

“But of that day and hour no one knows, not even the angels of heaven, but My Father only.”

Matthew 24:36 (NKJV)

“Then two men will be in the field: one will be taken and the other left. Two women will be grinding at the mill: one will be taken and the other left.” Matthew 24:40-41. (NKJV)

1

The Rapture

Cooper McCoy, a fit six-foot, brown-haired, green-eyed hunk of a man in his early forties is the fourth-generation owner of the McCoy Express trucking firm based in the hill country southwest of Austin in San Marcos, Texas. His great-grandfather started the business with two trucks hauling produce and cattle for local farmers and ranchers in the immediate area. Over time the grandfather passed the business to his son, who expanded their clientele halfway up the I-35 corridor to slaughterhouses in the St. Louis area.

Cooper’s dad brought him into the business when he was old enough to walk. “Coop” as he was known by his friends, grew up around their expanding headquarters terminal, knew all their employees and families by name, and did every dirty job his dad could think of that would build his character and prepare him to take over the family business. Coop became a certified diesel mechanic at age fifteen. After he got his commercial driver’s license, Coop drove McCoy Express trucks all over the country learning the skills and challenges of being a truck driver on the lonely road. A few years before his father passed on the business to him, Coop was brought into the central offices in San Marco to learn logistics, communications, and finance. He was now the protégé of some of the smartest people in the trucking industry, including the IT personnel who worked for McCoy Express, but he still had more to learn.

After Coop attended the University of North Texas majoring in Business and Logistics, his dad passed on the business to him, having built a huge fleet of produce and cattle trucks that expanded their operation all the way to Minnesota. McCoy Express was now a multi-million dollar trucking company delivering produce and cattle to slaughterhouses, produce centers, and big box

stores for distribution. Cooper fondly remembered growing up under his dad's direction. He wanted his dad to be proud of him.

Coop's plan for growth centered on one client, the U.S. government's Department of Transportation (D.O.T.) to service military bases and government facilities up and down the I-35 corridor. The problem was, Coop had no knowledge of government bidding strategies and made plans to attend a three-day D.O.T. conference in Washington, D.C. to gain the requisite expertise he needed to be effective in securing millions of dollars worth of D.O.T. contracts for McCoy Express.

Coop booked a flight to D.C. and took a cab to the conference center's hotel where he spent the night. He wanted to get in a good night's sleep to keep his mind sharp for all the information he must learn from the conference the next morning. As he retired for the night, he reflected on his family's four generations of honest, hard-working people who had built a trucking empire from scratch. He couldn't have imagined the events that would happen the next day at the conference.



Jennifer Hatfield, a late thirties, attractive blue-eyed brunette about five foot six inches tall, one of the world's top five most highly gifted computer gurus was also on her way to the D.O.T. conference for the sole purpose of making the deal of a lifetime with a person she'd never met. She based her business, "Jen Z IT," in Canyon Lake, Texas, about twenty minutes from San Marcos. Jennifer checked into the flight gate at the Austin-Bergstrom International Airport at 4:30 AM and was first in line to receive her boarding pass on the "redeye" to D.C. Rarely sleeping over 5 hours per night and never having the time for marriage or children, she was an only child. Her Dad was a brilliant-minded computer geek and began teaching her computer games when she was three years old. Tragically, both of her parents had died a few years earlier leaving her with no family.

"Jen" as she was known in her private circles, had gone to the University of Texas in Austin where after three years she received her Bachelor's and Master's degrees in Computer Science. She never sought fame but was definitely after fortune. Shortly after graduation, she went to work for a Texas-based computer software company where she wrote advanced, encrypted, protective computer code and learned all about "dark web" scam artists who tried to infiltrate or blackmail

every program known to mankind. Five years later, she was offered a lucrative position with one of the largest search engine companies in Silicon Valley to help them further develop their nascent Artificial Intelligence (AI) software.

Armed with all of this advanced IT knowledge and having accumulated a sizable fortune through stock options trading, Jen began setting up her own company in Canyon Lake. Her first client was a trucking company in Oklahoma that wanted her to provide new, off-the-beaten-path, fuel-saving travel routes and set up encrypted communications with their drivers. Her services were not cheap by any means. This contract alone turned Jen's attention to the logistics and transportation industry.

Two years later, she was granted a multi-million dollar contract with the Department of Transportation to write programs for their bidding processes and finetuning the criteria to choose the correct vendors. Since these trucking companies delivered goods to a wide variety of government installations, including some unofficial ones, Jen was given a Top-Secret clearance in order to do her work. Later, with this clearance, she secured other contracts with the Department of Defense, employing her services to protect government websites against enemy cyber-attacks.

Jen Z IT hired a small group of local, highly-skilled IT staffers numbering about twenty people to bear most of the load on the government contracts, teaching each employee defined portions of what she had learned. With the money coming in from the contracts, Jen built a small office facility on her 400-acre ranch that she inherited from her parents in Canyon Lake.

Her meeting at the D.O.T. and her goal to set up a deal with McCoy Express was the result of months of research, searching for the perfect company with which to form a partnership, combine assets, and make the company billions in government contracts. With her clearances, Jen could get into many government systems easily and legally.

She looked at the seating arrangements for the conference and moved Cooper McCoy to a table in the back of the conference facility where it would be harder for him to hear the speakers' information and placed herself at the same table next to him. All Cooper had to do was make an appointment with her when they returned home and she could do the rest. At least, that was her plan.

At the start of the conference's morning session, Jen spotted Cooper standing at the table she had previously picked out for him. Everything was going to plan. It was a huge conference facility with about 300 tables with six people per table. The D.O.T. had at least one representative seated at each table to answer the attendees' questions throughout the daily learning sessions and during the periodic breaks.

Jennifer walked over to her name tag on the table and took a seat, completely ignoring Cooper who was standing near his seat next to her. She wanted him to make the first move of introduction. Jen was dressed to the nines in her most expensive navy blue business suit. Finally, as the conference was about to begin, Cooper sat down next to Jennifer and introduced himself.

"Hi there. I'm Cooper McCoy from Texas," tugging at his black silk suit and straightening his red tie.

"Texas?" Jen acted as if she was taken off guard. "I'm from Texas, too. Jennifer Hatfield from Canyon Lake."

"No way, Jennifer! I'm from San Marcos. We're almost neighbors." Coop smiled at her, "Are you telling me that the Hatfields and McCoys had to go all the way to Washington to continue that feud from our ancestors in other states? I'm so glad to meet you."

"The pleasure is all mine to meet a fellow Texan," Jen smiled at Cooper, gaining his full attention. "I doubt seriously if your family or mine was involved in that feud. What line of business are you in, Cooper?"

"I own a fourth-generation trucking company named McCoy Express. Ever heard of us?"

"Now that I think of it, Cooper, I probably have heard of the name."

"Jennifer, my friends call me 'Coop.'"

"And my friends call me 'Jen.'"

"Okay, Jen, why are you here at the conference and what do you do out there in Canyon Lake?"

Casting another flirtatious smile at Coop, Jen said, "I've come here to meet you and to discuss a business deal when we get back home."

“What kind of a deal?”

“Let me put it this way ... I’m in IT. I wrote the entire bidding process code for the Department of Transportation, I’ve got my own company now called Jen-Z IT and I’ve been looking for one trucking company with your longevity, assets, sterling reputation, and work ethic to join forces with to help each other make a fortune. Interested?”

Cooper reached into his pocket and pulled out his card, writing his personal cell number on the back. “I’d be a fool not to be interested. Is this all on the up-and-up, Jen?”

“Coop, I bust scammers for a living. I’ve written encrypted anti-cyberwarfare programs for the Department of Defense with the clearances to go with it. You can take all the notes you want from this conference but I can assure you, I have the answers to all your questions. And, do you think it’s a coincidence that we’re sitting side-by-side at the same table? Here’s my card. Call me when we get back.” Mission accomplished, Jen thought to herself.

Milling around their table, the four other people began introducing themselves to each other. The D.O.T. representative at their table was a young, very pregnant Oriental lady named Kimberly. After everyone made their introductions, exchanged business cards, and made small talk for the next several minutes, people started to take their seats.

Finally, the first speaker walked up to the podium and made all the salutations while the rubber chicken dinners were being served to everyone in the huge conference room. Several minutes later a clergyman walked up to the microphone and asked everyone to bow their heads while he blessed the food. Slowly the room went silent as everyone bowed their heads and closed their eyes.

There was an eerie, prolonged silence as the attendees awaited the prayer to begin. After several minutes, people all over the conference room began opening their eyes and slowly looking up to the podium to see why the prayer hadn’t begun. To their confusion, the clergyman had disappeared into thin air. His vestments were draped over the lectern with his crucifix dangling down to the table. Half the people at the executive table in front of the conference were gone; their chairs empty, their clothes on the table in front of them just like the clergyman’s.

People began to look around them. Half the participants at each table were no longer there. Just like the executive table, their table mates' clothes and jewelry were partially displayed on the space in front of them or had fallen onto their chairs or the floor. Shoes were under their seats like they had just undressed and disappeared into thin air.

Shrieks from the conference arena began to break the silence.

"Where's my wife!?"

"Where's my husband!"

"Where is everyone!?"

"What's happening!?"

"Are we under attack!?"

Chaos turned to panic across the entire hall. People were kicking their chairs out of the way and looking under the tables and in the hallways for their lost loved ones and colleagues. Screaming out their names as if they expected an answer. Complete disarray. Professional protocol turned into massive pandemonium. The conference arena became a confined group of confused, annoyed, scared participants looking for answers.

Cooper looked over to Jen who was in just as much awe and confusion as the other people at their table. Half the people at their table were no longer sitting with them. Same thing; clothes draped on the table before them, jewelry lying in plain sight, shoes under the table. Jen exchanged her confused look to see the same look on Coop's face as if to say, 'What the ...?'

Suddenly, Kimberly, the young, very pregnant D.O.T. representative sitting across the table from Jen and Coop, let out a deathly scream!

"My Baby! Where's my baby? What happened to my baby!?" Kimberly was standing up, showing no signs of her baby bump under her maternity top, and looking under the table to see if somehow the baby had suddenly miscarried. She was crying, shrieking, holding her stomach, and continued to cry out unrestricted, "My Baby! What happened to my baby?"

Jen and Coop rushed around the table to comfort her, one on each side. Kimberly, through her screams and tears, just looked at both of them searching for answers.

“Calm down, Kimberly,” Coop said. “We’ll help you find your baby. Just calm down so we can think of what to do.” Coop was also freaking out but somehow held it together long enough to help this young, expectant mother. He looked at Jen, and shook his head, not knowing what else to do. Jen was confused and baffled at the situation, completely be-muddled. This was just a precursor to the horrors about to happen.

In the sky some miles to the west, a now-pilotless corporate jet on final approach to Reagan International veered off its flight path and entered a steep descent. Moments later it crashed nose-first through the roof of the conference facility, at the far end of the hall near the speakers’ platform, spreading an expanding fireball throughout the room from its exploding gas tanks, vaporizing the attendees in its path. The only thing preceding the fast-moving ball of fire was the ghastly stench of burning flesh. People were vaporized instantly in the hot flames of the aviation fuel. Shear panic engulfed everyone in the hall as they fought and tripped over anyone in their paths to get to the exits.

Sitting at the back of the conference area, near the hallway and outdoor exit, Coop grabbed Kimberly by one hand as Jen took her other hand and raced out into the hallway and quickly through the doors leading outside to the parking lot.

“Leave me alone!” screamed Kimberly. “Go! Get out of here. My husband will pick me up. Save yourself!”

