

Route 666

by Fleataxi

Paul and Nancy Connors lived in the City of Orange, CA. Their two daughters, Elizabeth and Anne, went to the local schools and were active in Sports. Every Sunday they attended the Episcopal Church of Orange, and their kids belonged to the Youth Group. Paul worked as a Machinist and his hobby was gunsmithing, which made him some money on the side customizing and fixing friends rifles. As a result, Paul had a large collection of guns, not all of which were legal in California. Paul wasn't worried, a lot of his friends had guns that were "illegal" in California, and they didn't think anything of it. After they had lived in their house for several years, they took out a home equity line of credit after the value of their house had risen 60% due to the rapidly rising housing prices. They contacted Rick's remodeling company, and he quoted a fair price, so he was given the contract. Over the several months it took to remodel their house, Rick and Paul got to be friends. Over the years, Rick confided in Paul that he was a Christian and into Survivalism. It took Paul a while to come around to Rick's thinking, since his church believed in a Pre-Tribulation Rapture. Rick convinced him he needed to prepare after telling him for the hundredth time that if Rick was wrong, and there was a Pre-Trib rapture, Rick got to go to Heaven with the rest of them, but if Paul were wrong, and they had to endure the Great Tribulation, or even a regular tribulation, and he wasn't prepared, he could not only hurt himself, but his family, and might be tempted to take the Mark to feed his family.

As their friendship developed, Rick confided his preparations to Paul, and they started planning together. Rick had located a huge abandoned mine right outside of Eagle Mountain, CA on the eastern border of the Joshua Tree National Monument. Rick thought it was fitting that a bunch of Christians would hide from the Anti-Christ near Joshua Tree. The two of them spent at least 1 weekend a month making the old abandoned mine safe and secure, then storing everything they'd need to survive for 7 years in the mine. There were many Artesian springs running through several levels of the mine, so they attached a penstock, a small waterwheel generator, and a battery bank to each of them to make electricity 24 hours a day and they stored the water in a huge cistern. They made enough electricity to not only pump the water up to the living levels, but to power the florescent lights and charge batteries. Their septic system consisted of large pipes to route the sewage to a deep shaft in the lowest part of the mine that was capped with a metal cap to keep the smell out. When they dropped a rock down the shaft, it fell for way over a minute before they heard anything, and it was 10 feet in diameter. They guessed it was over 2,000 feet deep, and 10 feet in diameter, giving them over 150,000 cubic feet to dispose of black water. Rick hoped the water would percolate out the bottom, or it could get really stinky in the mine with 7 years worth of sewage. Rick realized they'd produce a ton of methane from the system, and routed a vent pipe to the roof, since no one wanted to mess with burning methane for heat. All grey water was recycled and reused in the garden where possible.

Every time Rick remodeled a building, instead of throwing away the materials and fixtures, they used them to build livable quarters in the huge mine. They collected junk from construction sites all over Orange and Riverside counties. Paul was amazed at what people would throw away, and they soon had enough materials to build enough rooms in the mine to house both families, and at least a dozen refugees. They had the mine plumbed with hot and cold running water since the hot water was produced by a heat exchanger built into the back of the Masonry Heating stove. It might not have been boiling hot, but it was warm enough to take a shower. Over the years, they collected scrap wood, and got plans for Masonry Heating Stoves off the internet, then built 1 in each “house” and a central much larger unit for the common room that included a huge 6-foot cookstove that vented into the same flue, saving the heat and radiating it back into the common room. Since they used recycled firebricks, it wasn’t too expensive to build - just a lot of work! He ducted all the stoves into a common chimney when Rick climbed the mountain their mine was dug into, and found an abandoned shaft, which explained the excellent ventilation. Since the Masonry heaters were so efficient, and burned so hot, the smoke coming out of them didn’t resemble normal black woodsmoke, and was much cooler by the time it exited the mine shaft, so he wasn’t worried that someone would spot it without a deliberate search. Some of the caverns were over 50 feet high, and the mine had at least 20 levels that they had explored. It had good air exchange and plenty of fresh air, even with the security door closed. They tested the air with carbide lamps first, then sophisticated air testing equipment when they seriously considered building a shelter there. Over the years they started moving supplies into the mine. Paul used money he had made from Gunsmithing, so Nancy didn’t mind what he spent it on. Rick was rolling in money, and supplied the bulk of their supplies.

6 years later, things started getting really bad in California. The people in the big cities got tired of Arnold, and elected someone who promised Prosperity, free healthcare, and lower taxes. Anyone who really cared could have realized that what he was proposing was impossible with California’s current financial problems. Arnold had tried to rein in the California Legislature, but they insisted on spending money like they had a printing press in the basement of the Capitol. The Liberals blamed Arnold for causing the very thing he was attempting to stop - financial meltdown, and trumpeted their new financial “Savior”. His program put unemployed teachers back to work, but he only delayed the inevitable crash of California’s economy. By now, things in the US had reached similar crisis levels, and the government was printing money to pay off the interest on the debt, otherwise known as monetizing the debt. This resulted in the unheard of action in the World Bank of reducing the US credit rating to the same level as Mexico. Investors, fearing a collapse, caused the collapse they were trying to avoid by selling everything they could that was tied to the Dollar.

While all this was happening, in Indonesia CNN reported the impact of a meteor and a local tsunami that killed most of the people in the area, and dead fish were washing up on the shore weeks later. Due to the US economic meltdown, no one paid attention to it after a couple of days. Weeks later, people noticed that the sun was dark during the day, but wrote it off as dirt

thrown up by the meteor impact. Over the next couple of months, the news was reporting strange phenomena, but always there was a scientist or other “talking head” spokesperson available to explain the phenomena so no one realized that they were living in the start of the Great Tribulation. Next prominent citizens started disappearing, and police were unable to solve the disappearances. Finally members of Congress and the Senate started disappearing, and the President flew to an undisclosed location, and left FEMA in charge. Months later, William Clinton was elected to the Secretary General of the UN to replace the Secretary General, who was missing and presumed dead. Within the week, he had met with the new Pope, and world leaders, and they agreed that drastic measures were needed to restore the world economy. Once the US economy started failing, suddenly the rest of the world realized they were dependent on the US for financial aid, purchasing their goods and services, and providing food and other goods.

Right at that point, California was starting to come unglued, so the first thing Governor Andrews did was get legislation passed confiscating all weapons to prevent lawlessness. Within weeks, most of the United States followed suit. FEMA and the ATF got into the ball game, and the nightly news featured the head of FEMA telling gun owners they had 30 days to turn in their guns or face the consequences. California went 1 step further, and made owning guns a “child endangerment” issue, giving the state the right to take your children if you didn’t surrender your guns.

Nancy had always been a Sheeple to the core, and Paul had never included her in his plans, figuring that if TSHTF, that he could just grab them, pack up and leave. After all, they had a secure retreat less than 100 miles away in the California Desert, stocked for 20 years worth of survival for Rick and Paul’s families. Several years ago, Rick and his family were killed in a private plane crash. Rick loved flying, and often rented a 4-seater Cessna to fly his family for a weekend in Vegas. The lawyer contacted Paul, and told him that Rick’s will left him the remodeling company and their house. He handed Paul the keys to Rick’s business, and a bunch of letters. After the funeral, he settled down in a quiet space by himself, and read Rick’s letters. Besides the usual stuff, he told him where he had stashed over a dozen caches in and around Orange and Riverside counties, and the keys he needed to get to them. Following Rick’s instructions, he sold Rick’s house for 1.5 million dollars, and converted most of it to gold and silver, leaving enough in the bank to keep Nancy happy, who really appreciated the new Mustang he bought her.

After things started happening, Paul noticed that Nancy and the two girls had splitting headaches all day long, bags under their eyes, and they were always scratching bite marks on themselves. She saw the doctor, who prescribed large doses of Prozac and Valium to sleep, but nothing helped. Finally Paul was reading the Bible one night, and realized what was happening. Several people he knew who he thought were “Good Christians” were suffering, and a few people that he didn’t think were all that spectacular were symptom-free. He talked to one of them, and he explained that it appeared the world was in the midst of the Great Tribulation. Of

course Paul laughed it off, until he went home that night, read Revelation for the first time in a long time, and prayed about it. Finally that night, he confronted Nancy with his thoughts.

“Paul, you’re NUTS - I’m as good as the next Christian at Orange Episcopalian Church - you should see some of those women there - call themselves Christians, yet they’ve been divorced and remarried. WE go to church each Sunday, and you tithe your 10% just like everyone else. Even Elizabeth and Anne are in the Youth Group.”

“Nancy, from what I read, it’s not what you do that gets you into heaven, matter of fact, you can’t earn your way into heaven from what I’ve read. It comes down to the saving grace of God. Have you ever surrendered your life to God? Really!”

“What a silly question, we were both baptized when we became members!”

“But did you repent of what you were doing before, and ask God’s forgiveness for your sins?”

“Why should I have to - God loves everyone! Now go to sleep, I’m tired!”

“Nancy, the reason you feel like you do is God’s giving a last warning to those who haven’t surrendered their lives to Christ to repent and accept his forgiveness!”

“Paul, you sound like those Fundamentalist Christians on TV. I’m OK, it’s just a headache, now go to sleep.”

Not willing to start a fight, Paul rolled over and dropped the matter, but his relationship with his wife was never the same. The media kept up the pressure to turn in their guns or risk losing their kids, and a week later, Nancy found a loaded 1911 in Paul’s drawer, and called the police to turn it in. Unknown to her, her call was forwarded to the local ATF office, who checked and found out that Paul had some guns he bought years ago, and never surrendered according to their paperwork. When they found out he was a machinist and gunsmith, they decided to make an example of him.

That night in a dream, Paul got a revelation that the ATF was coming to arrest him, and he must flee without his wife and kids, and head for the desert. He quietly slipped out of bed, got dressed in the bathroom, kissed the girls goodbye, and grabbed his go-bag and keys to his Jeep, and drove out the door 5 minutes before the ATF smashed in the front door, ripped the place apart, and brutally questioned Nancy and the Girls. They were beaten, tortured, burned with cigarettes, stripped naked, and cuffed, then dragged out in the street and thrown into a black unmarked van when they couldn’t produce the guns. Nancy was worried about Elizabeth and Anne, who were 16 and 14 at the time, since the leader had told Nancy she had until they got to the station to talk, or her girls would be taken from her, and one guy laughed and joked about sending them to a brothel. Nancy felt sick to her stomach - they were good citizens, good

Christians, and they had never broken the law before. Why was this happening to her, and where was Paul?

