asked louder.

“I WILL SERVE YOU, MY MASTER.”

“Yes....that is it. You will serve me. Rise, Nassir.” The man embraced Nassir’s shoulders with his hands.

“They will call you a prince. They will call you a king, but you’ll be even greater than these. There has never been anything like what you will become and there’ll never be anyone like you. The world will be yours...it will be ours. I will be their god and you’ll be their master and you shall be avenged of all your enemies. No one will be able to stand before you. No man, no god. I give you this power<sup>2</sup>. This is what I give Nassir for giving himself to me.”

Nassir smiled, held his arms high and breathed deeply, basking in the moment.

“Go, Nassir. Go into this world and take all that now belongs to you.”

“Yes, my master. I will not fail you.”

In a flash they were back on the roof of the hospital where Nassir’s guards began to wake up. “What happened? Sir, are you alright?”

“Yes, I am fine.” Nassir answered. “It is time for us to go.”

“Sir, what about that man? Where is he?”

“Do not concern yourself with him. He was not here for you, he was here for me.” He stopped in mid-step. “How is Kassim?”

The second-in-charge stepped forward. “His knee will need surgery but he will live.”

Nassir nodded. "And...if I know Kassim, he will be back with us soon. Now we leave."

As Nassir reached the ground floor and was leaving the hospital, a doctor came and asked him what he wanted done with Narissa's body.

"She is with her god now; let him take care of her."

88

"The master is back!" The large ogre that stood fifteen feet tall with green and yellowish skin screamed up to a very high wall. "Quickly, open the gate. The master is back!"

"Hello, Shakir. How are things?"

"Good, now that our lord has returned to us safely."

"Now, why would I not return safely?"

"No reason, master. There is no one greater than Lucifer in all the worlds. There is no one that could ever harm you."

"Quite right. Quite right. Now, you take care."

"Yes, my lord."

Lucifer was met at the gate by another large demon with brown and black scaled skin. "Welcome master, he is here, just as you asked."

"Take me to him."

As he entered the throne chamber, he was met by his second-in-command, Tar-shalá, who came running and then bowed.

"Where is he?"

35

“Jeqôn, come out! The master wishes to see you now!”  
Tar-shalá yelled.

A large demon with pinkish reddish skin and a face that resembled a pig came out to from a side door and Lucifer walked up the stairs to his throne.

“Jeqôn, I have a special assignment for you.”

“What is your bidding, Lucifer?” Jeqôn asked.

That instant, Lucifer became angry and rose up quickly, and began staring at Jeqôn. The demon grabbed his throat, began gasping and then fell to his knees. Lucifer stretched out his right hand and clenched his fingers into a fist as he began walking down the steps of his throne towards Jeqôn. The other demons in the room stepped back and began looking at one another. Several of the smaller ones ran away.

“Did you forget who I am?” Lucifer asked him. “Did you forget how to address your master? Who you think it is that you are standing before?”

“I’m sorry...I’m sorry, please forgive me, my master.”

“What did you say, filth?”

“Please forgive me...my lord and my master!” Jeqôn begged.

“That’s more like it!” He released his fingers and put his arms behind his back.

Several of the larger higher ranking demons began laughing. “We have business to discuss, you and I. We have our man now and our plan is coming together. Now it’s time for us to make our move. We don’t have much time left.”

“Sir, with all due respect and admiration for you, if God starts his plan, it will happen the way he wants it to. How will we...”

Jeqôn was knocked clear across the room and into a stone wall. Lucifer had hit him with a strong backhand fist.

“Don’t ever mention that name here. Understand? I am god here, not him!”

Because of the severity of the blow, Jeqôn could not answer, so he bowed his head down to show his approval.

“Good. Now we have an understanding. This is what we will do. You will go to our man, to Nassir, and possess those around him. I want no room for error. Take some of my angels and lead Nassir and those closest to him deeper into sin, depravity and wickedness<sup>3</sup>. Make Nassir forget that he has ever loved anything or anyone. As I recall, you were good at that once. Make him love me and what I can give him. When the time is right I will possess him. He is already mine but I’ll take control of all of him and I’ll stop the plan from happening. I’ll use Nassir to destroy his people so that it cannot happen. He is weak now; his love for the men of this world has never been lower. It will be just like in your time. We will get men to become so wicked that he will hate them and destroy this world again in his anger. But, this time, there will be no preacher to save them, no boat, nothing but us. Do you understand?”

Jeqôn nodded his approval.

Lucifer looked around and asked all of those around him, “Do you all understand?”

“Yes, master,” they all replied in unison.

Lucifer let out a vulgar laugh. “Good, then what are we waiting for? Go! Get started. We have a world to destroy.”

# 2

## SURVIVAL

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It was getting more and more difficult for churches to survive. Attendance at services around the world was declining as a new generation of people considered they were spiritual—but not religious. People felt that they no longer needed to go to churches in order to feel close to God. With the decline in attendance came the decline of income to pay building mortgages, rent and bills. It was especially bad in America; the supposed most Christian nation on the planet. Tens of thousands of churches were closing their doors or having their properties foreclosed. Many cities, states and counties had enacted laws that allowed them to tax church buildings and the contributions they received. Churches usually enjoyed tax-exempt status, but the huge local and federal budget deficits and economic crisis of the past twenty years changed all that.

