

Darkness Fears Me
JUSTIN TIME

Copyright 2011 and 2023
Miracle Pictures Studios Colorado

ISBN 9798399248127

A NOVEL BY CORY PARELLA

DEDICATION

To those I attended church with in 1999 at Tucson's Grace Chapel,
since renamed Grace To The Nations Church, who could not grasp
the supernatural ideas of the Book of Acts.

You inspired *Justin Time*.

Even if you still don't understand it.

Maybe seeing the movie will help.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The Pro Life Movement was never holy. It was born of legal aristocracy and lawyers trying to make a name for themselves in history.

Roe Vs Wade was but one moment in time. More influential moments carried the Women's Movement of the late 1960s and 1970s into the gender confusion it turned into in the 2030s. The days of the nuclear family whose Bible-defined roles had been abandoned by American culture, while also taken to an obsessive level by a generation of American women who sought identity through the appearance of false humility in the name of religion...or "relationship".

The result? Suicidal kids and fear-driven adults who give in to enough money.

In the 1972 season of *Maunder*, producer Norman Lear tells the story of an elderly woman becoming pregnant and the husband declares that he believes people his age should not be having kids. Two years later, *The Godfather Part II* featured a martyr-like mafia wife who tells her don-boss husband that she had an abortion of their male child, a presumed heir to the empire. These much-watched media moments made abortion appear heroic. Pop media has a huge impact on pop culture. How did the Church respond? We yelled at people. We sold some books and seemed proud of our repression. We told our kids the world was

ending so forget school. We formed cults. We hurt people.

In addition to writing romance novels, I consider myself an evangelical baptist Assembly of God-type worshipper. I don't consider any single denomination to be absolutely correct in its stances. I have endured man's stubbornness such that I grasp the wisdom behind the separation of church and state. Most pastors I have ever met have been stubborn narcissists.

Justin Time ends the Pro Life-Choice debate, which ends the cashflow of those who make money grifting church goers using guilt as a sales tool. When women are offered prepaid healthcare they are demanded to surrender their privacy, usually nullifying offers.

These are among my inspirations for creating *Justin Time*.

Chapter 1

You are witnessing the actual crucifixion of Jesus. It is 33 A.D. Give or take. My own basis for Time is different than most of the world's, for it is written on my heart by the Holy Spirit. The world of 2051, (when I live), still uses a Roman calendar, but it was fairly new during the time the events of the Bible occurred. Mankind just didn't keep track of time the same way for its first five-thousand years of existence, so it's easy to confused over things like carbon dating versus traditional Christianity. Time is not absolute.

Since I am one of the few people ever allowed to witness Creation as it happened, and capture it on video for the purpose of showing it to people in my own future, I know the Bible is dead-accurate.

The fact is most people can't handle the truth. They can't handle there being one God, and that there are eternal consequences for our actions on this side of the eternal divide. They can't handle the reality that the War in eternity

between Heaven and Hell is still going on, and all of humanity is living in the middle of it.

They can't handle the truth when it's spoken to them, they can't handle it when it's written down, and, for some, the videos I make aren't enough. It is both the greatest tragedy and the greatest reality that the majority of the roughly 150,000 people who died every day go to hell.

They don't go because they were bad people in the eyes of their friends and families. They don't go because they had too much money or too little. And they don't go because they committed some unpardonable sin. Any correct interpretation of the Gospel tells us there is no unpardonable sin, no matter what some men say.

They go simply because they refuse to believe in this one moment in time -- that Christ died for them, and after a couple days, was resurrected by the power of God.

To some, this moment in time was about a rogue Jewish rabbi who was found guilty of treason by the Romans and, as requested by the Sanhedrin, was put to death.

To others, this moment was a great moment of defeat followed by the greatest moment of victory.

To God, it was all about Man being reconciled to Him.

The sound of the ropes weaving through the loops made by the Roman soldiers, as they positioned their prisoner near the hole dug for the large crucifix, pierced through the chilling wind of the what would later become known as the Month of April.

There was talk in the Senate of redoing the calendar, so to say this was Year 1 or 33 B.C would be less than reliable. The calendar reset under every new king.

But, using the calendar adopted by the English as the King James Bible was printed, and for the sake of those I am recording this for, this was 33, just before Noon. Again, so many factors go into the way Time really works, I would highly advise you to trust me and not try to figure it out. As it is, I travel by the power of the Holy Spirit. And, as a leader of a team of time travelers, I'm here to tell you that as

entertaining as H.G. Wells stories were, he was far from accurate.

The same goes for the guys who wrote a 20th century movie script remembered as *Back To The Future*. Fun movies, but that's not the way time travel works.

But we'll come back to that later.

Right now I want you to have a front row seat for the greatest moment in human history. Now, I've been here before, but it never gets old. Someone misplaced the original video file, so here I am rerecording it.

And for those wondering if I'm going to bump into my other self, the answer is no. Again, there are factors in real time travel that most science fictions writers don't know about. I won't get into it now.

The dust and dirt being kicked around by the ensemble of onlookers and soldiers was choking, not to mention the tears and wailing heard as followers and family of this man watched helplessly as his destiny climaxed on these two large pieces of wood.

The fact is, it was hard to see. The weather was partly cloudy, and between the crowd and animals being ridden, kicking up so much dirt, the Roman soldiers struggled to do the their jobs.

Sadness filled the countryside. Everyone can feel it. The Roman guards, even the drunk ones, seemed to feel it. The day was awkward, the kind of day you would call in sick for, or watch the clock, praying for the end of the workday. When we interviewed some of the Pharisees who were there, they too admitted to feeling it.

It was the kind of day you received your most expensive debt notices on, the kind of day you always received bad news. It was the kind of day when your favorite team lost, when your girlfriend breaks up with you, when your boss informs you that you're being let go. It was God's sovereign choice for the moment of moments, when good would triumph eternally over evil.

As Jesus was raised and the bottom mount was guided into place, most people looked away, unable to look at what was left of his face.

It was true, as the image in my video camera testified, he has been beaten beyond recognition. The events described in my 2200-year old Bible are unfolding in front of me, new, in the present, and sad.

To feel the slushy dirt under my feet as I record the ambience and the faces of the crowd, brings the events described in the Gospels forefront. This is, or was, or is, the real deal.

As I look at Jesus, I'm almost afraid He's going to look directly at me. To see his face right now is like seeing the wrath of God being taken out on mankind through the one man who doesn't deserve it. It hurts to look at. My mind goes to my own son, and all the times I ever had to punish him. In this case, Jesus is taking the beating for all the centuries of bad choices humanity ever made. The fact is everyone single person here deserves to be on that cross instead of him. But were not.

On one side of the hill, which would later be called Calvary, Golgotha, as it was known, bluntly, the place of the skulls, was the High Priest of the Sanhedrin, Caiphas, whom many considered to be a big fat lump of arrogant

lard, a man who considered himself the redeemer of the Jews.

He got off his mule and walked toward Jesus, proud that he had made his case of Jesus being a blasphemer. In his interview with our team, he admitted his actions were more to make the peace between the Sanhedrin and Rome, giving up Jesus as the fall guy. He knew who Jesus was. The events of his childhood were common knowledge. The boy required little teaching in the temple, and seemed to have an instinctive understanding of the Scriptures.

His abilities were far from secret. But Caiphas feared what the Rome would do if the people proved to the Caesar that Jesus satisfied all the prophecies and challenged their authority.

Rome had made an investment in global rule. They considered it their god-given destiny, so to speak, and an rebuke needed to come in a significant show of force. They were not expecting a miracle working prophet who touched the hearts of as many Gentiles as Jews, but it was clear to the Sanhedrin that Rome was willing to consider it.

Caiphas feared that such a scenario was a recipe for war.

Could Israel handle a war? And, as for his own agenda, he married into a family he did not want to, having children incapable of carrying on in his name, and was surrounded by politically blood-thirsty council members. As it was, he staved off many assassination attempts of Jesus over the last few years, because, at heart, he saw more good than harm in Jesus' ministry. The fact is the Nazarene had laid low with a few exceptions. He aligned himself with no military leaders or rebels, and preached love and forgiveness in the face of any unjust acts committed by Roman soldiers or citizens.

He was amused when Jesus had embarrassed some of the council members. As far as Caiphas was concerned, they were arrogant punks and they deserved it. And, whenever he heard of a healing or an exorcism, he knew that the Romans would come to him for answers. He dreaded such conversations, for they would call into account his own position, which he had worked too hard and married an unappealing woman to obtain.

Caiphas believed that Jesus was capable of miracles. He believed Jesus was from God. Just one problem: God seemed to be leaving Caiphas out of the loop, and that drove him nuts. When Jesus was welcomed by the crowds of the Passover as the Messiah, a part of him wondered, ‘What if?’

Caiphas feared losing everything he worked for, and a pressing war with Rome. There had been too much blood. As he suggested during council meetings, it would be better for one man to die for all the people, than for many to die.

Just hours before he had ordered Jesus to be brought in for questioning, he was praying about how to handle this, and he had no idea that the voice that told him to order Jesus’ arrest that very night, and not wait, was the voice of Satan himself. The Enemy feared that if Jesus survived the Passover, he would be lauded by the people as their new King, and a thousand years of his reign would begin. (It was a good thing for mankind that though Satan knows the Word, his own perversion of the Scriptures often scrambles his perception of

them, explaining why he commits so many blunders concerning prophesy. His pride prevents him from thinking rationally. After all, Chaos originated in his mind.)

Caiphas knew the people desperately wanted the miracle worker, the healer, the teacher, to present himself before Caesar and declare that the Jews were no longer subordinate to Rome. They wanted a king with divine authority to lead them in restoration of Israel as a global power.

After all, the news of Jesus birth, along with every story, rumor and personal witness - including one of Rome's own Centurions, no less, made it into the court of the Emperor. They were weighing the idea. What if the gods had truly sent the prophetic king promised to the Jews? Did they have the manpower to stop a full-scale rebellion? Would Rome be forced to concede more than a quarter of its territory?

Had Satan not convinced Caiphas that he must act now, who knows what would have happened. The week has started off with most of the city hailing Jesus as their king.

...I know what would have happened. Humanity's captivity to sin and death would have continued. Or maybe God would have done something else...never mind. I may be a time traveller by His power, but His thoughts are still way, way above mine, and, you know the verse...

Now, allow me to describe what's going on around me.

The fact is I got this footage a few months ago, but we misplaced it in our archives and instead of going through piles of memory cards, it seemed easier, as the Holy Spirit allowed, to come back and record it again.

We are now standing below the hill where two crosses have been raised and a third just got mounted holding the Messiah.

The crowd of people is large, maybe four or five- hundred. (I don't have a hard time blending in, wearing era-clothing. My recorder is transparent, and my face is as covered as most other people's. It's bitterly cold and windy today.) I'm having a hard time getting clean sound, and when Jesus speaks His last

words, the words are hard to make out despite a new mic designed just for this. Only those standing right under His feet could hear Him enough to understand Him.

When the Gospels were being written, the guards who cast lots for His clothing were interviewed again and again. Our team got two of them on camera, but one of them had a panic attack and had to be returned to his native time before we could get anything useful out of him. We haven't been able to locate another. Though we hope one of our teams in 'our' future comes up with something and slips us a note, that rarely happens and it hasn't happened yet in regards to these guards. I think the guy become so aware of what happened, he abandoned his position in the Army and left the country. Just my opinion.

The crowd is a mix of commoners; Jews, Gentiles and people from different parts of the world in town for the Passover. In the days right after the Resurrection, I went back and interviewed a lot of these people, especially the witnesses that Peter, James and Mark (a.k.a. John) interviewed when the Gospels were

being assembled. I must say, it's one thing to read their personal accounts in the Bible. It's another thing to watch their testimonies on video.

When I was young, I saw an archive of war survivors in the 20th century recorded by a filmmaker of Jewish lineage. It was breath taking. That stuck with me when the Holy Spirit empowered me to go back in time and interview Mary, John, the guards, and several of the other witnesses seen here now.

We'll come back to that later. What happens next is too awesome a sight to detour with a tangent, so I'll stay with the action.

Roman soldiers are on horseback commanding the ground troops. They look tense. They know this has to go smoothly, if possible, and they are really sharp this morning. Some reenactments portray them as being drunk. Not so. They had water and some wine on them, but they were trying to keep the peace with a packed city of religious zealots and they weren't leaving anything to chance.

The Sanhedrin's demands regarding Jesus really caught them off balance. Had the Jews approached Pilate at any other time, he might have rejected their request and held them in contempt if they attempted to murder Jesus. (Since Jesus' death was the prophesied method of God's supernatural redemption of the Sin of the World, and not the incidental result of political maneuvering, that would have backfired in an unthinkable manner.)

The one thing the English translation of the Gospel accounts really failed to deliver, (at least in my time), as they got passed from down through the centuries, is what was going on the day this happened. As I travel through time recording past and future events, context is crucial.

Despite the Gospel scribes best efforts, the context of what you're seeing here on video is really lost. Also, when Jesus gives up His spirit in a battle cry, you'll get to see something so amazing – I never get enough of it – Christ inheriting His throne as the King of Kings and commanding the army of Angels to search and destroy Enemy forces, forcing the gates of Hell

back to where they were the day before Adam sinned.

Remember - there is a bigger picture here. The War in Heaven is ongoing, and this moment in time is God's victory over sin, evil and death on behalf of His creation.

Jerusalem was – make that, *is*, hosting a religious event called Passover, loosely based on the supernatural described in Exodus. I would relate it, in terms of diversity, to the Olympics. It has long since been as changed and plundered in spirituality as Christmas was by the time my generation celebrated it, with some visitors coming to participate without a full realization as to why.

There are well over a million people, from every nation, in Jerusalem to experience it. Some are here to worship, and some are here to see all the side shows. Some are merchants here to cash in on the overpriced petting zoo in the inner court where Jews come to sacrifice animals in exchange for the covering of their sins, per the law of Moses. Some are here to try to catch a glimpse of Jesus the prophet, having heard of his healing power all over the country.

To some, God's miracles are nothing more than entertainment.

Jerusalem is 5,000 people at capacity. So, imagine the buzz when Jesus and His disciples, who had already been warned to stay out of the city or face severe penalties, showed up, did a high-profile teaching on the Temple grounds on the most important day of the Passover, and displayed miraculous power for all to see.

The Romans are on guard, were spread thin throughout the city. There had been several healing moments that weren't recorded in the Gospels; this one is worth mentioning, to make my point.

Jesus was eating, (He was almost always eating), and a short distance away, somehow, somebody brought in this woman, late 30's, and waving her arms wildly, and somehow the group bringing her in got tangled up with a Roman guard's horse and spooked it. The guard fell, sprained his arm, and his partner got kicked by the horse. It looked like a riot might break out because of this.

Jesus caught a glimpse of the commotion, and ever-so-gently looked in the direction of the woman and says, “Leave her.” The horse immediately calmed down and the woman returned to a state of normal. The guards were dazed, and climbed to their feet, as a few more guards joined them, preparing for the worst.

A voice in the crowd shouts that Jesus is ‘over there’, as if they needed to be healed. The guard’s sprain is healed, and whatever damage the horse did to the other guard was healed as well. That guard looked more dazed than hurt. But here’s what I want you to understand.

Jesus healed, literally hundreds of people every day, in the plain sight of the Sanhedrin and every other local official. For nearly four years, Jesus healed so many people, that it became matter-of-fact. So when the Sanhedrin demanded that He show them a sign, it was more to get Him to submit to their authority than to prove He could do it.

Some accepted these miracles as proof that He was Lord, and some reverted back to what they personally went through in their own studies to become rabbis and court guards and whatnot.

Did this fit? Was this man ready to be a king as David was? Would he end the Roman rule over Israel and restore Judah to being a world superpower?

Though the Scriptures concerning a suffering Christ were still in plain sight, the teachings had turned a blind eye toward them because the supernatural plan defied the logic of Jewish ideology, and surely didn't fit into the political agendas of the leaders of the day.

And then some politicians (remember that the Sanhedrin was more a political organization than one of faith), those in even higher power couldn't get their minds off of the fact that the Romans were being won over by Jesus' miracles. Witnessing the lame walk and the blind receive their sight, and those with skin illnesses, the most common problem of that era, (the leper population was huge), went a long way to what was essentially a show-me nation. For 19th century Americans and later, Missouri was the show-me state. Well, Rome was the show-me nation. And Jesus provided plenty of physical evidence. And whatever He healed seemed to be permanent.

Our team has interviewed many descendants of this era, whose extraordinary abilities when it comes to sight and physical strengths, were derived from their ancestors being healed by the Messiah. And when Jesus healed, He didn't just address the surface problem, He healed whatever was causing it. His power would fix their DNA.

In regards to His teaching, on a scholarly level, Jesus stood out versus all the other non Roman teachers of the day by preaching love and forgiveness in the face of the most vile acts. In contrast, most Israeli rebels tried to incite riots and attacks on Roman soldiers. They plotted assassinations of Roman Senators. They tried to poison soldiers who quartered in homes.

The Romans had to assume the worst, for the Jews claimed a monopoly on their God, and the Gentiles were futile to change their fate in Hades. Jews had Abraham, and everyone else had no one. This was an ongoing racism. If I had to compare it to a conflict the readers of 20th and 21st century can relate to, think The Cold War.

Jesus presented a paradox to the Jews.

And, before I keep going using the term “Jew”, I need to put the word itself into context, because it has changed a lot since Jesus walked the earth, much less a thousand- plus years later when the Bible was canonized.

When the Bible speaks of “the Jews”, it is not speaking of every single jewish person in the world. Whereas, when Hitler ordered the ethnic cleansing of “the jews” and other micro-economically segregated groups, he was including everyone; men, women and children.

The Bible uses the term Jew as a political categorization. For the purpose of this journal, when you see the word “Jew”, please read it as “Israeli politician”. This term is generally not intended to mean God-fearing men, women, and children with Israeli lineage, (that is, descendants of the house of Jacob), who were there, but who were not directly involved in the events described.

And, not all of the Jews rejected Jesus. The fact is Jesus had won over about half the Sanhedrin.

As for Jesus qualifications as the Christ...

If Jesus was the prophet the Holy Spirit speak about through Moses and David, these guys would all have to submit to him...the bastard son of Joseph of Nazareth. (Pardon me, instead of me paraphrasing this, let me just show you a quick clip of an interview I did of a Pharisee after Jesus rose from the dead. No - wait.)

And, at the risk of sounding repetitive, we'll come back to all that too.

The Romans were watching out for anything suspicious, and when the Jewish High Council, called the Sanhedrin, caught the Romans completely off guard that night by demanding that the Procouncil hear their case against one of their more rouge Rabbis, (who from their viewpoint had questionable credibility), with the prerequisite that He be found guilty and killed.

The Romans kept trying to avoid shedding blood, for every time they did, it led to more casualties, more guards being lost to injury or death, and civil unrest equaled fewer taxes to Rome.

Caesar had summoned Pilate a few times, this last visit warning him in so-many-words, the next blood that spills would be his. Though Pilate hated Judea, it was his responsibility to keep the peace, and as far as Caesar was concerned, he would keep the peace, collect the taxes and promote loyalty to Rome - or else.

The investment in the soldiers who conquered that region would not be in vain, and their campaigns to press into Africa were ongoing. There were also rumors of a distant land literally a world away, and if they controlled the entire continent, they could explore it.

So, the last thing the Romans wanted to do was be put in a position whereby the only way to avoid shedding a lot of blood was to shed a little blood.

The interviews our team did with Caiphas was shocking, years after this day. Again, I'll come back to that later. The Bible paints the guy out to be the embodiment of ignorance. He was, essentially, a product of his generation.

By looking in the eyes of many of the soldiers on duty that morning, knowing what they knew about who Jesus claimed to be, they hoped He didn't stay on the cross long, or somehow, by some divine force, the nails would fail to hold Him.

Of course, a few guards didn't take anything they've heard seriously and had been making fun of him throughout the process.

The buzz among the Romans was that if Jesus wasn't who some people said He was, if all His so-called miracles were somehow proven to be hoaxes, then they anticipated the Sanhedrin would stir up rebels, putting their fellow soldiers at risk.

If He was, then at least the Romans could deal with just one leader, assuming Israel, so to speak, would unite behind Him and do whatever He said. They did know the myth that the Jews had put their hope in, that a king would show up and rule the world.

But nobody saw this coming.

As people mill around the crosses, there were distant sounds of weeping, and sounds of the creaking of wood with live weight being hoisted on it to a mounted position, in the middle of the other two. The wind was brutally cold as Noon approached. The moon seemed to drift in front of the sun, and what little light was finding its way through the clouds was about to be interrupted by an eclipse. My video recorder would later reveal the Hand of God pushing it into place.

Be aware that I wear two watches, one I don't control, and one from my own native time. The one I don't control tells me the date and time of wherever and whenever I have arrived, controlled by the Holy Spirit. Note, just east of the Jordan River, there's a one-hour time zone change. Saudi Arabia is an hour ahead of Israel. These are details that are critical in my work.

The other watch is from my own native time, in 2050. I'm 35 years old, married to a woman who is 28 in her own native time of 2150, and have two teenage kids, Hilary and Josiah. The Holy Spirit's watch helps me with logistics in

logging video, and if I am asked to intervene. The Enemy's got his own agents traveling around and when they mess up, we have the authority to restore history to its rightful place under Free Will. My watch reminds me to eat and sleep. You get into the moment, so to speak, and you can forget.

There was a film made about 50 years ago that did a pretty good job of recreating Galgotha as it was when Jesus was crucified.

As my transparent camera passes from one face to another, I'm able to use a hand-held device covered under my sleeve to place markers that will be used to for narration in the edit lab so we can identify people later. Our team, Special Archives, is made up of thousands of people, most of whom don't travel through time, supporting the work of the dozens of us who do.

Mary, the mother of Jesus, is leaning on John as Jesus' body was raised up on the Cross. She's tried to stave off the pain of losing her son, with the foreknowledge that the sin of the world would be taken as far from us as the east is from the west.

Her tears are both delight and agony. The pain is almost over. Watching Jesus get beaten to a pulp was heart-breaking.

History always seems to describe Mary as some kind of old, mildly-attractive woman. She was 47 and strikingly beautiful for an era when make-up wasn't a daily ritual for the women of Israel. Mary Magdalene, who stands near her, was not a prostitute.

Her father was wealthy and her mother was an alcoholic. Her mother gave her a lot of money and sent her out in the hopes that she would find a husband, like a woman traveling with her own dowry. Needless to say, she didn't find the right guy. She did, however, get mixed up with the wrong crowd, and as a result, demons took up residency in her until she found herself in Nazareth, which seemed to be in the middle of nowhere. She stopped searching for a husband, and tried to blend in as one of the village women. She was a skillful young woman, and fixed up an abandoned hut.

One day, she heard women talking about how the bastard eldest son of Joseph the carpenter had turned water into wine at a wedding, and

now the Rabbis were brainstorming how to handle the gossip as it spread. Her heart pounded at the idea, could this man be the Messiah she heard the men talk about as they gathered in the marketplace, walking to and from Temple?

Years passed. John the Baptist was stirring up the people and she went out to see what was going on. She saw Jesus get baptized by John, and a dove formed above Him from the the water, and then flew away. The she heard a distinct Voice speak from Heaven, “This is My Son, whom I love Listen to Him.” She felt a tug on her heart that was almost paralyzing, and followed it.

From that day on, she was determined to never leave His presence. She followed Him at a distance until she ran into Mary at Peter the fisherman’s house. She pleaded with Mary to allow her to walk at her side, saying quite bluntly, I believe, whomever your son is, is sent by God. The two became friends. Mary had finally found a man worthy of her dowry, though the relationship was never romantic.

Jesus had a powerful presence about Him that made it clear He was spoken for. It was hard for his mother this to explain to matchmakers when he was a teenager, but they quickly picked up on it, and never approached His parents again.

John was a mere 15 years old when he began following Christ. Here, after just three years, he seemed to age like an American President, looking a lot older than his 18 years. Jesus other siblings were there as well, including his sister. Though the Gospels do not record them, He had four younger half-brothers and two younger half-sisters.

They had no claim to the throne of Israel; one incident a century into my future breached that subject, and we were asked to research it. You can read the interview about it in the last chapter of this journal.

Some records describe as many as eight siblings, but I've never seen them; and I've been following the Lord's life on earth for over fifteen years now.

There were many other people there that day, but, what happens next is more important to talk about so we'll move on. And if this footage gets misplaced as the last memory card did, I'll be back.

Now, before you can see what I am about to show you, you need to understand my camera was designed by the Holy Spirit. In a moment, I'm going to push a button and you're going to see the spiritual warfare happening on both sides of this event. Don't panic. The demons are very, very scary-looking, and the army of God is beyond-words- awesome, beautiful and some word that describes victorious and full of grace - majestic, maybe - all at the same time.

On the left you see the demonic army ready to march through humanity and into Heaven. On the right, Angels stand ready for the Commander-In-Chief, the King, to give the order to attack.

You need to understand that the War of Heaven continues from before Creation and exists on a plane of time that is not in sync with Earth time. The rebellion of the Enemy is as fresh as the day he was cast out of Heaven.

The Enemy still believes he can win, and the demons who follow him remain as determined as the moment their wills turned against God's. To these beings, the thousands of years of human history is not a lot; much like humans measure dog years, and that comparison grossly understates the scope of eternal time versus human time.

This moment, the death of Jesus, has been long considered the most important moment in human history. You've probably seen this or read about it in history books or the Bible. Most people have never seen what happens to His Spirit and Soul after Jesus died.

The King claimed His throne and waged war against His enemies. *It is so cool to watch!*

Alright: keep an eye on Christ's Spirit as He says, "It is finished." He's gonna let out a loud shout.

Jesus let out a loud cry.

Though to on-lookers it sounds like a release of pain, to the Enemy forces visible to Justin in the spiritual realm, and the Angels awaiting

orders from the Commander In Chief, this shout is a declaration of victory and attack.

Angels rejoice and demons quickly react with cackling-to-dread as the Messiah's Spirit emerges from His dead body and claims the Authority over the living and the dead, in the physical form of a warrior of light. As lyrics to 20th century Christian hymns would state, the train of His robe fills the Heavens.

Too cool, eh?

At this moment, as prophesied, there is an earthquake.

Bodies resurrected from local tombs and the Roman guards were spooked.

The eclipse is in full effect. The remaining onlookers run away, not sure what to make of it. At first, the image of seeing people panic in the face of mummies, ripping bandages off their fully-restored skin, is scary, but, the more I watch this footage, it's kind of funny. Many of these same onlookers were mourners of those resurrected, and were now faced with the reality that loved-ones weren't dead anymore.

Some who ran were widows and children being chased by their husbands and fathers, given new life. I liked that.

Jesus' every movement was a most effective weapon against Enemy forces. Though the demons tried to fight or retreat, their physical form was like chaff when the Light of Jesus touched them.

I captured all this on video, adjusting the camera slightly. The demons marching from the gates of Hell stopped taunting and cheering for the death of Jesus, and fell eerily silent. Jesus motioned toward the Enemy with the much-anticipated order to attack, and legions of His Angels darted toward the Gates of Hell, slaughtering demons and causing them to retreat quickly.

This rumbling caused an earthquake, and as a result hundreds of bodies were resurrected. Those people reappearing to their families for extended lifespans inspired what would become the 19th-century English word *spooked*.

God's Army of Angels stood ready for battle. Up until now, the Light of Jesus had been fighting the battle alone.

King Jesus motioned to the demonic army and gave His signal to an all-too-eager army of Angels. Still, some of the demons tried to stand and fight, but the Angels tore through them like chaff. Satan fled like a coward as far back into the darkness of Hell as he could get.

Jesus soared through Hell, freeing all the souls of humanity since the Fall. Jesus found Death, who was himself dying.

The Angel who will be the head of my estate in Heaven, Galbrath, has lowered himself in mid-flight to carry us so we could keep up. Brace yourself.

The mere presence of the glorified, radiant Christ caused Death to retreat into the very bottom of Hell where Lucifer was hiding.

Death and the other minions, having just gone from the verge of victory to a pretty nasty defeat, became angry at Satan and appeared to try to turn on him, the demons falling and

assembling at the bottom of the abyss like flies and poop.

Despite his embarrassing defeat, Satan's appearance still bore some traits of the second-in-command to God he once was.

“What?” Satan argued, “Let ‘em go,” in his usual tone. “I didn’t like most of those people anyway. Now, quit giving me dirty looks and start thinking about the future. Every soul born from now on must put their faith in Jesus or they wind up here. Based on Man’s track record for faithfulness and sin, we’ll have this place repopulated in no time. Fresh meat, anyone?”

In Heaven, the souls that had been in captivity for so long, were visible, led by Angels into Heaven, greeted by Adam, Enoch, and other Heavenly creatures.

The gates of Heaven reopened. God and Man are reconciled. Before I was able to witness this with my own eyes, the song lyrics of Hark! The Herald Angels Sing, did not mean much to me. Now, when I sing this in my own church fellowship, I get emotional, every time. “Peace

on earth and mercy mild, God and sinners reconciled!”

Like many people standing for The Star-Spangled Banner at an American sporting event, it takes on new meaning for a soldier who has experienced war. When you have lived it, it holds deep meaning for you. For, me, to have seen Jesus physically go into Hell and release the prisoners is a sight that I can only describe using the footage I took.

The Book of Life, bearing the names of all of humanity since the Fall, was seen, glowing with updates.

The impression of ink changed from a softly written, pending ink, to one written in Christ’s Blood, permanently. From where we were, we got a glimpse of God’s next city, made for us to coexist with Angels, Zion.

The sounds of the Heavenly host and the three beautiful choir beings repeatedly saying, “Holy, holy, holy is the Lord God Almighty, who Was, and Is, and Is to Come,” as they greeted the newcomers.

Galbrath returned us to the tomb where Jesus' body was being laid.

It's 3:42 P.M. Joseph of Arimathea and Nicodemus were carrying Jesus' body into Joseph's tomb.

They'll set it on the burial slab. Let's go inside. Don't worry. We're invisible - just don't touch anything (and don't ask me why that condition exists -- and don't ask me why walking here doesn't count as 'touching anything'.)

Both men worked through the tears in their eyes. As they quickly wrapped up, Nicodemus was staring at the dead body of Jesus. He took a long look at Jesus and fell to his knees, weeping over Christ's head. Joseph noted the Roman guards posture of 'hurry up' and implored him to take his grief outside, glancing back at the Roman guards who had been watching them from the entrance. Nicodemus got up and, wiping his nose, followed Joseph out of the tomb.

The sky is somber, the Father of one heart with the men.

As the guards watch Joseph and Nicodemus exit the tomb, pausing to look into it one more time, the Roman Captain orders six soldiers to roll an enormous round cut slab of stone in front of the opening, and sealed it.

The Captain pulls an ink source from his waist pouch and impressed it onto his ring hand, then stamping this onto the stone slab. The royal seal, signifying Rome's act to seal the tomb, is firmly branded on the stone entrance. The seal represents the authority of Rome. To interfere with it is a capital offense.

The Captain turned to his next-in-command and said, "Tell Pilate we have done as ordered."

The guards will build a little post here, make dinner and get drunk. We'll skip ahead to the good stuff. Drunk and sleepy Roman guards vs. the risen Christ. My money's on Christ.

That buzz you felt when we flickered through time is your body's way of adapting to the time change. When people fly across the country, they often feel 'jet lag'. This is similar to that, but faster.

It is around 3 a.m., as most of the Roman guards sleep. One remained awake, but barely.

Now, from here on, I have seen most of this before, so you'll hear me describe it as if it has already happened. Technically, it has.

The groggy Roman guard witnessed a man appear on the tomb, along with several others dressed in white. Why the Lord never seemed to dress His Angels in anything but white, I'll never know, but they were all in white. The color spectrum in Heaven is infinitely wider than on Earth.

His reaction was to wipe his eyes, and alert his fellow soldiers. As he did that, he realized the men on the tomb were looking right at him. Another guard managed to wake up, see the 'men' standing on the tomb, and yelled at them.

"Who are you?!" the guard yelled, his voice filtered by sleep phlegm.

The man on top of the tomb flashed brighter than the sun. This was Jesus, now glorified. Handsome, eh? I know, an understatement. I'll

also add, before His glorification, Jesus didn't have the face of a movie star. He wasn't unattractive, but He didn't stand out.

The men on the tomb casually slipped through the walls of the rock and after a few seconds, as the other soldiers were waking up, there was a violent earthquake. The Roman Seal was ripped apart.

The slab rolled, seemingly by itself, completely away from the entrance. The Roman guards were now shaking in fear. I got a video a close-up of this.

Back inside the tomb, Jesus' Spirit laid back into His body, giving it life again. The Angels (the 'men'), were all smiling. Jesus calmly walked to the entrance of the tomb and stood in it, visible to all the Roman guards.

His radiance had forced them all on the ground, as dead men. Remember, in Scripture it is observed that they were so overwhelmed by the presence of God, they could not stand. "The unjust cannot stand in the presence of the Righteous."

Jesus walked out of the tomb, walked past the guards, and toward nearby Jerusalem. He was right outside of the city. I recognized Mount of Olives and heard the sounds of the first Easter morning. I never noticed this before, but the sounds of the forest are so quiet, even the animals seemed to be aware of what was going on, listening.

As I recorded Jesus walking through the very place where He was arrested three days before, His eyes turned to focus casually on us.

Jesus asked me plainly, “You get all that?”

I nodded with a nervous, stiff neck, in awe of the moment I just recorded, again.

As I watched Jesus walk around the forest, He grabbed fruit off trees and ate it. The Lord was always eating. Even during healings and teachings, He snacked all the time. He was in incredibly good shape.

The soldiers all tried to get up, and as they were able to walk, they saw the Angels, the slab moved, the tomb wide open and became

afraid. They each shouted and ran away. The Angels responded with thin smiles.

Just outside Jerusalem, Mary and Mary had begun their trek toward the tomb. (We still have footage of this.) Their eyes were heavy from a lack of sleep. Who could sleep?

Magdalene asked, “How are we ever going to roll that stone away? I hope that last tremor didn’t make things worse.”

Back at the tomb, one Angel remained on the tomb as the guards had all fled. I recorded all this with multiple angles, fixed inside my garment.

As Mary and Mary approach, Jesus is playfully hiding nearby, watching them as they get close to the tomb.

Considering how much heartbreak the women had suffered, He comes across almost as a prankster.

I got a close up of the expression in Jesus’ face. He couldn’t wait to surprise them, and He looked deeply moved that they had come here

to care for Him. Little did they know the burial herbs they carried would not be used...

The Angel standing in front of the tomb looked at the women. The Angel looked at Jesus, as if asking how to greet them. From Jesus and the Angel's point of view, the scene was quite funny, like the prelude to a surprise party. Jesus gave a subtle 'no' shake of the head, and the Angels disappeared-reappeared around the corner from the tomb's opening.

As the women got closer, a feeling of panic overcame them. Mary Magdalene sprinted to the tomb, His mother became catatonic; an older, less-physically healthy woman might have had a heart attack.

She stopped in her tracks, dropping the bags containing burial herbs. Jesus winced at the sound of the thud, and almost seemed to feel bad about putting them emotionally through all of this.

Mary entered the tomb, and quickly emerged, screaming to Mary (mother of Jesus).

Magdalene screamed at the top of her lungs and the bottom of her grief, “Somebody’s taken Him!”

Mary (mother of Jesus) looked around, and saw the campfire where the Roman guards had made camp - deserted, yet still smoking. Her mind had clearly started spinning with possible scenarios, too many it seemed to start panicking just yet.

A mix of the desire to believe and the reigning disbelief churned in her spirit. She flashed back to the Angel who foretold His birth; the prophets whose blessings over His circumcision foretold the end of the Roman Empire; the miracles she witness her son do...she had even seen Him raise Lazarus from the dead after several days! Why was it so hard to believe He is alive right now?

The world had been turned up side down.

Jesus gave an affirmative nod to the Angels to reveal themselves. Appearing atop the stone that had covered the tomb’s entrance, the Angels addressed the women.

One Angel, with Jesus' approval, asked, "Woman, why are you crying? Both women were startled by his words. "Don't be afraid. You are looking for Jesus the Nazarene, who was crucified. He has risen! He is not here."

The women remained stoic, as if they didn't understand him.

He acknowledged their disbelief and reiterated, "See the place where they laid him. But go, tell his disciples and Peter, 'He is going ahead of you into Galilee. There you will see Him, just as He told you.'"

Trembling and terrified, both women retreated back up the road.

As the women made their way a hundred yards or so, I emerged from nearby bushes and motioned to Jesus to ask a question.

"Um, Lord, why'ya playing with 'em?" I asked.

"My ways are not your ways," He replied, smirking.

The other Angel asked me, “You know what happens next, right?”

I nodded. “What are we waiting for?”

“They’ll be coming in a few minutes,” Jesus said, issuing orders, “and Rocky’s not in the best shape. After I reveal myself to them, we’ll go to the next place. My Spirit will take you where you need to go.”

I nodded that I understood.

“Who’s Rocky?” I asked, taken aback by the reference. “Your native tongue calls him Peter. Peter - Petro...got it,” I replied. Eighteen years on the job and I still feel like the new guy.

The Angel asked, “Lord -”

Jesus motioned subtly with his hand, affecting me. I’m not sure what I did, but for a moment, I seemed to be visible. “Did I touch something other than the ground?”

“Don’t worry about it,” Jesus replied. “They can’t see you now. But stay out of the way.”

Young John was sprinting toward the tomb, and Peter, breathing heavily, trailed him by a

few seconds. The women, running, sniffing back tears and huffing, followed. They all passed by me, and I adjusted my frame to capture the moment as best I could...the previous footage was a little too shaky and out of focus.

In my native time, the President I served, Jim Wakefield, watched this video, from among the NSA Special Archives video library. He had tears in his eyes. I would compare the technology's 'real-time' capabilities to the DVR of 2010; not a perfect comparison, but minus a lecture on physics and forty years of technology you're yet to experience, that's the best I can do.

Peter emerged from the tomb, awestruck. He saw the abandoned Roman camp, and the broken seal on the tomb's slab. Dumbfounded, he managed to say, "I don't believe it. Where's the regiment?" he asked, his voice rising an octave with irritation, as if demanding to know why the Roman guard would abandon their post.

John looks angry, assuming someone stole the body, likely the Pharisees. He looks at Peter as

if to ask, ‘what should they do?’ Peter has no answers, slumbering back onto the road, back to his home, trying to process the reality of the empty tomb and the vacated soldiers’ camp.

When the men had left, Mary went into the tomb and saw the Angels sitting on the burial slab.

With tremendous compassion, the Angel asked, “Woman, why are you crying?”

“They have taken my Lord away and I don’t know where they have put him,” Mary Magdalene managed to say quite eloquently.

Jesus was right behind her, just outside the tomb, munching on bread, His face slightly hidden by the hood of His shawl.

“Woman, why are you crying? Who is it you are looking for?”

Mary stepped out of the tomb and answered him, not recognizing Him. I stood nearby, recording all of this.

“Sir, if you have carried Him away, tell me where you have put Him and I will get Him.”

Mary is looking into the tomb down as she speaks.

Jesus put her out of her misery, pulling His hood down, revealing his face. “Mary!”

Magdalene’s head does a dramatic 180 toward Jesus. “Rabboni!” her voice shouted, echoing off the surrounding stones.

She leaned toward Him, rushing to hug him, but He abruptly stopped her. Jesus said, extending his hands and fingertips slightly, also revealing His wounds, “Don’t touch Me, for I have not returned to the Father. Go instead to my brothers and tell them, ‘I am returning to my Father and your Father, to my God and your God.’”

Magdalene left, this time wiping the tears from her eyes. I captured the whole scene on video, wiping tears from my eyes as well.

Back home, the President was on his knees, praising God as he watched this video, not wiping the tears from his own eyes.

Jesus walked back inside and motioned for me to follow Him.

Jesus said, “Come on in. How much memory do you have left?”

“About four hours,” I replied.

“Plenty. C’mere. Use the tripod. Let’s get some pictures together.

Jesus and I posed together in various places in and around the tomb. He is very playful about His wounds. From looking at the photographs and videos, one would assume we are brothers. Scripture says, “I no longer call you My Disciples, but My brothers, My friends.”

As if finished, Jesus said, “Log those with the others and meet Me in the Upper Room. My Two Witnesses send their gratitude for your service.”

“Where to next, Lord?” I asked. “Friends and family,” He said, smiling.

Jesus casually waved, smiled and disappeared by the same power He empowers me to travel through time with.

I gave my equipment one more look, took one more look around, at where He was, absorbing

what had just happened -- again, so to speak, and surrendered my destination to the Holy Spirit. The overcast sky that dominated the weekend had been broken by piercing sunlight.

Allow me to introduce myself.

My name is Justin Naby. By the power of the Holy Spirit, I can travel through time, recording history on video for the generation that experiences Judgment Day.

To summarize my ministry, take the Bible as historical fact, and add a team of time travelers to it with video recorders, and you get folklore, a cross between Santa Claus and James Bond. I'm here because of a question I asked in a prayer. What would people choose differently if they knew God's plan for them? If anything?

For those who would choose Heaven over Hell in the Last Week (which according to my intel, we do not live in), we gather evidence of the truth for those who want their faith strengthened.

Though Man has made progress in his own time travel efforts, mine is a spiritual gift solely derived from the Father.

To my wife, friends and family, I'm simply Justin Naby, dad, husband and son. Ironically, my last name means prophet in Hebrew...my parents didn't know that when they named me.

Our team is feared by terrorists and human traffickers worldwide. We intervene in their evil acts and invite them to follow Christ, resulting in the erasure of many tragedies. To the rest of the world of 2051 and later, I am known as Justin Time.

Chapter 2

Throughout Jerusalem in the months before the Day of Pentecost, delegates of government and religious officials roamed through the city and visited the Synagogue.

Most, if not all, had questions about Jesus that Roman and Jewish officials were unsure or inconsistent about how to answer.

A doctor named Luke, also an artist, mapographer and, for the sake of the Gospel, an historian, had heard that many scribes and historians had been sent from many countries in search of verification of the life of Jesus of Nazareth.

Was it true this man had been crucified and then came back to life?

Caiphas' office was often crowded with fact-seekers.

Several disciples, that is, those studying under the Teachers of the Law, were carefully

selected and assigned to answer questions without revealing too much.

One man commissioned by a merchant and former Roman official, to go on a fact-finding mission was a doctor named Luke. He had friends in the Roman Legion, and was able to talk to many soldiers, including the men who were involved in Jesus' last day. Their stories led him to John Mark and Peter, and the three men avidly compared notes. Luke would eventually meet Paul at Troas, and join him on parts of his missions.

In Caiphas' office, a young man named Saul from Tarsus, a longtime disciple of the Sanhedrin; one whose learning had taken such a priority in his life that he was the subject of humor among the rabbis and the matchmakers for his lack of a wife, stood before Caiphas.

The two were discussing Saul's future.

Caiphas truly believed he was battling a cult, dealing with those trying to hold onto the legacy of the deceased, and use it to their advantage. He had seen this happen many times before.

Jesus had failed to satisfy many of the anticipated prerequisites expected of the Messiah through the eyes of the Sanhedrin, and since he refused to submit to their authority, they truly believed he was a danger to the people; what if God struck the nation of Israel with a plague as He had done in years past? The law was very clear: false prophets were to be put to death.

The New Testament would describe the “jealousy” of the Pharisees when Jesus would demonstrate His abilities. But this was not the case, as I would later learn from an interview with Caiphas. He was adamant that he was not jealous of Jesus, but wanted to understand him. He couldn’t get a straight answer out of anyone of the council, and after his outburst on the last day of the Passover, declaring that he was the ultimate source of eternal life on Earth mandated a formal face to face talk.

Unfortunately, Caiphas admitted, the guards nearly beat him to death before he could begin to question Jesus. And, motivated by political grudges, his council behaved poorly. He added that had Jesus performed any sign for him, especially that night, he would have let him go

and more. He might have vouched for him to the Romans.

I, of course, knew this was Caiphas' ego talking. But, that's what he said.

Before that night, daily business prevented him from traveling to where ever Jesus resided to meet with him personally to ask him about his agenda; (I believe that was an excuse). The fact is Caiphas office was luxurious. He married into money and power, and despised his wife. He loved his kids and spoiled them. When John Mark, Levi and Luke drafted their Gospels, they painted the Sanhedrin out to be a bunch of envious scholars, constantly trying to find ways to murder Jesus.

Caiphas made it very clear to me that, 'Had we wanted to have him killed, we could have at any time.' When he was asked about why he chose that night to order Jesus' arrest, he got shiftty.

He reiterated that the delegates misinterpreted his orders and became violent. When our agents captured video of his issuance of the order to arrest, they confronted him with the

footage of the document being drafted, delivered and then burned, (according to the order), to collect Jesus for questioning, (paraphrasing), at all costs. They assumed that his disciples would resist, so they came ready for a fight.

Since Christ's death was predestined, and we knew where Caiphas was headed after he died, our team didn't rebuke him. Why harass a man on his way to hell?

When Jesus finally stood before him, he was, 'just trying to exhaust all the accusations, and let him go,' to paraphrase him.

Again, this interview was post-Resurrection, and even Caiphas admitted the Sanhedrin screwed up. He knew that his guards did not move Jesus body, and the Romans were furious over their seal being broken. Despite all their best efforts, gossip of what took place exceeded the secrecy that was ordered.

And, it had been reported that some of those who had voted to condemn Jesus to death had seen him among his friends and family, just as he had been in the days prior to the Passover.

Politically, Caiphas was trying to calm relations with the Romans in an effort to strike a new treaty. The Romans were tired of the rebellions and the Jews were tired of military occupation. A page in history was turning, and both nations knew it. (Neither anticipated the horror of the burning of Jerusalem in 70 A.D. that Jesus prophesied.)

When John the Baptist started preaching and baptizing, Caiphas thought that would be a good opportunity to show that passionate expressions of the Jewish faith could happen without being in rebellion to Roman rule. But, when John charged Herod with adultery, (literally screaming at the guy as his chariot passed through the region), and Jesus emerged performing matter-of-fact miracles, the Sanhedrin was caught totally off guard. There were just some things for which there was no damage control.

Now that Jesus was no longer among them, whether he was in hiding, or He Ascended into Heaven, or His Resurrection was an elaborate hoax, Caiphas, dealing with declining health,

chose a disciple he believed was worthy of passing his mantel on to.

Making matters easier for him, Saul approached him.

Caiphas asked the young Pharisee, “If you do what I ask, what do you want in return?”

“To win disciples,” Saul replied. Caiphas was tickled by the young man. Most Pharisee disciples wanted the benefits of their station in Israel. Saul came across to him as a naive idealist, who seemed to have the purest of intentions. His eyes glowed of zeal.

Caiphas handed Saul several scrolls. “These are letters addressed to the high priests of every important temple in Rome. I suggest you start in Damascus. No, wait, I put out a warrant for the man called Stephen. Stay and watch his execution, and then go.”

Caiphas rose, his body weight settling onto the pavement under his fat leg, and Saul rose quickly as well. The old man walked Saul to the door. “Put down this ‘Way’, and upon

success, when I am laid to rest, my station is yours.”

With determination in his eyes, Saul replied, “Absolutely.” As Saul exited the house, Caiphas did not

61 see me maneuver around him, recording this meeting.

On to the arrival of the Holy Spirit on Earth...

On the day known as Pentecost, all the Believers of the Way were gathered together in a large house, waiting but not sure for what.

Since over a hundred people were jammed into this room, I had a hard time capturing this moment myself.

Allow me to add that in 2050, even our technology is limited and the transparency devices furnished by the Marine Corp have their limits.