Jen was too frugal to use valet parking and began rummaging through her purse for her rental car keys. She knew exactly where she’d parked that morning plus, none of the valet parking boys were anywhere to be found. Just piles of clothes surrounding the valet stand.

“My rent car is over here, Coop,” she screamed, “We gotta get out of here. Follow me!” One of her \$3,000 Christian Louboutin high heels came off and she broke the heel off the other. She kicked it off and ran barefoot to the car.

As they both raced and jumped into the black Jeep Cherokee SUV, Jen started the vehicle and burned rubber down the lane that she hoped was leading to the exit. In an instant, she had jumped the curb and almost landed them in a ditch.

“Jen!” screamed Coop, “Let me drive, I do this for a living, you’re going to get us both killed!” Jen was rattled beyond comprehension. She was slow to relent but slid out of the driver’s seat and let Coop take over and get them out of the parking lot. In a heartbeat the parking lot turned into a massive carnage area as local conference goers got into their vehicles, careening into others’ cars with reckless abandon to escape the horrid scene.

Even though their minds were in such a state of panic, Jen and Coop began noticing the black smoke of crashed aircraft around and near Reagan International, just a few miles away. The immediate situation pushed the limits of Coop’s human psyche. Too much information to process coming way too fast. He told himself, *Just drive, Coop. Get to safety. Concentrate! Don’t think about what is going on around you.*

“Where you going?” Jen screamed.

“I’m getting us off the main roads! Do you see all the crashed vehicles, the tank trucks on fire, and the massive pile-ups on the freeways? Right now, we need to get to some back roads and head south to Texas.”

“But my luggage,” Jen was still freaking out, “My luggage is at the hotel. I’ve got some thousand-dollar shoes in my room ...”

“Forget your luggage, Jen,” Coop said, “What’s more important? Your safety or those shoes? My luggage is at the hotel as well and we can’t get there. We’re lucky enough to get a jump on this and get off the beaten track?”

Jen reached into her huge purse to get her iPad and cell phone. “There’s no cell service, no Wi-Fi, my phone isn’t working. Do you think we’re under attack?”

“Settle down, Jen.” Coop’s mind was racing. “I have no earthly idea what’s going on.”

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Hours later Coop pulled to the side of the road, 50 yards short of a small truck stop that had a country store.

“What are we doing here? You’re wasting time, Coop. We’ve got to get home.”

“We need fuel and I thought you may want to do a little shopping before we start the long drive home ... or do you want to wear that suit all the way?” Coop laughed. “I need a few things myself.”

“Shopping? I love to shop. Do they have women’s clothes there?”

“Well, they’ll have women trucker clothes. If we’re thinking about joining forces, you may as well look the part. You can change clothes in the women’s room. Take your time.”

As Coop pulled into the small back roads truck stop, it too was in complete pandemonium. A hastily handwritten sign on the door said, *CASH ONLY! NO CREDIT CARDS!* Those now familiar *piles of clothes* were stacked up around some of the idling rigs, pets running around on leashes without their owners. Inside, the diminished, remaining staff were just as panicked as their customers. Everyone was searching for answers, asking all newcomers driving in if they had any news. Asking “Have we been attacked by Russia or China? Have we been hit by EMPs (Electrical Magnetic Pulses)? Any news from the government’s Emergency Broadcast System? Where are our children and loved ones?”

As people would shrug their shoulders and shake their heads, “No,” they would break off the questioning and continue what they needed to do.

Coop bought a paper roadmap, a pair of jeans, work boots, a leather jacket, and a cowboy shirt for the trip home along with some sandwiches, snacks, a star foam cooler, ice, and drinks. He was done and changed in about twenty minutes. Jen was no place to be found. About an hour later she emerged from the ladies’ room wearing striped, close-fitting coveralls, a long-sleeved cotton hoodie, and walking in some purple, furry clogs she found on the shelf.

“Now that’s more like it, Jen. Comfortable now?”

“Hey, Coop, if I’m going to be a trucker, I may as well look like one. What do you think of my outfit?”

“Gorgeous, Jen. You look gorgeous. Feeling better now?”

She smiled, grabbed some beef jerky off the shelf, and paid for her clothes. “Yes! Shopping always makes a lady feel better. How’d you know that? You must be married.”

“Never married, Jen. I learned it from my dad. Anytime my mom got all twisted up he would send her out shopping. She always returned home with a smile on her face. When Mama Bear is happy, everyone’s happy, right?”

“Nailed it, Coop,” Jen said with the first smile she had since the conference.

“Jen, do you want to hit the back seat and get some sleep? We need to drive straight through. I’ll wake you at the next gas station for a bathroom break and you can drive while I sleep.”

“Are you kidding? Rest? I’ve got to get on my iPad, hit the web, and find out what’s happening. Is this only happening in this part of the country? Is it statewide, nationwide or is it worldwide? Is America under attack? I’m not going to sleep until I find out!” Now in an area with limited WIFI, she began checking every newslink she could think of to find some answers. After three hours, she was no closer to finding the information as when she had begun. Her networks were flooded with the same questions; *what’s happening? Where’s everyone gone? Where are the children?*

Completely bewildered, Jen looked at Coop, “What do you believe is happening? Do you think this could be an alien attack or are there insane terrorists out there who are taking people out? But that couldn’t be happening since there doesn’t appear to be any blood. ... Is it possible that there was something in the air in the conference room that would make us hallucinate? ... I’m beginning to think we’re going crazy and this is just a bad *Twilight Zone* movie! ... I’m not sure that I can handle this, Coop. We’ve got to have answers!”

“Jen,” Coop was trying to get a grip on himself and calm Jen down at the same time, “The first thing we have to do is to get home, see what’s happening there with our friends and family, not to mention our businesses. Everything we’ve witnessed so far is just causing pure mind-boggling speculation. I can’t even think straight until we get some concrete answers.”

Coop was in full-on driving mode when he happened to see a McCoy Express rig pulling a cattle trailer full of live cattle idling just off the roadway. He knew the rig number well, number ‘25’, driven by a 40-year employee, Odell McCauley. Odell was a well-known Christian driver to everyone at McCoy Express.

“Why’re you pulling over, Coop?” Jen was finally resting in the back seat.

“That’s one of my rigs with live cattle in the trailer. I’ve got to check on my driver and possibly drive the rig about sixty miles to the meat processing plant before the cattle die of thirst...no idea how long the rig has been sitting here.”

Coop raced out of the Jeep, opening the door of Odell’s cab to check on him. All Coop saw on the driver’s seat were crumpled-up clothes with shoes on the floorboard — socks still inside the shoes. Again, Coop was not prepared for this. Where had his most trusted employee gone? Odell would’ve never abandoned his load on the side of the road. In the passenger seat was Odell’s wife, Laura’s, clothes. He recognized her small wedding ring on the floorboard.

Asking Jen to follow him, Coop hopped into the cab and drove the trailer full of moaning, thirsty cattle the sixty miles to the meat processing plant. Upon arrival he detached the cattle trailer and would have another driver pick up rig #25 and drive it back to the nearest McCoy Express base...if he had any drivers left.

Nearing the Texas border, Coop and Jen still had another six or so hours until they reached Austin Bergstrom airport where Coop’s truck was parked.

After an hour passed, Coop looked over at Jen, still pecking away on her iPad, and asked, “Any news on what’s happened?”

“Some,” Jen replied, not looking up. “Whatever’s happening seems to be worldwide. The disappearances are affecting countries all over the globe, especially the missing children. Not much information from governments but lots of traffic from individual hackers on the dark web. Everyone is looking for answers. So far no one has any concrete information, just more questions. There’s no indications of any military actions.”

“Hey, let’s take a break and change the subject.”

“To what, Coop?” Jen appeared agitated.

“To why you want to join forces in my trucking business. You’ve done your homework on me but I know nothing about you.”

“What do you want to know? I have nine-figured assets. I’m not married, an only child and I’m tired and fed up of working for all the government agencies. Too many *politics* involved that’s making my life miserable and I mean *miserable*! Each of my agency clients, the D.O.T., the

Department of Defense, and other contracted agencies are all in it for themselves. They seek individual power, their greed is never satisfied, they cater to political action committees who supply them with millions of dollars and demand “favors” in return for all of their own special interests. None of them are working for *We the People*. I’m one of *We the People*! And I’ve had a gutful. Even though they pay me millions of dollars, they’re never satisfied. They have no clue that I’m one of the Top 5 computer minds in the entire world and my work doesn’t come cheap! Now it’s my turn to soak them!” Jen was mad.

“Wow!” Coop could see Jen’s anger, “Just how do you plan to *soak* them with an alliance with McCoy Express? I’m not sure I want to become a part of your personal vendetta.”

Jen broke in, “I’m sorry for my unrestrained display, Coop. Truth is, I’m just searching for a simpler life in a simpler place like Canyon Lake and to build a business nowhere near the maddening swamp in Washington D.C. I can’t stand it any longer. Life was not meant to be lived *twisted* all the time.”

“I understand *twisted*, Jen. Life is made to be simple, not complicated.” Coop smiled and reached over and patted Jen on the shoulder. “So, you’re not married?”

“Never had time for any man in my life except my Dad, and he died.”

Coop pulled back from her, smiled again, and asked, “So, no time for men. Does that make you a feminist, Jennifer Hatfield?”

Jen returned the smile then put on her stern face and replied, “No, not a feminist, Cooper McCoy, I’m a *patriot* seeking life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; *my happiness* and the happiness of those around me. There’s no happiness in D.C., there is happiness in the hill country of Texas. Still interested in our partnership?”

“We’ll talk more, later Jen,” Coop replied as he pulled into the parking area at the Austin airport where his pickup truck was parked.

“Thanks for the ride home, Coop. I think this is one trip I’ll never forget for the rest of my life. Thanks again for being such a friend ... and hopefully a future business partner.”

“Jen, get home, check on what’s going on and I’ll do the same. You can either call me if communications are up or just drive over to my trucking compound. We’ve got a lot of work to do

together, remember? Contracts to bid.” Coop wanted to give Jen some light, encouraging words as they parted company. He hoped that she could stay focused on her drive back to Canyon Lake and not have a wreck on the way.

*“Therefore do not worry about tomorrow, for tomorrow will worry about its own things. Sufficient for the day is its own trouble.”* Matthew 6:34 (NKJV)

*“Let the little children come to ME, and do not forbid them; for such is the kingdom of heaven.”*  
Matthew 19:14 (NKJV)

## 2

### World Chaos

#### Where have all the children gone?

Shortly after the disappearances, world governments are meeting to assess all their intelligence to determine their own social and military positions in this new world of chaos and pandemonium.

**The Russian Federation:** The President of Russia met with all of his top staff, advisors, and military leaders to assess the state of their nation and other countries of the world including their allies and adversaries:

“What have we learned from the last three weeks of intelligence? Asked the Russian President.

The head of Russia’s FSB, formerly the KGB, began. “After our own intelligence gathering capabilities through our operatives in other countries and combing web information throughout the world, we have made the following assessments.

“First, these disappearances of people and children are worldwide affecting every continent and every nation. Second, the United States was affected more severely than any other nation, losing about half of its population and military forces, and is currently in a state of indecision and confusion. Presently, Russia’s military forces and capabilities far outweigh that of the United States. Third, our allied nations consisting of China, Iran, most of the Muslim states, along with North Korea suffered quantitatively much less loss among their people and military. Our coalition is now superior to any enemy forces we could encounter including the combined NATO forces.

Western European countries have suffered more losses, numerically, than all of our allies put together. We are now the world-dominating military and economic alliance.

