

Christina finds *Love*



And it only took her eighteen hundred years



Today you humans live in a world comprised of shades of grey
However the Lord never intended for it to be this way
There is a difference between wrong and right
As plain to see as black and white

Upon this cover
You shall not discover
Any clues—as to

Our stories hidden truth
That is for you to read and learn
Then Prayerfully you shall be able to discern

Just like reading GOD'S Holy Word
~ *Angel* ~

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And it only took her eighteen hundred years

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

Please allow me to introduce myself my name is Angel. I would tell you my official Angelic name but no human language either written or ever spoken has contained the necessary letters and vowels for proper pronouncement. So if you please, Angel shall suffice.

It will be my pleasure to escort you throughout our journey together as your guide. Officially I am Christina's guardian and am honored to call her my friend.

First a general explanation of the "Servant Family" is in order.

The Servant Family are an immortal human line who live secretly upon the Earth while serving JESUS our Christ.

Christina's story from start to finish spans over two millennia, so a cast of characters listing just who is whom, and at which time, do or did they live, breath, walk and talk, among the living upon the good Lord's green earth. Also included is a visual reference at the beginning of each chapter that should be of great assistance for you to keep the two sides of the coin, the two sides of our story straight.

The following is a list of the various characters within the overall book and a nominal reference to the part that each person or groups of persons play.

Immediate Servant Family:

Christina: This is our story's main character. We learn of her family line, and her varied lifetimes in which she has lived.

Riley O'Connell: Christina's husband arranged by the Lord in the late 1800's

The O'Connell Children all born as either twins or triplets.

Brian and Denise: (first born)

Mary Jo and Mary Jane: (second born)

Skylah, Bentley and Bailey: (third born)

Servant Family Relatives:

(In order of appearance in our story)

King George: In the year 825, was from Perth Scotland, Christina's normal human husband.

Simon/Kane: Our villain.

The rebellious child of King George and Christina.

Thus making him a member of Christina's immortal line.

AKA "King Kane, the Insane" or "The Boogieman."

Relatives
(Continued)

Lesli Ann: Servant Daughter of Christina's unseen brother Christian. Midwife, nurse, and nanny to the O'Connell children.

Daniel: Human husband of Lesli Ann late 1800's

Nain: Christina's Father and founder of the Servant Family line originated at the time of Jesus Christ. Named after the city in which he was born.

Doctor Trent Richardson III: Human husband of Denise O'Connell

Sunshine: Human nanny of Dr. Trent early 1900's

Anthony: Known as "Tony", human husband of Bailey O'Connell mayor of Philadelphia.

Larry Haney: Future mid twenty first century human husband of Bailey.

Samuel Haney: Servant Family Pastor, Son of Larry and line of Bailey, mid twenty first century.

Ivan: Human husband of Bailey, still later in future time while she is in exile.

Normal People

(Playing Their Part On The Stage Of Life In Their Time)

Pastor Rachel Hudson: Lady Pastor to the O'Connell family in the late 1800's.

Thomas Hudson: Good Man, banker and husband of Pastor Rachel.

Reverends Bradley and Evelyn Johnson: Pastor Rachel's Quaker Parents mid 1800's.

Nathan: Loyal friend and Captain of the Royal Guard for King George, Christina's human husband in the year 825.

Beverly: Wife of Nathan and long time friend of Christina in the year 825.

Christine: Live in Gypsy Wife of Simon/Kane
Perth, Scotland 1625.

Peter: Human Son of Christine that Simon/Kane accepts as his own.

Tessy Tease: Lady of the night mistress of Simon/Kane, from Perth Scotland near the year 1625, filled with hate.

Elizabeth: Good widowed woman, who almost falls into Simon/Kane's trap, mid 1700's.

Edward: Good widowed man whom GOD leads to marry Elizabeth.

Introduction
(For Mother Christina)



For Christina the Joy found; in our Lord,... doth abound!

*For I know the plans I have for you," declares the LORD,
"plans to prosper you and not to harm you, plans to give you
hope and a future. Jeremiah 29:11 (NIV)*

Introduction
(For Son Simon/Kane)



By pride, all you will find, on Kane's side, are woe and sorrow

Think not that I am come to send peace on earth:

I came not to send peace, but a sword.

For I am come to set a man at variance

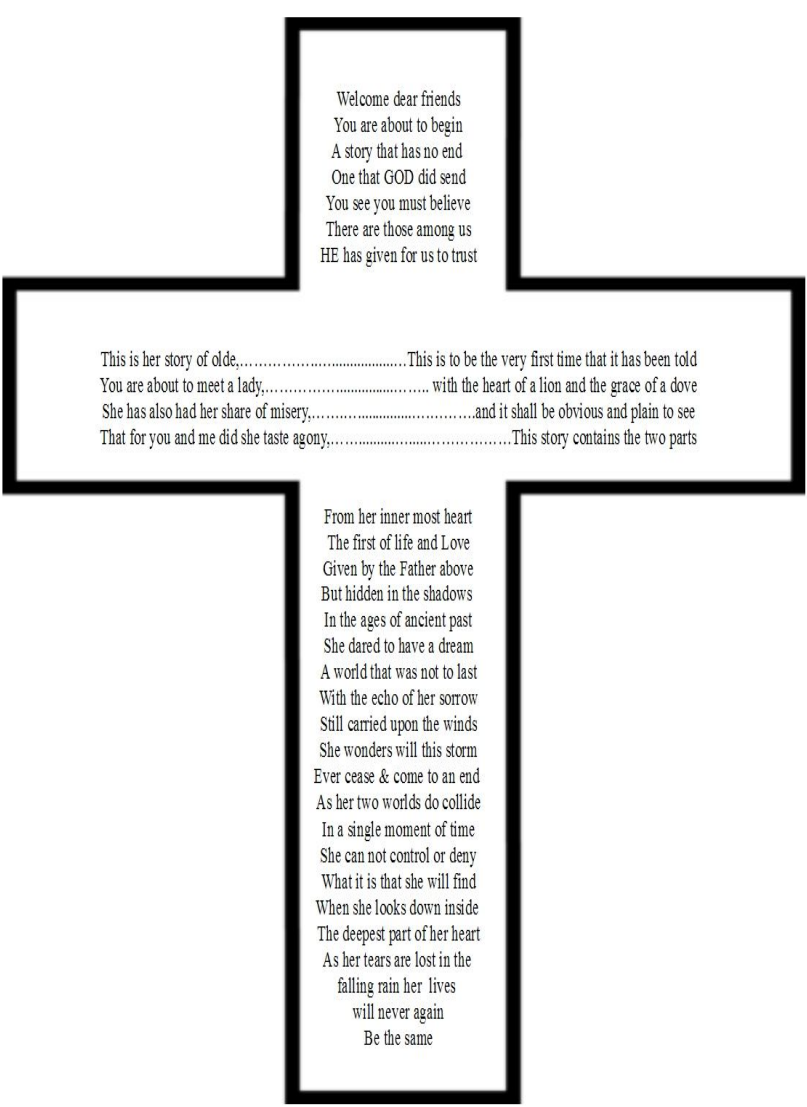
against his father,

and the daughter against her mother,

and the daughter in law against her mother in law.

And a man's foes shall be they of his own household.

Matthew 10:34-36 King James Version



Welcome dear friends
You are about to begin
A story that has no end
One that GOD did send
You see you must believe
There are those among us
HE has given for us to trust

This is her story of olde,..... This is to be the very first time that it has been told
You are about to meet a lady,..... with the heart of a lion and the grace of a dove
She has also had her share of misery,.....and it shall be obvious and plain to see
That for you and me did she taste agony,.....This story contains the two parts

From her inner most heart
The first of life and Love
Given by the Father above
But hidden in the shadows
In the ages of ancient past
She dared to have a dream
A world that was not to last
With the echo of her sorrow
Still carried upon the winds
She wonders will this storm
Ever cease & come to an end
As her two worlds do collide
In a single moment of time
She can not control or deny
What it is that she will find
When she looks down inside
The deepest part of her heart
As her tears are lost in the
falling rain her lives
will never again
Be the same

PROLOGUE

Alpha and Omega

The rain was coming more steady now, as it pours down drearily like a symphony of pain that was orchestrated long ago, upon this old, lonesome, nearly dead willow. It silently stands sentry as the sole witness of this day's dreadful events. As the rumble of thunder rolls away out upon this hilltop in the cold damp prairie, you can begin to hear the recital of her ancient sins as she cries them out, and even more so of her mournful wailings about this new unbearable pain as she discovers that this day's freshly-made wounds will forever scar her soul.

Lying atop a grave, a grave dug of mud and sorrow by her own hand, is a woman. She is wearing what was once an old-fashioned house dress simply adorned with purple lilac floral arrangements. But now it clings to her, almost as a token of her misery. The dress is so covered in filth that it seems almost impossible for it to contain the grieving, dark haired maiden of utmost beauty inside.

Without knowing any better one would say that the woman is about 28 years old. Her long dark hair is now stringy and tangled, and it's a wonder how she can see anything with it hanging down in her grief-stricken face. Her falling tears under that hair are so abundant that even the pouring rain can not wash them away. Even though she is wretchedly dirty and soaked thoroughly through to the bone, it is the gut-ripping anguish pouring out from the depths of her very soul that captivates your heart. Oh, how you wish that you could embrace her just to let her know that everything will be all right. But this is one of those things that will never be all right again.

People always hear comforting words such as these from well-intentioned friends upon the death of a dear loved one:

“Time heals all wounds; grieve today and live tomorrow.”

However there is a reason why it always hurts us so badly when someone is lost who is so near and dear, and why it always takes us so long to accept those kinds of words.

The reason is that losing a close loved one, one who is a very part of us, simply is not just a wound. It is an actual amputation. Not only do we suffer in grief but also at the loss of a part of ourselves. We might say, “How do I continue now?”

It is not unlike losing an actual limb of one's body, except that this is part of your heart, and your mind, and it feels like a part of your soul that has been taken away. Each and every day we have to learn how to “live again” without that part of us.

That is what this young, in appearance only, newly-widowed woman, is now going through. She has lost her heart, almost all of it, anyway. You see, that is our story, it is her story. This story is tragic, yes, but what is so special about that you say? Is this just a normal everyday love story? Not at all! It is indeed very special because she is special. She is one of GOD'S servants, but we will get into all of that later. For now, know this-- that she has found love and has given her heart fully to it for the very first time in her entire life.

Again you say? Yes, a Love like that only comes very rarely but it does come. So what is so special about that?

What makes it special is this; Christina, our grieving woman, is, at this time in her life, over nineteen hundred years old. Yes, you read that right, and she is only hanging on by clinging in “Faith” to the knowledge that her loved one suffers no more, and that he is in Heaven waiting for her.

Presented here is a small glimpse into Christina's one and only story of true Love-- the highlight, and the story of complete heartbreaking failure, the low point of her long life.

Above all, love each other deeply, because love covers over a multitude of sins. 1Peter 4:8 NIV

CHAPTER 1

1878

50 years earlier, in the year of our Lord 1878, rode this same woman inside a stage coach. She looks a little tired and unhappy, yet again today, but not in the same way. She is very well dressed in a long blue dress, black leather shoes, and her hair is tucked up into a small black hat that is also covered in black lace.

“Whoa”, calls the unseen driver to the team of horses as the stage rolls to a stop. Our lady inside was a tad too slow in letting down the blind, and so, the dust from the road, which was kicked up by the horses, poured in through the open air window and into the stage coach. She is busy scowling and brushing the dust from her sleeves when the stage door abruptly opens allowing in a bright burst of sunlight. This then illuminated the dusty interior of the coach, having a very austere pine board construction, and further accented by some very well worn brown leather seat coverings. If you care to know of such things the covering is not made of cow hide but rather of buffalo. You see all things cattle in those days were considered to be far too valuable to be wasted.

Especially with a seemingly endless ample supply of wild Bison no one would dare waste good leather simply for a matter of it becoming mere fanny saver! The driver, a dust-covered non-descript middle aged man wearing an old worn out Confederate Army officers hat, reaches in under the seat opposite her and grabs a small wooden box and places it on the ground under the door. “Watch your step Ma’am”, he said, in her direction.

He holds out his hand for her to steady herself as she stepped down, but she needed no such help. She bounded out of there with the grace of a ballerina. However, the driver's hand is still extended with his palm side up toward her. It was not a helping hand that he had in mind. She placed a large silver coin into his palm as she said, "Try not to drink that all in one place." "Yes Ma'am", the driver replied in an annoyed tone while removing his hat in a sweeping motion as he mockingly dipped down on one leg, as one in the past would do before a queen. If this fool only knew that she really is a queen! Well, that is, she had been a queen twice before in her other lifetimes, the first over a thousand years before.

The mysterious woman faced the sun as she tilted her head back, and she closed her eyes, soaking in the sun's wonderful light of warm healing. Quite the vision of beauty she was, bathed in the gleam of golden sunlight, she appears to be nearly Angelic in appearance. Inwardly in her mind, the power of the sun in this location reminded the woman of home. She appeared to be lost in thought, but in reality she was lost in the memories of many other times, and many other places. Often, she would just pause to soak up the warmth of the sun solely for its calming, focusing effect. This was a normal habit of my friend throughout her trials and the travels of her many lives, as she would often say a small Prayer under her breath for GOD'S guidance after a few minutes of quiet soul-searching contemplation. My sophisticated friend was very out of place in that environment-- that of the old American West. She opened her eyes and spotted the stage driver.

"Why have we stopped in this GOD-forsaken place", Christina inquired.

"I'm afraid old Buck has thrown a shoe, Ma'am", the driver replied.