The Holy Spirit can also hide me and often does, but, we try to be as prepared as possible.

Bottom line, when we make contact with anyone or thing, we become somewhat visible.

Again, to explain how our technology works would require a long lecture on additions to the laws of physics that are adhered to in my generation's world.

Since we knew where the room was and had access to it weeks before, our team planted hidden cameras in false wooden panels. I stood on the street outside to record the rest.

Suddenly, a sound like the blowing of a violent wind came from Heaven and filled the whole house where they were sitting.

I would compare it to a 'polite' hurricane that delivered hope and inspiration rather than dread. It was Ruah, (the Word of God) in action, a special delivery of Christ's Spirit on Earth, custom made just for us living in the Messianic age, also known as the age of the Church.

They saw what seemed to be small, amazingly bright flames of fire that separated and came to rest on each person. Everyone was filled with the Holy Spirit and began to speak in other languages as the Spirit enabled them.

Outside, many of those inside the house exited, and fearlessly walked onto the street below.

Note, these people were, just moments before, afraid for their lives. Followers of The Way were wanted by Jewish and Roman authorities for being a part of a rebellion.

It was well known in the market place that followers of The Way were being rounded up all over Judea, and it seemed their arrests were inevitable. They had been hiding and praying for God to deliver them, not unlike Hanukkah. (And remember, these were Hebrews, not Gentiles.)

Now, they walked freely and proudly in the streets, speaking a Heavenly language that sounded like the native language each visitor understood.

In the city streets, alleys and gallows outside, there were God-fearing Jews from every nation staying in Jerusalem. When they heard this sound, crowds responded in unison in bewilderment, because each one heard them speaking in their own language.

A man who was utterly amazed, observed,
“Are not all these men who are speaking
Galileans? Then how is it that each of us hears
them in his own native language?”

Among the visitors were Parthians, Medes and
Elamites; residents of Mesopotamia, Judea and
Cappadocia, Pontus and Asia, Phrygia and
Pamphylia, Egypt and the parts of Libya near
Cyrene; visitors from Rome, (both Jews and
converts to Judaism); Cretans and Arabs- and
some whose national origin was unknown.

“We hear them declaring the wonders of God
in our own tongues!” he added, in his own
language. “What does this mean?”

Since they had been told that the only
expressions of God would take place in the
Temple, the fact that this was happening in the
middle of the street captured their fascination
even more.

Another man, standing nearby, cynically joked,
“They have had too much wine.” His comment
got a laugh from the crowds gathering around
the Believers, whose tongues of fire were

making them glow slightly as they spoke and revealed themselves to the people in the street.

Peter was irked by this man's comment and quickly corrected him. Using a water well wall, he climbed up and raised his voice and addressed the crowd. "Fellow Jews and all of you who live in Jerusalem, let me explain this to you; listen carefully to what I say. These men are not drunk, as you suppose."

"It's only nine in the morning! No, this is what was spoken by the prophet Joel: 'In the last days, God says, I will pour out my Spirit on all people. Your sons and daughters will prophesy, your young men will see visions, your old men will dream dreams.'"

"Even on my servants, both men and women, I will pour out my Spirit in those days, and they will prophesy. I will show wonders in the Heaven above and signs on the

earth below, blood and fire and billows of smoke."

"The sun will be turned to darkness and the moon to blood before the coming of the great

and glorious day of the Lord. And everyone who calls on the name of the Lord will be saved.' Men of Israel, listen to this: Jesus of Nazareth was a man accredited by God to you by miracles, wonders and signs, which God did among you through him, as you yourselves know.”

“This man was handed over to you by God's set purpose and foreknowledge; and you, with the help of wicked men, put him to death by nailing him to the cross. But God raised him from the dead, freeing him from the agony of death, because it was impossible for death to keep its hold on him.”

“David said about him: ‘I saw the Lord always before me. Because he is at my right hand, I will not be shaken. Therefore my heart is glad and my tongue rejoices; my body also will live in hope, because you will not abandon me to the grave, nor will you let your Holy One see decay. You have made known to me the paths of life; you will fill me with joy in your presence.’”

“Brothers, I can tell you confidently that the patriarch David died and was buried, and his

tomb is here to this day. But he was a prophet and knew that God had promised him on oath that he would place one of his descendants on his throne.”

“Seeing what was ahead, he spoke of the resurrection of the Christ, that he was not abandoned to the grave, nor did his body see decay. God has raised this Jesus to life, and we are all witnesses of the fact.”

“Exalted to the right hand of God, he has received from the Father the promised Holy Spirit and has poured out what you now see and hear. For David did not ascend to Heaven, and yet he said, 'The Lord said to my Lord: Sit at my right hand until I make your enemies a footstool for your feet. Therefore let all Israel be assured of this: God has made this Jesus,” Peter made eye-contact with at least one Pharisee who was within his range, “whom you crucified, both Lord and Christ.”

Some of the men standing there were also among those who were in the riotous crowd that witnessed Jesus’ trial and crucifixion.

A Pharisee who was not in Peter's line of vision emerged from within the bulk of the crowd and responded, broken hearted.

"Brothers, what shall we do?"

"Repent," Peter said, his voice noticeably strained, "and be baptized, every one of you, in the name of Jesus Christ for the forgiveness of your sins. And you will receive the gift of the Holy Spirit. The promise is for you and your children and for all who are far off—for all whom the Lord our God will call. Save yourselves from this corrupt generation."

About that time, give or take a few days, on a sunny day in Samaria, Phillip was walking along and sees an Ethiopian royal caravan carrying an officer returning from Jerusalem.

The Apostle Phillip emerged from a field, munching on fruit, when he saw a caravan about 200 yards long bordering a river. The river water was calm.

Now, for some reason, this particular road was on a section of land where our cameras always go nuts and we have a hard time recording this moment correctly. My first time was a disaster.

Another team member's was worse, literally falling into the water, making everyone's head turn - not good.

The Holy Spirit ironed out those wrinkles, and now to capture this moment in history, I was hiding up in a tree holding an early model 8mm movie camera that runs off of AA batteries. The birds were making so much noise that no one seemed to hear me, but, I didn't know how long I could hold this position without cramping.

I planted a few other cameras along the road to capture what else you're about to see. It was hard to adapt the special filter used to to capture celestial beings on film onto these antique 8mms, but without them, you wouldn't be able to see the Angels at all when he speaks to Phillip...

An Angel appears to Phillip in the form of a man dressed in bright white. Phillip discerns by the Holy Spirit living in his heart (visible through the filter) that this was an Angel. "Go south to the road, the desert road, that goes down from Jerusalem to Gaza.

In the near-distance, a royal caravan slowly makes its way down a road by a riverbed. A few servants break from the caravan and go down to it to collect water, and quickly rejoin the main group. The guards of this caravan are very well armed.

In a flash of a vision, the Spirit shows Phillip that this caravan carries an important official in charge of all the treasury of Candace, queen of the Ethiopians, and has just comes from Jerusalem where he worshipped God.

The Holy Spirit within Phillip echoes the words he hears from the mouth of the Angel. “Go to that chariot and stay near it.”

Normally, any stranger, uninvited, would cause the Captain of the Guard to draw his weapon and attack. Phillip obediently did what he is told, and the guards alongside the caravan didn’t object to how close their passenger was allowing Phillip to get.

One of the guards, its captain, also had the Holy Spirit inside of him. Phillip looked awkward, but harmless.

The captain's face acknowledged a discernment that through the Spirit, he knew that the Spirit had sent Phillip there. As the guards looked to their captain, he shook his head no. The guards did not motion for their swords. Phillip, empowered by the Spirit, felt no fear.

Inside the carriage, an Ethiopian servant, a man high in the royal court, was reading a scroll. The Holy Spirit touched his mouth, and as Phillip spoke, his words were understood by the Ethiopian.

Walking alongside the carriage, Phillip asked, "Do you understand what you are reading?"

The Ethiopian was not taken aback by Phillip, while the Holy Spirit was hovering all around the carriage.

"How can I unless someone explains it to me?" the Ethiopian replied.

He was reading, 'He was led like a sheep to the slaughter, and as a lamb before the shearer is silent, so he did not open his mouth. In his humiliation he was deprived of justice. Who

can speak of his descendants? For his life was taken from the earth.””

“I can,” Phillip answered, almost a play on words.

The Ethiopian looked around where they were and discerned that Phillip was neither insane, nor an assassin.

The Holy Spirit hovering in the carriage spoke to the Ethiopian, “You asked to receive Me. I am answering.”

The Ethiopian felt his heart flutter and gave an order to stop the carriage. His attendants helped Phillip up into the caravan. Phillip’s fear remained suspended, for the caravan was surrounded by the Spirit.

Phillips read the Scripture aloud again, as a teacher would to a student. “It says, “He was led like a sheep to the slaughter, and as a lamb before the shearer is silent, so he did not open his mouth. In his humiliation he was deprived of justice. Who can speak of his descendants? For his life was taken from the earth.”

“Tell me, please, who is the prophet talking about,

himself or someone else?” the student asked.

“He is speaking of Jesus the Nazarene, who has risen from the dead,” the teacher replied.

The Ethiopian gave another order to stop the carriage. “Look, here is water. Why shouldn't I be baptized?”

“Indeed.”

The two men got out and the guards followed them to the water where they witnessed Phillip help the Ethiopian into the water, about waist-high.

“Today, you become my brother, an adopted son of the living God. In the Name of Jesus Christ, I baptize you in the Name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit,” Phillip declared, pouring water over the man's head with his hand.

Led by the Holy Spirit, Phillip motioned for him to hold his breath and submerge into the

water. The guards watched nearby, amazed, also cautious.

The Ethiopian's face, head and shoulders went under the water.

One could almost hear a choir of Angels singing the glory of God, for this soul's residency in Heaven had been claimed. His name was officially written in the Book of Life.

By the power of the Holy Spirit, Phillip traveled to another land, a few weeks into the future, by the same power I travel.

His guards reacted in awe. (I can't blame them.) When the Ethiopian emerged from the water, he had a hard time believing that Phillip had been carried away by God.

At that moment, the Apostle Phillip travelled through time by the same power I do. The first guy to do it was Daniel. Later, Ezekiel, and then of course, Jesus.

My watch alarm buzzed. I stopped recording and read it. Time to go home and go to sleep. My shift was over. Another day of ministry in

the past. I returned to my office and stowed all my gear. Before I could think of any more chores to do, my body was taken to my home where I fell into bed.

The next morning, I woke up feeling achy.

Today is April 23rd, 2050. To most of humanity, time has been applied in a linear way. One straight line, connecting the moment we just lived, to the moment in front of us.

But time has multiple dimensions and layers, like space. Our family lives with an awareness of this, except for my son, and by the power of the Holy Spirit, my family coexists in this time, and in the plane of time that the world has dwelled in since the Fall of Man. After the Fall of Man, God blocked that portion of our minds that is capable of understanding how to travel in and out of these dimensions and layers, because Man proved to be evil.

Since I live during the final moments of the age of the Messiah, so to speak, God revealed this ability to a few of us, whose hearts have sought the same kind of desire to help people that the Apostles had; selfless.

They all died selflessly for the Gospels, and my job is just like theirs, given some added technology to the covering of my country's government. I really think I have it better than they did. At least in my own time, a 300-year old court system protects me on the home front. And I would not want to live in a world without baseball.

I'll explain later why it is necessary for us to be enrolled in this sort of supernatural measurement of time, (our basis for time anchored by God the Father, not Earth's place in the galaxy). For now, just take my word for it.

Since we all travel travel forward through time, and age the same way, we live our lives very much as you do.

My kids go to school. I work for the National Security Agency in a division known as Special Archives, under the jurisdiction of the Library of Congress.

We are, fundamentally historians, but as our perspective allows us to see into the future per

the will of the Father, we provide intelligence to every other agency as necessary.

Many terrorist attacks, kidnappings, murders, name it - have been avoided and their advocates redirected into more productive directions or jailed. Make no mistake, we do not change history without a direct command from the Father.

Any mistakes we make are followed up by another part of the team in an orderly manner, and when we go home, we each have our own “home time” to regroup - sleep, eat and rest. The Bible calls it a Sabbath. Mine is here, in the Spring of 2050.

If you are wondering why I don't run into myself coming and going, remember, time exists on many planes and has many dimensions. I don't keep track of this or do anything special to accommodate it. The Holy Spirit does all of that for me.

Now, at work, time in our facilities is suspended until the Return of Christ. The same power that once held the sun on the sky for a king to win a battle is the same power than

holds time still for us as we do our jobs....I don't do any of this, nor do any of the man-made inventions we use. Through God alone, all things are possible.

I'll explain more later about what I do and how we do it, but for now, I just want to focus on waking up. Time traveling is utterly exhausting; like, a bus-ran-over-me exhausting.

My walls at home are decorated with framed letters of commendation, from Homeland Security, the NSA, and pictures with several U.S. Presidents and other world leaders.

We use video recording devices, to serve as historians. We record the human history of this age, from Creation to the Return of Christ, to offer visual evidence of the truth to the nation of Israel and anyone else that would watch. The Two Witnesses, whose names even I am not allowed to know, use the footage the team I am a part of gathers, for purposes above and beyond what I am told.

I get to speak to Jesus on a regular basis, and it is by His Word alone, guided by His Spirit, that I am able to do this. I do not control my

assignments, or my destinations. But as my team does this ministry, we are opposed by the same Enemy who opposes God and His creations. We are able to see the Enemy as he is, with our naked eyes, and we are protected from the majority of frontal attacks. We are protectors of the truth, while Enemy forces exist to pervert history with lies.

A family portrait of myself, my wife Sara and our two kids, Josiah, 16 and Hilary 14, is among other ‘family’ photos among the decor of my home, including a few of historical figures; Biblical and post-1st century people, some instantly recognizable, some not.

My alarm woke me up like an unwelcome houseguest, while Sara remained immobile except for her breathing, facing the other side.

I sat up and felt 90 years old. I reached to pick up my phone and tapped the screen.

2,034 New messages. F.B.I., mostly thank-you’s, C.I.A., inquiries about terrorism cases; parental groups with thousands of missing children requests.

We only have 115 agents at this time, but we've got more than enough work if we doubled our staff. Keep in mind, adding one agent to our time travel team means adding a ton of support staff. And we don't recruit anyone. God sends us whomever He believes are qualified candidates.

To date, I'm the youngest man on the team. I was the first in my time. Some time ago, it was explained to me that my older self, in my 60's, was the first agent, and I was given my job as team leader to help him, so to speak. That is, I needed time to develop the maturity necessary to do the job of a leader.

That box you see in the corner is full of paper, envelopes, and various video holding devices. It's marked, "Cold Cases". Some have pictures of missing children on them. Our agency's cover was blown in 2051 when 60 Minutes exposed us for finding twenty-thousand lost children.

Someone noticed the decreasing population of lost children, and a few reporters (coincidentally Christians), were allowed to discover our department.

The Lord recruited them to become a part of our interview team, a team that just interviews people from the past and future. You can see some of their work at the end of this journal.

From deep under the pillow Sara's head was buried in, she managed to ask, quietly audibly, "Can you make coffee?"

"Sure."

And, this is my bathroom. Time travel does not lessen a man's need to pee first thing in the morning.

A sticky-note awaited me on the mirror which reads, "I'm sorry. Please forgive me. I am so proud of you!"

I glanced at my Bible, set in a basket of magazines next to the toilet and sat on it, opening the Bible as my body drained.

My Bible is really cool.

He is a living Light in the shape of a silhouette of Jesus, called Ruah, (pronounced Roo-aah). Ruah is the Hebrew word for the Word of God.)

“We left off in second Peter,” He said, opening Himself.

“Go ‘head. I’m not here yet.”

Ruah (the Bible) turned itself to Ezekiel 37:5.

“I will make breath enter you, and you will come to life.”

The Word floated from His Spirit into my heart, and knew I had been fed. I set Ruah on the counter top and climbed into the shower. I heard bare foot steps behind me.

I wet my head on the faucet and was delighted when my wife entered, ready to do more than bath.

“Can I come in?”

Justin smiles mischievously and opens the door.

From the road, my office is very ordinary looking until you get inside.

All the intelligence we are able to provide has earned us the reputation as the go-to agency for everyone else, so funding has never been a problem.

The incumbent President, Jim Wakefield, is a man of God who delights in our function during his Presidency. He also understands that our ministry is a sign of the End Times, although still possibly centuries away from a human perspective.

I know how to travel to the Last Day, (give or take), but I do not know how much time there is between any given point in time and that day. (Don't make me explain that concept now...)

As I pull up to the security gate, I insert my card, type my password and drive to my space.

Everyone in 1950 thought that by 2050, we'd be flying cars by now. Not quite. Ford Motor's first attempt at the closest thing to a flying rail system was rejected by several government agencies about a month ago, but they are making progress. I've traveled as far ahead as 4944, and no flying cars.

Granted, I wasn't there for very long and my line of vision was very limited, and I don't know if God will keep that plane in time or not...(understand that God can shorten and

length the Age of the Messiah, described in the New Testament as “the mystery”, at-will, as He can lengthen or shorten the lifespans of people.)

As I park my car, and walk to the main building, the lower edge of the ceiling of the parking garage entrance has this sign painted on it: “Entering A No Time Zone”.

Compared to the Joint Chiefs, my office is relatively small. Our staff is from all over time. Many are those who died in what we’d regards as the past, but God allowed us to rescue them, altering time, and other factors led to them being invited here. Some had unfinished business on earth, other had romantic encounters that led to children being conceived. God is big on parenthood.

The Father often blesses people who seem like they would be lousy parents, from loveless families, with children, for the love of a baby has the power to warm the coldest heart. And the, God uses parenthood to speak to their character, often using the child to draw the parent to Himself, eliminating any rebellion.

I cannot tell you how many cases we have been given whereby the mother was a drug user or stripper or both, and the father was a selfish or wandering man. Though the world had developed a hatred for many of these parents, as they would enroll in programs like welfare, and stay in them as long as they could, most people fail to see the Father in the details, Calling to them from every corner of their hearts.

Despite my ability to travel through time, and despite our military's power to forcibly install or remove government components from foreign nations, none of us have the power that God made us with. His arm is not too short, nor is Voice too weak or unclear to be heard. I have observed that typically, the person who heard the Lord and yet lives in a state of self-described misery, has yet to pray for the courage to heed His Word, or the obedience.

Rich, poor, ethnicity, gender...I have seen them all either fall into the Abyss of Hell or ascend to the Throne where Jesus welcomes them, all based on whether or not they opened their

hearts when He Called to them. And, He doesn't just Call once.

He Calls almost everyone millions of times until they say yes or no; he is patient with 'no's'. Often the most miserable sinners are allowed to live long lives, for no other reason than Jesus has invested so much love and patience into them, He exercises His authority, extends their life another minute, or five, or a day, for the sole purpose of hearing them call out His name. Remember, this is all a result of the events that happened when sin happened in the Garden. (It's located at the bottom of the Dead Sea.)

Sometimes it pays off, and sometimes it doesn't. What can I say? I have the most patient, graceful, and merciful boss in existence.

As I made my way through the office, my first stop was the Information room. It's our version of a mail room, but hand-delivered U.S. Mail only existed from 1792 to 2031. So, we manage our own information travel, given that we can deliver our own mail a lot more efficiently than anyone else. And since it can

bear the seals of any era of the United States of America, we can deliver documents that bear the authority of the United States government from any point in history. We also have kingdom seals from just about every nation in history.

I got mostly junk mail today. And a note that God wants to see me. I joked back at the Info Room Crew. “Cute, guys.”

“Sir, that’s not a joke,” an intern replied. “Jesus was here and left it Himself.” He lifted his right arm, which looked like it just had a cast removed. “He even healed my arm while He was here!”

Still expecting them to be joking, I accepted their straight-faces and walked toward the Supply Room. This is where we keep all the stuff we use to blend into a given era and record it. Clothes, money, technology, and backups of everything - name it. Special Archives also employs staff of the Library of Congress. One could say that history lives here, quite literally.

We have agents who gather clothing from all over time so that we can use them on missions. We have agents who record languages, trends, fads and slang from every era of human history and society so that when we have to visit them, we become “all things to all men”.

We have agents who catalogue every form of technology and literary work, so that we have as much background on every person whose life we’re assigned to observe.

We have agents who just interview people from the past. We have agents who just interview people from our future. We have a special room just for importing people from foreign times into ours, for the purpose of allowing them to meet a subject face to face. We even have a medical team in a customized emergency room. We use this room a lot. As I passed it in the hall, there weren’t any patients this morning -- odd, but I won’t complain. It’s hard to watch when it’s packed with civilians bleeding from a war.

The only thing we don’t have is an internal affairs unit. Since all of this is made possible by the Holy Spirit, He does all that without us.

He creates among us a sense of family, and with our past success, there is a huge demand for our services, hence, a huge demand for growth. But it's hard to find servants with just-the-right heart for this. One could say the heart necessary is Seek First The Kingdom incarnate. We have access to everything we could need here. Money, information, manpower, and authority. There's really nothing left to do that is satisfying but serve.

As for today, I am interviewing a new guy. He's a movie producer from the 21st century. But he's been asking all the right questions and God has asked us to answer his questions with questions of our own. We'll see.

In 2050, today is the day when the incumbent president takes the newly elected president into the White House to tour it and see where they will be living for the next four years.

In the Oval Office, President Jim Wakefield was on the phone. Sitting in the chair where had made all of his late- night calls, some of national security, some not, and now he was hosting the incoming new president. "You're here. Good. I'll be out to meet you."

As he got up, the extra motors in his step that had sped him through life and catapulted him into the White House now slowed a gear, but his delicately combed-back hair remained obediently in place, the grays of his hair tips starting to win the land war of his mane. His once daunting good-looks, and the humor that had wooed his wife remained, and both would accompany him into Heaven in the next two decades.

Justin had already told him of this, and shared with him how to maximize his final years in the White House. Jim was daring enough to ask Justin about the future, and what it would take to finish his endeavors, present and future, as benefiting to the cause of Christ as possible.

No time travel was necessary for Justin to answer these question, one most men fear. How does one maximize their treasure in Heaven?

Fearlessness for the Gospel, trading the losses to Man for the profits of Heaven.

What made it easier for Justin, and for that matter, Jim to digest, was the immediate visual

identification of this treasure by way of traveling to the Last Day, a place where only a few men have ever stood, on the very edge of time. It was an edge that moved often, as the Father decided to lengthen or shorten Man's days.

From this point in time, and a multidimensional fragment of space, Justin's team was able to observe Heaven as if an attendant in the court, his presence there reserved as a part of the seat of Man, adjoined to Christ, placed at the right side of the Father. Justin and other agents were able to stand and adore Christ, absorbing all His wisdom, Life, and Way of being. He was an ongoing, everlasting awesome sight, one that keeps celestial beings and resurrected humans alike in constant harmonious anticipation of His pending Return to Earth and the big revealing of New Jerusalem. Imagine New Year's Eve lasting a few thousand years, the excitement never wearing thin.

Also visible was Man's treasure in the Kingdom. As Jim watched video of this, he quickly realized why Paul was not allowed to

speak of his visit to this realm to those of the 1st century church. Most of them couldn't handle exposure to television, much less this supernatural wonder.

As Jim walked down the halls, he looked upon the faces of the presidents of the past, and knew his entire legacy was owed to Christ. In fact, he had made no decisions without Him. Jim wasn't just a praying president, he was a president whose every decision benefited from direct revelation of a time traveling team capable of telling him what was working over time and what wasn't.

His administration benefited from being able to offer medical science glimpses of the future. He would set the agenda based on innovations to come, while respecting God's sovereign timing of when that revelation would become common knowledge. Many acts of mass terrorism and war had been averted.

One of the prized accomplishments that was about to be outed-by CBS News' 60 Minutes was that Special Archives was responsible for solving over 20,000 cold cases of missing and

murdered children, resulting in a half-million adults being rehabilitated or incarcerated.

Terrorists now feared Project Justin Time, the nick name that the world gave to the man and subsequently the team who formed around him. Not a single word of threat had been uttered out loud against Israel in the last year. (But plenty in private.)

His reputation had made Jim's presidential administration into the most-revered in U.S. history.

That said, he was about to greet the new guy. The new guy was anything but a man of God. Jim wondered through many prayers and many pleads to the Lord, why this man was God's sovereign choice to become the next president. For, in fact, the president-elect had made it a part of his campaign to investigate and eliminate the hoax of a time travel unit in association with the White House. Tax dollars being spent to finance time travel? Ridiculous!

To complicate matters, the Enemy had duped NASA engineers into believing they had discovered methods of time travel, resulting in

NASA building machines that successfully transported small objects through time. They dubbed this the New Frontier, but the unknowns were even more dangerous than when they first traveled out of our atmosphere. Given how hazardous the process of moving a pencil eraser twenty years into the past and back was, not a single pilot was eager to be the first to do the same. The anti-gravity factors crushed every object into dust.

But, this was enough for the news media to suggest that Jim's administration had in fact already mastered this, and it was only a matter of time before the commercial airlines industry made time travel into a mass commercial service.

As if.

Jim took no credit for any of the good his administration had done during his eight-year term. Most of the problems which previous presidents faced had been solved by the team going far enough into the future to tell Jim of all the hits-and-misses resulting from every effort that had been made to improve the world. Even then, the problems were never

ending, and often resulted in different problems with varying magnitudes.

Yet as cancers receded, other diseases remained and got worse, like HIV. It mutated so that saliva had become a carrier.

AIDS medicines had become big business, becoming an over-the-counter presence that out-sold Tylenol headache medicine.

Not a single Word of the Bible had been averted. And for all the knowledge of the future, for all the precautions and scheming, good intentions or motivated by selfishness, a view of a few thousands years into the future had simply led to the resulting circumstances of the future coming to pass sooner.

The Word says the plans of men are many, but the purpose of the Lord will always prevail. Indeed, there are absolutes.

Now it was time to turn over the office of the presidency to a man whose mission it was to dissolve Special Archives, among other priorities.

Jim took in a deep breath as he turned the corner and entered his office, his staff buzzing in and out of the West Wing. “Not my will but thy will be done,” he thought.

“Phyllis,” Jim summoned, “they’re here. Has anyone found my coat yet?”

Jenson, Jim’s personal assistant, entered the lobby of the Oval Office holding a coat that looked centuries old. “I have it sir. Rescued it from the dry-cleaner.” As he entered the Oval Office, Jenson motioned with his hand for Jim to turn around so he could start to place the coat sleeve onto his arm.

“How in God’s name did it wind up there? Wait, don’t answer that ,” Jim takes a very, very old but distinguished coat that looks like it’s from another time and puts it on.

“Okay, I won’t,” Jenson replied. A fellowship was present throughout the office, bound by the Holy Spirit. Jim felt his sleeves go onto his shoulders, the rest of the coat hanging from him like a king’s robe.

“How do I look?” Jim asked.

“Like a soon to be former President about to show the new guy around the White House contrary to your own free will,” Jenson replied.

“Did I ever tell you how I got this jacket?”

“Several hundred times, Mr. President.”

“Well, humor me because I’m going to tell you again,” Jim bellowed back.

Simon Keller, the assistant deputy to the chief of staff, walked in, paused a moment, and quietly stated, “They’re here, Mr. President. You want us to tell the limo driver so we can be there when they exit the car, or should be we let them find us among the 400 rooms?”

“Do you remember this jacket?” Jim asked him from across the room.

Simon smiles.

“Yeah. That was the - (clearly a good story) - you’re gonna wear that? For this?”

Jenson shakes his head no emphatically.

“You think it’s inappropriate?”

“Yes,” Jenson answered for his command-in-chief. “I asked him,” Jim said emphatically.

Simon said, “With all due respect, Mr. President, he’s probably gonna ask the same question we all asked when you came back with it, and...” Jim shot back a mischievous smile, implying that such was the plan.

Simon caught on. “Oh.”

“May my last breath as the President of the United States be to the next President of the United States, asking him if he’d like to receive Jesus Christ as his Lord and Savior,” Jim said with the same charm that got him elected.

“What ever happened to, ‘Don’t make Congress mad or your next four years will be bad’?” Simon interjected.

Jenson handed Jim a purse. “Matching purse?” Jenson asked, making the president’s eyes rise a little. Though humor flowed through the West Wing, no one on Jim’s staff would knowingly, consciously, ever insult him.

“Thank you,” Jim replied, letting it hang from his fingers. “Matching purse?” Simon asked.

“My wife’s,” Jim assured the room, “She’s been looking for it all morning, “ he quickly summarized, motioning toward Jenson with his voice, “Thank you. Phyllis!”

The president’s personal secretary entered through one of the countless doors surrounding the office. Within three seconds, the door opened and Phyllis stood before him, about five feet inside the door.

She was in her 60’s, a beauty of her time, and a scholar whose encyclopedic mind was put to use as the president’s primary memo editor. She was overqualified for the job, and the lone ‘friend’ serving on Jim’s staff. She and her husband had attended Pac 12 colleges that were sports rivals, and when Jim declared his candidacy for the Senate in Arizona, they met while applying for the same job.

Thirty-eight years later, including the twenty-nine she was married to her husband, she was Jim’s eyes and ears around the office. Rumor has it some of the younger Secret Service Agents had affairs with her.

She laughs, flattered by the idea, when she hears of these rumors.

“Yes, Mr. President.”

“Tell ‘em to make their way in. We’ll be right there.” Phyllis bowed slightly and existed.

“Mr. President,” Simon motioned with his hand. “Last minute words of wisdom?” Jim asked.

Simon motions that Jim’s clothing is ajar.

“A-ha,” Jim nods, recognizing the awkward fold, glancing at Jenson, “What am I paying you for?”

Jenson makes the adjustment quickly.

“Anything else?” Jim asked. “Well, unless Justin Naby is here with urgent news that will affect the next five minutes, let’s go be hospitable hosts.”

They all walked out, bantering on the way.

“We have time to flush tennis balls down all the toilets?” Simon teased.

“Taken care of,” Jenson joked back.

“Tell me you’re joking,” Jim interjected, without breaking stride as they walked down the hall.

“I’m joking, Mr. President,” Jenson assured, with a straight face.

“Although, the thought did cross my mind...” Jim said, cracking a vague smile.

In a general area of the White House where staff buzzed, going about their duties, President Elect Ruben Mitchell, a tall man in his early 50’s, entered with his family, led by his wife Emily, ten years younger, whose heart was hidden by her thin glasses. His sons were named Richard and Raymond, both in their early 20’s and presumptuous.

Jim, and his wife Elise, both in their 50’s, looking 65, welcome them, along with Vivian Kraft, the Director of Tours for the White House. She is in her early 60’s.

“Did you find a good parking space?” Jim teased, knowing they had just arrived by limousine. The humor seemed to bounce right off of them.

“Mr. President. It’s an honor,” Ruben said, his voice indicating presence, but lacking soul. They shook hands, as did the wives and sons.

“You get much sleep?” Jim asked Ruben, implying that eight years ago, when he was the President Elect, he did not.

Not getting the implied meaning, Jim answered dryly, “Yes.”

Jim turned his implied meaning into a literal one, “The night before I took office, I couldn’t sleep at all.”

Ruben nods that he understands and offers back a thin smile. He was a dry, vacuum of a man. His charm

contained no charisma.

Jim’s demeanor was effected a lot and believed the country had made a mistake by electing this man. Of course, he would not say that to his face, nor would he tell him what he knew about what would become of his pending presidency, from what Justin told him.

As if trying to restart a dead party over, Jim's voice sharply invites them to start the tour.

"Well, would you like a tour...or would you like me to take you to the Oval Office first?"

"Please," Ruben replied.

Richard spoke up, "Can we take a look around?"

Elise broke out her Jacquie Kennedy-like smile and answered the boys like they were her kid's friends. "This is Vivian Kraft. She's head of White House Tours."

Vivian smiles cordially. Vivian looks like she has been coaching fashion models in competition for the last ten years. She had a welcoming and elegant grace and warmth, perfect for welcoming heads of state to the world's most intimidating power building.

Vivian asked warmly, "You boys want to see your rooms?"

Richard was taken aback, "Is she talking to us? I'm 20 years old."

Showing signs of her personality, Emily corrected her son, her expression reminding him he was not addressing a faculty member of Cornell University. “Son, don’t be rude. Please, Mrs. Taft, take us to see their rooms.”

As if on cue, Vivian, Jim and Elise all correct her at once. To any other human beings, this moment would have been funny. “Kraft.”

“With a K,” Jim added, smiling, trying to keep it light.

Emily is not amused. She didn’t mind correcting her sons, but resented anyone correcting her.

Jim quickly realized he cannot fix that moment and moves on to what they are here for. He turned to his wife and asked, “Want to go with them?”

Elise nodded cordially, and with Vivian at her side, said, “Come on, Mitchell family. Show-you your new digs. You get to see what \$400 Million in Media-Buys buys you.”

They made their way up a stairwell commonly seen when the President’s Ball was broadcast.

As the families make their way up the staircase, Ruben commented, “Your wife is very tenacious.”

“Yes. I was almost the first-husband,” Jim quips. Ruben doesn’t get the joke.

Jim gave up on the jokes, the energy in his voice dropping. “Ready to see your new office?”

Ruben eagerly replied, “Yes, please.”

Marines and Secret Service Agents were posted everywhere.

As the door to the Oval Office was opened by a Secret Service Agent, Jim let Ruben walk into it by himself, standing in the doorway. Ruben took a moment to take this moment in.

Jim anticipated his first words in the Oval Office. “It’s so ordinary,” Ruben said anticlimactically.

After a moment, Jim asked him, “Would you like to sit in the chair?”

Ruben nodded. Jim motioned that it's okay for Ruben to pull the chair out by himself. He did, and sat down.

“Okay, it hit me, Ruben said, for the first time cracking a big smile. Ruben looked at the floor around parts of the office including behind the desk.

“The carpet looks a little worn,” he observed.

“From the knees of praying Presidents,” Jim explained, his own voice full of self-proclaiming prayer time.

“Is that a joke?” Ruben asked.

“No,” Jim replied, his tone like that of a soldier who had just seen so much action that he doesn't care what anyone thinks. “Where you're sitting is my favorite spot.”

Ruben soaked in the moment, and rocked in it a little, trying to open some drawers, only to find they were still locked.

“The key will be on the desk when you come back,” Jim assured him.

Ruben looked around the room, his eyes not meeting Jim until a few seconds after he started the question, “Mr. President, I’ve been meaning to ask you and maybe since you brought up your religious views, this is a good time.

Who is Justin Naby and what is Special Archives?”

Jim’s eyes, looking out the window, found Ruben’s face with a piercing conviction, “He’s an agent with the NSA, with ties to Homeland Security and this office. By the power of the Holy Spirit, he can travel through time. No machines, no help from traditional science. He is able to go into the future and tell us what is working and what is not. He’s been a critical part of this administration, and an unthankable servant of this country. He’s helped prevent countless acts of terrorism, rescued literally thousands of children from unspeakable deaths and he’s kept us out of several wars.”

Ruben mistook a pause in his words for being done, “You expect me to believe that?”

Jim knew Ruben is an agnostic. “No.”

“I don’t believe in religion, as you do. I believe in the power of the individual,” Ruben said, echoing his winning campaign.

“I know.” There is an awkward silence between them.

“Mr. President, I want you to know that as long as I am President, you are not welcome here beyond the powers allotted to ex-presidents. Your pet-project agency will be disbanded as soon as power is transferred. And as far as I’m concerned, you are the worst President this country has ever had.”

Jim almost got angry, but managed to control it. “Before you get to comfortable in here, know this. Justin Naby, also known as Justin Time, sat and watched you win in October with the foreknowledge of your assassination next February. That was why I went to such lengths to encourage your to make Ken York your running mate. That man loves the Lord. You used his beliefs as a sales pitch to win over the Christian right and the other,” Jim said, making air quotes, “ ‘religious’ people of this country -- much like when parties cast female Vice

Presidents. Ken York will be the president you are not.”

It didn’t matter if Jim was right or not. Ruben walked out.

Justin Naby lived in 2050, but his team was positioned in a unique dimension where, as God does, they can look on time as a whole. (The teams does not get to see the entire timeline of Creation, which would include dates prophesied by the Bible.)

This placement gives the team a chance to observe the affect that its own time and many before it and after it had on the future with reasonable accuracy.

The agency has only existed for about 18 years, but has touched a timeline spanning most of human history. There are agents posted at dates all over time, manning posts, chosen by God to work at various root times.

At this place in 2050, this is where we have our daily meetings. This is where we debrief, and this is where we conduct most of our

interviews when we have to bring someone from another time, past or future, into our time.

As Justin held his morning drink, and a breakfast burrito, a clip-board sized digital writing pad-web-search- hand-held-computer rolled under his arm, he walked by the Interview Room, which looked like a customized movie theater. Inside, a team was interviewing a man dressed in 1790's clothes, with a translator speaking to him.

There was a playful, muffled talking noise outside the Briefing Room as Justin opened the ordinary-looking door, using a doorknob.

The building was built with elaborate, hi-tech doors that proved to be overcomplicated, not opening, or self- locking at the worst possible times. It slowed work and they still run into missions that were slowed by such inconveniences.

Doorknobs were a timeless technology. Who knew?

“Good morning, roll call,” Justin said, without looking up at the 20-something agents who sit

in classroom-like chairs, some eating the same type of breakfast burritos, talking about their latest missions.

Most had families and kept track of recent worlds events, even if they were born centuries before or after the game was in the pop culture of their birth time. The agents from the 19th century all loved sports, for their time saw the beginning of the that industry.

Many agents wore sports caps. There were a couple of Chicago Cubs fans in the room talking baseball, describing The Streak of World Series won by the Cubs later in the century. A female agent talked about how difficult it had been to coordinate a wedding across time. An agent in his early 60's was having a debate about which century was Ford Motor's best, also talking about their next models in the coming decades.

"Roll call!" Justin repeated, standing in front of a dry erase board at the front of the room. Everyone reached to unroll their own digital clipboards, pressing buttons that declared their presence. Justin waited until everyone had

checked in, and there seemed to be a hold-out.
“Sam? Sam?”

A woman in her late 40’s re-rolled her clipboard as if trying to reboot it, and, slightly irked, said, “Here. Sorry. It’s not working this morning.”

“It’s alright. I can see you in front of me,” Justin said, smiling, finally looking up at the team.

A dry-erase board showed the agenda.

From top to bottom, it read: New Guy Interview, the World Trade Center, Olympics, Cold Case “Billy”, President of Zimbabwe, and assassination of President Mitchell.

“How’s everybody doing?” Justin asked, rhetorically.

Unplanned, everyone replied to Justin at once, causing him to chuckle and the room to break into a roar of laughter.

Justin lifted his hands slightly to pause the chatter. “Alright, go Cubs.” The chatter calmed a little, with some chuckles and more eating.

Karlos Rodriguez, a caucasian-looking Spaniard, raised his hand, which was part of procedure in this room. “Can I request a different mission?”

“What’s the mission?” Justin asked.

“It’s an old cold case. But it’s gotten personal.”

“How many degrees of separation?” Justin asked at the speed of the accountability checklist.

“I thought it was four, but it’s down to two.”

Justin subtly agreed that two-degrees was too close. “Can anyone else handle it?”

Without hesitation, another agent, a woman named Jenna Henry, agreed. She was from the 9th-century. One wouldn’t know that to look at her. She’s been here for about 18 months. She had a gift for languages that otherwise got her burned as a witch. Here, she served God as a Special Agent.

“Got it. John Walsh’s kid, right? 20th century?”

“Yeah,” Karlos confirmed.

“I got him. Kids are hard,” she said as she

typed data into her clipboard. “Send me the case.” Karlos tapped the keys of his clipboard, and Jenna nodded that she’s got it.

“All cold cases are tough,” Justin said, “but that’s why we’re here. Let’s pray for both of you before we go out. For the moment though, I gotta get through the board. Anything else urgent?”

Agent Patrick Moore, in his 60’s, who looked like a bodybuilder, answered, “Your wife called. Your son’s parent-teacher conference was moved to four o’clock.”

Justin pulled out his phone, a separate device. “Why didn’t she call me?” He discovered he had somehow turned his phone off. “Darnit...”

“Thank you. Alright. The board,” Justin continued. “The first one is not for you guys, but if you need me today, send me messages. I’ll be interviewing a new guy. I know some of us need a sabbatical, and as you can see, the ministry is growing.”

Karlos raised his hand.

“Yes?”

“Is it true the new President is gonna shut us down?”

Justin paused in his answer, “No. I asked Jesus. We’re here to stay. But I am glad you asked. Okay. World Trade. Since its reconstruction, it has been the number-one target for terrorist attacks.” Justin activated a video play back device that allows everyone to see a video clip.

It showed the aftermath of an attack.

“This time,” Justin explains, “to prevent this, we’re going after the ring leader’s father and we’re arranging for him to cross paths with a missionary that will coincidentally completely change his life, and prevent him from being a part of this. See if that doesn’t stop this thing once and for all. Good news is, we know who really did it. News of the day didn’t record it accurately, but we’re more than positive these guys did. Julian?”

Agent Julian nodded. An Israeli from birth, he was handsome and had the posture of a polished gentleman.

“All you, brotha. Love ‘em. The fact that we prevented Amir Mahummad from doing this was a step in the right direction, but the fact that it happened anyway means the problem has deeper roots. So, we’re gonna put two agents on their friends and family. Ben and Darrin.”

Both agents locked eyes with Justin. Darrin is significantly shorter than Ben, at just over-5-foot tall, whereas Ben barely fit in his chair at 6-foot-five-inches tall.

Both men are in good shape, and have an ongoing debate about which time travel movie is the greatest. One must usually interrupt this argument between them before getting their undivided attention. They each did parody taunts of other other’s favorite movie characters in jest, but when it came to the job, they were as dedicated to the ministry as anyone.

Justin suggested to them, “Let’s try to make this video the only record that this ever happened. Next. Olympics. 2036. Berlin. All Hell broke loose. We’re being asked by the OIC to track down some records that were lost.

So, whoever takes this, have a good time, don't stay too long. No prevention. Just gather intel and get out. “

Darrin nodded and typed something into his clip board, smirking. Ben read it and responded, “The Terminator eats flux capacitors for breakfast.”

“At least the last film doesn't cancel out the first one,” Darrin argued.

Agent Leslie, a physically fit woman in her 70-'s, rolled her eyes at them, “Guys, it's too early. It's too early, you ignorant movie-obsessed geeks!” she said, sounding critical. “Besides, everyone knows the best time travel movie of all time is ‘Kate & Leopold’.”

The two men looked at her in mutual disbelief, and then laughed at her.

Without looking defensive, she responded, “Bachelors.” They became silent at the sound of the word, ‘bachelors’.

Agent Kate McCain raised her hand, a woman in her late 30's browsing her clipboard screen

for sports scores and, in a split screen, news from 1890.

“You want it?” Justin asked.

“No - um, I was wondering about the new candidate,” Kate specified, glancing up with genuine interest.

“I’ll get to that at the end. And please don’t ask me if he’s good-looking,” Justin answered.

This only provoked more taunting.

“Olympics?” Justin asked Kate with his eyes.

She shook her head no, “I got a meeting with Martin Luther.”

“King or Luther?” Justin clarified.

“Luther,” Kate answers.

Ike Tanner, a 23rd-century military officer in his early 30’s, and former adviser to a president whose life was otherwise ended by an assassination attempt, asked out loud, “Does anyone else find him self-loathing? Or like Eeyore from Winnie the Pooh?”

Chuckles scattered throughout the in room.

“Who else?” Justin asked, looking for a case worker for the Olympics terrorist attack, the footage of which was playing in repeat mode on the video screen behind him. At first, there were no takers. “There’s twenty time-travelers in this room,” Justin said, hinting that he was about to stop waiting for volunteers.

Bruce Gates, an agent from this time, hockey and football player-turned pastor whose zeal for ministry was accused of being too much, had his face buried in a breakfast burrito.

“Sorry, boss, my mouth was full. I got it.”

“Thank you,” Justin said emphatically.

Referring to the remaining burritos,

“Somebody save me one?” Justin was passed a foil-wrapped breakfast burrito where he stood. Every chuckled.

“Thank you. Alright. We’re gonna need time travel to get through this meeting. Cold Case - Billy. This one needs to end now. Tim, what do you need?”

Agent Tim, a former prisoner of war of the 20th- century Chinese civil rights movement, answered. “I need to scare some racist men in 1932 Georgia.” Justin knew what Tim was referring to, using futuristic technology to put on a Dickens-like show for shock value, most likely taking each person to see themselves in Hell.

“Let’s all pray on that one,” Justin said. There was a moment of silence.

“I’m getting confirmation. Anyone not?” Justin asked. The room was silent. Karlos confirms.

“Show ‘em Hell,” Karlos said.

Julian agreed. “That would do it.”

Following procedure, Justin defined the mission, “Do a Dickins and give him the option that it was all a dream.” Tim nodded.

“Almost done,” Justin said, moving down the dry-erase board list. “President Shedier. Am I saying that right? Shee-deer. Whatever. Nice guy. Loves the Lord. Keeps getting shot at. The FBI wants our help to find out by who. And, before I get to everyone’s favorite, note that

breakfast this morning was provided by a very grateful department of Homeland Security. We can only hope the next President will come to love us as much as they do. Which brings us to the assassination of Ruben Mitchell. We're not here to serve Man. However. President Wakefield has asked us to consider a favor, as his last wish as our President. He wants to offer Mitchell a way out."

"That's not our call," Karlos replied.

"I know. But. I asked the Lord about this and He said it was His idea," Justin said.

"Jesus?"

Justin nodded. "I did say 'the Lord', didn't I?" The room was quiet.

Justin explains, "He believes the heart of Saul and the heart of Ruben Mitchell are one and the same."

"Dead for the last 2000 years?" Katy quipped. The room again broke into laughter.

"It means I need somebody to take him to meet Paul, maybe in prison," Justin said.

Pastor John, a relatively quiet agent until now, whose only browsing on his clipboard had been reading his Bible, offered to accept the assignment, “If no one else wants it, I’d love to. Really.”

Everyone enthusiastically encouraged him to take it. Pastor John was a 20th-century youth pastor and a policeman until he was martyred while rescuing a flood victim from a watery grave while on duty. Since his wife had already passed on to Heaven and he had no children to care for, he fit the need of a 20th-century theologian to join the team. He was the most recent team member, and has only been on a few missions.

“I voted for Mitchell,” he said, almost defensively.

“You’re the one,” Justin teased, along with minor heckling from the rest of the room.

Pastor John explained himself more, without a hint of

“Did you get a burrito?” Justin asked.

“I did, sir,” she answered, smirking. insecurity in his voice, “If he’s President, he gets access to us. Are we not the best witnesses for Christ ever? Except for the Two Witnesses ahead of us, obviously. I covet the chance to witness to this guy.”

Justin rewarded his candor, “I so love your heart.”

Several people were now focused on the last item on the dry-erase board, regarding the new guy.

Justin answered them.

In 2034, Marcus Hale, a charmingly-spoiled emerging filmmaker in the movie industry’s second century, sat among other producers, lawyers and studio staff, discussing ideas.

“His name is Marcus Hale. Good guy, loves the Lord. Born to a working class family. Lotsa love. Before they died, a group of Christian producers, Mel Gibson, Tom Hanks, Denzel Washington, Tom Shadyac, Ron Howard, Ralph Winter, and several others, assembled a foundation for the purpose of financing the

Biblical genre. But, they had a hard time making their films with the same moxy as the Bible itself. Partly because they gave market research too much room at the table, and partly because they were too lazy to do it right from beginning to end. We have been asked by a Prayer Intercessor who sits on the MPAA to intervene. So we did. We sent fourteen agents back over the span of twenty-five years, and, predictably, they keep ignoring us. And the movies fail at the box office, and they continue to wonder why.”