The Russian President was pleased with the report but had more questions, “Do we yet know, for a fact, what has caused the disappearances of our Russian citizens and especially the children? It is imperative for me to address the citizens of Russia giving them some answers or there will be a massive outcry of our people. I, myself have lost young family members and know the pain of our people. We all have!”

“We do not have definitive intelligence on that Mr. President ...”

“Not good enough!” interrupted the Russian President, slamming his fist down on the desk in front of him, “I need our state-controlled media to put out information to the public. Information for hope. Put forth every conspiracy theory known to mankind, use AI to prepare the speech using keywords such *as terrorists, alien invasions, sun flares, searching for missing, full government support, truthful information* ... and do it quickly. Sometimes confusion is easier to accept than reality. I want the Russian people to depend on their government for definitive answers which no other country has currently.

“Don’t forget to rattle our sabers of nuclear war against any nation that would show any aggression against Russia, making it clear we will completely annihilate them for any act of aggression against the Russian Federation. I want to approve the final draft, now get to it.” The President dismissed his staff but asked his chief diplomat and the head of his military to remain.

“I had the most grandiose dream last night, gentlemen,” said the President, “A dream of action that will solidify our relations with all of our Middle Eastern allies and pacify their hatred of what they call “the little Satan,” Israel.”

The Secretary of State and the General looked at each other, intrigued at what their President had in mind.

“Mr. Ambassador, I want you to meet with our allies in the Middle East and tell them that Russia wants them to combine our forces on a massive, conclusive attack. To once and for all rid the world of the Jewish State. This should make them ecstatic with joy and anticipation. General, coordinate this attack, ground and air, with their commanders to completely catch the Israelis off

guard and overwhelm their IDF. Currently, Israel has a very secure attitude regarding their safety and position in the world.

“Mr. Ambassador, I want you to send an envoy to the Jewish Prime Minister telling him that Russia is sending troops and equipment to our Middle Eastern allies to help them guard their borders from attacks by other nations during this time of world turmoil. It is imperative that the Israeli Prime Minister is not alarmed by our troop movements. We must have complete surprise in the attack knowing that Israel also has nuclear capabilities. The Jews must be completely defeated before they know what is going on. Take your time gentlemen and plan the attack carefully.”



**People’s Republic of China:** The President of the People’s Republic of China began his staff meeting and heard similar shared information from the Russian FSB along with Chinese intelligence estimates; superior military and economic world domination, U. S. weakness, China barely affected by what the Internet was now labeling ‘P.O.C., *pile of clothes*’—a description for the disappearances without going into more detail—and China’s superior military forces while allied with Russia who had the leading nuclear arsenal in the world.

“So, the world turns in our favor,” the Chinese President said with a smirk on his face. He was hearing just what he wanted to hear. “Prepare for our long-planned attack on Taiwan within the next thirty days and destroy any aggressor who stands in our way. This includes the entire China Straits and our military bases there. If any U.S. warships or warplanes in the area try to attack us, destroy them. We will unite our people with a war!”



**The Democratic People’s Republic of North Korea:** The Kim family leader listened as his top advisors gave him their report. Those advisors were constantly in fear of what Mr. Kim would do to them if their information was not to his liking.

“Most High Leader,” began one of the advisors, shaking as he began, “The Democratic People’s Republic of Korea is now stronger than ever before. The disappearance of people around the globe has had little effect on our great nation and has added to our strength and world position among nations. Many have left their “*Pile of Clothes*” in our prisons and insane asylums which is

good riddance, the fewer enemies our great government has to deal with and fewer mouths to feed. We are a nation blessed by our leaders. The people stand with you, Supreme Leader. Nothing else is important to report. We await your commands.”

The Supreme Leader clapped his hands and rubbed the sides of his shaven head. Looking to his top military generals he said, “Prepare a plan of attack on South Korea. Include all of the capabilities we have, even the nuclear options. We will make short order of our takeover. I will reunite our people and completely destroy the leadership and their followers of our southern enemies. This is a landmark day for our country!”



**United States of America:** The President, age sixty-two, formerly a Senator from the State of Utah was meeting with his Secretaries, including the Joint Chiefs of Staff, and his top advisors in the Situation Room, located just below the West Wing of the White House, to give their briefings to him after the strange disappearance events. There were so many unrecognizable people filling the positions. Name tags in front of their seats at the table were characterized by “Acting Secretary”, “Acting head of”, “Acting Chief,” “Acting Speaker,” “Acting Senate Majority Leader,” etc. The Vice-President was missing along with half the members of the U.S. Senator and House of Representatives. It was immediately plain to the President that his cabinet was in deep disarray. He didn’t recognize most of the people in the room.

“Mr. President,” said the Acting Head of Homeland Security, “We have prepared a revised organizational chart of our government staff for your review.”

The President looked over the org chart in dismay. Most positions were filled with fourth and fifth “deputies” in every area of national government, people the President knew nothing about.

He looked over at the Acting Joint Chief of Staff of the military, “General, do you also have a revised org chart of our military?”

The three-star general looked back at the President, “We do not, Sir. We’re working on it. But to give you an idea of what we’re facing to create a military chain of command, we have had to promote captains, normally Company Commanders, to Brigade Commanders always filled by

full bird colonels. We have promoted Lt. Colonels to positions of Division Commanders normally held by Generals. In short, Sir, half of our military in all branches is missing. Most of the staff changes we have to make in the chain of command involve the promotion of underqualified personnel who will require time to adjust to their new roles before they become fully operational.

“As far as our nuclear arsenal, our final deterrent to defend our nation, Sir, our missile silos are intact but manned by lower echelon officers and enlisted men and women. Our nuclear submarines have their capabilities on board but are commanded by unqualified commanders in many cases. As for our nuclear-armed aircraft, well Sir, that is another big problem that the U.S. is having, and probably every nation that has an airborne nuclear deterrent. ... Uh, Sir, in many cases these aircraft have crashed all over the world when their pilots and crews disappeared. Since nuclear armaments aboard aircraft are not armed until deployment is signaled, none of the nuclear bombs have detonated that we know of, either ours or other nations. We have nuclear recovery teams dispatched globally to try and recover these bombs ...”

“My god, man,” the President interrupted, “You mean to tell me there are unexploded U.S. nuclear bombs at crash sites all over the world?”

“Yes Sir, that’s correct. And as head of the Joint Chiefs, I have a recommendation to ask of you, Sir.”

“And what is that, General?” the President was obviously extremely ruffled.

“My request, Sir, is that you would raise the Defense Condition, or DEFCON from DEFCON 4 to DEFCON 3, which is just a heightened level of readiness ...”

Angrily the President broke in, “I know what a blasted DEFCON level is, General! I do agree with you though on switching to DEFCON 3. Make it happen immediately. Do we know if our enemies have increased their levels of readiness?”

The Acting head of the CIA, jumped into the briefing, “Mr. President, as far as we know from our agents, other adversarial countries are doing the same thing, increasing their level of readiness. But it is important to add, Sir, that we have not detected any sizeable troop movements nor have we seen any nuclear explosions through our satellite early-warning or seismic detection systems.”

“Well, at least that’s comforting!” Raged the President. “So there’s no evidence of immediate attack by either Russia or China, is that correct?”

“Correct, Mr. President.”

The President turned to his UN ambassador, “What’s going on at the UN? Any answers to the, as the internet calls it, the ‘P.O.C’s?’”

“Mr. President, in a few words, the state of the United Nations General Assembly is rage, anger, and finger-pointing, charges from one nation against another on espionage, terrorism, and imminent acts of aggression. Fights are even erupting on the UN floor between unfriendly nations. In short, Sir, with all this turmoil that is affecting the entire world, it will be a miracle if the UN continues to function. Ambassadors are leaving their respective offices in droves saying that their governments have recalled them and that they will no longer attend UN sessions.”

The President turned to his NATO representative and with a stern, commanding voice said, “Call an immediate, secret meeting with all of our NATO allies. We need to do a combined strength assessment of our coalition and see how solid we are. We need to prepare Western Europe for possible attack and let them know that we stand with them. Make it happen. Send our top brass to Brussels so we get face-to-face information and be sure to read their body language to ensure against any lying going on.

“Now ladies and gentlemen, the sixty-four thousand dollar question,” the President shrunk into his executive chair not wanting to hear the answer to his question. “How many citizens are left in the United States according to your latest findings?”

The head of Housing and Urban Development (HUD) a lady, surrounded by staff members from the Bureau of Statistics, senior FBI members along with National Intelligence Agency officials took the reports in her hands and tried to begin to speak, overcome by the shock at what she was reading.

“Mr. President, all of our intelligence—which is not conclusive—tells us that the United States of America was hit the hardest of all nations when the disappearances occurred. We have gone from a population of almost four hundred million to a guesstimated population of about one hundred seventy-five million.”

The other members in the briefing gasped with disbelief. Their emotions could not be held in check. They were stunned and obviously unprepared for these facts.

“Mr. President,” the HUD director could no longer hold back her emotions. Tears streamed down her eyes as she tried to find any strength she had left to deliver the rest of her briefing to the President and other staff members in the meeting.

“All of the adolescent children under the age of about fifteen years of age are gone! Poof! Disappeared in the twinkling of an eye, many in plain sight of their parents. There are no babies left in any mother’s womb. They too have vanished.” She could no longer control her emotions but found it within herself to continue. “Sir, there are no babies in any maternity wards in any hospital in America. If there were, there would be too little medical staff to take care of them. Our medical community has been depleted in half at a time when suicides in America have skyrocketed off the charts.” She was crying uncontrollably now but continued, “There are almost no children in our schools and very few teachers left to teach them. Our almost vacant churches are filling up with people looking for answers, like sheep looking for shepherds that aren’t there.” She could not continue, overcome by grief, thinking about her own children and family members who were missing from her life. She felt so alone, so defeated with little or no hope within her.

The President got out of his chair and walked over to her to console her. He, too, was in tears at his own family’s disappearances including his wife and grandchildren who had quite literally vanished right before his eyes, their clothes falling into his lap. It was almost more than he could bear, more than any President before him had to bear. But in this moment, he had to be strong.

“Are there *any* explanations or theories for the disappearances? Have we tried to contact pastors, ministers, or theologians about this?”

The HUD director wiped her tears and replied, “We’ve tried to contact scores of clergy from many protestant and catholic denominations in America. Sir, but they are nowhere to be found. They, too, are among the missing.”

“That’s enough!” The President said, his eyes growing swollen with tears streaming down his face, visible to everyone in the room.

He turned to his communications director. “Our citizens need hope to keep living! Prepare a speech to be broadcast tomorrow night on all networks. I’m the only one that can assure Americans that we’re all in this together. I want you to include the F.D.R. quote ‘The only thing we have to fear is fear itself.’ I want an immediate emergency session of the House and Senate tonight to hear my Executive Order stating that the U.S. government will provide immediate monetary assistance to everyone of every age. We have half the population and a full treasury and we’re going to assure the public that checks are on their way. Also that the government will be hiring all the unemployed people in America, giving them great jobs at great pay.

“I want recruitment ads on every network before and after this speech for our young people to fill the jobs in this critical time in our military. ‘A call to arms’ for every red-blooded American patriot we have. Hopefully, that will replenish our military vacancies. If it doesn’t, I’ll reinstitute the draft to beef up our needs. This is a national emergency!”

“Sir,” the Communications Director asked, “Should I close your speech with ‘In God we trust?’”

“Hmmm. Let me think on that. ... Oh, what the hell, why not? It certainly couldn’t hurt.”