"We will have to get lodging at the inn until the next coach arrives tomorrow. It will be my boss, Mr. McMaster, and he will have enough money to be able to get old Buck shod."

"What time in the morning do you expect Mr. McMaster to arrive?", asked Christina, as she was turning her head, taking a good look at the typical wood buildings and wooden walks of the town.

"They are scheduled to leave Big Creek at 8 AM and it is about a 6 hour ride", he answered.

"Not until tomorrow afternoon", Christina exclaimed in the form of each a question and an exasperation.

The driver went silent and was staring at the ground while kicking his feet in the dirt. After a moment the driver very quietly and meekly said, "The blacksmith and farrier shop is around the corner to the right."

Everyone who was out and about today in that fair to midland sized town noticed the beautiful well-dressed lady sitting atop the stage with that scruffy fool of a driver who locally was well known to be on a first name basis with whiskey and sin.

As the coach made its way through town, the driver speaking to the mysterious beauty said, "I knew his Pa. He's dead now. He was a good man. He gave the ground for the Church that stands across from the shop. They say that his son is also a good man, but a little on the quiet side."

As they turned down the block toward the blacksmith shop, the Church was the first thing you noticed. It was a beautiful white traditional Church with a tall steeple, which had a bell. The top half of the windows were done in stained glass while the lower were regular glass, which seemed to be opened at that time.

It had a walk made of various field stones that lead up to the main entrance. On both sides of the main doors stood an arrangement of shrubbery, and in front of those shrubs were some pretty roses and daisies. The clean Church seemed so out of place in this rough looking neighborhood. Or, perhaps was it the neighborhood itself that was out of place next to GOD'S Church?

The coach's destination; the Blacksmith/Farrier shop sat diagonally across the street from the Church. The shop was a medium-sized old barn with plain grey sun-faded weather-worn wood. There was a small horse corral in front attached to the left side of the barn. Above the main entrance, which stood open, was an old faded sign reading, O'Connell Black Smith & Farrier.

As they drew closer, Christina could smell fiery hot coals in the air with the unmistakable tang of iron upon her tongue as she began to hear the distinct ringing of iron as it was being pounded. That sound sent a shiver down through her spine and a chill to her soul as she recalled past wars in her varied lifetimes.

Christina was lost in remembrance about ole Scotland with that hammering sound and the smell of a forge. She sighed; O how she longed to be home and with a pang of regret she realized that she no longer had a home, that time without a trace had erased all of her ambitions, dreams, and yes even her foolish pride. That is, save for the ever looming deep dark secret that had left it's scar upon her immortal self and soul for so very long.

With that ancient sin coming to the forefront of her memory Christina realized just how weary she was. When she is tired she understands that is when her heart is at its weakest and all of her regrets and past mistakes twist in her mind with an unreasonable fate. She wills herself to return to the here and now in her mind and to tend to the trouble at hand.

Inside the barn, behind the anvil making all that noise, was a small, fiery, red haired, young Irish man.

He was about twenty one or maybe as much as twenty three years of age. He was so caught up in his work that it was only after the driver cleared his throat rather loudly that he took notice of them. "Hello" he said, "I am Riley O'Connell". Recognition slowly came upon his face while he was looking at the driver. "I know you: the stage line, correct?"

Riley's attention did not stay on the old driver very long once Christina caught his eye. He tried not to stare but it was too late. Christina had already dismissed him as another male dolt who could not control his impulses.

Riley's first impression of Christina was of how striking she was. He could not quite put his finger on where, but she had that look of exotic beauty that all beautiful women carry with them who were originally from a distant land. She was also, in his mind, quite out of his reach. She had an almost regal air surrounding her, and clearly she was well educated and very worldly. He instantly felt inferior in her presence.

The driver began to give his sad tale of "woe" about poor old Buck, when Christina got a feeling, which you can call woman's intuition, if you will. However, at over eighteen hundred years of age she had a lot of intuition and experience about a lot of things. She could size up almost any situation with just a glance...especially men. She was also nearly as good with women; however she tended not to place them until they spoke. Christina understands that sometimes a woman is trapped by her environment and her life situation. You really cannot get to know a woman by the cover of her book alone. Often a woman's outwardly appearance will deliberately be arranged to suggest a story of an entirely different stripe than the mystery contained

within the pages of her days. Sometimes a woman has to first turn a few of those pages inside her book for you to understand her. Contrast that to the way you can understand most simple men with hardly a glance.

Christina's initial glance at this young man had told her that he was a reliable hard working, decent young man, but uneducated and unaware of it. She had dismissed him almost immediately, but now her intuition was telling her something was different. It was in the very air.

Christina took a look around and realized that the only place she was not looking was at the man she had decided who needed no further attention. She looked up and immediately her anger began to kindle. It was me, her Angel, which she saw. I was standing beside the young man, and she wondered again what his name was? Was it Ripley? No, that's not right. When she noticed that he had stopped working and his legs visibly buckled a little as the color was draining from his face. He was as white as a ghost as his eyes slowly turned and locked with Christina's. It was not desire or even curiosity in those eyes: it was fear. Of course, no one other than herself could see me. That is normal, unless I chose to show myself. The more I spoke into the ear of this young man, the more fear spread across his face. Soon I left the man and came over and stood beside Christina.

For at least a moment or two, not a word was said between Christina and myself. While Riley picked up what was once his father's farrier tool bag and which was now his, he walked outside with the driver, and his gaze never left Christina, not even for a millisecond. Christina noticed beads of sweat coming out on his forehead. We followed them outside, because it was dreary in the shop anyway. Christina finally broke the silence between us. You see, after eighteen hundred years, I also had an intuition as well. I knew how to handle her.

"That better have not been what I think it was", Christina said with anger, as she pointed right at Riley. I just simply said: "Christina, GOD has spoken; meet your new husband, Mr. Riley O'Connell", while pointing in his direction. Christina was furious, she was absolutely aflame. Her hair would have glowed if it had been dark outside. But first, her stomach rolled and lurched and then she let out a big audible "BURP!" Everyone noticed including Riley.

Christina instinctively soaked in another long look at Riley. She was hoping inside that her initial assessment of him might have been a tad bit hasty. It was not. Whenever a man did catch her fancy they were almost always tall, dark, and handsome. Riley was, well, none of the above.

This man, while he appeared to be a fine example of a young Irishman, being both lean and muscular from all of his hard labor, was just not her cup of tea.

"No Way", Christina finally shouted, very loudly, I might add. Everyone also took notice that she continued to yell out loud to apparently no one. "No, No, No...I said NO!" with her arms folded and while shaking her head back and forth.

I very quietly said, "Remember what happened the last time you chose for yourself."

"That's not fair, that was over a thousand years ago! I would never make that same mistake again", Christina answered.

I replied in a very calm but firm tone; "He is a good, hard working, GOD- fearing, simple man, and he has become your chosen one by God's Will."

"Look at him! He is uneducated, unsophisticated, undomesticated, and unacceptable" Christina replied.

"You can make him be what you need him to be, Christina", I told her.

"I demand another", Christina then added.

"You demand?" I said, putting an emphasis on the word "demand". "From whom, GOD?"

"Oh, you're impossible!" she said, and at the same time she realized that she was now the center of attention. Everyone was staring at her, carrying on her argument with no one.

Finally, it was Riley who spoke; "But Dear Lord, please no...she's crazy."

Better to live on the roof than share the house with a nagging wife. Proverbs 25:24 (GNT)

Christina turned and asked the driver to get her luggage down and told him that he could go. She then informed him that she was going to stay.

"Are you sure, Ma'am?" the driver asked.

"No, I am not, sure you stupid little twit. Just get my luggage down this instant!" Christina snapped at him.

The driver jumped to it, and inside he was relieved to be getting rid of this fruit cake. After her luggage was down, the driver meekly asked Christina, "What about taking care of Mr. O'Connell?"

"Oh, I am going to take care of Mr. O'Connell", she said in a very dark tone.

Riley had never known such terror in his entire life, until he

heard the sound of her words. His knees actually trembled and they buckled again for just an instant.

After the stagecoach drove off and they were alone, I showed myself. I had on a tan cowboy hat and boots, and a long tan riding overcoat. I said, "It has been what, Christina, two hundred years?"

"Two hundred and ten", she said dryly. Then Christina added, "Not nearly long enough; another two hundred would do me just fine."

"I, for one, am looking forward to seeing a wedding again", I said.

Riley had reached his limit: he threw up. Not another word was said.

Finally after a few minutes I announced, "we best get headed over to the Church."

Then Riley offered the first real words that either Christina or I took notice of.

"It's Thursday afternoon. Reverend Hudson will not be there", said Riley with a very hopeful tone.

"Do not worry", I said, "I am sure that she will be there today." The air left Riley's lungs along with his last gasp of a hope at trying to get out of GOD'S version of an arranged marriage. He was literally captured by an Angel's wings and without a Prayer of not following us over there. To his soul this was a walk of doom, for before him the Church did loom. Helplessly, lagging a few steps behind his chosen bride, she is his and he is hers, it was to be, witnessed and escorted by an Angel that he could literally see. To the Church they went, where he would no longer forever and ever Riley thought in his mind, be free.

Christina simply said one word, "show-off". She knew instantly that I had done my homework. For some reason or another she knew that the Pastor had been summoned to the Church.

As they entered the Church I said, "I know, Mr. Riley, that this is your Pastor, but please, let me do the talking." Riley was silent but he did nod a little.

"Mr. Riley", Christina said in contempt, mocking me. Even I had forgotten Riley's last name, and again for the record it is O'Connell.

Walking down through the pews toward the altar is where they found the Minister. She was clearly working on a loose hand rail that was used to step up into the choir loft.

"You loosen that railing?" Christina asked me quietly under her breath.

"Yep, I said, and I also pulled the shoe off of old Buck. He clipped me in the head a couple of times as he was pulling the stage with that young mare".

Christina said one word "Good."

I had simply pulled the railing out of the wall. The Pastor was a stickler for safety, so GOD had put it into her head to come in today and fix that railing. When GOD puts something into your head you can not do a single thing until you respond to HIS wishes.

Pastor Hudson was a great Pastor and I know you have to be wondering, "a lady Pastor in 1878?" I'll approach that subject in just a minute.

But, first of all, back to the handrail. Funny thing...Pastor Hudson is a great Pastor; however she is lousy at fixing things.

I stripped the holes when I pulled the screws out and the Pastor did not find any larger screws. The thought of taking one or two out of something else probably would not cross her mind, nor would she think of pushing into the oversized holes a few slivers of wood and then forcing back inside the original screws. Her poor husband, Thomas, will get another "honey-do" added to his list. He will protest and whine about it, but he does love fixing things and being useful for her.

CHAPTER 2

The calling of Pastor Hudson



Have you ever wondered just how GOD makes a Preacher?

The process of the HOLY SPIRIT calling a person to serve involves their lives, their experiences, and the circumstances that lead up to the actual decision of becoming a Pastor. Later on, of course, it also includes their education and what GOD has given them for Spiritual strength and inspiration. Each of these things is needed and are given to them, as well as to the rest of the people who are in Christ JESUS. I must say, all of this is quite fascinating. This is especially true when one realizes how GOD works in each person's everyday life to guide them to be what HE wants them to be, when and where HE needs them to be, both human and yes, even for the Angelic.

Albeit, in the case of Preachers, GOD'S involvement is not always quite so subtle. Take Riley O'Connell's Pastor for example, "the life and times of Reverend Rachel Hudson". Pastor's background is quite a yarn of a story unto itself. Just how did a small town in the time of the Wild West receive their own lady Preacher?

Pastor Hudson's Church was known for two things. First of all, it had fine stained glass windows, and second, it had a fiery, dark haired "lady preacher", the only female Reverend in the territory.

It is only a short walk off of our trail for now, but you will find

the side tale quite interesting and well worth the trip. So, let us hurry along, and I will give you the dime-tour version, just a few steps off the well-beaten path. Trust me and do not worry. I will not lead you astray and abandon you. I will keep you on the main-line tracks of time, that is, for humans, which always go forward. Yes, as an Angel, we have the ability to step out of any one time to visit another, not only for us to do our work but to actually see how events, lives and circumstances, lead from one time to the next. It's all to serve GOD'S Holy purpose of the redemption of all mankind by a single living soul at a time.

Just imagine how something, which a great ancestor of yours, might have felt or believed, and it was passed down through your blood line and became a tradition in your family. You see, to us Angels a day is really like a thousand years. That simply means for us that we can see and understand any human event from all of your different perspectives, needs, wants, and even your desires. They are for GOD alone to see completely, all at once, just how one good deed or one dreadful sin causes an action and a reaction throughout many generations down through the ages.

However, we Angels can slip in and out of any event, one life, at a time. Please, let me make something clear. GOD sees and understands everything as one big tapestry of life. HE directs us Angels to help, guide and occasionally intervene as HE sees fit with HIS Loving attention. In each and every single day, and in every way, GOD oversees it all. This includes the uncounted millions of points of view which only HE alone can number and holds dear. Amazing as it may be, this is all done at the same time by HIS Holy design.

A thousand years to GOD is but a single day. GOD is GOD: HE is omnipotent, HE knows everything, and HE clearly sees it all. All that happens, because HE IS ALL, and HE is outside of time. Clearly, HE put time in place for humans to live out their days in

a way that they could understand how each event, each day, builds upon another. You see my friend, that is what this story is all about. It is how GOD ties everything together, century after century, life after life, to show HIS Love for each of HIS children. But, on the other hand, I digress, because I had promised the short dime store version of this part, and so, let's now return to the current activities.

Quakers.