Governments were looking for income from anywhere they could find it and churches became prime targets. Eventually, local and federal governments removed the

personal exemptions for donations to religious institutions for people filing their taxes. As a result, people donated less money to charity and church run organizations when they realized it could no longer be deducted on their taxes. Other countries, such as Canada and England, followed the United States and later passed similar laws. The straw that finally broke the camel's back was the bad publicity that churches were receiving. Sexual abuse scandals within the Catholic Church and other denominations were rampant. The lavish living and financial mismanagement in the ministries of high profile preachers, the rise of the false prophets and people claiming to be Christ<sup>4</sup> also turned many people away from Christianity. This was the great falling away that the Bible had spoken of.<sup>5</sup>

Some US senators trying to make a name for themselves began submitting legislation making it a hate crime for religious groups to condemn or speak against the lifestyles of any other group, race, or gender. The penalty for breaking this law was an automatic twenty-five years sentence in one of the new labor prisons. Free speech was not *free* anymore. One senator in particular, Senator Ronald Byrd (Democrat-New York), had made it his personal crusade to get this bill passed. He went on television, radio, internet and social media websites—anything to get his message out. He was being funded mostly by the newly established “All Peoples Party” that consisted of atheist, agnostics, gay rights groups...pretty much everyone that had an axe to grind against religious institutions. He was



also receiving considerable funding from wealthy unnamed sources, which he declined to mention, who could not be easily identified. Politicians were like sharks that smelled the blood (of the church) in the water and started coming in for the kill.

When the new bill, Byrd 25-3192 passed in the US Congress and Senate, millions in America hailed it as a new day. They blamed the religious institutions and religious rights as the reason for America's economic downturn, massive financial deficits and inflated defense spending which led to a financially drained American economy. They also blamed the religious institutions for having caused a decline of American prestige in the world because of what they labeled as years of pompous self-righteousness and imperialism. While Christianity was the main political enemy, they also blamed radical Islam for having changed America by causing vast resources to be dedicated to combating terrorism at home and abroad. Now, the All Peoples Party and other political groups like them around the world saw this as their chance to turn the tide on religion.

Many large corporations hid the fact that they were working with government officials to support Byrd 25-3192, because they were secretly investing in building labor prisons so that they could manufacture and sell their own cheap products. Politicians saw this as an opportunity to help spur the economy as well as help build much needed American military hardware in a cheaper way.

America was weak now, and so was Canada—America's biggest trading partner and neighbor. For years China held trillions of dollars of US debt in treasury bonds that were now due. The problem was that the US dollar was worth only a fraction of what it was twenty years previously. American and Chinese relations were tense now because millions of Chinese investors and corporations who had invested billions of dollars in government bonds needed their money and the United States government could no longer pay the promised amount trillions of dollars in interest. The American government for many years now had just been printing money that was not backed by gold to spend its way out of deficits rather than making unpopular spending cuts. As a result, the dollar became hugely devalued. The Chinese were now a global superpower and not to be taken lightly any more. They fully intended on coming to the rescue of their investors and making America pay what it owed them. It became a matter of saving face. Years of economic growth from cheap labor and exports made them the new United States. They now had over a dozen aircraft carriers, nuclear submarines, advanced tanks, aircraft, ballistic and cruise missiles with nuclear capability and they had the ability to put an army of tens of millions of men in the field with their 1.5 billion person population. They could project their power around the world now as they did when they invaded Taiwan in 2015. Although the US strongly protested the invasion, they were too weak to intervene. In 2017, China invaded and stabilized North Korea, then threatened and

bullied South Korea into doing nothing, which caused a nervous Japan and United States both to take notice. With their new economic and military clout, China had the bravado to demand that the United States turn over its gold reserves in return for the trillions that were owed in devalued Treasury bills or face an imminent threat of retaliation.

The US knew that China could not outright invade them because they still had a small number of nuclear ballistic missiles and nuclear armed submarines in service, so they refused. What the US government did fear was that China would take their cause to the United Nations and either form a military coalition against the United States or bring sanctions upon them. Having lost their own seat on the UN Security council several years ago to Turkey, invasion and sanctions were a definite possibility. And what could America do if either happened? The US economy was in shambles. The military was now small and far from what they used to be ten years ago. There was stagnant economic and technological growth and tens of millions of people were out of work, with no hope in sight. America was dangerously close to being a third world country. For the first time in over a hundred years, immigration to America had reversed and millions were trying to leave and immigrate to other more prosperous countries like India, China and Russia. What America needed now was more cheap labor to lower the cost of building its goods and products to build its economy and military industrial

complex back up to par. Politicians, military contractors and big business all agreed that labor prisons were the answer. When Byrd 25-3192 passed, corrupt judges and politicians made sure the new prisons were filled with religious believers, mostly Christians who chose not to hide their faith. Times had changed and the Constitution was all but ignored as human rights violations, civil liberties and due process of law were done away with in favor of political expediency.