Paul and Rick had hid their guns in remote caches once the crackdown on civilian gun ownership began. He drove the jeep to one of their caches at a self-service storage facility in Corona that Rick had rented in his business's corporate name and paid for a year in advance with a company check. This was one of their smallest caches, and they had 4 of them situated within 25 miles of the City of Orange, so if he bugged out in any direction, he'd have a cache available. While he was kneeling down to open one of the small boxes he packed in there, Paul said a quick prayer for God's mercy on his family.

His cache included an AK-47, 10 loaded 30 round magazines, and 2 loaded 75-round drum magazines, and a chest carrier for the magazines and a combat pack full of 7.62x39 ammo on stripper clips. Below that was a customer's unregistered nickel-silver 1911 with 10 7-round magazines full of jhp ammo, and 500 rounds of stored ammo. Below that was a multi-fuel stove, and nested pots in a cooking kit. Finally he uncovered a 5-gallon sealed bucket of beans, and another of rice, along with a large bottle of Tabasco Sauce. He has 100 feet of snare wire to make snares to capture "mystery meat" to supplement his beans and rice. He loaded all this into the Jeep, and drove further into the desert.

After he got back on the freeway, he headed east towards San Bernardino, and merged onto 60E. When he reached the eastern edge of Moreno Valley, he pulled off the freeway again, located another storage facility, unlocked the door, and connected a small trailer with pre-positioned gear to the towing hitch of his Jeep, made sure all the connections were tight and the chains secured, and drove back out after closing the door. After about another 15 miles, he got into the left lane to merge onto I-10E toward Beaumont. From there he drove on through the night past Palm Springs, and once he got near Indio, he realized he needed to fill the tank, and all the Jerry cans on the trailer. He located an all-night gas station, filled up, washed the windows, then hit the road again.

Early the next morning, he arrived in Eagle Mountain, drove through the quiet neighborhood streets, and onto a 4x4 trail that wasn't on many maps. He kept the speed down to minimize a dust trail, and for the benefit of the trailer. He drove up, around, and through the foothills to the concealed opening of an old abandoned mine that Rick had located. Paul said a quick prayer of thanksgiving for his friend, and mercy for his wife and children. He felt awful for leaving them, but was sure that it was the voice of the Lord, since in his dream he saw 2 images: either all of them dying in a bloody shoot-out with the JBT's or him escaping and later being reunited with his family in Heaven. He was sure God was telling him if he stayed there, they'd all die, and since Nancy and the girls weren't saved, they'd spend eternity in hell. His faith was strong enough to trust God, but his heart was breaking for them, because his imagination was running wild with what the ATF goons would do to his wife and children. Once he got out of the Jeep,

he fell to his knees praying, then felt like he should open his Bible and read whatever page it fell open to. He'd never done this before, and felt silly, then realized that there was no one around to make him feel silly, so he opened his Bible, and it fell open to Proverbs Chapter 3.

He started reading:

1 My son, do not forget my law, But let your heart keep my commands;
2 For length of days and long life And peace they will add to you.
3 Let not mercy and truth forsake you; Bind them around your neck, Write them on the tablet of your heart,
4 And so find favor and high esteem In the sight of God and man.
5 Trust in the LORD with all your heart, And lean not on your own understanding;
6 In all your ways acknowledge Him, And He shall direct your paths.
7 ¶ Do not be wise in your own eyes; Fear the LORD and depart from evil.
8 It will be health to your flesh, And strength to your bones.

9 Honor the LORD with your possessions, And with the first fruits of all your increase;
10 So your barns will be filled with plenty, And your vats will overflow with new wine.
11 My son, do not despise the chastening of the LORD, Nor detest His correction;
12 For whom the LORD loves He corrects, Just as a father the son in whom he delights.
13 ¶ Happy is the man who finds wisdom, And the man who gains understanding;
14 For her proceeds are better than the profits of silver, And her gain than fine gold.
15 She is more precious than rubies, And all the things you may desire cannot compare with her.

16 Length of days is in her right hand, In her left hand riches and honor.
17 Her ways are ways of pleasantness, And all her paths are peace.
18 She is a tree of life to those who take hold of her, And happy are all who retain her.
19 The LORD by wisdom founded the earth; By understanding He established the heavens;
20 By His knowledge the depths were broken up, And clouds drop down the dew.
21 ¶ My son, let them not depart from your eyes-Keep sound wisdom and discretion;
22 So they will be life to your soul And grace to your neck.
23 Then you will walk safely in your way, And your foot will not stumble.
24 When you lie down, you will not be afraid; Yes, you will lie down and your sleep will be sweet.

25 Do not be afraid of sudden terror, Nor of trouble from the wicked when it comes;
26 For the LORD will be your confidence, And will keep your foot from being caught.
27 ¶ Do not withhold good from those to whom it is due, When it is in the power of your hand to do so.
28 Do not say to your neighbor, "Go, and come back, And tomorrow I will give it," When you have it with you.
29 Do not devise evil against your neighbor, For he dwells by you for safety's sake.
30 Do not strive with a man without cause, If he has done you no harm.

31 Do not envy the oppressor, And choose none of his ways;
32 For the perverse person is an abomination to the LORD, But His secret counsel is with the upright.
33 The curse of the LORD is on the house of the wicked, But He blesses the home of the just.
34 Surely He scorns the scornful, But gives grace to the humble.
35 The wise shall inherit glory, But shame shall be the legacy of fools.

When he finished reading this, he fell to his knees weeping uncontrollably. He wept for his wife and daughters, and for his failures. Finally a sense of peace overcame him, and he gave praise to God for saving his life, and left his family in God's care. He drove the Jeep further into the mine, secured the door, and started unpacking. This would be his new home for the next 7 years unless something happened.

Chapter 2 - The Street Preacher

After several months of loneliness, and not hearing much on the radio, Paul ventured out Sunday Evening, and decided to take his 250cc motorcycle into town both to save gas and because it was much more maneuverable in case he had to E&E. He carried a small Camelback daybag on his back with a E&E kit, and drove into the nearest town, Desert Center. He cruised around, and not much was happening, until he turned down Ragsdale Road from Kaiser, and saw a Street Preacher out in front of the Post Office with a Bible in his hand. He looked like the Biblical description of John the Baptist. His hair was long and dirty, his beard was matted, and his clothes looked like he'd been sleeping outside for the last couple of years. He parked his bike, and sat on it to listen. The preacher was spell-binding and spoke with the voice of Authority "Repent, for the End is Near!" He went through Daniel, Revelation and several other sections of the Bible, telling everyone who would listen (not many) that we were in the midst of the Great Tribulation, and that in a little less than 7 years, they'd have to face God and give account for their lives. Several of his comments hit home, and at the end of the day, when he stepped down off his soapbox, Paul felt moved to talk to him.

"Hi, my name's Paul."

"I'm Carl. I noticed you spent the afternoon listening but you never came forward. I pray you're saved already?"

"I wasn't sure until a couple of months ago when my wife and daughters were stricken with unexplainable and incurable headaches, insomnia, and bite welts all over their bodies. I didn't have any headaches or bites, and I slept like a baby. I talked to a friend of mine who wasn't sick either, and he explained to me that this was God's final warning to those who hadn't accepted Jesus as their Lord and Savior to accept him, or face eternity in Hell. At first I didn't believe him, then I read it for myself in Revelation, and it made sense, and I felt something in my Spirit, and knew it was true. I tried to convince my wife, but she wouldn't listen. Finally one night I had a prophetic dream where God told me to leave right now, and abandon my family, or we'd all be dead, and they'd be in Hell for eternity."

Carl opened his Bible to the 10th Chapter of Matthew, and started reading:

21 Now brother will deliver up brother to death, and a father his child; and children will rise up against parents and cause them to be put to death.

22 And you will be hated by all for My name's sake. But he who endures to the end will be saved.

28 And do not fear those who kill the body but cannot kill the soul. But rather fear Him who is able to destroy both soul and body in hell.

34 Do not think that I came to bring peace on earth. I did not come to bring peace but a sword.

35 For I have come to 'set a man against his father, a daughter against her mother, and a daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law';

36 and 'a man's enemies will be those of his own household.'

37 He who loves father or mother more than Me is not worthy of Me. And he who loves son or daughter more than Me is not worthy of Me.

38 And he who does not take his cross and follow after Me is not worthy of Me.

39 He who finds his life will lose it, and he who loses his life for My sake will find it.

Paul could tell he skipped a couple of verses, since he knew Matthew fairly well. He opened his Bible to Matthew while Carl read, and followed along. When he finished, he read the next couple of verses, and knew what he had to do.

“Carl- do you have anywhere to stay?”

“Just a cardboard box by the riverbed.”

“I’ve got a cave nearby with food, water, and heat if you want to come back with me. I’m all alone, and I could really use the company.” Paul kicked down the pegs on the back of the bike and told Carl to climb aboard and hang on. Carl must have ridden a motorcycle before, since he climbed aboard like he’d done it all his life, and grabbed the rear grab bars of the seat. Paul rode slow and easy back to the mine, and right as it was getting dark, they drove inside the entrance.

Once they got settled, he handed Carl some clean clothes that would fit, gave him some soap, shampoo, and a towel, and showed him how to use the shower, and told him to be careful about the hot water. Even with the blend valve, their hot water was produced as a byproduct of heating the rooms using the Masonry Heater, so the water was hotter in the morning than the afternoon, and he needed to be careful. The drain led to the grey water tanks, which had a trap to divert soap and hair to the sewage pipe. 15 minutes later, Carl came out looking like a new man. He still needed a haircut and a beard trim or a shave. Paul asked him if he wanted to cut his hair or his beard. Carl looked in the mirror, and realized why some people were repelled by him, and asked Paul if he could cut his hair and trim his beard. Paul had some primitive hand-operated hair cutting tools, and showed Carl how to use them. He went from wild and wooly to a buzz cut and a short beard. Anyone who had seen him yesterday would not recognize him now. He swept up the hair, and carried it to a trash bin for disposal.

“Brother, I want to thank you for your hospitality. Now that I don’t look like John the Baptist, maybe people might listen to me!”

“Carl, you realize that Street Preaching could get you killed in the next couple of years?”