Our lady Preacher's name is Reverend Rachel Hudson, and she, like her daddy before her, was a very well known and respected Speaker of the Word. Fifty years before, Pastor Rachel married Christina and Riley O'Connell in the year 1878. This Pastor's own parents were just passing through the same area in the year 1828. They were young and in their mid twenties. They had been married only a few years themselves when GOD called them to take HIS Word out into the wilderness. Pastor Rachel's parents had not a clue as to where GOD was leading them. They just trusted that they would know they were in the right place when they got there.

Upon arriving in town, they each took local day jobs in order to build their savings back up so they could continue on their journey to wherever it was GOD was calling them. Pastor Rachel's parents knew in their hearts that they were to establish a church in the wild south west somewhere. Together, they both found work on a cowboy chuck wagon.

In those days most people did not have the money to actually establish a big sprawling ranch. They simply bought a herd of cattle and free-ranged out there upon the open prairie near whatever water they could find. Most kept as close to the town as possible, keeping that town as their base of operation. It was not just for home use, but for the practicality of supply and such. Only when market time had come would they press on with the herd.

Almost immediately Pastor Rachel's father and mother had set up church services on Sunday mornings for the local cowboys whom they worked for out on the range.

For where two or three gather in my name, there am I with them." Matthew 18:20 (NIV)

One of those cowboys, a young hand, even had a stack of old hymnals at the house of his dearly departed parents. The man had not a clue as to how or why they were there. As he grew up, the hymnals had always been there. They were stored away in the back room in a couple of wooden crates. If his parents had ever told him why they had them in the first place, he did not remember. You see, Rachel's dad had asked him that very question on the first Sunday the cowboy went home, and he retrieved the books for their Sunday Service. The man had no answer and he did not know why his parents had them. They were both gone now and he could never ask them on this side of life.

Funny thing, is it not strange that a person can live with someone for many years and it is only after they are gone when the realization comes of the important questions that they should have asked had they taken the time and to ask them while they had the chance? It was Rachel's father, Pastor Bradley Johnson, who, after thanking the cowboy for the hymnals, next added these words to the young hand: "GOD provided, my son, even if that meant the hymnals were in a box at your parent's house for many years".

This went on for a few months, as the Johnson's had planned to move on with the cattle, as they took them to market up in Kansas City. That would be their next stop on their path that the Lord had laid out before them. At least, this was as Pastor Rachel's parents, the Johnson's had thought. Now, you and I both know that the Lord is no respecter of the

best laid plans of a man or woman for that matter, right?

*In their hearts humans plan their course, but the LORD
establishes their steps.
Proverbs 16:9 (NIV)*

By market time each of the families of all the surrounding cattle companies, were attending Church service with the Johnson's on Sunday mornings. The local people requested that the service be moved to town, and they actually set up some large military style tents on the very spot where the Church in Riley's time would stand one day.

From the very start, Rachel's father had run the service strictly by the Word of GOD, as he used only the Bible in a non-denominational service. He was afraid that his strict Quaker beliefs and customs would scare off more souls than they would draw them in. After all, it was about spreading the Love of JESUS and not a "holier than thou" contest. Yes, you guessed it, the Johnson's never left. They were now finally home, and this is where GOD wanted them to be.

Bradley, Pastor Rachel's Preacher father, was very well respected and since he was bringing the word of GOD to the heathens, even Bradley's Quaker council friends looked the other way when the Church was built just as a Christian Church and not as Quaker, per say. That was also how Rachel had become a Pastor.

The Quakers had always "trained and ordained" all those who were willing to spread the Love of GOD. This was the only time that Rachel was ever away from her home in her entire life, which was while she attended what is called Seminary school back east. I am sorry, but at the moment, I've forgotten what the Quakers called it, but it was the same sort of thing. You see, even Angels don't know or remember everything.

Pastor Rachel is Quaker like her parents before her. She kept as many of the customs as she could and she never forced any of them upon anyone else. The kids loved to look at and talk about the simple clothes that she wore. Even so, it is sort of how the Amish are noted for having simple clothing and such. "The apple does not fall far from the tree", as they say and in Rachel's case, they are right.

Rachel believed just as her father had believed, sharing the Gospel was the important part, not the customs and traditions of man. Rachel never had a clue, just as her parents had not either, that her home right here was forever to be her home. She never realized that she would be the one called to care for this same flock once both of her parents had gone ahead of her to Heaven. They had each been ordained, as she would also.

Rachel's father Preached and lasted the longest, although her mother had taught the children and did a lot of the special services they held on Easter, Christmas and at other times. For years, the Johnson's had looked at each other's sermons to offer mutual help and encouragement. They were truly one flesh as GOD had commanded.

God put the Man into a deep sleep. As he slept he removed one of his ribs and replaced it with flesh. God then used the rib that he had taken from the Man to make Woman and presented her to the Man. The Man said, "Finally! Bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh! Name her Woman for she was made from Man." Therefore a man leaves his father and mother and embraces his wife. They become one flesh.
Genesis 2:21-24 (MSG)

When Rachel's father had passed away, most of the locals thought it would be the end of the Church. "Who could they ever

find to replace the Johnson's?" GOD made that answer easy, for it would be another Johnson. Pastor Rachel Hudson is her married name, her maiden name is of course Johnson.

To those not too familiar with small town life, this will become a good lesson. In a small town one should keep to themselves any gossip they do not want spread about someone. The reason is, because it seems everyone is always related to everyone else either by blood or by marriage. If you can't stand the Mayor, well, better not tell that to the Sheriff, because that is his wife's brother. Does the Post lady sometimes get under your skin? You'd better not say anything at the community dinner, because she is the owner's daughter-in-law. Now, when you throw in the family feuds and the ones who cannot stand each other, without even mentioning the complex love and hate personal rivalries, well, now you are starting to get the picture. It is always best to keep your thoughts and opinion of your town's social structure to yourself. Just love and appreciate people as you accept them just for who they are.

If you are new to a town, it will take you years just to figure it all out, who is related to who. That is, unless you are under the age of twelve, because children just have a way of absorbing it all in. They do not care and they understand just how everyone is related without any effort at all. Wouldn't you say that is an almost unfair advantage that children hold over most adults?

So, as you see, it was Pastor Rachel's mother, Evelyn, who had already done some ministry work within the Church that helped to set the stage for Rachel. GOD used Rachel's bloodline and a genuine need to make her a Preacher of HIS Holy Word. Bradley, her father, in private, had always called his wife Lynn, and it was what her family had also called her. The whole world on the other hand had taken to calling Rachel's mother Eve and she liked that. In a crowded situation anyone who called her

Lynn meant that they were a close person to her and it always perked up her ears instantly. You see, the core members of the Church had already heard Rachel's mother, "Eve", lead various services on many occasions and it was just natural for them when Rachel took over as the Preacher. There was something special about hearing a woman Preach for the first time and her name happened to be Eve. You knew that she was not the first Eve, but you could not help yourself. Of course, it still created quite a ruckus when Rachel officially took over the Church. Most of the trouble came from those who normally did not regularly attend services.

Rachel had accepted the job only temporarily after her father had passed. It was, as Rachel felt, her duty to her parents, to the Church, and most importantly to GOD. This went on while the Church searched for a new Preacher. When the attendance doubled within a month, at first the elders thought it was just due to the fact of having the novelty of an official lady Preacher. Everyone had to see if she could actually do it, "carry the cross" as they had put it at the time. Yes, even those who were strictly against the very idea of her Preaching attended her services.

They had to see it for themselves. Rachel was big news and the people came from all over. At least it brought them in, and yes, once again, even those hypocrites were back in the pews on Sunday. After all, were not the ones who sparsely attended services the ones who were most in need to be Churched? This could be the case even if they were at first just searching for a weakness in Pastor Rachel that they might perhaps use against her? You know what I mean, to run her out of this good town forever.

It only took one service, no more than two, to win one of those doubters over. Rachel had the Lord shining through her and no one could ever deny that. Her biggest gifts were that the Lord

had made her smart, loving, and very perceptive. It was quite often almost as if she could read your mind. Just your body language alone would be enough to give away your innermost heart to her. Even after you became aware of this and tried to hide your thoughts, it was of no use. Rachel had GOD on her side, and she used that gift to help others to also get to know HIM. She was just about the most decent human being you would ever meet. It was the Lord in her of course, and this gift enabled her to help many a weary and wayward soul. It seemed obvious to others, anyway, that she always knew exactly what to say to them. With her Quaker blood and training it was not always flowers and candy, because she could cut you to the bone if she needed to, but she always did it with grace and a true tactful heart.

Everyone loved Rachel. The men respected her and her family, and I also believe the women admired her. Pastor Rachel had been courted by the banker's son, Thomas, before she left for seminary and it continued to be so even after she returned.

Rachel took over her mother's duties at the Church as her mother's health began to fail. After this, she took notice that her father began to ease upon her just a little bit more responsibility as time passed by. Next, she performed a funeral, which was for the best friend of her mother, Evelyn. With his wife just hanging on herself at this point, Pastor Bradley said that he did not have the heart for this service. At first, Rachel's father thought maybe he had made a mistake, because Rachel left not a single dry eye in the Church.

This was the real start of where the core of the Church fell in Love with Rachel as a Pastor. What a tough hand to play, that is, for a first real service as an officiating Pastor, as she did the eulogy for the best friend of her dying mother. Whether or not Rachel had bluffed her way through the task at hand was solely

between GOD and herself.

Rachel wondered if anyone noticed that she had to avoid eye contact with her father or else she would not have made it through the service. Everyone had noticed, and they admired her strength, understanding and compassion. Then, one day, her mother passed away, and it was a sad day, for everyone Loved Eve. It was only about a year later, the Lord called her father Bradley home unexpectedly. As I'd said before, Rachel had already taken over her mother's duty and was picking up quite a bit of the slack of her grieving father's duty at that time. Her father was leaning on her for support, and she knew it, even if he would never admit it. The pretense was that Rachel was still hanging around because Thomas was courting her. There was some truth to that, of course, but she was also fulfilling her duties. One of the bright spots for her was when she and Thomas married, after a long and very proper courtship. Her Father performed the ceremony. His loss was sudden and it came only a short time after her marriage to Thomas.

Pastor Rachel's husband, Thomas, was obviously not Quaker, which was allowed only as long as the spouse would convert. Thomas wanted to convert for her sake, "but who cares", as he had told Rachel. Of course she would have none of that. She would go after the Quaker council herself if she had to. "Pastor, just let sleeping dogs lie," said one smart elder to Rachel after Church one Sunday afternoon. The elders had remained after service that day for a meeting with Pastors Bradley and Rachel. Rachel had just been married and was planning out her strategy on how to take on the Quakers over the fact that Thomas was not an official convert.

"Just let sleeping dogs lie", the elder had said. "What a foolish man! Surely, it could not be that simple!" Rachel thought to herself, "you know, way out here in the sticks where no one

would ever visit.”

Her father Bradley told Rachel in his buggy on their way home that she was just mad because that old simpleton was right. “Just leave sleeping dogs lie.”

So do not worry about tomorrow; for tomorrow will care for itself. Each day has enough trouble of its own. Matthew 6:34 (NASB)

Move on to where GOD leads you and do your best. Do not go looking for trouble. Troubles will come soon enough on their own. That is how this quaint little town got a fiery, dark haired Lady Preacher who is now married to the banker, Thomas. His parents are now long gone as well.

Thomas was a good man and he did a lot of charity work and was very forgiving with the banking. He also charged very modest fees and was best known for his imaginative horse trade deals. That was his passion.

He might give a home loan to a couple with two teenage boys if they agreed, in addition to the financial terms, to also send the boys over to Mr. so and so's place and repair the fence, or chop some wood, dig a well, etc. This was done usually for a widow or a charity in need. The people loved him nearly as much as they Loved Pastor Rachel. They were a good couple. They were well respected and very much appreciated.

In just a few minutes, please remember this story of how well Pastor Rachel and Thomas were respected. Riley, who grew up in this community was also well aware of this, is about to become very embarrassed.

CHAPTER 3

Honeymoon (Sort of)



“*May* I help you?” Pastor Rachel asked, as the three of them approached her down the center aisle of the Sanctuary. “Well hello Mr. O’Connell”, the Pastor added when she recognized Riley. “What brings you over here today?”

Do not forget to show hospitality to strangers, for by so doing some people have shown hospitality to angels without knowing it. Hebrews 13:2 (NIV)

I stepped forward and extended my hand to the Pastor while saying; “Hello Preacher we are from up the road a little piece from the town of Big Sky. My name is Mr. Angel, and this is my dear sister in Christ Christina.”

“Greetings Reverend” Christina said, while doing a small curtsy.

“Hello Christina” the Pastor replied.

I then said, “Well eh, You see Mr. Riley here visited Big Sky about a month back” *(this is true, ... it is common knowledge that the O’Connell’s, visit three neighboring towns, once every three months. A neighboring town for one week, the last week of each month, for blacksmith/farrier work.)*

“This is hard to say, Reverend, so I will just say it.

Mr. O'Connell and my dear sister Christina here need to be hitched."

"Mr. O'Connell!"

Pastor Rachel first gasped and then exclaimed.

Christina did not even know this woman and yet she felt the desire to crawl under the pews and hide. Riley is, meanwhile, turning about three shades of red! It actually looks good on him with his red Irish features. After a second or two to gather her shocked wits, Pastor Rachel really began to properly lean into her work and let Riley have it, "Need I remind you, Riley, that you are a respected business man in this community?"

Then Pastor Rachel became further annoyed by the blank stare on Riley's face, as she rolled her eyes continuing she said; "Your parents donated this very land and were among the founders of this Church. What would your poor Mother, GOD rest her sweet Soul, say to this?"