Nassir saw a weakened America and less engaged England as his chance to revolutionize global politics. With the political situation the way that it was around the world, he knew that he could conquer less powerful nations and manipulate the few remaining powerful nations and no one would stand in his way. The new superpowers, Russia, India and China had their own issues with religious radicals and would not care if he attacked countries that embraced religion in their politics like many Middle East countries did. By now, the world was generally tired of all forms of Islam, whether it was radical or moderate. The decades of war on terror had many people angry at radical Islam and suspicious of moderate Islamic followers for not speaking out against their radical brethren. Nassir knew he could wage war in the Middle East and get away with it. He remembered how Hitler attacked Czechoslovakia and no one did a thing until it was almost too late. If he moved quickly, he would have the fame and glory that he was promised through waging war. Even with his rank of

Brigadier General, Nassir needed to find a way to get command of the whole army. To obtain this, he would have to somehow get control of the entire country.

Nassir and his powerful supporters began a secret public relations campaign within and outside of Turkey to boost his popularity and fame. His father reached out to his many business contacts around the world while Nassir reached out to some of Narissa's old media contacts at WNN and other media outlets. As he began to give more television, internet, radio and magazine interviews, people slowly began to idolize him. He had grown even more handsome and charismatic. He was also a naturally gifted speaker and a war hero. Regardless of what topic he approached, or was questioned on, he was extremely knowledgeable, well-spoken and well informed. People marveled at his intelligence and mastery of English, French, Spanish, Russian, Hindi, Arabic, as well as his native Turkish language. Nassir and his father made sure that the media always knew how, and where, to find Nassir to comment on various important situations in Turkey and the world.

# 3

## PROJECT WILDERNESS

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On September 17, 2022, after being asked his opinion numerous times and having been written about on the internet and magazines, Nassir gave a brief interview. This meeting boosted his fame and global prominence to new levels, especially when he spoke on the US/China crisis. Adding to the effect was his brilliant decision to have the interview at the Al Qasin Hotel where Narissa had been killed.

“General Berezovsky, as you know, China is threatening to invade the United States. They have gone to the U.N. Security Council to form a military coalition and to demand economic sanctions against the United States. What is your opinion of this?” A well-spoken Indira Patel of the Associated Press held a small tablet computer up to capture every word and facial expression of the great Nassir.

Nassir pushed out his chest and breathed slowly. This was to be his moment in the spotlight and he would milk it

for all it was worth. For thirty seconds he said nothing. He clenched his teeth and then looked directly into the outdated media invention the reporter chose for the interview.

“Let us be honest, Indira,” he finally said. “For a long time America has been an international bully, but this was not the fault of most of its great citizens. It was the corrupt leaders backed by religion crazed, morally superior and egotistical morons, seeking to dominate and democratize the world.” He paused for his opening statement to sink in. “Today, the leaders of America are trying to enact legislation and make strides toward reversing that perception of their country. They have prosecuted many of those former corrupt leaders and have begun enacting laws to keep religious overzealousness in check. On the other hand, China should be praised for the tremendous patience and restraint they have exercised thus far. The world must understand the position that China and their citizens are in. Much of the wealth and well-being of their citizens has been put in jeopardy by the financial irresponsibility of the previous American administrations. This wrong must be made right. As you know, I am a military man, but I believe wholeheartedly that this problem can be solved without a military solution. A military confrontation would only result in nuclear catastrophe for both nations. American and China have both contributed so much to our world and we need them both to continue to do this. With that in mind, I propose that the United States sign a treaty with China promising to give no less than five percent of its Gross

Domestic Product to China every year until their treasury debts have been paid off.”

The crowd was silent and waited for Nassir to continue. The reporter didn’t move. He waited.

“Also,” Nassir paused again for further effect, “as an act of good faith, I propose that many of those who are prosecuted in the United States for religious and hate crimes, be sent to Chinese labor institutions in order to work in lieu of the government providing money, which would serve to add additional income to China’s economy.”

The crowd began to cheer. The roar of the clapping grew then faded as they waited to hear more of Nassir’s proposals.

Nassir lifted his eyes to face the reporter. “Indira, I have myself suffered violence at this very hotel. This is where my beloved...Narissa Elam, was...killed.” Nassir bent his head to his chest and covered his eyes with his hand to demonstrate his *grief*. For several seconds he stayed that way before straightening to wipe his eyes. His heartbreak drew sympathetic whispers and gasps from the crowd. He sighed heavily before continuing.

“I believe that if I, a mere man, can forgive and move forward, then so can these two great nations. Indira, peace benefits us all. Would not you agree?”

“Yes, General Berezovsky, I do. Thank you so much for your time.”

There was a round of applause that lasted for nearly two minutes. Almost everyone that had gathered was clearly emotionally stirred. Even a few of the reporters



were in tears. The applause finally died down, but it built-up again each time Nassir raised his hand, said his thanks, or tried to leave. The crowd cheered even louder as he stepped away from Indira.

Another reporter yelled out: “General, would you negotiate the treaty?”

Nassir stopped, turned around and pointed into the air. “For peace—for the world, I will do my duty! I am here to serve my fellow man in any way that I can.” With those final words he walked away.