Still in briefing, Justin continued, “Marcus was quoted in an interview with Time-Life-Premiere Magazine as saying he wondered what the world would be like if people had movie references to the Bible, and if people would make the same decision that effect their eternal destinations, if they knew God’s plan for their lives. And, oh, boy, wouldn’t it be cool if somebody made a film about a time traveling guy who uses the Bible as his guide and records it with a video device. Sound familiar?”

Tim quipped, “Can I play myself in the movie?”

Not acknowledging him, Justin continued, “Needless to say, every studio in town rejected his treatment. He went on to revive the Jaws franchise.”

Karlos, in the Spirit, declared, “He’s one of us!” “Potentially,” Justin qualified.

“Is he cute?” Leslie asked.

“Yes. But he’s much, much younger than you,” Justin replied.

“Isn’t your wife a hundred-and-ten years older than -” Darrin asked.

Chuckles loud enough to drowned out the last part of his question skipped through the room like the sound of a mettle ball bouncing through a pinball machine.

Cracking a smile, Justin concluded the briefing, “Let’s pray.” Everyone fell silent. “Lord, please watch over us as we spend another day serving You. In Your precious Name, Jesus. Amen.”

Everyone got up, tossed trash in mostly-full waste baskets, and said their last-second farewells. All double-checked that they have their Bibles, and for only a few that meant on-paper.

“Everybody be safe, see you at debrief, don’t forget your Bibles,” Justin said, a little louder.

One by one, all agents faded away, to destinations known only to the office and the Holy Spirit. For a moment, Justin was alone.

Before he has a chance to gather himself, the office administrator, Jessica, burst into the room. She looks almost panicked.

“Justin,” she said, rushed, “thank God I caught you. Your daughter. Has been hit by a bus. Your wife is at the hospital now.”

Justin reached down for his phone, usually in his pocket, and asked aloud, “Why didn’t I hear my phone?” He saws it’s on silent. He turned to her, bearing a look of self-irritation and politely said, “Thank you.”

In 2050, Sara was in Prince of Peace Hospital’s emergency entrance waiting room. Justin

entered through the sliding door, a look of concern on his face. Sara was panicked. It was an otherwise pretty day.

Sara was close to losing her calm, her speech interrupted by a self-inflicted hyperventilation. “I can’t go. I can’t go. I can’t find out. What’s happening. The Holy Spirit won’t let me.”

“I’m here. You call the school?”

“Yes,” Sara replied. “Josiah wasn’t there. His phone’s off or on silent. He won’t answer. Irresponsible little -”

“Yeah,” Justin affirmed, “Where is she?”

Sara motioned to the I.C.U. area. “Tubes. I can’t look. I can’t travel.” Sara’s face is panicked, tears flowing.

Justin noted that it was odd that she couldn’t travel through time at all, “At all?”

“No,” she said emphatically.

Justin’s eyes seemed to pause to pray as he looked around at the hospital, the moment feeling surreal and unexpected. “Well, He’s never wrong. Stay here.”

Sara shook her head slightly, staring ahead at nothing, infinitely. “I had so much to do today.”

“I hear you,” Justin said. “But it’s 9:45 in the morning and our daughter’s been hit by a bus. We’re time travelers enabled by a big God. I can travel. I’ll find out what I can, and come back. You pray for our daughter...” Justin said, giving his wife a fast, warm rub on the back, “and our son,” he added with scolding in his voice. Justin turned as if he’s going to walk toward a nurse’s station, looking away from Sara.

“Justin,” she said, with tears in her eyes, “she’s really hurt.” Justin felt his wife’s pain in his heart, and offered a desperate nod of affirmation, walking toward Hilary’s room. As he walked in, a nurse asked him who was.

“Hi, I’m Jenny. I’m one of the nurses here. I was here when she was brought in. They brought her in maybe an hour ago. The paramedic said she was crossing the street. A new bus driver, I guess. The police want you to contact them,” she said, handing Justin a business card with the policeman’s name on it.

They already interviewed your wife.” She took a hard look at Justin’s face. “You look familiar to me.” Justin had helped Jenny get through high school.

“I get that a lot. Thank you,” Justin replied, forcing a firm smile across his face.

Jenny’s body radio made noise, and she acknowledged it as a page. “I’m sorry, I gotta take this. I’ll be right back.” As her feet clear the room door, Justin closed the door and faded out.

Justin is standing on an edge of time, a point in time that borders the Last Moment before Christ returns. It is this point where Justin can safely visit Zion without endangering his own life. He sees his daughter, Hilary playing with children as Jesus watches.

“Hilary,” he said, knowing he doesn’t need to shout

“I’m Justin Naby. I’m her father.”

here to be heard.

Hilary is overwhelmed by kids tackling her and tickling her, entering the portal from Earth, along with adult souls. These children represent souls who died before age 7, many from abortion. Angels escort all of these, like pre school teachers, back to the portal for souls waiting to be born into humanity. We see a connection, though not absolute, between these population of souls waiting to be born, and the timeline until the Last Moment. Some of the small children were aware of the meaning of needing a Savior, entering into eternity with the Father, and the ones who didn't were aware, in a sense, recycled.

“Dad!” She walked toward him. The kids tugged on her playfully. The ground was very much like Earth, but the substance was not dirt, or gold, though it appeared to look like a precious stone, each brick refined with a silk-like texture.

“I’m okay,” she assured her dad, “My body needs to heal,” she said in-between giving raspberries, “Jesus wants to talk to you.” Without spending another blink on his

daughter's face, Justin turned, as a soldier would salute an officer.

Offering more than a salute, he looked at the Light, and declared his full attention to Him, "Lord."

Chapter 3

Jesus, who looks stunningly young and timeless, glances toward Justin while He tending to His ministry - answering prayers and healing. An aroma-like steam, made of a spectrum of color not a part of the colors spectrum on Earth, rises like steam around Him. This is the praise of Man, generated by a world of worshippers on Earth.

We see a glimpse of two flows of spiritual gasses, specs and lights, floating up to His throne and raining lightly from the Heavenly Host.

The multi-colored gasses and lights that have floated up represent human praises and prayers. The multi-tasking King addresses each one very personally, as if they are the most important topics of consciousness in all of humanity.

The specs of sparkling dust are the residue from the songs sung by the Heavenly Host, spread out through Heaven. The least of these

specs fall to Earth and inspire those who write and sing songs of praise to God.

Jesus is concerned, “Your son’s name is not yet written in My book.” Jesus doesn’t need to motion to it. It’s set on a podium next to Him, the beginning and end-point to the River of Life and the Blood of the Lamb, which lays next to it, next to the Throne, freshly slain.

“I know,” Justin replies.

“He’s 16,” Jesus says, looking up, making direct eye- contact with Justin. “What are you waiting for?”

Justin does not articulate the weariness in his heart. “I don’t know what else to do.”

“Yes you do. Take him on a mission. Your next mission. Take your son with you.”

“I’ve been meaning to.” “But?”

Justin know his answers sound like excuses. “I was about to interview a new guy.”

There is no accusing tone in Jesus’ voice or body language.

“Take him along. He’s searching. He wants to know his dad. More, he wants to know Me.”

“Yes, Lord. Do you happened to know where he is?”

Jesus replies, “He’s at home raiding your video diary.” Justin gets angry, “I told him to stay out of there.”

“Yeah, you tell your kids not to do something...” Jesus replies, smiling. “All too familiar. He sneaks out at night to be with his girlfriend. He’s not trying to rebel against you. He’s testing his freedom.”

“I’m sorry Lord. Right now.”

“J- hear Me,” Jesus says in a tone that is both encouraging and correcting, “You. Do not have to. Save. The World. I already have. I love you.” Jesus continues answering prayers and touching them with His hands, causing healing and correction to happen on Earth, as His hands move through the prayers with the speed of a musician playing an instrument. Hilary continues to play with the kids. Justin notes the unborn kids.

“Adorable,” he says, “except I know where they come from.”

Without saying the words, Jesus’ eyes convey that there is no safer or loving place to be than in His presence. “Go comfort your wife.”

Back at the hospital, in Hilary’s room, Justin reappeared. Sara was sitting next to the bed, and saw him enter matter-of-fact. To anyone else, this would be a mind- blowing, awesome sight.

“She’s alright,” Justin said, Sara’s eyes finding him as he puts his arm around Sara, whose hand sits on Hilary’s side bed rail. “She’s playing with the souls of children.”

“Is she staying?” Sara asked, unable to hide the fear in her voice. She knows even parenthood is a temporary gift.

“No,” Justin comforts quickly. “Apparently Jesus allowed a bus, driven by a driver in training, to hit our daughter, so I would have to go to Him and be asked to take our son along with me on my next mission.”

Sara immediately understands why this was allowed to happen, and why she couldn't travel.

"He's not saved yet," she said. "No. A priority to the Lord."

"Well," she said with a slight sigh, "I don't like it, but thy over my."

"I have a feeling you'll be able to travel soon, if you haven't already tried."

Sara had a look of concentration on her face and then her body flickered like a strobe light in the chair. "Yip. I think I'll stick around. It's only -" They both glance at a wall clock showing 9:54 a.m.

"I gotta interview a new guy," Justin said, "and apparently it's divine take-your-kid-to-work week. Call me if you need me."

Sara's eyes lifted as she asked, "Did the Lord say how long she'll be here?"

"No. I got the sense that He didn't consider this the most urgent thing in our lives. Y'know?"

An Angel, Galbrath, the head of Justin's Heavenly estate, appeared. "I'll watch her Mrs. Naby. I believe you're needed elsewhere too," he stated, nodding at Justin in clearly submission to their needs. Sara and Justin exchanged 'okay' looks and both faded out. Galbrath stood at attention a few feet from Hilary's bedside. A nurse entered, not seeing him.

Using her on-body phone, she said with a touch of surprise in her voice, "The parents have gone. I thought they were here. Somebody send 'em a message telling 'em she's stable and we're moving her to Observation."

A voice on the other side of the radio responded to confirm.

In that same moment on Earth, at the Naby residence, Josiah Naby was in the wrong place, at the wrong time.

The blinds were closed, the door was locked, and the headphones were on. Josiah sat at his dad's desk and watched videos marked 'NSA'.

“Those are real, y’know,” Justin’s voice said, penetrating Josiah so hard, that he jolted uncontrollably out of the chair and reached out to brace his fall, letting out a scream.

“Dad! How did you get in here? I - I -”

Motioning to the video Josiah had up on the monitor, he remarked, “Sweet kid. I’ll take you to meet her if you want.”

After the shock and momentary horror of recognizing his dad’s presence in the room, on the other side of the doorway, he uttered, “What - who? What? How did you know I was here? How did you get in here?”

His father’s words hadn’t registered. And now, the logistics of how his father got into the room overrode any thoughts of covering up, escape or excuses. Was his dad here all along? He couldn’t have been! He watched him leave for work. He watched him walk out the front door. He searched the room before logging in to the computer...

“The door’s over there. How did you get in?” Josiah asked, still panicked.

“There’s no short answer for that,” Justin replied, “Today the Lord wants us to take a father-son trip.” Josiah was still shaking, and tried to leave the room as panic started to set in. The moment has turned surreal for him and he was no longer thinking clearly.

“I’m sorry. I’m on my way to school,” he said in the flutter of getting up, and trying to reset the chair. Under his breath he added, “I just wanted to know what you do.” Josiah tried to open the door and finds it oddly locked - from the inside.

In as flat a voice he can, Justin said, “I’m a time traveler. So is mom. And now, I’m pretty sure your sister is - maybe,” he added in reference to their faith in Jesus Christ. (For reasons explained later, it is necessary for all of a time traveler’s immediate family to be enabled to travel through time.)

“God told me. Calm down. I’m not mad.”

Josiah replied with the sarcastic disbelief befitted a teenager, “A time traveller. Dad, that’s the most ridiculous thing I’ve ever heard.”

“I know, it’s heavy stuff. You’re raised in a world that denies the perfection of God because He doesn’t need the scientific method to acknowledge Him be who He is.” Josiah’s panic has led him to keep trying to open the door. Justin remains standing still, waiting for Josiah to hear him and digest what he said.

Justin continued, “And since I have to go interview a job candidate for work and tell him everything I should have told you years ago, I thought I’d kill two birds with one stone.”

“What are you talking about?” Josiah still couldn’t hear his father.

“You’re coming to work with me today,” Justin ordered without answering him directly. “Put your socks and shoes on.”

Josiah heard ‘put your socks and shoes on’.

Giving up on the doorknob, Josiah turned to face his father, having barely registering that Justin was talking about his job. “Are you saying you don’t work for the government?”

“No, I do, but...” Justin answered as he took a device out of his jacket, which opened the lock.

“Just put your shoes and socks on so I can show you.” Josiah looked down at his bare feet. Josiah heard his dad going into the kitchen, and the refrigerator opening.

Josiah shouted down the hall as he stepped cautiously into his bedroom, “I’m having a hard time believing you. I mean, this is a joke right? Mom and Hil are gonna come out any second and get my dazed look on camera, right? This is all to teach me a lesson about ditching school? Right? Right?”

Justin, slightly annoyed, pulled a drink away from his face, and swallowed. He ordered his son with the dad voice, “Get your shoes and socks on. We’re gonna be gone for a while. Your mom knows where we’re going. Shoes, socks, meet me in the living room.” Josiah was now even more unnerved. But he felt a presence from within himself tell him to obey, and that everything would be okay. He could not see the Angel of God standing in his room, with a blank expression.

“Where are we really going?” Josiah asked, quickly putting his socks on.

Justin appeared in his son's room, on the opposite side of the door, holding his shoes. Josiah jumped in surprise. "You left these outside again."

Josiah realized his dad isn't joking. "Don't be afraid."

Chapter 4

Woodland Hills, California, 2034.

Justin and Josiah appeared in a conference room where Marcus Hale, 30's, sits with several men and women who are reading scripts and taking notes.

Demons, invisible to the movie makers, recognized Justin as he entered. The demons were causing chaos in the meeting among the people, sowing discord and tension. Only Marcus saw Justin and Josiah appear. The others assumed he walked in the through doorway.

Justin pulled a sealed letter-sized envelope from his jacket and handed it to Marcus, who at first didn't reach up with his hand to take it. Justin tossed it gentle on the table in front of him. Pointing to the pre-release theatrical poster hung on an easel, he said, "Here are your box office results."

Marcus remembered Justin. Marcus had a flashback to the moment he first saw this man.

Marcus was in high school, outside, in a locker corridor. He had soul searching tears in his eyes. He was reading a book *Skywalking: The Life and Films of George Lucas*. Justin called to him by name.

“Marcus Hale, you will accomplish even greater things than this.” Marcus could not see Justin’s face in the light, and Justin disappeared before the teenager could recognize him.

“Remember me?” Justin asked him.

“That was you?”

Justin pointed to the paper, which bore the studio’s executive stamp. “Open it,” he said, with a thin smile, then opening up his words to the rest of the room, louder, “I’m a special agent for the National Security Agency. I travel trough time gathering information. Consider me a technical advisor.”

Justin handed a copy of one of the pages, as it was being unwrapped by Marcus, to another producer, who took it and read it in both astonishment and disappointment.

One executive, Steven Steinsen, asked, “Marcus, y’know this guy?”

A senior executive, Jonathan Strauss, examined the sealed letter. “This is the studio’s stamp. It’s post-dated three years from now.”

Marcus was still surprised by Justin’s presence, and his son’s, but managed to say, “Yes. He told me I’d be where I am today.”

Justin noted that Jonathan lacked a demon around him. The demon recognized Justin and tried to hide behind a trash can.

From there, the demon pulled out a small bow and fired arrows at everyone in the room. To make the fiery arrows, the demon drooled into his hands, essentially shooting his spit at unsuspecting humans.

Justin wanted to warn them, but could not in the context of the moment. Moreover, he saw whom the arrows were bouncing off of, and whom they were sticking to.

“Jesus sent me,” Justin said. “This is my son. He’s spending the day with dad at work.”

The other executives, not sure if this was a hoax or joke being played on them, just played along. They said hello to the otherwise normal-looking teenager.

Lee Goldberg, a younger gentleman in whom the arrows were penetrating said, “This is hilarious. Somebody’s trying to make a point, telling us not to water down the Gospel out of this movie?” with a less than subtle rolling of the eyes at Jonathan.

“What?” Jonathan answered, surprised at the comment being directed toward him. “I don’t know these guys?” At this, the men in the room all realized that their security had been breached, and this was not a practical joke.

Justin didn’t wait to explain who he is. “My name is Justin Naby. This is my son, Josiah. We’re here to take some of you on a short trip to show you Opening Night, Disappointing Reviews, and if you think you can handle it, to meet Jesus Himself. He’s not happy with the way you’re portraying Him on the big screen, or the small screen, or any screen. Some of you shouldn’t even be here. You’re music makers, not movie makers. And it shows. You waste the

resources you've got to justify your own personal vanity. Meanwhile, the audience suffers from inferior cine-versions of the Bible, most of which edit Jesus out of a love story that is about Him. And, add insult to injury, you've got non-Believers in all the wrong places. Like Michael."

Michael, an agnostic humanist with non-practicing Jewish heritage, looked taken aback by being called out.

"I'm supposed to take you to meet Levi, also known as Matthew," Justin said, like a doctor diagnosing an unwilling patient. "Anyone else wanna go?"

Another senior executive, Vincent Weinberg tried to regain control of the meeting.

"Whoever you are, I suggest you do what you say you can do or you will be in hand cuffs in about two minutes." He shouted toward the lobby, "Call security!"

Justin offered him a thin smile. Before anyone can blink again. All people except two disappear.

After about four seconds, Justin, Josiah, Marcus and Stephen & Lee return. They look about ten years older and were able to speak Aramaic and Greek.

Executive Thomas O'Malley had been pummeled by the truth. "I don't believe my eyes. I don't believe my own ears! I don't believe..." he muttered, falling to his knees, and then slouching to the floor. He sat in stubborn silence.

Steven was more composed and was charging through all the creative material they had been working on. "I'll get started." The first thing he did was toss the theatrical poster in the trash.

Jonathan, whose gray had spread throughout his hair, hugs Justin. "Thank you. Jesus is ALIVE!!!"

"Yes He is. Pass it on," Justin replied with a smile. There was nothing like a newly-lit flame of faith in the eyes of a new Believer.

Thomas asked, looking around, "Where's Michael?"

After a brief pause, this select group, whose trip lasted years, paused.

Jonathan, whose body language had changed, from anxious to relaxed, explained, “He chose to stay. He’s not coming back.”

Thomas, his focus having never left this room and the conversation that was happening before Justin entered, demanded, “What-what-what does that mean?”

Lee Goldberg tried to calm him down. “It’s okay. But the script -”

He tossed it in the trash. The demon, perched onto the trash can, reacted with a collective, ‘huh?’

Marcus’ eyes were glowing, but, what he saw with his eyes had not penetrated his heart, despite the ten years he was gone. “I am so excited.”

Justin gained Marcus’ eyes contact and said, “We’re not done.” Josiah looked like he’s having the time of his life.

Josiah, who now looks 25, added, “Dad, what do we do about aging? Do we just stay ten years older?”

Justin doesn’t explain it now. “Your body is still 16.”

Chapter 5

On an edge of time, Justin, Josiah and Marcus stand, having just come from the medical lab in 2150. The effects the trip had on their bodies had been adjusted, a process the Agency called Ironing. Here, they witnessed the supernatural.

Josiah offers a semi-complaint, “I liked being 25.”

Marcus says, “Speaking for myself, I wasn’t not ready for my thirties.”

Justin asks, “So, you’re not going back for Mira?” At that, Marcus had a look of pain on his face. While spending time with first-century Christians, he fell in love with a Greek politician’s daughter named Mira.

Josiah draws attention to what is happening in front of them. “Whoa!”

Marcus is just as speechless, giving his full attention to the assembly of celestial beings before him. Then he says, “It’s a wonder the prophets were able to describe any of this with

their words. It really is beyond human description.”

Justin gives them permission to process it as visitors. “The Father isn’t insulted by, ‘Neat, cool, or rockin’. Act normal.”

Angels and demons engage in an intense battle. The Earth is visible below. The Throne of God is high above them, Jesus the commander-in-chief.

Justin replies, “Remember, at 18, you’re on your own.”

“Is that the same battle?” Marcus asks.

Justin nodded. “Yep, same.”

The Angels and demons are still engaged in the same battle that existed before man was created. Even after the battle of Calvary, the demonic troops refuse to admit defeat and continue fighting.

Though the battle is awesome, another sight is even more captivating. The sea of brilliant colors flowing to the Throne captures Marcus’ full attention, despite random battle sword

swipes and arrows narrowly missing the mortals.

“World at worship,” Marcus utters, coining a phrase.

Justin nods in agreement, understanding the pun, per the phrase ‘world at war’. He saw this nearly everyday for the past 18 years and his eyes never grew bored of it.

Prayers of people are multi-colored, implying topic and urgency. Some colors are faint, some are layered, implying the prayers of a weak heart or a group prayer. The praise of God is in the form of a beautiful vapor, implying a sweet aroma that flows toward God. The Spirit of God is the brightest light, emanating from the Throne. The floor of the highest parts of Heaven are covered by Jesus’ robe. The creatures of Heaven are as described in the Bible, existing matter-of-fact.

Legions of God’s Angels march against the rag-tag armies of darkness, which try to attack like guerilla warriors in a very open and visible environment. The Light is not immediately lethal to them. The Angels fight back with

swords. Each sword is made of the Word of God, the written Word making up each micro-portion of each sword, and the Angels themselves. Humans refer to it in themselves as DNA.

A distance away from the Throne is a portal between Eternity and Earth. Here, all souls enter eternity, young and old. Angels direct the traffic of souls.

A steady few are led toward the assembly of saints gathered around the Throne. All children under seven, some straight from the womb, are taken by the Light to be put back into circulation. A line of souls waiting to be born stands near the portal, the entry point for people into the Earth.

Most souls drop into the abyss by the weight of their sin, and the lack of anything to prevent them from falling. Hell is real, and is in fact, worse than described by any human words. After most souls realize they are really there, a sense of the need to survive is quickly replaced by several things.

One, a sense of panic. Demons await them for endless excruciating torture. Then a hopelessness sets in. This is it. Some souls cry out for God to help them. Those that call the Name of Jesus find themselves facing Him, willing to free them from this place if they call Him Lord. They always reject Him. He leaves them where they have chosen to be, apart from Him.

The time line of mankind is a thin line that passes through the Earth. Its beginning is visible from where the three of them are standing, recording all these things with a camera from the mid 21st century. Justin pulls out a small early 21st century video camera.

The war in Heaven began before time. Before Man. Before anything. It still goes on today. All ghosts are demons in disguise, indulging in various forms of shadowy deception.

“You’re going to record Heaven with that old thing?” Marcus asks, shocked.

“Works better than the last four units we used,” Justin responds, agreeing that it’s a little silly.

“And if we need to, we’ll use an eight-millimeter Bell and Howell.”

Justin looks up at Marcus, holding the camera about chest-high.

“If time is linear, how do we move through time without bumping into ourselves, or say, you, come and going from different years or days or even minutes?”

Matter-of-fact, Justin answers, “Only Free-Will time is linear. The events of recorded history are a result of God’s Sovereign plan and Man’s choices. Hold on...” Justin said, pausing the camera. He takes his cell phone out and opens a video file, handing it to Marcus. “Watch this.”

Marcus is able to view a short video that explains, visually, how the layers of time and space fit together in the spiritual realm, and then manifest in the physical realm. “I had no idea there are so many layers. They’re infinite...”

Justin records video of the action like he’s a wildlife photographer.

“If God allows you guys to make changes, like ‘Quantum Leap’,” Marcus asks, while Justin gives him a sarcastic frown, in reference to a latter 20th century television show, “then why is there still so much pain in

“Can I ask a question?” Marcus asks.
the world?”

Justin lets out the kind of giggle a parent would let out when their child finally asks where babies come from. “First, I hate that show. It really misled people about the limits of science in contrast to the unlimited power of God. My parents used to watch reruns over and over again. So sick of it. Yes, I know it well against my free will. Speaking of Free Will, Free Will is God’s divine authority in our lives. Though He reserves the right to make changes whenever He wants, He usually doesn’t. As for ‘pain’ in the world, there’s no pain here. There’s no tears, no sin, no sickness.”

Marcus gets lost in Justin’s rhetoric, and Josiah is in awe of the war going on in front of him.

Josiah asks, “Dad, can I hold it?” “Sure. Keep it as steady as you can.”

“Try to curse,” Justin says to Marcus.

“What? No. No way.”

“No, I mean, try,” Justin tells Marcus.

Marcus has a nervous look, and tries to form a curse word. “Shhhh...eeuuuiioooooot.

Sheeooooot. Shoooot. Shoot. Shoot. I can’t. I can’t! Fuuuuuuuu.....nnnnn.”

Even Josiah notices that. “Whoa. Cool!”

Justin smiles. Without going into the semantics of how profanity in any given language has its genesis in the heart, Justin addresses the reason why Marcus has been brought here.

“The entertainment industry forgets that God is very protective of His Name. When shows get it wrong and mislead people about Him, He takes swift action. He’s usually discreet, but He takes swift and conclusive action to protect His Name. As for Free Will and time, as a filmmaker, you know you have alternate endings, multiple layers of video and audio, all mixed together like a giant recipe of cinematic ingredients. If something doesn’t contribute to

the story, it gets cut. And if needed, you reshoot.”

Marcus looks at Justin holding the video camera as life in this eternal place unfolds before them, and makes the connection.

“What’s the date of this time and place?” Marcus asks. “I don’t know,” Justin answered, “It fluctuates.”

Josiah tries to keep a steady shot as he records a demon losing a battle to an Angel, groaning with awe as he witnesses it. He then captures a man being welcomed into Heaven by his family, then taking his first steps toward the Throne for judgement. Voices are heard telling the man that all is well as he floats up to see Christ, for he had accepted Him as his Savior on Earth.

Chapter 6

Justin, Josiah and Marcus appeared in a hallway next to the Receiving Room of NSA Special Archives. It looked like a movie theater with many side rooms attached to it. The main entrance was heavily secured by Marines, most from other time eras. (It was easiest to draft guards from the scenes of otherwise-deaths than to acquire them from same-time soldiers.).

There were object-proof windows on the walls. Justin lead them to a comfortable-looking room that has several TV monitors. A holographic receptionist profiled each visitors and adapted the language setting until a message began, “Welcome to the video archive room of the NSA...”

Justin spoke into the air softly, “Mute,” until the hologram became silent. As they walked past it, it seemed to disappear, only visible from the front. A female Marine was the desk clerk who maintained the actual front of the room from behind a counter. Her badge stated her name, rank and year of birth.

“Now, how do we do that?” Marcus asks as they walk past the language receptionist.

“Acts 8:39. Good morning Molly,” Justin said to the woman behind the counter., who replied with a morning greeting. She’s in her late 50’s, and comes from the 2060’s.

“You mean Phillip and the Ethiopian?”

“Is this the new guy?” Molly asked, enthusiastically.

Justin offered a quick smile, “We’ll see. Yes, Phillip and the Ethiopian. Through God, all things are possible, he explains as they walk through rows and rows of video memory cards and recordable technology of all kinds. “Throw out all theories and What Ifs. With God, there is just what Is. I know, it’s heavy stuff. I’ll get into the time travel stuff a little later. Let me cover the Why first, because it explains Why You.”

“Yeah. I was gonna ask, ‘why me?’”

In a room that looks like a lunch room, Justin, Josiah and Marcus sat and ate donuts and drink

hot chocolate, coffee and tea. Josiah was watching some of the footage he took, in awe.

“Later in your career,” Justin explained, “you’re quoted as saying you wondered if people would make different choices if they knew God’s plan for their lives. You even came up with a script about a time traveler who was eerily like me and my team. I capture history on video. Filmmakers of your time are the historians, the Scribes, right or wrong. And when God’s Name is recorded wrong, He sends correction, by force if necessary.”

“And we’ve continued to mess it up,” Marcus interjected.

“Over and over again,” Marcus agreed. “You trust market research instead of His Word. People don’t go see a Bible movie for special effects and movie stars and great editing. They go for Jesus - great editing should be assumed. When you have to put the number of background extras on the back of the box to sell your movie, you’ve missed the mark.”

“Did someone actually do that?”

Justin nods, taking a sip, “Before your time.”

“So, to be clear, I’m here to make sure God approves of my next film.”

“No,” Justin clarified, “you’re interviewing to join our team. Of time travelers. Using video to record history for those who live in the last days. Everything you see here isn’t about time travel or cool toys or media-related macroeconomics. It’s about credibility of witness. It’s about providing the truth in a format that those willing to hear it can review and choose to believe it. It’s about strengthening faith by showing some guy in the near future a video of the past and saying, ‘there it is. that’s how it happened. Take it or leave it.’”

“History Channel eat your heart out,” Marcus responded.

Justin smiled.

Justin pulled out a video playing device and reviewed a video memory device to make sure the content he recorded was captured, and once he verified that it was, he stopped playing it.

The seal of the President of The United States was on all his office's documents. A framed portrait of the president hung prominently on the wall of the main lobby, visible through the corridor connected to the break room.

Justin got up and motioned for the guys to follow him.

They walked into the back offices of Special Archives, an enormous facility.

As Justin spoke, Marcus and Josiah saw the vast video library labelled with every historical moment one can conjure. Justin Time had seen most of them first-hand.

“Am I allowed to say no?” Marcus asked.

“Yes. In fact, like a King preparing for battle, it is wise to count your troops to see if you have a shot at winning before you engage in war. The Enemy is all too real, and he racks up casualties among the luke-warm every second of every day. And he's not that good of an enemy. Same tricks since the beginning. You finished?”

Marcus nodded and Josiah downed the last bite of a donut.

“Time for the full tour,” Justin said.

Justin gave both guys the tour of the NSA office, partially walking and gliding on conveyer-walks. It included large warehouses where technology, currency and clothes were stored.

“Wow, you’re not kiddin’” Marcus observed of the enormity of the facility.

“Tax dollars in action,” Justin said sardonically, a thin smile crossing his face.

“My department plays an advisory role to the President in 2085. I live in 2050. My work has made it so I can’t do a lot in my future because of all the people I’ve come in contact with that have told the world about me. The 22nd century calls me Justin Time, kinda of a cross between Santa Claus and James Bond.”

Before Marcus can form the words to ask how it all started, Justin explained, “Years ago, before marriage, kids and any of this, I was on

my knees before God on the beach in Santa Monica. I had a degree in physics and was spiritually dry. I called on Abba Father Yaweh Yeshua, also known as Jesus, to put me to work, more than all the prophets combined. He did.”

“Wow!” Marcus responded, “Yes he did.”

“Dad...” Joshiah asked his father, “does God really hear and carefully review every prayer? Or does he just kinda glance at most of them?”

“Every prayer, son. Every utterance, every moment, every beat of your heart.”

Marcus shakes his head. “See, and I struggle with that.”

Justin listened.

“How can even God, as powerful and almighty as He is, keep track of all of humanity?” Marcus asked.

Justin smiled, “Wanna ask Him for yourself?”

Marcus was unsure, a fear of God bubbling inside of him. “No.”

“The dinosaurs,” Josiah asked, holding the video camera in his hand. Marcus looked at Justin with the same curiosity.

Justin nodded. “Ok. Wanna see video or actually go to that era?”

Josiah and Marcus’ answers conflicted. “Go there!” Josiah said as Marcus said, “Video.”

“Or we can go,” Marcus added.

As the men were carried along the long conveyer walkway, they observed an endless sea of staff. Justin changed the subject momentarily.

“I don’t know how many of us there are, but I do know God planted many of us all across time from now until the day Jesus returns. And none of us know exactly when that is. But, as you saw with your own eyes, that day is coming.”

Marcus sees hundreds of workers doing the tasks of librarians, archeologists, clothiers, engineers, forensics, and more. The facility is as practical as it is enormous. There is a sense of efficiency about the place. Despite having

the tool of traveling across time, nothing here is taken for granted or squandered.

“I don’t actually change anything. I primarily gather information. When our leaders want to know the truth about something, past or future, they ask my department to investigate. By the power of the Holy Spirit, I go to a particular time and place, and make a video record of it. Keep in mind, this is codependent on the will of God, for my ability to travel through time, though an exercise of free will, is a gift of the Holy Spirit. Now, time travel is not codependent on the orbit of the Earth. If that were true, then time travel on Mars would be significantly different than Earth. It isn’t. God alone is in charge of Time.”

“So, much of what we believe about time travel derived from popular movies and books is not applicable to reality?” Marcus asks, confirming what Justin has just told him.

Justin nodded. “Yes. But, make no mistake, the Enemy has deceived a contractor made up of former NASA engineers to try and duplicate what we’ve build here. We constantly find their guys, or parts of them, scattered across time,

unable to get home or able to come and go keeping their heads down.”

“You’re kidding.” Marcus’s expression falls to a more serious, sympathetic tone.

“So, how do we travel through time?” Marcus asked.

“You just decide to go. The Holy Spirit does everything else. I have no real control over where I and when I land.”

“That’s it? You mean it’s all reliant on faith?” Marcus asks, the sound of shock rising in his voice. “This whole place is built by faith?”

Justin nodded.

Marcus thinks about the former NASA team. “Have you ever been stranded?”

“Yes and no. God values obedience more than sacrifice. He’s all about relationship and very little about what we can do for ourselves. Because, bottom, line, He doesn’t need us. Meaning, if we can’t travel, He has a really good reason for us to stay there. But,” Justin explains, pulling out Ruah, “we’re never

without guidance.” Opening the Word, Ruah rises from the pages and said Hello.

They arrived in the Receiving Room. Marcus looked over at Josiah, who has become very quiet, taking it all in.

“We call it the Receiving room. We use it for training and other purposes as needed, like an interactive theater. Whenever we need to import one or more people from one time to another, we do it in here.”

Justin opened the door and as the other two entered, and he watched the door to make sure it closed.

He then walked up to what appeared to be a media control deck atop an auditorium-like movie theater screening room. The chairs all looked like they had never been sat in.

“Josiah, And what do you think of all this?” Marcus asked.

“Beyond words,” Josiah said, “I thought my dad’s work was more like the post office.”

“Wow. ” Marcus said.

The room has 200 plush theater seats. Marcus looks 360-degrees around then sits in the nearest chair.

“Dad, what should I do with the camera?”

“Hang on to it. Keep shooting if you want.”

Justin turned on a control panel, visible on a large “screen” at the front of the theater.

“So this is where my tax dollars go,” Marcus joked.

“You’ve been dead for a hundred years before this was built. “Your tax dollars were not used.” Justin replied to Marcus dryly.

“The chairs look brand new,” Josiah noticed.

“The environment is sterile so we don’t allow germs from the past to live on here, or vice versa. We can’t send our germs back in time.”

The Archive menu appeared on the big screen, listing thousands of moments in history. Justin added, “We’re constantly finding things we missed. But God is good. He never gives us more than we can handle.”

“That’s Scripture,” Marcus noted.

“Chapter and verse?” Justin quizzed him.

“Not sure, it’s in there somewhere.” Marcus replied as he watched the screen process Justin’s commands.

“Mean neither, let’s ask Ruah,” he said, opening Ruah.

“Oh, now you need Me,” Ruah joked, “it was Paul’s First preserved letter to the elders at Corinth, later marked as Chapter 10, verse 13.” Ruah turned toward Justin and asked, “Opening time?”

“Yes, Lord,” Justin replied to Ruah, then turning his attention to the guys, who were now as fixated on Ruah as they were with the Receiving Room. “This screen is designed to be interactive. If we need to bring someone from another time into ours, we use this one. Mostly for containment. We can make rules for ourselves and follow ‘em, but when we invite others here, they usually wanna run wild. If we need to, we hit the off switch and they disappear when the screen goes dark.”

“Thorough, “Marcus said, “I’ll shut up now.”

Neither guy heard Justin. They were both in awe of Ruah, a glowing silhouette of Jesus, emerging from the pages of Justin’s open Bible.

“What is that?”

“Most people have a hard time reading Me. What they don’t realize is, all they have to do is open, and I’ll do all the work,” Ruah said.

Josiah and Marcus exchanged a look and moved from their seats to where Justin had his Bible open on the master control desk. “Cool! Can I touch Him?” Josiah asked.

Justin smiled, seeing his son become excited about the Bible for the first time in years.

“Yeah,” he answered, in a low key tone. Justin was about to open the wall at the front of the theater, but waited to, as both guys hurried to look at Ruah up close.

Marcus looked at Ruah, unsure of how to assess Him. “How does this work?” Marcus asked Justin, assuming the Bible was a gimmick from the future.

“Open, read, and know the will of God. Repeat often,” Ruah said, flickering like a flame.

Marcus’s eyes jumped back and forth between Ruah and Justin. “A study Bible right?”

“I am the Word of God,” Ruah said. “Before you formed in your mother’s womb, I knew you, Marcus.”

Marcus began to realize he wasn’t looking at a toy or a study Bible from the future.

Josiah’s eyes were fixated on Ruah’s Light, and looked like he was going into shock.

“Justin, Josiah!” Ruah said.

Justin swiftly took Josiah’s frozen body and moved him safely to a seat, taking a small punch-needle drug dispenser out of his pocket, which would calm his son’s heart rate and mind.

In that moment, marcus couldn’t help himself. He poked his hand into Ruah’s physical Light, and found it to be a Light without another source. Ruah giggled at first like the Pillsbury Doughboy, which made Marcus laugh.

Ruah quickly explained, “You didn’t really tickle Me. I am solid Light. You wanna see what I can do? Turn the pages.”

Marcus looked down and sees the words on the page leaning into the Light of Ruah like roots to a tree. Marcus glanced again at Justin, who could hear everything. “It’s ok. Do as He says.”

Marcus took each page in his hand, and felt it. “You feel like a normal book. How were you published?” he asked.

“On Earth as it is in heaven,” Ruah answered. “The printers on Earth are copies of the printers in heaven. Your music is a copy of our music. Every inspiration your greatest writers have originated in heaven. The least of what is written in heaven falls to like rain Earth. Those drops find their way into people seeking inspiration.”

Marcus gave Ruah a deep look but did not speak.

“I know the hearts of all men, Marc. To answer your question, turn to Proverbs.”

Marcus turned to Proverbs and read the first chapter. But instead of hearing his own inner-voice reading the page, he clearly heard Ruah speaking to him.

“For understanding words of insight;
for receiving instruction in prudent behavior,
doing what is right and just and fair;
for giving prudence to those who are simple,
knowledge and discretion to the young— let
the wise listen and add to their learning,
and let the discerning get guidance— for
understanding proverbs and parables,
the sayings and riddles of the wise.

The fear of the LORD is the beginning of
knowledge, but fools despise wisdom and
instruction.”

As Ruah was speaking, Marcus felt Him look into his heart where Marcus sat on a director’s chair, with an empty wine glass in his hand. On the back of the chair was a word: entitlement. As Marcus became self-aware of this, he got up and put the win glass down.

“Wait, wait! I don’t want this...do I?” Marcus looked at the other side of the chair back which had another word: futility.

Marcus blinked and Justin’s hand found his shoulder too, injecting a small amount of sedative. Justin’s hand gently closed Ruah. Marcus made his way to a seat and tried to process what just happened to him.

“The proverbs of Solomon son of David, king of Israel: for gaining wisdom and instruction;

“He knows I’m a fraud,” Marcus said. “Why’d he pick me?”

Justin stood at the controls and answered, “He calls some men. Some say yes Lord, and go do their own thing. Others say no Lord, and follow Him at the last second. Some hear the call intended for someone else and run after Him, throwing themselves at His feet. The question isn’t why did he pick you, the question is, of those three, which are you?”

The screen opened, but it did not have the feel of a movie screen, which is basically a plastic sheet reflecting projected imagines. This felt

more like a wall that faded away, opening up the airflow, smells, ambience and habitat to the audience.

A dinosaur walked by the large open wall, followed by her babies.

Josiah and Marcus were at once frozen.

“Pre flood,” Justin said loud enough for the guys to hear him. Another voice is heard, from what sounds like a public address system.

“Justin, call, line 1.” Justin responded into the air.

“You got that right? Pre-flood?” Justin asked. Both men were speechless. “Now, here’s the day before the flood.”

The window changed instantly, barely noticeable by the blinking of eyes. The clouds that fill the sky look ominous, rolling violently into one another.

“I’m scared,” Josiah said, groggy from the sedative.

Justin said, “Marcus, go through the wall. Step in about three feet. Nothing will hurt you.

We've captured this day pretty well. You'll be fine. If you need to feel the air on a day of God's judgement, this is a pretty good idea of what the next one might feel like."

Marcus slowly got up and stepped toward the open space in the wall.

"Dad, I'm scared," Josiah said, a little louder than before.

"Fear is normal. Just stay where you are," Justin replied.

Marcus reached out and noted the air flow coming in from beyond the wall where the movie screen seemed to be, a natural breeze blowing his hair and skin.

"Take a message!" he said, pushing more buttons.

"It feels --" Marcus said, unable to finish the thought.

"Walk through it. Stand there for a few seconds, and take a deep breath. Then step back in," Justin instructed him.

People, just as normal-looking as Marcus, Josiah and Justin, became visible in the distance. They wore sophisticated-looking clothing and rode vehicles that looked alarmingly like modern-day cars, but using animals as engines. The animals looked like mid-sized dinosaurs.

Josiah looked and was moved by what he saw to rise from his chair. “What the heck? Is that what I think it is?”

Marcus struggled to believe his eyes and took in a deep breath. He looked up, and noticed an eerie, sinister- looking cloud that seemed like more than just a rain cloud.

Feeling spooked, Marcus quickly walked back into the theater and ran about about 200 feet away from the wall, which then closed.

“What did it smell like?” Justin asked.

“Let’s change the subject to something a little more positive,” Justin said. Then screen showed Moses talking to God at Mount Sinai.

“Is that - ?” Marcus asked, seeing Moses.

“Yes,” Justin answers, cutting him off, “it’s not Charlton Heston.”

“Who?” Josiah asked.

“A famous 20th century actor who portrayed Moses in the movies,” Marcus explained quickly. “How long does whatever you gave me last?”

“About five minutes. It’s a sedative,” Justin replied.

“Can I know what it is?” Marcus insisted.

“23rd-century pain reliever for toddlers,” Justin said. “Just enough, and chances of adult addiction are zero.”

“How does that work, solid to not-solid -- ?” Marcus asked.

Without looking at Justin, Marcus replied, “Death.”

“It just does. It’s official term is ‘a God thing’,” Justin said, almost making Marcus laugh. He and Josiah were speechless about what they saw next.

The screen flickered, like the start-stop point of a recording.

They see Jesus walking on water. A fishing boat is vaguely visible in the distance, but the fog and the early morning darkness give Jesus all the visual coverage He needs. He is pacing on the water, having personal time with the Father.

“Whoa,” Marcus muttered, astonished.

Jesus seems to motion to Justin to switch to another locale. Then, the screen shows Jesus talking to Angels in a secluded place in the Judean desert, a small campfire burns, food cooking.

“...Jesus?” Marcus said under his breath.

“Yes. Good morning, Lord,” Justin says loud enough to fill the theater.

Jesus responded directly to the screen. Marcus was in awe, speechless. Jesus walked through the screen and right up to where Marcus was not sitting.

Josiah is overly impressed,
“WOOOOOOOOOOW! James Cameron eat your heart out! I can’t believe this is your job, dad!”

Marcus felt the urge to rise from his chair, but found himself too weak to stand in Jesus’ presence, falling at His feet, weeping. The Angels moved toward the screen, but did not cross over. Marcus looked up at Jesus.

“It’s really You.”

Jesus did not say anything to him.

Marcus’ mouth could not form words. Jesus used his mind to connect with Marcus’ thoughts and said to him, “Justin could show you every moment of my life, and the lives of the prophets before Me, and all the acts of the Apostles after Me, and all the works done in My Name until the Last Day. But none of that matters if you do not open your heart to Me. Who do you say that I Am?”

Jesus flickered back into the screen and walked back to the campfire where He was eating over, resuming His meal.

Marcus was so astonished by what he had seen and heard, even the smell of Jesus found its way into his nostrils. He does not notice that the Angels have taken the three of them back to Heaven, where they stood at a different section of the edge of time, one with a closer look at the Throne.

Chapter 7

As Josiah recovered, and resumed recording, Justin's eternal head servant Angel Galbrath, spread his wings for a soft landing amidst the battle.

As the battle is going on, Josiah's lens finds the three worshipping beings with a micro-thousand eyes each, which is unnoticeable from a distance of ten feet or more.

These are female-looking beauties who resemble the 1960's group The Supremes. They are heartfully singing "Holy Holy Holy is the Lord God Almighty, Who Was And Is And Is To Come" over and over; every time they say it, it sounds fresh.

They wave to Justin. He casually smiles and waves back. Their sound audibly lowers to become a gentle background music ambience that fills the Throne.

Galbrath is able to remain fully engaged in the battle going on, slicing and dicing demons, and communicating with the other angels,

including Michael, the general of the Armies of God, whom we see in passing. Galbrath stands next to Justin, greeting him with a deep, hearty Hello.

Josiah says to Galbrath, “Do they believe they can win?”

Galbrath grins at Josiah, answering him while dismembering several demons at once. “Pride is a sore loser.”

“Heeeeeey, Justin. How are you this morning?” Galbrath greets them in his deep, vibrant voice.

“Same. And you?” Justin replies.

“Fine. Same battle, different day. New guy,” he says, holding at his hand to shake Marcus’ hand, “Galbrath. I’m Justin’s head servant here.”

“Wow, Hi...” Marcus replies, in constant awe.

Galbrath turns briefly to Justin and asks jokingly, “Justin, is it bring your agnostic teenage son to work day?”

Demons try to attacks Justin, all protected magnificently by Galbrath, recorded by Josiah. The mini- battle sequence is quite awesome.

“Whoa,” Josiah reacts, unable to contain himself.

“Your daughter’s great with kids,” Galbrath observes, drawing attention to Hilary playing with the unborn souls while she awaits her return to her own body.

“You know something I don’t?” Justin asks.

“Lord wants to see you,” Galbrath says with an instant tone of seriousness, motioning to all of them.

Justin turns to the Light, “Yes, Lord,” he acknowledges, more as a statement of obedience than a question.

Marcus and Josiah are in sustained awe as Jesus very casually appears before them. The Throne follows Him. Here, Creation is both reliant on and centered on Jesus. Humans share His royal authority and position.

“Marcus, why do you want to make movies?”

Marcus finds his mind opened, and the grace and peace he feels just by being in the presence of the Father, and in his transparency, he replies, “Money, glory, women.”

Justin bursts out laughing, as does Galbrath. Josiah stops recording and just watches quietly. Justin explains to his son, “There’s no lying here. And no human judgment.”

Marcus smiles, a little surprised by his own blunt openness. “Last time I was this honest I was in therapy.”

Jesus nods, and asks, “What do you want Me to do for you?” For a moment, Marcus must process that his mental capacity is expanded here. His senses are greater, and his understanding is greater. He is even aware that in his current body, he cannot fully process the ambience that heaven offers.

Marcus looks deep within himself and in a sudden moment of dire need with a touch of confession, says, “Heal me. Revenge is not a good reason to live.” Jesus touches him.

“Every word spoken in curse, every hand ever raised in hate, you are healed,” Jesus says it, and it is so. Justin, Josiah and Galbrath unintentionally say in unison, “Amen.”

The Holy Spirit washes throughout Marcus. He collapses, and Justin barely catching him in time. Josiah steps back in a knee-jerk reaction, just avoiding being clipped. Galbrath picks up Marcus with one hand and lays him on his back, semi-conscious.