"That is just the reason we are here today Preacher",
I interrupted, barely able to contain my laughter inside.

A brief pause here for a few minutes meditation:

Have you ever noticed that the monumental changing points of people's lives rarely take more than just a few minutes? Oh, they might plan or fret over them for months or maybe even years at a time. But the events themselves sweep them away from their exactly ordered fragile lives, and are gone in just a few minutes.

How often does a tragedy strike quite suddenly, according to human perception of time, and forever changing one's existence, while just a few seconds before their entire lives were different? These rapid ground shaking events in life often remind people just how mortal they really are. Each of Christina's and Riley's,

as well as my own life, had now forever been changed in the matter of just a few moments. Well, it happened in the exchange of a few I do's that GOD takes very seriously. No one but GOD HIMSELF knew what changes HE was bringing to us on that day. So remember that, when you plan out every little detail of your life in advance. I overheard a conversation between two friends and one said to the other, "You know, GOD does have a sense of humor, just tell HIM your plans are for the future and then wait and see what happens next!" Keep your heart and mind open as you walk through life in this world. Yes, you are to do your very best, for everyone shall be put to life's test.

Back to the story:

We were all greeted with beautiful sunlight on this Wedding day as we stepped from the Church. I had hidden myself with the notion that both Christina and Riley needed time now to get better acquainted with each other. The first thing I noticed, after my exiting the Church, was how my friend Christina, as she is prone to do, she closed her eyes and let the sun rest upon her face. She always does this in times like these to calm and center herself while searching for CHRIST'S peaceful grip on her stirring soul. I knew immediately that Riley was in for a bumpy ride when, after a very short time, in fact, just a very brief hiccup of a second; Christina seemingly failed at achieving her inner peace as she exhaled with a disapproving sigh. The air she let out blew her long dark hair back away from her partially hidden face, and she then quickly opened her eyes. Those eyes were darting back and forth searching for someone. They were quite obviously searching for me, searching for a fight about this whole situation. When Christina saw that I was gone, "Coward", she said quietly to herself.

Riley had a piece of paper tucked into his shirt pocket that weighed heavily upon his heart, and it felt like a millstone around his neck. Riley then spoke to Christina very quietly, very

timidly, "The Angel, your Angel, said that I am to take you to my parent's farm outside of town. He said that you would feel safe and be happier out there alone in the country."

"Well, Angel's right about that", Christina snapped back.

Riley gathered Christina's luggage and put it into the back of his buckboard wagon. As they proceeded up the street they passed Pastor Rachel who was now leaving the Church.

"I will expect to see you at the service this coming Sunday, Mr. O'Connell". There was just a bit of a bite to her words Riley thought. "Good luck and GOD Bless, Christina", Pastor Rachel said very sweetly.

Riley believed within himself that clearly, the Pastor had already decided to befriend Christina and to chastise him.

Christina was thinking of how very perceptive this Lady Preacher was, without even a single word being said to her, the Pastor understood clearly that she did not want this marriage. "I bet this fool of a man, this new husband of mine, actually thinks the Lady Preacher has already taken the little lady's side over his" she thought.

If Christina only knew, that was indeed just how Riley felt. Not another word was said between them for quite a while.

Now Riley had a small bachelor's house in town, located two doors down from the family business. He had moved in there a few years ago on his twentieth birthday. He almost moved back home when his father had passed away to stay with his mother. Riley does have one older sister and one older brother, but they are each back east with families of their own. Riley's mother would have none of his returning home. Instead, she often stayed in town with him, and on occasion he would stay with her at the

farm. The sad part was that his mother did not last long after his father had departed, which was less than 2 years. Riley was still nursing the wound of losing both of his parents in just the past few years.

As they rode along, about half way to their new home, finally the conversation started between Christina and Riley and it went like this:

"Can you write?" "Just a little Ma'am"

"Can you even read?" "Just a little Ma'am"

"Did you go to school?" "No Ma'am"

"Do you regularly go to Church?" "Yes Ma'am"

"Why in the world would GOD see fit to join us?"

"Good question Ma'am."

It instantly infuriated Christina and she thought to herself that Riley was about to get his first lesson on picking a fight with her. What Christina could not see was this, I had not left them, it was one of those very rare occasions of when I was keeping my presence unknown to Christina.

I was in the back of the wagon with my hands on Riley's shoulders holding him down so that he could not jump out and run away.

I was also speaking into Riley's left ear. "I know Christina better than she knows herself. She has accepted her fate and is about to pick a fight with you, which is just to scare you off. Say only yes or no to everything she asks of you, no matter what." I told Riley.

When Riley had answered with "good question Ma'am" as to why GOD would join them, I squeezed a little bit on his shoulders, and to Riley it felt like a locomotive was pressing down on him. "I told you only to say yes or no. If you do that again, then I will promptly put your head right up that horses hind quarters" I informed Riley.

It was nice to have me, an Angel, in her; Christina’s corner, even when she was not aware that I was there.

“I will NOT pick up your dirty duds!” “Yes Ma’am”

“I will NOT cook and clean for any heathen like you!”

“Yes Ma’am”

“I will NOT put up with drunkenness, do you hear me Irishman?”

“Yes Ma’am”

“You will go to Church, and you will at least pretend to act proper, or you will answer to me!”

“Yes Ma’am, yes Ma’am, yes Ma’am.”

On and on the ground rules were being placed upon the poor now legally married Blacksmith.

A nagging spouse is like the drip, drip, drip of a leaky faucet; You can't turn it off, and you can't get away from it. Proverbs 27:15-16 (MSG)

“Why am I here?” Christina finally asked herself out loud.

“Because I told you, you are getting too big for your britches, and GOD has noticed. GOD has a plan Christina, you know that HE always does”, I finally said aloud to her.

“But why must HIS plan for me be a man?” Christina asked me.

“I am a good nurse better than most doctors. I am an educated teacher. I have many lifetimes of skills and I am great at numbers”, with her voice trailing off.

I spoke up again, “I do not make the rules I only enforce them as HE says, the same as you my friend.”

Christina and Riley traveled about a mile north of town and turned down the first lane we came to, which ran right along the foot of a hill on our left side and a nice green pasture was on our

other. As we made our way around a gentle sloping turn the roof line of first a barn and then a rather large farm house behind the barn began to come into view. It was a nice big whitewashed country farm house, Christina was thinking to herself. She noticed right away that Riley had been maintaining the property, and you do not need to be eighteen hundred years old to deduce that.

There was actually a garden about half grown between the house and the barn just below the lane. Even the back porch appeared to be swept off. The front of the house faced away from the rear entrance of the lane. Clearly the house had been laid out for the front sitting porch to face the undisturbed trees below just as GOD made them to be viewed. With the house properly maintained and with its appearance of cleanliness Christina's opinion of Riley just went up a notch, barely.

As Riley carried his new found wife's luggage up the same steps that he had crossed a thousand times before, he noticed right away that someone had cleaned everything up.

He had both a jolt of fear and one of recognition when he noticed the garden below. The first thought that crossed his mind was that someone had moved into his parent's house. It was me of course, Angel, and a few more Angel friends of mine, who had done what Christina liked to call my homework.

Christina found herself waiting on Riley as he stepped up on the porch with her luggage. This did not surprise her, as she does always pride herself on good old fashioned manners, the kind that seem to be getting lost in these days of the modern fast paced train tracked world. However she knew from experience that this type of simple man would soon push her to gain knowledge of her limits, and that she should not at this point permit herself to lose any advantage over him just as of yet.

“If you do not hurry up, we will be ready to celebrate our first anniversary soon.” This was the latest tongue lashing Riley received while he foolishly struggled to carry all of her luggage up the stairs in a single trip.

Now Riley knew that I had gone, and he, inside himself, had quite enough of this.

“Ma’am, I would offer to carry you over the threshold but my poor back could not stand the strain” he said.

A soft answer turns away wrath, But a harsh word stirs up anger. Proverbs 15:1 (NKJ)

Christina was ready to put him into his place, and so, she slapped him hard, with all her might.

“Christina!” I said, as I was hidden from her view and barked out her name in shocked disapproval to her ears alone.

Riley was small and had been in many fights as he grew up, especially with his older brother. Mickey, his older Irish brother’s name, Mic had learned not to pick any fights with Riley after about the age of ten. Riley found himself thinking of Mickey, as the stars danced around in his vision. It was a good slap, the kind that rattles the teeth loose and shakes the brain numb.

Christina was clearly no soft, dainty, delicate flower, Riley was thinking to himself, while also realizing that he could not afford to let her think that she had put him so readily with ease into his place. It was too late, for she had already done so. Remember, this was a different time in a different place, a much simpler world then. Christina knew that sometimes a swift kick to the

rear in this world, to a working man like Riley, meant more to him than all the combined words and wisdom GOD had so Faithfully bestowed upon King Solomon. Besides, Riley also discovered, that is, for the next several months, his jaw ached each and every time it rained. It was always a further reminder for him that it was best to just stay out of her way!

As they went inside Christina's hand and arm hurt a little. But, it was her conscience that hurt a little bit more. "Riley did not ask for this either", she thought remorsefully, "and now I am taking it out on him", Christina thought correctly to herself.

Christina then said a silent Prayer under her breath, "Lord forgive me and give me the strength to do better". Christina was pleasantly surprised when she saw that the house was very modern and convenient. It had a small hand pump right in the kitchen sink and was very pleased about the thought of running water right in the house. Also in the kitchen was a nice big wood fired, flat top, pot belly cooking stove with adequate pots and pans hanging above in the rafters. Off to the right was a small room with the door ajar. In there she could see a big bathing tub. "Imagine that" she thought; "only a few feet away from the stove to heat the water." The room even had a window in which to dump the old water out. Memories rushed back to her, simple memories of the simple act of bathing. In the wild, Christina simply took care that no one could see and would use a lake or stream to complete the chore. She was smiling inside, as Christina recalled just how fast one can clean their self and get out of that cold water! She had another memory, and in fact, she had many memories of another system that she used for bathing herself down through the centuries when she lived in a home amongst other people. She simply heated a pot of water, took some cloths and soap and in a place of privacy saw to her cleanliness each and every single day. Oh how she had detested the bathing habits in medieval Europe. Even those of the

Aristocratic society seemingly avoided bathing in water like it was a cardinal sin. Smiling, Christina remembered that it was an important thing to wash one's face and other fair parts before you used that very same water to wash ones unspeakable parts, not so fair!

As Christina was admiring the house, Riley stood in shock to see how clean everything was.

I then whispered into his ear, "you owe me one for the house cleaning young man."

Without a word then, Riley set the luggage down and walked over to the pantry beside the sink. He opened it and was lost from view behind the large door. His right hand left the door and appeared to be going deep into the cabinet. It reappeared at his side holding a full bottle of whiskey.

Christina at once snatched the bottle from his hand, popped its cork and was drinking deeply. Riley was watching to see if she gagged on the strong liquor, but amazingly, she did not. He immediately remembered her stern warning for him not to drink too much. Riley reached inside and produced another bottle, turned and quickly walked away with it.

Christina crossed the room and opened the pantry door and looked inside, but found no more bottles, these two were it. "Family of Irish drunks" she did however allow to slip from her lips.

I then made my first and only mistake of the day. I left them alone for an hour or so before I made this announcement: "The Lord has requested me to inform you each that HE wants you to consummate this marriage so that HE may bless you with child."

Not a word was said. It was stunned silence for both Christina and Riley.

“Good thing I am properly drunk”, thought Christina,
“Good thing I am properly drunk”, thought Riley,
“Good thing they are both properly drunk”, I thought.

But, it was not a good thing that they were each very well drunk.

*Do not get drunk on wine, which leads to debauchery. Instead, be filled with the Spirit,
Ephesians 5:18(NIV)*

I led them both to what was once Riley’s parents bedroom, the only bedroom down stairs, which was conveniently off to the left of the kitchen, which was next to the back porch entrance for the house.

I pushed them each from behind into the room and shut the door soundly behind them while locking it within Angelical domain. That is just a fancy way of saying I made the door inaccessible to both Riley and Christina in their current time. Oh, they could see and touch the door, but it would never budge for them. Not even with a team of heavy Clydesdales would it be movable in this time. Have you not heard the stories in the New Testament of Saint Peter simply walking away from the Pharisees prison?

An Angel opened the door for him to escape while holding it shut in time to those whom stood as his guard. I like to refer to this as GOD’S Time. It is a common tool for us Angel’s, one that I can say that I am especially deft at. Next, I stated to my friend and her new marriage mate, as a matter of fact that “no one is getting out until the deed is done.”

Inside the small bedroom, Christina then laid herself down on the

bed with a look on her face that told Riley, "if you come near me I will kill you." She didn't need to worry, for Riley simply stood at the foot of the bed and downed the rest of his bottle. He stood there about a minute and very carefully stretched himself across the bottom of the bed and passed out. Christina then allowed herself to also go to sleep thinking that maybe when she awoke this nightmare would be over.

About an hour after dawn, Christina did awake, with a headache. She found herself in the same bed, same room, same doom, and same gloom. She had to peek up over the edge of the bed to find Riley, who was sitting on the floor with his back against the bedroom door, as he was staring at the empty whiskey bottle in his hands.

"We're still locked in" he said, "even the window will not open or break."

Just then, right on cue, I spoke again loudly from behind the locked door:

"I said no one gets out until it is done!"

Riley then said out loud to no one, "I would rather kiss a toad." Christina added, "Good, now you know exactly what it is that GOD is asking me to do!"

Riley did give a small chuckle. Then he said quietly, "I'm thirsty and a little bit hungry."