The speech was repeated over and over around the world, on television, the internet and iRadio. The Prime minister of Turkey had been watching and called a secret emergency meeting of his Peoples Labor Party to discuss Nassir’s speech. He stood up among the ministers and began without hesitation and with simplicity.

“Gentlemen, you heard the speech as well as I. We are in trouble.”

88

Terry Sanders was at home and had just finished watching the speech on television when the telephone rang. He spoke loudly and clearly: “Answer living room telephone.” The call answered and displayed the image of Deacon Alfred Roberts on the television screen.

“Deacon Roberts—Hello, Brother.”

“Pastor Sanders, did you see that? What do you think?”

49

Is he the antichrist? What is...?”

“Maybe,” Terry answered, cutting his deacon off.

“It’s too early to tell, but if I were a betting man, I’d say, yes. He is probably the antichrist. What do we do, pastor?”

“Well, first we pray. I feel in my spirit that we need to have a church prayer meeting tonight. We’ll start at seven o’clock. With everything that’s going on, I think it’s probably time to start Project Wilderness as well.”

“Now, pastor? My wife just got a new job working at one of them new prisons. She wants to help some of the women there. It’s a shame what they are doing to them there...and now, they’re sending our people to China! I mean...China! They work people to death over there!”

“I know, Deacon Roberts. That’s why the best time to start is right *now*. I can feel it. We have known for some time that this would be coming and now it’s time to make our move. I need you to get the list and start calling everyone. When you are done, burn it. Don’t forget to delete it from your computer. Follow the plan. Our survival depends on it!”

A heavy sigh answered the pastor’s command. “Okay, Pastor. I’ll take care of it. My family isn’t going to like it, but we’ll be there.”

“God be with you, Roberts,” Terry said quietly. “Living room TV and telephone—off.”

Terry Sanders was the pastor of The Life Assembly Church of the Apostolic Faith in Lansing, Michigan. Two

years before Nassir's now famous speech, Terry had a meeting with the church board members and his staff to discuss what they would do in the event that the antichrist was revealed and the church had to go underground into hiding. Back then, it all seemed like a fairy tale. Although it all seemed so improbable at the time, Terry could not ignore what God was dealing with him about in his spirit. In prayer, the Lord had dealt with him to prepare the church for the end time events that would come upon the church and the world in the future. The signs of the end time that the Bible spoke of in Matthew twenty-four were all around them now. There had been subtle signs like earthquakes in places that had never experienced them before. Strange drug resistant diseases began to pop up in foods and hospitals. Wars and military conflicts began to break out more frequently as the United States and other former world superpowers began cutting their defense spending, reducing the size of their military and withdrawing their forces from hot-spots around the world. The signs of the end time were definitely happening and Terry knew it was time to prepare his people.

Most pastors and churches were preparing for the rapture of the church and not thinking about being around long term. The television and radio were filled with preaching about the rapture and Bible prophecy. Terry's board of directors and ministerial staff could not understand why he was proposing storing away enough food and supplies to last several years when the majority of Christians believed that they would not be around to see

any of the *bad* stuff. Terry had called a meeting to address his church board of directors six months before the broadcast of Nassir's recent speech. As memories of that meeting began to fill his mind he sat peering into the empty TV screen.

“Look everyone, we have to be prepared for whatever comes. I believe that it’s better to have it and not need it than to need it and not have it. If I’m wrong about how things play out, the worst that can happen is that we spend some money and there is a bunch of stuff left behind. If I’m right, then we will have the food and supplies that we need to ride things out. Some of you will not understand what I am proposing, but I challenge you to pray about it. We have to start storing away food, water, clothing, medicine and other essential supplies for the future. The *end times* are here and we have to be ready.”

Some people chuckled and looked at each other. One of the board members, Janice Winfield, tossed the pastor a question. “Pastor, with all due respect, if the end times are here, shouldn’t we be preparing to *leave* this world? Don’t the *end-times* mean that the *rapture* is going to happen very soon?”

“Yes, Sister Winfield, our church believes that the rapture *will* happen, but we can’t really be sure *when* it will happen. You all know my position with this situation and what I have been teaching. There will be a series of events that need to happen before the rapture; some still need to be fulfilled. We have not yet seen the peace treaty; we have

not seen the widespread persecutions and some of the other things the Bible says will happen. It could be weeks, months or even years. What I'm saying is that we need to be ready for whatever happens and err on the side of caution."

Terry scanned the room where he saw head shaking, smiles and even some shocked expressions. "Look, I know many people are teaching that we're going to be raptured away *before* the tribulation or anything bad happens, but what if the rapture is a few years into it, or longer? What will you do until then?"

Murmurs began in small groups; they agreed that the end times were here, but simply didn't want to conclude how close they were. Many didn't want to change their lifestyle and have to give additional money to store the needed resources away. Not now. Besides, if the pastor was right in his teaching, the church would undergo persecution before the resurrection. He overheard Brother Harris comment to someone in front of him that Terry, and other preachers, who taught on the topic of Bible prophecy had been ignored by the church—at least until recently. "That's true," someone responded. "But, many have lost interest in Bible prophecy since the 1980's and 90's when there were so many predictions that the rapture was looming."