“Now what?” Justin asks.

Jesus gives Justin a To-Do list of times and places to show Marcus, partially in words, and partially telepathically.

“Temple of Jerusalem, Temple when I cast the money changers out, Temple when the Pharisees voted to have Me killed, Temple being split at the moment of My death, Peter and John facing the Sanhedrin, the Roman Army tossing the first torch that results in the destruction of the Temple, and a few of My disciples being interviewed just before they were given to the lions.”

Justin nods, and Josiah is lost in the frenzy.
Jesus reaches over to nudge Marcus awake.
“Wake up. There’s more to see,” the Lord says.

Marcus springs awake as if he’s been injected
with a lot of coffee.

Chapter 8

The three men appeared along an outer wall of Solomon's Temple. They were dressed in period clothing.

Josiah was no longer recording anything, his dad was. Justin glanced at his watch to learn when they are. He had been here many times before, so he's familiar with the area.

"Where and when are we?" Marcus asked, loudly but under his breath.

In a normal voice, Justin replied from under his face wrap, "It's the middle of Passover. Jesus is going into the Temple."

"What if someone hears us?" Marcus asks, still using his quiet-voice.

"After that ten years we spent together with your colleagues, I thought you'd know that by now. American English won't be spoken until the early 20th century in a country that doesn't exist yet. Anyone who hears us will just think

we from out of town, like most of the people here this week.”

“And the meds you gave us on the return trip kinda took the mental sense of time right out of that. But, yeah, now, I remember.”

“Sorry,” Justin replied.

“You recording?” Marcus asked.

“For you. The Lord knows the written word has been diluted in your generation. But there’s nothing like witnessing history first-hand. When we see Jesus and His disciples, you’ll feel it. And when we see those who are following him, sent by the Pharisees and Sadducees, you’ll feel an uncertainty you’ve never experienced before.”

Marcus still keeping his voice down and asked, “So, do we stay here or go somewhere else?”

At that moment, answering him, a hand taps Marcus on the shoulder, and a dozen men following him say hello in Aramaic, “Come see what I’m about to do.”

Marcus realized it was Jesus and the Disciples as they entered the Temple grounds.

So much for keeping a low-profile, Marcus thought.

The Passover began as a memorial to the events that took place three thousand years before, chronicled in the book of Exodus.

On the day Jesus fulfilled prophesy by entering the Temple, setting in motion many other prophetic fulfillments, the Passover had been tugged and torn, pulled and distorted by the world, much like Christmas would become toward the end of the Messianic Age.

Some of the people celebrated Christmas and Easter according to historical tradition, but they were in a minority.

In the final year of Jesus Earthly ministry, this year's Passover was special; you could feel it in the air. The feeling was euphoric, the polar opposite of Golgotha a week later, when Jesus would be crucified.

The Temple's inner courts, including a place called the holy of holies, had been reduced to a

poultry market. The original context of why sacrifices were mandated by God, customs which started millennia before, was not being taught correctly by the teachers of the Temple. Most of the Rabbis who spent such a great deal of time, money and effort to showcase their exhibitionist-style of Passover celebration treated it as a religious exhibition rather than the worship of the God of Abraham.

The three guys followed Jesus at a distance. Josiah found himself watching an animal trainer at work, as he gazed up at the Temple. Josiah wondered how they built such places without ‘modern’ technology. The Enemy fired a dart at Josiah and he became paranoid that he’d been left alone. He was momentarily deceived that he could not see or find his dad, or Marcus, and started to panic.

Josiah made eye contact with a Roman guard, and then a Temple guard, and then got grabbed. He started to panic, only to hear his father’s voice, “It’s me, it’s me, it’s me. It’s dad. I forgot these. Put this on your ear - discreetly.” Before Josiah can ask what it does, Justin tell

hims, “It’s a translator. You can understand them, but they cannot understand you.”

Marcus put his on and followed Justin closely. The three did their best to stay within the crowd following Jesus. Marcus instinctively tried to take in every face, sound and smell he could and attach it to a memory for later use in his movie making.

These people do not know about the freedoms that await their descendants in America...they do not know about the end of the Roman Empire, or even more precious, the world’s formal establishment of Israel in the 20th century...Though Marcus was a gentile, he worked with many Jews, some who loved Christ, and some who loved working with Marcus because they knew he did...As he listened to many of the quiet rumblings of the people, and the preoccupation with sanitation, who was watching their farms, the weather itself - would rain come at just the right time, or would it be too much and flood their lands?

Young women who travelled with older men, presumably due to arranged marriages, did their best to make good of undesirable

situations. Marcus tried not to make eye contact. Though most people traveled with scarfs covering what little of their bodies were exposed in addition to the robes of the day, the unending search for a better life was a communal desire that hovered over the crowds like a rain cloud just waiting, waiting for something, anything, to make it rain. Jesus seemed to be listening to Marcus thoughts, because a comment on his thoughts entered his mind, “And now you understand why I said, ‘if the people do not shout, the rocks will cry out.’”

Marcus looked up to see how close he was to Jesus, and to his surprise, though Jesus was about 50 feet in front of them. the Lord glanced right at him and smiled, making Marcus chuckle.

The Enemy fired a dart into Marcus, called Incidental.

Jesus saw this and picked up two small stones, and when no one was looking, briefly held them to his ears like headphones, grinning at Marcus. Marcus then heard, in his own ears, the sound of stadium applause. Jesus then

quickly dropping the rocks, the sound leaving Marcus' ears.

Marcus knew without a doubt, the Lord was listening to him.

As a holy man with a reputation in the region for radical teaching and the power to heal and give life, Jesus seems more qualified to be in the Holy of Holies than the animal store that it had become.

When He walked in with His disciples, there was a sense of awe about Him. The last time He had been here was three years ago, when He cleared the temple and declared it a House of Prayer. Some of the same people who made their living at the currency exchange and livestock trade had returned, along with some new faces.

Everyone there had heard of His miracles, and many had witnessed them first hand. When He cast demons out of a man and into a herd of pigs, the whole countryside was abuzz with the

fear and hope of God, depending on how they made their living.

It was clear to the commoners that this man was more than He appeared, his five-foot-eight frame commanding more of a presence than most kings. He lived simply, subsidized by a wealthy woman named Magdalene, who was rumored to be His wife. In the same breath, many would debate that she was His wife, for it was also well known His mother had waived off the match makers years ago.

When He walked in, those involved in the illegal animal brokerage were not fearful of soldiers, or palace guards or even being bystanders of a fight between His Disciples and palace guards, but rather, the wrath of God itself. Jesus didn't carry Himself with any kind of pomp. He didn't try to sell anything or persuade anyone. In fact, everything He did was in obedience to the law - as it was originally written - something most of the Sanhedrin couldn't say about themselves. It was also well known that He had publicly embarrassed the local Teachers. Jesus didn't send anyone away, welcoming children and the

lame alike - unheard of in a day when protocol was considered more important than pure acts of kindness. He used the elements around him, from dirt, to water, to nothing at all to perform the supernatural.

Jesus never seemed to get tired. And when the crowds had grown so big as a result of the popularity of His teaching, He didn't disperse the crowds. He fed them. How, who knows? Some claimed even that to be a miracle. Something about a couple fish and a few pieces of bread. The boy who had them came from a good family, but it was hard to believe the testimony of a teenager. However, the other twenty-thousand people who were there confirmed it: Jesus caused bread and fish to appear from out of nowhere.

When Jesus walked into the Temple again, the vendors faces were not afraid of being beaten, but being consumed by fire from the sky. A few of the Disciples had leaked a story about how Jesus had commanded the sea and the air during a storm. Those who believed these stories realized that a very powerful man had entered the courts. Those who didn't believe

those stories realized that those who did had good reason to believe them and gave the man the benefit of the doubt. Since a several political groups had attempted to make Him king by force, one would be wise not to incur Him as an enemy.

Yet when Jesus walked in, His eyes were not of wrath or vengeance, but of deep disappointment, like a father seeing how messy his child's room had become; not just with toys, but with things that are illegal and hazardous to have. This place was supposed to be kept as the cleanest building in the world, both physically and spiritually. He had cleansed it three years before, reminding the merchants that this was to be a house of prayer, and ordered all the money changers to get out.

Again, animal poop on the ground, not to mention the smell, was evidence enough that they did not listen.

He looked around to see if He could identify anyone who was truly trying to worship God in this place, and His eyes could not find one.

Jesus looked up at what was left of the tapestries and formed His next move. Truth be told, the Disciples were unnerved too because they had never before seen Him lose His cool. Even when He had blasted the challenges of the Pharisees and Sadducees in informal public debates, He always did so with a wink in His eye, both sure of His authority and inviting them to repent and follow Him - a quality that some of them responded to.

He efficiently removed tapestry ropes from the make- shift market place and quickly created a braided whip from them, not uncommon for a carpenter to be able to do. This took just a few minutes for him to do, as merchants looked on, with facial expressions of ‘No, he won’t really do that...’

He shouted loud enough for His voice to bounce off the Temple ceiling and its walls a few times, “It is written,” He said to them, “‘My house will be called a house of prayer,’ but you are making it ‘a den of robbers!’”

Then Jesus went one-by-one to the mini mall merchants and overturned every single one, using the crack of the whip to send the animals

out, their owners scrambling for their property, but self-aware they were in the Temple illegally, with no legal grounds to challenge what Jesus was doing.

As He approached each station, He seemed to pause as if to give the merchant a chance to remove their property by their own choice. None of them took that chance, and their animals were lost by the force of Jesus' whip. The Disciples stayed close to Him, staying close to their Master during this whirlwind of intensity. Jesus caused no harm to the animals themselves, as they found their way outside to the surprise of the people.

The stampede of animals passing by the Temple guards' stations and the Pharisees walking around the Temple, grabbed the attention of everyone in the Temple.

Finally, the animals were gone and the merchants, if one could call some of them that, formed into clusters of mobs and complained to the Temple guards.

Just outside the Temple, the Temple guards who had run inside to see what was going on

were now being flushed outside, trying to regather or redirect the animals, without success. A few guards got fed up with the circus, no pun intended, and killed animals as they pawed at their legs, waists or chests.

Roman guards, stationed around the Temple, observed and noted something was not quite right - not illegal, but definitely not normal. A guard reports to his superior that the animals intended for sacrifice got loose. Instead of helping the Passover opportunists round up their livestock, the guards use their spears to pick a few of them for themselves and take them back to their posts for dinner.

Then Jesus walked out, disenchanted. It becomes clear to the Roman guards that Jesus was somehow involved in the animals getting loose, but since no Roman law had been broken, and the people were enjoying the irony - many there were hungry or in need of inexpensive sacrifice animals - they looked on without intervening.

Most of the people in the crowds that listened to His teaching inside the Temple now followed Him at a distance. Those who

managed to walk out first noted the Romans were not preventing people from snatching the loose animals, nor were they seizing Jesus.

Guards were watching him, but it was clear no order had been given to seize Him. Aside from causing a few animals to stray from the inner courts, no crime had been committed - or least according to Roman law.

A few merchants were visibly complaining to Guards about Him, pointing to Him, explaining what Jesus just did. The Romans barely acknowledged them except by way of ‘you’re bothering me’ glances.

The disciples walked with Him, looking up at the four- story pillars of the temple. Jesus continued walking throughout the Temple, teaching as He went. The crowds came and went, some staying, some not. After a few hours, the tension from the clearing of the Temple seemed to subside.

“How do men build such things?” Peter asked.

Jesus looked into the distant sky, as if seeing His kingdom, and said, “Do not be amazed.

There will be a day when not one stone will be on top of another.”

Justin heard this and recalled his own first time witnessing the destruction of this Temple.

Jesus turned to the Temple and spoke to it as if it were a person.

We see its spirit, as if dying. This is easier to see through Justin’s recorder upon playback, in which the spiritual realm is detectable.

“The teachers of the law and the Pharisees sit in Moses' seat. So you must obey them and do everything they tell you. But do not do what they do, for they do not practice what they preach. They tie up heavy loads and put them on men's shoulders, but they themselves are not willing to lift a finger to move them. Everything they do is done for men to see.”

“They make their phylacteries wide and the tassels on their garments long; they love the place of honor at banquets and the most important seats in the synagogues; they love to be greeted in the marketplaces and to have men call them 'Rabbi.' But you are not to be called

'Rabbi,' for you have only one Master and you are all brothers. And do not call anyone on earth 'father,' for you have one Father, and he is in Heaven. Nor are you to be called 'teacher,' for you have one Teacher, the Christ. The greatest among you will be your servant. For whoever exalts himself will be humbled, and whoever humbles himself will be exalted.”

“Woe to you, teachers of the law and Pharisees, you hypocrites! You shut the kingdom of Heaven in men's faces. You yourselves do not enter, nor will you let those enter who are trying to. Woe to you, teachers of the law and Pharisees, you hypocrites! You travel over land and sea to win a single convert, and when he becomes one, you make him twice as much a son of Hell as you are. Woe to you, blind guides! You say, 'If anyone swears by the temple, it means nothing; but if anyone swears by the gold of the temple, he is bound by his oath.' You blind fools! Which is greater: the gold, or the temple that makes the gold sacred? You also say, 'If anyone swears by the altar, it means nothing; but if anyone swears by the gift on it, he is bound by his oath.' You blind men! Which is greater: the gift, or the altar that

makes the gift sacred? Therefore, he who swears by the altar swears by it and by everything on it. And he who swears by the temple swears by it and by the one who dwells in it.”

“And he who swears by Heaven swears by God's throne and by the one who sits on it. Woe to you, teachers of the law and Pharisees, you hypocrites! You give a tenth of your spices—mint, dill and cummin. But you have neglected the more important matters of the law—justice, mercy and faithfulness. You should have practiced the latter, without neglecting the former. You blind guides! You strain out a gnat but swallow a camel.”

“Woe to you, teachers of the law and Pharisees, you hypocrites! You clean the outside of the cup and dish, but inside they are full of greed and self-indulgence. Blind Pharisees! First clean the inside of the cup and dish, and then the outside also will be clean.”

“Woe to you, teachers of the law and Pharisees, you hypocrites! You are like whitewashed tombs, which look beautiful on the outside but on the inside are full of dead men's bones and

everything unclean. In the same way, on the outside you appear to people as righteous but on the inside you are full of hypocrisy and wickedness.”

“Woe to you, teachers of the law and Pharisees, you hypocrites! You build tombs for the prophets and decorate the graves of the righteous. And you say, 'If we had lived in the days of our forefathers, we would not have taken part with them in shedding the blood of the prophets.' So you testify against yourselves that you are the descendants of those who murdered the prophets.”

“Fill up, then, the measure of the sin of your forefathers! You snakes! You brood of vipers! How will you escape being condemned to Hell? Therefore I am sending you prophets and wise men and teachers. Some of them you will kill and crucify; others you will flog in your synagogues and pursue from town to town. And so upon you will come all the righteous blood that has been shed on earth, from the blood of righteous Abel to the blood of Zechariah son of Berekiah, whom you murdered between the temple and the altar. I

tell you the truth, all this will come upon this generation.”

Josiah commented to his dad, “This is so different in person. I’ll never read my Bible the same way again.”

“That’s the point, son.”

“O Jerusalem, Jerusalem!” Jesus cried out, to an invisible Heavenly host above, weeping over the city, “you who kill the prophets and stone those sent to you, how often I have longed to gather your children together, as a hen gathers her chicks under her wings, but you were not willing. Look, your house is left to you desolate. For I tell you, you will not see me again until you say, ‘Blessed is he who comes in the name of the Lord.’”

“Justin - “ Marcus asked, “the Temple’s destruction. What was that like?”

The three of them instantly come to it when it is a burning inferno. People inside are being burned to death.

“Can we help those people?” Josiah asked.

“No,” Justin answered sympathetically.

“There’s a legend,” Marcus asked, “that one of the priests climbed to the top and lifted the key to the holy of holies to Heaven and said, ‘If you have found us unworthy, please take it back. And a hand appeared and took it back.’”

“That’s not a legend. It’s just not a part of the canonized Bible. Look,” Justin replied, pulling binoculars from his clothes.

Marcus takes the compact binoculars, and then does a double take back to Justin, who is also taking a submarine sandwich out of his clothes to eat, breaking it into pieces for them all to share. It seemed odd to Marcus considering the screams heard in the distance.

“How much crap do you have in your pockets?”

Justin used his open hand to put the binoculars in Marcus’ hand up to his face. “I’m traveling back and forth from our Supply Room as needed. And the sandwich isn’t for me. It’s for all of us.”

“If you needed to, could you bring a car or something bigger here?” Marcus asked.

“After you see what you were asking about,” Justin said, not answering him right away, “we’re going to move to a different time and place. Meanwhile, we’ve been traveling for about five hours,” Justin said, motioning to his time-traveling watch, “and if we don’t eat, and stay hydrated, bad things can happen. Time travel accelerates how we process food in our system.”

“And, to answer your question,” Justin added, “if it serves what we do, all things are possible. We once brought a military tank to scare an army of the 8th century, but that was an exceptional case - and it didn’t work,” he said, taking a bite of the sandwich. “We usually keep a low profile.”

Josiah can’t seem to take a part of the sandwich, his attention fixated on the fire of the Temple, and his appetite suspended by the sound of people being burned alive.

Through the binoculars, Marcus sees the Levite priest motioning to the sky. “If you had supernatural hearing,” Justin said, “you would be hearing him say, ‘Abba, if we have been bad

administrators of this key, please take it from us.’”

A supernatural hand, the Hand of God, appears from Heaven and takes the key back. God’s authority has been removed from the Temple.

“I thought Israel lost its inheritance with the stoning of Stephen,” Marcus asked.

To which, Justin replied, “And the Temple lost God’s Spirit here.”

“Wow,” Marcus reacts. “Wooooow,” he repeats, lowering the binoculars. “I get it. Us filmmakers are keepers of Man’s religion in the future. We are a reflection of the heart of Man. We’re the priests of the Temple. And we’ve been doing a lousy job. It’s not about us.”

Justin, “You know,” he said as he chewed, “I hadn’t made that connection, but yeah, you’re right.”

Jesus appeared to them. “Now that you’ve figured that out, take him to one more place. Let him see his parents and all who came before him who rejected Me.”

Justin reacted cautiously. “Lord, they haven’t eaten yet,” he says, referring to the fire of the Temple, and then taking them to the fires of Hell.

“Put it back in your jacket. They may need empty stomachs for what they are about to see,” the Lord said, seemingly on His way elsewhere. He gave Josiah an extra look that seems to mean something, but said nothing, and then vanished into thin air.

Justin took a long look at the Temple, then took a deep breath, and let it out. “Um...I’ll put this away for later.” He had a cautious look in his eyes.

“How bad is it?” Josiah asked innocently.

Marcus gave Justin a pensive look. “Hell?” Justin, Josiah and Marcus were taken by the Light of the Holy Spirit into Hell. They saw flashes of the horror, but they both can only handle about eight seconds of it before passing out. Justin glanced at Marcus’ parents, both in Hell, and realized it was not necessary for Marcus to see them for the effect to settle in. Marcus’ body went into shock.

Chapter 9

The medical facilities at Special Archives have to be prepared for almost anything. Marcus and Josiah were on IVs, given anti-depressants and heart stabilizing medicines. They both had panic attacks. There were a dozen other patients in the beds, spanning the centuries.

Josiah was asleep on a bed next to him. Marcus' hands were strapped to the bed. Justin sat bedside his son and had Ruah open in his lap. Marcus woke up to see the IV, the occupants of the room, and his hands restrained. He saw Josiah asleep, also hooked up to an IV. Justin motioned for him to calm down, offering a gentle smile.

“Hi. What is that?” Marcus asked, referring to the tube in his arm.

“IV and antidepressant” he answered, “You went into shock. You’ve been out for about an hour and a half. Hungry?”

Justin had set their sandwich pieces where eat could reach them.

Marcus' head turned 180-degrees and saw Josiah. "Is he alright?"

"Yes. When you guys are fully restored, I'm taking you back."

Marcus felt the effects of the drug. "Whoa. Yeah, that works. No - please. Take me with you some place else."

"This is not an amusement ride. This is ministry," Justin replied. "You need to pray about whether or not you want to serve Him without regard to self-preservation. Your life is not your own. You think I like taking my son into Hell?"

"I don't understand. What are you saying?" Marcus asked, as if he was being rejected.

"Go home," Justin repeated, "Go back to your life. If you want this life, ask Jesus to give it to you. Everyone on our team wants to serve here more than anything else. Marriages, careers, name it. If you can't leave it, you can't work with us. I don't have the authority to add you to our team. This was an interview. I think you've viewed

enough. And, the Lord knows your heart.”

“Wait - please. I wanna understand. Did I pass...the test...or what?

Justin couldn't answer yes or no. “Jesus asked Peter if he loved Him three times. The word they used for love were different. Jesus used unconditional love, whereas Peter used love between friends. This ministry requires absolute commitment. We don't hand out blankets and trax to poor kids in Mexico. We deal with demons and the dark side of history on a daily basis.”

“You don't think I can do it?”

“Doesn't matter what I think,” Justin replied. “Jesus seems to think you can do it. Or you wouldn't have gone through all this. You wouldn't have been here.” Justin looked at an alarm on his phone. It is a reminder from his wife that he has an appointment with Josiah's biology teacher at 4 p.m. “The Holy Spirit will take you home. You'll wake up with a very clear memory of everything that happened. You will be given the option of dismissing it all as a dream and resuming your life as it was, making

disappointing films, or...see ya soon in briefing.”

Marcus was about to reply when he disappeared, the tubes falling gently bedside. Justin turned his attention to his son and prayed about what to do next.

“Visit Me before My baptism,” Ruah said, inviting Justin to learn the answer to his prayer.

Chapter 10

It was four years before Jesus started his ministry.

Justin and Josiah were in the back room of a house, dressed in period clothes. Ruah tugs on Justin's heart to be heard.

He pulls Ruah out and opens the Word. "This is when I ran the family business." Justin nodded that he understood and, looked up in reaction to a noise in another part of the house. He closed Ruah and returned it gently under his cloak.

The room Justin and Josiah were standing in opened from a living area into to a work area where wood was neatly stacked. A piece of furniture was under construction, resting in an orderly manner off to the side.

Jesus was showing two of his younger brothers how to do the accounting, making a correction.

"Dad, can they see us?"

From the back room, out of sight, Jesus answered Josiah in American English, “Yes. I’m almost done here,” He said, changing to Aramaic, “Ask our sister to bring us lunch, will you?”

“Sure,” His brother (not James) replied.

Both young men are friendly, waved Hello and walked back into the house.

Josiah, in a serious tone, called after them in American English, “Don’t be afraid. We’re time travelers.”

Justin wasn’t sure whether to be embarrassed or laugh. Jesus let out a deep laugh. Jesus put his arm around Josiah to make it clear He was not laughing at him.

“They don’t understand a word I am saying,” Josiah recalled. “I get confused.”

Chuckling, Jesus asked him, “You know who you are to Me. Do you know who I am to you?”

Jesus' little sister walked in with a basket of fresh baked bread. The aroma practically knocks Justin over.

“Oh, God. Real bread. Gawd, that smells good. Sorry,”

Justin added quickly, apologizing for his slang.

“That’s not blasphemy,” Jesus replied, waving his hand in a motion of dismissal. “Bothers me when Men make a big deal out it. I desire worshippers in truth and spirit, not people who get upset when other people fart. Speaking of which -”

Jesus farted. Josiah laughed, as most teenagers would.

“Amen,” Justin responded, almost on cue.

His sister shook her head and rolled her eyes, chuckling along, “Where are your manners, brother? There’s more in the oven if you finish this.” Her eyes connected with Josiah’s. She smiled at him and left. Jesus picked up the bread and broke it apart, giving some to each of them.

Closing His eyes briefly, Jesus said sincerely, “Thank you, Father.”

Jesus took a large bite. Josiah looked at the bread as if it was too special to eat. “It’s dough and yeast, young man. Eat until you’re full.”

“Want to know what you’re doing here? Why you’re not training Marcus Hale anymore or investigating a

missing child?”

Munching, Justin replied, “Afraid to ask today. How’s Hilary?”

Justin saw the water jug sitting among them that Jesus was now pouring into smaller cups. As if interjecting in the main conversation with smaller talk, Justin asked Him, “Water, wine, or will I find out when I drink?”

“What do you want it to be?” Jesus replied with a straight face.

“Mr. Pibb,” Justin said, also with a straight face. Josiah began to laugh so hard, he coughed through the chewing of his food. Justin took a cup and drank from it.

Josiah waited to see what it was. Justin asked his son what he wanted to drink.

“I guess...whatever my dad is having. Water, right?” Justin handed Josiah the cup he was holding and then took the cup Jesus has finished pouring into.

Jesus put them back on topic. “Hilary. Few more days. The city’s going to offer you a settlement for her injuries in a few days.” Josiah reacted to the fact that he is drinking Mr. Pibb.

“Oh my God!”

Jesus smiled at Josiah.

Justin asked, “All that to get us here - son, we’re talking. I’m sorry. All that to get us here?”

“No, there’s more,” Jesus replied. “The Enemy has put out a hit on you and your family and I didn’t want to take you out of circulation to tell you what I plan to have you do. Do you trust me?”

“Yes. You know I do,” Justin replied, backpedalling in his words, recalling the question Peter was asked.

“Good.”

“Oh no. I sound like Rocky. The Enemy wants to sift me like wheat and I just gave the yearbook answer,” Justin said sardonically.

Jesus smiled as he finished a serving of bread and starts another. The Lord was always a big eater, a fan of food. “I want to talk to you about something very important. Josiah, would you like to take a ride on our family’s horse?”

Josiah exploded with excitement. “Are you kidding??? Can I take the bread?” Jesus tossed him the remaining loaf.

The yard is fenced, and the technology of the architecture is surprisingly advanced. Many of the larger houses have a plumbing. Their irrigation systems were visible as they stepped outside.

Justin asked Jesus, “Is this the same pony you rode when the crowds cried out ‘Hosanna?’” Jesus shook His head no.

“That animal is not even born yet.”

Josiah mounted the pony, as Jesus’ sister and a cousin, kin to John the Baptist’s family, headed out to the water well, carrying jugs. The two young women had very shapely figures and their smiles were inviting, as teenager girls often were, without intending to be.

“Won’t I mess up human history somehow if someone sees me?” Josiah asked Jesus, who handed the reins to Josiah.

“Just tell ‘em you’re from outta town,” Jesus quipped. Justin chuckled. “It’s okay, son. He controls Time.”

Jesus smiled and fed the pony. Josiah saw the girls walking off. His face indicated he planned to follow her. Jesus saw this and smiled at Justin.

“There’s a four-mile-an-hour speed limit,” Jesus joked, as He patted the pony’s side, its cue to ride away - slowly.

Josiah laughed, “Somehow I don’t think we’ll come close.”

“Have fun, son.”

“How do I look?” Josiah asked. “Very cool!” Jesus replied.

Justin was trying to process the moment. “My teenage son is riding a pony that belonged to Jesus Christ. Okay.” Jesus smiled at him.

“Let’s talk,” Jesus said.

“Am I in trouble?” Justin asked.

Back inside the house, Jesus kept munching on bread. Justin was full.

“For a guy who could fit size 34 jeans you sure eat a lot,” Justin said.

“We don’t have deep fried food or TV here,” Jesus explained. “And we walk everywhere.”

Justin asked, “So, what’s up?” “Are you happy serving Me?” “Uhm...yeah, I think so.”

“Well, this morning,” Jesus said, “when you got up, you looked like you just got run over by a bus”.

Justin considered his answer. “Missions are taking an emotional toll. Cold cases hit the hardest. Children die and I can’t stop it.”

“You have stopped it,” Jesus corrected. “You are stopping it. Your son was on his way to being one of those.

Justin was shocked. “How?”

“Every night he sneaks out to see his girlfriend. They grope each other and they’re considering sex.”

“And you just put him on a pony headed for town,” Justin said.

“The pony’s trained to go to the water well and back,” Jesus replied. “He’s not going to interfere with his parents’ first meeting,” Jesus joked, in reference to the plot of the popular 20th century time travel film *Back To The Future*. “I’m teaching him something. First I wanna know if you enjoy the ministry of time traveling. Do you?”

As Josiah rode the pony, Jesus' sister and he exchanged flirtatious eyes. When the pony arrived at the water well, Josiah fell off the pony while trying to dismount and managed to clumsily help the girls draw water.

"I think I do," Justin replied to Jesus. "Yeah. I do. My mind is going to some of the harder missions I've had lately and, it does make me wonder. What I got myself into. It's not like I can just walk away. I have a team now. My wife travels through time. Maybe my kids, if the one on a horse's backside ever accepts You as his savior. I have a country that relies on me."

"Like a microwave oven," Jesus added.

"Yes, exactly," Justin said, realizing aloud, "...you just compared me to a microwave oven."

"Food got cooked long before microwave ovens," Jesus said, "Your team? Your wife? The church she serves benefiting from time travel as you serve the President of the United States? Yours? What do you have apart from Me?"

“Whoa,” Justin said under his breath. “I don’t know.” Justin stared off, thinking. Jesus continued to eat.

Jesus, “One of the things I have always loved about you, and one of the reason why I built this ministry through you, is that you never tell me what you think I want to hear. You never give me the yearbook answer. I want worshippers in truth and spirit, and you are that. Much like David. I blessed you with a faithful President. You’ll have another. But first, you need to deal with Ruben. When you visit with Paul and Luke, take Ruben with you.”

“What about him?” Justin asked, motioning to Josiah in his mind. Jesus knew who he meant.

Jesus smiled in a way only the Lord can, “We’re gonna have a man-to-man talk about his life and then I’ll put him to bed. Until he makes the decision about Me, he’ll think this was a dream.”

Josiah walked the pony back up to the fence and it put its snout into a bucket of grain. The girls walked alongside, the water mounted on

the pony. They took the water off the yoke and walked inside, to separate parts of the house. Josiah walked slowly back into Jesus' house.

"Kids are back. Go get Ruben and meet Me on the Road to Emmaus."

"Thanks for the talk. And lunch."

"Love you, bro," Jesus said, and then gave Justin a big hug.

Justin disappeared as the girls entered, walking through the work area and into the main house. Sara Naby emerged from a back room, wiping happy tears from her face.

"Thank you," Sara said.

The Lord replied, "Tell Gary: My disciples were dense too. He should expect his to be. It's a part of ministry. My guys squabbled over who's in charge."

Josiah didn't quite make it into the house, and had slipped away, starting to walk toward the village on his own. He had a rebellious look on his face.

At that moment, the Holy Spirit had touched Josiah's mouth, unbeknownst to him. His lips tingled slightly, but Josiah wiped his face and disregarded it.

Josiah found a secluded area where he sat and played back all of the video footage. He did not see a young man, about his age, walk up behind him and begin marveling at the device.

“What is that?”

Josiah was taken aback and dropped it, causing the screen to go off. “Oh no. I am in so much trouble.”

“What is that?”

“Who are you, ‘Curious George’?”

“No. My name is John. I was on my way to the river where John the Baptist lives. He says the Messiah is nearby. At first I thought he was being figurative, but, he said he was being literal. As if he's from Legio or Meggido or even Nazareth.”

“I've heard that.” Josiah said, also realizing he is being watched from above - this young

Israeli could understand him. Mind if I walk with you?”

“Not at all. Was that you at the well with Joseph and Mary’s daughters?”

“Guilty as charged.”

“What?”

Josiah quickly realizes this boy is both naive and without a working knowledge of sarcasm.

“Yes, it was me. You don’t use a lot of sarcasm or slang, do you?”

“It’s frowned upon by the Rabbis. You’re not a Jew?” “I am. I’m just kinda new to being Jewish.”

“Never heard of that...” John answered, his curiosity growing.

It had still not occurred to Josiah that he was able to hear and speak Aramaic. In his mind, he spoke his native language.

The young men walked across a cavernous ravine together. John talks a lot. John the Baptist resides in a cavernous ravine.

When the boys entered his domain, he was making food, a rabbit stew. Josiah was surprised by its sophistication - kind of like Robinson Caruso.

“Hi,” John Mark offered, familiar with John.

“Hi John. Can we come down?” young John Mark asked, their position about fifteen feet above John’s.

“Who is this?” John asked, a towering figure at 6’4”.

“He says he’s Josiah. Son of Justin.”

“Oh, the time traveler’s son. Did anyone see you other than him?” John asked.

“I have no idea,” Josiah replied. “The what?” young John Mark asked.

John nodded. “Come down. Lunch is almost ready,” John said, tending to his food.

“Don’t you eat locusts and honey?” Josiah asked. “Well, sure, among other things,” John replied.

As the boys made their way down, Josiah was amazed at how well constructed the Baptist’s cave house was. The technology of the Flintstones came to mind. Josiah started humming the theme song aloud.

John Mark offered a strange response, keenly trying to imitate the sound, and almost asked what Josiah was humming.

“Put it out of your mind, Yan-Marco,” John ordered as he addressed Josiah. For a moment, John is able to speak American English, “Do not speak of the future here without the Lord.” John motioned to John Mark with his eyes and Josiah nodded in obedience.

“Y-your house is really neat. You’re like Fred Flintstone,” Josiah said, without intending to be funny, completely unaware of the language changes.

“Thanks. I was thinking of adding a rec room,” John replied with a smile. Josiah doesn’t get he was being teased.

His tone turning semi-serious, John locked eyes with and aimed his voice at Josiah as he asked, “Do you really think you can wonder off and be outside the presence of God?”

Jesus emerges from inside the cave.

“Chronologically, aren’t you supposed to meet after he is baptizing people for a while?” Josiah asked. He had read the Bible as a book, but he had never opened his heart to Christ.

John answered matter-of-fact, “We’re cousins. We grew up together. What are they teaching you at school?”

“Evolution. How do you know so much about me and my dad?” Josiah asked Jesus.

“Food’s ready,” Jesus told John, after taste-testing it.

Josiah aimed his comment to John Mark, “Dude, he is always eating.”

“What is a dude?” John Mark asked.

John was tending to the stew, speaking over the slow-flowing river below. “We always say, whoever is around Jesus always eats well.”

Jesus motioned for Josiah to come with him.

John Mark turned back again toward the Baptist and asked again, “Actually, those were good questions. Time traveler?”

As the Baptist grabbed a few bowls for them to eat, he replied, “John, sit and I’ll explain it to you.”

Meanwhile, Jesus took Josiah aside to a nearby large rock overlooking the riverbed, and offered him a bowl of food. Josiah declined. “I’m still full from the bread at your house.” He set it between them.

Eating, Jesus asked, “Did you enjoy time with My sisters?”

Josiah nodded. “Sorry I walked off.”

“I kinda set you up. I wanted you to meet my sister and my youngest disciple before you go home.”

“She’s really nice.”

“Pretty too?” Jesus asked.

“Oh, yeah,” Josiah replied.

“She’ll marry another,” Jesus said, with absolute authority.

As He said these words, Jesus tapped Josiah on his knee with his hand. This sent a wave of information into Josiah without the Lord having speak another word. As Josiah looked into the horizon, the Heavens open up to him and he realized he is face to face with God. It was the authentic worship experience he had heard about and seen pantomimed, but never felt for himself until now.

Though his body remained seated on the stone next to the Lord, his perspective took flight, rushing through the sky like a jet, its colors streaming by until he seemed to go faster than not only space, but time. Josiah saw Jesus as the Glorified Christ, the fabric with which the heavens and earth were made. The questions and doubts in his mind melted at the sight of these absolute truths. These abstract ideas on earth had a physical form in heaven that left no doubt in his mind.

God is real, Jesus is the way, the truth and the life, and there was no other route to heaven after life on Earth.

A rush of images flooded Josiah, as he saw creation, the world being populated, the fall by Adam and Eve, the flood that destroyed the giants and dinosaurs, along with most of humanity, the formation of Israel, God's courtship of Israel, the nation's rise and fall from global power, the birth of Jesus, and His life, death and resurrection, all in about 40 seconds.

Then Jesus showed Josiah his own life, when, before Creation, his souls was formed in Heaven, born to his parents, his first 16 years, up until now, and the plan God has for his life. This vision is very, very personal between them. Jesus is not just asking a profound question, but He is speaking to Josiah in the Heavenly language. This caused Josiah to exert a lot, breaking into a heavy sweat.

The Voice of the Lord, though not from Jesus as He sat beside him, asked him, "What do you say that I Am? Who do you say that I am?"

Josiah saw himself standing at a spiritual crossroads. One had Jesus motioning for Josiah to follow Him, and though there are storms, he married the woman Christ had chosen to be his wife; with whom he had several children. There are several other choices, that are apart from God's plan, and all are progressively worse than the other. Josiah was reminded of his dad's words:

Justin's common encouragement to his kids. "God does have purpose and plan for your life. Know it. Believe it. Live it. I see it everyday. The main reason it's hard for you to see is that it's like watching grass grow or your own hair. But when you can see a person at different ages, it's obvious. God is good all the time. While we were still sinners, Christ died for us."

"Who do you say that I Am?" Jesus asked gently.

Josiah subconsciously heard his mouth respond,

“...Lord.” This answer came not from his mind, but deep from within himself, from his very soul.

At this moment, on a page of the Book of Life that is placed at the right hand of the Father, next to the Throne of Heaven and Earth, Josiah’s name was official written in the Book of Life.

As Josiah’s vision came back to where he is sitting, John the Baptist walked toward them with the broken camera.

“Cousin, he dropped this out there,” the Baptist said, handing it to the Lord. Josiah seemed somewhat groggy.

“Thanks,” Jesus replied, taking it.

“You just got the best pre-marriage counseling ever from the Christ Himself. I hope you know that,” the Baptist said, turning and walking back to his cave.

Josiah nodded, “Thanks for the talk.”

“Anytime,” Jesus said, “Really. Every time you pray, I’m listening. Now you can put a face with a prayer?”

Josiah chuckled and smiled. “Right. Why doesn’t the Bible describe you as being this funny?”

Josiah ate lunch with them and slipped into a deep sleep. He awoke to find himself back home, asleep in his bed, the images of his adventure swimming in his mind. Josiah did have one thought, dad!

“He’s with me,” he felt the Lord reply.

“Interpretation, I guess,” Jesus replied.

Chapter 11

Back at the office, Justin placed several memory cards into the archives and glanced at his watch. His shift was almost over. He found a note that read, ‘See me,’ and walked briskly to his administrator’s desk. “Now what?” he muttered under his breath.

“I got your note,” Justin said, a bag of chips and a soda in his hand as he approached Jessica’s desk. “What’s up?” He sensed urgency.

“Logs 241-342...you have to do ‘em again. Before- your-shift-is-over-please-don’t-be-mad-at-me,” she said all at once.

Justin’s face dropped. He took a frustrated breath and ripped open the bag of chips, its pressure causing them to explode all over himself, the desk and floor. “I gotta eat.” Without acknowledging the mess, he looked at the clock on the wall. “Is Dan here yet?”

“He’s coming in early. I have a doctor’s appointment, it’s routine, but, I’ll be leaving early tonight,” she replied.

“Why do I need to go back and rerecord most of the New Testament?”

Jessica pulled a video out of her desk and plays it for Justin. It is marked, “Show only to Justin Time.”

Justin put the soda down on her desk and stopped inhaling chips for a moment. He pressed the play button. “You need headphones?” Jessica asked, pulling out a pair.

He shook his head no. “Justin, you can’t see my face and my voice has been scrambled for security reasons. I am one of the Witnesses the Apostle John mentioned in Revelation. First, you’re doing a good job getting us the intel we need. Many Jews are coming to know Christ because of the recordings you have prepared for us. Thank you. Now, I hope this does not discourage you, however, there has been some sabotage among us, the same spirit of the Enemy that tried to destroy many of Paul’s letters, and attacked the credibility of the

Gospels themselves in your time, all the way back to when they were first written. Bottom line is what I have here of 241 through 342 are unusable. Normally I would ask your next shift leader to do it, but I can't wait and you seem to be the only one there who knows how to run a video camera. Anyway, I need 'em before you leave tonight. I don't know how this will affect your schedule, but I do feel the Spirit is allowing me to send you this message. Do what you can. I hope to see the videos in the archive soon. Be blessed brother. Your work is translating into the saving of many, many souls." The video cut out.

Jessica had a look of concern for her boss. "I ordered pizza." She motioned to the pizza boxes awaiting them.

"God bless you," Justin said, absent of sarcasm.

Chapter 12

As of 1983, two music companies emerged in the global Christian market that would change the scope and direction of the method of worship of Jesus Christ for the latter 20th and early 21st centuries. Their names were Maranatha, and Hillsong. Maranatha was based in the United States and Hillsong was based in Australia.

At first, their innovations in lyrical expression were new and exciting. They quickly fell victim to their own success, believing their own headlines, that they were the forgers of the path, rather than the Holy Spirit. The Hollywood agent system invaded their world shortly after noticing a high demand for their product and perverted their worship with the seduction of fame and money. This was one of many of the many times the Spirit would let Believers fall from grace, in order to teach them the paramount of lessons: His grace covers all.

They led a procession of worship and band leaders whose musical worship drown attendees in show-boat-ism and self-proclamation. It had never been so gaudy. Soon television formatting became of greater priority than a working knowledge of the Word.

These became greatly popular throughout western civilization.

In 2050, the Church had been idling in the “mystery” Paul describes in the New Testament, whereas there was only one prophecy left to fulfill - the Return of Jesus. Each generation would faithfully preach that the return of Jesus would happen within their lifetimes. Only one of those generations would truly be on Earth for the day when Jesus would rapture His followers. And that generation would see another two thousand years pass before it came to pass.

As Justin would travel into the future, he would find points when even he was not allowed to visit, or his line of vision was required to be limited. As with Paul, Angels would meet him and say, with a simple hand over the mouth or eyes, do not speak of these

things. Yet one observation Justin did make, was that every ministry planted by the Word of God through the Holy Spirit, bore the fruit of souls entering Heaven that would have otherwise not have entered. Every generation expecting to be on Earth when the Last Day occurred, would realize that their service to the Kingdom did harvest an enormous batch of souls, in fact, the largest harvest of souls to Salvation, than any other generation before or after it. So, though flashy appearances, and in some cases devoid of the Word, the smallest hint of the Gospels managed to deliver hundreds of millions of souls to Heaven, whereas, had those generations given up and idly waited, that harvest would have been lost all together.

And, not to discourage the reader of this, but the number of souls that chose to reject Christ outnumbered the Believers who put their faith in Him by a ratio of 10,000 to one. Had Jesus not waited for all that time to pass before returning, the harvest of souls to the Kingdom of God would have been much, much less.

In the 20th and 21st centuries, Pentecostal religion had become big business. A trend known as “mega churches” had spread throughout the world, and even dictators that once opposed Christianity in their countries, embraced it as a form of political power and control over large numbers of taxable people in the name of God.

Justin and Sara Naby attended a small church where they hoped to coordinate a formal wedding. The building had a lifespan of 175 years, so the goal of getting both sets of parents and extended families to attend so that no one would know they’ve been brought across time, was a matter of logistics.

In 2050, Sara worked as a bookkeeper at a mega church, where she also did the occasional time travel mission, keeping a low profile.

Sara was standing over a desk where she was flipping through accounting documents. She got a message from Justin stating he would be late coming home. She read it and typed back, “Be safe.”

Pastor Gary Crain was in his late 50's. He was weathered as he talked with the youth pastor, Sean Stockton, a guy in his mid-20's, hair formed by gel, and a chip on the shoulder. The conversation is tense.

"I hear what you're saying," Sean said with the arrogance of a king appointed too young into too much power during a crisis. "I just disagree with you. We have to have order in a house of worship. I told that kid he can't come for using profanity the week before."

"You sure this isn't about your ego?" Gary tested. Sean paused and reacted as if the Holy Spirit were speaking to him, squeezing his eyes and twisting his face and neck as if he's either got gas or a muscle cramp.

"Wait. The Holy Spirit is speaking to me. Mm-mm. Mm- mm. Yes Lord. Yes Lord. Hall-eh-loo-yuh."

Sara glanced at an Angel who stood in the office, lifting his hands and shrugs as Sean speaks; Sean's words and gesture were not of the Spirit at all. She nods and smirks, annoyed.

Sean opened his eyes and faked wiping away tears, “After the concert, he needs to come to me and apologize and write a letter to the other boy, apologizing. I want to see a sincere and contrite, repentant heart.”

“You’re going to crush this kid and humiliate him to make your point,” Gary said.

“If he can’t show humility,” Sean argued, “then he doesn’t belong here.”

“Humility to who? You or to God? Do they get clean before they come in or come in to get clean?” Gary asked in a conversation turned heated. His forty years in ministry offered a sound of wisdom operating on a frequency Sean was not yet mature enough to hear.

“He must submit. He must sub-*mit*,” Sean declared, as loud as one can be before shouting, “to my authority, or he can’t come. God put me here. Until he submits to authority -”

“Sorry, the door’s open,” Sara said, half-apologizing for being in range of the talk.

“She can hear everything we’re saying,” Sean acknowledged, “Sara, you’ve been here for years. What do you think?”

Sara’s brow raised as she asked Sean, “You want to take a trip?”

Sara glanced at the Angel, who gave her a thumbs up.

“Acts 4?” Gary asked, sounding more like a request, letting out a huff.

“What if he’s too traumatized to...” Sara responded, her eyes motioning to Sean while looking at Gary.

“I’ll inform Pastor Hector what’s going on,” Gary said, opening up his desktop email.

“What? I’m not following,” Sean said, sounding slightly confused.

Sara let out an uncontrollable giggle.

“Sara, you okay?” Sean asked.

Sara’s eyes found Sean and said with authority, “You will.”

For being taken from the mega church's office in his own time to the NSA Special Archives Supply Room, allowing himself to be fitted for clothes, Sean seemed to be taking it all rather well.

Chapter 13

Sara pulled a very uncertain Sean around, in period clothes, standing in the back of the court. They were clearly not invisible, as Justin often was.

Before Sean could really say anything, she sternly warned him, “Be quiet. You’re here.”

Peter and John Mark are in chains, appearing under arrest before the Sanhedrin.

Caiphas had grown so fat, powerful and old, he bore a subtle resemblance to a mythological figure from the 20th and 21st century named Jabba The Hutt. “By what power or what name did you do this?” he bellowed.

Peter looked furious. Whatever exhaustion he would otherwise had from a lack of sleep had been replaced by the reality that every moment could be his last. He had seen Jesus ascend to Heaven with his own eyes and after being reinstated as a Disciple, a fearlessness had overcome him, and now the Enemy could only fire arrows at whomever stood next to him.

Over time, he'd be faced with a temptation to indulge in a favoritism of sorts, as the Council of Jerusalem, which would be chaired by James, would consider him an elder. But for now, he was a wanted man, a fugitive, a former fisherman whose wife and children the were the subject of ridicule, though still permitted to attend Temple.

He had nothing else to live for. And being that these loathsome men had murdered his Lord, he took full advantage of the platform he had been given to tell them what they wanted to hear the least.

“Rulers and elders of the people! If we are being called to account today for an act of kindness shown to a cripple and are asked how he was healed, then know this, you and all the people of Israel: It is by the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, whom you crucified but whom God raised from the dead, that this man stands before you healed. He is "the stone you builders rejected, which has become the capstone. Salvation is found in no one else, for there is no other name under Heaven given to men by which we must be saved.”

Sean's face revealed a conviction, and then chest pains.

His body was not able to handle the stress of the trip. Sara noticed this, but didn't consider it a problem.

The Sanhedrin saw the courage of Peter and John and realized that they were unschooled, ordinary men, they were astonished and they took note that these men had been with Jesus. But since they could see the man who had been healed standing there with them, there was nothing they could say. Caiphas looked deeply concerned. He ordered they be taken out of the court while the Sanhedrin discussed the matter.