Christina actually laughed out loud and then she said, "I have to go."

Less than five minutes later the bedroom door opened and Riley stepped out first, and he was struggling to pull on his left boot. He crossed the room and poured some water from the pitcher into a bowl and began to splash his face.

Christina then ran out of the room barefoot straightening her dress as she rushed out of the house and into the back yard. As Riley heard her retching as she was throwing up, he wondered to himself, "am I really that bad?"

Christina walked back into the kitchen and they each avoided eye contact.

I seemed to be gone, as far as they could tell, but they still had a cloud of doubt about me and my clever tricks.

About the same time they each began to smell something good. On top of the cook stove was a freshly made pot of coffee and a still warm pan of corn bread. I had left them a small honeymoon breakfast treat.

Christina found an old fashioned tin porcelain cup and poured herself some coffee. Christina had always loved the smell of fresh coffee, the aroma so rich and pleasing. She was breathing it in deeply with her eyes closed a million miles and many years away from this place and time when she realized that she was being watched.

Riley could not help himself, because she was so captivating. He was thirsty. "I'll wait until she walks away from the pot" he was thinking.

Christina snapped her eyes open and her stare caught his gaze. Riley felt like a little school boy, caught in a longing daydream that all little boys have of that first special one that catches their eye. For some, it is a school teacher, for others, the girl next door, or perhaps as it was in Riley's case, the girl who for years sat ahead of him during Sunday School and Church Service. He always said not a word or way overcompensated and blathered on and on, because he only got to see her for an hour or two that one Sunday a week. Unbeknown to him, his mother had moved the

family pew on purpose just to get her out of his line of sight, and that was so he would pay attention during the Sermon Service. That girl moved away, of course, just one Sunday, when he was about fourteen, she was gone, and that was that.

Now, Riley was getting those same hopeless feelings all over again, about looking at a woman who was unattainable, out of his reach, and in fact, one, who in this case, seemed to detest him. At any rate, he felt like a child who had just got caught red handed with his hand inside the cookie jar when he realized that she did not approve of his stare.

Christina gave him the "look". She made sure that she had his complete attention. She knew that he wanted the coffee, and she also knew that he wanted more than the coffee.

So, she then walked to the window with the coffee pot and dumped the rest of it contents outside! Christina then picked up her full cup and walked away.

"I wanted that coffee", Riley was then thinking to himself. He felt like a complete and total fool. Even though they both had noticed that the stove was stone cold. Not a word was said.

I showed up only briefly later that afternoon to Christina, as she was sitting outside on the back porch swing reading her Bible. She told me on numerous occasions, such as these before, that she had always wondered why GOD had assigned to her an Angel that had no tact and was not much for conversation or even small talk. However, I knew as it grew, I am speaking of our friendship and working together that I was the perfect Angel for her. She was going to get no debate or tongue twisting of fate from me.

GOD knew what HE was doing of course, HE had chosen well

for her. HE had given her an Angel that was smart enough not to debate every little choice of HIS Will for her. At this point after eighteen hundred and some odd years we really were brother and sister in CHRIST, and we are also each others best friend.

I sat down beside her, and in my own way just stated it as fact, "You are with twins, one each girl and boy". I then added, "Your happiness is also in your hands."

I rose and kissed her on the forehead. "Please, Christina, choose to be happy." With that, I walked away down toward the barn. "That must be where Riley is", Christina thought. GOD knew that with the Faith that they each had, all debate about marriage was over once children had come into the equation.

CHAPTER 4

Love

Their home was quiet, very quiet. They were strangers, strangers brought together by the hand and Will of GOD. Being strangers, not even really being friends at this point, Riley let Christina have his parent's room. That was the one downstairs by the back kitchen entrance to the house, while Riley usually slept upstairs in his old room, the one he had shared while growing up with his brother Mic. Every so often when sleep would not come, Riley simply fell asleep in the family room as he sat Praying and thinking quietly in the dark by himself in what was once his mother's favorite chair.

Christina also began to Pray much at this time, for she knew that the two of them would have to learn to be able to work together by the time the twin babies arrived. Or they would have to be able to at least pretend to be a family. Over her years and lives she had been a mother before. All of her children now serve Christ as members of the "servant family". Well, that is, all but one, and we do not need to get into that just yet.

With Christina, the first attempt to break the ice with Riley was a practical one. She left a small note on the table one morning before Riley rose to go to work. It was a request for some items, mainly sewing and knitting things so that she could start the preparations for their children. After eighteen hundred years she was quite good at those things.

Riley brought home what he could from the list that evening, and as he was sitting them upon the kitchen table he spoke to her very quietly. "I could not read all of the words and the store keep could read none of them." Christina let out a small sigh and patiently explained each of the other remaining items. After work the next day Riley brought home all of the items, along with two cows tied to the back of the wagon, which he led down to the barn.

This was how it went for a month or so, Christina would meet him in the mornings and gently say what it was that she needed to prepare for the children. After a few days she noticed that it pleased him when he got it right. Also, at about this same time, she noticed that each and every morning, even on the weekend when she arose, a fresh pot of good strong coffee was waiting for her. Riley was clearly trying to break the ice as well. "Oh well", she wondered with a sense of wit. How long did he wait before he thought enough time had passed and it would not seem so much like sucking up to make her coffee in the morning? You see, the pot was always completely full, he would never drink any of it himself until she had hers first. "Was he even aware that he was doing that", she wondered, that is, "him waiting on her to get the first cup?" The answer to that question was no, because most women would be surprised if they actually learned just how much a man does on instinct without a thought in the world behind it. It is almost as if GOD programmed some basic information into the poor short sighted fools.

One day Riley asked Christina if she would like to ride to town with him, and spend the day there, instead of sitting here at home all alone. She politely refused and felt a little sad, as it was just way too soon to explain to Riley that I was actually hiding her here, hiding her from one of her own sons, Simon. We will talk more about Simon later when we get the chance, but right now he is unimportant.

About a month later, her 4th, Christina found Riley's business ledger and money "poke" bag left for her on the table. She had the morning sickness today and did not rise. She did notice that he quietly opened the bedroom door to peak in checking on her before he had to leave for work. Christina simply said, "I am Ok, I just have a touch of the sickness this morning." Riley asked, "Can I get you anything?" Christina responded by saying, "please just leave me be." He paused a second or two, then as he was shutting her door he said, "I hope you feel better." The ledger was a mess to say it mildly. "How could this man have stayed in business this long?" Christina wondered to herself. She was surprised to see that it would be easier to name the people in town who did not owe him money than it was to name all the ones who did. I had said that Riley was a good man, and sometimes good men get taken advantage of.

The next morning Riley found a large jar on the table, it was a large earthen crock, the type that most folks put homemade liquor in and cork it off. Under it was tucked a paper with dates written on it. He recognized it as a daily chart of some kind. On yesterday's date Christina had written down 1.73 and the words "in coin" were added behind the numbers. Riley knew that yesterday he had left on the table exactly 2.01 in the poke bag. As he picked up the bag he felt the rest of the coins rattling around in there.

His Mother had always been good with the numbers before, and so, Riley was instantly glad that Christina was also good with them, and she was clearly taking charge. Riley's father had told him on many occasions that "all they had was due to their mothers good number skills." Riley brought home to Christina his money poke bag every day from this point on for the rest of his entire life.

The following morning Christina was up and waiting on him. She asked for some matches and lamp oil, and a few other odds and ends. Funny thing! At first, Riley thought of her requests as cumbersome and over demanding, but the simple truth was that he was resentful inside of just about anything that she had asked him to do. But as time passed he had developed a great sense of respect for her. He knew that she was smart, but with time he initially learned with some trepidation, and then fully in intimidation that Christina was very smart. Part of him did wish that he knew her better because she also had secrets, as he knew that all women do. However, he also began to understand that she had lifetimes of them.

Again, while in the morning, in the dawn waking hours, Christina would wait on him with the request for the usual type of items. She never asked for too much at once, just as the money came in did she make her requests. She had "Faith", and was confident that enough money would always come in. She did this while adding almost daily to the big jar on the table. Riley began to wonder just what he had been doing with his money all along. He had never before seen a jar full of money, not ever.

Christina spoke, "Riley I am going to help you set up a credit plan to where your customers can use your services and pay you by the month. This will be of a help to them and it should actually grow your business."

"I am not very good with the numbers could you please oversee that?" Riley asked her. "Yes" was her reply.

Once the payment plan was in place, all the local farmers and business's signed up including the local stage line. Every time that old drunken fool brought the stage in Riley could not help but wonder what miracles could be inside it today.

You know, GOD had brought his Lovely Mrs. O'Connell to him in just this way.

Riley actually hired a hand or two from this time forward to help. He needed to, because Riley had taken his wife's advice and suddenly business was even better now than in the glorious cowboy cattle days of years past. After all, Riley thought to himself, his father had both he and his brother Mic to help a few days per week, which he recalled was from about the time he was approximately ten years old. Every other day, as he grew older, he worked at the farm on one day and at the Ferrier shop the next. His older brother Mic also did the same, with each of them alternating, days.

How would you like to hear an Angel's secret? It is of no harm to anyone so I will tell you now. This arrangement of every other day was put into place because Riley's father wisely kept his two fighting Irish sons separated in his presence at the shop! Each one rotated jobs between the farm and shop. Also, the fact that his father secretly encouraged each one to see it as a competition, and that they should each try their absolute best to out-work, out-think, and out-do their ne'er-do-well brother, made life that much easier on their father!

Oh, their mother had told them each for years that their father was playing them each as a fool, but the simple truth was the boys loved the game. They thrived upon it. So, the boys used it as an inspiration to work hard. Their father abused it in order for himself not to have to work too hard. As for their mother, well, it gave her an excuse to Pray hard! It was a simple hard working life, but it was a good one.

That morning, when Christina first suggested that Riley set up a monthly plan for his business, he had a thought of his own. "I've been thinking I could rent out my bachelor's house in town for

some additional income. It is just sitting there empty with some old junk stored away inside", Riley added.

The local Sheriff, Mr. Randy Dutton, ended up renting it for many years to come.

As Riley reached down on the table to pick up his poke bag, Christina patted him lightly on the back of his hand. Her touch felt like fire upon his skin. Not another word was said. The next morning Riley took one look at Christina and thought he had done something wrong. She was sad, gazing out the kitchen window to some distant place far away from sight. He took a chance by asking her, "Are you OK Christina? You look so glum."

A brief pause, then quietly Christina said, "Today is my birthday, well my mother's birthday. That is how we do it, you know", Christina said clearly distraught.

Riley simply said, "Maybe someday when you feel like it, could we possibly talk about it?"

"Maybe", Christina replied.

"I would like that very much. Happy birthday Christina", Riley added as he went out the door.

Later that evening when Christina went to bed, something had happened, but she did not know how or when, and she also knew that it was Riley, and not I, Angel who did it. On her nightstand by her lamp and Bible, Riley had taken a small wooden water bucket and filled it with wild flowers. There were mostly daisies and a few that she was not familiar with yet, with this being a new home for her. Riley also had brought Christina a small sweet cake of raisin bread wrapped in a towel that he must have picked up in town. She cried just a little and then she caught

herself. "Stupid feelings all mixed up with child", she thought to herself."

This same routine went on for about a week each morning as he was leaving to go to work, she would gently touch the back of his hand. Did she even know it? Well, Riley certainly did! Finally one morning as Christina was patting his hand, he gently rolled his over. They were holding hands ever so sweetly as this enchanted moment in time froze still. Everything, even time itself, stands totally powerless before Love's kindling flame. With the longing gaze of a love-sick puppy, Riley's eyes never blinked as he was searching deep into those lovely dark chocolate eyes of hers for any sign of approval. He then raised her hand and kissed it ever so slightly. His kiss was like fire upon her skin. Riley quickly turned and went out the door. Not a word was said.

"About time", Christina thought, and then she thought again, "what did I just say?" OK", Christina sighed; "if I am going to enjoy this I am not going to be out romanced by a child."

With all of Christina's lifetimes of experience, she could be guilty of thinking of young people, even grown adults, as children. Humans in general have numerous faults and this was just one of hers. I had said in the wagon when Christina asked why this was happening (the wedding), that GOD felt that she was getting too big for her britches, as in exhibiting Pride.

The next morning she made sure, even with a hurting backache that she would be standing when he took her hand. After Riley had given her hand his morning kiss, Christina closed her fingers upon his, keeping his very soul in place. His gaze was one of eager anticipation and simultaneously one of dreaded fear. Christina reached in ever so slowly and kissed him upon the cheek. She felt the rising heat in his face. The breath left Riley's

lungs and his knees trembled in weakness. Inside he said a Prayer hoping that she had not noticed the way his eyes had misted up.

Christina quickly turned and walked away. She thought she noticed tears in his eyes after he finally opened them. He had pressed them tightly shut. Not a word was said.

That afternoon as Riley was returning home he was slapped hard yet again by Christina, but only this time it was by her beauty, because she struck every sense that he had. As he approached home he found her sitting outside on the porch swing. The afternoon sun was reflecting off of her long flowing dark hair, Riley was so captivated and he could not help but stare at her all the way up the drive. He wondered just which of his two new friends was the Angel and who really was the human? He knew at this point that Love was tightening its grip upon his heart and that he was now nearly powerless to stop it, not that he even wanted to, for he did not.

*Husbands, love your wives, even as Christ also loved the church, and gave himself for it;
Ephesians 5:25 (KJV)*

Christina was reading a book that he recognized as one of his mothers favorites. Riley had observed her reading this book quite a few times over the years. Curiosity had gotten the cat, “Christina”, Riley said meekly. She thought that he was going to ask her how she felt, and if there was anything that he could yet do for her, because GOD only knew how many times he had asked her this week. She was pleasantly surprised with a question.