“So, we’re all dead in 7 years anyway, it’s how you die now that matters, and whether or not you die in the Lord. Remember verses 22 and 28? Well I’m serving God until the end.”

“I’ve got another motorcycle like mine you’re free to use. All I ask is you take care that no one follows you back to this cave, since I plan on taking in as many Christian Refugees as I can.”

“In that case, it would probably be a good idea if I only come back to the cave to resupply and get cleaned up. I’ll hide the bike near my camp where no one can find it, and walk back and forth to the Post Office. I’ll come here maybe 1 or 2 times per month to resupply and get cleaned up if it’s OK by you.”

“I’ve found out the best time to come here is early in the morning, or late in the evening right before sunset. The mufflers on the bikes are extra-quiet, and if you keep it below 20 miles per hour, you shouldn’t disturb anyone by riding by.”

“You said you wanted to house Christian refugees? If I run across anyone trying to flee the Anti-Christ, is it OK if I send them here?”

“Just be careful you don’t send a ringer or a stool-pigeon, or the whole thing could come down around us, and all the refugees lives would be at stake.”

“Ok, I’ll be VERY careful!”

“So Carl, what’s your story?”

They sat down to talk as Paul started a pot of stew on the stove.

“It’s a short but sad story. I was the Pastor of a large congregation in North Hollywood. I was self-righteous, prideful, and condemning of anyone who didn’t measure up to my standards. I had a beautiful wife and two kids, but they were as bad as I was. It was totally my fault since I was the head of the household and set a bad example for them. As my Ministry got more and more successful, the pressure started mounting, and I started drinking. First I was able to hide my drinking, but one Sunday, I showed up drunk for Church, stumbled and stuttered through my prepared sermon, and collapsed halfway through. The Deacons realized I was a drunk, and fired me from my job. My wife filed for divorce and took the kids, claiming I was a bad influence, and my life fell apart. 6 months later, I was a skid-row bum in Los Angeles. Finally 1 day I was listening to a Street Preacher who had decided to visit the Mission District where we hung out. We harassed and badgered him all day, but he kept right up at it. Finally at the end of the day when he was ready to go home, he turned to me, got right in my face and said “Carl, God Loves You - Right now - right where you are. I’ve a message for you. God wants you to sober up, and spend the rest of your life preaching on the streets like I do. Go check into the mission across the street, and the Sisters will help you!” Well, he was right, and I knew it. I

walked across the street, checked myself in, and spent the next year getting my life back together, then I remembered what the Street Preacher said to me, so I sold everything I owned, gave it to the Mission to help other drunks, put together a backpack with spare clothes, an alcohol burning stove, a couple of tarps, my Bible, some home-made coffee-can pots, a water bladder, and some Lipton soup mix and Ramen that I'd scavenged out of the grocery store dumpster. Once I was set, I hit the road. I lived with the Homeless people, but I never touched a drop of booze for the last 10 years. God has used me in wondrous ways, and I know God's used me to save souls and rebuild lives. All in all, it's been worth losing everything I had. God's always given me enough to live, and put people in my path, both to help me, and people I could help."

"That's a wonderful story, so how did you get from North Hollywood to Desert Center?"

"The police don't differentiate between Homeless Street People, and Homeless Street Preachers. I got moved along fairly regularly, and kept getting pushed East into the desert. My guess is the City Fathers don't want us around, and since the Ocean is to the west - they'd move us east, and either we'd stay in the desert, or move east to Arizona or Nevada. Once I arrived in Desert Center, people stopped hassling me, and I've been standing on that street corner for 2 years. I can count the converts on the fingers of 1 hand. Hopefully now that I look more respectable, they might listen to me."

Once they were finished, Paul realized that the stew was done, and set 2 bowls onto the folding card table they used to eat at, and Carl said Grace. "Heavenly Father, we thank you for this food, and ask you to bless it. Please guide and protect us as we do your will. In Jesus Name, we Pray."

Both of them said "Amen" together, then dug in. There wasn't much conversation until the stew was finished. After dinner, Paul asked Carl about any news from the outside he might have heard. He told Carl that the UN Secretary General was shot at a Press Conference, and the Paramedics pronounced him dead on the scene. He scared the heck out of the paramedics when he rose, climbed off the stretcher right as they were about to put him in the Ambulance, stood, and waved to the crowd. Naturally the entire World media was there to cover it, and they were unanimously declaring it a Miracle. Right after that, the frequency of things picked up quickly. 2 men were reported preaching at the Wailing Wall in Israel. The kicker was the crowd was all hearing them in their native language. The UN tried to stifle reports out of Israel, to no avail. Paul was amazed that he was hearing Biblical Prophecy occurring all around him. Suddenly he thought of his wife and Children, and asked Carl to join him in praying for their salvation.

Right at that moment, Nancy was seated, nude and handcuffed before her inquisitors. Her body bore the marks of months of torture. She was facing a death sentence because she never told them where the guns were. It never occurred to the inquisitors that she just didn't know. She had witnessed the brutal torture of her daughters, and their deaths, and now it was her turn.

Suddenly she heard a phrase in her mind “I am with you always - even to the ends of the Earth.” Suddenly she realized Paul was right, and broke down crying. Her inquisitors thought they had finally broken her, when in fact she had given her life to Christ. Right at the very end, she was saved. When she stopped crying she looked up at her inquisitors, who were demanding her to sign a false document listing the “locations” of the weapons - which was in fact a list of prominent Christians that they were looking for an excuse to throw into prison and execute. They were too prominent to just snatch them off the street, so Nancy’s inquisitors had hatched a plan to give several condemned women one last chance to save their lives by bearing false witness against other Christians. Nancy looked at the list, and said with a smile on her face “You can go to Hell - I won’t sign. Matter of fact, unless you repent, you’re going to Hell anyway - have a nice trip!”

The lead inquisitor was so enraged that he picked up a huge Katana he had been threatening her with, and with 1 swing, lopped off her head. Blood fountained all over the questioning room, and he turned to a lackey and said “Clean this mess up, and bring in the next subject.”

While they were praying, Paul fell to the ground crying. When he got back up, he told Carl that he felt his wife dying, but he knew she was in Heaven with his 2 girls. Carl laid hands on Paul and prayed for God’s strength to get Paul over the loss of his family, and God’s guidance to tell him what to do with the rest of his life. Minutes later, Paul decided to join Carl as a street preacher - he had nothing to lose at this point, since his family was already dead and in Heaven waiting for him. Carl had an inspiration, and opened his Bible to Paul’s letter to the Philippians, and started reading. Paul opened his book, and was stunned - it seemed that God was speaking directly to him. Verses 21-26 really hit home - to Die is Gain, to Live is Christ! He understood that Paul was going through the same trial he was right now, and agreed with Paul that even though he’d like nothing better than to join Christ in Heaven, his work wasn’t finished.

Chapter 3 - The New Preacher

After dinner, they sat and talked a while. Paul wanted to be a Street Preacher, but he didn't know where to start. Carl explained that there were 2 basic types of Street Preachers: "Yellers & Screamers" and Witnessing. Since he didn't have the Bible knowledge necessary to exhort the people to repent, and he had a fairly interesting conversion story, he should try witnessing.

Carl continued:

The most effective style was the confrontational style "Do you know where you're going after you die?"

Most people who reply with say "Of Course - Heaven!"

If they reply, then you ask them - "Are you willing to bet eternity on that? Remember, a Billion years is just the first second of Eternity!"

"Up to a year ago, I was just like you, I went to church every Sunday, paid my 10%, listened to the Reverend, and tried to live a good life. It took losing my Wife and Daughters to realize I was wrong."

If they're still with you then, you ask them "Want to guarantee you'll spend Eternity in Heaven?"

Remember this sequence: Romans 3:10, 3:23 - 3:26, 3:28, 4:5 - 4:8, 4:15, 5:1-5:21, 6:1 - 6:23, 8:1 - 8:39.

The kernel in all this is Romans 10:8 - 10:11: "But what does it say? "The word is near you, in your mouth and in your heart" (that is, the word of faith which we preach): that if you confess with your mouth the Lord Jesus and believe in your heart that God has raised Him from the dead, you will be saved. For with the heart one believes unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation. For the Scripture says, "Whoever believes on Him will not be put to shame."

Tell them that if they confess with their mouth, and believe it in their heart that Jesus is their personal Lord and Savior, that God will forgive all their sins, and they are guaranteed to go to heaven when they die. The whole book of Romans lays it out for them in black and white.

Paul spent the rest of the evening reading Romans from front to back. What he read floored him, and convicted him. When he got to 3:10, he started weeping. All those years when he thought he was a "good Christian" he was trying to justify himself by what he did - following

the law. He didn't realize he was wrong, because Reverend Wilson never talked about "Salvation" or "Grace" and never encouraged them to read the Bible for themselves. He realized now that Reverend Wilson was more worried about the collection plate than the souls of his flock. When he got to 3:23, he realized why he was spared all the pain and anguish his wife and daughter went through. He remembered a Bible Camp when he was 6 years old, and in his child-like innocence, gave his life to Christ, and meant it! He had strayed from the truth over the years, but in his heart, he always knew that Jesus was his Lord and Savior, and prayed in times of crisis and asked for guidance. He wasn't the best Christian he knew, but he was willing to make up for lost time in the time he had left.

He went to sleep around 10:00 and was awake at first light. He made oatmeal for breakfast, then they rode double on the motorcycle back to the Post Office. Paul spent the rest of the day watching Carl preach, and occasionally approaching someone. Even with their much improved looks, few people gave them more than a second glance, and several people crossed the street to avoid them. When they got back to the mine that evening, Paul was discouraged. "Carl, how do you manage to do it day after day?"

"I was called to do this as my life's work. I don't have anything else I can do to glorify God. I'll never know this side of Eternity if I even reached anyone. I know in my heart that people have listened to me, but few take what I say to heart and change their lives. As a witness, you'll have an easier measure of your success when you lead people through the Sinner's Prayer."

"Carl - What do you mean?"

"This is one form of the Sinner's prayer I use:

"Heavenly Father:

I come to you in prayer asking for the forgiveness of my Sins. I confess with my mouth and believe with my heart that Jesus is your Son, And that he died on the Cross at Calvary that I might be forgiven and have Eternal Life in the Kingdom of Heaven. Father, I believe that Jesus rose from the dead and I ask you right now to come in to my life and be my personal Lord and Savior. I repent of my Sins and will Worship you all the day's of my Life!. Because your word is truth, I confess with my mouth that I am Born Again and Cleansed by the Blood of Jesus! In Jesus Name, Amen."