### **Rome-Headquarters of the antichrist, Helel Guyion:**

Helel Guyion was a strikingly handsome thirty-something-year-old man who stood six foot two with wavy, thick blond hair and blue eyes with a slim physique. He was literally conceived at the foot of his master, Satan, at Mount Zaphon in the second heaven where demons hung out when his mother, Dr. Helle Guyion, the most evil woman in the world and high priestess of the satanic worldwide cults, had performed mad, passionate intercourse with a colleague in the presence of her master. Somehow, this ‘most evil woman in the entire world’ received a last-minute reprieve from all of her sins and was forgiven by accepting Jesus as her Lord and Savior just moments before the Rapture occurred.

Helel’s name was derived from the name of Satan when he was called Lucifer, the original archangel, which meant *son of the morning*, before Lucifer was banned from the highest heaven because of his pride. By their own free will, Satan took one-third of the heavenly angels with him.

God changed Lucifer's name to Satan which means *adversary*. The fallen angels who followed him, by choice, were renamed 'demons.'

When Helel was about eighteen years old and ready for university, he was called to Mount Zaphon in the second heaven for five years of study at his master's feet. During that time Helel mastered every language on planet Earth, gaining beyond Ph.D. knowledge in every subject known to mankind; Economics, Military Strategy, Finance, World History, Media and Communications, Organization, Diplomacy, Political Science, Astrophysics, Engineering, Computer Science, Business and all areas of deception, lying and stealing people's souls for his master. Helel was given a photographic memory and his I.Q. was immeasurable.

He was the chosen one, the son of perdition, called by Satan himself to be the antichrist and his time had finally come. He was practically unknown at that time, but his rise to lead a one-world government, one-world military, and one-world religion was on the immediate horizon. The Rapture signaled the time of his coming and his gradual rise to power.

As Helel basked in the opulence of his privately-owned hotel in Rome, with untold trillions in his myriad bank accounts, he bowed down to a satanic idol in his 'Satan Worship Room.'

"Most high master, our time has begun. The Restrainer has removed the barriers against us. Just as you revealed in your plan to me many years ago, your chosen one, it is time to put together my staff of your selected demons. Please send to me Baal, Aerico, Ishtar, Molech, Abaddon, and Ra."

Within a split second the six demons, in spirit form, appeared before Helel, stinking up the room with their foul odors of all forms of evil presence.

"Spirits! Please! Quickly go out and possess some human bodies, bathe, and return to me. I can't stand your stench," Helel commanded, covering his nose. "Not you, Aerico. You will remain in spirit form to ride the winds and spread your dastardly diseases."

An hour later, the five demons returned with their human-indwelled bodies. Baal chose a small man's body that was not striking in appearance. Baal wanted to do his work in a stealthy manner and for the most part to go unnoticed. Ishtar chose to indwell the body of a strikingly beautiful well-known Italian prostitute. Molech indwelled the body of a powerful warlord of

Oriental descent, a Genghis Khan type of man. Whilst Abaddon appeared in a tall, muscular, powerful, gruesome African body that would strike fear into anyone who looked upon him. He was seven feet tall, had ultra-black skin with deep-set blue eyes, and weighed around two hundred ninety pounds of sheer bone and muscle. He was bald-headed and his age was tough to guess. And then there was Ra, who would be Helel's false prophet. He indwelled an Anglo body with the appearance of a quiet, pious person, dressed in a white robe and sandals who could gain the trust of the most untrustworthy person. He was five foot, six inches tall with long brown hair down to his shoulders.

"Baal," Helel mused at the indwelled body standing before him, "I applaud your choices. You who had once been in the place called 'Betwixt', appearing as a thousand-foot long, two-headed dragon that spouted fireballs from one head and blasphemies from the other. Well done! In ancient times you deceived even the people of Israel to turn from their entity to the ways of Satan and projected that doctrine to many other nations. Today you are charged with the same task, to turn people from their truth to ours. And, you have so many modern-day tools.

"As you did in the past, I want you to influence, by lies and manipulation, using skewed media reporting, the internet, college courses, and Artificial Intelligence to lead all people into the complete abandonment of any truth but what we teach them to believe. The more souls you claim for our master, the greater your reward will be. And remember, all of the so-called *Christians* are gone! Only unbelievers in that *other entity* are left. Our path will be easy now to claim their souls.

"Ishtar, you gorgeous, lustful, magnificent slut, formerly known as the '*Queen of Heaven*' by your followers in ancient times. You already know what to do. Just as you set up brothels in your former holy places, I want you to spread your powers to influence all people to eat, drink, and be merry. Take away any forms of morality in peoples' lives. Spread your passion for drunkenness, free sex with any and all, and make prostitutes of men and women. Cause lasciviousness to spread and enhance the lifestyles of all people to live for the moment and not worry about their sins. Are you still up to it, Ishtar?"

"I can't wait, Helel. I am woman, I am man. I've been working on my art form, especially in the United States, for decades now. I'll transform alternate lifestyles into normal, accepted lifestyles. It is truly the master's time to rule in complete abandonment of anything resembling 'good.'" She smiled and brushed up against Helel, licking his hand with her long, forked tongue.

Helel turned to Molech, “You, Molech, who once caused people to worship you and our master so thoroughly and devoutly that they would sacrifice their children and families upon your alters and pass them through the fire. Do that again. I want you to establish and influence all the existing cults in the entire world and to set up new networks of satanic worship so they will begin human sacrifice as part of their satanic worship rituals. Many will seek suicide as things get worse and we become stronger. Give them a justified, *spiritual* avenue of self-sacrifice to appease their wishes. Go immediately and begin.

“Abaddon, The Destroyer, straight out of the Abyss, known for affliction, condemnation, and damnation. You are one of the most frightening personages I have ever laid eyes upon. You almost scare me,” Helel said with a slight laugh. “You will be my general of the soon-to-be one-world military. I want you to begin influencing every known military leader on the planet to join our military and to hand over all of their troops, weapons, and military equipment, including their nuclear arsenals, and become powerful leaders of the greatest, most powerful military force the world has ever known. You have a short time to accomplish this. Are my instructions clear, General Abaddon?”

“Perfectly clear, chosen one! You can expect my undaunted devotion to a one-world military that I will recruit and lead ruthlessly.” Abaddon replied.

Helel then turned his gaze to Ra, the former sun god of the once-powerful Egyptians. “I approve of the indwelt body you have chosen; so pious, so meek. You will be my prophet with powers that I will give to you when you are in my presence. You can look forward to astonishing the masses when I instruct you to call down fire from the heavens. You will turn the inhabitants of the Earth from any other form of religion to our world religion. You will do this with supernatural signs in the sky to show your own power and to make people believe that I, Helel, am the messiah everyone has been waiting for. I, too, will perform miracles to help you with your transformation of beliefs. Now go out, stealthily, and begin to influence all the remaining religious leaders of all faiths. Change every mind on the face of the Earth. Can you do this, Ra?”

“Unequivocally, chosen one. I know exactly what I’m going to do!”

Looking into the thin air around him, Helel addressed Aerico, the ancient Greek demon of disease. “Your malignant, unseen presence will conjure up and spread pestilences and pandemics

like the world has never experienced. Set up labs around the planet to develop terrible chronic illnesses that will make the Bubonic plague resemble the common cold. Unfurl your pain and suffering onto the billions of human souls that we must claim for the master.

“Each of you will have about eight million demons on your earthly staff to accomplish your instructions. However, you will not go unopposed. For every demon, there will be two so-called holy angels who will strive to thwart your work. Be ready for spiritual warfare. Pay attention to my words.

“One last thing before you all depart to your duties. There are still a few restraints that haven’t been lifted. Even in your indwelt human bodies, you must refrain from having sex with humans. Remember *Tartarus*?”

Ishtar spoke up, “But chosen one, aren’t you going to have sex?”

“Oh yes, Ishtar. I’m a human. You’re a demon spirit. I plan to have a very active, indulgent sex life and I will be calling on you to supply all the concubines I can handle. Please, begin to pick out the most beautiful women in the world and have them ready, daily, at my beck and call. Now all of you, be gone and perform the duties I have assigned to you.”



### **Jerusalem, Israel:**

The Chief Rabbinate (Chief Rabbi) of Israel, Rabbi Yair Neeman, age seventy-five, dressed in traditional Levite attire, sat in his office studying his Torah, searching for answers to the disappearances that had plagued all nations on the earth. Israel looked to him for their answers and so far he couldn’t give them any. The pressure he felt was almost too much to bear. His name in Hebrew meant *he will enlighten/treasurer of the community*. He stood five foot, five inches tall with gray hair, and was a bit paunchy with a long gray beard.

For countless hours each day and night he and his assistants studied the Torah, the first five books of the Bible; Genesis, Exodus, Leviticus, Numbers, and Deuteronomy, and found nothing to answer their questions. They studied the Nevi’im or the Major Prophets; Joshua, Judges, Samuel, Kings, Isaiah, Jeremiah, and Ezekiel. Still no definitive answers. The Rabbi and his staff then turned to the writings of the Ketuvim; Psalms, Proverbs, Job, Song of Songs, Ruth,

Lamentations, Ecclesiastes, Daniel, Ezra, Nehemiah, and Chronicles and did not find the answers that the population of the entire Earth longed for.

For the past couple of weeks, the Rabbi had been in meetings with the Prime Minister of Israel wanting any disclosable intelligence from the Israel Defense Force's intelligence agency, Mossad. All the Prime Minister told him was that the disappearances were worldwide and so far no one knew the reasons. The Rabbi asked for a meeting with the World Council of Churches in Jerusalem, an organization of many faiths and religions. What was odd was that members of Christian-aligned churches and a small sector of Messianic Jewish members were not present. That puzzled the Rabbi. Did they know something that the rest of the world religions didn't know?

The Rabbi's former assistant of many years died of congestive heart failure three years ago. There was a strict vetting process to choose his new assistant. Finally, after no less than twelve separate interviews with many of the Rabbi's staff, Ariel Reesen was chosen. She was born and raised in Jerusalem, had earned Masters Degrees in both Political Science and Business Administration from the Hebrew University of Jerusalem, was in her mid to late thirties, and looked like a traditional Jewish lady; long dark hair, big brown eyes, and had served her time in the Israel Defense Force before going to the university. Prior to her appointment to serve the Rabbi, Ariel had worked as a political analyst at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. She spoke five languages fluently; Hebrew, Greek, French, English, and Arabic. Her husband was a sous-chef at a nearby elite hotel.

In Hebrew, Ariel's first name meant, *Lion of God*, and her last name, Reesen, meant *Rose*. Ariel was so honored to be chosen to be the administrative assistant to one of the highest and most respected Rabbis in all of Israel. At the time of her hiring, Ariel and her husband had two little twin girls, aged eight, who were the center of their lives. Beautiful little girls so full of smiles and laughter that added so much joy to Ariel and her husband's lives. But one sunny day about three weeks ago, their loving twins did not come home from school. Ariel's world had almost ended that day and she was trying her best to maintain her professional attitude around the Rabbi. She was physically hurting, emotionally devastated, and was having a hard time justifying her own existence. She was losing her faith.

No one had any answers for her. Where were her little girls? Ariel felt that the 'rose' in her name had lost its fragrance and at times she felt that her petals were wilting away, dropping to the

ground one by one. Knowing that she could have the Rabbi's ear for a moment, she gathered her courage and walked into the Rabbi's office, carrying him a cup of hot tea as she did so many times each day. She was intent on trying to be civil but at the moment, with crumbling hope and an impatient heart she was determined to be bold and give the Rabbi both barrels of a mad, crushed, hurting mother. She needed answers to keep on living.