“What is that book about?” he asked. “I have also seen my mother read that one several times before, it must have been one of her favorites.”

Without realizing it, Christina told him the whole truth before her mind had a chance to edit the information. “It is one of my favorite books as well. I have not read it in a couple of hundred years and it is almost like reading it new all over again. Especially in English, it was in French the last time that I had read this one. It is a book by a very famous author named William Shakespeare, and it is called; “The taming of the shrew.”

There it was, Christina had foolishly left herself completely open for a stiff verbal jab. “Funny thing”, she thought to herself, “so unlike me to leave myself so vulnerable.”

Riley just stood silent for a second. However in his heart he knew that he better keep a straight face and say nothing smart. She had been a little sore and a little short with him over the last few evenings. Clearly the burden of carrying twins was wearing her down by days end.

Riley quickly stepped up into the house and just said, “Thank-you.”

Christina was stunned, he had just passed up an opportunity to really get a good dig at her. Her respect for him finally went up an additional notch. Take a guess at what she found at that level of new found respect for him. She found that Love for him had been waiting on her, if respect would just reach this level. She could deny and fight this Love or she could, as I had advised her, accept it and be happy, especially with children quickly on the way. At eighteen hundred years old she was pleased to know that her heart could still over rule her mind. Love it was to be.

I am my lover's. I'm all he wants. I'm all the world to him!
Song of Solomon 7:10 (MSG)

Christina set up the business plan for all three of the communities in which Riley did blacksmith/farrier work. She worked behind the scenes for now, and it was Riley who insisted, that as her time approached, she should schedule no work for him out of town. On his own, Riley had made arrangements for the town doctor/dentist to start paying house calls. "Doc", as he was known, began to call on Christina a few times a week, and more as her time approached.

Then one morning it happened, Love officially had arrived. It came a few weeks ahead of the babies.

One morning as she held his hand and leaned in to kiss his cheek, he turned and kissed her full on the lips. He was surprised to feel her pushing back, while she also was surprised to feel herself pushing back. It was a sweet embrace, fire burned in each of their souls. For just that instant, a magical moment in time, nothing else existed in the entire world, and for them, nothing else mattered at all.

"This is what Heaven feels like", Riley thought to himself as her lips were soft and warm and as sweet as honey against his own.

Christina was only slightly surprised as her mind exploded with the sweet surrender of helpless desires that she had not experienced in centuries. Inside, Christina's mind chastised herself, as she thought inwardly; "who are you trying to fool? You have never felt this way before." Riley's lips tasted like fine wine upon hers. Christina had to suppress the need to giggle, thinking to herself how well it felt to be irrationally in Love and fully exposed with her guard down.

It was truly a sweet embrace, the fire of Love now fully burned in each of their souls. There was nothing now that either of them could say or do that would stop their hearts from being fully

consumed by Love’s ravenous hunger.

Place me like a seal over your heart, like a seal on your arm; for love is as strong as death, its jealousy unyielding as the grave. It burns like blazing fire, like a mighty flame. Many waters cannot quench love; rivers cannot sweep it away. Song of Songs 8:6-7 (NIV)

“About time”, I thought, as I had just popped in to check on Christina. I left them alone as Riley turned to leave, and not a word was said. But, Riley did notice that she had closed her eyes, and her lower lip was trembling. It would never be the same again. Love had come courting her, and Christina had opened the door and let him in. They were now officially love birds, kissy, kissy, smoothchy, smootchy. Let me count the ways that I love you my dear. That is the kind of Love that others see and are immediately jealous of. They always say things like, “Oh C’mon, give us a break.” This was the no turning back kind of Love.

Christina was happy, and she was also very busy with two youngon's, but happy, very happy. In fact, she could never remember being this happy before. Then one Saturday morning after the chores were done and the babies were asleep, Riley then asked the question that he had never asked until this day. “Please tell me about yourself. I know there is much to tell.” Christina could not put it off any longer, and besides that, she thought he was ready, at least for some of it.

For there is nothing hidden that will not be disclosed, and nothing concealed that will not be known or brought out into the open. Luke 8:17 (NIV)

CHAPTER 5

The Servant Family

As she went into the bedroom to look in on the babies, Christina motioned for Riley to sit down at the table. When she exited the room she left the door open just a little bit more to be sure that they could hear them if they stirred. Christina had returned with her Bible in her hand and she placed it upon the table. Inside herself, she silently said a small Prayer, “Dear Lord, help me to get this right. Please lead me and guide my words, letting me know where to start and when to stop.” She Prayed this inside her mind all the while with an understanding and a gratitude that the time had come for Riley to learn more about herself and her lineage, of which their children, they would have together, would now and forever be a part of the “servant family”.

Christina sat down beside Riley and opened her Bible to the book of Matthew, Chapter Eight. Riley only knew this because Christina had told him that was where she was reading from. This time it was not Riley’s limited reading skills that were becoming troublesome. For how many of you folks can say that you can read an ancient handwritten Latin Vulgate Bible?

“Are you familiar with the verses about the Roman centurion who, once in desperate Faith, had asked JESUS to heal his servant?” Christina asked Riley. “Do you mean the servant who was healed by faith, because his master just trusted in the words of Christ, and then his servant was healed” Riley replied. “Yes, that story is the one. You see, the young servant man was laying

there near death at the exact same instant his master, the centurion, asked JESUS to please heal him, that he knew and believed that JESUS could do this, and then, the young servant awoke fully healed” Christina answered.

5 When Jesus had entered Capernaum, a centurion came to him, asking for help.

6 “Lord,” he said, “my servant lies at home paralyzed, suffering terribly.”

7 Jesus said to him, “Shall I come and heal him?”

8 The centurion replied, “Lord, I do not deserve to have you come under my roof. But just say the word, and my servant will be healed.

9 For I myself am a man under authority, with soldiers under me. I tell this one, ‘Go,’ and he goes; and that one, ‘Come,’ and he comes. I say to my servant, ‘Do this,’ and he does it.”

10 When Jesus heard this, he was amazed and said to those following him, “Truly I tell you, I have not found anyone in Israel with such great faith.

13 Then Jesus said to the centurion, “Go! Let it be done just as you believed it would.” And his servant was healed at that moment. Matthew 8 :5-10 &13 (NIV)

Christina then went on detailing her explanation to Riley.

“A few seconds later, after the servant had regained consciousness, a second servant who was standing watch over him, rushed out of the room to inform the mistress that he had recovered. An Angel then appeared to the recovered servant and informed him that since his life had been spared by the Faith of another, that his life and the life of all his line from this moment on, would be in service to the Lord JESUS CHRIST. They would all live until HE returned again. They would be guided and if they fell in death that they would be restored within the very hour of their demise. That Angel also informed him, that the more

they followed GOD'S Will for their lives, the more they trusted in HIM, the more they walked the path HE set them on, then the more that HE would bless them."

Riley just sat a moment soaking it all in. "I have never heard this one with such detail before Christina. How did you get to know all of this information, and what does it all have to do with you?"

Christina then looked her husband square in the eye and with a very serious tone, she said "That servant, Riley, is my father. His name is Nain. He is named after the city in which he was born. He is what history has learned to call a Samaritan, half Jewish, half Gentile."

"As in the good Samaritan", Riley asked her. Christina replied, "Yes, that is the race of my ancestry, before the Romans dispersed my people. Both my older brother Christian and my own self are the first of my father's children. I am over eighteen hundred years old, and I have lived many lives, in many places." Reaching out and taking hold of his hands, she added, "and now, today, I am Christina O'Connell. I will be with you until your death, this I promise you from the bottom of my heart."

Riley was a little teary eyed at her display of Love for him and just a little bit overwhelmed in the truth of the matter of her existence. Christina pushed on, but more easily now keeping an experienced weary eye on to where his limits were for now. After all, Christina has had some experience at this, for she has had to reveal her secrets on a few occasions before to those whom GOD had given to her to Love down through the ages of time.

"Some of the blessing that the Angel long ago told my father was, if we obeyed, then, we would get to have the appearance of aging, that is, if we would be in a GOD-willed marriage, that is, so we can function and be of use in our current lives."

Christina continued. "Oh, we don't really age on the inside, we

stay just as spry as we ever were, but it is just very useful to gain a few gray hairs and a wrinkle or two here and there as we live and Love with a family."

Riley said, "I can not even begin to imagine such an existence." Christina answered, "It is much harder than you would expect, that is, to find Love and then to watch it fade away. That is precisely why I did not want to marry you in the first place. It was not you, but rather me who had the problem. I did not want to go through that pain again, to Love and then to grieve when it is gone. For this reason alone it has been over two hundred years since I last had a family." Riley then said, "I heard you say that to "Angel" in my shop on the first day we met. I thought that you were crazy" he added.

Christina realized that this was probably a little further than she should have went for now, and began to gently change the subject back to the day that they had met and their life they would have together with the babies, whom they had named Brian and Denise.

Riley's head was spinning, because he had known that there was something very special about Christina. The Lord had been speaking to his heart a little at a time. I Angel, had also been occasionally dropping him hints from time to time. GOD had caused Riley to remember some heart-felt words from his mother. She had taught him these fine words when he was first upon her knee a lifetime ago. Oh how she had echoed those words time and again into his ear throughout their many years. Those words are: "You just have to accept some things on Faith my son, because the Lord works in many mysterious ways."

*For we walk by faith, not by sight
2 Corinthians 5:7 (KJV)*

Riley believed her, more than that he needed to believe her, for he Loved Christina more than he ever thought it was possible to Love another human being. Later on, when HIS Love for the Lord would grow even more than it had on this day by the example in his heart, he also would have this Love for his children; Riley does believe he was the luckiest man who ever lived. So that was that! With a reeling mind he was also more than glad to let the subject of her many past lives drop for now, but out of curiosity he did ask her one final question. "Christina, what was it you were trying to tell me on your birthday?"

"Oh", Christina said, as she straightened her back in the chair, as her mood brightened up just a little, because she knew immediately in her heart that everything was going to be alright. "Over the years, it happened mostly during the first generation: myself, my father, and my brother, it came by Prayer and the advice of our Angels, which as you know we each have a guardian Angel. We work together as a team. We had come up with a few traditions that would help us as the "servant family" to live throughout the ages. When our natural human birth parent nears death, we have a wonderful ceremony where any of the offspring from that union, would then give up their own birthday, and would adopt the one of their natural dying parent. It is a way to both honor them and also a way of remembrance for us."

"So, some day, will Brian and Denise adopt my birthday?" Riley responded. "Yes dear, and with honor, that is, as long as they follow the Will of CHRIST" Christina answered.

"They will follow HIS Will" Riley answered. He added, "That is my solemn vow to you now and to the Lord."

“As is also mine, my Love”, Christina responded, with tears in her eyes.

Riley then rose and gave his wife a kiss as he said, “thank you”. After a brief pause he then added these two words, “more later?” Christina nodded her head yes, in approval. She also let out a deep breath that she did not realize that she had been holding. Riley paused by the back door, “Don’t tell me why, just tell me where it is your heart calls home.” He had asked her this question so that he may understand her better.

Christina smiled and said, “Here, right now, but Scotland is home Irishman!” They both had a good laugh, for they now had found some common ground for pleasant teasing, that is, with her claiming Scottish homage and he being of Irish descent. Little did Christina realize at that moment of her life, the one she shared here and now with Riley in this time and place, it would forevermore become home to her in her heart, mind and soul.

Riley crossed the room and looked in on the children, smiled at Christina and then went on outside to do his chores. Christina said a small prayer for him, to comfort him, and to give him understanding. Riley said a small Prayer for Christina, to let her know that they were alright. I then spent some time with them both that day, guiding them within the HOLY SPIRIT.

So then, confess your sins to one another and pray for one another, so that you will be healed. The prayer of a good person has a powerful effect. James 5:16 (GNT)

CHAPTER 6

The Table

The following Monday, Christina realized that for quite some time she had been daily watching out the kitchen window at just before supper time for Riley to arrive safely home. In over eighteen hundred years she could never remember taking the time and just watching and waiting for any man to safely come home to her.

The wagon seemed different today, the horses were moving just a tad slower. As it drew closer to the house, she could see that it contained a fairly good sized load of lumber. Riley brought the wagon to a stop right in front of the porch. With an experienced hand, he quickly set the brake, unhitched the team of horses and then walked them down to the barn.

Christina went out and was inspecting the load of wood in the bed of the wagon. Its contents were pine lumber boards and some very fine cherry wood beams, which were ornate and with some actual fancy turnings, they were already pre cut to a length of about three and one half feet. She also noticed that Riley had also brought home a basket full of tools.

"Hello, My Dear Heart", Riley said to her, while giving her a kiss on the cheek. "Something sure smells good", he added.

"What is all the lumber for?" Christina asked him.

"You'll see right after supper, and by the way, can you Pray, and do you think that Angel will show up upon your request?" It was an odd question, but the truth was, yes, Christina had done this before on so many countless occasions.

"It usually takes a few minutes, why do you ask", Christina wondered aloud. "You'll see, GOD is sending us good news! After dinner we'll Pray for Angel, OK?", he replied.

"OK", Christina said. It was not very often that he had her guessing and it felt good to her.

After dinner Riley helped her with clearing the table and she noticed that he had been in a rush all through dinner. He never said much to her other than, "this is very good, and thank you". He also had never asked her any of his usual questions about living in other times and other places. Riley was clearly in a hurry.

Finally, Christina could not take it any longer. "Would you like me to Pray for Angel now?", she asked.