You should have some cards made up with this prayer or something close to it to give out to people. If they pray it with you, write the date and the time on the back of the card with an inscription- Happy Birthday! Tell them to carry it in their wallet or purse to remind them of the

day that they gave their lives to Christ. If they wish to be baptized, there's a spring around here that I do baptisms at."

"Thanks Carl - that sounds like what I said over 30 years ago at Bible Camp."

While Paul was thinking about Bible Camp, he remembered he met his best friend Ron at Bible Camp, then remembered he was the President of the local Bank of America in Orange. He thought about it, and he had over \$30,000 dollars in the bank left over from selling Rick's house. If he closed the account, he could help a whole bunch of refugees without giving them Gold or Silver, at least as long as the merchants were accepting FRN's. He talked it over with Carl, and he agreed for another reason he didn't even think of - laying a false trail for the authorities to follow. If he told Ron he was headed to Mexico, and Costa Rica, it would have them looking the wrong way, and as long as he didn't use credit cards, ATMs, or checks to buy stuff, he'd be hard to trace. Carl asked him if he had a Cell phone. When he patted his pockets, and found his cell phone in his pocket and took it out to open it, Carl grabbed it, removed the battery, and smashed it with a hammer.

"What the hell did you do that for - that phone cost \$200!"

"Didn't you know they have a GPS tracking device in all cellular phones, and they can track you even when it's off! Taking the battery out and smashing it was the only way to guarantee they couldn't track you with it. Luckily there's only 1 cell out here, and it's not in the GPS system yet. As soon as you would have driven back into town, the towers could be used to locate you."

"Yikes, I'd be a dead duck if I did that - thanks for saving me!"

"No problem, we have to watch each other's backs from here on out. I'd suggest getting an early start tomorrow, and get to the bank as soon as Ron's there, clean out your account, and get back here as fast as you can."

"Ok Carl - your room is across the hall. I'll be leaving at 0800 tomorrow, I should be back by noon. If I don't come back - all this is yours, and just use it to save as many people as you can from the Anti-Christ."

Carl took two steps toward Paul, laid his hands on his shoulders, and they prayed together for a safe and fruitful trip for Paul. When they finished, Carl shook Paul's hand, and said "Goodnight."

The next morning, Paul made breakfast, cleaned up, packed his E&E kit, stuck his 1911 in a IWB holster with 4 loaded spare mags in single-mag carriers, and put the other 6 mags in his bag. He hoped he didn't need it, but a 7-shot 1911 beat a sharp stick if he did. By the time he

was ready to leave, he asked Carl if he wanted a ride to the Post Office. Carl had loaded a daybag with enough stuff for a week in case he couldn't get back to the cave, and hopped into the jeep. 2 hours later, Paul arrived at the bank, walked up to his friend Ron's office, and asked to speak to him in Private.

"Ron, I've got \$30,000 in the bank, and I need to close it out and get cash, can you help me?"

"That's a lot of cash, and over the Federal Reporting limit, why do you need the cash?"

"Nancy and the Kids have disappeared, and the house looks like someone was searching it looking for stuff. I think the JBT's were looking for me and my guns."

"You mean you didn't turn them in?"

"I hope for your sake you kept some un-papered guns someplace safe. Turn the papered ones in by all means - it's not worth having your house raided for a registered pistol."

"I might have a few - so what are you going to do?"

"I'm headed to Mexico, and maybe Costa Rica. That means I need cash, since they don't accept checks."

"Ok, I can delay posting the Federal Notice until close of business to give you a head start."

"Thanks Ron, I'll keep you and your family in my prayers."

"Vaya Con Dios Amigo!"

"I guess this means I'll have to learn Spanish now!"

Ron gave his best friend a hug since he knew he would never see him again, then they walked up to the teller, and he whispered in her ear, and she checked Paul's balance, and he had \$32,158.34. Ron nodded, went into the cage, took out 30 thousand dollars worth of bundled \$20's, then paid the balance out of her drawer. He gave Paul a zippered money bag to store it in, and wished him luck. Paul walked out the door with tears in his eyes. He knew he wouldn't see Ron again until they were in Heaven, and he hoped that Ron and his family wouldn't suffer when they died. Paul hid the money bag in the Jeep where it would take a diligent search to find it, and drove back to the desert. He filled the gas tank back up in Indio and paid cash. When he got back to Desert Center, he picked up Carl and took him back to the mine saying that he needed to talk to him. "When they start requiring the Mark to buy stuff, there's going to be a bunch of refugees who won't be able to use cash. If I can locate a Costco or something nearby,

we could spend part of this money buying basic supplies like food and water, or clothing and shelter. If we could make up a list, buy the supplies, and backpacks or duffle bags to store it in, we could give needy people supplies without compromising the cave.”

“How are you going to do that?”

“My friend Rick built caches with supplies in them all over Orange and Riverside counties. If there’s a nearby storage facility, we could rent one, and store stuff there. That way, if they get raided, all they get is a bunch of rice and beans.”

“Sounds like a plan - let’s make the list and go shopping while we have the time.”

“What about your street preaching ministry?”

“I’m still doing it, I’m just making preparations to do more than just save their souls. Let’s unload the trailer, locate a Costco or something, and a Sporting Goods store, and buy everything in 1 day so I can get back to preaching.”

Paul remembered seeing a sign on a billboard while passing on I-10 North of Palm Desert for a Costco in Coachella Valley. Even though it was almost an hour away, it beat going back into Orange County since he was supposed to be in Mexico. He checked his wallet, and he still had his Costco Business Membership card he got when he opened his gunsmithing business. Now all he needed was a list. Tomorrow was Tuesday, and he knew that they opened at 0900 for Business members, and it was less busy then. He and Carl made a list, and they left at 8 o’clock the next morning. They arrived just after the store opened, and went up and down the aisles, buying huge quantities of the stuff on their list. When they were through, they had over \$5,000 dollars worth of food, medicine, and supplies. Since the trailer was full, they dragged it back to the cave and unloaded everything. On his way back out, Paul dropped Carl off at the Post Office to get in half a day of street preaching, and drove to a Sporting Goods store they had passed on their way home. He dropped another \$5 grand there, and drove back to the cave. He spent the rest of the week putting the kits together, then loaded them in the trailer. When he was finished, he drove out to the post office to get Carl’s help unloading and packing the Storage Building they were going to rent. Carl showed him where the building was, and he was pleased to see it was a self-service building, and drove to the address they had on the building for payments, and rented a large garage for 1 year in advance using Rick’s company name, and paid cash. They both looked respectable, so the manager didn’t think anything of it. Paul bought a high-security key lock while he was out, and they drove back to the storage facility, and spent the next couple of hours loading the kits from the trailer to the garage.

When they got back home, Paul showed Carl the list of stuff he had packed in each kit. A family of 4 would receive 2 kits, and a husband/wife, or single refugee would get 1. Each kit contained:

10 pounds of Rice
10 pounds of Beans
bottle of Tabasco Sauce
pound of Coffee and Tea
2 pounds Powdered Milk
5 pounds of flour
½ gal. oil
large bag of granola/raisin Trail Mix
1 lb each Salt/Pepper/Sugar
1 lb Honey
2qt. Aluminum pot and Eating Utensils
First Aid Kit
large bottle of Aspirin
AM/FM pocket radio w/ spare batteries
2 gal. Water container
20 x 20 tarp
50 foot Poly rope
Ka-Bar knife
Polar Pure and 2 Survival Straws
2 Mylar Blankets
Tube Tent
Magnesium Fire Starter
LED Flashlight
cheap compass
Pocket Chainsaw
Hunting/fishing Kit (roll of stainless snare wire, 35mm film can fishing kit (lead head jigs, #12 treble hooks, plastic grubs, wrapped with 100 ft of monofilament), multiplier, fishing spear head, box of .22lr ammo)
Duffle Bag
Internal Frame Backpack
\$260 in \$20 bills

He had several boxes in Storage Building full of clothes in case they didn't have any, but the sizes were limited, and you had a choice of blue jeans and blue button-up long sleeve shirts.

That evening, they went back to the cave for a well-deserved rest. The next morning, they were back out at the Post Office preaching and witnessing. They didn't have too many customers, but in a few months once the Anti-Christ system turned up the heat, they knew that they would have plenty of people escaping the cities to the west.

Chapter 4 - Refugees

After buying enough supplies to make 200 kits, Paul checked his funds, and he still had almost \$10 thousand left. He asked Carl what to do with it.

“Do we have any more room in the storage garage?”

“Not enough to store another \$10 thousand worth of kits to give away, it’s over 2/3 full.”

“How much room do you have in this mine to house people?”

“We originally built enough for my family, Rick’s family, and maybe a dozen refugees. If they didn’t mind sleeping in tents and using communal restrooms we could house hundreds more, but we don’t have enough food to feed all of them for 7 years.”

“OK, let’s say you bought Army Surplus tents, sleeping bags, and cots enough for 100 more people, and bought enough food for 100 people, would \$10 grand cover it?”

“I don’t know, I never envisioned housing 100 people in this mine.”

“Paul, there’s several million people less than 100 miles to our west who are going to either join up with the Anti-Christ or be forced to bug-out in the next year or so. Since the Ocean is to the west, and North or South still leave them in the People’s Republic of California - their best bet is East - right through us! If even 10% of the people bug out, and 1/4 of them head East, that still leaves 25 thousand people that might be headed this way. Half to 3/4 of them might get intercepted by roadblocks, and another 1/3 won’t have the gas or the ability to make it this far east. Still, that leaves almost 4,000 people that could make it this far. Say half of them are capable of continuing on without help, that leaves 2,000 people that will either need help, or a place to stay. You’re prepared to help 200 people right now, and your kit will only help them get down the road, feed them for a month and maybe to safer areas further east.”

“Ok, we’ve got enough food and supplies to sustain 20 people for 7 years, and that cost Rick and I almost 5 grand each. Another hundred people would mean over 100 grand. I don’t have that kind of money! If we bought staples like we did last time at Costco, and kept it simple, like rice, beans, flour, etc. \$10 grand would go quite a ways. I’ll have to see how much surplus tents go for.”