"Shalom. I thought you could use a cup of your favorite tea, Rabbi."

"Thank you, Ariel, my dear. How are you and your husband handling your grief? Is there anything I can do to help?"

"Rabbi, with all due respect, yes, there is something you can do to help! My heart is broken. I'm not sure I can go on. My hope is gone. My faith is waning.

"For eight years, I have had the joy of Ha Shem (referring to The Name [God] in Hebrew) with my two beautiful daughters. Yes, Adonai, (another name of God) has given me and my husband years of happiness with them; and now they're gone, vanished! We contacted the police as soon as we heard, but they could only inform us that many others were also missing just as you are so keenly aware. We listen to the news around the world saying the same thing. How could this be? Where are my children? Someone must have taken them! But who!?"

"Since their disappearance, I have yet to cease to lament, Rabbi. In every breath of every waking hour, I think of my daughters and with my last breath, before I fall asleep, I think of my twins. Where are they? Who has them? I've been searching within my life for sakhar va-onesh (Hebrew for reward and punishment). What have I done to deserve this?"

Rabbi Neeman could see the deep hurt in his assistant and continued to listen to her plea without response.

"I've read my Torah, daily, looking for answers; yet there aren't any instructions given for a situation such as this. Your other assistants have been searching through the Torah and Ketuvim with no definitive answers. All my years of education and serving with the Israel Defense Force did not prepare me for what I am facing today!

"As you are aware, Rabbi, for six years I was part of the Airborne Combat Rescue and Evacuation Unit 669, Special Forces. Combat search and rescue missions are what I was trained

for; everything from counterterrorism to rescuing under harsh conditions and I passed the commanders' course. We carried out missions domestically as well as abroad. So, if I need to search for my children on my own, that's what I will do! I will not stop until I find them!"

The Rabbi looked upon his assistant, Ariel, as a grieving, fearless mama bear who would stop at nothing to find her lost twins. He was concerned that she may leave her faith, her position, and go rogue. Her desperate plea motivated him, as her personal Rabbi, to find answers as quickly as he could. She represented the voices of so many.

"Rabbi, do you think what is happening could be an omen or prophecy that has been overlooked? And what is the meaning of Daniel 12:4 where it says, 'Daniel, shut up the words and seal the book until the time of the end. Many shall run to and fro and knowledge shall increase.' People running to and fro surely means air travel and knowledge shall increase could mean nothing other than the internet and search engines. Are we at the time of the end, Rabbi?"

The Rabbi placed his hands on her shoulders and said, "May *Elohim* console you, Ariel, along with all the other mourners of Zion and Jerusalem. You have my word that I will continue to search for your answers. But realize this, I am the keeper of the Torah, the Talmud, and Mosaic Laws. I am responsible for millennia of Jewish traditions. I will not be swayed by mankind or womankind. I will seek answers in the scriptures but will in no way abandon my responsibilities."

*“And you will hear of wars and rumors of wars. See that you are not troubled, for all these things must come to pass, but the end is not yet.” Matthew 24:6-7 (NKJV)*

*“Son of man, set your face against Gog, of the land of Magog, the prince of Rosh, Meshach and Tubal and prophesy against him, and say, ‘Thus says the Lord God. I am against you. O Gog ... I will turn you around, put hooks in your jaws and lead you out ... ’” Ezekiel 38: 2-4 (NKJV)*

*“And I will send fire on Magog and those who live in security in the coastlands.” Ezekiel 39:6. (NKJV)*

### 3

## **Wars & Rumors of Wars**

### **Gog & Magog**

For weeks after his return home, Cooper McCoy was overwhelmed with work at the McCoy trucking compound. Half of his employees were gone, half his drivers were nowhere to be found, his tractors and trailers were scattered all over the I-35 corridor, deadlines with existing customers were behind and he had to reorganize his company’s infrastructure to maintain the existing contracts he was obligated to fulfill. Plus, Coop was trying to cope with and comfort the disappearances of his company’s families, their children, and their loved ones. It had been weeks since he last heard from Jennifer Hatfield. He knew she was dealing with problems of her own.

“Coop?” shouted his terminal manager, “You have a call from George Doaks on line one. He seems rather upset.” George was one of Cooper’s closest friends. They played high school football together many years ago and currently, George was one of the toughest, winningest football coaches in the state of Texas.

“Hey, George! How’s my favorite ole football buddy?”

“Coop,” George’s voice began to break, “I need you, my friend. Can you come over to the coach’s office at the high school?”

“I’ll be there in half an hour, George. Are you alright?”

“Just get here, fast as you can, Coop.” George hung up the phone.

When Cooper entered the coach's office, he saw George, tears streaming down his face, holding a loaded revolver to his head with a half-empty bottle of Jack Daniels on his desk.

"George, George, hold on a minute, buddy. Can we talk about this? I'm here for you ..."

"Somehow I think I caused this crazy disappearance thing, Coop. Three weeks ago, just before our big homecoming game with our undefeated rival, I was having a mid-day scrimmage of our first-team offense against our first-team defense in full pads and gear just to sharpen our skills. They were lined up against each other, I blew my whistle and the lines clashed." George began crying incessantly, never lowering the revolver from his head.

"Right before my eyes, my football players disappeared. There was nothing on the practice field but a pile of helmets, shoulder pads, pants, and cleats ... with no one in them. Most of my assistant coaches disappeared, children on the playgrounds disappeared and only a few of the older students were left in the classrooms ... because I blew my whistle. They're all gone because of me, Coop. My wife Rita is gone. My boy is gone and I have no kids to teach or coach, my job is over, and quite frankly, I have no reason to live."

Slowly, Coop inched his way closer to George. Now standing beside him, while George was wiping the tears from his eyes, Coop reached his hand down and put his thumb between the cocked hammer and the revolver.

"George that's what I came over here to talk to you about, buddy." Coop had no idea what he was going to say next. "I want you to come to work for me, I'll double your salary," just came out of his mouth.

George allowed his friend Coop to take the revolver out of his hand. "Me? Working for you? What's the position? All I know how to do is coach and teach." George got a grip on himself, barely listening to what Cooper was going to propose. Coop didn't really know his next move either, just playing the conversation by ear to steer his friend from imminent suicide to hope.

"I want you to help me find out what's happening. You didn't cause this with your whistle, George, these disappearances happened all over the world. Surely you've been watching the news? I need you to help me find out what's going on. You're a teacher, George. Teach me and my staff. Are you willing to give it a shot, buddy?"

“Haven’t been watching much TV, Coop. Been feeling too guilty and yeah, as you can see, I’ve been drinking again.”

Coop was trying to plan his next move, “George? Do you still have your library card here at the school?”

“Of course. What a stupid question!”

“Let’s you and I take a walk down to the library. I need to get you some books to study so you can tell me what’s happening. C’mom, let’s go.”

Coop helped George out of his chair and began the short walk. As they entered the library George noticed the aged head librarian was not present but a young man was filling her place.

“Can you take us to the religious section?” Coop asked, still not knowing what he was going to say next. “I’m looking for some books similar to the *Left Behind* series that I read when I was a kid. Can you recommend some updated books on end times?”

“Sure, eschatology,” the young man said walking them over to the correct section in the huge library. Neither Coop nor George knew what the word meant. “Are you looking for fiction or non-fiction?”

“Preferably non-fiction. Like everyone else, we’re trying to figure out what’s going on with all the P.O.C.s.” Coop figured the young man was attuned to this new acronym.

“I can recommend several books for you, especially a particular book and workbook for your study.” The librarian reached up on the shelves and took down a stack of books including a copy of *The End Times in Chronological Order*. “It was written years ago and takes a lot of time to fill in all the verses in the workbook, but in my opinion, this is one of the most definitive books on the shelf for understanding end times. I haven’t personally read this but many of my librarian friends mentioned great things about it. Incidentally, most of them were P.O.C.’d recently.”

“Great! Thank you, son. We’d like to check out all of them,” Coop felt like he was led right into that. “C’mom, George, let’s get you started. We’ll have a late lunch so you can go home and get cleaned up. I’ll have a desk ready for you at the compound so you can work with some other people who are doing research on this subject. I’ll see you Monday morning.”

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Coop returned to the many problems at the compound. As he walked in, his office manager told him Jennifer Hatfield was on the phone.

“Hi Jen, please don’t ask me how it’s going!”

“I can guess, Coop, same here, plus I’m being swamped with emergency work for the Department of Defense that I can’t discuss with you. Top Secret stuff and I’m at less than half staff. We still need to meet and work on those D.O.T. contracts. Can we get together next week?”

“That would be just right, Jen. Looking forward to putting out some fires here before you arrive. Obviously, you’re doing the same.”

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What Jen couldn’t discuss with Coop was that she had been contacted by the D.O.D. in recent early morning hours telling her that the Defense Department’s Cyber-Intelligence section had intercepted a phone call from the Kim family in North Korea to the Chinese president to discuss their imminent plans to attack South Korea. The D.O.D. needed Jen to write hurried, last-minute algorithms to intercept and interpret the architectural maps and blueprints of the North Korean battle plans so there were no problems in the downloading process. She had only hours to complete her task.

In the phone conversation, the Chinese head of state forbade North Korea from using any form of nuclear weapons, knowing that the U.S. could launch retaliatory strikes and start World War III. Shortly after the call, using Jen’s quickly formulated algorithms, the U.S. intelligence intercepted the complete battle plans that the Chinese president had requested. The attack would begin in forty-five days.

The Chinese president made no mention to the Kim family of his planned invasion of Taiwan. Nor had Russia shared any information with their Chinese allies on their planned attack on Israel. This so-called “Axis of Evil” were allies in name only, depending on what the other members could do for them. They were still sovereign nations with their own agendas for world dominance.

North Korea had more than twice the standing army of South Korea with an overwhelming number of tanks to begin the invasion, not to mention a great advantage in artillery. Armed with the battle plans of the Kim family, the U.S. and the Republic of Korea (R.O.K.) began to make preparations for a massive ambush. They had worked together for decades and were synchronized in their plans to prepare a trap for the North Koreans.



The following week Jennifer Hatfield drove to the McCoy Express compound to discuss the D.O.T. contracts which she expected to be sent out over the next few weeks. She walked in and immediately got down to business with Cooper without going into much detail about her personal and company problems.

“Look here, Coop,” she laid out spreadsheet printouts on the conference table, “Here are twenty-five contracts the D.O.T. will issue soon. We need to make preparations to take at least seven, maybe ten of them worth about \$500 million in total revenues over two years. The larger contracts will go to trucking firms with a history with D.O.T. since they have higher assets than you have.”

“Five hundred million, Jen? Are you serious?” Coop was baffled at how his firm could handle new contracts of this size. The overhead had to be astounding.

“Not kidding, Coop. Let me show you.”

Jen laid out a new fleet plan for McCoy Express. “We’re going to need to buy about 400 new electric tractors.”

“Jen! Do you realize these electric tractors cost three times what diesel vehicles cost?”

“Coop! Let me finish. Of course, I know what they cost but look at this. Diesel tractors have three times the overhead and fuel costs of EVs. I’m going to work with a few trusted scientists at Tesla, who manufacture EV batteries right here in Texas, and put solar screens on the windscreens on top of the cabs routing the collected energy to the newly designed batteries. This will mean NO FUEL COSTS whatsoever, no downtime, or searching for EV recharging stations. The drivers can drive back roads and drive as long as the law allows them to drive. Is this brilliance on my part or what ... Partner?”