They sat down at the table and held hands. Christina then asked GOD to send her guardian Angel to them, that the husband HE had provided for her had requested his help in matters. There was a brief awkward silence, and even Christina wondered for a moment if he would come.

Knock, Knock, came a sound from the door. Christina and Riley then exchanged a glance and a smile. As I peaked my head inside I said, "Hello folks, the boss said you need some help with some lumber, right?"

Now, Christina was actually getting a little irritated, because I already knew the game plan. She was the only one who did not

understand, and it became clear that each of us males understood what was going on, and so we left her in the dark. Each of us were grinning and had a big ole "cat got your tongue" smile on our faces as we worked around her.

We first moved the table out of the dinning room and into the kitchen where it would be against the wall under the window. This was the very same window that Christina had dumped the coffee out of after their very first day together. Christina did not like that table there, because it caused things to be cramped. However, she decided to just go along with it for a little while longer.

Next, Riley and I carried inside all the lumber and the fine cherry beams. Riley even smiled and asked me various questions. He asked me, "do you want a job at the shop and where were you earlier today?" Obviously, he had to load up the wagon this past afternoon all by himself. At this point I decided it best that I should hold back and carry no more lumber at the time than I already had been. Riley was only carrying in three planks at a time as compared to my stacks of eight to ten planks. In Riley's eyes it already had an appearance that I was showing off. That was certainly not my intention. In truth, I had not given that attitude a single thought at all.

That was a lesson from life in which any human could and should take to heart. Often human abilities in any given area might be superior to that of another person. For some people, many times what you do naturally may appear to them as an actual boast of ones self worth while they struggle to keep up. The frailty of self esteem in some folks can be quite obvious if one chooses to take notice of it, while on the other hand, you may also note that there are other people who have the exact opposite impression. This may be the case after they realize that the other person is capable to perform a task, and so they will not pull their own weight and

leave the bulk of the endeavor in the other person's hands. Now that is not so fine when they are the only one available to achieve GOD'S purpose in the matter. However, it is an animal of an entirely selfish stripe when it is merely a means for someone to not do their best, as they drift and easily get out of a task. Remember, as you go about your day, at many times others may be watching and take notice, so always endeavor to keep a low profile, for modesty is always GOD'S policy.

After we carried all the lumber inside, Riley began to arrange the boards in a pattern on the dinning room floor. I stood beside Christina and let out a big sigh, you know, the "boy am I tired" sigh.

Christina gave me the proper cold shoulder; clearly she realized that we were enjoying keeping her in the dark. Finally, she saw just what her husband was laying out on the dinning room floor.

"Riley O'Connell", Christina said, "that table would be big enough for a small army."

Riley looked up with perhaps the largest smile he would ever have and say the happiest words he would ever speak. "We now will have a spot for each and every one of our children!"

Christina felt it coming, another of those big belly laughs that she could not help whenever the men in her life said something completely foolish or just plain wrong.

I touched her gently on the wrist just before she let it fly and said; "He knows something that you do not. The HOLY SPIRIT has been working on his heart to prepare him."

Christina was silent for a moment; it was suddenly no longer a laughing matter. As she took in the sheer size of the table she

gave this foolish Angel a good look and announced, "Look at the size of that table, and you are telling me that the HOLY SPIRIT is preparing him?"

I did my best to keep a straight face but I could not. Did you know that the laughter of an Angel could almost shake a house? Christina also began to laugh.

Riley stopped working and looked up at us, "Are you two laughing at me?", he asked.

That only made it worse, because soon, all three of us were laughing, and the babies were now awake and crying with all the noise. Riley had never heard and felt such happiness in this house for at least 20 years. Christina could not remember the last time she had felt this much joy from the Lord.

Christina and I each held a baby, Brian and Denise, as Riley worked away. "Why are you making it so wide?" Christina finally asked Riley.

"Because", he said, while hammering away with a couple more nails in his mouth in between his teeth. As he finished pounding, he spoke again while removing the nails from his mouth. "It's because I want you down here beside me, not all the way at the other end of the table. I have eaten alone long enough in my life." His words went straight to her heart.

I whispered softly to Christina, "I told you GOD had a plan, and HE always does."

Naturally, at the opposite end of the table, across from "Mom and Dad's" seat, there was room for two more people to sit. As the children grew it became a household tradition that just before each meal, the children would race to get into those two seats.

The winners got to sit tight while the losers had to help set and clear the table. Mom and Dad just shrugged the first time this happened, as the kids themselves called out the rules to the game.

Later that evening while retired in the night alone, Riley asked Christina another question. "On our first day at the shop before we went to the Church and got married, do you remember when Angel said that you chose once before for yourself, and that it was a mistake? What did he mean?"

Trust in the LORD with all thine heart; and lean not unto thine own understanding.

6In all thy ways acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths.

7Be not wise in thine own eyes: fear the LORD, and depart from evil.

Proverbs3:5-7 (KJV)

"Are you sure, Riley?", Christina said, dropping her voice, "that might sting a little."

Riley said, "No, I am not really sure, but I just feel it inside that we are avoiding something", as his voice trailed off in the night. Christina preferred talking about things like this in the light, because it was easier for her than in the dark of night. Also, she was getting pretty good with Riley reading his expressions and judging the pain and joy contained in his eyes. She wished that she could see his eyes now so that she would know when to stop. "How can I refuse?" Christina said.

CHAPTER 7

The Kingdom of Perth
(Pre-Scotland AD 825)



“*What* would you like to know?”, Christina asked her husband in the dark.

Riley replied, “Angel said that you failed once before when you had made the choice of family for yourself. Were you in Love with someone before, and GOD did not permit a relationship?”

Christina drew in a deep breath and held it for a moment before she let it out slowly in the night. She really did not like to remember back to this time, let alone having to try to explain what it was that she considered being the biggest mistake of her long life.

“I was prideful, Riley”, Christina said. Then, after a brief pause she added, “I tried to make my own shortcuts. The world was different then, and I thought that I could manipulate fate and circumstances.”

Christina hesitated for another few seconds both in contemplation of her disturbing memories of that lifetime, and wondering how she could now explain that past life and the events that happened to someone who was near and dear to her in another place and time. Christina wondered to herself, “Would Riley understand the circumstances that had influenced her decisions then? Could he really understand the circumstances?”

Was that even possible?"

The thought finally occurred to Christina that she herself at that time did not even fully recognize her own selfish motivations. So, Christina decided that it was best to continue, and to bare her soul to Riley, both openly for him as he deserved the truth, and also with guarded trepidation, for her own heart's sake was how she would press on. "I thought that I could manipulate people as well", Christina finally said, and with that the flood gates opened inside her. She would finally tell her GOD-given Love Riley, all of her misery and without any pause. Later, after the tale was told she would try to pick up the emotional pieces of each of their hearts, because of her ancient blunder. Christina began, "In 825 I was living in the Perth Kingdom of what today is modern Perth Scotland. I was living as a wealthy baroness, actually playing the part of my own daughter, if that makes any sense to you, Riley?"

"With your long life and all!", Riley had answered her in the night as he lay right beside her. Although, he already seemed miles away in her mind that was now busy sifting through the memories to a time over a thousand years past.

"Yes, every twenty or thirty years if I am not in a GOD-arraigned family, then I will not receive the gift of aging in order to blend in with everyone else. So, it becomes a necessity, every so often, to move on, even if it is for just a short while, so that I may return once more as an offspring or a distant relative of my previous self. In this life, in Perth, I had originally overstayed, and some people had begun to take notice that I still appeared to be so young. So, I divided my current homestead into parcels for smaller farms, rented them out, and moved on to another village. My liens on the land were placed in a trust each year by the tenants after harvest. All I had to do to pull that off was to disappear into a neighboring town where I worked as a nurse and midwife for about 20 years. When my friends and colleagues

began to notice that I was not yet again aging, it was time to return to Perth. The older people there immediately inquired if I was my own daughter? So I just went with it. I sold some of my land holdings that I had expanded during the time of my absence which were sitting idle, and I kept renting the rest of the property. Well then, the next thing you know I had at least the appearance of wealth.”

“Riley, this is the hard part now”, Christina said, lowering her voice to a near whisper. “I soon noticed that I had caught the fancy of the new King. His father had died long ago, and his Mother, the Queen, had passed only a short while before my return. Riley, please do not be jealous or upset, but I, against the wishes of Angel, and the Blessings of GOD, I set out to seduce the King who had quite a scandalous reputation.

At that point, Riley felt more than a mere twinge of jealousy with a moment of white hot anger, which was only natural, because he loved her so deeply.

Christina then said, “It was not love Riley, or even lust, it was my pride. Pride was telling me that as Queen I could help so many more people and make the changes for GOD, that I could never do so as a normal woman. I was lost in my arrogance, feeling superior with myself and my gifts. My impatience was without restraint because I was not willing to wait even for GOD. Thinking at the time that I was still doing HIS work, albeit, just moving GOD along at a quicker pace. It was at my own pace and my own cadence.”

Christina fell silent and Riley thought for a second or two. It was so long ago over a thousand years an almost inconceivable amount of time that in his mind it seemed foolish to even begin to be jealous or hold a grudge about it. Riley was, in fact, talking to the wrong member of the “Servant Family”, that is, if he wanted

to know about things like carrying a grudge for over one thousand years of time. It was Christina and the King of Perth's only child named Simon, from whom Riley would have to get that kind of infamous information.

"I can see where you could believe that, but I am a little surprised that you would ever think to actually try to control people.", Riley replied in the night.

"I was foolish and prideful" Christina said. It was the worst mistake of my life, to ever become his wife. I never loved him as my husband, or that he loved me as his wife. King George was his name, and he was known as George the Brave. Brave maybe, maybe not, because it just depended on the situation at hand. However he did know how to have at least the appearance of a King, and with time we grew to Love one another in friendship. It was more like brother and sister as the years passed. I do naturally love our only child." Christina added. "His name is Simon," she stated as a matter of fact, "and I love him, for he is my child."

Now, let me jump in, dear reader, and guide you the rest of the way on this journey through this lifetime of my dear sister in CHRIST, Christina. You see, wherein my friend had feared that night, about being able to explain circumstances and events of another time and place, and from just the perspective of her memory to her husband Riley, I can now provide for you the full detailed situation.

King George was not at first a good man, he was raised in royalty and he knew how to take full advantage of it. That which Christina was foolishly attempting to do, by manipulating others, the King was raised naturally to do as his birthright. Unfortunately that is also a lesson he taught very well to their son Simon. Simon was his father's son. He was selfish and prideful,

but however, in time, from just being around Christina, George the King seemed to blossom. He actually learned how to take advice, and even though deep down to his core, he was somewhat self-centered, he was not prone to violence or temper. Christina was always told it was George's mother, the Queen ahead of her, who taught George that a little compassion on his part went a long way with the people. Political alliances and backroom deals became the norm for Perth under King George. Open conflict and military force were only used occasionally for self defense. George in the end actually became fairly skilled as the King. He was smart enough to realize that it was those people, in service around him, who controlled matters, and it was they who actually performed all the real work that involved running a society.

When Christina married George at first all he ever cared about was his own self. He continually sought more power, more wealth, more fame, and yes, even more women. That part did not bother Christina much, for George did pretend, at least publicly, to behave properly with a dotting lavish attitude toward her. If the truth be told, the King used Christina as well. It was her charm and grace which caused her to be such a strong example of public Faith, and the people of Perth absolutely adored her. Besides that, Christina did not love him in the way of men and women anyway, for she had married him with a selfish egotistical purpose of achieving her own goals as well.

I had always thought Christina kept a blind eye toward George's private discretions simply because it kept him out of her hair so to say. It worked for Christina, that is, at least for a little while. She was able to found a hospital and do some charity work within the Kingdom for a few years, about twenty or so, give or take a few years. The real trouble however was their son Simon. His father, the King, was both large and a very tall man. Christina's father, Nain, is also tall. George once told Christina of his blood line, before Simon's birth. He claimed that his line could be

traced all the way back to the ancient Philistines, as in David and Goliath, with Goliath as his lineage. I stand convinced that this is one of the few truthful things that man ever said during that part of his life.

Simon got it in spades, as humans like to say. He stood over six feet tall and weighed over fifteen stone by his twelfth birthday. By his fifteenth birthday he was easily six foot five, and he finally topped out at just over seven feet and twenty seven stone, about three hundred and seventy five pounds at twenty years of age. George began to grow suspicious and have fear of Simon very quickly.

Simon was refused an education by King George's paranoid order. Simon was also refused to ever be given the truth that it was his own father, who in fear for his throne, that the teaching of knowledge and training as a Prince was kept from him. Christina had secretly taught Simon to read and informed Him of his destiny and his calling as a member of the "Servant Family". She also let him know that it was not the Church that had forbidden his public training. Simon's official aids and keepers had blamed it on some political rivals at the time, saying he was not to be trained.

Christina was fearful in telling their son Simon the truth in that matter, that it really would start a family feud. Her motherly instincts would all prove quite correct in time. As the years past and Simon grew, Christina lost more and more control of him. He was simply his father's son, or so Christina and I had thought at the time. We were wrongfully convinced that once this first life of Simon's was over and as he matured, we would together, along with his guardian Angel, be able to work together and rectify his misbehavior and his selfish attitudes as royalty. I kept reminding Christina that she was so busy with her own self-imposed charitable work as Queen, that she had never noticed

until it was too late that Simon was not simply following in his own father's selfish footsteps. She had just assumed for years that Simon was with his father when actually he was not. Simon's Angel had pleaded time and again that the boy was lonely and felt himself to be an outcast. Simon was almost an outsider within the palace walls. Not even his own mother, being absorbed in her work and pageantry as Queen, had really taken notice.