Carl told Paul that there was a Surplus store in Palm Springs called Traders of the Lost Surplus. Tomorrow, they could use the pay phone next to the post office to call and see if they carried tents, sleeping bags, and cots. Hopefully he wasn’t one of these guys that charged an arm and a leg for surplus gear just because it used to be Military stuff. The next day they called, and he

wanted \$100 for a 10-man tent, and \$20 for each sleeping bag, and \$5 each for a sleeping pad. For a family of 4 that meant shelling out \$200. If all 100 people were in families of 4, that meant he could only house 25 families, or 100 additional people. Actually, that wouldn't be a bad idea. If he spent 5 grand on tents and sleeping bags, that would leave 5 grand for food and supplies. He only spent \$5 grand at Costco last time they went, and he wasn't just buying staples and supplies. He might be able to do this. That night they prayed about it after dinner, and the next morning, he called the surplus store back, who dropped his prices considerably when he told him how many tents and sleeping bags he wanted. They drove over there, and Jim told him that their order would just about wipe out his inventory of tents and stuff, and he wasn't getting any more. He wanted to get out of business while he could. He knew that the end of the world was right around the corner. Taking a big risk, Paul asked him if he was a Christian, and Jim said that he's recently kicked a drug and alcohol habit at the VA, and in the process had joined AA then made the extra step and joined a church and gave his life to Christ. He'd been saved about 2 years. Paul looked at Carl, who told Jim his story since they were the only people in the store, then Paul told Jim his story, and that they were buying the stuff to build a refuge for Christians to survive the coming Apocalypse. Jim saw the looks on their faces, and knew they weren't Kooks, and were serious. "Is there anything else you need - I don't have much left, but you're welcome to it."

"Jim, I can spare \$5 thousand in cash, since we still have to buy food and supplies."

"I've got a deuce and a half out back that we can load up with supplies and drive to your place if you're OK with me knowing where you are. I've got a sister in the middle of the Arizona Desert I was planning on staying with until this is over - they're so remote that no one knows where they are, and I'd like the money to help buy food and supplies for them."

Carl and Paul talked it over, and agreed it would be worth the risk. They cleaned out Jim's inventory, and the three of them loaded 25 tents, poles, all the gear they needed to set them up, all the sleeping bags he had in stock (over 50), all his mattress pads, and 25 cots. He suggested using the cots for the elderly or infirm since sleeping on the ground, even with a mattress pad was hard for people with bad backs. He gave them several boxes full of BDUs and underwear, several boxes of wool blankets in case it got cold, and some stoves and a couple of wood-fired water heaters he found in the back. By the time they were finished, the 2.5 ton truck was full. Jim said he'd follow them over, but keep it to 55mph, since the truck couldn't go much faster. 3 hours later, they came to the mine entrance, and drove in. Jim was amazed that the opening was big enough to fit his 2.5 ton military truck, but it made it with 6 inches on the top, and several feet on each side. They drove into the first large cavern, their "garage" and spent the next couple of hours unloading.

When they were finished, Paul asked Jim if he could stay for dinner, but he declined saying he needed to get back to his store, finish loading his stuff, and to get out while he could. Paul counted out \$5 thousand dollars in 20's, and handed them to Jim, then shook his hand and

wished him good luck. He helped him back his truck out of the mine, and when he left, they made dinner in silence, then said grace before they ate. Carl was grateful for the generosity of Jim, who gave them almost \$10 thousand dollars of stuff for \$5 thousand. He told Paul later “Let me tell you Paul, The Lord works in Mysterious ways. Without Jim’s generosity, we couldn’t have bought half this stuff.” They made plans to go shopping at Costco tomorrow, then went to bed.

The next morning, they hit Costco right when it opened. Since they didn’t have to break the staples into sizes they could carry in a backpack, they bought the largest sizes of everything, and saved even more money. They bought a flatbed cart full of rice, flour, sugar, beans, and pancake mix in 50 pound bags, bought a case of salt and pepper, and several 5-gallon bottles of cooking oil. Paul located some TVP bacon and #10 cans of powdered eggs and bought 2 cases of each. They bought several cases of TP, and hoped the refugees would be frugal with their use of TP. They bought another case of Tabasco Sauce, and enough pots, pans, and utensils to cook everything and a huge 100-cup coffee maker. He bought 2 cases of ground coffee in the large cans, and another of tea. When they got to the spice aisle, Carl suggested getting several spices to keep the food interesting. They had a great price on canned tuna and spam, so they got a couple of cases of each to supplement their simple diet. He bought a couple of cases of Macaroni and Cheese dinner mix for the kids. They wouldn’t be eating like they were used to, but they wouldn’t starve either. Since the place was lighted by florescent lights, they didn’t need lanterns or candles, but he did buy another box of tubes. Looking sheepish, he picked up a huge box of sanitary pads, and several bottles of Advil and Tylenol. He picked up some Benedryl and cold medicines just in case they had a cold running through the refuge. He checked with Carl, who was keeping a running tab on his calculator, and he still had \$1,000 dollars left according to his figures. Paul went back to the staples aisles, and bought several large bags of oatmeal, raisins, and a box of ground cinnamon. He checked with Carl, and they still had a couple of hundred dollars left. He asked what they should buy, and he suggested some board games and books. They bought a box of Bibles, and some board games. Finally, Carl said they had just about \$5,000 dollars worth of stuff. They went to the check out line with their final cart, and they realized they had almost 5 flatbed carts full of stuff, all for \$5,000 dollars. Last time, they only filled 4 flatbed carts! The checker called for help, and they got everything checked out in less than an hour. He tipped 2 stock boys \$10 each to help them load the trailer, and they got everything in, barely.

It took them the rest of the afternoon to get it sorted and stored, so Carl missed his first day of Street Preaching in 2 years, but felt it was worth it - he was still doing God’s work by preparing to help refugees escape the Anti-Christ. They ate a simple dinner of canned stew, and went to bed.

The next day Paul joined Carl Street Preaching in front of the Post Office. A whole week went by until he had some “customers”, a family of 4 who were obviously on the run from the Anti-Christ and barely made it out with the clothes on their backs. They introduced themselves as

Steve and Diana Hyde, and their 2 teenagers, John and Sarah. They told an incredible tale of the Authorities locking down the schools “for the duration of the emergency” to protect the Children. That Sunday, their Pastor told them that there wasn’t any “Emergency” except the Anti-Christ was trying to steal their children. Few believed him at first, but when everyone got talking after Church, they realized that this “Emergency” covered 3 counties, and they never told anyone WHY they were keeping the kids. One of the ladies at church worked in the Cafeteria, and never let on at work that she was a Christian. The fathers got together, dug up the “Assault Rifles” they’d hidden for an emergency, never thinking in their most paranoid thoughts that the enemy would be their own government. The Cafeteria worker found out where the children were being held when she helped drive the van containing their daily meal to the camp they were being held at. There wasn’t much for security, only enough to keep a bunch of kids from escaping. There was a chain-link fence, and 2 guard towers facing inward, and a guard house for the off-duty guards. She only counted 6 guards, and the camp administrator, then drew them a map of the compound. She knew most of the teachers, and they were so Liberal that they made Geraldo Rivera look like Rush Limbaugh! They were 100% behind the indoctrination that was going on in the camps.

When the father’s figured that out, they agreed that any adult inside the camp was a target, and to shoot first, ask questions later. Steve was amazed at the hardware a bunch of Southern California fathers had managed to squirrel away. Everyone had at least an AR-15 or SKS, and several fathers had full-auto weapons. 2 even had M -16/203 combinations with several HE 40mm grenades. They would be used to take out the guard towers. The 2 fathers with the grenade launchers turned out to be USMC Desert Storm #2 veterans, and they got together to plan the assault. They hoped once the guards were dead, they could blow the locks on the doors without having to kill anyone else, but they were prepared to shoot the teachers if necessary. Several fathers used to work for the SWAT team, and knew how to bust into a building, and quickly gave the other fathers a crash course in building clearing. Each team had a sledge hammer to bust down the doors, then they’d clear the kids into the compound, and load them on trucks for the trip back to the church, where their families would be waiting. Their pastor warned them that once they busted their kids out they’d be on the run with the authorities chasing them because they couldn’t have parents just taking their kids back from them, it would set a bad example for the other “Sheeple”!

The next couple of days, Janice kept going to the camp delivering food, and kept a good lookout while the parents loaded everything they could in their vehicles, made plans to go somewhere out of state, filled their gas tanks and every gas can they could buy with gasoline, and met that night at the church for a “bible study”. It was one of the most heavily attended Bible studies in the church’s history. The fathers loaded up in trucks with an auto wrecker taking the lead to tear down the fence once the guard towers were taken out. They’d rented several Ryder trucks to store the kids in for the ride back to church, and they were idling in a safe area to the rear. The fathers approached on foot, trying to keep quiet. Right at 2200, Steve heard 2 “Bloops” and the 2 guard towers blew up in a loud explosion. 5 seconds later, he heard 2 more, and the

guardhouse was destroyed. For some reason, they situated the guard house on the opposite side of the compound from the other buildings. The men rushed the fence, and hooked the wrecker's cable onto the fence, and he drove away at high speed, ripping down a whole section of chain link in the process. The fathers poured through the opening, rushed up to the doors, slammed the doorknobs with the sledge hammers just like the SWAT guys told them to, and the doors buckled inward. Teams of 6 rushed through the buildings, woke the kids up, got them dressed and herded them out into the compound. Several teachers tried to resist, and were shot in the process. This traumatized the kids, but the fathers were insistent on saving their kids, so they did what they had to - and got the kids out. They did a head count, and everyone was present and accounted for. Then the trucks drove up, and they quickly loaded the kids in the back and drove to the church. When they unloaded and saw their mothers, they ran to them crying. The families quickly got their kids, and after a brief prayer, headed out to face the unknown.

Steve told Paul, “ We made it from Anaheim to Moreno Valley. We were stopped at a checkpoint there, and these two ragheads wearing blue berets armed with what looked like M-16's were yelling at the family in front, and hauled the women and girls out of the vehicle, and shot the husband. I took out my Glock, fired 2 shots at them, then punched the throttle. Just as we were almost clear, I heard the rear window shatter, and a couple of thumps as rounds penetrated the back of the van. I yelled at everyone to get down, and kept driving. We stopped in Indio to fill up at a self-service gas station, and I checked the damage. Both rounds that penetrated the back of the van hit the spare tire, which stopped them. I was thanking God that no one was hurt, when Diana told me to get back on the road as quickly as possible - the attendant was giving us a funny look. I paid for the gas, and we got out of there as quickly as possible. We spent the night in a campground, and the next morning we heard a helicopter flying over, and a loudspeaker urging us to return to our homes where we could be cared for. I know BS when I hear it, so we packed up and left. I was looking for someplace in the desert, when we for some reason we turned down this road and ran into you.”