“Yes ... well, if you can do it, Jen. I’ll have to put up all of my assets as collateral to finance the purchase risking my entire company, plus there is no guarantee that we can get the contracts.”

“I can do it, Coop. And, if you still want to join forces, fifty-fifty, I’ll put in all my assets as collateral for half of the purchases of the new fleet. You’ve got to trust me, Coop. From analysis of past bids, I know the range of what the other companies are going to bid. We go just a bit lower, have sufficient equipment and assets to handle the contracts and we WILL be awarded seven to ten of them. Deal or no deal?”

Coop had to wrap his mind around his trust in Jennifer and her ability to do what she said she could do. It was a big risk with a big reward. “When you transfer ALL of your assets into the McCoy Express account, I’ll get to work with my bankers to finance the purchase and get the lawyers to draw up the papers of our alliance. Deal?”

“Coop, list me as a *silent partner*. With all my government IT contracts and security clearances it is imperative that there is no signs of collusion between me and McCoy Express. Besides, with the current chaos in government staffing, they won’t have time to go into too much due diligence of our arrangements since supply lines are critically broken and must be established very quickly.”

“Good point, Jen. Done.”

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In preparation for the coming attack by North Korea, the U.S. and R.O.K. forces secretly brought in more fifth-generation F-35 fighters capable of knocking out the obsolete North Korean fighters and bombers before the enemy knew what was attacking them. The U.S. also airlifted in thirty M.O.A.B. bombs (Massive Ordinance Air Burst, nicknamed the *Mother Of All Bombs*) that were thirty feet long and contained 22,000 pounds of T.N.T. to decimate the North Korean nuclear launch pads.

Many squadrons of the newly upgraded, technically advanced A-10 ‘Warthogs’ were awaiting the North Korean tank invasions to destroy them in their tracks with precision and accuracy. To guard against the enemy’s extensive ground-to-air missile capabilities taking out allied aircraft, the highly advanced cyber-forces of the R.O.K. would infect the North Korean

computer/communication systems with *worms* that would leave them temporarily blinded and inoperable.

In addition, the U.S. secretly flew in thirty B-2 ‘Spirit’ bombers armed with devastating cluster bombs to drop on the North Korean ground forces creating a shock and awe effect on the battlefield that no human psyche could endure.

When the attack finally began, the North Korean commanders were mystified as to why there was so little resistance at the well-defended DMZ between the two countries. The R.O.K. army simply was not present. Most of the South Korean population near the DMZ had migrated south to work at the military bases.

As the attack advanced further into South Korea, hundreds of North Korean tanks and thousands of ground troops were exposed on the open battlefields. The R.O.K. and U.S. forces slaughtered the attacking armies from the flanks with thousands of remote-controlled miniguns and Javelin missiles. The multiple squadrons of A-10 Warthog aircraft had a field day taking out hundreds of enemy tanks while the B-2 Spirit bombers dropped massive amounts of cluster bomb ordinances onto the North Korean infantry turning the battlefield into a reservoir of blood.

Beefed-up U.S. and R.O.K air defense systems knocked down thousands of enemy missiles and unmanned drones. Casualties for the R.O.K. forces were extremely low since the invasion had been repelled by air power and advanced technology.

Simultaneously, R.O.K. and U.S. military Special Forces units parachuted behind enemy lines to direct the M.O.A.B. bombs being dropped on the North Korean missile sites. Within hours, the North Koreans had no way of launching even short-range missiles. Previously, F-35s had destroyed the North Korean Air Force being held in reserve, completely demolishing them on the ground. Armed with the North Korean battle plans, the conflict was fierce, very bloody, and very one-sided.

As the ground attack by North Korean soldiers turned into a massive slaughter, one by one the North Korean soldiers, malnourished, and not completely loyal to the Kim family dynasty who had starved their people and killed and imprisoned many of their own family members, began laying down their arms and surrendering en masse. After the R.O.K. army personnel stripped them of their weapons and searched them, the people began embracing their North Korean brothers and

sisters, giving them a new hope to share in their own prosperity and freedom. This was a time to unite and to stop the hatred and bloodshed promoted for decades by the Kim family dynasty.

When the North Korean advance had been thwarted and that battle won, R.O.K. forces began penetrating the deep, underground Kim family compounds. Weeks later, after tons of explosives and excavating were completed, the Kim family, their staff, and their commanding generals were literally dug out of the ground and taken into custody. With no trials, the R.O.K. army executed them on the spot. The Kim family dynasty was no more and the war for freedom had been won.



In 1952 Japan renounced sovereignty over Taiwan. Since that time the Taiwanese people had built a successful, free, and democratic country. They loved their way of life.

While the world's attention was focused on the Korean conflict, China launched its well-planned, massive, overwhelming attack on Taiwan. For three weeks, the Air Force of the Chinese Communist Party (CCP) bombed the cities, the Taiwanese military, and air bases, trying to dismantle and demoralize their will to fight. The CCP leveled half of the cities on the island before any ground troops were dispatched, dissolving any efforts of the Taiwanese to continue despite their best efforts to defend their nation of almost 26 million freedom-loving people, less all the children who were nowhere to be found.

During the conflict, Taiwanese residents realized that China did not destroy key business buildings. In an effort to escape the bombing, people flocked to the safety of the large installations where they were packed in like flies.

During the Chinese invasion, Taiwan was completely abandoned by the U.S. and its allies and offered no assistance or resistance, only political rhetoric denouncing the attack. With the world in chaos, no country wanted to challenge the strength and dominance of the Chinese military or add to their own internal problems.

When hundreds of thousands of CCP ground troops were dispatched to surround the beaches and land on all sides of Taiwan, the CCP infantry relentlessly killed every soldier, every

citizen—men, women, and elderly—in their paths with reckless abandon, sending a very distinct message to Taiwan and the rest of the world that resisting the Chinese Community Party was futile.

Later the Chinese infantry entered the massive buildings that contained most of Taiwan's lucrative exports. The soldiers separated hi-tech management personnel from the families that flocked there for safety, took the non-essentials out onto the streets, and executed them like a scene out of Hitler's WWII. Taiwanese citizens were forced to bury their own. Technicians and owners of the businesses were hustled off to brutal interrogation centers to gain all of their secrets. Many of the Taiwanese geniuses gave their lives during interrogations rather than giving up their secrets to their oppressors.

China wanted control of the lucrative microchip businesses of Taiwan, to learn all of their secrets, and to transfer all intellectual property in those areas to Chinese control. Besides electronics, Taiwan exported basic metals, plastics, rubber, chemicals, and machinery which would add billions to China's economic dominance in the world.

After the tremendous and terrible bloodshed that resulted in the loss of hundreds of thousands of innocent people, the Taiwanese president reluctantly surrendered the island country to China to avoid any further loss of life.



The Israel Defense Forces (IDF), along with Israel's intelligence agency (Mossad) which kept operatives in all the surrounding nations were always on 24/7 alert since Israel was physically surrounded by nations that wanted to eliminate the entire Israeli state, "the little Satan" as they were referred to by their enemies.

At 2 AM GMT, Mossad operatives in other countries began frantically calling their superiors in Israel to warn them of a massive, immediately impending attack by Russia along with their Muslim allies from Libya, Sudan, Iraq, Iran, Turkey (a NATO member), and 10 other Muslim states. There were no answers to the frantic calls of the Mossad agents.

A divine sleep had fallen over all the people in Israel; their citizens, their entire military, and even IDF soldiers in their foxholes on the perimeters around Israel. Israel was asleep.

Overwhelming numbers of soldiers, planes, tanks, and other types of military invasion equipment led by Russia began pouring into the boundaries of Israel trying to coordinate their attack with their Muslim allies.

In total, four languages were spoken among the coalition, Farsi, Arabic, Turkish, and Russian. As they quickly pushed into the interior of the asleep nation, which felt content and secure when they went to sleep, their commanders were completely dumbfounded as to why there was no retaliation by Israeli forces. As the Russian-led assault pushed further into Israel their problems began to mount.

Massive, quickly forming, blinding dust storms plagued their night vision equipment, not allowing them to confirm targets. Communications between the commanders to their troops were garbled and misunderstood. Advanced targeting systems within their tanks and aircraft became inoperable. Earthquakes shook the troops off their feet as they were attacked by huge swarms of mosquitos, scorpions, and deadly desert vipers.

The miscommunications among the attacking commanders caused them to panic, thinking that their own coalition tanks and troops were Israeli tanks and personnel lying in ambush. When panic set in among the attacking nations and their lack of understanding of coalition languages, commanders began firing on anything within their limited sight. They turned against their own, destroying each other.

Fighter bombers from the evil coalition nations began flying at top speed in the night to their many targets within Israel trying to devastate any further form of retaliation by the Israelis. As they got nearer to releasing their bombs and rockets, huge chunks of hail, some weighing over one hundred pounds, began pounding, disintegrating, and tearing apart the aircraft, causing them to crash and explode. None of the downed aircraft crashed into Israeli cities, homes, or military installations. They crashed into open fields. Only one aircraft among thousands was able to launch its terrible missiles. Somehow, those missiles were diverted to score a direct hit on the Dome of the Rock in the center of Jerusalem, completely flattening the sacred Muslim mosque.

The battle got worse—every second—as Israel slept in peace, completely unaware of the battle going on within their boundaries of the beloved state of Israel.

As the night progressed, dust storms turned to hurricane-force flooding rains making advances further into Israel impossible. More massive earthquakes swallowed up tanks and enemy infantry causing mountains around the attacking forces to fall with massive boulders. Then the prophecy in Zechariah 14:12 was fulfilled by the divine power of the Almighty. “And this shall be the plague which the Lord will strike all the people who fought against Jerusalem; their flesh shall dissolve while they stand on their feet, their eyes shall dissolve in their sockets, and their tongues shall dissolve in their mouths.” Thousands of the invading soldiers died before their skeletons hit the ground.

Finally, fire and brimstone fell from the heavens upon all the attacking forces, killing five of six of all the soldiers from each nation. Israel was now full of smoke and explosions from the tremendous amounts of defeated military forces, their tanks, planes, and equipment from the coalition nations. Their planes fell into open fields. Not one drop of Israeli blood had been shed throughout the divine fiasco that had overwhelmed their enemies.

Back in the attacking nations’ sovereign countries fire and brimstone fell from the skies throughout the night destroying their governments and military forces held in reserve. Russia, Libya, Sudan, Turkey, Iraq, Iran, and their allies were now decimated, defeated nations, no longer dominant military or political forces on the Earth. They had truly felt and experienced the wrath of *El Shaddai*, God Almighty, on the battlefield and inside their respective nations. They would never again return to prominence on the face of the earth.

As the dawn began to appear in the eastern sky, Israeli citizens awakened from their divinely induced sleep. In every city, village, and kibbutz people saw the smoke, the burning tanks, and massive amounts of bloodied, dead soldiers with military insignias on their uniforms from many nations. They viewed the thousands of fallen, burning aircraft all around them, some with melting chunks of hail still in the cockpits and on the ground around them.

The Israeli IDF began waking up in their manned positions in complete confusion with no comprehension of what they were seeing. Where did all of this devastation come from? Who caused this annihilation? What happened while they were asleep? And why had they been asleep?

Mossad operatives finally had their calls answered by personnel who had no clue as to what had happened during the night. They were in a total state of confusion and disbelief with no logical

explanation of the events that went on during the night. The beyond-frantic Mossad operatives had so many questions as they explained to their superiors their undying efforts to warn them of the impending attacks. Was Israel safe? What cities were still standing? Did the IDF defend Israel and how many casualties did they sustain? Were their own families dead or alive? Who won the battle and how did they do it? Was Israel still a standing nation or did they fall to defeat against the massive, overwhelming forces of the attacking nations?