"I've sold hundreds of Bible prophecy books and sermons," Mrs. Newberry added. "This renewed interest in prophetic events has increased the book shop sales dramatically, simply because people are trying to figure out what to do for the short term and to be ready for the

rapture.”

Terry spoke over the chatter to return to the matter at hand. “Look...no one wants to go more than me, but we have to prepare for the worst case scenario here. You all remember how I taught from Luke 21:12 that before the wars, famines and disease, how Jesus said they would persecute us and deliver us to councils? Well, that time is coming and we must be ready for that when it comes. We don’t want to be hanging around here when they coming looking for us.”

“You're right pastor, we have to be ready.” Abdul Muhammad’s voice was heard above the noise. He had entered by the side door after the meeting had begun.

Pastor Terry knew this Egyptian born Christian had immigrated to the United States as a teenager, with his parents, ten years earlier. His English was faultless. Abdul had seen his family and other Christians being persecuted by Muslims and treated unfairly in his home country, and often voiced his concerns to Terry that it could happen one day here as well. After his last conversations with the pastor, Abdul had been paying close attention to the “Offense Laws” that were being passed in many states in America. He could see America becoming more and more like his former country. He was not ashamed to speak up on behalf of the pastor.

“I think the pastor’s right,” Abdul repeated when the room was quiet and all eyes were on Abdul. “We have to come up with a plan. I saw these sorts of things happen in my home country, and it can happen here as well. I lost

family members and friends to persecution in Egypt. We need to do anything we can here to protect ourselves, I for one, will stand by Pastor Terry.”

Terry walked over to Abdul. “I appreciate your support, Abdul. That’s why I’m putting *you* in charge of this project.”

“Me? In charge of *which* project, Pastor Terry?”

“I’m calling it “Project Wilderness”. It’s based on Revelation 12:6 where the church goes into the wilderness and is hidden and protected by God. I believe that God is going to protect many of us in the church until he comes for us in the rapture. That’s why I’m giving it that name.”

Terry returned to address the meeting. “We will store a certain amount of important items away each week like canned goods, powdered milk, medical supplies, solar power panels, deep cycle batteries, flashlights, propane, matches...anything we will need to survive for at least three and a half years. I believe, according to scripture that it’s sometime after the antichrist breaks the treaty with Israel that the rapture will occur. If we can make it until that time, we should be good. I purchased a farm a few years ago in anticipation of this. We can store the supplies here at the church and then drive them to the farm once a month and stockpile them there. I have typed up a document for each of you on how Project Wilderness will work. Here is a copy for each of you and it includes directions to the farm. Under absolutely no circumstances are you to share this with anyone! This is how we survive in the future. Okay, does anyone have any questions?”

No one answered. They were all still in a bit of shock that Terry had been so prepared and had all the plans ready.

“Good. Take this home, read about it, and more importantly, pray about it.”

Terry knew full well that the future of his church and others would depend on what they did after that meeting. He hoped that they would take him seriously.

“Dear Lord, help us now. I put this in your hands, Father. Help us now,” he prayed.

88

The following evening after Nassir’s speech, Terry and his wife Martha decided to go to church and pray about all the things that were going on. They arrived about six forty-five in the evening and found the parking lot almost full. It was not unusual for a few members to go to the church and pray during the week outside of their normal Friday prayer meeting, but seeing almost the entire church there on a Tuesday was highly unusual. When Terry and his wife asked a few people why they had decided to come for prayer, they all said they felt the Lord dealing with them to go to the church and pray that night.

There were also a handful of new faces there that Terry had never seen before. When he spoke to them, several said that they had seen the church while driving by and always wanted to visit. These people explained that with everything that was happening, they felt that now was the right time and decided to just drive by and see if the church

56



was having a service tonight. Terry was also surprised to see that there were over a dozen members who usually did not attend the prayer meetings there as well. There were also ten other visitors that had attended the church before and came by like the others, hoping that the church was having some kind of service tonight. There were also two men at the back of the church who stood out from the rest. Terry made his way back to them to see who they were and to greet them.

“Praise the Lord, gentlemen. I’m glad you could make it.”

Both men smiled at him as he shook each of their hands. As he did, he felt a warm sensation race up his arm and into his neck each time. The feeling surprised him, yet it also put him at ease and made him feel comfortable. He could not shake the feeling that he felt like he knew them from somewhere, but he did not know where. He made use of the few minutes before the meeting to ask some questions.

“So, what brings you to our church tonight, gentlemen? We normally don’t have a service on a Tuesday.” The taller of the two men with fair complexion and sky blue eyes, that were as striking as his jet black hair, moved closer.

“We’re here for you, Pastor Terry,” he answered showing a row of brilliant white teeth.

“For me? I don’t understand.”

“We are here to protect you.”

“Protect me? What do you need to protect me from?”

“Actually, we’re here to protect all of you.” He

stretched out his hand and indicated the people in the building.

Terry became very curious and slightly defensive. “Yes, but from what and why?”

“You know,” the man said, with his broad grin.

The African American man, who accompanied the former speaker, stepped closer. Terry thought him to be of a mixed race with his brown eyes, bronze skin and curly back hair. He was also tall with brown eyes but this man wasn’t smiling. His stern appearance reflected concern as he looked around the church, then back to Terry. Without speaking he headed to the front door of the church.