“Wow, sounds like you barely made it by the skin of your teeth. You said Anaheim - what did you do for work?”

“I was in Senior Management at Disneyland, and Diana worked as a RN at Anaheim Memorial Medical Center.”

“Do you have anywhere to go?”

“Not really, we were hoping Diana's sister in Oklahoma would put us up. But she's probably in the same boat as we are, since they're Born Again Christians too!”

“Great, how long have you been saved?”

“Since we've been married. I was living the Heathen lifestyle until I met Diana. She wouldn't

go out with me until I went to church. We went to her church in Anaheim, and 6 months later, I gave my life to Christ, thanks to Pastor Jones. We were married a year later, and still went to the same church until last week.”

“I might have a place for you to stay, but if you accept, you can’t leave once you go inside, we have to keep it’s location a secret because the government will be looking for Christians in hiding.”

“I know, we were praying as we were driving that God would show me what to do, when I saw you two standing in front of the Post Office preaching the word. We’re willing to do whatever we have to survive the next 7 years without taking the mark. I promise we’ll work hard and pull our weight.”

“OK, let me talk to Carl, and I’ll get right back to you. Just wait here!”

Paul and Carl talked for a minute, then prayed together. They decided that Steve’s family would be a good addition to their shelter. Paul walked back over to them and said “You’re In. I need you to follow me, I’m driving that Jeep over there. I’ll keep it slow since your van isn’t set up for off-road travel.”

“Thanks Paul, you two are an answer to our prayers!” Steve shook his hand, then they got back into their van and followed Paul back to the mine. When they got inside and parked, Steve marveled at how big the mine was. Paul explained that this was just the first cavern, or the Garage, as they called it. The mine had 12 levels to it, and 6 were habitable, but only the first level actually had been developed into apartments. Paul showed them the apartment that Carl was staying in, hoping that Carl wouldn’t mind sharing a 2-bedroom apartment with him. Steve was stunned at the size and accommodations they had.

“I thought we’d be sleeping in a tent somewhere, and you offer us a 2-bedroom apartment? Thanks doesn’t begin to cover it!”

“I’m sorry we don’t have any apartments with more rooms.”

“John and Sarah can share a room, or John can sleep in the living room.”

“Steve, even with God’s blessing, I had an ulterior motive for bringing you in. Diana’s a nurse, and you’re an administrator, with 2 teenage kids to help work around the shelter. I need you to run the shelter, and we need Diana’s medical skills in case someone gets sick or hurt. Carl and I are the Welcoming Committee, and are the only ones who will be going out on a regular basis. My family is dead, so if they pick me up and kill me, I’ve got nothing to lose, and I’ll be in heaven with my wife and daughters. Most of the people we’ll be letting in here will be families with kids. We’ve got over 200 kits stored in a storage garage near the post office to give to

refugees that will hopefully get them where they're going, so we can only accept 25 additional families (assuming they were 4 people per family) so anyone who can go somewhere else, will be given enough supplies to make it, and encouraged to do so."

"What about "Christian Charity?"

"Steve, we've only got enough supplies and food for 100 people, if we let in 120, we'll be on short rations. At 150 people, we'll starve in 7 years. If my friend Rick hadn't built this place, then died in a plane crash leaving me his business and his house to sell, we couldn't have done any of this, and we'd all be living in tents in the desert if we were lucky."

"Sorry Paul, I'm just so used to being surrounded by affluence. We made it out with the shirts on our backs. I've got \$10 grand in an IRA account I can access if we need it."

"That's awfully generous to offer, but is it worth the risk to go back and get it?"

That brought Steve to a full stop. His IRA was in his bank, and he doubted they'd give him \$10 grand in cash.

"Where's your bank?"

"Anaheim."

"Forget it, that's too deep in occupied territory. I'm sure something else will happen before we need it anyway."

Paul spent the rest of the day giving the Hyde's the "grand tour". He showed them the garden, where they were growing food underground using florescent lighting, their biggest use of the electricity they generated with their 6 hydroelectric generators connected to the 6 artesian springs that entered the lower levels of the mine. The other "modern convenience" was 2 recycled commercial washers, and a 10-year supply of laundry soap and softener. The laundry room was in 1 small cavern with a 100-gallon wood-fired water heater and a dual-plug 110 volt outlet for the washers. The cooking area was comprised of a large wood-fired cooktop connected to a huge central Masonry Heating fireplace. Each apartment had a small masonry heater, and the common room - the largest cavern in the mine, contained the cooking and eating areas which doubled as a meeting place for Bible studies and Sunday services. Right now they didn't have any computers, and Steve quipped that it reminded him of "Gilligan's Island" plus the laundry room. Paul had to laugh at the image, but he was closer to the truth than he knew. They were basically marooned in the shelter for the next 7 years unless they were found out, or they died. When Paul showed them the food storage, Steve said they had some food to donate. They went to the Hyde's van and transferred their meager supplies to the food storage area. 1 thing they brought just by accident that Paul totally forgot was a gallon of Soy Sauce in a sealed

container they just threw in there. The soy sauce could wind up valuable for Oriental rice dishes using veggies and rice. Paul realized they forgot some stuff at Costco, and if they were able to, they should make another run while they could. Paul was out of cash, so they'd have to wait for someone with a couple of grand to donate. Once they were done with the grand tour, Steve asked John and Sarah if they'd rather work in the garden or the laundry. They both chose the garden, so Steve started a list on the clipboard of who was assigned to what duty. Paul was glad to see that Steve was starting to organize stuff, and told him he had to go back out and see what Carl was doing.

Chapter 5 - The Adams Family

Two weeks later, an older couple approached Paul, asking for help. He took them aside, and got their story. They were from Huntington Beach, and had fled Sunday afternoon when their pastor had warned them to flee to the hills, and told them about the reign of the Anti-Christ, and what it meant if they were caught. They were fairly affluent, and had a nice SUV pulling a trailer full of supplies and stuff. Mr. Adams was retired, and had owned a contracting business. Mrs. Adams was a housewife all her life. Their son, Jason and his wife Nichole were with them. Jason had taken over the family business, and Nichole was an Interior Decorator. According to Mr. Adams, who told Paul his name was Bob, they had no where to go, since everyone else in his family was either dead, or a “Damn Liberal”, and definitely not a Christian. Paul asked Bob to wait a minute while he talked with Carl, and gave Carl the Reader’s Digest version of their story. They prayed for a couple of minutes, then they agreed that they could give them 1 of the 2-bedroom apartments they had left, since Bob looked like he had a bad back. Paul walked back to them to give them the good news, and drove them into the mine. Once they got the grand tour, Jason told them something amazing. They were working on a project in Indio, and if they could get their equipment, and make a large purchase at the building materials store, they could build enough apartments inside the mine to house another 20-30 families.

“Jason, where you going to get the money?”

“The company has over \$100 grand in the bank, and I can write a check and code it to the Indio project. No one will know we’re diverting the materials to the mine because I’ll deliver it myself. I can use the truck we have on site to deliver several loads of sheet rock and 2 by 4 studs. I’ve got all the tools we will need there at the site, which has been shut down for over a week. If we can get everyone who can drive to come with us to the site and load up all the trucks, we’ll have enough supplies to build 20-30 2-bedroom apartments like the ones you have - except we don’t have enough bricks to build that many fireplaces. I can get small cast-iron stoves, but they won’t be as efficient as the huge Masonry Heating Stoves you have here.”

“We can solve the cold-room problem with extra blankets, I’m sure everyone that can would rather sleep in a cold apartment in a real bed instead of a cold drafty tent.”

“If you need food and supplies, we can use the Corporate account at Costco.”

“I’ve got a Costco card.”

“We’re Executive Members with a \$10,000 line of credit.”

“That wouldn’t be right, let’s buy say 90 thousand worth of materials, and cut them a check for the food. Besides, I’ve feeling that God will take care of us.”

“Yeah, you’re right, I really couldn’t stiff Costco for that kind of money - my conscience would bug me.”

Paul introduced them to Steve and his family, gave Steve a sitrep, then said he had to go get Carl, since they needed to sit down and talk about this together. Paul hopped on his motorcycle, and drove to the Post Office, told Carl to hop on, they needed him at the mine to discuss something important. When everyone was assembled in the meeting room, Carl asked them to hold hands so they could pray about this. “Lord, please show us what you want us to do, guide us, and show us your will - We ask this in your Son’s name, Amen.” Everyone there answered “Amen”, and Paul asked Jason to repeat what he had told Paul. 10 minutes later, the questions started. Paul and Carl quickly realized that there was more than 1 reason they were told to take the Adams family. They could help them financially, and they’d give the shelter residents something to do to pass the time. Instead of sitting there bored, they could help build apartments for new arrivals. All they had to do was store the supplies in the mine, and build the new apartments as they needed them. If they stayed a couple ahead, they could reserve the tents and stuff for overflow. With 10 thousand dollars worth of food and supplies from Costco, they could easily double the number of refugees to 200 or more. With that settled, Paul asked Steve to delegate someone to make a Costco list, and they’d make a run as soon as they had the building supplies stored in the mine. If it looked like they were instituting the Mark sooner than that, they’d go ahead and make the run. Paul thought about that, and decided that they should make the Costco run first, limit themselves to 10 grand, and get the supplies as they could, since it could take a week to move all the stuff from Indio to the mine. Carl thought that was an excellent idea, with the food and supplies, they could take more refugees in, even if they had to sleep on the floor without tents.

Steve asked for volunteers to make the list, and everyone decided to help. They sat down, and threw out ideas, while Steve took notes on a clipboard. Since Paul and Carl were just there, they gave estimates of the prices of stuff they knew about. Once they had the list, they estimated the total, then prioritized it since their list totaled \$12 thousand dollars. Paul thought about that for a second, and took Jason aside to speak to him privately.

“Jason, where’s your corporate bank?”

“We’ve got a branch in Indio I go to all the time.”

“Do you think they could transfer \$5 thousand worth of gold into cash?”