Mossad operatives also called in intelligence of the fire and brimstone that fell on so many nations that surrounded Israel with no idea how or where this happened or who caused it. They further reported that Russia, Libya, Sudan, Iraq, Iran, Turkey, and their other allies had withdrawn back into their respective countries and no military equipment accompanied them.

The few enemy forces that retreated to their own nations were in a state of complete bewilderment and defeat. Most had wounds, burns, snake bites, mosquito bites, blurred vision, red eyes from the sandstorms they tortuously endured, and terrible signs of PTSD. The men and women combatants were crying, weak, and unable to tell their family members who or what had caused their stunning defeat.

Family members told the returning soldiers of the fire and brimstone that had fallen on their home nations causing huge losses of life and property with no civilian casualties. But who caused this? They sought answers from each other; the ones who had just returned from the battle and the ones who felt the effects of the battle at home. There were too many unanswered questions, no comfort, only continued confusion that was driving people mad. No one was in their right frame of mind nor could they hold on to any rational reasoning of the events of the night before.

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Ariel, the Chief Rabbi's assistant, had never been late to work in her life, at least not until today. After waking up late from a deep sleep, she'd been glued to the TV reports from reporters, both local and international, showing the on-scene events of the night before; thousands of dead enemy soldiers from many nations, warplanes burning, some with their pilots still in the cockpits and foreign military equipment burning with no signs of their occupants. The TV reporters were overwhelmed with no explanations of how the attacks began or how this tremendous military force was defeated.

Ariel was taking this all in, trying to grasp in her brilliant mind just what had just happened, like all of the other citizens of Israel and the rest of the world. Carnage, war, defeat with no explanation. She cried in the arms of her husband as they got ready for work.

Driving to work amid the tangled traffic, she noticed the fires and smoke, the smell of diesel and aviation gas, the stench of blood and burning flesh. Now her thought turned to the safety and well-being of Chief Rabbi Neeman.

Arriving at the office, she burst into the Rabbi's study, finding him just waking up, sitting at his desk in a bit of a stupor.

"Rabbi! Are you okay?"

"Ariel, somehow I sat at my desk all night long and fell asleep. I've never done that before. Yes, dear, I'm alright."

"Rabbi, you've got to see what's on TV, what happened in Israel overnight. We were attacked! Just watch the TV reports for a few minutes and I'll get you a cup of tea." Ariel knew she had to get the Rabbi up to speed. Israel needed his spiritual support very quickly, but he had to see what had happened before he could offer up any comforting words to anyone.

"Oh, what on Earth!?" The Rabbi buried his face in his hands, "*Oy Mame! Oy Mame!* (Oh Mother! Oh Mother!) The devastation! The Death! The Destruction!" Rabbi Neeman couldn't put together complete sentences as he reacted to the TV reports.

"Ariel!" The Rabbi yelled, "Is the attack over? Are we still at war? Is Israel safe? How bad are the casualties of the IDF and citizens of Israel? The reporters are not saying! I must know! Call my council of Rabbis into my office and have them all here within the hour!"

Ariel brought in the cup of tea for the Rabbi. She hoped and prayed that he wouldn't have a heart attack after watching the news. She had never seen him this upset, this confused.

"I'll make the calls, Rabbi."

His phones were ringing off the hooks on all lines. Ariel and other assistants, who had just made it in to work, tried diligently to respond to each one, telling most of the people who called

that the Rabbi would get back to them. They, too, wanted answers, spiritual answers from their top Rabbinical Rabbi.

“Rabbi! It’s the Prime Minister on line ten!” Ariel was standing, trembling in front of the Rabbi’s desk. “Sir, you must take this call.” She put the call on speaker.

“Rabbi! Shouted the Prime Minister, “I’m reaching out to you with all my heart, Yair. I need your prayers for strength, for understanding, and for wisdom and discernment for the people of Israel, for the Knesset, and for myself.”

“Mr. Prime Minister, you are always in my daily prayers. I continue to pray for you.”

The Prime Minister cut the Rabbi’s reply short, “Yair, I need to know something! Is there any insight in the Torah or the Talmud as to what happened last night? I’m reaching out to you for wisdom and spiritual guidance.”

Ariel began scribbling notes to put in front of the Rabbi. She wrote “Psalm 121:1, then scribbled out the entire verse for the Rabbi to recite to the Prime Minister. As she was writing, the Rabbi began with a couple of questions of his own while he read over Ariel’s note.

“Mr. Prime Minister, I do have a little insight for you that I will tell you. First, Sir, could you just answer one of my questions?”

“If it’s not classified, Yair, I’ll do my best. What’s your question?” The Prime Minister was obviously a bit disgruntled. His phones were also ringing off the hooks. Diplomats from many nations calling him, the president of the USA was on hold, the Prime Minister had a headache and was near heart attack stage himself.

The Rabbi took a deep breath and asked, “Are we still at war? Are we defeated?”

“That’s two questions, Rabbi. No, we are not defeated and it seems, by some divine miracle that this war is over. Israel is intact. I really need to go, Rabbi. What if any insight can you give me?”

Rabbi Neeman looked at the note on his desk and replied while Ariel was opening the book for him to recite the verse to the Prime Minister.

“Mr. Prime Minister, here are my immediate insights and I promise to have more for you when I’ve had the time to find them. My insights begin from Psalm 121:1, the Psalm of Ascents and I quote, ‘I will lift up my eyes to the hills—from whence comes my help? My help comes from the Lord Who made Heaven and Earth. HE will not allow your foot to be moved;’” the Rabbi raised his voice to give credence to the last part of the verse, “*HE who keeps you will not slumber, Behold, HE who keeps Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep ...*”

“Yair, are you telling me that *Elohim* sent Michael, the archangel who keeps watch over Israel, to fight and win this battle for us? Is that what you’re saying, Rabbi?”

“Mr. Prime Minister, that’s for you and all of the citizens of Israel to decide. I understand from the news reports that not a single drop of Israeli blood was shed last night. Is that true, Sir?”

“As far as we know, that’s true, Yair, and thank you. I believe that you’ve given me what I needed to hear for the moment. Call me when you have more and I mean *soon*, Rabbi. I’ve got to address the nation on worldwide news. I need definitive scripture of what just happened and I may want you there to read it.” The Prime Minister hung up.

Stroking his long gray beard and taking a sigh of relief, the Rabbi turned to Ariel, “Thank you, Ariel, for finding that scripture for me just in the nick of time. I would not have known what to tell the Prime Minister,” he rocked back in his chair, “Now tell me, Ariel, how did you find that verse so quickly?”

Ariel took a deep breath and just plopped herself down in one of the big wing chairs in front of the Rabbi’s huge desk. She looked up at the ceiling with a sense of wonder on her face. “Rabbi, one minute before you got the call from the Prime Minister, this verse just came into my mind. Call it a divine thought, an epiphany, call it a word from *Adonai*, call it what you will, that’s all I can tell you. I looked up the verse and it seemed to explain a lot to me. I hoped it would mean a lot to you and the Prime Minister. It seems that it did.”

“Ariel, you heard the Prime Minister. I need more! We have less than twenty-four hours to find scriptures. At this point, I don’t care where you go to get them, just get them for me!”

*“HE who keeps you will not slumber. Behold, HE who keeps Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.” Psalm 121:3-4 (NKJV)*

*“Upon the wicked HE will rain coals; Fire and brimstone and burning wind shall be the portion of their cup.” Psalm 11:6 (NKJV)*

## 4

### Shock & Awe

Coop walked into the operations room at McCoy Express early in the morning to find most of his and Jen’s staff all gathered around the big screen TV in the adjoining conference room. He was haggard from staying up most of the night trying to locate all of his abandoned trucks, sending his existing drivers to deliver the produce and cattle in them. He needed more drivers, the days were not long enough to solve this overwhelming logistical nightmare. He was worn out.

“Coop, have you seen the world news lately?”

“Some. I’ve been hammered lately, Jen. I did see the stunning victory of South Korea and the U.S. over the North Korean forces.”

“Thanks to some of my team’s brilliant work for the Department of Defense. We wrote the spyware that detected the attack,” Jen was beaming with pride.

“Yeah, Jen, you mentioned that. You guys had a hand in that?”

“You betcha we did! We nailed ’em, Coop. What about China invading Taiwan? Did you see that?”

“Yep. Taiwan didn’t have a chance against China when the U.S. and the NATO, allies abandoned them. I’m ashamed of America for not helping them out. So why is everyone glued to the tube this morning, we have work to do...”

“Coop! You mean you didn’t hear what happened in Israel?”

“Israel? No, I guess I didn’t.”

“Get to the TV, Coop!”

The commentator on the airwaves was relating the events that had just transpired. “Israel is confounded by the startling, unprovoked attack from Muslim nations led by Russia. Libya, Sudan, Ethiopia, Iran, Iraq, and our old NATO ally, Turkey along with some smaller Muslim nations in the Middle East.”

“My god, Jen! Was Israel defeated? Is the war still raging? How many Israelis were killed? Did the U.S. help?”

“That’s why we’re all glued to the TV, Coop. Get in here and watch this. None of the reporters know anything definite or conclusive. More questions than answers but look at the devastation on the screen of the attacking armies all over the State of Israel that are being shown by on-the-scene reporters and camera crews. Russian and allied planes crashing all over, tanks blown up, ground personnel slaughtered ... and so far, and this is the miraculous part, it doesn’t seem like Israel fired a shot in its own defense! So the big question is, who defeated the powerful Russian armies, their ally’s armies, their air forces, and their tank divisions???”

The TV journalists continued showing the carnage and mass destruction of the burning equipment from the attacking nations. Enemy division and battalion flags were burning and scattered in the fields of Israel, from north to south, yet not one piece of aired film showed any damage whatsoever to any Israeli home, building, or city. Pictures of the ‘just arrived’ Israeli Defense Forces forming perimeters and setting up defensive positions seemed as if they had nothing to do with the defeat of their invaders.

“Coop, the Prime Minister of Israel is supposed to address his nation and hopefully give his citizens some answers on a big broadcast in the coming hours. What’s your take on what we’re seeing?” Jen could see the astonishment in Coop’s eyes as he continued to watch the broadcast.

“No words, Jen, ... I have no words.”

George Doaks, the former football coach and close friend of Coop walked over to him, “Coop, there’s strange things happening in this old world of ours. I’m working with one of Jen’s IT ladies to locate every website known to mankind as well as combing through scripture in the Bible to get some answer. That workbook you got for me is proving to be a God send.”

“Have you found any answers yet, George?”

“Not yet, but we’re getting closer. When I have proof in scripture, and I believe that’s the only truth there is right now, Coop, I’ll surely let you and the others know. After all, that’s what you hired me to do, isn’t it?”

“And one other thing, boss man, have you noticed the parking lots in the local churches around San Marcos?”

“I haven’t been into town, George. What about them?”

“They’re all full, Coop. Not an empty parking place to be found. People are streaming into every church house of all denominations. They’re going inside and kneeling and praying seeking answers about their missing loved ones and any touch of hope they can find in this world gone mad. I’ll say it again, Coop, they’re like sheep seeking a shepherd and there are no shepherds to be found. All the pastors, ministers, clergy, and teachers are gone. That’s got to tell us something, doesn’t it?”