Terry caught his breath before he opened his mouth. “You’re angels, aren’t you?” On impulse, Terry laughed and waited but the man just continued to smile without answering the pastor’s question directly.

“This prayer meeting must happen tonight! There are many things that you must prepare for. There are those who are depending on you.” The corner of the man’s lips wilted slightly before he continued. “What you do tonight is very important and *will* be taken seriously. The Almighty has sent us here to make sure that you’re not interrupted. Terry, there are some who wish to destroy you and your church but the Lord has seen everything you have done in this church, this community, and this town. He loves you. He will protect you and your wife.”

Terry just looked around gawking before his eyes fell on the other man. “Then where’s he going?” he finally managed to ask.

“Oh, him,” he looked over at his friend who at that moment had stepped outside. He looked back at Terry. “He’s just checking on his men. The enemy wants to get in, but we have instructions not to let them in. Lucifer knows how important your church is and he wants to stop what you and your congregation are doing. But, don’t worry; you and your faithful members are protected night and day. The enemy’s army will lose the battle tonight but you must start the prayer meeting without further delay.”

Terry stood openmouthed. He wanted to stay and talk more but the man just smiled at him and pointed up to the pulpit. Terry turned his head several times as he approached the front of the church to take his place where he always led his church in prayer. When he topped the few steps past the altar, Terry noticed that the slightly taller man had returned and both had sat on the back pews—one on each side of the door. Each time Terry looked back the men just nodded and smiled. As Terry and the church prayed, he kept observing the two visitors who had remained seated straight and smiling. The pastor also noticed a few of the church members were lifting and turning their heads from time to time before bowing their heads again. Most of the people were praying so rigorously that they just simply ignored the men and everyone else in the meeting. Their verbal prayers revealed their concerns of how the world was changing and their prayerful words were in earnest.

An hour later, when everyone had finished praying, Terry hurried to the back of the church to talk with the men.

As he was walking toward them, his wife grabbed his arm.

“Terry,” she whispered.

For a fleeting moment, Terry eyed his wife. “Yes, honey?”

“Who were those men? Where did they go?”

He lifted the arm she had clutched tightly and turned to where the men had been sitting. “What? They’re right...” Terry turned full circle, but they had vanished. “Did anyone see those men leave?” Terry spoke to the whispering crowd.

The usher who had also been close to the door spoke with hesitance. “No one has come in or out during the prayer meeting, Pastor. I would have noticed if they had.”

The room was filled with murmurs and faint gasps.

Terry drew in a deep, cleansing breath. “Martha, they were angels. God sent us angels!”

88

Lucifer stood up to address his minions. They had all sat at a large round table that formed a circle around a black pentagram on the floor.

“You are the princes of my kingdom. You have proved yourself strong and loyal to me. Now, it’s *our* time. He’s weak. He depends on their love and they don’t love him anymore. Because of us, only a handful of people serve him and very soon there will be none. You have been successful to achieve this. I’ve brought you together to announce that I’ve just returned from above and while I

60

was there, I saw the White Horseman!<sup>6</sup>”

Eyes met across the table. There were nods in agreement.

“As I left from giving my account<sup>7</sup>, I saw him and the other three horsemen there. They were preparing to ride to earth, which can only mean one thing; that my man, Nassir, must be the one to bring the final wars and the end of mankind.” Lucifer strutted back and forth; his hands clenched into fists.

All eyes were on the master. Their heads moved to and fro as their leader paraded before them.

“We must move quickly if my plans for Nassir are to succeed. He must rise to power and begin his conquest. Imáám, you represented the meaning of your name and did well in Iraq as chief leader, but it must fall now!” He smashed his fist into the palm of his other hand. “You will then be rewarded for your service with another nation to rule and other duties.”

The assembly nodded toward Imáám while they waited for Lucifer to continue.

“Nassir will need the money from their oil to fuel his conquest and expand his new empire.” He rubbed his chin. “I think we’ll also take Syria and Jordan. They must fall as well. I want Israel destroyed and he needs to have Syria and Jordan to move his armies closer for his attack. Kál-Jáárir, since you have done well in Turkey, I’ll give you what is owned by Syria and Jordan. Their princes will work with you and bring you up to speed with their efforts there. Talkir, continue to weaken America. I want no interference

from them. I want them weak so that they will have no choice but to cooperate with Nassir. Do you understand?"

Everyone nodded.

"Yes, my master," Talkir responded with a slow bow of his head.

Lucifer leaned heavily against Talkir's chair. "Their churches, their preachers, SILENCE THEM! Silence their prayers and those who preach the true gospel. You have done well there, they aren't the problem they used to be, but I want his people and his name finished there! Double your efforts! I'll have Nassir declare war on Christians that continue to follow him<sup>8</sup> in America and around the world. It's been given to us now. Take their churches. Get people to betray their friends, families, neighbors and most importantly, turn their government against them. I want no quarter given to them in the entire world. Let's see if they'll live for him when they lose all they hold dear. Some of them will think that they can hide from me, but they'll be found anywhere they go in this world. Go my servants; spread evil, wickedness, anything it takes to make men weak. Turn them against their God and bring them closer to me. Bring me more souls. Bring me the damned! Do it! Do not fail me!"