“Sure, last time I checked, Gold was selling for \$1200 per ounce, I’m sure they’d give you \$1,000 per ounce for everything you can sell them.” Paul told him to wait a minute, walked back to his Jeep, opened a secret compartment, and removed 5 Canadian Maple Leafs.

“I was holding onto these for an emergency, but I think this would be a good use for them.

When we go into Indio, I need you to deposit these coins into you account so we can get \$15 thousand worth of supplies.”

They walked back to the group, and Jason said he checked his passbook, and they had an additional \$5 thousand he'd forgot about, so they could order \$15 thousand worth of stuff. He told them he had a huge 40-foot cube van at the Indio site that they used for transporting materials to sites. \$15 thousand worth of stuff at Costco would just about fill it. Bob told them the Manager of the Costco was a personal friend, and if they wanted to, he'd call him and see if they could buy stuff by the pallet load, and save coming in the front and taking out 10 flat carts full of stuff. Paul thought that was an excellent idea, and suggested Bob call him tomorrow morning. Dinner was a group effort, and Steve resolved to update the duty roster the next day.

The next morning after breakfast, Bob and Jason drove their SUV out to the pay phone by the post office, and the manager at Costco agreed to let them load at the back docking bay. Bob read him the list, and he said he'd have the order ready to go tomorrow morning at 0800. All they had to do was back up to the loading dock in the rear with a company check and their membership card, and they'd even load the truck for them. Bob thanked him, then they drove back to the mine to give the group the good news. Jason would drive over to Indio at 0600 the next morning, and drive the truck to the Costco, and load up at 0800. Everyone else except Carl would be needed to unload the truck when he got there around 9 or 10 o'clock.

The next morning, Jason drove up to the rear loading dock at Costco, honked the horn, and his dad's buddy Larry opened the door. Jason gave him a company check for \$14, 535.00 and handed him his corporate membership card. They spent the next 2 hours loading the truck. They put the palletted stuff on the bottom in front, then stacked the loose stuff on top, then gradually loaded toward the back of the truck. They had several pallets full of food and supplies, and cases of stuff they didn't need pallets of like spices and medicines. Thanks to the Adams' generosity, they would soon have enough food and supplies for several hundred refugees. Larry shook Jason's hand, then told him to say hi to his dad for him. Jason drove back to the mine, and it took them the rest of he day to unload the truck, since it wouldn't fit inside the mine entrance. Bob spent the morning making a list of stuff they'd need at the Building Supply company to build 20-30 apartments. That afternoon, Jason drove the truck back to the work site in Indio, and drove the SUV back. He stopped at the Building supply store and gave them the order, and waited while they made up a quote. Jason was surprised that it came in under \$85 grand including delivery. He added another \$5 grand worth of materials to the list, and asked them to deliver it to his Indio building site at 0800 tomorrow.

The next morning, they all met at the building site, and right at 0800, the driver from the Building supply store showed up. He was a friend of Jason's that went to their church. Jason told him they really needed the materials at another site where they were building a refuge for Christians to evade the Anti-Christ. Mike expressed an interest in joining this shelter with his wife and 2 kids. Jason motioned for Carl and Paul to join them, and they talked it over and

prayed about it. Mike was a framer and carpenter by trade, but did deliveries since he hurt his back on a construction site years ago when he fell off a roof. He could still do framing, but no one wanted to hire him since he had filed a Work Comp case that cost the insurance company over \$100 thousand to fix his back. After Paul and Carl talked to him, they agreed to let Mike and his family join them. Jason asked Mike if he minded delivering the rest of the orders to the shelter in Eagle Mountain. Mike knew where that was, and he was sure he could square the extra mileage with his boss. They loaded up the work trucks with all the supplies, and they drove in a convoy to the mine. Mike was amazed at the size of the garage, and unshipped the forklift, and took half an hour to unload all the material into a nearby cavern. He told them he would make 3 deliveries per day until they were finished. Once Mike left, they unloaded the work trucks and got them out of the way. Once they were finished, they drove them back to the work site, since they were company property. The air nailers, screw guns, generator, compressor and the skill saws would come in handy.

Over the next week, Mike delivered all the building supplies, then when he was finished, he showed up with his wife and 2 teenagers, Josh and Rachael. They took the last pre-built apartment, and started helping Jason start building new apartments. Mike's 16-year old son Josh was a big help, and Steve's son John got his Dad's permission to switch from the garden to help building apartments. Sarah was glad to have another girl her age to talk to, and they took over the garden.

Over the next couple of months, they slowly added about a family a week. Paul was busy witnessing, and handing out supplies to those who wanted to move on, and had a place to go. Those who accepted the supplies listened to what Paul had to tell them about Salvation, and Carl was sure that he had several sincere converts when they later asked Carl to baptize them by the river. What amazed Paul was right when they needed someone with a certain skill, they'd show up at the Post Office needing a place to stay. Both Paul and Carl had keys to the storage building, and slowly their stock of kits dwindled. Paul realized they'd soon be out right around the time of the peak of the persecution, and the refugees he was meeting were telling him that most of the people were being good Sheeple and staying put instead of bugging out. Paul realized that most of them didn't want to leave their fabulously expensive homes and all the luxuries they had accumulated over the years. He remembered Matthew 6:24 "No one can serve two masters; for either he will hate the one and love the other, or else he will be loyal to the one and despise the other. You cannot serve God and mammon." He wept bitterly, remembering how he was almost trapped by his "possessions" and what it took to win his salvation. He prayed that people's eyes would be opened, and leave their toys behind to spare their souls.

Paul remembered that he had some silver and gold left, and checked with Carl to see if he'd heard anything about the Mark yet. Neither of them had heard anything about the institution of the Mark of the Beast yet, so the next day Paul approached Jason, and said he had some more gold and silver to exchange for cash so they could go to Costco and the Sporting goods store to buy some more supplies since they were almost out of kits. Jason agreed to drive Paul to pick

up their large stake bed construction trailer with his SUV after they went to the bank to deposit the metal, and they'd spend the afternoon shopping at Costco and the sporting goods store. Paul was praising God the next day when Jason came out of the bank with the news that Gold and Silver had almost doubled since the last time they went to the bank, and he had over \$20 thousand left in the bank. He asked Jason if they could do what they did last time at Costco and pick up a cube van full of supplies using the cube van. Jason stopped at the Sporting Goods store, and they bought \$10 thousand worth of supplies, then they drove back to the mine. Later that afternoon, Bob and Jason called Bob's friend Larry, who agreed to meet them at the loading dock again, since buying that quantity of supplies out the front door might start a buying panic that they weren't capable of handling. He gave Larry the list, who said it would be ready tomorrow morning at 8 o'clock. Jason left at 6:00 the next morning, picked up the cube van, and picked up pallet loads of rice, beans, sugar, tabasco sauce, cooking oil, oatmeal, salt and pepper, Coffee and tea, powdered milk, and the rest of the supplies Paul put in the last set of kits. Even with the bobtail lift gate, it took most of the day to unload all the stuff. Jason brought his pallet jack, and that helped.

The rest of the refugees in the shelter pitched in, and they made another 200 kits in less than a week. Paul was bummed because there wasn't any cash to put in the bags. Jason said that wasn't exactly true, and pulled a wad of cash out of a bank bag that Paul hadn't seen before. The bank president tipped Jason off during his last foray to the bank that the Feds were cracking down on large withdrawals and deposits, and this would be the last time he could safely withdraw or deposit money from his account. He gave Jason the feeling like they were starting to implement the Beast system, and were starting with the banks. Jason left enough in his bank to cover the Costco and sporting goods checks, and withdrew the balance in cash. He had almost \$5 thousand in 10's and 20's that he wanted to donate to the cause. That would only give them \$25 per kit, and Paul opened up the secret compartment in his Jeep, removed the rest of the horde of silver coins, and counted them out, and he had exactly 200 Liberty Silver dollars that were worth over \$200 according to Jason. Paul wished he had followed Rick's advice and bought rolls of silver dimes and quarters that weighed a 1/4 oz and 1/2 oz respectively, but that much money would have corresponded to several hundred ounces of silver, which would have been way too heavy to store in the jeep, vs. a little over 200 ounces of Silver dollars. He realized that gas prices had gone way up too, and \$200 would just about buy 20 gallons of gasoline. They put the coins and the cash in an envelope inside the top of the kit with a note to use it to buy gas, since they had almost a month's worth of food and water in their kits, and they needed to get where they were going as quickly as possible, before the AC system totally clamped down on interstate travel.

Chapter 6 - The Miracles

Over the next several years, the Sanctuary as they were calling it, continued to grow. Paul and Carl were busy all day preaching and witnessing. They needed a helper to help distribute the kits, and lead the new refugees to the Sanctuary. All the men of the Sanctuary gathered one evening, and Paul said that they needed someone to help them outside by distributing packs and leading new refugees to the Sanctuary. Remembering how the Apostles nominated the original disciples, they gathered together, prayed for a while, and nominated 4 men. They prayed for a while, and suddenly Carl remembered they had a set of dice in the Yatzee game, and pulled them out. Since there were only 4 candidates, and 6 numbers on the dice, it was a mathematical impossibility for all 5 dies to come up the number of the candidate God had chosen to help them outside. First it was explained to the 4 in no uncertain terms what would happen if they were caught. All 4 men were single men without families, and were full of the Holy Spirit. With that settled, they prayed again for God to reveal who should join them in the “Welcoming Committee” as they were called in the Sanctuary. Paul cast 2 dies, and Carl cast 3, and they all came up 4's. Amazed, they praised God for his decision, and anointed Nicholas Russell with a jar of blessed sacramental oil.

The next day he went out with Carl and Paul. With 3 of them they had to take 2 bikes, which made stashing them safely more difficult. Suddenly as they were driving up to the Post Office, Nick pulled over, and motioned Paul to join him. He pointed to what appeared to be an abandoned house with the garage door open and empty. Paul thought that was bizarre, since it wasn't abandoned yesterday. They pulled the bikes inside, and quickly shut the door. The house was clean, but all the food and supplies had been taken. There was a couch in the living room, 2 bedrooms with twin beds, and the water was still running. Carl said it would be perfect for the Welcoming Committee as a crash pad, and a safe spot to store the bikes, since the garage was on the back side of the house from the street.