A member of the Sanhedrin addressed them, "What are we going to do with these men? Everybody living in Jerusalem knows they have done an outstanding miracle, and we cannot deny it. But to stop this thing from spreading any further among the people, we must warn these men to speak no longer to anyone in this name."

Sean's face was sweating more and more.

Then they called these rogues in again and commanded them not to speak or teach at all in the name of Jesus.

A member of the Sanhedrin, in charge of making announcements and judgements, stood and addressed Peter and John.

“We have reached a decision. Since you have not committed any real crime against men, and you are ignorant of the things of God, we will let you go if you promise not to mention that name again.”

“Sounds like our public schools,” Sean said sarcastically. Sean was loud enough to be heard, and Sara shushed him, coughing to cover his words. Sean coughed as well, but involuntarily; his chest pains increased. Attention in the room was not diverted from Peter and John.

Peter stared at the Sanhedrin members as if they were pieces of dung, clothed in luxurious robes, awaiting Hell. “Judge for yourselves whether it is right in God's sight to obey you rather than God. For we cannot help speaking about what we have seen and heard.”

“I killed your leader. If you don’t watch yourself, you’ll be next!!!” Caiphas snarled at them, no longer hiding his rage or disguising his words. He was bitter that God had abandoned this place, and it consumed him.

“And like Him, I will rise from the dead now matter what you do to my body!!!” Peter shouted back, his words piercing the Sanhedrin’s ears and a few hearts. Most men shook with fear when they stood before this council. Many of its leaders were now considering the fact that these men not only lacked such fear, but seemed to have the same power that Jesus had. They also saw the jealousy revealed by Caiphas and noted it was affecting his judgement.

“Get them out of my sight!!!” Caiphas said, his body’s motion pointing the way out so hard, it almost knocked him out of his seat. It does not go unnoticed that he lost his composure.

Peter and John are shoved by temple guards out of the temple and into the street. Sara pulled Sean to witness this. As the two Apostles walked away, the man who was healed, causing Peter’s arrest, called to them

from behind, running after them. His legs were now very strong and healthy, like that of an Olympic athlete.

“Hey! You! Thank you. And Thank God. And thank Jesus. Though I heard he was dead. Is it true he walked out of his tomb?” the man asked.

Peter nodded yes to him and walked on. The man jumped up and down, emphatically using his legs, cheering. Peter and John exchanged a look, realizing they have entered into an Age they were not expecting. This was the Kingdom Restored, but not even close to what they were taught to expect as children.

Sean fell over.

Chapter 14

Back at the mega church, Sara reappeared and Gary noticed she was alone.

“You drop him at home?” he asked.

“No,” she replied. “Hospital. He had a heart attack. I would have felt bad but the doctors said they found an aneurysm in his brain that was ready to burst. He might have died on stage tonight. He’ll be back in a few weeks.”

It took a moment for Gary to process what Sara just said. “Wow. Praise God.”

Sara tried to resume her duties, given the events of the day. “Now...have you seen the Lost Sheep file? I came in to do some field work and I can’t find it. I want to see if I can re-invite all the kids that arrogant jerk has been deeming unworthy to attend this church. I’m sorry, but I do not like flashy mega church youth pastors.”

“Yes,” Gary said, motioning to computer, “You forgot to save it as a document. The music app kept trying to open it.”

“Thank you!” Sara said as she discovered her error.

“Praise God. Some of the youth wanna visit her with donuts if they’re allowed.”

“I like donuts,” she said with a smile. “Yes. Email me their names and I’ll add to them to the visitation list. Gary, you bless me. Someday they should pay you to work here.”

Gary smiled.

Chapter 15

Enabled by the Holy Spirit, Justin joined Jesus on the road to Emmaus, where they were about to meet up with a group of unsuspecting Disciples.

“Don’t forget,” Jesus said in sync with Justin’s work day, “you got a meeting with your son’s biology teacher at 4 your time.”

“Why do you think I’d forget?” Justin asked. “Anyway, I think this is a little more important.”

“How’s Hilary?”

“Stable,” Sara replied. “She’ll be home in a few days.”

“Says who?” the Lord replied. “A time traveler with a video camera is not mentioned anywhere in the Scriptures.”

As their walking paces brought them closer to the men, they heard their discussion. Another two men appeared off to the side of the road ahead of them, not visible to anyone but Justin

& Jesus. One waved to Justin, an Special Archives agent escorting the man. The agent disappeared, leaving one remaining man. That man looked disoriented. The disoriented man is President Elect Ruben Mitchell.

A Disciple was talking about recent current events. The fact is that Judea had become the center of the world for the last few weeks, with all that happened to Jesus. "...then he had those guys executed. A few hours later, Jesus was seen by Tiaphus, Juda-maphus, Nicodemus, Justus -"

"Justus Bar Levi?" another man in their group asked in conversation.

"No, Justus Jamus bar Jethro."

Ruben was terrified of what he saw. Satan appeared, invisible, watching quietly. Jesus leaned into Justin and kept walking.

"Go get him," Jesus said, referring to Ruben.

Justin walked toward Ruben and spoke to him, his voice giving Ruben instant relief. Satan motioned to a dozen demons that were

suddenly visible to Justin, and they opened fire arrows into Ruben.

“Mr. President Elect,” Justin said, “I am Justin Naby of the NSA. You’ve been brought back in time about 2200 years. This,” Justin said quickly, motioning to the Lord, “is Jesus.” As he gets close enough to Ruben to be heard with a normal speaking voice, he added, “This is the road to Emmaus as described in the Bible. They can’t see you, but we can. Also, you’ve got about a dozen arrows just shot into you by the Enemy so if you’re scared or in disbelief, or you’re having a hard time hearing me, that’s why, sir.”

Justin saw two demons riding Ruben’s ears, blocking them as birds would covet prey. Ruben glanced at Jesus, who offered him a wide smile.

“Hi Ruben,” Jesus said, causing Ruben to accept that all was as Justin just described. Ruben’s face could not shake the surprise and shock he felt, but the arrows of disbelief and fear were falling off of him.

“...Jesus?” Ruben responded.

“Yes. Nice to see you again.”

“Again?” Ruben asked.

“Before you were formed in your mother’s womb, I knew you,” said. As He had invited many men to follow Him, He again invited Ruben, “Walk with us.”

Using his quiet voice, now audible to the other men walking just ahead of them, Justin asked, “Lord -”

“Hm?”

“I always meant to ask You, but bad timing -” Justin retreated in his tone.

“No - go ahead,” Jesus said, while Ruben looked on in amazement.

“Why did You choose that moment to give up Your Spirit? The eclipse; I know the earthquake was in response to the stuff most people couldn’t see, but, why not within minutes of being nailed to the Cross, or maybe a few minutes after? I mean, while you were up there, what were you thinking?”

Jesus got a reflective look on His face. He flashed back to that moment, still God in the form of a mortal, remembering the dark supernatural cloud that formed over Jesus, separating Him from God; a cloud was not made up of water, but all the sins of the world, past, present and future. If one could see the molecular structure of this cloud, one would find a substance not found on Earth's Periodic table. They were motivated; fear, ambition, revenge, lust, anything antiChrist.

"I'll answer the first question first. The Father's Timing. The second question: at first, pain.

"Dumb question, sorry," Justin said.

"Yes, but, to help Me keep My mind off the pain, I was thinking about who I was going to see when I came back."

"That makes sense," Justin said, processing the answer on a personal level. "Like now, you ever think about Judgment Day? You've got a lot of justice to dish out."

“Consider your children, don’t you consider their consequences before you do it?”

“Yes...but I don’t flood their bedrooms because they have messy rooms.”

“Which is why I keep pushing the date back. As long as there is one of Mine who advances My kingdom, I’ll wait. Until the last heart has chosen to receive or reject Me, I will wait.” Jesus closed the distance between their group and the men ahead, who have been glancing back at Jesus for a few paces at now.

“Hello!” Jesus greeted them, but was still a few paces behind them.

Ruben tried to speak to Justin. These men only saw Jesus.

“I was just in my office. I was about to make a call...” Justin was about to answer when Jesus interjected, the men on the road still about twenty yards away.

“To end the Justin Time division,” Jesus said to Ruben, which told Ruben He knew His thoughts and was aware of His actions all the time, especially at that very moment. “Not a

bird falls from the sky without a command from Me. Free Will comes from Me too.”

Ruben was dumbfounded and unable to argue, for Jesus turned his attention to the group of men recorded in Scripture.

The man greeted him, “Hello!”

“What are you guys talking about?” Jesus asked.

“Are you only a visitor to Jerusalem and do not know the things that have happened there in these days?” Cleopas asked.

“What things?”

“About Jesus of Nazareth,” Cleopas replied.

Justin leaned into Ruben and said, “I think you’re getting the Reader’s Digest version.”

Indeed, Cleopas explained, “He was a prophet, powerful in word and deed before God and all the people. The chief priests and our rulers handed him over to be sentenced to death, and they crucified him; but we had hoped that he was the one who was going to redeem Israel. And what is more, it is the third day since all

this took place. In addition, some of our women amazed us. They went to the tomb early this morning but didn't find his body. They came and told us that they had seen a vision of angels, who said he was alive. Then some of our companions went to the tomb and found it just as the women had said, but him they did not see.”

“How foolish you are, and how slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have spoken! Did not the Christ have to suffer these things and then enter his glory?" Jesus said.

And beginning with the establishment of the law and all the prophets, he explained to them what was said in all the Scriptures concerning Himself.

As they approached a village, and Jesus walked as if he were going farther.

“Brother, please, stay with us,” Cleopas asked.

The sun was glowing a beautiful bright orange and red behind them, a breathtaking sight. There was a peace in the air not felt in the world since the reign of Solomon.

“No, I couldn’t,” Jesus replied.

“I insist. For it is nearly evening; the day is almost over,” Cleopas said. Jesus agreed and changed directions. Jesus winked at Justin and Ruben and motioned for them to follow.

Later that night, in the man’s home, Justin and Ruben stood against a wall, out of the way as the other men reclined to eat. Ruben leaned over to pick up a small stone on the ground.

“Carbon dating will confirm it’s two-thousand years old. We got a box full of ‘em at the office,” Justin whispered into Ruben’s ear.

“Am I losing my mind?” Ruben asked, examining the rock up close, holding it in his hand.

“No, Mr. President Elect. You’ve traveled back in time 2000 years by the power of the Holy Spirit. But, be careful not to knock anything over. They’ll think we’re ghosts.”

Jesus shot a thin smile at Justin, able to listen to their conversation as well.

“Have you been here before?” Ruben asked.
“Uh-huh,” Justin said, “ and it never gets old.
Watch this.”

When Jesus was at the table with them, he took bread, gave thanks, broke it and began to give it to them. Immediately, their eyes were opened and they recognized him, and Jesus vanished from their sight.

At first, no one said anything. There were a few reactions of disbelief, mixed with the astonishment of the supernatural. One man tried to make sense of it, “Were not our hearts burning within us while he talked with us on the road and opened the Scriptures to us?”

Jesus re-appeared in the same room next to Justin and Ruben, this time invisible and inaudible to the other men.

Ruben was physically taken aback as Christ stood next to him, his eyes big.

“We’re just getting started,” Jesus said to Ruben, and with the glare of authority in His eyes, he challenged Ruben’s disrespectful for His Name , “I have heard you talk about Paul

in a way that is far from the truth,” Jesus said, ordering Justin, “Take him to the road to Damascus.”

Jesus gave a quick raised-eyebrow look and disappeared.

“Where’d he go?” Ruben asked.

“To freak more people out,” Justin said, with a touch of humor in his voice.

Jesus appeared to many, some in their homes, some in fields where they tended to animals, some in remote locations.

When Jesus gave all Believers the last standing order, to make disciples of all nations, baptizing in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Spirit, He told them to canvas the world starting from here. If one traced the appearances He made, one would be able to draw a perimeter, kind of like a connect-the-dots map: Jerusalem, Judea and Samaria, and to the ends of the earth.

Jesus appeared to people all over Judea.

In one house, as Disciples were talking about Him, Jesus appeared among them.

“Peace be with you,” He said. He knew what was coming.

They were all startled, thinking He was a ghost.

To be able to see a ghost was considered to be a sign of madness. Seeing ghosts in itself was a traditional reason to panic, not because they believed the ghost would inflict any kind of carnal harm.

“Why are you troubled, and why do doubts rise in your minds? Look at my hands and my feet. It is I myself!” Jesus said, walking around the room, offering His limbs out to be examined and touched. “Touch me and see; a ghost does not have flesh and bones, as you see I have.”

He showed them his hands and feet. And while they still did not believe it because of joy and amazement, he started looking around the room for food.

“Do you have anything here to eat?” For a moment, there was dumbfounded silence.

One man managed to process the question and answer the Lord, “We got leftovers -”

Fumbling over themselves, they found a piece of broiled fish, and He took it and ate it in their presence.

Now reclining at the table, the whole house quietly listened as Jesus continued to teach. He was a masterful storyteller, and a genius. And, since He added Messiah to His resume, everyone practically held their breath to hear everything He said.

“This is what I told you while I was still with you: Everything must be fulfilled that is written about me in the Law of Moses, the Prophets and the Psalms.”

Christ motioned with His hand, and the Holy Spirit seemed to appear within these Disciples, opening their minds so they could understand the Scriptures. “This is what is written,” Jesus taught, “The Christ will suffer and rise from the dead on the third day, and repentance and forgiveness of sins will be preached in his name to all nations, beginning at Jerusalem. You are witnesses of these things. I am going to send you what my Father has promised; but

stay in the city until you have been clothed with power from on high.”

He began to teach about how His return would result in the judgement of Israel, and instructed those in the room, especially the younger ones, to get ready for something much, much bigger.

Chapter 16

Standing on the road to Demascus, Justin and Ruben were waiting for Saul's caravan, about a quarter-mile away. As Justin continued to tell Ruben the history of this country, the Holy Spirit had opened his eyes so that Ruben seemed to be able to see these events as they happened, as if he was there as a witness also.

"Not far from here, a few months ago, Jesus rose into Heaven," Justin said, paraphrasing the scripture. For the first time in his life, the Bible had practical meaning for Ruben. And, for now, at least one "fair tale" had crossed over into the realm of historical fact.

"When Jesus had led His followers out to the vicinity of Bethany," Justin said, "He lifted up His hands and blessed them."

Ruben subconsciously closed his eyes and saw this moment very clearly in his mind. Justin's voice continued, like one narrating a movie.

"While He was blessing them, He left them and was taken up into Heaven. Then they

worshiped Him and returned to Jerusalem with great joy. And they stayed continually at the temple, praising God.”

“During the time between His Resurrection and ascension,” he continued, “about forty-five days were spent with friends and family. All the fear that had hung over them like a dark cloud was now lifted and the Nazarenes seemed to breath easier and laugh louder without refrain.”

Justin glanced up to see Angels floating in mid air near him, smiling at him. As he looked closer at them, there seemed to be a large heavenly host barely visible through the colors of the sky, as if they were watching, waiting for something to happen. He did not stop talking, “As Jesus spent time with His community, teaching, walking, fishing, etc., there were many moments worth writing about, but, the scribes could not keep up. Not all displays of power were in regards to physical healing.”

“Like what?” Ruben asked softly, his mind taking on the interest a child has when laying eyes on a toy they had never seen before.

Justin answered, “For example, once, a child was playing ball near a fishing pond and the ball flops into it, quickly going beyond anyone’s reach. Jesus casually walks on the water and gets the ball.”

Ruben let out a laugh. Justin continued, as the caravan slowly made its way closer to them, under the eyes of a heavenly host only visible to him.

“Another time, Jesus was walking with His nieces and nephews, and at a distance, curious members of the Sanhedrin, unable to resist their curiosities, tried to see if it was truly Jesus, alive and well. Jesus played peek-a-boo at distance with the men, looking through the now-healed holes in his hands.”

“Ha!” Ruben laughed out loud, his eyes still closed, his face up, as if looking into the sky, his eyes running with water. He had become engaged in the same type of worship Peter was in when the Lord taught him the truth about what he had made clean.

“The act was both stunning and funny,” Justin said. “At one point, Jesus took Mary

Magdalene aside and released her from her ministry to Him, in such a way that she would be free to marry. She did not speak of what happened to her after that during her interview with Special Archives, and there remained no historical record that she had kids.”

“He walked privately with Peter, preparing him for what was to come, explaining in detail what He meant by,

‘When you are old you will stretch out your hands, and someone else will dress you and lead you where you do not want to go...’”

“As those precious days and nights up until His Ascension passed, His Disciples were still waiting for Him to declare some kind of new governmental order.”

“Instead, over a daytime camp fire, He was eating with them, and He gave them this command: ‘Do not leave Jerusalem, but wait for the gift my Father promised, which you have heard me speak about. For John baptized with water, but in a few days you will be baptized with the Holy Spirit.’”

“Then, just when the Disciples thought He might lead them on a gentle march on Rome to tell Caesar the Roman rule over Judea is over, they were walking together, and asked Him, ‘Lord, are you at this time going to restore the kingdom to Israel?’ Peter now realized how ignorant this question has been.

Jesus replied, “It is not for you to know the times or dates the Father has set by his own authority. But you will receive power when the Holy Spirit comes on you; and you will be my witnesses in Jerusalem, and in all Judea and Samaria, and to the ends of the earth.”

As Ruben listened to this recount, Saul’s caravan was drawing closer.

“After He said that,” Justin said, “He was taken up before their very eyes, and a cloud hid Him from their sight. They were looking intently up into the sky as He was going, when suddenly two men dressed in white stood beside them. ‘Men of Galilee, why do you stand here looking into the sky? This same Jesus, who has been taken from you into Heaven, will come back in the same way you have seen Him go into Heaven.’”

Ruben, realizing he was in the very position those men must have been in, lowers his face and rubs his eyes to try and become reoriented with his surroundings. He saw the caravan in the distance. Motioning to it, he asked, “Can they see us?”

“I don’t know. There’s more to the history -” Justin answered calmly, continuing. Based on Justin’s calmness, Ruben continued to listen, digesting everything he had just seen.

“Now, as Americans,” Justin said, “we’re kind of spoiled with Free Speech, Free Religion, and all the other civil rights we have come to take for granted. If they are violated, lawyers are willing to spring into action. Back then...”

“The Sanhedrin are gathered at the Temple of Jerusalem, where the same men who conspired against Jesus, now conspired against Stephen, who was one of his 12 followers. They put him through the same trial for proclaiming Jesus to be the Christ, his feet standing on the exact same spot.”

Justin continued, “Stephen, was a man full of God's grace and power, had done miracles for

the people. Resistance came from the usual suspects, this time, members of the Synagogue of the Freedmen, as it was called, made up of Jewish teachers of the law of Cyrene and Alexandria as well as the provinces of Cilicia and Asia.”

“They began to argue with Stephen, but they could not stand up against his wisdom or the Spirit, who had touched his mind just as I suspect he touched yours.”

“They quickly and quietly found false witnesses to say, ‘We have heard Stephen speak words of blasphemy against Moses and against God.’”

“They seized him and brought him before the Sanhedrin. They declared, ‘This fellow never stops speaking against this holy place and against the law. For we have heard him say that this Jesus of Nazareth will destroy this place and change the customs Moses handed

down to us.’ All who were sitting in the Sanhedrin looked intently at Stephen, and they saw that his face was like the face of an angel.”

“Are these charges true?” Caiphas asked.

Stephen replied, "Brothers and fathers, listen to me! The God of glory appeared to our father Abraham while he was still in Mesopotamia, before he lived in Haran. 'Leave your country and your people...'”

Justin pulled a couple energy and drink bars from under his upper garment and handed them to Ruben as he continued, “God said, 'and go to the land I will show you. 'So he left the land of the Chaldeans and settled in Haran. After the death of his father, God sent him to this land where you are now living. He gave him no inheritance here, not even a foot of ground. But God promised him that he and his descendants after him would possess the land, even though at that time Abraham had no child.'”

““God spoke to him in this way: ‘Your descendants will be strangers in a country not their own, and they will be enslaved and mistreated four hundred years. But I will punish the nation they serve as slaves,’ God said, ‘and afterward they will come out of that country and worship me in this place.’ Then he gave Abraham the covenant of circumcision.

And Abraham became the father of Isaac and circumcised him eight days after his birth. Later Isaac became the father of Jacob, and Jacob became the father of the twelve patriarchs. Because the patriarchs were jealous of Joseph, they sold him as a slave into Egypt. But God was with him and rescued him from all his troubles. He gave Joseph wisdom and enabled him to gain the goodwill of Pharaoh king of Egypt; so he made him ruler over Egypt and all his palace.’”

““Then a famine struck all Egypt and Canaan, bringing great suffering, and our fathers could not find food. When Jacob heard that there was grain in Egypt, he sent our fathers on their first visit. On their second visit, Joseph told his brothers who he was, and Pharaoh learned about Joseph's family. After this, Joseph sent for his father Jacob and his whole family, seventy-five in all. Then Jacob went down to Egypt, where he and our fathers died.”

““Their bodies were brought back to Shechem and placed in the tomb that Abraham had bought from the sons of Hamor at Shechem for a certain sum of money. As the time drew near

for God to fulfill his promise to Abraham, the number of our people in Egypt greatly increased. Then another king, who knew nothing about Joseph, became ruler of Egypt. He dealt treacherously with our people and oppressed our forefathers by forcing them to throw out their newborn babies so that they would die.’’

“‘At that time Moses was born, and he was no ordinary child. For three months he was cared for in his father's house. When he was placed outside, Pharaoh's daughter took him and brought him up as her own son. Moses was educated in all the wisdom of the Egyptians and was powerful in speech and action. When Moses was forty years old, he decided to visit his fellow Israelites. He saw one of them being mistreated by an Egyptian, so he went to his defense and avenged him by killing the Egyptian.’’

“‘Moses thought that his own people would realize that God was using him to rescue them, but they did not. The next day Moses came upon two Israelites who were fighting. He tried to reconcile them by saying, 'Men, you are

brothers; why do you want to hurt each other?' But the man who was mistreating the other pushed Moses aside and said, 'Who made you ruler and judge over us? Do you want to kill me as you killed the Egyptian yesterday?'"

"“When Moses heard this, he fled to Midian, where he settled as a foreigner and had two sons. After forty years had passed, an angel appeared to Moses in the flames of a burning bush in the desert near Mount Sinai. When he saw this, he was amazed at the sight. As he went over to look more closely, he heard the Lord's voice: ‘I am the God of your fathers, the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob.’ Moses trembled with fear and did not dare to look.”

"“Then the Lord said to him, ‘Take off your sandals; the place where you are standing is holy ground. I have indeed seen the oppression of my people in Egypt. I have heard their groaning and have come down to set them free. Now come, I will send you back to Egypt.’ This is the same Moses whom they had rejected with the words, ‘Who made you ruler and judge?’”

““He was sent to be their ruler and deliverer by God himself, through the angel who appeared to him in the bush. He led them out of Egypt and did wonders and miraculous signs in Egypt, at the Red Sea and for forty years in the desert.””

““This is that Moses who told the Israelites, ‘God will send you a prophet like me from your own people.’ He was in the assembly in the desert, with the Angel who spoke to him on Mount Sinai, and with our fathers; and he received living words to pass on to us. But our fathers refused to obey him.””

““Instead, they rejected him and in their hearts turned back to Egypt. They told Aaron, ‘Make us gods who will go before us. As for this fellow Moses who led us out of Egypt—we don't know what has happened to him!’ That was the time they made an idol in the form of a calf. They brought sacrifices to it and held a celebration in honor of what their hands had made. But God turned away and gave them over to the worship of the Heavenly bodies.””

““This agrees with what is written in the book of the prophets: ‘Did you bring me sacrifices

and offerings forty years in the desert, O house of Israel? You have lifted up the shrine of Molech and the star of your god Rephan, the idols you made to worship.””

““Therefore I will send you into exile beyond Babylon. Our forefathers had the tabernacle of the testimony with them in the desert. It had been made as God directed Moses, according to the pattern he had seen. Having received the tabernacle, our fathers under Joshua brought it with them when they took the land from the nations God drove out before them. It remained in the land until the time of David, who enjoyed God's favor and asked that he might provide a dwelling place for the God of Jacob.””

““But it was Solomon who built the house for him. However, the Most High does not live in houses made by men. As the prophet says: ‘Heaven is my throne, and the earth is my footstool. What kind of house will you build for me? says the Lord. Or where will my resting place be? Has not my hand made all these things?’””

““You stiff-necked people, with uncircumcised hearts and ears! You are just like your fathers: You always resist the Holy Spirit! Was there ever a prophet your fathers did not persecute? They even killed those who predicted the coming of the Righteous One And now you have betrayed and murdered him, you who have received the law that was put into effect through angels but have not obeyed it.””

“When they heard this...anger is an understatement,” Justin said based on his own memory of the event.

“That’s when Stephen looked up to Heaven and saw the glory of God.”

“Heaven opened to him, inter-dimensionally, and its light reflected on Stephan. A few people in the court could see it, but most could not.

Jesus standing at the right hand of God. Jesus motioned with His scepter, formally rejecting Israel. The consequences of this moment delayed His return for thousands of years.

“Look,” Stephen said, “I see Heaven open and the Son of Man standing at the right hand of God.”

“Theologically speaking, this implied that Israel was no longer God’s chosen people,” Justin explained. “God was rejecting Israel and accepting the Gentiles. And to the last day of judgment, Jews have fought this idea, calling Jesus arrogant, and claiming that the covenant between them and Abraham is still all they need to enter Heaven,” Justin said with a pause, regarding the truth, “Not so. I’ve tried to get used to seeing the millions of people who are dying and going to Hell every day who believe they have God’s favor, when in fact, they don’t.”

“See, now, I struggle to believe that,” Ruben objected, as he starts to relax in his environment.

Justin nodded that he understood, and tuned out Ruben’s next words.

Meanwhile, as Stephen witnessed Christ at the right hand of the Father, the Sanhedrin covered their ears and, yelling at the top of their voices,

they tackled him, dragged him out of the city and began to stone him. Those who did this and witnessed this laid their outer garments at the feet of a young man named Saul.

While they were stoning him, Stephen said, “Lord Jesus, receive my spirit.” He fell on his knees and cried out, “Lord, do not hold this sin against them.” When he said that, he fell asleep. Saul then gave approval for his death.

The caravan is less than an eight-mile from them.

Justin said, “I understand your perspective, Ruben, but with all due respect, as a man with a few years of time travel on behalf of the United States government, I have seen the portal of Earth, have and Hell. I have seen who goes where and why.” Ruben is silenced for the moment.

“What am I doing here?” he asked.

“The guy in this caravan and you have a lot in common,” Justin said. “Let me continue the briefing.”

“Is that what this is?” Ruben asked.

Justin nodded and continued. “The President Elect is to receive a full briefing of the affairs of the Oval Office upon the change of power. “This is that.”

“On that day,” Justin continued, “a great persecution broke out against the church at Jerusalem, and all except the apostles were scattered throughout Judea and Samaria. Godly men buried Stephen and mourned deeply for him. But Saul began to destroy the church.”

“Going from house to house, he dragged off men and women and put them in prison. Those who had been scattered preached the word wherever they went. Philip went down to a city in Samaria and proclaimed the Christ there.”

“When the crowds heard Philip and saw the miraculous signs he did, they all paid close attention to what he said. With shrieks, evil spirits came out of many people, and many people with body parts that weren’t working were healed. There was great joy in the city.”

In a Samaritan town, where a pagan festival was happening, a man named Simon the Sorcerer put on a show much like a traveling

magician/psychic. An assistant in the act kept the crowd watching with remedial magic tricks.

Justin continued, “Now for some time a man named Simon had practiced sorcery in the city and amazed all the people of Samaria. He boasted that he was someone great, and all the people, both high and low, gave him their attention and, and even one actor placed in the crowd exclaimed, ‘This man is the divine power known as the Great Power!’ They followed him because he had amazed them for a long time with his magic.”

“Just outside the Temple in Sabaste, Samaria, Simon the Sorcerer and his assistant walked into and stopped at the back of the huge crowd listening to Phillip teach about a Hebrew God who raised the Messiah from the dead. While evangelizing with the crowd, he healed a man, an incidental act. The man had interrupted the teaching to ask for healing, and Phillip accommodated him.”

“It is by no power or name I do this other than the Name of Jesus Christ,” Phillip said gently. Walk,” he said plainly, sending the man on his

way. The crippled man sprang to his feet, and Phillip was as astonished by this as the crowd was.”

“Phillip made light of the moment to avoid becoming the center of attention, ‘I keep thinking, Lord, when it is gonna show your glory most to keep this one as they are?’ The crowd laughed at the irony, for the man was healed.

“‘Hear me. I am not the one doing this,’ Phillip said, the only time he raised his voice. ‘The Name of Jesus is doing this. My name might get y’arrested -’” he added, the crowd laughing again.

Justin continued, “But when they believed Philip as he preached the good news of the kingdom of God and the name of Jesus Christ, and many people were baptized, both men and women. Even Simon himself believed and was baptized.”

At the river, Phillip baptized Simon. Simon’s assistant declined.

On the road to Demascus, as Justin spoke, the caravan was passing them. Saul could see Justin and Ruben, and he looked right at Ruben, but no one else saw Justin and Ruben. Saul turned to his disciple and asked, “Who are they, just standing in the middle of the road?” The assistant looked and saw no one.

“Who, master?” his assistant asked.

“That man saw us,” Ruben observed.

Justin continued, “Simon followed Philip everywhere, astonished by the great signs and miracles he saw. When the apostles in Jerusalem heard that Samaria had accepted the word of God, they sent Peter and John to them.”

At a house in Samaria, disciples stopped their farming chores and saw Peter and John approach on mules.

Justin continued, “When they arrived, they prayed for them that they might receive the Holy Spirit, because the Holy Spirit had not yet come upon any of them; they had simply been baptized into the name of the Lord Jesus. Then

Peter and John placed their hands on them, and they received the Holy Spirit. Simon is standing next to Peter, in awe.”

Just outside the house, Peter and John got some water. Simon walked quickly after Peter, holding his money bag.

“Peter! Give me also this ability so that everyone on whom I lay my hands may receive the Holy Spirit,” Simon pleaded.

John and Peter exchanged a dazed look. After all Simon has seen, he still didn’t get it?

“May your money perish with you,” Peter scolded, “because you thought you could buy the gift of God with money! You have no part or share in this ministry, because your heart is not right before God. Repent of this wickedness and pray to the Lord. Perhaps he will forgive you for having such a thought in your heart. For I see that you are full of bitterness and captive to sin.”

Simon was wounded. “Pray to the Lord for me so that nothing you have said may happen to me.”

He began to cry, wandering off. John gave Peter a look like ‘You were a little hard on the guy.’

Peter asked John, “What?”

John gave Peter a sarcastic look and recalled, “*Surely not I, Lord,*” reminding Peter of his multi-denial of Jesus. Peter looked toward the weeping man, this time with compassion.

Later that evening, Simon the Sorcerer was among them, listening. A woman was waiting on him, exchanging flirtatious eyes. Peter was teaching.

Justin continued, “When they had testified and proclaimed the word of the Lord, Peter and John returned to Jerusalem, preaching the gospel in many Samaritan villages. Simon remained there, teaching the Word for the rest of his days.

Of course, it didn’t take long for the Sanhedrin to order their arrest. Even though Caiphas had talked to dozens of witnesses - including those who were a member of his inner court, that Jesus had appeared to them, he refused to

believe. Actually, that's not entirely true. He did believe, like we believe in the fact that a sports team beat ours, or that you spent over 400 million dollars on a media-driven campaign to win the election."

"We believe in things that are historical matter-of-facts. Caiphas refused to receive the faith God had given to humanity through soulfully knowing Jesus. And, as God's Word predicted, he played the role of the bad guy."

"Again, in the Sanhedrin court, Peter and John stood before the Sanhedrin in chains, just as Jesus had. Annas the high priest was there, and so were Caiphas, John, Alexander and the other men of the high priest's family.

They had Peter and John brought before them and began to question them. 'By what power or what name did you do this?'"

"This time, Peter, filled with the Holy Spirit, said to them: 'Rulers and elders of the people! If we are being called to account today for an act of kindness shown to a cripple and are asked how he was healed, then know this, you and all the people of Israel: It is by the name of

Jesus Christ of Nazareth, whom you crucified but whom God raised from the dead, that this man stands before you healed. He is 'the stone you builders rejected, which has become the capstone. Salvation is found in no one else, for there is no other name under Heaven given to men by which we must be saved.'”

“When they saw the courage of Peter and John and realized that they were unschooled, ordinary men, they were astonished and they took note that these men had been with Jesus. But since they could see the man who had been healed standing there with them, there was nothing they could say.”

“They ordered them to withdraw from the Sanhedrin and then conferred together. ‘What are we going to do with these men?’ they asked. ‘Everybody living in Jerusalem knows they have done an outstanding miracle, and we cannot deny it. But to stop this thing from spreading any further among the people, we must warn these men to speak no longer to anyone in this name.’”

“Then they called them in again and commanded them not to speak or teach at all in the name of Jesus. But Peter and John replied, ‘Judge for yourselves whether it is right in God's sight to obey you rather than God. For we cannot help speaking about what we have seen and heard.’”

Justin continued, “After further threats they let them go. They could not decide how to punish them, because all the people were praising God for what had happened. For the man who was miraculously healed was over forty years old.”

“How did they die?” Ruben asked.

“Inverted. After Stephen was killed, Peter was arrested for exercising a demon from a slave girl who was working as a fortune teller. But it was enough for the Sanhedrin to issue an indictment.”

“But this next part,” Justin said, “I can’t just tell ya about. I gotta show you.” He pulled out a video device and set it for playback. Ruben not only saw the past on this video machine, but in a wave of memories, as if Ruben had

amnesia, he saw into the past, as if he had been there, seeing the event as Justin recorded it.

Peter and John stood before the Sanhedrin.

“A few weeks had gone by, in case you were wondering,” Justin said.

Peter stood alone. Justin was recording, Jesus and the Angels are there standing next to Peter, invisible.

“Are these charges true?” Caiphas asked, sounding sickly and weak.

“Brothers and fathers, listen to me!” Peter said, “The God of glory appeared to our father Abraham while he was still in Mesopotamia, before he lived in Haran. 'Leave your country and your people,' God said, 'and go to the land will show you.' So he left the land of the Chaldeans and settled in Haran. After the death of his father, God sent him to this land where you are now living.”

“He gave him no inheritance here, not even a foot of ground. But God promised him that he and his descendants after him would possess the land, even though at that time Abraham had

no child. God spoke to him in this way: 'Your descendants will be strangers in a country not their own, and they will be enslaved and mistreated four hundred years. But I will punish the nation they serve as slaves,' God said, 'and afterward they will come out of that country and worship me in this place.'”

“Then he gave Abraham the covenant of circumcision. And Abraham became the father of Isaac and circumcised him eight days after his birth. Later Isaac became the father of Jacob, and Jacob became the father of the twelve patriarchs. Because the patriarchs were jealous of Joseph, they sold him as a slave into Egypt. But God was with him and rescued him from all his troubles.”

“He gave Joseph wisdom and enabled him to gain the goodwill of Pharaoh king of Egypt; so he made him ruler over Egypt and all his palace. Then a famine struck all Egypt and Canaan, bringing great suffering, and our fathers could not find food. When Jacob heard that there was grain in Egypt, he sent our fathers on their first visit.”

“On their second visit, Joseph told his brothers who he was, and Pharaoh learned about Joseph's family. After this, Joseph sent for his father Jacob and his whole family, seventy-five in all. Then Jacob went down to Egypt, where he and our fathers died. Their bodies were brought back to Shechem and placed in the tomb that Abraham had bought from the sons of Hamor at Shechem for a certain sum of money.”

“As the time drew near for God to fulfill his promise to Abraham, the number of our people in Egypt greatly increased. Then another king, who knew nothing about Joseph, became ruler of Egypt. He dealt treacherously with our people and oppressed our forefathers by forcing them to throw out their newborn babies so that they would die.”

“At that time Moses was born, and he was no ordinary child. For three months he was cared for in his father's house. When he was placed outside, Pharaoh's daughter took him and brought him up as her own son. Moses was educated in all the wisdom of the Egyptians and was powerful in speech and action. When

Moses was forty years old, he decided to visit his fellow Israelites. He saw one of them being mistreated by an Egyptian, so he went to his defense and avenged him by killing the Egyptian. Moses thought that his own people would realize that God was using him to rescue them, but they did not. The next day Moses came upon two Israelites who were fighting.”

“He tried to reconcile them by saying, ‘Men, you are brothers; why do you want to hurt each other?’ But the man who was mistreating the other pushed Moses aside and said, ‘Who made you ruler and judge over us? Do you want to kill me as you killed the Egyptian yesterday?’ When Moses heard this, he fled to Midian, where he settled as a foreigner and had two sons.”

“After forty years had passed, an angel appeared to Moses in the flames of a burning bush in the desert near Mount Sinai. When he saw this, he was amazed at the sight. As he went over to look more closely, he heard the Lord's voice: ‘I am the God of your fathers, the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob.’ Moses trembled with fear and did not dare to look.”

“Then the Lord said to him, ‘Take off your sandals; the place where you are standing is holy ground. I have indeed seen the oppression of my people in Egypt. I have heard their groaning and have come down to set them free. Now come, I will send you back to Egypt.’ This is the same Moses whom they had rejected with the words, ‘Who made you ruler and judge?’”

“He was sent to be their ruler and deliverer by God himself, through the angel who appeared to him in the bush. He led them out of Egypt and did wonders and miraculous signs in Egypt, at the Red Sea and for forty years in the desert. This is that Moses who told the Israelites, ‘God will send you a prophet like me from your own people.’”

“He was in the assembly in the desert, with the angel who spoke to him on Mount Sinai, and with our fathers; and he received living words to pass on to us. But our fathers refused to obey him. Instead, they rejected him and in their hearts turned back to Egypt. They told Aaron, ‘Make us gods who will go before us.’”

“As for this fellow Moses who led us out of Egypt, we don't know what has happened to him!’ That was the time they made an idol in the form of a calf. They brought sacrifices to it and held a celebration in honor of what their hands had made.”

“But God turned away and gave them over to the worship of the Heavenly bodies. This agrees with what is written in the book of the prophets: 'Did you bring me sacrifices and offerings forty years in the desert, O house of Israel?’”

“You have lifted up the shrine of Molech and the star of your god Rephan, the idols you made to worship. Therefore I will send you into exile' beyond Babylon. Our forefathers had the tabernacle of the Testimony with them in the desert.”

“It had been made as God directed Moses, according to the pattern he had seen. Having received the tabernacle, our fathers under Joshua brought it with them when they took the land from the nations God drove out before them.”

“It remained in the land until the time of David, who enjoyed God's favor and asked that he might provide a dwelling place for the God of Jacob. But it was Solomon who built the house for him. However, the Most High does not live in houses made by men.”

“As the prophet says, ‘Heaven is my throne, and the earth is my footstool. What kind of house will you build for me?’ says the Lord. Or where will my resting place be? Has not my hand made all these things?’ You stiff-necked people, with uncircumcised hearts and ears! You are just like your fathers. You always resist the Holy Spirit! Was there ever a prophet your fathers did not persecute? They even killed those who predicted the coming of the Righteous One.”

“And now you have betrayed and murdered him—you who have received the law that was put into effect through angels but have not obeyed it.”

Caiphas resented being lectured, especially with the law he was in charge of moderating. He believed himself to be of higher station than these men, and any answer but a groveling

apology was considered an insult. “We gave you strict orders not to teach in this name. Yet you have filled Jerusalem with your teaching and are determined to make us guilty of this man's blood.”

As if interrupting Caiphas, Peter and the other apostles replied, "We must obey God rather than men! The God of our fathers raised Jesus from the dead, whom you had killed by hanging him on a tree. God exalted him to his own right hand as Prince and Savior that he might give repentance and forgiveness of sins to Israel. We are witnesses of these things, and so is the Holy Spirit, whom God has given to those who obey him.”

Back on the road to Demascus, the caravan had passed them by about fifty yards. Ruben was more receptive, looking at the back of the caravan as it continues down the road.

“What happened then?” Ruben asked.

“Well...” Justin said, “keep in mind I’m skipping around a bit...we’re talking about headline news twenty-two- thousand years ago.”

While the Sanhedrin were discussing the fate of Peter and John, and invisible Jesus standing along with several Angels, witnessing the judgment these men render. Justin recorded the event in the background.

Jesus stared at Saul.

“Take them away while we confer,” Caiphas said. Peter and John were led out of the room.

Justin said to Ruben, “You gotta remember that Caiphas spent his whole life trying to exercise divine power on God’s behalf. He wanted the power to tell the Romans to leave. All Saul was doing was carrying out Caiphas’ orders, in an effort to uphold the law and win even more disciples to Judaism.”

“So when Jesus shows up, and is the real deal, Caiphas knows his days are numbered. But he’s not going to give up his throne easily. And, for what it’s worth, God let him have it. He lived to be 104. Anyway, Peter had healed a paraplegic, which angered people who made money off him when he begged. And Peter was arrested for it. When he was arrested later, it was because he violated the warning he got

from that. So, from the Sanhedrin's point of view, Peter was a repeat-offender."

The Sanhedrin's arguments were drying up. Gamaliel stood and was recognized. He said, "Men of Israel, consider carefully what you intend to do to these men. Some time ago Theudas appeared, claiming to be somebody, and about four hundred men rallied to him. He was killed, all his followers were dispersed, and it all came to nothing. After him, Judas the Galilean appeared in the days of the census and led a band of people in revolt. He too was killed, and all his followers were scattered. Therefore, in the present case I advise you: Leave these men alone! Let them go! For if their purpose or activity is of human origin, it will fail. But if it is from God, you will not be able to stop these men; you will only find yourselves fighting against God."

When Caiphas was unavailable to preside over the Sanhedrin, Gamaliel sat in his seat. For this reason, Caiphas realized upon Gamaliel's words, his campaign to prosecute Jesus' Disciples had been defeated.

As the caravan made its way down the road, Justin said, “Which brings us up to speed with that caravan and what you’re about to see. When Saul of Tarsus went out with letters of authority that were essentially licenses to arrest and if necessary, kill, for the sole purpose of exterminating Christians, back then called,” Justin used air quotes, “‘The Way’, it was Caiphas’ last ditch effort to end Jesus’ claim to the throne, so to speak.”

“I’m 57 years old and I’ve never heard it all put so eloquently...” Ruben replied. “And I hope you don’t mind me asking again, what are we doing here?”

“Saul’s about to get knocked off his high horse. It’s where the expression comes from....and...”

In a sunny sky, a flash of lightning knocked Saul off his horse and blinded him.

The sky lights up as He speaks. “Saul!”

Saul fell to the ground, blinded. He saw a silhouette of Jesus, a giant version of Ruah, and that is all. Ruben shuddered in fear of the sound.

Under his breath, Justin said to Ruben, “That never gets old.” Jesus’ Light filled the sky as He spoke. Some only hear thunder, covering their ears as if at a loud music concert.

Jesus asked the Pharisee, “Saul, Saul, why do you persecute me? Is it hard for you to kick against the goads?” Saul looked up, his eyes were so watery and scabbed shut, he could not see.

“Who are you, Lord?” Saul uttered, realizing he was speaking to deity.

“I am Jesus, whom you are persecuting,” Christ said, eliminating any doubt. “Now get up and go into the city, and I will show you how much you must suffer in My Name.”

The men traveling with Saul were speechless, each having hit the ground, trying to hide from the Voice of God. They heard the sound but did not see anyone. Saul got up from the ground, but when he tried to open his eyes he could not see anything. They led him by the hand into Damascus.

Saul was laid on a bed where he remained in a sleep-like state in a private room in the house for three days.

Chapter 17

Behind his eyes, he was entered into Heaven. Justin and Ruben stood in the room with him.

Saul roams around Zion, still under construction, and sees a young woman playing with children. It is Justin's daughter, Hilary.

"You must be Saul of Tarsus," she says. "Yes. Am I dead?"

"No," she replies, "Not exactly. This is where God allows souls to wait when their bodies are going to be restored."

"You - you were injured?" he asks.

"Yeah," she replied, "My brother's Salvation was in question, so God made some adjustments."

Saul asks about the kids.

"These beautiful little rug rats are the souls of children who died from accidents and abortions. They get back in line to be born from here." Saul is appalled.

“How awful!” he exclaims.

She shrugs, giving a couple of the kids kisses and raspberries on their tummies, “Yeah. But, it takes more than Planned Parenthood and a few bad laws to outsmart God. Between Bethany’s Law and a machine that is about to be invented...until then...”

The portal of souls shows several entering Eternity per second. Saul is amazed at this. He sees the division between those guided toward the Throne, versus those who fall into Hell.

Hilary reacts to the Throne.

“Well, it was nice meeting you. I’ll see you again here soon. And whatever happens, remember: It’s worth it,” she says. Hilary kisses some kids goodbye and disappears.

Chapter 18

In her hospital bed, Hilary's eyes opened. The nurse on duty reacted to sensors indicating that she was awake.

At the Throne, Jesus greets Saul. Saul falls to his knees and weeps.

At Ananias' home, as recorded in the Bible's Acts 10, Ananias is working in his garden.

"Ananias!" Jesus calls to him. "Yes, Lord?"

"Go to the house of Judas on Straight Street and ask for a man from Tarsus named Saul, for he is praying. In a vision he has seen a man named Ananias come and place his hands on him to restore his sight," Jesus says.

"Lord, I have heard many reports about this man and all the harm he has done to your saints in Jerusalem. And he has come here with authority from the chief priests to arrest all who call on your name."

"Go! This man is my chosen instrument to carry my name before the Gentiles and their

kings and before the people of Israel. I will show him how much he must suffer for my name,” Jesus says.

Chapter 19

It had been three days for Saul, who was waking up, and crying, for he had seen Heaven in all its splendor. He could not see Justin and Ruben crouched down, bedside behind him.

Ananias had explained what the Lord commanded to Judas' servant, and he was allowed to come in and place his hands on Saul. The fact is, no one else knew Saul was there, and he wasn't expected in Demascus for a few more days.

“Brother Saul,” Ananias said, “the Lord - Jesus, who appeared to you on the road as you were coming here, has sent me so that you may see again and be filled with the Holy Spirit.”

Immediately, something like scales fell from Saul's eyes, and he could see again. He got up and was baptized, and after taking some food, he regained his strength. Ruben motioned to the letters of authority.

“It gets better,” Justin said.

It was anticipated by the synagogue leaders that Saul's presence among them would translate into a manhunt among the followers of The Way, one that would put an end to it once and for all.

A Pharisee explained this to his fellow elders as they gathered to hear this highly-touted Disciple of Caiphas prepare to teach. "He was issued letters by the High Priest himself to round up all those trouble makers, and, I hear he has a plan to eliminate all of them once and for all."

Paul began, "My brothers, I know many of you have come to hear me condemn The Way. And I was about to. But. On the way here, I had an encounter with Jesus of Nazareth. He appeared to me."

From a distance, Justin and Ruben heard the gasps of the crowd as Justin lead Ruben away from the Temple.

"Next stop," Justin said. "Where to?"

"I have to tell you something," Justin said.

"You've seen enough here. We'll catch up with

Paul in a couple of months. It's about about you, personally."

The Pharisees who came to listen were more confused than offended at first. "Isn't he the man who raised havoc in Jerusalem among those who call on this name? And hasn't he come here to take them as prisoners to the chief priests?"

"You're going to be assassinated," Justin said. Ruben tried to process that.