“Yeah, George, it does. And that’s why you’re here. I’m guessing you’re here for a reason to connect the dots, not only for us but for all those lost sheep. When you get some answers maybe you’ll be drawn into a higher calling.”

“Like what, Coop?”

“Maybe you can shepherd these sheep with the truth that you find.”

“Me? I’m not an ordained minister, Coop.”

“Like you said, George, there are none left. Think on that for a while, my friend.”

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With the Prime Minister of Israel’s speech to the nation only five hours away the seventy-five-year-old Rabbi Neeman was stressed to the max. He had no definitive answers for what had just happened in Israel and was absorbed in prayer, searching the Torah and the Nevi’im, the books of the prophets, for answers when Ariel burst into his office.

“I found it, Rabbi! It’s all here.”

“Ariel, please. I’m deep in prayer and study.”

“Stop what you’re doing and read Ezekiel chapters 38 and 39. It perfectly describes what just took place. It’s the Battle of Gog and Magog.”

“Ariel, I know the books of the Nevi’im; ancient prophecies, and ancient wars. Ezekiel wrote this prophecy while he was a captive in Babylon around 536 B.C. Ezekiel is describing an ancient war. And, I want to remind you, Ariel, there are certain books in your so-called “Christian Bible” that I am not at liberty nor do I desire to study or seek.”

“Rabbi, I must warn *you*, I will seek whatever scriptures necessary to find the truth, no matter where they are. My twin daughters didn’t just disappear and I will walk every avenue known to mankind for the answers. If someone showed me a path to hell on earth, I would walk it to find my girls. You can fire me if you want. With all due respect, my Rabbi, these scriptures are also written in the Nevi’im.”

“Ariel, now you’re challenging my authority, but go on. I’m listening,” the Rabbi had nothing to tell the Prime Minister and was increasingly desperate for information, no matter where it came from.

She turned to Ezekiel 38 and began to read, “Son of man, set your face against Gog, of the land of Magog, the prince of Rosh, Meshech and Tubal and prophecy against him and say, ‘Thus says the Lord God: Behold I am against you, O Gog, the prince of Rosh, Meshech and Tubal. I will turn you around, put hooks into your jaws and lead you out, with all your army, horses and horsemen ... Persia, Ethiopia and Libya are with them, all of them with shield and helmet, Gomer and all its troops, the house of Togarmah from the far north and all its troops—many people are with you ...’”

Ariel presented two colored transparent maps and placed them on a table before him.

“Rabbi, this is an ancient map of these countries. Laid over them are our modern-day maps,” she placed the maps before him. “Rabbi, here is an ancient map of these countries. Rosh refers to modern-day Russia as you can see on these maps. Magog refers to the nations in the southern part of Russia, mainly modern-day Kazakhstan, Kyrgyzstan, Uzbekistan, Turkmenistan, Tajikistan, and northern parts of modern Afghanistan. Sir, we all know Persia as Iran, Put is modern-day Libya and what was referred to as Ethiopia is now modern-day Sudan and parts of Ethiopia.

“As you continue to read in Ezekiel, Rabbi, you will see the nations of Gomer and Beth-Togarmah. Looking at the ancient maps I have prepared for you and putting in the present-day countries over them these places refer to lands in modern-day Turkey. We know that in the past twenty-four hours, we have discovered insignias on the crashed, inflamed equipment and that these nations attacked Israel.

“Rabbi, if you can only read the two chapters in Ezekiel, you will find the battle that just occurred last night here in Israel, described perfectly in every detail in chapters 38 and 39. Yes, this is an ancient prophecy that was received over 2,700 years ago but now it has come to pass. Ezekiel 38 is not describing an ancient war, Rabbi, it is the war that happened yesterday. *Elohim* put a hook in the mouths of the Russian leaders and their allies to come down to plunder the riches of our great nation. Then, HE defeated these enemies HIMSELF. ... It is written, Sir.”

“Hmmm,” mused the Rabbi as he read aloud the two chapters in Ezekiel. When he finished studying the chapters he turned to Ariel in great thought, “I must agree with your findings. I also agree that the battle that took place here in our nation is perfectly described in every detail. The scripture is correct and I offer my apologies for snapping at you, Ariel. I should have discovered this myself. No, you are not fired, this scripture is a great discovery. Please continue your search, anywhere you want but report your meditations to me and me alone. And get the Prime Minister on the phone for me, if you would.”

“Of course, my Rabbi. We have a deal and thank you for your lenience in this matter.” Ariel walked out of his office, relieved.

Within minutes the Rabbi was speaking to the Prime Minister about his findings in scripture. The Prime Minister was absolutely amazed that these scriptures had so perfectly described the proof of the remnants left from the battles, even their insignias were still burning all over Israel, and how the scriptures perfectly resembled recent events. The Prime Minister then asked Rabbi Neeman to join him in his speech to the nation and read the scripture on live TV.

The whole world heard the Prime Minister’s speech and Rabbi Neeman’s proof of what had just happened. The Chief Rabbi of Israel ended the reading of the two chapters in Ezekiel with Ezekiel 38:23, “Thus I will magnify MYSELF and sanctify MYSELF, and I will be known in the eyes of many nations. Then they shall know that I am the Lord.”



At midnight GMT, the Prime Minister of the United Kingdom called a special, high-level meeting with the heads of state of all NATO nations. Each head of state had their intelligence agency heads in attendance who had already shared their information with all of the other intelligence agencies. This meeting was to inform and show satellite imagery, boots-on-the-ground night vision film, and eyewitness operative accounts to the heads of states of what had happened the night before, immediately after the unprovoked attack on Israel by Russia and their Middle Eastern allies.

After quick greetings were exchanged, the U.K. Prime Minister turned the program over to his head of intelligence at MI-6 to begin the briefing.

“Ladies and gentlemen, what we are about to show you is hard to comprehend. We will use our confirmed intelligence footage for your review beginning in Russia. So as not to be redundant, we also have confirmed Intel reports that the same events took place in all of the nations allied with Russia after the unprovoked attack on Israel. I’m not a religious man, per se, but I have this to say before presenting our intelligence to you. This is Sodom and Gomorrah magnified!

“I’ll begin in Moscow. As you can see on your screens, a massive piece of burning brimstone fell from the morning sky directly onto the Kremlin, completely demolishing it and burning it deep into the ground.”

The heads of state gasped in amazement at the sight of a chunk of brimstone, twice the size of the Kremlin buildings falling down upon it.

“There were no survivors, and the Russian Kremlin building no longer stands as you can see. Many Russian citizens were up and about this time of morning who also witnessed the event. Other than heads of state in all the attacking nations, their families, and all military personnel, no citizens of these nations were affected in any way by the falling brimstone.

“Now we will show you footage from our operatives who were present outside of the luxurious Presidential residence near Moscow. As you can see the same thing also occurred, another massive block of brimstone, larger than the whole compound itself, fell onto the residence,

demolishing it and burning it deep into the ground. As far as our intelligence knows, the Russian President, his family, and all support staff were instantly killed.”

More gasps from the heads of state viewing the footage. They had no words or comments. They were completely speechless, struck with awe and astonishment.

The MI-6 director waited a few minutes, re-running the footage in slow motion and giving the heads of state time to absorb what they were viewing on their screens. “Yes, this is stunning, but what you are about to see is even more astonishing because it represents a huge shift in world power.

“I turn your attention to the Russian Navy ships, both at sea and in their respective ports around the globe. Each and every ship in the Russian Navy, including aircraft carriers, guided missile ships, frigates, heavy cruisers, and battleships was destroyed in like manner from direct hits from the massively sized brimstone. And what about the Russian submarines, many carrying nuclear weapons? NATO submarine captains began hearing implosions on their sonars in all the seas and oceans where the Russian submarines were thought to be. Because the Russian submarines were submerged and so quickly imploded, we could not find any signs of wreckage since the submarines affected disintegrated and fell deeper into the oceans below the safe operating depths of our submersibles. The Russian Naval forces are completely destroyed.”

“Incredible,” said the American president. “If I hadn’t seen this proof, I would never, ever have believed what I am witnessing. What about the Russians and their allied Air Forces and Armies?”

“This is our next set of imagery, Mr. President. Same song, second and third verses,” said the MI6 head with a very aristocratic British accent. “Witness scenes from satellite imagery and our on-the-ground agents around the Russian Air Force bases, military installations, ammunition depots, tank groups, military personnel bases around the world. All were destroyed by precise targeting of brimstone that is in no short supply. There is no nation or coalition of nations on this earth, even with all of our advanced technology that could pull this off. Yes, Mr. President, it is almost beyond human comprehension, but, if you will allow me, the best is yet to come. I’ll turn over this section of our report to the head of the CIA”

None of the NATO heads of state said anything. They were on the edges of their chairs trying to get closer to the screens they were viewing.

“I want to thank my colleague from MI-6 for allowing me to show you how Russia, which had the largest nuclear arsenal on the planet, is no longer the leader of nuclear weaponry. All NATO nations monitor, through our respective intelligence satellites, all activity that goes on around each and every nuclear silo operated by the Russians. With unworldly accuracy, each silo was strategically targeted by various sizes of fiery, burning brimstone.

“As you can see on your screens, the brimstone hit the silos, burning down into them and melting the nuclear warheads in each location. The silos still contain the remains of the missile launch vehicles but have no warheads to propel in an attack. The intense heat of the brimstone burned up the nuclear radiation and rendered the nuclear warheads ineffective. The military personnel at each silo who could literally ‘push the buttons’ to launch them, were killed. It is now safe to say, ladies and gentlemen that Russia, along with all of their nuclear-armed allies presents no threat, whatsoever, to our NATO alliance. The United States, along with all of our NATO members are now the possessors of the world’s nuclear strength.”

The heads of state were all conferring with their respective intelligence personnel to exact final confirmation that what they had just seen was true. The German Chancellor quickly dove into the conversation.

“Is this the time to form a NATO invasion force to go in and claim the nations of our longtime enemies? I propose a resolution to do this immediately!”

The French President retorted, “Why should our alliance attack defenseless nations that will obviously succumb to their own fears and chaos? Let the fullness of their fear take over the people while we observe them forming new governments. Chancellor, I know that Germany still has thoughts of vengeance against the brutal treatment of your nation when Russia took over at the close of World War II. I also remember the brutal treatment of my nation, France, by your country, Chancellor. This is no time to follow a path of vengeance. It is a time for our organization to reach out to these defeated people, give them a taste of freedom, and help them survive.

“I have a feeling that the first act of this Russian coalition through a newly formed diplomatic corps will be to go to the peace table and seek treaties that we will *not* attack them and take them over.”

The American President cogitated his response and addressed the French President. “A wise reply, Mr. President. Let’s wait and see what these nations will do while we restructure our own nations and military forces. I agree with you, they must seek peace or complete annihilation. Not much of a choice for them. Let them come to us.”

As the motion of the French President was unanimously ratified, the American President turned to his greatest ally in the Middle East, the Israeli Prime Minister. “Mr. Prime Minister, you have been silent during this amazing briefing. Do you have anything to add?”

The Israeli Prime Minister rocked back in his chair and smiled,” Yes, Mr. President, I have one thing to add from my speech to Israel earlier in the evening. I believe we should give credit to the One where credit is due. Here is my comment from the ancient prophet, Ezekiel. I read from Ezekiel 38, verses 22 and 23; ‘And I will rain down on him (Gog & Magog), on his troops and on the many peoples who are with him, flooding rain, great hailstones, fire and brimstone. Thus I will magnify MYSELF and sanctify MYSELF and I will be known in the eyes of many nations. Then they shall know that I am the Lord.’”