"Yes, master," they all replied in unison.

"Good. Give me your best and then your worst. Dismissed!"

"Yes, my master," they repeated.

Lucifer called for his second-in-command to remain a few minutes. "Tar-shalá," he cleared his throat and spat

saliva onto the ground before embracing his companion of two thousand years.

“Yes, my master.”

“Prepare to receive more souls. More souls than ever before”

“But, Master, somehow, hell...has become bigger. There are more rooms, more pits. It has enlarged<sup>9</sup> itself without us having to do a thing.”

“Wonderful...Absolutely wonderful! Even hell knows what’s in store for mankind.”

88

Terry woke up at 3:00 AM. He tossed and turned repeatedly but couldn’t fall back asleep. He experienced this many times in the past and knew what was happening. *God must want me to pray.* He rolled over and climbed out of the bed, picked up his Bible from the nightstand and went into closet in their bedroom and kneeled down and began praying, waking Martha in the process.

“Terry, are you okay?”

“I’m fine, Martha. I just can’t sleep. I’m going to pray. Don’t worry.”

He closed the door, turned on the overhead light and knelt down. His heart was heavy. There was so much to pray for.

“Lord, where do I begin?”

Unbeknownst to Terry, Castielle, one of the angels from the church, appeared in front of his house with ten

63

other angels. Castielle nodded toward Jonathon, a large muscular angel. Jonathan looked at the other nine angels signaling them to form a perimeter around the house. Castielle stepped toward the door but stopped mid-step. Something wasn't right. He shivered and turned quickly just as a squadron of fifty demons materialized in front of the angels.

The leader of the demon unit stepped forward. "Hello, Castielle!"

Castielle spoke directly at his adversary. "What do you want here, Neriah?"

"You know *who* I want."

Castielle moved closer. Folding his arms and standing tall. "You cannot interfere. We have business here tonight. You must leave now!"

Neriah gave a crooked snarl. "Do you really want to do this, Castielle? Right here? Right now?" He wiggled his finger and crept forward.

"Leave, Neriah. You have no right to be here. GO!"

As he spoke, Jonathan moved forward and stood to the right of Castielle. Four demons instantaneously moved to each side of Neriah.

"Castielle, Jonathan, it is *our* time now," Neriah hissed. "It's over for you. It's over for them. You are the ones with no right to be here. This is our world. Our master is god here, not yours.

"We will see about that," Castielle answered defiantly.

The demon began cursing and yelling expletives. He cursed Castielle and God, using every foul word he could



think of but Castielle simply looked at him.

Neriah continued his ranting. “You aren’t better than us. Who do you think you are? You think that you can save them? You will all fall and be with us one day. Do you hear me?”

“Neriah, we rebuke you in the name of our Lord God, the Almighty. The Lord rebuke thee.”<sup>10</sup>

Two of Neriah’s side-kick demons screamed loudly, drew their swords and lunged forward at Castielle. But to their surprise, they were each struck in their neck, just above their armor. They were hurled backwards and knocked off their feet.

Without looking, Castielle shouted his thanks to Ariel—who else in Jonathan’s squad had the ability to hit not one but two targets instantaneously, and at the speed of lightning?

“Yes, Sir,” Ariel austerely shouted back.

Neriah looked down at the two demons as the area around the wounds began to sizzle and smoke. They tried desperately to remove the deadly arrows but it was too late. Those were *kill* shots and both the demons erupted like thick, black, smoke bombs before slowly disintegrating into nothingness.

“Get them!” Neriah yelled. He drew his sword and dived forward with the others.

Faster than the blink of his eyes, Jonathan shoved Castielle away with the palm of his hand, drawing his sword with the other and struck the closest demon through the abdomen causing him to scream and curse in agony.

With a swift withdrawal of his sword, Jonathon spun round in a three hundred and sixty degree spin and decapitated the other demon to his left. Jonathan's squad was quick and efficient in battle. When a message needed to be delivered<sup>11</sup>, they could be counted on, no matter the odds. Castielle was pleased he had brought this particular squad. They will win this fight.

Neriah dived into the center of his own squadron and began shouting. "You are outnumbered more than four to one. Leave and give up."

Jonathan yelled out orders too. "Men, 'Box Formation' now! Ariel, you're with me." He stretched his left arm out again in front of Castielle and they both glided backward toward the door."

The other angels moved quickly. In less than a second, four were at each corner of the house. Another four flew twenty feet directly above them forming a box around Terry's house. Jonathan put his sword away and drew his bow. He and Ariel began firing a steady stream of arrows at the demons; one after the other with less than a second between reloads. Ariel sometimes loaded and fired two arrows with each shot—almost always striking both targets.

In Neriah's shocked confusion, more and more demons fell to the arrows and swords of the heavenly hosts. He was caught unprepared at the new battle plans brought against them. The angels had struck hard and fast. An angel on the ground threw his spear and impaled two more demons onto the door before they could enter. Twenty of the demons, who were still untouched, flew up and over the house to

dive down into the angels. Slithering together, they appeared as a large cobra preparing to strike. The remainder charged wildly at the angels based lower to the ground. Castielle caught Neriah's evil grin before vanishing.