Given Justin's abilities, was it true?

Considering he believed himself to have stepped back in time, he asked Justin, "Is there anything I can do?"

Justin nodded, but his head tilted at an angle, indicating, there was a prerequisite. "Who do you say that He is?"

"Right now, I believe what I have seen. But, when I get home and have had a good night's sleep, we both know I'll go back to where I was a few days ago, or however long we've been out here," Ruben said, contrite.

“I hear you. But right now. This moment. Who is Jesus to you?” Justin asked.

Ruben thought long and hard about the question. He had spent so much of his life finding reasons to justify why the Bible was historically inaccurate, or a fable.

“I believe Him,” Ruben said. “I don’t know what else you want me to say.”

Justin pulls a Bible from his pocket and hands it to Ruben.

“Read this,” Justin said, as the crowd seemed to become even more agitated at what Paul said. “You’ll know what to do. Oh, it’s signed by the Author.”

Ruben opened the front cover and saw it signed “Jesus Bar Abba” in Aramaic.

“What does this say?” Ruben asked Justin.

Translating, “Jesus, Bar Abba means, in our language, Jesus, son of the Father.”

Ruben felt something he had never quite felt before. His belief was enabling him to

recognize the Holy Spirit is speaking to him.
“For the good of the country, should I resign?”

Justin answered, “Your heart, your motive for why you ran for President, is dead. The Lord has offered you a new heart and you just took it.”

Ruben opened the pages and saw Ruah. “This is Ruah. The Word of God. Kinda of like a pet but He feeds you. Your life just got longer.”

Ruben looked back toward the crowd, getting hostile toward Paul.

“Can I stay a little longer?” Ruben asked, touching his ear piece translator. “I understand what’s he’s saying now.”

Justin nodded.

A few days later, at the Demascus City Gate, Pharisees and Sadducees stood together, watching the gate.

A local Pharisee leader conferred with a Sadducee leader. “Should we give him a trial before we kill him?”

The Sadducee affirmed, conditionally. ““If you want to pay for it.”

Paul’s friends took him by night and lowered him in a basket through an opening in the wall, which the guards did not search or detect. Paul realized, through a small crack in the threading of the large basket, as he saw the places he had worked so hard once, to come to and teach at, as a Pharisee of Pharisees, becoming farther and farther into his past. He had entered a new life, born again.

A few days later, at Peter’s house, a boy entered the house announcing Paul had entered the city gate. Peter looked afraid. John and Mary, Jesus’ mother, exchanged What-If looks.

Unable to contain her laughter, “The man Caiphas chose to kill us...is now proclaiming my son to be the Savior.” Mary laughed aloud at the irony. “God indeed has a sense of humor.”

On a Jerusalem street, Paul’s assistant had another door slammed in his face. He turned around to Paul and said, “Apparently no one’s home.”

Paul knew this was coming. “The Lord will provide.”

At the Temple in Jerusalem, in the very places where Jesus taught, Paul began teaching that Jesus is the Savior. Barnabas, whose name meant Son of Encouragement, listened closely, in wonder. He realized that God had intervened. The very man who was feared to end the influence of Jesus’ ministry on Earth was now being used to lead its delivery.

In the heat of the day, at a healing pool, Paul was rinsing off after his teaching. Temple officials and guards were abuzz. Barnabas approached him.

“Brother Paul, you got a place to stay while you’re in town?” Barnabas asked.

“Have we met?” Paul asked.

“You’ve probably got a warrant for my arrest somewhere,” Barnabas replied. Paul cracked a smile and then let out a loud laugh, one only done by a man who know newly received freedom.

“Did you hear me teach?” Paul asked.

“I did. I don’t know who you terrified more - the Sanhedrin or Jesus’ followers,” Barnabas answered.

“Thank you.” Barnabas helped him up and embraced him. They locked eyes and became instant friends.

At a house belonging to a follower of The Way, Barnabas knocked on the door. One of Peter’s daughter’s opened the door and saw Barnabas.

“Papa! It’s Barnabas,” she said. Peter’s voice and hand found the door and opened it. And then he saw Paul. He is taken aback.

“No,” Peter said, in denial.

“He’s one of us!” Barnabas assured him. Peter had a look of ‘it can’t be’.

“I’m so sorry,” Paul said.

On the next Sabbath, Paul, again, taught in the same places where Jesus taught. Peter, John, Barnabas, and, though invisible, Justin and Ruben sat and listened. The girl who once asked Peter if he was one of Christ’s followers,

saw him again. She was carrying a water bucket around, serving the men.

“You,” she said, “You’re one of his followers.”

“Yes. I. Am,” Peter replied. “We all are.”
Barnabas smiled at her, and John gave her a hello nod.

“Is he the teacher who was supposed to end The Way?” she asked.

“Yes he is,” Barnabas replied. Each man was smiling from ear to ear, basking in the irony, and the work God had done in Paul.

Chapter 20

At a hotel, in Washington, D.C. in 2050, Justin brought Ruben back to his hotel suite.

“You’re home, Mr. President Elect.” Ruben looked around, and looked out the window.

“I can’t tell anyone can I?” Ruben said.

Justin took a deep breath and let it out, “In Revelation, we’re told that human overcome Satan by the blood of the Lamb, and the word of our testimony. It means that to get Salvation, we put our faith in Jesus. But to make disciples - the Great Commission - we use our actions. And the most powerful action we have is our own testimony. You asked if you can tell anyone. The question is, will you?”

Chapter 21

Then, Justin's attention turned to re-recording parts of history recorded in the Book of Acts.

At Caesarea there was a man named Cornelius, a centurion in what was known as the Italian Regiment. He and all his family were devout and God-fearing; he gave generously to those in need and prayed to God regularly. One day at about three in the afternoon he had a vision. He distinctly saw an angel of God, who came to him.

“Cornelius!” an Angel said to him. Cornelius stared at him in fear.

“What is it, Lord?”

“Your prayers and gifts to the poor have come up as a memorial offering before God. Now send men to Joppa to bring back a man named Simon who is called Peter. He is staying with Simon the tanner, whose house is by the sea.”

When the Angel who spoke to him had gone, Cornelius called two of his servants and a

devout soldier who was one of his attendants. He told them everything that had happened and sent them to Joppa.

At Peter's house, about noon the following day as they were on their journey and approaching the city, Peter went up on the roof to pray. He became hungry and wanted something to eat, and while the meal was being prepared, he fell into a trance.

He saw Heaven opened and something like a large sheet being let down to earth by its four corners. It contained all kinds of four-footed animals, as well as reptiles of the earth and birds of the air.

"Get up, Peter," Jesus said. "Kill and eat."

"Surely not, Lord! I have never eaten anything impure or unclean."

"Do not call anything impure that God has made clean," the Lord said. This happened three times, and immediately

the sheet was taken back to Heaven. While Peter was wondering about the meaning of the vision, the men sent by Cornelius found out

where Simon's house was and stopped at the gate.

They called out, asking if Simon, who was known as Peter, was staying there.

The Holy Spirit said to him, “Simon, three men are looking for you. So get up and go downstairs. Do not hesitate to go with them, for I have sent them.”

In Peter’s house, there were stairs leading to the front door. He stood there, answering, “I’m the one you’re looking for. Why have you come?” Under normal circumstances, a Roman guard at the doorway of a Jewish home would have meant involuntary quartering, or arrest.

The leading soldier said, “We have come from Cornelius the centurion. He is a righteous and God-fearing man, who is respected by all the Jewish people. A holy angel told him to have you come to his house so that he could hear what you have to say.”

Peter, calmed by the Holy Spirit, invited the men into the house to be his guests. “Welcome. We were expecting you.”

The next day Peter started out with them en route the Centurion's home, and some of the brothers from Joppa went along. The following day he arrived in Caesarea. Peter and his two fellow Disciples walked together with the Italian soldiers.

The awkwardness of Jews traveling with Gentiles was moment-by-moment replaced by a reality that the Old Testament law no longer applied. Angels walked with the men, invisible to them.

As a nervous as an expecting father, Cornelius had called together his relatives and close friends. A voice had spoken to to him from the sky! What might come of it?

They used a primitive binocular to see Peter coming toward the house in the distance. Cornelius was too excited to wait. His wife had never seen him like this. His kids giggled. The entire family was both curious and in awe. The Jewish men were really coming here. It felt a little like the newly-celebrated holiday 'Christmas'.

Entering the gates of a grand court yard, Peter entered, and Cornelius met him and fell at his feet in reverence. But Peter made him get up.

“Stand up, I am only a man myself,” Peter said.

Cornelius got up, like a puppy having greeted his new master, and this got the entire house’ attention. Cornelius was revered here.

“Welcome,” Cornelius said, “We have prepared a great feast for you!”

Peter looked up, realizing the guards he once felt threatened by looked down at him from their posts with the kind of look one gave to modern day celebrities. He was a little uncomfortable with it, but kept walking.

“Shalom. Shalom,” he said a few times. Peter waved and said Hello to smiling, inviting, and fascinated faces. The kids were cute. He saw more familiar faces than strangers. Cornelius walked through a large front door that bore his family crest.

The doors seemed to open by themselves, servants opening them from the inside.

Inside the house, Peter went inside and found a large gathering of people. Peter said, “You are well aware that it is against our law for a Jew to associate with a Gentile or visit him. But God has shown me that I should not call any man impure or unclean. So when I was sent for, I came without raising any objection. May I ask why you sent for me?”

The Angels were present in the house, grinning at each other, a few making faces at the small children.

Cornelius explained, “Four days ago I was in my house praying at this hour, at three in the afternoon. Suddenly a man in shining clothes stood before me and said, ‘Cornelius, God has heard your prayer and remembered your gifts to the poor.’”

“Send to Joppa for Simon who is called Peter. He is a guest in the home of Simon the tanner, who lives by the sea.’ So I sent for you immediately, and it was good of you to come. Now we are all here in the presence of God to listen to everything the Lord has commanded you to tell us.”

Peter recalled his vision and as he explained it, personally got the point God was making to him. Of all the political agenda they had, of all the offenses stewed in between them and the Sanhedrin, and if not them, the Romans; of all the desires for wealth, and if not wealth, then security, God was focusing on very different things.

Peter looked around, smelled the aroma of the fresh and hot Italian food, and saw the children's faces, babies on mother's arms, and young people seeking to know this man whose Hebrew God they had felt drawn into relationship with. The battle was clearly not between the people.

It was not between carnal kingdoms, Jews, Romans or any other of this world. It was about the reconciliation between Man and God that had taken place when Jesus died on the Cross. Racism as they knew it was pronounced dead. And now, it was time to unwrap God's greatest gift.

Peter said, "I now realize how true it is that God does not show favoritism but accepts men from every nation who fear him and do what is

right. You know the message God sent to the people of Israel, telling the good news of peace through Jesus Christ, who is Lord of all. You know what has happened throughout Judea, beginning in Galilee after the baptism that John preached, how God anointed Jesus of Nazareth with the Holy Spirit and power, and how He went around doing good and healing all who were under the power of the devil, because God was with Him.”

“We are witnesses of everything he did in the country of the Jews and in Jerusalem. They killed him by hanging him on a tree, but God raised him from the dead on the third day and caused him to be seen. He was not seen by all the people, but by witnesses whom God had already chosen, by us who ate and drank with him after he rose from the dead. He commanded us to preach to the people and to testify that he is the one whom God appointed as judge of the living and the dead. All the prophets testify about him that everyone who believes in him receives forgiveness of sins through his name.”

While Peter was still speaking these words, the Holy Spirit came on all who heard the message. The house lit up with a bright Light, like had happened to him on the Day of Pentecost, and the circumcised believers who had come with Peter were astonished that the gift of the Holy Spirit had been poured out even on the Gentiles.

For they heard them speaking in tongues and praising God. Peter said, sardonically, his mouth forming a grin, “Can anyone keep these people from being baptized with water? They have received the Holy Spirit just as we have.” He ordered that they be baptized in the name of Jesus Christ. Then the community asked Peter to stay with them for a few days.

Chapter 22

Back in Jerusalem, a council of apostles and the brothers throughout Judea had formed, and heard that the Gentiles had also received the Word of God. So when Peter went up to Jerusalem, the circumcised Believers criticized him. James lead the council. Now, this matter was its highest priority.

One of the men on the counsel showed concern and asked

Peter, “You went into the house of uncircumcised men and ate with them?”

Peter began and explained everything to them precisely as it had happened.

“I was in the city of Joppa praying, and in a trance I saw a vision. I saw something like a large sheet being let down from Heaven by its four corners, and it came down to where I was. I looked into it and saw four-footed animals of the earth, wild beasts, reptiles, and birds of the air. Then I heard a voice telling me, ‘Get up, Peter. Kill and eat.’ I replied, ‘Surely not, Lord!

Nothing impure or unclean has ever entered my mouth.’”

“The voice spoke from Heaven a second time, ‘Do not call anything impure that God has made clean.’ This happened three times, and then it was all pulled up to Heaven again. Right then three men who had been sent to me from Caesarea stopped at the house where I was staying. The Spirit told me to have no hesitation about going with them. These six brothers also went with me, and we entered the man's house. He told us how he had seen an angel appear in his house and say, ‘Send to Joppa for Simon who is called Peter. He will bring you a message through which you and all your household will be saved.’ “As I began to speak, the Holy Spirit came on them as he had come on us at the beginning. Then I remembered what the Lord had said: ‘John baptized with water, but you will be baptized with the Holy Spirit.’ So if God gave them the same gift as he gave us, who believed in the Lord Jesus Christ, who was I to think that I could oppose God?”

The gasps of shock turned to nods and praise. When they heard this, they had no further objections and praised God.

“So then,” James paraphrased, with a look of gladness on his face, “God has granted even the Gentiles repentance unto life.”

Justin continued to find himself recording much of what the Word of God said. And the Word seemed to speak for Himself adequately enough.

Now those who had been scattered by the persecution in connection with Stephen traveled as far as Phoenicia, Cyprus and Antioch, telling the message only to Jews. Some of them, however, men from Cyprus and Cyrene, went to Antioch and began to speak to Greeks also, telling them the good news about the Lord Jesus. The Lord’s hand was with them, and a lot of people believed and turned to The Way.

News of this reached the ears of the church at Jerusalem, and in response, they sent Barnabas to Antioch. When he arrived and saw the evidence of the grace of God, he was glad and

encouraged them all to remain true to the Lord with all their hearts. He was a good man, full of the Holy Spirit and faith, and a great number of people were brought to the Lord.

Then Barnabas went to Tarsus to look for Saul, and when he found him, he brought him to Antioch.

For a year Barnabas and Paul met with the church and taught multitudes of people. Those who still mocked The Way referred to its believers as “Christians”. Believers were called Christians first at Antioch. The word was coined out of jealousy and ignorance, but quickly became the most powerful and controversial word associated with a religion the world would ever know.

Antioch became what the 22nd century church would call a church plant, an extension of the parent church. Its ambience was new, and exciting and youthful, even among the older Believers. And it was here that followers of The Way gained identity.

And though the name was coined in slander, it would become a power that would topple Rome.

About then, King Herod arrested some who belonged to the church, intending to persecute them in order to win favor within his own kingdom. He had James, the brother of John, put to death with the sword. When he saw that this pleased his political colleagues, including the Jews, he proceeded to seize Peter also. This happened during the Feast of Unleavened Bread.

After arresting Peter, Herod put him in prison, handing him over to be guarded by four squads of four soldiers each. Herod intended to bring him out for public trial after the Passover. So Peter was kept in prison, but the church was earnestly praying to God for him.

Suddenly an Angel of the Lord appeared and a light shone in the cell. He struck Peter on the side and woke him up.

“Quick, get up!” The chains fell off Peter's wrists. “Put on your clothes and sandals. Wrap your cloak around you and follow me.”

Peter was still half-asleep, but knew enough to obey. He recognized that his chains had been miraculously undone, but a part of him still thought he was dreaming.

The Angel led him down a tunnel and through the prison. Peter followed him out of the prison, but he had no idea that what the Angel was doing was really happening; he thought he was seeing a vision.

The city was quiet in the middle of the night, as the Angel's mighty feet and Peter's old, ragged sandals shuffled along the stone pavement of the prison floor. They passed the first and second guard stations and came to the iron gate leading to the city. It opened for them by itself, and they went through it.

When they had walked the length of one street, suddenly the Angel left him. The Angel did not even look at Peter as he faded away.

Then Peter entered a sense of being fully awake, and to break out of what had felt like a trance, said out loud to himself, "Now I know without a doubt that the Lord sent his angel and rescued me from Herod's clutches and

from everything the Jewish aristocrats were anticipating.”

Peter went to the house of Mary the mother of John Mark, where many people had gathered and were praying. Peter knocked at the outer entrance, and a servant girl named Rhoda came to answer the door. When she recognized Peter's voice, she was so overjoyed she ran back without opening it.

“Peter is at the door!!!” she shouted to those sitting at the table.

“You're out of your mind,” an adult replied. Another added, sarcastically, “It must be his angel.”

But Peter kept on knocking, and when they opened the door and saw him, they were astonished. Peter motioned with his hand for them to be quiet and described how the Lord had brought him out of prison. “Tell James and the brothers about this,” Peter ordered.

In the morning, the prison felt a tension not experienced in years. The soldiers in charge of the last night's guard were all being

interrogated as if they were prisoners themselves. After Herod had made a thorough search for Peter and did not find him, he cross-examined the guards and ordered that they be killed.

Herod was furious that anyone would dare to attempt a prison break under his nose, much less succeed. As it was, Herod had a kingdom to expand, and the last thing he needed were these Christians distracting him from national interests.

A few days later, as Herod's royal caravan travels on the road to Tyre, they see people in poverty from a lack of crops, the land appearing unfruitful. The eyes of the people and children were windows to their discouragement, and their hunger for both food and freedom; the latter a bargaining chip for the former if need be. Their economy was comparable to the early 20th century's Great Depression.

Herod went from Judea to Caesarea and stayed there a while. He had been quarreling with the people of Tyre and Sidon; they now joined together and sought an audience with him.

Having secured the support of Blastus, a trusted personal servant of the king, they asked for a treaty, because they depended on the king's country for their food supply.

From the royal palace in Tyre, Herod, dressed in his royal robes, addressed the people. They responded out of desperation.

They chanted, over and over, “This is the voice of a god, not of a man.”

Herod gave himself permission to agree with them and decided to oblige his ego. He was a god. He had heard the Gospel, and knew the consequences of challenging both the name of Jesus and the Holy Spirit that seemed to empower the Disciples still alive who followed the Hebrew carpenter.

But, he didn't care.

Immediately, because Herod did not acknowledge God as the rightful recipient of the people's praise, an Angel of the Lord struck him down, and he was eaten by worms and died. The worm illness grew from within him and took two weeks to eat him alive.

Only a few people were in the room when Herod's eyes closed for the last time after his spirit left his body. His spirit fell into Hell where he remains, along with the other damned souls and fallen angels, tortured for eternity. Their population is greater than that of Heaven by a ratio of about 100:1.

But the word of God continued to increase and spread. When Barnabas and Paul had finished their mission, they returned from Jerusalem, taking John with them.

Meanwhile, back at the NSA's Special Archives Department, just outside the briefing room, FBI agents carted away the video files and computers. The agents gathered in the main lobby, and the tone was tense.

"President Mitchell has ordered this department be audited," Justin said, trying to remain faithful to what Jesus assured him.

"What was Mitchell's response?" Karlos asked.

Justin motioned to the FBI agents milling around and shrugged. The time travel agents were all concerned that none of them could go

into the future to see their department's near-future.

“Meanwhile, we all still have missions to conclude. I’ll see you all at debriefing. Make sure you remember to eat. There’s pizza leftovers in the back room.”

Half the team darts for the pizza.

Then Justin continued to record the parts of Acts that needed to be rerecorded. He crammed an energy bar into his mouth from his position and remained unnoticed. Justin wasn’t sure if he was visible or not.

In the church at Antioch there were prophets and teachers: Barnabas, Simeon called Niger, Lucius of Cyrene, Manaen (who had been brought up with Herod the tetrarch) and Paul.

While they were worshiping the Lord and fasting, the Holy Spirit, flickering inside every Believer’s heart said, “Set apart for me Barnabas and Paul for the work to which I have called them.”

They placed their hands on Barnabas and Paul and sent them off. Their destination was Cyprus.

Paul and Barnabas went down to the seaport of Seleucia, by mules and camels, and sailed from there to Cyprus. Justin did something rare, he turned the camera to himself and explained to the viewer, “This would be like traveling from Marinette, Wisconsin to Ludington, Michigan, across Lake Michigan.”

When they arrived at Salamis, they proclaimed the word of God in the Jewish synagogues. John Mark was with them as their helper.

At the dock, an official asked Paul and Barnabas their business and upon their response, sent word to his boss, Sergius Paulus, the local law man, that Apostles of Jesus were there. They were chaperoned into the main hall, which was used for everything from rounding up prisoners, to holding public meetings, to storing legal documents, like a mix of city hall, the courts and a first- stop jailhouse.

Paul and Barnabas entered, escorted by Proconsul deputies, but as guests, not in chains.

Torches lit up the rooms of the hall on this overcast day.

There they met a Jewish sorcerer and false prophet named Bar-Jesus, who was an attendant of the proconsul, Sergius Paulus. The proconsul, an intelligent man, sent for Barnabas and Saul because he wanted to hear the word of God. “So, what’s this good news I’ve been hearing about? They tell me in Rome, people are being rounded up by the thousands and being fed to the lions,” Sergius asked. “Doesn’t sound like such good news. But they also tell me followers of The Way are preaching in the jails and holding cells about a Kingdom beyond this world, and that following your Jesus is the only way to get there.” The jailer’s tone was serious.

As Justin would often remind his team, the most challenging thing about sharing one’s testimony was not bring it up among strangers who did not ask, but answering the question point-blank when asked. This man had spent so many days among criminals, and had seen so

much blood, than any good news, no matter how far- fetched, was of interest to him. Now, to learn that the very men who seemed to be taking over the mission of the rumored- Resurrected King of the Jews, were now in his jail, under his watch, he couldn't resist. His heart pounded with the desire to know the truth.

“What do you want to hear?” Paul asked Sergius plainly.

With an off glance to Elymas,” Sergius replied, “The truth.”

“There is no truth. There is only belief,” Elymas said condescendingly.

Paul did not mince words, looking right at the guy. The demons who surrounded him retreated into darkness within the faint shadows of the room.

“You are a child of the devil and an enemy of everything that is right! You are full of all kinds of deceit and trickery. Will you never stop perverting the right ways of the Lord? Now the hand of the Lord is against you. You

are going to be blind, and for a time you will be unable to see the light of the sun.”

Immediately mist and darkness came over Elymas, and he groped about, seeking someone to lead him by the hand. When the proconsul saw what had happened, he believed, for he was amazed at the teaching about the Lord.

Word that Elymas was no blind changed the political climate in that region. Elymas had been a pawn of the Emperor’s for years, placed to cause division. Now that he was blind, and subsequently stripped of his position, yet another pillar of Rome had fallen.

From Paphos, Paul and his companions sailed to Perga in Pamphylia, where John Mark became homesick and left them to return to Jerusalem. This troubled Paul, who at the time, urged John to stay with them. John, being a young man of marrying age, felt the pull to find a wife too strong to ignore.

From Perga Paul and Barnabas went on to Pisidian- Antioch. On the Sabbath they entered the synagogue and sat down. After the reading from the Law and the Prophets, the synagogue

rulers sent messengers who weaved through the room to speak to Paul.

“Brothers, if you have a message of encouragement for the people, please speak,” one of them said, inviting them to address the congregation.

Standing up, Paul motioned with his hand and said, “Men of Israel and you Gentiles who worship God, listen to me! The God of the people of Israel chose our fathers; he made the people prosper during their stay in Egypt, with mighty power he led them out of that country, he endured their conduct for about forty years in the desert, he overthrew seven nations in Canaan and gave their land to his people as their inheritance. All this took about 450 years.”

Satan appeared, observing both the Apostles and Justin, whose face read of exhaustion.

Chapter 23

In Hell, Satan hovered in his throne room, addressing one demon, a muscular one named Burden, with a capable-looking crossbow, who was roaming around the assembly of demons. Every demon was playing with a human, torturing them. Burden would smack other demons and humans alike as he flew.

“Justin is tired and he might be working in his own strength. Prepare a bad dream for him. Let’s see just how strong his heart is,” Satan ordered. Burden seemed to be ignoring him.

Satan opened his hand, which still had musical ability, and let out a deafening sound that smacked Burden in the head, knocking him so far down into the Abyss, he appeared to have been killed. “You hear me?”

In a flash, Burden reappeared, as if ready to strike back at Satan. The devil coolly lifted his other hand and said, “How I hate repeating myself.”

Burden acknowledged the order and left Hell, on his way to Justin's home where he will set up a bad dream for him, one intended to raise his blood pressure, perhaps enough to cause a heart attack.

Meanwhile, Justin recorded Paul as he continued speaking, "After this, God gave them judges until the time of Samuel the prophet. Then the people asked for a king, and he gave them Saul son of Kish, of the tribe of Benjamin, who ruled forty years. After removing Saul, he made David their king. He testified concerning him: 'I have found David son of Jesse a man after my own heart; he will do everything I want him to do.' From this man's descendants God has brought to Israel the Savior Jesus, as he promised. Before the coming of Jesus, John preached repentance and baptism to all the people of Israel."

"As John was completing his work, he said: 'Who do you think I am? I am not that one. No, but he is coming after me, whose sandals I am not worthy to untie.' Brothers, children of Abraham, and you God-fearing Gentiles, it is

to us that this message of salvation has been sent.”

“The people of Jerusalem and their rulers did not recognize Jesus, yet in condemning him they fulfilled the words of the prophets that are read every Sabbath. Though they found no proper ground for a death sentence, they asked Pilate to have him executed.”

“When they had carried out all that was written about him, they took him down from the tree and laid him in a tomb. But God raised him from the dead, and for many days he was seen by those who had traveled with him from Galilee to Jerusalem. They are now his witnesses to our people. We tell you the good news.”

“What God promised our fathers he has fulfilled for us, their children, by raising up Jesus. As it is written in the second Psalm, ‘You are my Son; today I have become your Father.’”

“The fact that God raised him from the dead, never to decay, is stated in these words. ‘I will give you the holy and sure blessings promised

to David. ‘So it is stated elsewhere: ‘You will not let your Holy One see decay.’ For when David had served God's purpose in his own generation, he fell asleep; he was buried with his fathers and his body decayed. But the one whom God raised from the dead did not see decay.’”

“Therefore, my brothers, I want you to know that through Jesus the forgiveness of sins is proclaimed to you. Through him everyone who believes is justified from everything you could not be justified from by the law of Moses.”

“Take care that what the prophets have said does not happen to you: ‘Look, you scoffers, wonder and perish, for I am going to do something in your days that you would never believe, even if someone told you.’”

As Paul and Barnabas were leaving the synagogue, the people invited them to speak further about these things on the next Sabbath. When the congregation was dismissed, many of the Jews and devout converts to Judaism followed Paul and Barnabas, who talked with them more and urged them to continue in the grace of God.

On the next Sabbath almost the whole city gathered to hear the word of the Lord.

When the Jewish Teachers of the Law and Pharisees and Sadducees saw the crowds, they were filled with jealousy and talked abusively against what Paul was saying. Paul and Barnabas tolerated it until they are out of the Temple.

A Pharisee who was there when Jesus was being prosecuted, now a very old man, slurred insults at them, “You speak of a dead false prophet! No prophet at all! You should be ashamed of yourselves! You are the lowest of men, deceiving the people with this teaching.”

Paul and Barnabas turned and faced these men. It’s almost a gun fight, but with the Word instead of bullets. As if under orders, Paul declared, “We had to speak the word of God to you first.”

Barnabas was not known to be a man with a temper, so when he became angry at this man, he said, “Since you reject it and do not consider yourselves worthy of eternal life -”

“We now turn to the Gentiles,” Paul said, “For this is what the Lord has commanded us: ‘I have made you a light for the Gentiles, that you may bring salvation to the ends of the earth.’” And after finishing this statement, Paul walked out, with Barnabas.

Roman guards, half-expecting a fight, lit up in delight, as did other Gentiles who heard this. They were glad and honored the word of the Lord; and all who were appointed for eternal life believed.

A Roman guard caught up to them. They were half- expecting to be threatened more or even placed under arrest. “Teacher, I’ll escort you to the next town.” Barnabas and Paul exchanged a hopeful, surprised and flattered look. The Jewish leaders had the same look of death in their eyes that they had for Jesus.

On the road just outside the city, Paul and Barnabas, kicking up dust from the road, bid farewell to the soldiers, and dismounted their mules to shake out their sandals. As they begin to do this, they realized they were not just shaking dirt from the feet, but it had a deeper meaning, and that God was watching.

So they shook the dust from their feet in protest against the Jewish aristocrats and teachers of the law and went to Iconium. They received a warm reception from the disciples there and everyone there was filled with joy and with the Holy Spirit.

At Iconium, Paul and Barnabas went as usual into the Jewish synagogue.

There they spoke so effectively that a great number of Jews and Gentiles believed. It was very strange for both groups, both used to segregation, gathering together for the teaching.

But the Jewish aristocrats who refused to believe stirred up the Gentiles and poisoned their minds against the brothers.

So Paul and Barnabas spent considerable time there, speaking boldly for the Lord, who confirmed the message of His grace by enabling them to do miracles.

The people of the city were divided; some sided with the Jews, others with the Apostles. There was a plot afoot among the Gentiles and

Jews, together with their leaders, to mistreat them and stone them. But Paul and Barnabas found out about it and fled to the Lycaonian cities of Lystra and Derbe and to the surrounding country, where they continued to preach the good news.

In Lystra just after sunrise, there sat a man crippled in his feet, who was lame from birth and had never walked. He listened to Paul as he was speaking. “Stand up on your feet!”

The man jumped up and began to walk. When the crowd saw what Paul had done, they shouted in the Lycaonian language, “The gods have come down to us in human form!”

As the day got hotter, and they continued teaching, Barnabas they called Zeus, and Paul they called Hermes because he was the chief speaker.

The priest of Zeus, whose temple was just outside the city, heard of the miracles, seizing the opportunity to seduce the people with more pagan worship rituals, all of which cost money to do. He ordered bulls and wreaths be brought to the city gates because the crowd wanted to

offer sacrifices to them. (He made money off of this.)

Back in the Synagogue of Lystra, when the apostles Barnabas and Paul heard of this, they tore their clothes and rushed out into the crowd, shouting, “Men, why are you doing this? We too are only men, human like you. We are bringing you good news, telling you to turn from these worthless things to the living God, who made Heaven and earth and sea and everything in them. In the past, he let all nations go their own way. Yet he has not left himself without testimony: He has shown kindness by giving you rain from Heaven and crops in their seasons; he provides you with plenty of food and fills your hearts with joy.”

Even with these words, they had difficulty keeping the crowd from sacrificing to them. Centuries later, the people to the north, which would be called Germany, would use the same approach, but at that time, instead of using Christianity to attract people to paganism, they would use the pagan customs to introduce the celebration of Christ’s birthday and resurrection.

In Lystra, Satan reminded longtime Jewish aristocrats that their power was in jeopardy. Rome had heard some convincing stories of the crucified Hebrew who came back to life. As word of the receptive reaction to the Gospels in Caesar's court, and in some parts of the Senate, rumors only fanned the flames of political paranoia.

So some of the same Jews came from Antioch and Iconium and won the crowd over.

Paul and Barnabas realized here that the battle to share the Gospel of Jesus Christ was far from over, that it had merely just begun. And, behind the scenes, Satan would do everything he could to deceive people into ignoring, misinterpreting or rejecting the truth.

This time, the Jews and pagan leaders did not stop at insulting the Apostles, or making threats, this time they did their best to try to murder them. And, had it not been by the power of the Holy Spirit, they would have succeeded.

Just outside the city gate, they stoned Paul and dragged him outside the city, thinking he was

dead. Barnabas was beaten badly, but the mob focused on Paul.

For a few moments, in fact, Paul was dead. During this moment, Paul was taken up to Heaven, and Justin was following him, carried by Galbrath. There, Paul saw parts of Heaven he had not seen before, and was reinvigorated about what he is doing. Salvation was not a theory. Neither Heaven nor Hell were inventions by men. And Jesus did not die in vain.

Paul, by the power of the Holy Spirit, knew who Justin was. “You’re the historian. The Scribe. The one they call Justin Naby, the Prophet. Also known as Justin Time.”

Justin felt the Holy Spirit telling him to encourage Paul. “First, you can’t talk about what you see here on Earth. They can’t handle it yet. When they can handle it, they’ll see it from here,” Justin said, motioning to his camera.

Paul acknowledged this with a look of absolute obedience. “Second, keep going. It’s not important for them to like you or accept you.

As Jesus once said to me, ‘Don’t try to impress Man. One week he’ll throw you a parade and declare you their savior, and the next week they’ll crucify you.’”

Paul was then returned to Earth, the vision of the Kingdom of Heaven firmly planted in his memory. It would haunt him like a thorn in his flesh, the desire to return there, for the rest of his days on Earth. But it also reminded him of just how temporary his time on Earth was, and fueled that message - the one of how temporary a man’s life span is, in his fervor to tell everyone about the Salvation afford by Jesus Christ.

When he reentered his body, he realized his face had been so badly beaten, he had trouble seeing. Over time his vision would decline to a point of 95-percent blindness.

After the disciples had gathered around him, he got up and went back into the city. The next day he and Barnabas left for Derbe. At Antioch and Derbe, Paul and Barnabas preached the good news in that city and won a large number of disciples. A crowd gave them a warm send-

off. (This was a polar opposite to their previous send-off.)

On the road to Lystra, the mere sight of Paul and Barnabas seemed to strengthen the faith in Believers' eyes as they made their way by towns along the road. Then they returned to Lystra, Iconium and Antioch, strengthening the disciples and encouraging them to remain true to the faith.

At the synagogue of Antioch, Paul spoke to the town's leaders. "We must go through many hardships to enter the kingdom of God."

Paul and Barnabas appointed elders for them in each church and, with prayer and fasting, committed them to the Lord, in whom they had put their trust. After going through Pisidia, they came into Pamphylia, and when they had preached the word in Perga, they went down to Attalia.

From Attalia they sailed back to Antioch, where they had been committed for the work they had now completed. On arriving there, they gathered the church together and reported all that God had done through them and how

he had opened the door of faith to the Gentiles. And they stayed there a long time with the disciples.

At Jerusalem, in a large house, Paul and Barnabas listened to another Teacher of the Law who was teaching the brothers, “Unless you are circumcised, according to the custom taught by Moses, you cannot be saved.”

Paul and Barnabas exchanged What-The-Heck looks. This brought Paul and Barnabas into sharp dispute and debate with them.

“They are not going to hear it from us,” Barnabas said. Paul understood what he meant. There needed to be a formal declaration of the Gospels from the only entity that seemed qualified to issue one.

So Paul and Barnabas were appointed, along with some other believers, to go up to Jerusalem to see the apostles and elders about this question. The church sent them on their way, and as they traveled through Phoenicia and Samaria, they told how the Gentiles had been converted.

In a large barn has been converted into a gathering of Believers for special occasions, The fellowship has grown to tens-of-thousands, the Council itself numbering around 50 men.

This news made all the brothers very glad. Finally, the Believers could come together in agreement.

When they came to Jerusalem, they were welcomed by the church and the apostles and elders, to whom they reported everything God had done through them. For some it was a reunion of the remaining original Apostles. For others, it was the next generation of teachers meeting the previous one as God was clearly moving forward.

Then some of the believers who belonged to the party of the Pharisees stood up and said, “The Gentiles must be circumcised and required to obey the law of Moses.”

The apostles and elders met to consider this question. After much discussion, Peter got up and addressed them, “Brothers, you know that

some time ago God made a choice among you that the Gentiles might hear from my lips the message of the gospel and believe.”

“God, who knows the heart, showed that he accepted them by giving the Holy Spirit to them, just as he did to us. He made no distinction between us and them, for he purified their hearts by faith. Now then, why do you try to test God by putting on the necks of the disciples a yoke that neither we nor our fathers have been able to bear? No! We believe it is through the grace of our Lord Jesus that we are saved, just as they are.”

The whole assembly became silent as they listened to

Barnabas and Paul telling about the miraculous signs and wonders God had done among the Gentiles through them.

When they finished, James said, “Brothers, listen to me. Simon has described to us how God at first showed his concern by taking from the Gentiles a people for himself. The words of

the prophets are in agreement with this, as it is written: ‘After this I will return and rebuild David's fallen tent. Its ruins I will rebuild, and I will restore it, that the remnant of men may seek the Lord, and all the Gentiles who bear my name, says the Lord, who does these things' that have been known for ages.”

“It is my judgment, therefore, that we should not make it difficult for the Gentiles who are turning to God. Instead we should write to them, telling them to abstain from food polluted by idols, from sexual immorality, from the meat of strangled animals and from blood. For Moses has been preached in every city from the earliest times and is read in the synagogues on every Sabbath.”

At one point, Justin had taken the camera and spoken to it directly, and Paul asked him about it.

Justin explained to him, “I can’t add anything to the Scripture, but I can explain to the people who are going to see this that the issues of eating strangled animals and blood are more about hygiene.” Paul smiled and nodded.

As a result of this council, this letter was written and delivered to every pastor at every Believer's home where they was known to be one among the Gentiles, in Antioch, Syria and Cilicia.

To the Gentile believers in Antioch, Syria and Cilicia: Greetings. We have heard that some went out from us without our authorization and disturbed you, troubling your minds by what they said. So we all agreed to choose some men and send them to you with our dear friends Barnabas and Paul, men who have risked their lives for the name of our Lord Jesus Christ.”

Therefore we are sending Judas and Silas to confirm by word of mouth what we are writing. It seemed good to the Holy Spirit and to us not to burden you with anything beyond the following requirements: You are to abstain from food sacrificed to idols, from blood, from the meat of strangled animals and from sexual immorality. You will do well to avoid these things. Farewell.

Outside a house in Cilicia, Paul and Barnabas gathered firewood and discuss their next plans.

John Mark, who had returned from Jerusalem, was reading.

“Let us go back and visit the brothers in all the towns where we preached the word of the Lord and see how they

are doing,” Paul said.

Barnabas looked at John and asked, “You ready for another mission?” Paul shook his head subtly no.

“What?” Barnabas asked.

“He’s not up for this. Perhaps he should stay here and raise a family. First time away from home and he took off in every town we came to. I’m done playing nurse. Our work is hard enough.”

“Oh, be reasonable.”

“I am. You’re unaccountable, John. You’re not going where I go,” Paul said, sending chills up John’s spine.

“I’m sorry you feel that way,” Barnabas said to Paul. “John, I’m going to Cyprus. Get ready.”

John realized there was tension between Paul and Barnabas, and he was partly responsible for it.

Barnabas was hurt, but knows ministry is more important than disagreements. “You’re going to need a helper. Where’s Silas?”

“At home, I think,” John answered.

“Enough!!!” Barnabas shouted back. John had never seen either man’s temper before.

“...I’ll go to Silas house,” and see if he’s home...” John said, uncomfortable with their tension.

Paul and Silas sailed to Derbe and then to Lystra, where a disciple named Timothy lived, whose mother was a Jewess and a believer, but whose father was a Greek. The brothers at Lystra and Iconium spoke well of him.

Paul wanted to take Timothy along on the journey, so he circumcised him because of the Jews who lived in that area, for they all knew that his father was a Greek. As they traveled from town to town, they delivered the decisions reached by the apostles and elders in

Jerusalem for the people to obey. So the churches were strengthened in the faith and grew daily in numbers. Next, was Troas, where Luke, a doctor and recent convert who had been gathering notes and painting the local scenery, joined them.

Paul and his companions traveled throughout the region of Phrygia and Galatia, having been kept by the Holy Spirit from preaching the word in the province of Asia. When they came to the border of Mysia, they tried

“You’re not fit for this ministry, John.”

to enter Bithynia, but the Spirit of Jesus would not allow them to. Justin observed the men guiding their donkeys, pausing and talking to each other about the gut-check they were all getting. They agreed that per the Lord’s Sovereign timing, they would enter this region another way, after going to Troas.

Justin finished recording this, and told Paul, audible only to him, “I’ll be back,” returning to his office for supplies. There was a slight sense of urgency in his voice, but nothing noticeable.

So Paul, Silas and Luke passed by Mysia and went down to Troas.

During the night at their camp on the Troas beach, Paul had a vision of a man of Macedonia standing and begging him, “Come over to Macedonia and help us.” Paul woke up.

After Paul had seen the vision, Justin appeared. “Where you headed?” Justin asked. “Macedonia.” Luke was asleep.

“He’s different than I thought he’d be,” Justin said, motioning to the middle aged doctor.

Paul said, “A merchant named Theopholus has paid him to make the journey with me. Apparently a lot of people are trying to make money on the story of the resurrection. Can anyone else see you?”

“I don’t know. We’re having technical difficulties in my own time and I wound up here,” Justin said.

“I know exactly how you feel. It’ll be dawn soon.”

“It’s been a long day. I meet with my son’s biology teacher,” Justin said, with a groan.

“How’s your daughter?”

“Awake.”

From Troas they sailed for Samothrace, and the next day on to Neapolis. From there we traveled to Philippi, a Roman colony and the leading city of that district of Macedonia. Paul, Silas and Luke stayed there several days.

On the Sabbath they went outside the city gate to the river, where they expected to find a place of prayer. They sat down and Paul began to speak to the women who had gathered there. Justin appeared, recording, changing batteries and memory cards after an annoyed fumbling of gear out of his jacket. Dressed in clothes of his own time, he believes he is invisible - to everyone but Paul. He waived his hands in front of faces, just to be sure, and gets no reaction. Justin shrugged to Paul, who looked amused and continued his lesson without blowing Justin’s cover.

One of those listening was a woman named Lydia, a dealer in purple cloth, which was a cultural indication of great wealth, from the city of Thyatira. She was a worshiper of God.

The Lord opened her heart to respond to Paul's message. When she and the members of her household were baptized, she invited us to her home. Lydia was an older, gorgeous woman. There was a romantic chemistry between she and Paul, but nothing acted on. Their eyes enjoyed a brief romance that would have otherwise bloomed into a marriage during their sunset years. One might even observe that she fell in love with the part of Jesus she felt from within Paul. She most certainly would not have been attracted to Saul of Tarsus.

“If you consider me a believer in the Lord,” Lydia said, “come and stay at my house.”

Justin stood next to Paul, and checked his camera to make sure he captured the sermon. Both invisible and inaudible to everyone but Paul, Justin commented, “I am glad she can’t see or hear me. She’d be a perfect pastor’s wife. I already got one.”

Paul said, “I know without asking,” he said, referring to Ruah, “that’s not in the Word. Paul never married,” referring to himself in the third-person.

Near the synagogue, the marketplace was buzzing. Paul, Silas, Timothy and Justin were going to the place of prayer, and they were met by a slave girl who had a spirit by which she predicted the future.

A slave girl said, in a demonic voice, “I know the future! I see things to come! I know the future! I see things to come! I see a man with a tablet that writes pictures of the present for use in the future!”

Justin saw the girl and the demons and realized she is addressing him. Rather, the demon is. The Holy Spirit told Justin the truth, “Don’t be nervous. No one but you heard those last words.” Justin looked at Paul, who had not reacted to what she said. Had she referred to Justin, he figured, Paul would have noticed.

She earned a great deal of money for her owners by fortune-telling. When she saw Paul and Silas, the demon holding her limbs and

throat like a puppet, decided to pick a fight with them.

She shouted repeatedly, “These men are servants of the Most High God, who are telling you the way to be saved. These men are servants of the Most High God! These men are servants of the Most High God!”

“How long do we have to put up with this?” Timothy asked.

“According the Word, a few days,” Justin replied. “Reminds me of when my kids would try to get my wife and I’s attention when we’re trying to talk to each other,” Justin said over her so Paul can hear him. Paul chuckles.

Paul leaned back to Silas and Timothy, “Wait here a moment,” he said as if walking ahead to look for something. Justin followed him. Leaning into Justin, Paul said, “Go ahead and meet us on the Sabbath. You don’t have to hear this again.” Justin nodded in agreement and disappeared.

In a public area near the synagogue, a crowd was gathered to listen to Paul teach. The slave

girl continued her heckling, finding them early in the morning. Her shouting was so loud and disruptive that Paul had a hard time being heard. She made her way to the front of the crowd and heckled him almost in his face.

She shouted repeatedly, “These men are servants of the Most High God, who are telling you the way to be saved. These men are servants of the Most High God! These men are servants of the Most High God! These men are servants of the Most High God, who are telling you the way to be saved. These men are servants of the Most High God! These men are servants of the Most High God!”

Finally Paul became so troubled that he turned around and said to the spirit,

“In the name of Jesus Christ I command you to come out of her!” At that moment the demon left her.

Justin appeared, this time in period clothing, recording the reactions of the crowd, and the slave girls’ owners. He also captured the demon leaving the girl. He did not know that

he was visible. His camera had remained concealed.

When the owners of the slave girl realized that their hope of making money was gone, they seized Paul, Silas and Justin (because he was standing so close to Silas, he was assumed to be with him - a point he did not argue when accused), and dragged them all into the marketplace to face the authorities. They brought them before the magistrates and said, “These men are Jews, and are throwing our city into an uproar by advocating customs unlawful for us Romans to accept or practice.”

A crowd joined in the attack against Paul and Silas, and the magistrates ordered them to be stripped and beaten. Just before Justin was to be placed into the custody of the flogging team, Paul prayed aloud, “Lord, unless the flogging of Justin would somehow bring You glory, I pray he is taken forward in time...the Word only says Silas and I were flogged.”

At this moment, Paul smiled at Justin as Justin faded out, chains and all. (In his own time, technicians would remove the chains. Justin also took a shower and checked his messages

before returning to the prison, still wearing his chains and given stage make up have the appearance of having been flogged.)

After Paul and Silas had been severely flogged, they were thrown into prison.

In the local prison, what 21st century people would consider a local police detention center, the jailer was commanded to guard them carefully. Upon receiving such orders, he put them in the inner cell and fastened their feet in the stocks. Justin is in stocks as well.

“This day just keeps getting weirder and weirder. I look like Rocky Balboa, right?” Justin asked Silas.

“You look fine, Justin,” Paul answered, in a tone that also implied, “be quiet.”

“What are you in for?” another prisoner asked them.

“Casting out a demon,” Paul answered. Silas looked at Justin, who seemed more angry at something else than at the chains.

“What’s bothering you, my friend?” Silas asked.

“I shouldn’t be here,” Justin said, wiggling his chains. “Someone is either misplacing or taking our files. I already recorded this event, three times,” he said, making Silas’ eyebrows raise.” The concept Justin’s ministry still has Silas awestruck.

“You have such a gift, praise God,” Silas said, not sharing in Justin’s mood, but seeing the bright side, “a man enabled to travel through time, revisiting that which gives glory to God for the purpose of sharing the truth with the last soul.”

Justin was not paying attention until Silas’ last statement, muttering to himself, “...weird being visible....I’m supposed to be off duty in less than an hour...”

“I don’t know who that is,” Silas replied.

“Sorry. Good movie when you get to heaven.”

Paul and Silas chuckled at him.

“What did you say?” Justin asked.

“You have a gift.”

“No, after that. About the last soul,” Justin said.

“I-I didn’t say anything,” Silas replied. By the look on Paul’s face, he didn’t hear it either. Justin couldn’t get the words out of his mind, “to share the truth with the last soul before the hour of judgment...” After 18 years, Justin finally understood why he was given this ministry. Somewhere, someday, more in the future than even he was able to see, a soul would be born and be asked the same question the Apostles were asked, ‘Who Do You Say That I Am?’