Carl said driving the 3 of them to the mine every day was an unnecessary risk, and used critical gasoline. They could pack enough food and clothes to stay there a week, and walk back and forth to the Post Office unnoticed. Paul agreed, and asked Nick to bring enough food and clothing to last a week with him the next time he drove someone to the Sanctuary. They showed Nick where the storage facility was, and explained the rules. Families of 4 or more got 2 kits, couples or individuals got 1. Each kit had either \$260 in cash, or a silver dollar and \$25 in cash enclosed. He was to emphasize that the money was to be used for gasoline only so they could get where they were going as quickly as possible while they could. Nick was to pray, and ask either him or Carl about anyone who asked for help, since they had spotted several “homeless people” who were looking for a handout instead of people on the run from the Anti-Christ. The supplies were meant to go to people on the run, not your average run of the mill homeless person, since there were plenty of agencies in Desert Center willing to help the homeless.

With that out of the way, Carl and Paul got ready to spend another day at the office. Immediately they spotted people who looked like they could use help, and told Nick he was on. He walked up to the first couple, who were scared until Nick told them to “Fear Not” and they knew they were talking to a Christian Brother. He got their story, and found out they had run out of food and gas while trying to flee to Arizona. They were both saved, so he prayed with them, then asked Paul, who nodded. He told them to wait there, and he’d be back with some food and money to buy gas. 10 minutes later, Nick came back hauling a heavy duffle bag. He handed it to the husband, and said there was \$260 in cash inside the duffle, as well as food and supplies they’d need for a month. He told them to make sure they only used the cash for gas, and to travel as quickly as they could to their destination while they could. The 3 of them held hands and Nick prayed for their safety, then he shook their hands, and they got into their car and left.

2 weeks later, they were preaching and witnessing when these 2 bums stood in front of them harassing them all day. Finally Carl got fed up, and the 3 of them circled around them, and laid hands on them. Carl yelled “In the Name of Jesus Christ, I command you to come out of these men, and return to where you came from.” Instantly the men fell down unconscious and the demons came out with a loud shriek. Everyone around them stood there amazed as the men slowly got up, said “Thank you” and turned around and left. 2 days later, Paul spotted them on the opposite side of the Post Office parking lot, witnessing to anyone who passed by. Paul’s curiosity got the better of him, and he wandered on over to talk to them.

“Paul, thanks for saving our lives. My friend Joe and I have been tormented for years by those demons. We were living in LA’s skid row drinking anything that would pour, and robbing people to buy crack cocaine to quiet the demons. Finally the demons drove us here, and forced us to torment you. Sorry about what we were saying to you.”

“I’m just glad you and Joe are free of your demons. Just remember that unless you fill your soul with the Holy Spirit, they could come back and bring some friends with them.”

“I know, that’s what happened the last time. I’ve been reading my Bible and praying non-stop since you three freed us.”

“If you guys need a place to crash, we’re staying in an abandoned house across the street.”

“We’d love to - we’ve been staying with the homeless people near the river, and they’re not a good bunch of people for recovering alcoholics to stay with.”

“Carl’s been clean and sober for over 10 years, and he’s been through AA, so he might be able to help.”

“Any help that you can give, we’d appreciate.”

“Ok, come on over to the other side at dark, and we’ll let you stay the night.”

That night the two homeless men stayed with Paul, Carl, and Nick. They didn’t mind sleeping on the floor, since they had a padded carpet and blankets. They both took showers, and Carl gave them some clean clothes out of their dwindling supply. They spent the night discussing the Bible, and Carl led them through the Sinner’s prayer, and baptized them in the tub. It was cold, but cleaner than the river water. The next morning, they went back to their witnessing and street preaching with renewed vigor. Nick went to the Sanctuary, brought back 2 more sleeping bags and a large bag of canned food, pasta, rice, and beans for them to eat. Paul had already brought his gasoline stove and a large pot to cook with, so they were set.

Over the next couple of months, Carl gave everyone a crash course on the Bible as it related to Salvation and the End Times. Neither Bob nor Joe had heard much about the End times before, and were amazed to find out that Christ was going to return to Earth in a couple of years, and reign for 1,000 years, then the Final Judgement was going to occur. Bob and Joe agreed to join the team, and kept preaching on their street corner opposite Carl and Paul to maximize their coverage of the area. Paul told them about the supplies in case they came across a needy person. Carl told Paul to wait to tell them about the Sanctuary until they had proved themselves trustworthy. If they were captured and tortured, they might reveal the location of the Sanctuary.

Steve was worrying about the food in the pantry of the Sanctuary, which was getting used even faster than they had predicted since there were almost 400 people living in the Sanctuary. They had expanded the garden as big as they could, but it still took time to raise food. Due to the implementation of the Mark, they couldn’t go shopping anymore, at least with dollars. Carl had a small stash of silver and gold coins, but not enough to matter, that he was saving for a real life and death emergency. Steve got the people together to pray for a miracle, and the next day, they opened the pantry, and there was another 100 pound bag of Rice, and 1 of beans that wasn’t there yesterday. The cook ran and told Steve, who asked her if she had gotten her count right. This time she took Steve with her to the pantry, and marked all the bags as she counted them, then took 2 out for dinner. The next morning, she opened the pantry, and there were 2 more bags than there were yesterday. This time Steve understood, and when Paul and Carl checked in later that week, he told them of the miracle.

That Sunday Carl preached and read out of Matthew 14 starting with verse 14. When he was finished, he explained what Steve had told him about the food pantry miraculously refilling itself. Several of the more Charismatic members of the flock stood up and started praising God. Finally the entire congregation was on their feet in spontaneous worship. Two days later, Lisa commented to her co-worker in the laundry that their clothes didn’t seem to be wearing out. They had been wearing the same clothes for years, and they should have worn out by now from the repeated washings. That evening she asked Carl, who told her to read Deuteronomy 29:5. She was amazed when she read that the Israelites traveled through the desert for 40 years and their clothes and sandals never wore out. She told Carl that none of the clothes she had been

washing for the last couple of years were wearing out. He told her to go ahead and tell everyone about it - it was another miracle. When word spread, the people realized that God had his hand on them, and was providing for their needs.

By now, the Sanctuary, as they were calling it, had over 400 refugees staying in it full time. Carl conducted Bible studies every Wednesday night that were well attended, and a Sunday morning service that rivaled his best service as a North Hollywood pastor. Several refugees packed their guitars with them as they escaped, and everyone who played a small instrument brought it with them. Their Worship services resembled a massive jam session, but the music was really good - most of the musicians were highly talented, and the singers were well trained. Even the congregation got into it when Carl told them they only had less than 7 years left, and if they wanted to Praise God on Earth, they had better get busy.

One evening when Paul was returning with Carl from Street Preaching, they heard the sound of a distant aircraft, and pulled over to hide the motorcycle as best as possible. Carl recognized the jet black aircraft as an OV-10 Bronco that the Treasury Dept purchased for the DEA, which was equipped with a FLIR, or Forward Looking Infrared detector. The observer could use the FLIR to spot targets on the ground by their heat. Even 2 men on the ground would stand out against the cool desert floor. They knew they were spotted, so they joined hands and prayed for a miracle. Suddenly the plane nosed over and dove into the next mountain over, and blew up on impact. While they were sad for the loss of the pilots, they rejoiced when they realized that they didn't have time to report their position and the sighting before they crashed. Several people disobeyed orders and came out of the mouth of the mine to see what the noise was about. When Carl and Paul related their story, the refugees all stood up and gave praise to God for their salvation.

Years later, Carl was preaching on a street corner when a military jeep pulled up, and 4 guys wearing blue helmets stepped out, walked up to Carl and roughly handcuffed him and lead him away. Steve stood there and didn't say anything, but would remember the look on Carl's face for as long as he lived. That evening, Steve and Nick rode back to the Sanctuary to give the refugees there the bad news. After dinner, they held a memorial service for Carl, then they started singing and rejoicing because Carl beat them all into Heaven. Paul felt like Peter after he had denied Jesus 3 times, and the next morning, he decided to take Carl's place. For the first time he stood up on the soapbox, and told any passerby that the time for repentance was short, and if they weren't already saved, they had very little time to make up their minds where they were going to spend eternity. Nick had taken up Paul's role as witness, since they were all out of supplies to give away anyway, and the Anti-Christ system had effectively stopped any travel on the freeways with their checkpoints. If you weren't wearing the Mark, you were arrested, offered a chance to take the mark, and if you refused, you were executed on the spot as a traitor. Finally a week later, another jeep showed up and the same 4 UN troops got out. They got within 10 yards and ordered him to step down. He stepped down, and instead of surrendering, drew his 1911 and killed 3 of them. The 4th soldier fired the entire magazine of his AK into

Paul, killing him instantly.

Next thing he knew, Paul and Carl were standing on a golden road. Carl was shaking his head. “After all these years, you think you would have learned?”

Paul heard the words of Matthew Chapter 5, verses 43-48 reverberating in his head
“You have heard that it was said, 'You shall love your neighbor and hate your enemy.'
But I say to you, love your enemies, bless those who curse you, do good to those who hate you, and pray for those who spitefully use you and persecute you, that you may be sons of your Father in heaven; for He makes His sun rise on the evil and on the good, and sends rain on the just and on the unjust.
For if you love those who love you, what reward have you? Do not even the tax collectors do the same?
And if you greet your brethren only, what do you do more than others? Do not even the tax collectors do so?
Therefore you shall be perfect, just as your Father in heaven is perfect.”

Paul cried and said “I was just trying to protect the Shelter.”

“They don’t need your protection. Remember the incident with the aircraft, and the miracles of the food and clothing never running out? God sent an Angel to protect and provide for the Sanctuary, and his anointed inside it.”

“You’re right Carl. I was afraid that I was going to get tortured to death, I’ve never been able to handle pain. Even stubbing my toe was excruciating.”

Paul heard that same voice in his head saying “And He said to me, "My grace is sufficient for you, for My strength is made perfect in weakness." Therefore most gladly I will rather boast in my infirmities, that the power of Christ may rest upon me.” Paul looked up, and saw the face of his Savior, and fell at his feet. “Jesus, I’m sorry - I hope I didn’t cause too much trouble.”

Jesus helped him up and said, “Paul, I named you well, you remind me of a good friend of mine from Tarsus. My Father’s plan was set before he created the world - you could no more mess that up than you could move a mountain with you little finger. Good thing I love you, now welcome to your eternal reward.”

The End.