While all the angels were engaged in combat, Neriah reappeared with another huge squadron of demons. "Get them!" he cried.

Castielle turned and looked at Jonathan who had just fired the last of his arrows.

Jonathon nodded at Castielle and shrugged his shoulders. "I know." He turned to Ariel.

Ariel looked troubled but responded. "On my way, Sir", and vanished in a flash of white light.

In the first sixty seconds of the battle, the angels had managed to cut the demon's numbers down to thirty, but when the other fifty appeared, Castielle and Jonathan knew that eighty demons against ten warrior angels would not be winnable. Five to one odds with surprise on their side would be a struggle, but eight to one was hopeless, but they fought on. The demons used their numbers to gang up on several of the angels holding them down. More valuable seconds had passed before Jonathan wished Ariel would hurry. 'Ariel,' he half sung. "Where are you?"

Suddenly, there was a bright flash of light and Ariel appeared with twenty five angelic horsemen swooping down out of the sky. They looked magnificent as they spiraled down from the sky on white armored horses. Each horseman had silver helmets with white wings on the side.

They wore shortened white robes with gold trim. They were covered with silver breastplates and belts embroidered with gold and black that covered the chain mail under their armor. On their feet they wore silver boots each embroidered with gold and black trim matching the armor on their thighs. They looked like large medieval knights in their armor, long lances, shields and swords. Accompanying them was a flaming chariot that had flaming wheels and galloping horses<sup>12</sup> that breathed fire out of their nostrils. The chariots had a driver and two angels armed with bows who fired a volley of arrows that dropped eight of the demons as soon as they appeared. Ten of the angelic horsemen headed for the ground and charged the demons there en-masse. The other fifteen swooped down on the demons in the air. Several of the angelic horsemen caught two or more demons on their lances before they vanished away into smoke and ashes. The angelic horsemen strategically trapped the demons between them while the chariot circled around them raining down arrows into the stunned and panicked demons. Seeing his numbers quickly diminish, Neriah yelled out: "That's it. Retreat! Retreat now!" and then he vanished. The remainder of the demons soon vanished and all that was left of the demons were traces of grayish smoldering ash and smoke that lingered a little before dissipating. The final engagement lasted less than two minutes. The leader of the angelic horsemen galloped his horse to the ground and dismounted. He looked around, took off his helmet and walked over to Jonathan, who was still standing at the door of the house

with Castielle.

“Grace be unto you, and peace, from him which is, and which was, and which is to come<sup>13</sup>. How are you and your squad?”

Jonathan turned and looked around. Five had deep wounds and cuts that were already healing. Two were bruised and battered but they would heal. The other three weren't injured.

“They're fine, thanks to you, your men and Our Father.”

Castielle joined in the conversation. “What *was* that? I've never seen so many demon squadrons?”

“Yes, they're getting bolder everywhere, including the houses of ministers and even at the churches. They know what time it is. The end is near.”

Jonathan shook his head. “Before we came here, I heard the White Horsemen was getting ready to leave.”

“Yes, it's true. He has already left. Humanity doesn't have much time now. The final week will start soon and the end will begin. Lucifer still thinks he can win and he's fighting hard.”

Jonathon wiped his brow with the back of his hand before answering. “I know. Lucifer never learns. He doesn't understand that what God has spoken will come to pass no matter what he does. This time, he and his followers are finished forever.”

The leader nodded his agreement. “We're needed elsewhere, so we need to be on our way. Jonathan, you are assigned to this family now. Keep them safe. Castielle, be

careful and don't travel alone. Call quickly if you are in trouble and need our help."

The angelic horseman put his helmet back on, mounted his horse and rode off. He led the rest of the horse man across the sky before they disappeared in unison amidst a blaze of light in the night sky.

As the bright light faded with a smattering of stars, Jonathan placed both hands around the gold handle of his sword and fell on one knee and looked heavenward. "Blessed be the LORD my strength, which teacheth my hands to war, and my fingers to fight."<sup>14</sup>

When he stood he turned to Castielle. "I think we're in the clear now."

Castielle patted Jonathan on the shoulder. "Amen. Thank you, Jonathan."

88

Terry was inside praying unaware of the spiritual battle that had just been fought for him. Castielle entered the room and into the pastor's prayer closet. He looked down at the man with his head buried in his hands praying. *He doesn't even know what the Lord has done for him tonight. I wonder if he knows how important he is to the Father.* Castielle made himself visible and called Terry by name so that only he could hear him.

Terry was startled and dropped to his side on the floor before looking into the familiar face.

"It's you...you're the angel who visited our church."

70

“Yes, Terry. The time is near and you and your church should prepare to leave. Do what the Lord has put on your heart. You won’t fail. Be of good courage. The Lord God Almighty will be with you.”

As abruptly as his arrival, Castielle left.

Terry felt strangely alone and momentarily stunned.

“Terry, are you okay in there?”

“Uh...yes.” He tried to stand but needed to sit for a while. “On second thought, honey, no, I’m not okay.”