“How’s Timothy?” Paul asked, having to repeat himself to get Justin’s attention. “How’s Timothy?”

“I don’t know. I can’t move and I can’t travel,” Justin answered, letting out a stress-chuckle. “He’s probably hiding somewhere. The Word never really says where he was on this night. Luke is trying to arrange your bail, and is failing miserably.” The Roman guards are talking about everything they have heard about Paul and Silas as they eat dinner. They also discuss how careful they need to be with these

prisoners, for the last soldiers to guard ‘the Hebrew’s’ tomb were executed.

Though neither Paul nor Silas asked for anything, the guards took it upon themselves to make sure these men were not disturbed. Other prisoners called out to them, asking for them to tell them about Jesus, only to be told to be quiet by the guards.

About midnight Paul and Silas were praying and singing hymns to God, and the other prisoners were listening to them. “Justin, what hymns do you sing in your time?”

Justin smiled at the irony. “My favorite is based on a letter you will write in about five years. ‘I’m Laying Down My Sorrows’. Long title, nice melody.”

“Sing it,” Paul invited. At that moment, Justin’s mind went blank. Even the melody was hidden from the forefront of his mind.

“I’m not allowed. My mind just went blank.” Paul nodded and started singing what he was going to sing.

Suddenly there was such a violent earthquake that the foundations of the prison were shaken. At once all the prison doors flew open, and everybody's chains came loose.

The jailer woke up, and when he saw the prison doors open, he drew his sword and was about to kill himself because he thought the prisoners had escaped. But Paul shouted, "Don't harm yourself! We are all here!"

The jailer called for lights, rushed in and fell trembling before Paul and Silas. He then brought them out and asked, "Sirs, what must I do to be saved?"

"Believe in the Lord Jesus, and you will be saved - you and your household," Silas said.

Then they spoke the word of the Lord to him and to all the others in his house. At that hour of the night the jailer took them and washed their wounds; then immediately he and all his family were baptized.

They were taken to the jailer's home. He had a large family. The jailer brought them into his house and set a meal before them; he was filled

with joy because he had come to believe in God, he and his whole family.

When it was daylight, the magistrates sent their officers to the jailer with the order: “Release these men.”

“The magistrates have ordered that you and Silas be released. Now you can leave. Go in peace,” he said.

Paul got the, ‘Not so fast,’ look on his face. “They beat us publicly, without a trial, even though we are Roman citizens, and threw us into prison. And now do they want to get rid of us quietly? No! Let them come themselves and escort us out.”

The officers reported this to the magistrates, and when they heard that Paul and Silas were Roman citizens, they were alarmed. They came to appease them and escorted them from the prison, requesting them to leave the city.

After Paul and Silas came out of the prison, they went to Lydia’s house, where they met with other Believers and encouraged them. Then they left.

When they had passed through Amphipolis and Apollonia, they came to Thessalonica, where there was a Jewish synagogue.

As his custom was, Paul went into the synagogue, and for three Sabbath days he reasoned with them from the Scriptures, explaining and proving that the Christ had to suffer and rise from the dead. “This Jesus I am proclaiming to you is the Christ.”

Some of the Jews were persuaded and joined Paul and Silas, as did a large number of God-fearing Greeks and many prominent women.

But the aristocratic Jews were jealous; so they rounded up some bad characters from the marketplace, formed a mob and started a riot in the city.

“Lord, I’d really like to be invisible right now,” Justin said.

The leaders of the angry mob rushed to Jason’s house, which was nearby, in search of Paul and Silas in order to bring them out to the crowd. But when they did not find them, they dragged Jason and some other brothers before the city

officials, shouting, “These men who have caused trouble all over the world have now come here, and Jason has welcomed them into his house. They are all defying Caesar's decrees, saying that there is another king, one called Jesus.”

When the city officials heard this, the crowd and the city officials were thrown into turmoil. Then they made Jason and the others post bond to let them go.

As soon as it was night, the brothers sent Paul and Silas away to Berea. On the Sabbath, they went to its Jewish synagogue.

The Bereans were of more noble character than the Thessalonians, for they received the message with great eagerness and examined the Scriptures every day to see if what Paul said was true.

Many of the Jews believed, as did also a number of prominent Greek women and many Greek men. When the Jews in Thessalonica learned that Paul was preaching the word of God at Berea, they followed him there too, agitating the crowds and stirring them up.

The brothers immediately sent Paul to the coast, but Silas and Timothy stayed at Berea. The men who escorted Paul brought him to Athens and then left with instructions for Silas and Timothy to join him as soon as possible. Justin waited with Paul, again invisible to everyone else, recording video.

“Where’d you go?” Paul asked.

“I had to get some Gatorade, use the bathroom. My office is being investigated.”

Paul gave him a long, discerning look, “That man with you? On the road?”

“Future king, so to speak,” Justin replied dryly.

Paul discerned the stress on Justin’s face.

“You’ll be alright. God’s grace is sufficient for us all.”

Justin quipped back, “Just another day at the office.”

In Athens, idols, which stood like giant museum landmarks all over the city, had demons perched on every single one, wallowing and basking in the glory of humans

worshipping them. Justin notes in his recording that the 20th-century's Nazi Germany and the Communist Soviet Union resembled this place.

Paul walked through the city escorted by the guards.

A guard asked Paul about one of the giant statues with a bird-like head, "You're a religious man. What is that, a bird?" Paul shrugged. While Paul was waiting for Silas and Timothy in Athens, he was greatly distressed to see that the city was full of idols.

Then Silas and Timothy arrived at the city gate at Athens. Paul reasoned in the synagogue with the Jews and the God-fearing Greeks, as well as in the marketplace day by day with those who happened to be there. A group of Epicurean and Stoic philosophers began to dispute with him. "What is this babbler trying to say?"

"He seems to be advocating foreign gods," an Epicurean replied.

Then a group of Stoics and Epicureans aristocrats took him and brought him to a

meeting of the Areopagus, where they said to him, “May we know what this new teaching is that you are presenting? You are bringing some strange ideas to our ears, and we want to know what they mean.”

All the Athenians and the foreigners who lived there spent their time doing nothing but talking about and listening to the latest ideas. They were the aristocrats of Athens. Rulers and elder aristocrats gathered in the Areopagus Council, a place and council that carried over to mythology in a story known as Clash of The Titans.

Paul seized the opportunity to tell them about Jesus. In their largest library, Paul’s voice bellowed like a theater actor, the Holy Spirit giving his otherwise soft spoken voice a megaphone-like boost, “Men of Athens! I see that in every way you are very religious. For as I walked around and looked carefully at your objects of worship, I even found an altar with this inscription: TO AN

UNKNOWN GOD. Now what you worship as something unknown I am going to proclaim to you.”

“The God who made the world and everything in it is the Lord of Heaven and earth and does not live in temples built by hands. And he is not served by human hands, as if he needed anything, because he himself gives all men life and breath and everything else. From one man he made every nation of men, that they should inhabit the whole earth; and he determined the times set for them and the exact places where they should live. God did this so that men would seek him and perhaps reach out for him and find him, though he is not far from each one of us. ‘For in him we live and move and have our being.’ As some of your own poets have said, ‘We are his offspring.’ Therefore since we are God's offspring, we should not think that the divine being is like gold or silver or stone, an image made by man's design and skill.”

“In the past God overlooked such ignorance, but now he commands all people everywhere to repent. For he has set a day when he will judge the world with justice by the man he has appointed. He has given proof of this to all men by raising him from the dead.”

When they heard about the resurrection of the dead, some of them sneered, but others said, as if Paul is done speaking, “We want to hear you again on this subject.”

At that, Paul left. A few men became followers of Paul and believed. Among them was Dionysius, a member of the Areopagus Council, also a woman named Damaris, and a number of others. After this, Paul left Athens and went to Corinth.

There he met a Jew named Aquila, a native of Pontus, who had recently come from Italy with his wife Priscilla, because Claudius had ordered all the Jews to leave Rome.

Christianity was spreading faster than Roman or the Jewish aristocrats could kill people, and this was Claudius’ way of ridding Rome of who he considered troublemakers.

In a grazing land near Corinth, Paul went to see them, and because he was a tentmaker as they were, he stayed and worked with them. They make both coverings for dwellings and head covers, used for the rituals of Jews who were still observing the law. When his garments

began to show signs of having a healing effect, demand for them grew.

At a synagogue on the outer realm of Corinth, every Sabbath he reasoned in the synagogue, trying to persuade Jews and Greeks. One rainy day, as Paul was finishing a teaching in a large tent, and he saw Silas and Timothy walk in.

“It’s about time,” Justin said, almost to himself.

Paul said to his followers, “Stay sharp. Things are about to turn. The Enemy is here.” When Silas and Timothy came from Macedonia, Paul devoted himself exclusively to preaching, testifying to the Jews that Jesus was the Christ.

Justin saw demons through his lens and points to them for Paul.

For a few minutes, Paul was able to deliver his teaching without losing his train of thought, aware that the Enemy was trying to trip him up. But when the Jews opposed Paul and became abusive, he shook out his clothes in protest and said to them, “Your blood be on your own heads! I am clear of my responsibility. From now on I will go to the

Gentiles,” he said, walking away in a huff. Paul looked at Justin, as if he had somehow failed, “Did I miss the mark here?” Paul asked.

“No, that’s how it’s recorded in the Word, verbatim,” Justin answered.

“Good,” Paul replied. “Because I’m not going back in there. Ever again.”

Then Paul left the synagogue and went next door to the house of Titius Justus, a worshiper of God. Crispus, the synagogue ruler, and his entire household believed in the Lord; and many of the Corinthians who heard him believed and were baptized.

At night, as men slept in a large room, the Lord spoke to Paul in a vision, “Do not be afraid; keep on speaking, do not be silent. For I am with you, and no one is going to attack and harm you, because I have many people in this city.” Justin can’t get his night vision to function properly and signals Jesus.

“I didn’t get that,” he said.

“It’s okay. You’ll be back another time,” Jesus replied, disappearing.

So Paul stayed for a year and a half, teaching them the word of God.

At the Achaia courts, Gallio was proconsul of Achaia. The Jewish sects which Caiaphas had assigned to stop Paul managed to bring him into the court of Gallio.

An enormously overweight man, Gallio snacked on a large chalice of fruit, sitting on luxurious dishes propped up next to him. These dishes were so elaborate, all he had to do was open his mouth and a servant would give him his favorite fruit in portions prepared for his liking. The streets of hell were paved with bricks made up of men like Gallio.

A Pharisee accused, "This man is persuading the people to worship God in ways contrary to the law."

Just as Paul was about to speak, Gallio said to Paul's accusers, "If you Jews were making a complaint about some misdemeanor or serious crime, it would be reasonable for me to listen to you. But since it involves questions about words and names and your own law - settle the matter yourselves. I will not be a judge of such

things.” Gallio had them ejected from the court.

Outside the courts, on stairs, all of these accusers turned on Sosthenes the synagogue ruler and beat him in front of the court.

But Gallio showed no concern whatever, eating his fruit. Paul and Justin looked on. Justin looked at Paul as if to try to an help. Paul shook his head no; do not intervene.

Near Ephesus, a few miles away, Apollos walked toward the city. He was a Jew named Apollos, a native of Alexandria, came to Ephesus. He was an educated man, with a thorough knowledge of the Scriptures. He had been instructed in the way of the Lord, and he spoke with great intensity.

He was among those who had first heard of the Resurrection, learned about Jesus accurately, and then left his home to teach about Jesus accurately, though he knew only the baptism of John.

He began to speak boldly in the synagogue. When Priscilla and Aquila heard him, they

invited him to their home and explained to him the way of God more adequately.

When Apollos wanted to go to Achaia, the brothers encouraged him and wrote to the disciples there to welcome him. When he arrived, he was a great help to those who believed in Jesus. Apollos vigorously refuted the Jews in public debate. His tongue was sharper than Paul's, and his body language much more animated. He proved from the Scriptures that Jesus was the Christ.

Paul arrived in Ephesus. While Apollos was at Corinth, Paul took the road through the interior and arrived at Ephesus.

At a blacksmith camp in outer Ephesus, a man was making a sword and telling his children about his trip to Jerusalem where he saw Jesus teach. Paul listened and realized these people were Believers. There he found some disciples and asked them, "Did you receive the Holy Spirit when you believed?"

"No, we have not even heard that there is a Holy Spirit," a blacksmith replied.

“Then what baptism did you receive?”

“John's baptism,” he answered.

“John's baptism was a baptism of repentance,” Paul explained. He told the people to believe in the one coming after him, that is, in Jesus. Using water buckets and wet clothes, they were baptized into the name of the Lord Jesus. When Paul placed his hands on them, the Holy Spirit came on them, and they spoke in tongues and prophesied. There were about twelve men in all.

In Ephesus, Paul entered the synagogue and spoke boldly there for three months, arguing persuasively about the kingdom of God. But some of them became obstinate. They refused to believe and publicly maligned The Way.

So Paul and his helpers left them.

In Tyrannus, the distance between the synagogue at Ephesus and the lecture hall is relatively close. Paul walked, annoyed, determined, into this secular building where Gentiles gathered.

The lecture halls of Ephesus were a mix of their museum, library and recreation center. However, they were not quite have an intellectual-university ambience. Paul took the disciples with him and had discussions daily in the lecture hall of Tyrannus. Asians, later the ancestors of southeast Asia and Japan were everywhere. Paul preached to a very diverse crowd.

God did extraordinary miracles through Paul, so that even handkerchiefs and aprons that had touched him were taken to the sick, and their illnesses were cured and the evil spirits left them. He taught there for two years. (This was about 300 years before Islam.) In this region, the people followed the teachings of Buddha, but were mesmerized by the miracles and the relationship between the sinful heart of men, and their need for a Savior. Since there seemed little economic threat in this region, the message was taught without the hostility that awaited their descendants.

In a house in Tyrannus, some Jews who went around driving out evil spirits tried to invoke

the name of the Lord Jesus over those who were demon-possessed.

One of the sons of Sceve tried to evoke the name of Jesus, “In the name of Jesus, whom Paul preaches, I command you to come out!” Seven sons of Sceva, a Jewish chief priest, were doing this, one at a time, each more melodramatic than the last. This went on for days. One day the evil spirit answered them, realizing Jesus was not with them, “Jesus I know, and I know about Paul, but who are you?”

Then the man who had the evil spirit jumped on them and overpowered them all. He gave them such a beating that they ran out of the house naked and bleeding. The neighbors see and hear what is going on very clearly. When this became known to the Jews and Greeks living in Ephesus, they were all seized with fear, and the name of the Lord Jesus was held in high honor. Many of those who believed now came and openly confessed their evil deeds.

At the town center, a bon fire was set, amidst all the idols. A number who had practiced

sorcery brought their scrolls together and burned them publicly. When they calculated the value of the scrolls, the total came to fifty thousand drachmas. In this way the word of the Lord spread widely and grew in power.

After all this had happened, Paul decided to go to Jerusalem, passing through Macedonia and Achaia. The Holy Spirit motioned to Paul in the sky to his next destination.

“After I have been there, I must visit Rome also. You comin’?” Paul asked. Justin munches on an energy bar.

“M-hm,” Justin replied, chewing. “Can I have one?” Paul asked.

“I’m not allowed to give you food. Not even life saving.”

“I’m going to send some guys to Macedonia. They still needed help. What does the Word say I did? Or can you tell me?” Paul asked.

“Timothy and Erastus. There, they’ll be safe from the riot you’re gonna walk into.”

“Riot?” Paul asked.

In Ephesus, in camps of blacksmiths and silversmiths, men gathered to hear a protest by a tattooed man named Demetrius.

About that time there arose a great disturbance about The Way. A silversmith named Demetrius, who made silver shrines of Artemis, brought in a lot of business for welders. They made jewelry, dishes, gardening tools, and a lot of weapons.

Paul looked up as if praying.

“Men,” Demetrius said, “you know we receive a good income from this business. And you see and hear how this fellow Paul has convinced and led astray large numbers of people here in Ephesus and in practically the whole province of Asia. He says that man-made gods are no gods at all. There is danger not only that our trade will lose its good name, but also that the temple of the great goddess Artemis will be discredited, and the goddess herself, who is worshiped throughout the province of Asia and the world, will be robbed of her divine majesty.”

When they heard this, they were furious and began shouting “Great is Artemis of the Ephesians!”

Soon the whole city was in an uproar.

As Gaius and Aristarchus, Paul’s helpers, walked through the marketplace buying food, hoisting them up like concert-goers, but no one was having fun. They wanted to kill them. This mob rushed in unison into the theater. The theater was in chaos. Justin recorded not just the rioter, but the demons perpetuating them.

Paul wanted to appear before the crowd, but the disciples would not let him. Even some of the officials of the province, friends of Paul, sent him a message begging him not to go into the theater.

The assembly was in confusion. Some were shouting one thing, some another. Most of the people did not even know why they were there.

The Jewish leaders who had orchestrated this pushed Alexander to the front, and some of the crowd shouted instructions to him.

He motioned for silence in order to make a defense before the people. But when they realized he was a Jew, they all shouted in unison for about two hours, “Great is Artemis of the Ephesians!”

(In American English this phrase sounds lengthy, but in their native language, it was like chanting, ‘Viva Mexico!’ or ‘USA!’)

The city clerk entered, escorted by Roman guards who had seen the commotion, and rather than use violence to subdue the crowd, they let the clerk quiet the crowd.

“Men of Ephesus,” the clerk shouted, “doesn't all the world know that the city of Ephesus is the guardian of the temple of the great Artemis and of her image, which fell from Heaven? Therefore, since these facts are undeniable, you ought to be quiet and not do anything rash. You have brought these men here, though they have neither robbed temples nor blasphemed our goddess.”

“If, then, Demetrius and his fellow craftsmen have a grievance against anybody, the courts are open and there are proconsuls. They can

press charges. If there is anything further you want to bring up, it must be settled in a legal assembly. As it is, we are in danger of being charged with rioting because of today's events. In that case we would not be able to account for this commotion, since there is no reason for it.”

After he had said this, he dismissed the assembly. The women of some of the men who were rioting appear at its entrance, with fuming looks, demanding to know why they had become involved in this mess.

When the uproar had ended, Paul sent for the disciples and, after encouraging them, said goodbye and set out for Macedonia.

He traveled through that area, speaking encouragement to the people, and finally arrived in Greece, where he stayed three months.

Because the Jews made a plot against him just as he was about to sail for Syria, he decided to go back through Macedonia.

It was Luke who suggested that they split up, forcing their aggressors to follow one, the other or divide their group themselves.

Incidentally, Paul, Silas and Luke gained more helpers including Sopater son of Pyrrhus from Berea, Aristarchus and Secundus from Thessalonica, Gaius from Derbe, Timothy also, and Tychicus and Trophimus from the province of Asia.

If there was ever a feeling of change like the 1960's in the United States, the young people in this region sensed it after Believing in Jesus. Their previous traditions had only caused them to yearn for more out of life. This new teaching was completely satisfying, and was not made of human hands, nor did it focus on human gain. Suddenly, a God who worked His Hand of power through the weakness of humanity, especially young people whose rights had been nonexistent, was very appealing.

These men went on ahead and waited for Paul and Luke (and technically, Justin) at Troas. They sailed from Philippi after the Feast of Unleavened Bread, and five days later joined

the others at Troas, where we stayed seven days.

It was evening at a community building in Troas. Justin glanced at his watch and listens to his stomach growl. His shift was entering its eleventh hour. Keeping appointments was one thing, but fatigue is unavoidable.

Justin rejoined Luke and Paul, noting the growing group of young people traveling with them. This only attracted more young people and their parents.

The building had two stories, and some of the young people sat in the upper tiers. Justin recorded and smelled the food. He was hungry but knew he could not take anything to eat.

He seemed to flicker in time, returning, chewing the last bite of what will now be his dinner. He thought about napping, but realized he would lose his momentum.

At this fellowship, they came together to break bread. Paul spoke to the people and, because he intended to leave the next day, kept on talking until midnight.

There were many lamps in the upstairs room where we were meeting. Seated in a window was a young man named Eutychus, who was sinking into a deep sleep as Paul talked on and on. When he was sound asleep, he fell to the ground from the third story and was picked up dead.

Outside of the building, Paul went down, threw himself on the young man and put his arms around him.

“Don't be alarmed! He's alive!” Paul reassured the group.

Then he went upstairs again and broke bread and ate. After talking until daylight, he left, en route to Assos. Eutychus' parents took him home alive, greatly relieved.

Silas and entourage went ahead to the ship and sailed for Assos, where we they were going to take Paul aboard. (He had made this arrangement because he was going there on foot.)

When he met Luke, Silas, Timothy and entourage, at Assos, everyone sailed to

Mitylene. The next day ship sailed from there and arrived off Kios.

Justin, fading in and out of the ship, capturing a few moments here and there, fades in as Paul is having an alone moment, praying. “Sorry to interrupt,” Justin said.

“Sea sick?” Paul asked, noting how little Justin was on the boat.

Justin smiled. “Just remember to cut your entourage loose before you give your big speech. It’s not their time yet.” he said, and then faded out.

The day after that they crossed over to Samos, and on the following day arrived at Miletus. Paul had decided to sail past Ephesus to avoid spending time in the province of Asia, for he was in a hurry to reach Jerusalem, if possible, by the day of Pentecost.

From the beautiful gardens of Miletus, Paul sent to Ephesus for the elders of the church. When they arrived, he said to them, “You know how I lived the whole time I was with you, from the first day I came into the province

of Asia. I served the Lord with great humility and with tears, although I was severely tested by the plots of the Jews.”

“You know that I have not hesitated to preach anything that would be helpful to you but have taught you publicly and from house to house. I have declared to both Jews and Greeks that they must turn to God in repentance and have faith in our Lord Jesus.”

“And now, compelled by the Spirit, I am going to Jerusalem, not knowing what will happen to me there. I only know that in every city the Holy Spirit warns me that prison and hardships are facing me. However, I consider my life worth nothing to me, if only I may finish the race and complete the task the Lord Jesus has given me, the task of testifying to the gospel of God's grace. Now I know that none of you among whom I have gone about preaching the kingdom will ever see me again.”

“Therefore, I declare to you today that I am innocent of the blood of all men. For I have not hesitated to proclaim to you the whole will of God. Keep watch over yourselves and all the

flock of which the Holy Spirit has made you overseers.”

“Be shepherds of the church of God, which he bought with his own blood. I know that after I leave, savage wolves will come in among you and will not spare the flock. Even from your own number men will arise and distort the truth in order to draw away disciples after them. So be on your guard!”

Justin quietly faded into the crowd, invisible, but dressed in period clothing, recording more background footage than Paul speaking.

“Remember that for three years I never stopped warning each of you night and day with tears. Now I commit you to God and to the word of his grace, which can build you up and give you an inheritance among all those who are sanctified.”

“I have not coveted anyone's silver or gold or clothing. You yourselves know that these hands of mine have supplied my own needs and the needs of my companions. In everything I did, I showed you that by this kind of hard work we must help the weak, remembering the words

the Lord Jesus himself said: 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.'

Justin leaned into Paul and said, “With the all the attention Rome gets for being the mothership for Catholicism, few people realize that Antioch and Ephesus were the two starting points for Christianity...and you can’t mention that in your letters...” Paul agreed, smiling at Justin.

“These pictures. Are they doing what they were designed to do?” Paul asked.

“Witness credibility. Written witnesses have lost a lot of credibility over time. But for some reason, video has retained it.”

When Paul had said these words to the Ephesian elders, he knelt down with all of them and prayed.

The young people who had been tagging along realized they were not going with Paul. Many of them had found mates here, and decided to make this their new home.

They all wept as they embraced Paul and kissed him.

What grieved them most was his statement that they would never see him again. Then they went with him to the ship and blessed him as he boarded it, looking on, and waving farewell.

After Paul, Silas and Luke left, they sailed straight to Cos. The next day they went to Rhodes and from there to Patara.

They changed ships, heading in the direction they wanted to go, to Phoenicia, went on board and set sail. After sighting Cyprus and passing to the south of it, we sailed on to Syria.

They landed at Tyre, where the ship was waiting to unload its cargo. Greeted by disciples there, they stayed with them seven days.

At a disciple's home, the fellowship ate, and Paul looked into the distance, his eyes staring through playing children, The Holy Spirit told him, "Don't go to Jerusalem yet."

But when the week was up, they left and continued on our way.

All the disciples and their wives and children accompanied them out of the city, and there on

the beach we knelt to pray. After saying
goodbye to each other, they boarded their ship,
and returned home.

Chapter 24

At the farmhouse of Phillip the Evangelist, Paul walked around the sheep and goats as family, including four very beautiful daughters of marrying age, and disciples mill around.

A prophet name Agabus walks up a road to the farm and asks which man is Paul. Approaching Paul, he took Paul's belt, tied his own hands and feet with it and said, "The Holy Spirit says, 'In this way the Jews of Jerusalem will bind the owner of this belt and will hand him over to the Gentiles.'"

That night, the fellowship was concerned for Paul. They pleaded with Paul not to go up to Jerusalem. The young women showed concerned, not just for Paul but the fact that since the Resurrection of Jesus, the roles of women were not as they were.

There was a sense of independence among them that sounded a lot like what Justin grew up with during his own childhood.

“Why are you weeping and breaking my heart? I am ready not only to be bound, but also to die in Jerusalem for the name of the Lord Jesus.” When he would not be dissuaded, we gave up and said, “The Lord's will be done.”

After this, they went up to Jerusalem. Some of the disciples from Caesarea accompanied them and led them to a safe house, the home of Mason, where they stayed. He was a man from Cyprus and one of the early disciples.

There, in Jerusalem, at the house of a Mason, the Council of Jerusalem gathered.

“You see, brother,” Nicodemus, “how many thousands of Jews have believed, and all of them are zealous for the law. They have been informed that you teach all the Jews who live among the Gentiles to turn away from Moses, telling them not to circumcise their children or live according to our customs. What shall we do? They will certainly hear that you have come, so do what we tell you. There are four men with us who have made a vow.”

“Take these men, join in their purification rites and pay their expenses, so that they can have

their heads shaved. Then everybody will know there is no truth in these reports about you, but that you yourself are living in obedience to the law. As for the Gentile believers, we have written to them our decision that they should abstain from food sacrificed to idols, from blood, from the meat of strangled animals and from sexual immorality.”

The next day, Paul took the men and enjoyed long hot baths and had their laundry done (also called ‘purification’). Then he went to the temple to give notice of the date when the days of purification would end and the offering would be made for each of them.

When the seven days were nearly over, the Jewish aristocrats who had been given the slip in Asia saw Paul at the temple. They stirred up the whole crowd and seized him, shouting, “Men of Israel, help us! This is the man who teaches all men everywhere against our people and our law and this place. And besides, he has brought Greeks into the temple area and defiled this holy place!”

They had previously seen one of the young people, Trophimus the Ephesian, who traveled

with Paul, Luke and Silas, in the city with Paul, and assumed that Paul had brought him into the temple area.

Justin said under his breath, “I’ve got video that says otherwise.”

The whole city of Jerusalem was aroused, and in the streets, the people came running from all directions. The Romans had been making daily life miserable for Jews and followers of The Way alike, and despite the widely accepted rumor that Jesus had risen from the dead, Jerusalem had become civil unrest waiting to happen.

Seizing Paul, they dragged him from the temple, and immediately the gates were shut.

While they were trying to kill him, news reached the commander of the Roman troops that the whole city of Jerusalem was in an uproar.

He at once took some officers and soldiers and ran down to the crowd. When the rioters saw the commander and his soldiers, they stopped beating Paul.

The commander came up and arrested him and ordered him to be bound with two chains. Then he asked who he was and what he had done.

Some in the crowd shouted one thing and some another, and since the commander could not get at the truth because of the uproar, he ordered that Paul be taken into the barracks.

When Paul reached the steps, the violence of the mob was so great he had to be carried by the soldiers. The crowd that followed kept shouting, “Away with him!”

“Brothers and fathers,” Paul said, “listen now to my defense.” When they heard him speak to them in Aramaic, they became very quiet. They assumed he only spoke Hebrew.

“I am a Jew, born in Tarsus of Cilicia, but brought up in this city. Under Gamaliel I was thoroughly trained in the law of our fathers and was just as zealous for God as any of you are today. I persecuted the followers of this Way to their death, arresting both men and women and throwing them into prison, as also the high priest and all the Council can testify. I even obtained letters from them to their brothers in

Damascus, and went there to bring these people as prisoners to Jerusalem to be punished.”

“About noon as I came near Damascus, suddenly a bright light from Heaven flashed around me. I fell to the ground and heard a voice say to me, ‘Saul! Saul! Why do you persecute me?’ ‘Who are you, Lord?’ I asked. ‘I am Jesus of Nazareth, whom you are persecuting,’ he replied. My companions saw the light, but they did not understand the voice of him who was speaking to me. ‘What shall I do, Lord?’ I asked. ‘Get up,’ the Lord said, ‘and go into Damascus. There you will be told all that you have been assigned to do.’”

“My companions led me by the hand into Damascus, because the brilliance of the light had blinded me. A man named Ananias came to see me. He was a devout observer of the law and highly respected by all the Jews living there. He stood beside me and said, ‘Brother Saul, receive your sight!’ And at that very moment I was able to see him.”

““The God of our fathers has chosen you to know his will and to see the Righteous One

and to hear words from his mouth. You will be his witness to all men of what you have seen and heard. And now what are you waiting for? Get up, be baptized and wash your sins away, calling on his name.’ When I returned to Jerusalem and was praying at the temple, I fell into a trance and saw the Lord speaking. ‘Quick!’ he said to me. ‘Leave Jerusalem immediately, because they will not accept your testimony about me.’ ‘Lord,’ I replied, ‘these men know that I went from one synagogue to another to imprison and beat those who believe in you. And when the blood of your martyr Stephen was shed, I stood there giving my approval and guarding the clothes of those who were killing him.’ “Then the Lord said to me, ‘Go; I will send you far away to the Gentiles.’”

The angry mob had heard enough, “Rid the earth of him! He's not fit to live!” As they were shouting and throwing off their cloaks and flinging dust into the air, the commander ordered Paul to be taken into the barracks. He directed that he be flogged and questioned in order to find

out why the people were shouting at him like this.

As they stretched him out to flog him, Paul said to the centurion standing there, “Is it legal for you to flog a Roman citizen who hasn't even been found guilty?”

When the centurion heard this, he went to the commander and reported it at the Centurion Post. Paul, in chains, listened as the Roman soldiers sorted it out. Justin was invisible, recording.

“What are you going to do? This man is a Roman citizen,” the Captain said.

The Commander asked Paul, “Tell me, are you a Roman citizen?”

“Yes, I am.”

The Commander almost argued with him, “I had to pay a big price for my citizenship.”

“But I was born a citizen.” Those who were about to question him withdrew immediately. The commander himself was alarmed when he realized that he had put Paul, a Roman citizen,

in chains, a violation of citizen's rights that could result in his own punishment.

The next day, in the same Roman court where Pilate had questioned Jesus, the commander wanted to find out exactly why Paul was being accused by the Jews.

He released him and ordered the chief priests and all the Sanhedrin to assemble. Then the Tribune, Claudius Lysias, issuing orders in the name of Procurator Marcus Antonius Felix, brought Paul and had him stand before them. Same accusers, different defendant.

“Talk about déjà vu,” Justin says under his breath, recording.

A soldier who was present during Jesus' trial comments to the commander. “Commander, I was there when they killed the their King. These guys are deceptive.” The Commander acknowledged this.

The Commander, who had heard of how the Pharisees had embarrassed Pilate, remembered the orders Pilate gave to his men should that lynch mob ever surprise the Procurator again.

He fixed his eyes on their leading prosecutor and said, “Hold your trial here.” It was the same exact place Jesus was traded for Barabbas. A New High Priest, and most of the same Pharisees and Sadducees, stepped before the judgement seat and face Paul.

This time, the defendant spoke, “My brothers, I have fulfilled my duty to God in all good conscience to this day.”

At this the high priest Ananias ordered those standing near Paul to strike him on the mouth. The Romans watched but did not interfere. Paul’s vision had been greatly affected by his worsening eye condition and the most recent beating. The act of punching a chained and partially blind old man looked like a cowardly act regardless of the circumstances.

“God will strike you, you whitewashed wall!” Paul snared back, “You sit there to judge me according to the law, yet you yourself violate the law by commanding that I be struck!”

“You dare to insult God's high priest?” a voice came from within the Sanhedrin clustered together.

“Brothers, I did not realize that he was the high priest; for it is written: ‘Do not speak evil about the ruler of your people,’” Paul said, sounding tired, apologetic, but also determined to be heard. Paul is prompted by the Holy Spirit, recognizing that both Pharisees and Sadducees were present. Justin recorded quietly, invisibly.

Instead of letting his temper get the best of him, Paul took a deep breath and waited on the Lord to give him the words. The Spirit showed him the hearts of the men who had brought him here to be judged, and how divided they were, Paul’s conviction and the silencing of the Gospels being their only common ground. Since a kingdom divided could not stand...

Then Paul, knowing that some of them were Sadducees and the others Pharisees, called out in the Sanhedrin, “My brothers, I am a Pharisee, the son of a Pharisee. I stand on trial because of my hope in the resurrection of the dead.”

When he said this, a dispute broke out between the Pharisees and the Sadducees, and the assembly was divided. The Romans looked on

in irritation, noticing how easily sparked into infighting these two groups are.

A Roman officer new to this post asked one of his men what was happening, and the guard explained, “The Sadducees say that there is no resurrection, and that there are neither angels nor spirits, but the Pharisees acknowledge them all.”

Paul smiled slyly at the camera. Justin cannot help but smile back.

There was a great uproar, and some of the teachers of the law who were Pharisees stood up and argued vigorously, and surprised everyone by saying, “We find nothing wrong with this man. What if a spirit or an Angel has spoken to him?” His fellow Pharisees were divided by even this statement, as were the Sadducees.

The dispute became so violent that the commander was afraid Paul would be torn to pieces by them. He ordered the troops to go down and take him away from them by force and bring him back into the barracks.

That night, in the barracks, as Paul slept, he awoke to see Jesus standing near him.

“Take courage! As you have testified about me in Jerusalem, so you must also testify in Rome,” the Lord said.

Nearby, in a house of Pharisee, a fellowship of over forty men of the Sanhedrin eat, they vow not to eat or drink until they had killed Paul.

“We are agreed. Not one of us will eat or drink until we have killed this traitor.”

But when the son of Paul’s sister heard of this plot, he went into the barracks and told Paul.

Then Paul called one of the centurions and said, “Take this young man to the commander; he has something to tell him.” The women of the house noticed the Jewish boy by his clothing and haircut, being escorted, without chains, into the house. She ordered a meal be made for all the children in the event this boy was allowed to stay and eat with them.

At the Commander’s house, the centurion took the boy to the commander. The soldier saluted his Commander and said, “Paul, the prisoner,

sent for me and asked me to bring this young man to you because he has something to tell you.”

The commander had the face of a grandfather, and the eyes of love. He took the young man by the hand, drew him aside from the activity of his home, and asked, “What is it you want to tell me?”

The boy was very articulate, “The Jews have agreed to ask you to bring Paul before the Sanhedrin tomorrow on the pretext of wanting more accurate information about him. Don't give in to them, because more than forty of them are waiting in ambush for him. They have taken an oath not to eat or drink until they have killed him. They are ready now, waiting for your consent to their request.”

The commander smiled at the boy's maturity, and then dismissed the young man and cautioned him, “Don't tell anyone that you have reported this to me.” Then the commander called two of his centurions and ordered them, “Get ready a detachment of two hundred soldiers, seventy horsemen and two hundred spearmen to go to Caesarea at nine

tonight. Provide mounts for Paul so that he may be taken safely to Governor Felix,” he said, and to an assistant, he added, Get me my scribe.”

In his den, the Commander dictated the letter, “Claudius Lysias, To His Excellency, Governor Felix: Greetings. This man was seized by the Jews and they were about to kill him, but I came with my troops and rescued him, for I had learned that he is a Roman citizen. I wanted to know why they were accusing him, so I brought him to their Sanhedrin.”

“I found that the accusation had to do with questions about their law, but there was no charge against him that deserved death or imprisonment. When I was informed of a plot to be carried out against the man, I sent him to you at once. I also ordered his accusers to present to you their case against him.”

So the soldiers, carrying out their orders, took Paul with them during the night and brought him as far as Antipatris.

The next day at Caesarea, Antipatris, they let the cavalry go on with him, while they returned

to the barracks. When the cavalry arrived in Caesarea, they delivered the letter to the governor and handed Paul over to him.

The governor read the letter and asked what province he was from. Learning that he was from Cilicia, he said, noticing Paul's not the typical criminal, "I will hear your case when your accusers get here." Then he ordered that Paul be kept under guard in Herod's palace.

In his cell, Justin and Paul talked about what is to come. "I'll never be free again, will I?" Paul asks Justin.

"On and off," Justin said, giving the camera a rest. "You gotta give 'em credit. This jail is a lot nicer than the last one."

A rat skittered by them.

Five days later in the Caesarean court, the high priest Ananias arrived there with some of the elders and a lawyer named Tertullus, and they brought their charges against Paul before the governor.

When Paul was called in, Tertullus presented his case before Felix, "We have enjoyed a long

period of peace under you, and your foresight has brought about reforms in this nation. Everywhere and in every way, most excellent Felix, we acknowledge this with profound gratitude. But in order not to weary you further, I would request that you be kind enough to hear us briefly. We have found this man to be a troublemaker, stirring up riots among the Jews all over the world. He is a ringleader of the Nazarene sect and even tried to desecrate the temple; so we seized him. By examining him yourself you will be able to learn the truth about all these charges we are bringing against him.”

The Jews joined in the accusation, asserting that these things were true. Justin’s camera battery blinked that it was almost out. Invisible to all others, Paul seemed to try to wait for Justin to be ready before speaking. Justin quickly swaps batteries, but made noticeable noise. Luckily, a servant drops a tray of food, covering this noise up.

When the governor motioned for him to speak, Paul replied, “I know that for a number of years you have been a judge over this nation;

so I gladly make my defense. You can easily verify that no more than twelve days ago I went up to Jerusalem to worship. My accusers did not find me arguing with anyone at the temple, or stirring up a crowd in the synagogues or anywhere else in the city. And they cannot prove to you the charges they are now making against me.”

“However, I admit that I worship the God of our fathers as a follower of the Way, which they call a sect. I believe everything that agrees with the Law and that is written in the Prophets, and I have the same hope in God as these men, that there will be a resurrection of both the righteous and the wicked. So I strive always to keep my conscience clear before God and man. After an absence of several years, I came to Jerusalem to bring my people gifts for the poor and to present offerings. I was ceremonially clean when they found me in the temple courts doing this. There was no crowd with me, nor was I involved in any disturbance. But...”

“There are some Jews from the province of Asia, who ought to be here before you and

bring charges if they have anything against me. Or these who are here should state what crime they found in me when I stood before the Sanhedrin, unless it was this one thing I shouted as I stood in their presence: ‘It is concerning the resurrection of the dead that I am on trial before you today.’”

Then Felix, who was well acquainted with The Way, adjourned the proceedings.

“Thank God for Due Process,” Justin remarked, stepping aside for the herd of people exiting the court to attend to the prisoner.

Felix, sipping a wine goblet, said, “When Lysias the commander comes, I will decide your case. You’re not the typical criminal. When I first saw you, I could not tell you were a prisoner. Since you have been honorable without chains, I will let you await trial without them and have visitors. That is all.”

He ordered the centurion to keep Paul under guard but to give him some freedom and permit his friends to take care of his needs.

Several days later, Felix visited the small house where Paul was being held, with his wife Drusilla, who was a Jewess. It was quite a sight for the commoners to see the royal caravan parked around the small house, to summon Paul. It made one question who was free and who was in captivity.

Felix often sent for Paul and listened to him as he spoke about faith in Christ Jesus. As Paul discoursed on righteousness, self-control and the judgment to come, Felix was afraid and said, "That's enough for now! You may leave. When I find it convenient, I will send for you."

At the same time he was hoping that Paul would offer him a bribe, so he sent for him frequently and talked with him.

Servants would repeat the conversations between Felix and his wife, and how Felix had longed to understand Paul's faith. The fact is Felix was a longtime sufferer of clinical depression, and the Gospel provided relief, much like young David's music had relieved King Saul's migraines.

When two years had passed, Felix was succeeded by Porcius Festus, but because Felix wanted to grant a favor to the Jews, he left Paul in prison.

Upon his exit, he mentioned to Festus, “He’s like a brother to me. And whenever I listened to him, my headaches went away.” Festus was impressed by Paul before he met him, for he had never heard of a Roman official speaking so highly of a Jew.

But, Felix explained, the unrest of the Jews had been simmered by the knowledge that Paul was in prison, if one could call his loosely-observed house arrest a form of prison. Paul was even allowed to grow a garden around it.

To his wife, Felix quietly mentioned what a good cook Paul was and how Felix and his wife had recently celebrated their first ‘Christmas’ with Paul and a few members of the inner court.

Day after day, Jewish leaders camped out in front of the building of the the Caeserean court awaiting an audience with Festus. Three days after arriving in the province, Festus went up

from Caesarea to Jerusalem, where the chief priests and Jewish leaders appeared before him and presented the charges against Paul.

As Festus tries to get out of his carriage, they rush at him, the guards restraining them.

They urgently requested Festus, as a favor to them, to have Paul transferred to Jerusalem, for they were preparing an ambush to kill him along the way. Festus answered, “Paul is being held at Caesarea, and I myself am going there soon. Let some of your leaders come with me and press charges against the man there, if he has done anything wrong.”

After spending eight or ten days with them, Festus went down to Caesarea, and the next day he convened the court and ordered that Paul be brought before him.

During that time, a few incidents happened which taught Festus just how disruptive the Sanhedrin’s moles were in this region. It taught him how he must handle the politics surrounding the ‘Christians’, a population growing at a startling rate, especially among the Gentiles. The death rate among slaves had

dropped. Adoptions had increased, that is, Roman families that adopted slaves, making them citizens, increased. Interest in the events whereby people were fed to animals declined.

It was even rumored that Pilate's wife had travelled to Rome to persuade Caesar to acknowledge Christianity as a state religion; one among hundreds.

When Paul appeared for trial, his guards, acting more like friends and servants than Roman soldiers, and the Jews who had come down from Jerusalem stood around him, bringing many serious charges against him, which they could not prove.

Paul said, "I have done nothing wrong against the law of the Jews or against the temple or against Caesar."

Festus, wishing to do the Jews a favor, said to Paul, "Are you willing to go up to Jerusalem and stand trial before me there on these charges?"

"I am now standing before Caesar's court, where I ought to be tried. I have not done any

wrong to the Jews, as you yourself know very well. If, however, I am guilty of doing anything deserving death, I do not refuse to die. But if the charges brought against me by these Jews are not true, no one has the right to hand me over to them. I appeal to Caesar!”

After Festus had conferred with his council, he declared, “You have appealed to Caesar. To Caesar you will go!”

Chapter 25

As King Agrippa arrived at the Caesarean court, the Jewish leaders were fearful of him. Festus came to the building, walled up to the king to greet him, and gave the men standing there on behalf of the Sanhedrin a reluctant look, followed by a fake smile.

Festus then waved them off and focused entirely on the King.

“There is a man here whom Felix left as a prisoner. When I went to Jerusalem, the chief priests and elders of the Jews brought charges against him and asked that he be condemned.”

“Well, Hello to you too,” Agrippa replied, looking around the street.

“I’m sorry, my lord. But this has been a sore on my foot since I arrived,” Festus said.

“Very well,” Agrippa said. The King was a very reasonable, eloquent man, his age and experience tempering his ambitions.

“I told them that it is not the Roman custom to hand over any man before he has faced his accusers and has had an opportunity to defend himself against their charges. When they came here with me, I did not delay the case, but convened the court the next day and ordered the man to be brought in.”

“When his accusers got up to speak, they did not charge him with any of the crimes I had expected. Instead, they had some points of dispute with him about their own religion and about a dead man named Jesus who Paul claimed was alive. I was at a loss how to investigate such matters; so I asked if he would be willing to go to Jerusalem and stand trial there on these charges. When Paul made his appeal to be held over for the Emperor's decision, I ordered him held until I could send him to Caesar.”

Agrippa's young wife and older wife look around the area with curiosity, and Agrippa flirts with both women, answering, “And I thought I'd be bored.

Justin appeared, capturing the moment, invisible.

“I would like to hear this man myself. Tomorrow you will hear him,” Agrippa says, getting an unexpected cheer of relief from the moles standing quietly nearby.

“It’s about time,” Justin said to himself.

The next day Agrippa and Bernice came with great pomp and entered the audience room with the high ranking officers and the leading men of the city.

At the command of Festus, Paul was brought in. Agrippa is a bit of a ham himself, taking joy in humor and his queen and his mistress.

“King Agrippa,” Festus said, presenting to the king and the entire court, “and all who are present with us, you see this man! The whole Jewish community has petitioned me about him in Jerusalem and here in Caesarea, shouting that he ought not to live any longer. I found he had done nothing deserving of death, but because he made his appeal to the Emperor I decided to send him to Rome. But I have nothing definite to write to His Majesty about him. Therefore I have brought him before all of you, and especially before you, King Agrippa,

so that as a result of this investigation I may have something to write. For I think it is unreasonable to send on a prisoner without specifying the charges against him.”

There is an awkward silence as King Agrippa, hypnotized by the looks the women are giving Paul, a curiosity about him building in their eyes, finds the court waiting on his order to proceed.

In a very pleasant tone, he said, “You have permission to speak for yourself.”

So Paul motioned with his hand and began his defense, “King Agrippa, I consider myself fortunate to stand before you today as I make my defense against all the accusations of the Jews, and especially so because you are well acquainted with all the Jewish customs and controversies.”

“Therefore, I beg you to listen to me patiently. The Jews all know the way I have lived ever since I was a child, from the beginning of my life in my own country, and also in Jerusalem. They have known me for a long time and can testify, if they are willing, that according to the

strictest sect of our religion, I lived as a Pharisee.”

“And now it is because of my hope in what God has promised our fathers that I am on trial today. This is the promise our twelve tribes are hoping to see fulfilled as they earnestly serve God day and night. O king, it is because of this hope that the Jews are accusing me. Why should any of you consider it incredible that God raises the dead?”

“I too was convinced that I ought to do all that was possible to oppose the name of Jesus of Nazareth. And that is just what I did in Jerusalem. On the authority of the chief priests I put many of the saints in prison, and when they were put to death, I cast my vote against them.”

“Many a time I went from one synagogue to another to have them punished, and I tried to force them to blaspheme. In my obsession against them, I even went to foreign cities to persecute them.”

“On one of these journeys I was going to Damascus with the authority and commission

of the chief priests. About noon, O king, as I was on the road, I saw a light from Heaven, brighter than the sun, blazing around me and my companions. We all fell to the ground, and I heard a voice saying to me in Aramaic, ‘Saul, Saul, why do you persecute me? It is hard for you to kick against the goads.’ Then I asked, ‘Who are you, Lord?’ I am Jesus, whom you are persecuting,’ the Lord replied. ‘Now get up and stand on your feet. I have appeared to you to appoint you as a servant and as a witness of what you have seen of me and what I will show you. I will rescue you from your own people and from the Gentiles. I am sending you to them to open their eyes and turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan to God, so that they may receive forgiveness of sins and a place among those who are sanctified by faith in me.’”

“So then, King Agrippa, I was not disobedient to the vision from Heaven. First to those in Damascus, then to those in Jerusalem and in all Judea, and to the Gentiles also, I preached that they should repent and turn to God and prove their repentance by their deeds.”

“That is why the Jews seized me in the temple courts and tried to kill me. But I have had God's help to this very day, and so I stand here and testify to small and great alike. I am saying nothing beyond what the prophets and Moses said would happen, that the Christ would suffer and, as the first to rise from the dead, would proclaim light to his own people and to the Gentiles.”

At this point Festus interrupted Paul's defense with a growing laughter than becomes a loud, blasting laugh. “You are out of your mind, Paul! Your great learning is driving you insane.”

Paul smiled back, insisting, “I am not insane, most excellent Festus. What I am saying is true and reasonable. The king is familiar with these things, and I can speak freely to him. I am convinced that none of this has escaped his notice, because it was not done in a corner. King Agrippa, do you believe the prophets? I know you do.”

Paul noticed that as he spoke, both women look to Agrippa with adoring expressions, realizing that Paul has changed the subject.

They were no longer debating his legal charges, but now, the reality that God was inviting all who would hear the truth, to receive Christ as their Savior. And by the eyes of the women, Paul believed this conversation had come up in private.

Agrippa, as if trying to snap out of a trance asked Paul, “Do you think that in such a short time you can persuade me to be a Christian?”

“Short time or long - I pray God that not only you but all who are listening to me today may become what I am, except for these chains.”

The king got up, and with him the governor and Bernice and those sitting with them. They left the room, and while talking with one another, they said, “This man is not doing anything that deserves death or imprisonment.”

Agrippa said to Festus, “This man could have been set free if he had not appealed to Caesar.”

Ruah practically leaped out of Justin’s chest as he stopped recording. “It is finished,” Ruah said.

Justin was returned back to the office. His work day was done.

Throughout Special Archives and the nation, TV monitors show what was happening.

Ruben Mitchell was resigning his presidency due to an undisclosed medical condition after less than two weeks in the White House.

Former President Jim Wakefield was with Justin and the rest of the team, watching the news from a sports bar near the White House.

As the first century closed, the Romans were feeding the Christians to the lions, but the novelty of this quickly subsided as sympathizers started to outnumber the audience of those unattached to the victims.

Agents recorded these murders.

In 2081, a Secret Service Agent was deceived by the Enemy into trying to shoot me. After bringing himself up to speed with our archives and procedures, Ruben Mitchell joined our team, and almost immediately, took the bullet meant for me.

He died instantly.

Ruben's last minute rewrite of his Last Will and Testament affected his sons so much that they both sought God. As I write this, neither have yet accepted Christ. But the conversation has begun.

Mrs. Mitchell was so broken by his resignation and death that she tried to take her own life. She remains on suicide watch, under the care of the Secret Service and members of our team. Her spirit in Hell has not been seen since this happened.

Mitchell was a former Army Captain, and he was given a military funeral. Vice President Ken York was sworn in shortly after.

Other time travel agents and I learned that the sabotage was due to a man-made time machine, invented long after my time, and they were stranding their agents, in whole or parts, throughout time.

They stumbled on our lab and took our video archives, to prove to the people in their own time that they had succeeded.

We're in the process of dealing with that agency and possibly recruiting some of its members.

My wife reported that Pastor Sean repented, and had a heart to heart talk with other church leaders, and many alienated teenagers.

Marcus Hale will not be joining us. One of the major studios wrote him a big enough check, so he no longer wants to do what we do.

And, one more thing about my wife, she is pregnant again.

Chapter 26

Debriefing.

The team congratulated me with applause, and prepared to report in.

The team used this time to decompress by giving accounts of what happened on the shift. We were all tired.

After I leave here, I will be issued an anti-depressant injection and be sent home for the day.

One mission was to deal with one of the grandmothers of someone in the CIA.

Her name was Carrie Wright, and in 1986, she was 25 years old, blond, thin, and pregnant by a boyfriend whose wet feet about marriage made him leave town without a trace.

Carrie was influenced by a growing stack of bills, including a vehicle registration she couldn't afford, and she was too embarrassed

of her circumstances to ask the church she attended for help.

She waited tables, put on a smile when she worked at a coffee shop, and started having thoughts about having an abortion. She had one. She regretted it so much that she became suicidal.

She prayed to God, asking Him to allow her to go back in time and reverse the choice she made. Though the law upheld her rights as a woman to do as she pleased, her conscience was suffocating her. She prayed with compassionate women at the church, and the Lord summoned me to visit her, with paid registration tags for her car as a gift.

She was shocked to see me, as I met her in the parking lot of the Planned Parenthood location in Texas. The demons that surrounded her were even more shocked. They knew who I was. I gave her the gift, showed her my ID and asked her to trust God as I took her into her future, to see the birth of her son.

She stood looking into the window where newborn babies are nursed. She fixed her eyes

on one baby boy, noted by her last name. She saw his face and instantly falls in love. She's unaware of her tears and smile.

"If it were possible, I would take every pregnant woman in the world to meet their baby," I said. I don't think she heard me.

"I wanna hold him," she said.

"You will."

When the synthetic womb was invented 2071, abortion became obsolete. And, as the Lord reminded me many times, He is bigger than any man-made law.

In 2063, on the 90th Anniversary of Roe Vs. Wade, two-term President Ken York signed Bethany's Law, his last act as the president.

Bethany Kelly was the daughter of a U.S. Senator who at the age of eleven, wrote a new law as an assignment in her middle school social studies class.

The law required sonogram machines and operators able to work them, fully functional

and available for use in any facility that provides abortion procedures.

Consequences for noncompliance were heavy fines, the loss of licenses, disbarment and jail time. As a result of Bethany's Law, the abortion rate in the United State dropped 92% in 2064. The Synthetic Womb was approved by the FDA soon after. Life had officially become more valuable than death among the populous.

The idea of the law was formally drafted and submitted to Congress, where it passed both Houses and was signed by President York.

By 2071, abortion had become as obsolete as slavery. In the popular opinion of Americans, life had become commercially more valuable than death.

Chapter 27

Another agent handled the case of American Airlines Flight 11 on September 11, 2001. I wanted it, but I wasn't allowed to take it. What if you knew you were about to go from a fiery, burning plane, to a fiery burning building, followed by a fiery, burning eternity of Hell? If you were offered a way out, would you take it?

Now, the 2014 capture and execution of Osama Bin Laden helped pull the United States, and the world, out of its spiritual, emotional and economic slump, but our mission to get as many of those passengers to accept Jesus as their saviors before the plane crashed was a challenge unto itself. They were shown video of the future, and for some, glimpse of themselves in Hell, but it took several attempts to get everyone to receive Christ.

“...I'm a special agent with the NSA. I have the ability to travel through time. In approximately ten minutes, this airplane will crash into the north tower of the World Trade Center. This footage will haunt the world for the next

391

hundred and fifty years. The men who planned it will be brought to justice, and all were executed. These events sent the United States into a second economic crisis not seen since the 1930's. It will be the hardest time to be an American since before the Civil War. But the only thing that matters right now is where you go after this. Not everyone of you has accepted Jesus Christ as your personal Savior.

“Can you get us out of here?” passengers would ask.

We had to tell them no. “I hope to see you on the other side,” our agents would say.

It took eight different agents until everyone made it to Heaven on the other side.

Now, I know how that sounds. But my job is not to be sensitive to nonBelievers. My job is to travel through time and report what I see with video.

My alternating shift commander, Wrighton Time, (his real first name was Wayne), took my

place at the podium, and briefing for the next shift got underway.

There are more cold cases to solve, more terrorism to prevent, more history to record.

Some of our agents had been successful, and some were not, making each case a work in progress. As long as their names do not appear in the Book of Life, nor do their spirits appear in Hell, their cases remain open.

Paul was beheaded on Earth, but I talk with him often in Heaven; one of my many job benefits.

A few months later, Sara would give birth to a healthy baby girl. Her name is withheld from us until we take care of other business.

Hilary had met this little girl in Heaven, and as she held her little sister, she quoted Jeremiah 1:5, aloud, “Before I formed you in the womb, I knew you...”

Sara still longs for a formal wedding, 18 years after we were married at work by a justice of the peace. For now, we have a cut-and-paste wedding photo with our faces on it.

As for my appointment with Josiah's biology teacher...

Chapter 28

At first, I let her do all the talking

Mrs. Bently was a politely condescending woman, whose concern for my son lay in his beliefs in the Bible rather than evolution. Now, as you may know by now, I considered taking her to meet Mr. Charles Darwin, before, during and after his island trips, and before, during after his writings were published; and if that wasn't enough, to the jail cell of Adolph Hitler, who used Darwin's theories to cause the genocide of the holocaust. But, as I listened to this woman belittle my son's character and minimize his intellect, I asked the Lord of there was a better way to deal with her. Was there?

Justin developed a thin smile. "No." I gave her the tour we give to Humanists. She couldn't handle it, relegating it to a dream. My son finished his class, but knew it was not a requirement to believe a false teaching. So humans and other animals share physical characteristics. So do bikes and cars.

Well, that wrapped up my typical work day, give or take. Though today was a lot heavier than most days, they all have this in common. Everything I do is a means to an end, and that end is knowing Jesus.

Though we travel through time without making any changes, the laws of physics bowing and bending to the Authority by which we do this, our main job is to help other know the Word, or be self-aware of Who and What they are rejecting.

When Jesus returns, there will be a battle all Believers will fight in, whereby He puts Satan down once and for all. But the Word does not say He would have lost if it wasn't for those time travelers. Our ministry, like many others, is incidental in the effort to satisfy the Great Commission. Our role as adopted children of God is all about having a relationship with Him and sharing our testimonies about that relationship with others.

Now, I know there are those among you who are driven nuts by the fact that I have not yet explained, scientifically, how we travel through time. How do we weave through time without

bumping into each other and causing all sorts of problems due to the Theory of the Butterfly Effect. Well, I'll address that this way.

First, no movie studio invented time travel. God alone initiated time, and gives its navigation to those the ability to travel around it as He sees fit. All people are born with a fundamental instinct to travel forward with time at the same constant speed.

The Butterfly Effect, as it is known, is a theory, not a fact, and a flawed theory at that.

The Enemy we face is long-since defeated by Jesus.

Jesus reigns, and outranks all theories and hypothesis. Because of this reality, many scientists have struggled to grasp the absoluteness of God, the way I get to see Him everyday, the way Paul saw him briefly while on Earth, and now eternally. Science does not conflict with God, but rather, some people use it as an excuse to resist accountability and consequences. But, make no mistake, the days of every man's life are numbered. I can barely

handle watching the portal of souls where those who have rejected Christ fall into Hell.

As for most works of fiction about time travel, they are limited by the author's understanding of the subject, and audiences assume that they know what they are talking about.

We travel through time by His command, and we don't need any other person or power's permission. Nor do we need to explain ourselves. It just is.

As for those of you who have managed to stay awake all this time, Jesus has a message for you.

“See you soon.”

Chapter 29

As Justin fell asleep after journaling his day, his family had already made it to bed three hours before. The house was quiet.

The Enemy almost always comes when humans are at their weakest, their sleep. It is the body's time to repair itself, and the mind's most active time. And it is the battleground for the majority of warfare during which humans engage with the Enemy in plain sight.

As Justin entered into a plain of Heaven even he cannot maintain when he is awake, he sees a familiar sight: evil marching of the gates of Heaven. This army is both defeated and deceived. They choose to ignore the fact that the war was won by Christ on the Cross, and still attack people on a regular basis.

Most Christians mistakenly use their time attacking each other, creating a population of walking-wounded who use wounds inflicted by ignorant church leaders as an excuse to not pick up their weapons and fight the real Enemy, led by Satan himself.

Satan knows he's defeated, but he also knows most humans don't know the full scope of the power they have been given by the actions of and through the faith of Jesus Christ.

Some preachers on Earth try to convey this in teachings about "spiritual warfare". Here, Justin engaged in it at point-blank range, his armor firmly mounted and Sword ready to fight.

The metaphorical armor described by the Apostle Paul was manifest literal here, and the battle humans are called to lead in is tantamount to the ones seen in 20th and 21st century movies like *Star Wars*, *The Lord of The Rings*, *The Chronicles of Narnia* and *Legend*.

Mythology is based on Man's limited understanding of the supernatural realities that make up their environment, things both seen and unseen, and the Bible is God's means of explaining these things to people in a way we can comprehend.

The fact is much of what is to be experienced here is beyond our understanding. Weapons

work differently here. Carnal weapons have little to no power.

Our words have power, some productive, some counter-productive. The strongest weapon, the “nuke” of the Heavenly realms, is God’s Word.

The Enemy’s strategies have not changed since he rebelled, and people fall for them almost every time. He uses fear and pride to destroy, divide and kill anything that is vulnerable; he does not attack when we’re “ready”. He only comes when we’re tired, lonely, sad, angry, puffed up, and feeling entitled.

God allows the Enemy to attack us so that we may practice using our weapons. The day will come when Heaven and Earth pass away and life as we knew it becomes an afterthought, and the battle seen here seems like a beginner’s practice.

And according to the Father’s will, some people do not wake from their sleep, falling in battle here, either because they do not have the covering of Christ’s blood, or, to benefit those still on Earth, their passing would remind those left behind of what is still to come; or that in

their attempts to serve God, they have caused more pain than peace.

Justin knew all this as he entered in, his fears weighing him down in a tattered backpack he carried around over his armor.

The armor itself is alive. Ruah is in the form of a sword, whose slicing ability is unlimited. The Breastplate of Righteousness fits securely on Justin's chest, as he soaks in his environment. He is one of thousands of humans called to this battle. Justin subconsciously realizes that speech is not fast enough here, and his thoughts and free will are enough to communicate.

Among the Angels the humans are leading into battle, he sees thousands of other men, women and children, also warring against the Enemy. They are all fighting for the same thing, for those who don't know Christ yet to receive the Word of God in places where it has yet to take root.

Justin looked down and realized that the dirt his foot was on had a corresponding place on Earth that it affected.

He drew Ruah and took a good look at him. The Word manifested itself as a metal, not found on Earth's periodic table, in the form of interwoven Scripture verses that made up this unbreakable weapon. The grip spelled "RUAH".

His helmet was well-weathered, its scars polished so that they appear to be badges of honor. His shoes were the coolest part. Being that he was a time traveler, here, they carried him in the air and allowed him to freely fly, as if he had done so since birth.

Justin enjoyed this part of the "dream". As he whisked around, the other humans saw him, but no one else could fly. He quickly realized that Satan was looking right at him, and called to him.

"Just the time traveling James-Bond-Indiana-Jones- Superman-Luke-Skywalker-Iron-Man-And-Anyone-Else- I-Left-Out Wannabe I was looking for. Justin Naby. Justin Time. Front and center. I want to talk to you."

Satan was quite charming when he wanted to be, and Justin found himself curious as to what

he wanted. He flew before him and said, “What do you want with me, Satan?”

“Nice shoes. Batman! I forgot Batman!”

Justin feels the vacuum of Satan’s presence and it’s enough not to laugh along. “What do you want?”

“That bag looks heavy,” Satan said, motioning to the backpack. “You’re carrying around all that emotional baggage. That must be a heavy burden. You’re supposed to surrender that, y’know. Harboring unforgiveness and anger is a sin.”

From head to toe, Satan looks like a short midget. His face is cute, his limbs in proportion. His tiny fingers are quick, and his feet are purposeful. At a glance one wonders how this small creature could ever cause so much harm, but one must remember he was created by God, and everything functional about him was designed by a perfect Creator.

It’s safe to say he was God’s first draft before God created man in His own image. As for God, though He has many forms, His human

form is not metaphorical, it is Jesus; human eyes, ears, mouth, limbs, etc.

To see the Enemy with one's own eyes induces immediate laughter by all see him, after their moment before Christ. But to humans, Lucifer is deadly, attractive, poisonous and irresistible all at once. He and his minions, including all the former Angels who live in hell, look as they do as a result of their glory being stripped of them.

Justin understood the Enemy about as much as a human could. His state of mind is insanity, motivated by pride. He has moments of clarity, but they do not rule him. Some human theologians suggested God's creation of Lucifer was a misfire, that God Himself must have been error to create a being which could be the root of lies.

Why would God create such a being and give it free will?

The answer is simple: companionship. In a realm where time is reliant on the Word, the pre-Earth form of Jesus, the Father build time on His son, a metaphysical concept we'll

address in the sequel. This is how the War in Heaven and all eternal prophesy, including any additional weaving in the time-space relationship, speaking of my ministry and of the experiences of some of the prophets, exist.

There are just some ideas that exceed human understanding, and this is one of them for most humans. Unless the Holy Spirit has enabled a person, the idea of what the inhabitants of Zion were like before humans, the creation of the world in 7 days according to a non-linear calendar, are nearly impossible to understand. It's a little like explaining calculus to a six-year old. They will recognize some numbers, but in the end they are not ready to understand it.

Satan now looks like a short, pale human child. He was made to have the innocence of a child, the lungs of a choir, and an eternal example of how much God loves His creations. God made Lucifer look as beautiful as he was. The attention Lucifer got from his fellow angels for basking in the glory of God, declaring His perfection, was addictive. After while, he wanted it for himself.

Unfortunately, free will made him want the attention intended for God, but completely for himself. In short, he grew tired of being number-2. Free will entitles a creation to become self aware of not only their abilities, but their limitations.

Satan's weaknesses became clear when he learned he was unable to create anything in the same way God did. Instead of asking God, please give me this ability, he conjured the "lie". His first lie was to himself. He claimed to have the power to rule above God. Acting out of pride, his lies multiplied and the plot evolved such that he offered a third of the Angels a place with him above God. This wounded God deeply, and He reacted like an angry parent.

Considering how impressive Lucifer was before his glory was stripped, the angels who agreed to follow him had their own lusts exploited by a master salesmen. After the Messianic Age and Rapture, humans redeemed by the blood of Jesus will judge all Angels for these very issues.

Lucifer, like a child, is very immature. There's much more to him than words here can express, but the bottom line is, he chose a path to exist and build a kingdom in all ways opposing, attacking or in absence of God and His other creations.

As Satan's eyes flickered, Justin's anger did too. Justin inched his hand toward Ruah like a gunslinger, face to face with the Prince of Darkness, and scrambled in his mind as to whether or not his own sword had the power to decapitate Lucifer here and now.

Satan saw the hand move toward the handle and presumed to know his thoughts. "I can't read minds, but I'm a good guesser. You're in range to cut my head off, but if you're motivation isn't together with God's, the consequences could be disastrous."

Justin pulled Ruah and said, "I'm willing to take that chance. Forgiveness is easier to ask for than permission."

Satan smiled and put one knee down, presenting his head to Justin. "I'll make it easy for you. But before you chop it off, remember

something. It's not in the Word for a time traveling guy with flying shoes to cut off the devil's head during a dream to end all evil in the world."

Burden zings around the room, firing arrows of burden, guilt and regret into Justin. His train of thought is affected. Wedding day...his son's Salvation...was it forced? Does he have the right to interfere in other people's lives? How could they do more? Does he really want the credit for being Justin Time?

Justin agreed and asked Satan again, "You're right. What do you want?"

Satan lifted up his head, "I just want to ask you something."

"What?"

"If I could send your father packing out of Hell and convince him to accept Christ as his Savior, what would you be willing to trade?" Satan asked.

Justin's emotions are conflicted. How many times had he traveled to Hell and tried to talk his father into doing just that?

Much of the guilt in his backpack was from his relationships. Justin's dad had lived on Earth for 65 years, but never believed. He always thought he would have more time, but his moment of death came in his sleep, when he was powerless to make a decision. By default, he went to Hell.

Those at his funeral celebrated his Heavenly citizenship as a man of God. Justin knew the truth. It affected his own parenting, and the way he treated his wife.

Before Justin could form an opinion in his mind, Ruah rose up and sliced several arrows in half, taking Justin's hand with the handle. Justin realized he needed to focus on the Lord, not Satan.

Whatever Satan wanted was not relevant.

“He chose. As did you. As did I. As did my family. As for me and my house, we serve the Lord.”

Satan smiled at him and looked irritated. “Not in the mood to talk, huh? You wanna fight?”

OK. That's not the way I wanted to play it, but if you're in the mood for some exercise..."

Satan motioned for several thousand demons to attack Justin. It looked like an overwhelming, massive attack by a vast army, flying, infantry, foot soldiers, all of whom look like the most disgusting, terrifying creatures one had ever seen, each with deadly fighting abilities.

"It is written in Isaiah 54:17," Justin said, "'no weapon forged against you will prevail, and you will refute every tongue that accuses you. This is the heritage of the servants of the Lord, and this is their vindication from me,' declares the Lord'."

At that, Ruah the sword, the sword of the Spirit, rose up in Justin's arms and glowed. Subconsciously, Justin could feel the Spirit take over, acting as He did for Peter and John as they stood before the Sanhedrin, now swinging Himself like a veteran warrior.

Ruah said to Justin, "Hang on."

The Word made a slicing sound through the air that, by itself, would have intimidated any foe

it faced on Earth. But this wasn't Earth. This was Hell. The demons realized they were facing a power they had already been defeated by, but denying that, they stood engaged in battle anyway.

Justin found hanging on to Ruah be very difficult. To an onlooker, he looked like a master swordsman swinging his sword. It was of course, the other way around, the sword swinging the man.

As the sword of the Spirit motioned through the air, the Verses that made up its shape each shot a fiery laser at each demon and weapon preparing to attack Justin, some before they were able to fully engage.

The other humans looked on in awe, but the Angels warned Justin of even greater danger.

The abyss of Hell had opened behind Satan and Justin felt a great vacuum dragging him down. Though his armor was firmly fastened, his backpack, which he couldn't seem to rip off, was being pulled into Hell.

“A little help, people!” Justin said to the army behind him.

Burden laughed as Justin tried to fight with so many burdens in his backpack.

Without hesitating, the Angels rose to attention as the humans joined their swords together in several circles, the tips of their swords touching, forming prayers. The power of their prayers manifest into the Angels and empowered the Angels to shine a Light so bright, it repelled Satan and all the remaining demons back into Hell and away from this place.

Justin wasn't there.

“What the Hell?” Justin shouted, “You will not take me! You will not! No! No! No!” he screamed, panicking, his heart racing.

“Calm down, Justin! You are not alone, nor out of the presence of God. I'm still inside you. Your armor is still intact. Don't let the sounds and visuals of this place intimidate you,” Ruah said. “Not a single part of Me has changed!”

Justin hadn't noticed that the things in his backpack had manifest into demons themselves and were now climbing out of the backpack, as if they had children.

Justin swatted with his hands as he fell deeper into the abyss, trying to get these nasty little creatures off of him. It took a moment for him to realize - they all looked like him when he felt that way: fear and pride.

"Lord," Justin prayed as he continued to drop farther and farther, "if it's your will, please take me out of here. If I'm supposed to be here, soften the fall."

"Justin, you're wearing flying shoes," Ruah said.

Remembering that was true, he took control of his fall and it became a flight again. "You're right!"

As he steadied himself, and shoved the little demons back into the bag, he sealed it and shouted, "Lord, take these from me despite my inability to surrender them! In the Name of

Jesus, you are mine no more!” He immediately noticed the bag is empty.

“All right,” Justin said, relieved. “But we’re still here.”

“Justin, over here,” Satan called, audible over the screams of tortured humans all around him. In one sense, there seemed to be no one else here. In another sense, one could easily observe trillions upon trillions of souls here, being tortured day and night by demons.

“I’m usually here during the day with a flashlight,” Justin said.

“I am light a lamp to your feet,” Ruah reminded him.

Justin smiled and drew Ruah like a light. As Ruah lit up, the population of tortured souls saw him and reached out for him, crying for mercy.

Having dealt with this before, he shouted, “Accept Christ as your Savior and leave this place! You’re only here because you rejected Christ.”

Every hand retreated and many voices cursed the invitation. One tried to grab his backpack, and Justin felt it, turning around to slice a demon's hand off.

“The battle is the Lord's. He alone rebukes you, Satan. Now, what do you want with me?” Justin asked, the fear in his voice fading, while his anger toward Satan was rising.

“Your name is valuable. Justin Time. It's catchy. I want to use it. What if we gave you a new name and I got to keep this one? I'm willing to trade. Like it or not, I'm a prince and I have some authority. Many a wealthy man has become so because of me.”

“Why do you want my name?”

“If God's ways are not your ways, and His thoughts are above your thoughts, then consider my ways and thoughts way, way, way above your thoughts,” Satan replied.

Justin doesn't answer, looking around the caverns, looking for people he knew.

“Who are you looking for?” Satan asked, trying to gain an advantage. “I got a Pope level, I got a famous people level, I got a religious people level - hey you want to see something cool? We just redid the new reception hall for the souls born during the Rapture! Can you imagine? Considering the population influx we’re expecting, I wanted to make up something original for the occasion.”

Satan seemed to cast a light onto an enormous cavern of nothing. “Wanna see the new devices we’re inventing for human torture?” he added with a smile.

Justin cut him off. “You haven’t been original in seven thousand years.”

“Hey, mortal, I’m not rude in your house. Don’t be rude in mine. I can cause a heart attack of anyone you know including yourself, and you’ll die in your sleep. Your team would collapse overnight without you, and your kids would suffer a lot of pain without their dad. And, you’d miss seeing your son grow up.”

“Enough with the threats. We both know you are the father of all lies,” Justin said. “I’m not giving you my name.”

“Okay. That’s all I was gonna ask. You sure?”

“Yes, No deal. The Lord rebuke you, Satan,” Justin repeated.

Satan lets out a shallow laugh, and shakes his head, “Those must not be the magic words today, because, you’re still here. So, I’ll try this again. Give me your name. You can have all the glory you want for your work. Global holidays named after you, a bunch of money in your bank account, and I’ll even set you up in a country where polygamy is allowed. We both know your wife isn’t doing it for you.”

Justin rolled his eyes, knowing that Satan is just trying to offend him, but he doesn’t realize there is a greater threat looming behind him. His past.

“Why do you want my name? I doubt Justin Time would be as effective with you as its underwriter.”

“I’ll tell you if you give it to me,” Satan said.

“You’re not known for your contracts,” Justin replied.

“True, I am who I am, but,” Satan said, “You cannot argue that I have made good in making a lot of people happier on Earth than they were, in exchange for their souls. So, I do make good on my contracts.”

“Interesting twist,” Justin replied, trying to get the devil to say more than he intended to. “So far you haven’t offered me anything I don’t already have. And my name has no value without Jesus Christ’s name being right over it. Absent of His Spirit, I can do nothing.”

“Not true,” Satan said, shaking his head. “You gotta learn some perspective. Turn around and look behind you.”

Justin turned and saw a portal open in mid-air, as he hovered in this cavern of Hell, and he saw the day of his birth. The scenes from his life highlight all the negative, challenging and disappointing moments, leaving out most of the blessings.

“God’s plan for your life. No wonder why you asked to travel back in time. A lot of people who hurt you, Justin. Especially your dad. Preacher who didn’t believe. We got a lot of those down here.”

“Your reel is selective,” Justin replied. “You left out most of the good stuff. You remind me of my past, and I’ll remind you of your future.”

“Spare me the Pentecostal quips, ‘I’m the Christian the devil warned you about’,” he taunts sarcastically. “I got a whole room full of people who used to wear those T-shirts to bed. They kind of forgot to accept their Savior before they took that last breath.”

Justin started asking Satan something, and then changed his facial expression, “I’m one man out of dozens who do what I do,” Justin asked. “Why me?”

“That’s not what you were going to ask me,” Satan probed.

“What’s your motivation for all this?” Justin asked. “You’re not stupid. I know you’re brilliant. You’re smarter than any man, except

for the ones who quote His Word in context. Apart from Jesus, I don't stand a chance against you in a fight," Justin said, making Satan's eyes rise in fascination.

"You're a master of manipulation, and can blind anyone with false promises. I mean, if all those things were good, you might have gotten more than a third of the Angels to follow you," Justin says, getting a slight chuckle from Satan.

"But. You know the rules of the game. Jesus defeated you at Calvary. Scripture tells us that you hate me because I'm made by the Father, and you still feel the sting of embarrassment when He decided not to let you be first in command. Think about what the second in command in heaven means. What didn't you have?"

Satan gave him a look that is a cross between bitter and anger. In a voice that was the source of all terrifying demonic voices that have ever been heard by human ears, he replied, "You don't know the whole story. You weren't there."

Then, as if catching himself in a tantrum, he turned away from Justin. Turning again to face him, Satan is all smiles.

“Still working on my temper. There’s a lot you don’t know, kid. The Bible isn’t the only point of view to consider. If we get the chance to spend some more time together, I’ll let you talk to some of the Angels who were there when it all went down. Some of the angels came with me, but because the Father threw a fit, I lost friends of mine that day. I don’t think the punishment fits the crime. But as for the first question, why you, you are the first. I’ve already talked to your 60-year old counterpart. He’s in. I just need you.”

Justin felt fear. Could it be?

“You’re lying,” Justin resisted the motion.

Satan motioned to a wall that flickered with video. It showed Justin, appearing to be 60-years old, describing his disappointment with God’s plan and wanting to accept Satan’s offer, provided that ‘certain conditions are met’.

The video ends, and Justin felt very alone. Ruah is dark.

“I’ll get back to you,” Justin said, feeling confusion overwhelm him. “I will not give you an answer right now.”

Satan nodded in agreement. “Let me show you to the way out.”

Before Justin can turn toward the way he fell in, more demons than he ever thought possible tackled him and tried to tear him apart. The panic and fear he felt was so intense, he started to have a heart attack.

No matter how much he tried to fight, nothing he did or said seemed effective. Finally, he was too weak to fight, and screaming “Jeeeesuuuuussss!!! Saaaave meeeeeeeeeeee!!!”

At that moment, the Light of Christ shined down on him, disintegrating all of the demons that were smothering him, and brought him before the Throne, laying his body down, where Jesus embraced him like a soldier in battle, unable to walk anymore.

“I’m sorry, Lord,” Justin uttered. “I...failed...”

As Jesus clutched Justin and walked him to the Throne, he sat him in it. Justin realized that not only was his strength returning, but he was in fact sitting in the chair at the right hand of the Father.

“Do you love Me?”

Justin nodded. “Yes. I don’t understand what just happened.”

“Satan offered you what you wanted when you first started in service to me,” Jesus explained. “You’ve changed. War changes a person. Now you want the things that a man of faith would want. The video was of a version of you edited from another video of you, using sound bites as dialogue. It was a fake.”

“But why would he want my name, when it’s Yours that is so powerful?”

“To embarrass Me,” Jesus answered. “Same tricks he pulled in the Garden with Adam, but I think you did a better job of defending yourself. The last three words you said defeated him.”

“Jesus, save me?”

The Lord smiled. “And he sounded sympathetic right before trying to kill you. Your heart rate soared. Now, you will awake from a good night’s rest, with no memory of this dream.” Jesus pulled Justin out of the seat and hugged him, giving him a flood of peace and rest in his body. “You’re in m’chair,” Jesus quipped, making Justin laugh.

Turning his face back toward Jesus, Justin asked, “Lord, what did happen? The War? There was a shred of truth in what he said.”

Jesus replied, “Later. You have enough to think about.” As Justin closed his eyes, ready to awake, Jesus added in a small, still Voice that seemed to whisper into Justin’s ear, “Pride goes before a fall, and leads to insanity,” explaining how Satan’s mind works.

Justin woke up laughing, and the memory of the dream quickly faded. Sara, half-asleep, asked him what was so funny.

“I don’t remember,” Justin said, eyeing the alarm clock.

“How did the meeting go?” Sara asked.

“Josiah won’t have any more problems with his Biology teacher,” Justin said. “How’s Hil?”

“Fine. We pick her up at 10. She said she thinks she met our daughter in Heaven,” Sara said.

“Wow. What a life we lead,” Justin replied.

His alarm would go off in another half-hour and another day would begin.

“Hey, I got a snail mail letter from you, when you’re 60,” Sara said, the sound of surprise still in her voice despite her grogginess.

“It tells us how to plan our wedding so that both our families can attend,” Sara said. “It’s been 18 years. I want a wedding,” she adds, tossing the open envelope onto his head.

Justin grabbed it, opened it and read it, causing him to sit up fast. He got a look of, ‘That would work,’ on his face, which made Sara notice his reaction. “What? It’s good, isn’t it.”

As he read it, Justin wondered out loud, “Why is my 60-year old self sending me mail, when

an Angel, Ruah, the Holy Spirit, or even the Lord could give me whatever foresight I need?”

Justin glanced at Ruah and opened Him. He emerged and said, “Let me see the letter.” Justin held the letter open for Ruah to read.

“I do not confirm,” Ruah said.

Sara objected. “It’s just a wedding!”

“It’s from my 60-year old self?” Justin said, “I wouldn’t send myself mail. There’s too many other ways for me to communicate.”

“What?” Justin asked, not expecting that.

Justin does give Ruah a ‘help me out here’ look, being legally married for 18 years. “She wants a formal wedding.”

Ruah, “You’re time travelers. You know what to do.”

Justin turned to Sara started the morning in prayer. “Lord, for every fake, there must an authentic. If my older self is trying to send me a message, according to your will, let it come. If it is not from You, then I reject it in Your

name. And Lord, all the worries, all the burdens, all the stuff we feel so suffocated by, I pray that you take it all from us, now and again later when we try to pick it up again. Amen.” Sara agreed.

Then they made love.

Chapter 30

The information gathering teams at Special Archives, also known as Project Justin Time, have collected hundreds of thousands of video archives of interviews of people from the past and the future. These are some of those.

Transcript 1:

Mary, mother of Jesus, 10 years post-Resurrection

Interviewer: Stephanie Minz, born August, 2108. Age 39.

Recording Team: Campbell Franks, Lorri Cooper, Tim Zimba.

Date: January 12, 2147

The woman history records as Mary, the earthly mother of Jesus, entered our time through the Receiving Room, and was escorted into one of the interview rooms. She had a calm demeanor and seemed to have been briefed by an Angel as to why she was visiting the future.

For her, it has been ten years since she watched Jesus die on the Cross, and since the resurrection, respectively.

A fiberglass translation divider is perched about four feet off the ground. It is basically a rectangular piece of 2- inch fiber glass that serves as a language processor. The transparent fiber optics computer processors inside translate all known languages for the speaker and listener in real time and tele-type a written version of what is being processed, along with a context editor, to insure both sides are being understood as intended.

This device was credited with enabling the diplomacy efforts to bring peace to Germany a half-century before.

This unit also had a video-sign language unit in case either side realize that despite their best efforts, they are not being understood.

Here was the case:

There is a woman in the 23rd century claiming to be of the lineage of Christ. She is claiming that her unborn son is heir to the throne of

Israel. The majority of the world, including the Global Council, has rejected this. Yet one of a few political groups are sanctioning her claims, for no evidence to its opposition have been validated. The groups that would provide military endorsements to her claim have agreed to dismiss the claim if DNA evidence could disprove it.

The team's goal is to account for all of Mary's children, and conduct DNA tests to rule her claim valid or invalid.

"Mary," we work for your son, twenty-two thousands years in your future, Stephanie said, trying to orient Mary with the interview process. "You once talked with one of our field agents, Justin. We work with him."

Mary remembered Justin and nodded, still looking around the room.

"Mary, by the power of the Holy Spirit, Justin and other men of God are able to travel through time. They usually write down what they see and hear with a pen called a video recorded. It writes images that move, like a mirror, but with a memory. And sometimes, we

invite people from there time to ours, to ask questions. We are only able to do what God enables us to do, so know you are here by His command.”

Mary nods. In early Aramaic, she asked, “What do you want?”

“How many children do you have, boys and girls, not including your first born.”

Mary considered the question and wonders why they

didn’t just ask Jesus. “Why don’t you ask my son?” she asked.

Stephanie smiled, “I understand how that seems like the most direct way to learn, but there are other questions we’ll have for your after answer that one, and all of this is a means to an end.”

Mary gave herself a why-not look and answered, “I had six children, four boys, two girls, with Joseph, after Jesus was born.”

Stephanie immediately exchanged confirming looks with her team, “She’s lying.”

“Her?” Tim asked, motioning to Mary.

“No,” Stephanie affirmed, “the lady in Egypt. Send an agent anyway to confirm DNA.”

“Was that all?” Mary asked, “What’s going on?”

“A woman in our time is claiming to share lineage with you. Her claim would mean you would have had to have had one more son.”

“How can you determine that from such little information?” Mary asked.

Stephanie paused, “To answer you would require a lesson in a couple thousand years of math. Just know that what you provided was helpful.”

Mary nodded and smiled. “How is John?” Stephanie asked, to make conversation while they awaited the agent’s return.

“John?” Mary asked.

“Jesus’ Disciple? He become your adopted son?” Stephanie asked.

“Oh, him. I haven’t seen him in years. They were given orders to preach the Gospel and I haven’t seen him a lot since.”

The agent returned with unexpected news.

Transcript 2:

Roman soldier 5 years post-Resurrection

Interviewer: Stephanie Minz, born August, 2108. Age 39.

Recording Team: Campbell Franks, Lorri Cooper, Tim Zimba.

An archeological team has unearthed a well-preserved ring of thorns that contains traces of blood stains on it. DNA testing showed two different types of blood. The team has a theory that the soldier who made the crown of thorns may have cut his own hands while making it.

The interview was of the Roman guard who made crown of thorns, 5 years after the resurrection of Jesus.

The team introduced themselves by name. They explained that they were from the future, from a nation born as a result of Roman

traditions and the religion of the followers of Jesus. When the soldier, Aphius, returned home, he would only remember portions of this as a dream.

Aphius nodded, and asked what they wanted.

Stephanie was about to ask him about making the thorn crown for Jesus, but instead, asked him, “The robe you won casting lots that day, did it seem to have any supernatural power?”

Aphius just about jumped out of his chair, “Yes! That cloth has a mind of its own! It has cured every member of my house! It has caused my children to obey their mother and I!”

Date: January 15, 2147

The team was both stunned and delighted. “You seen *The Robe*? Richard Burton?” Tim asked the other team members. They hadn’t seen it.

Tim tried to explain to Aphius his comment. Stephanie interrupts him. “Not now.”

“You opened the door,” Tim replied. “He deserves to know why you asked him that.”

Stephanie nodded. “Aphius, the robe you won in that game may have retained some of the supernatural power held by its owner, the man you saw die that day. I assume you know about the resurrection of Jesus.”

Aphius nodded. “They executed many men of my legion over that. This explains a lot.”

“What we came here to ask you about is the crown of thorns you made for Jesus. When you were making it, did it cut your hands at all? Might any of your blood gotten on it?” Stephanie asked.

“Yes, yes I did,” he answered, “But I was too drunk to notice at the time. The next morning, I looked at my hands, and they were all torn up. More than usual.”

Stephanie nodded and asked, “Would you be willing to let us take a blood sample from you? We have technology that will do it without you feeling it.”

Aphius gave them a pensive look, “What do I have to do?”

“Nothing. Hold still,” Stephanie said. “Camp and Lorri will take you into another room, and they will...put you back to sleep. You won’t remember most of this.”

“You’re a very beautiful woman,” Aphius said to Stephanie. She smiled as the other two agents lead him into the medical rooms.

Transcript 3:

Caiphas, a week before he dies, just after Solomon’s Temple burns.

The team had recovered all the lost documents containing the history of the nation of Israel. But they were written in a dialect no one in the 22nd century could translate. The team wanted to learn the identities and locations of the Scribes who last served at the Temple.

Interviewer: Stephanie Minz, born August, 2108. Age 39.

Recording Team: Campbell Franks, Lorri Cooper, Tim Zimba.

Date: January 20, 2147

Caiphas was groggy from the sedative they had to give him. He was so fat, the dosage was so great, he was not speaking clearly.

“Caiphas, will you speak with a woman?”
Stephanie asked.

Caiphus looked around, adjusting his eyes, trying to process what he is seeing. “Where am I? Who speaks to me?”

Stephanie answered, “You are in a government building, one that exists twenty-two-hundred years in your future. We have the power to travel back in time. We gave you a medicine that prevents you from panicking over being here. I will make this quick. The Scribe of the Temple who worked for you. We’d like to know their names, and where in the city they lived.”

Caiphas, heavily sedated, weighed the question and deduced it seems harmless to answer, also considering he seemed to believe he is having a dream.

“Sure, I’ll tell you their names,” he said, almost inaudibly.

As Caiphas seemed to form the words, a demon appeared in the room. Campbell and Lorri saw it on one of the monitors and call for medical assistance.

“We’ve got a demon, Interview Two,” Campbell said into a transmitter on his wrist.

The demon doesn’t waste time, climbing onto and then into Caiphas, with the purpose of silencing him.

Lorri, “What’s happening?”

Stephanie tried to stay with Caiphas, “Give me a name, and a house. Caiphas! Hey! Stay with me. We’ll have our doctors treat you shortly. Give me a name.”

“What’s happening? Did he just get possessed?” Lorri asked, short of panic.

Campbell, “Yes and no. The sedative we gave him gives the Enemy access to him for the same reason drugs users are open targets for

demonic possession. We'll adjust his meds and keep going once he's stabilized."

"Why don't we wait until he dies and ask him in Heaven?" Lorri asked.

Stephanie and Campbell exchanged looks, and Stephanie answered, "Because Caiphas went to Hell. This is our only real window to interview him. He's considered senile in his own time, and he can still communicate."

Caiphas was tied to a bed where he was injected with an IV and allowed to sleep. Tim asked Stephanie, "Who is our plan B?"

"Josephus," Stephanie answered. "but he's a lousy interview. He goes off on tangents. When Caiphas comes around, we'll deal with the exorcism and then get what we need."

Transcript 4:

Aquilas, Pilate's wife, just before Paul is killed.

Interviewer: Stephanie Minz, born August, 2108. Age 39.

Recording Team: Campbell Franks, Lorri Cooper, Tim Zimba.

Date: January 22, 2147

The team finds major differences in the accounts of Pilate's trial of Christ, and his own journal of his reactions to news of the aftermath to the Resurrection.

They want Aquilas to examine documents for authenticity.

Aquilas was surprisingly helpful, describing how she tried to explain to Pilate that Jesus was God, and he stood face to face with Him.

Pilate wanted to understand, but had a hard time letting that idea pass from his head to his heart. He saw his wife's faithfulness and felt Christ's love through her, but struggled to understand the supernatural aspects of what would become Christianity.

Though none of the documents were authentic, Aquilas did allow a time traveling agent to accompany her back to their private room where Pilate kept a diary, and she let us make copies of it. She seemed so comfortable around the team, there was discussion to invite her to

join. The decision has yet to be rendered as this transcript has been filed.

Transcript 5:

US Marine Ken Garrity, on the Special Forces team that captured and killed Osama Bin Laden, on April 25th, 2014. Bin Laden resisted arrest and was killed by a soldier who shot in self defense.

Several groups loyal to Bin Laden still claim he's alive. His body has been missing for years. Garrity was the last soldier to have seen the body's last-known location. DNA verification would dispel the terrorists' claims.

A separate team, led by Justin Naby, visited Hell and evoked the Name of Jesus to bring forth the soul of Osama Bin Laden. The response was not helpful. So many demons claimed to be him, that Justin could not get the authentic one to present himself. Though expecting God to sort through the mess, and reveal the soul, that did not happen.

Interviewer: Stephanie Minz, born August, 2108. Age 39.

Recording Team: Campbell Franks, Lorri Cooper, Tim Zimba.

Date: January 22, 2147

“Sargent, you’ve been briefed about who we are and why you have been brought here. We just have one question for you,” Stephanie said. “Can you recall the exact location of your unit when you witnessed the body of Osama Bin Laden being prepared for transport?”

“Yes, ma’am. We were at a private airstrip at the King Abdulaziz International Airport in Jeddah, in Saudi Arabia. It was 16:05. I had just looked at my watch. In fact, there is video of it somewhere. There was a guy with a camera, recording it all.”

Stephanie had a fazed look and nods, “Camp, check our archives. I can’t believe we didn’t do that before.” Campbell exits the room.

“You’re sure about the time?” she asked again.

He nodded with certainty. “Absolutely.”

Agents managed to travel back to the night before, enter the holding chamber of Bin

Laden's body and draw enough tissue samples to conduct a thorough DNA test. It was confirmed, Osama Bin Laden was dead.

It was also confirmed that one of the groups behind the rumor of him still being alive had in fact stolen his body with the intention of burying it in a private, undisclosed Muslim location.

Once his body was back in custody of the Saudi Arabians, a formal burial was provided so his family could attend. The world celebrated his death, as it did Adolf Hitler's.

At Special Archives, it was said of Ken Gerrity that he would make a good field agent. His name was submitted for consideration.

The same year Osama Bin Laden was killed, the world seemed to snap out of its economic and spiritual depression. No one could say for sure if it was coincidence that during that same year, the Chicago Cubs won the World Series.

The End.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Cory Parella was born and raised in Tucson, Arizona in 1973. He earned multiple college degrees from Arizona State University and UNLV before running for the House of Representatives in Colorado in 2022. He is currently running for Colorado Senate in 2024 and the White House in 2028.

He is a dad of three high school honor students, and he still follows the Wildcats past and present. He graduated from Santa Rita High school in 1991, Secrist Middle School in 1987, Dunham Elementary in 1984 and attended Our Mother of Sorrows Catholic School from 1976 - 1982.

The Tucson Catholic Diocese was among those rebuked by the Vatican when called out for sex crimes against children during his time of attendance. Films “Spotlight” and “Two Popes” talk about those stories. The priests and staff in charge of OMOS from 1976-82 have since died. The events described in this novel are true.

The Pro Life movement has an agenda far

different from what it preaches. It's a money making scheme, with little weight given to its namesakes, the pre-born. Few women I have ever met chose to abort a pregnancy passively.

Miscarriages are even more devastating, considering most moms want to have their babies.

On the Choice side, not all Choice equals abortion by default. Most women choose adoption if their bodies are healthy. In cases of maternal mental illness or drug addiction, they are wise enough to know they can't be an attentive mother yet and trust the adoption system to find a home. The waiting list for qualified seeking parents is ten-times the number of abortions, annually. Baby placement is big business.

I don't believe in slippery slopes, that if evil can prevail it will. I believe the individual person is inherently good, and equipped with the Holy Spirit, chooses to trust God for the best possible scenarios of a human being to have a good life.

It's false promises that hurt the system. Focus On The Family, which I call Focus On The

Fantasy, claims to promise to pay the medical bills of any woman whose baby's life will be saved in doing so. What they don't tell you up front is they demand she forfeit her free will and privacy in exchange. Ventura County, California minister and city councilman Rob McCoy said from the pulpit that Focus and Mike Huckabee's church made the same pledge, resulting in 1 or zero babies saved. They claimed it was because women were unwilling to let the church pay their bills. In exchange for their freedom?

That's a boundary breached not of God.

The Democrat sales pitch is thus: State money and enforcement, all women should receive sufficient healthcare including abortion. The people who says this don't give a damn about healthcare. What they are really saying is, we want what we want, and if we don't feel like babysitting, abort.

But that's not voter-sympathetic, so let's call it women's healthcare. If they really cared about women's healthcare, there wouldn't be a woman in this country without healthcare.

Hypocrisy abounds. What if the baby could

live apart from the birth mother and a judge could sort out who parents? The artificial womb isn't about saving lives.

Americans are too devoted to God to allow for a sub race to be grown like fantasy stories like *Gattica* and the latter *Star Wars Trilogy*. Freedom is too alive. Thus, I don't agree with slippery slopes. I have faith in the faith God rooted in my fellow Man.

This issue will be addressed on a national scale, not while I run for office in Colorado.

I'll follow up on this idea in future editions as I get closer to the White House.

- Cory Parella, author and 48th President