She was much too busy perfecting her own plans, Christina would always feel remorseful inside, and would continually blame herself for over a millennia for what became of her son Simon. GOD had warned her not to do it, that is, to set out and marry King George and to try and force GOD'S hand at making even one little spot of this world a better place. However, Christina, as human as everyone else, made a foolish and prideful mistake, and she did it anyway. That is why she felt responsible for what happened to Simon.

Simon was an outcast but he was still the prince, a prince who grew up to be a mean giant of a man, much the same as Goliath. The difference was that this Goliath realized one day that he was immortal. He became a bully, mean, arrogant, and was demanding as the Prince and the future King of all those around him, including even his own father.

I guess that King George was right in fearing him after all. Could he possibly have recognized the same selfishness within his son that he too held inside? I felt that, with time and Prayer, we could bring Simon around. He was, after all, Christina's son, and as such, he was a member of the Servant Family. Sooner or later I understood his lifetime as Prince and eventual King in Perth would come to an end, and then would it become our chance to set things right with him.

Then, one day it happened. "The spark was set to proverbial kindling and the dry forest erupted into flame." Simon's guardian Angel came to Christina and me at the hospital, where Christina was going about her day. His Angel did not have to send me a single thought, for I knew it was trouble by the look on her face.

"Simon has decided in his heart to reject his heritage and live with his gifts for the selfish purpose of himself alone", Simon's Angel stated to us, as a matter of fact.

At this point, the rumors in the Kingdom concerning Simon's cruelty and selfishness were almost impossible to contain. We rushed to the palace to confront him. We found him seated arrogantly upon his father's throne. Simon was giving orders to the servants as if he were already the King. "Leave us!" Christina ordered sternly to all who were present. She waited until we were alone. "Where is your Father?" she next demanded of Simon.

"He is downstairs in his room waiting for you", Simon replied. I sent him there, and told him that I would kill him with my bare hands if he did not get out of my sight", Simon replied coolly and defiantly, in a dark tone to his mother who was also his Queen.

"You two have had a fight I gather" Christina replied.

"No mother, no fight, for I just figured out on my own that no Royal Prince could ever be denied anything, even an education or training without the King and the Qu-e-e-n's approval." Simon stared at his mother as he stretched the word Queen. There it was, her son stated it as fact, that he now blamed both of his parents for his lack of respect as the Prince.

I knew right then and there that even Christina was on shaky ground. That point had also not been missed by her, as Christina's eyes widened and she paused carefully to choose her next verbal approach. Instead of an all out assault, Christina wisely retorted with patience and class known as her custom.

"Son, you know that your fate and destiny are even larger than being a King of this small land. You are born to the privilege of serving the King of Kings, and Lord of Lords."

"When?", Simon replied.

"Now, right now, if you wish, my son", Christina replied.

"No, Mother. When did I ever ask for that future? I have realized that now, right now", Simon said sarcastically, repeating Christina's own words back to her. "None of you can stand up to me. I have decided that I will write my own future, one that will make me the richest and most powerful man in the world."

I was stunned; we all were, for even Christina was silent for a moment. At this point Simon's guardian Angel let fly a barrage of emotion and memory of every time she had protected him in his life, and she reminded him that he was privileged to be in the service of CHRIST. Simon looked at his Angel and said two words. "Shut Up.", then he added, "I despise you and all that you do." It was the first time since the rebellion that I can recall tears upon the face of a Loving, GOD-fearing Angel. Simon's beautiful guardian Angel wept, saying that she had failed.

I too felt remorse as I remembered the warning from GOD that I was to give Christina years ago, that the hand of GOD would not be on this union, meaning her choice of King George as husband."

Simon continued, "With the position of a royal birth from my Father, and with the privileges of immortality from you mother, and using my natural size, I can become even richer than King Solomon dared to be."

"You must not think this way or you will anger GOD!", Christina now yelled justifiably back at her son.

Simon then dropped his voice and then stabbed Christina through her heart to her very soul. "I reject your GOD, and I reject you as well", Simon said to Christina. Christina stood crying searching for the right words. She prayed inside, "What have I done? Dear Lord, no!" In a panic she was thinking, "please Lord, help me."

Simon pressed on, "I am King now, King of Perth, and King of my Life. I will be King over as many of you that I can be. My name is no longer Simon, not to you, not to anyone ever again, I am my own new man. "I am Cain, as in the first brother who rose up and slew, taking what he wanted."

"Simon!", Christina said softly now, trying to get a word in. Angrily, Simon yelled at his mother, "Did you not hear me? I said my name is CAIN!,...CAIN the KING!, I am CAIN!,...CAIN!,...CAIN!"

Then on the last, "CAIN!", he added, as he spelled it out loud and proud; "K.A.N.E., Cain!"

Simon's lack of education had finally decided to show up, along with his lack of morals, respect, and a reverence for GOD.

She felt it, Christina, that is. Sometimes, when the men in her life say something foolish or just plain wrong, she let's out a big "how can you be so dumb?" type of laugh. Christina's tickle bone was referring to Simon's misspelling of the name Cain.

Her laugh started deep down in her belly, up through her windpipe, over her tongue, then through her teeth and she just barley caught it at the lips. I knew Simon well enough that if his mother had laughed at him at that moment, showing him to be inferior in any of the many ways that he was to her, that the situation could get ugly, very ugly, very fast. It is a well known fact by those who know Simon best, because of his upbringing; he has a massive inferiority complex. Christina had caught her laugh and knew that she could not contain it or herself for very much longer. So, she just turned and abruptly walked out of the throne room. All the way out Simon was yelling at her back. "That's right, you heard me mother,.. I am Kane!" His large booming voice echoed throughout the palace as Christina made her way to her room. "I am King Kane, and none of you can do anything about it, not now, not ever!"

Christina knew that sleep would not find her this night as she cried and prayed. All the while, she was searching for the answers, any answer to turn this nightmare around. She felt like a failure in so many different ways. She had failed her son, she had failed her people, she had failed herself, but most importantly she felt like she had failed GOD. "I had to control everything", she thought, "but now I control nothing. Not even my own fate." Just then came a knock at her door. "Now what?", ran through Christina's mind.

Christina slid the inspection plate open that was cut into the large oak door so she could see who it was before opening. It was OK, it was her friend Beverly, who was standing outside along with two men guarding her door. "Were they there for her protection or were they her jailors?", Christina wondered within herself.

Beverly and Christina had been friends from day one, day one,

that is, of her courting after George. Beverly's husband Nathan had always been the Captain of the Guard for her husband King George. At this point in time, Beverly would have been in her mid to late fifty's.

"I'm so afraid", Beverly said. Christina held her and said, "It will be alright!"

"No, you do not understand, Nathan is with George protecting him and he put those two outside of your door. He also said for me to tell you, that you can trust them, that they are loyal to George and not Simon."

Beverly composed herself and continued to speak to her Queen and friend. "My Lady, Simon has ordered Nathan to take you and George to the summer retreat at first light for your permanent retirement."

Christina felt weak at heart and in her knees. Beverly had tears rolling down her face when she said the next part. "I received a message from Simon just a short while ago that said, as soon as you all leave in the morning, that I am to report to him in the throne room." A chill ran down Christina's spine. You see, Simon always had fanciful eyes for Beverly. It was always a source of amusement to the older women. Simon for many years had an adolescent crush on the Captain of the Guard's wife. No harm no foul just normal. However, tonight it was no longer a laughing matter, now that King Kane had arrived. It was simply a very dangerous fixation. Simon, now, as King Kane, was clearly and forcibly taking each and everything that he had ever desired in want or need.

Thinking fast, Christina said, "don't worry Beverly, you know that George and I will help you and Nathan. You may have to endure some hardship and play along until we get to the retreat. I

will find a way to keep Nathan safely there, then I will get you out of here, I promise. Be strong", Christina added.

"Thank you, my friend, but there is still more, Christina", Beverly said. Those words frightened Christina to her very soul. In their twenty plus years of friendship, Beverly had never called her by her name, not even once. It was always Ma'am or my Lady.

Beverly continued; "I do not think you know how this whole mess started today."

"No, I do not, and if you know, I must know right now", Christina demanded.

"Ma'am, everyone knows, everyone but you my Lady."

"What do I not know?", Christina said in her best, "do as I say" Queen's voice.

Beverly spoke again to her friend. "Simon went to the Bishop's house about midday, and he then demanded many answers from him." Christina herself had convinced King George years ago to let the Bishop live in the house nearest the Chapel out in the courtyard, because he was a good man of GOD, caring and doing much for the people of Perth. The Bishop informed him that he was denied certain things due to the political enemies of his father; that it also made them his enemies by blood. That was all the poor Bishop could know, the deeper dark secret of his father, the King, betraying and mistrusting his only son, was kept firmly within the palace walls.

"I have no enemies", Simon replied, while he reached into his overcoat and pulled out many trinkets of jewelry that he had clearly taken as trophy from all of the rich men he had just slain.

The owners of each trinket were all of his supposed political enemies.

They are no longer anyone's enemy, because they are now nothing but mere memory by Simon/Kane's own hand.

Earlier tonight, Christina had known her son well enough not to let that belly laugh fly, but, the Priest did not.

"Your Insane Simon, what have you done!", the Priest demanded. Kane never said another word to the Bishop, he opened the door and motioned for the two Nuns tending the courtyard garden to attend. Once the Nun's were inside Simon/Kane motioned for them to stand against the far wall by the fireplace.

"You two are to witness what happens to those who offend and insult the King", Simon stated.

Beverly paused, "Go on", Christina said. "Simon killed the Bishop with his bare hands, but that is not the worst."

Beverly said, "Christina!", again calling her by her name. "Simon broke him to bits. He snapped one bone at a time enjoying it as he proceeded. The Nun's said that he laughed maniacally out loud while saying things like, "Call me insane, will you?"

"It took what the terrified Nuns thought later was nearly two hours for the poor Bishop to die, brutally beaten with one bone snapped at a time."

Christina's whole world was spinning in circles, as she felt dreadfully sick. She could barely hear Beverly's last words. "King Kane, The Insane" "That is what the people are calling Simon", Beverly finished sobbing in tears.

Christina almost threw up. She barely caught the bile in her throat when she almost hyperventilated.

CHAPTER 8

The Reign of Simon/Kane
(Perth Pre-Scotland AD 825)



The next knock on Christina's door came about an hour before sunrise. This time she was as prepared as she could be after a restless night of soul searching, Praying, and contemplating, both yesterday's events and what the future would hold. The funny thing was that this was normally Christina's favorite time of the day. But today she had only loathing and dread in her heart for what was in store for her and the Kingdom of Perth as dawn was approaching. She had packed a small bag containing some personal belongings and a little gold. Also, included in the small bag she would personally carry were her most important items of all. Safely tucked away inside the bag were her Torah and her Sacred Scrolls. She knew she must have those things with her.

It was who she had expected knocking upon her door, her son and new King, Simon/Kane, was at her door just before dawn. Christina simply walked out and said, "I am ready to go to the retreat now." Simon actually let out a small laugh as he said, "You always were the smart one mother. Father was fast asleep and taken completely by surprise at this early hour. He should have learned to rely more on you."

Christina did not gratify him with an answer, she simply walked right past him, through him would be a more apt description. She just pushed her way through him and out the door. Simon/Kane

merely smiled and shook his head. The armed men attending to his every whim and fancy with him in the hallway feared even his gaze, yet, his mother just pushed right through him. This new man, this King Kane the Insane, was and is indeed an animal. Christina knew and understands clearly this fact, even though she was still to this day in shock and in denial about it. Everyone has weaknesses and blind spots, and Christina's son, Simon/Kane, was her very own and very vulnerable liability. She felt at fault over him and had decided way down in her heart that she would "fix" him. Yes, some day, some way, no matter what, it would happen.

Now about Simon/Kane, he would devilishly feed upon the fear of others around him, as he perpetually sought to take what others had, and then hurt them at very least, and yes, to even kill them if it pleased him.

Outside in the courtyard as Christina saw George and Nathan, his loyal guard, loading the coach and getting it ready for departure, a flooding wave of relief passed through her. Christina and George were never close and their marriage was a sham, but that did not mean that she wished him any harm, or that she was completely without any feeling of friendship for him. One look at each of the men said it all. At over eight hundred years old, at that time, Christina was getting very good at sizing up a situation with just a glance. That was especially with regard to men, and particularly her men.

With the look on her son Simon's face, they needed to hurry, for they must move quickly before he would change his mind about their retirement at the retreat and feel the need to make an example out of all of them. The look on George's face was one of astonishment and then some relief when he had noticed Christina.

Christina caught Nathan's eye and the look upon him told the tale. He had worry for his wife, worry for his own life, worry for them, his King and Queen, and worry for his Kingdom.

"Nathan, we must leave now, not in a minute, now, or we shall never leave this place alive." Christina had told that to Nathan quietly as he fussed with the tons of luggage which the servants had packed for them. Not another word was said between them. Nathan simply mounted the coach and they began to drive away, leaving a pile of luggage along with the entire Kingdom behind them in the hands of a madman. It was now official, the Kingdom of Perth was ruled by Christina's little son Simon. However, only now the boy had grown to a towering evil man. He was now known to all as King Kane the Insane.

Christina noticed that along with Nathan, as their driver on top of the coach, were the two conscripted common soldiers that were stationed outside her door last night; they were trailing behind them mounted on horses as a personal escort.

The ambush happened about half way to the summer retreat in a heavily wooded area. The attack came by way of about a dozen bandit men who were in hiding and who were far too heavily armed to be mere common thieves. As I prayed to the Lord for my instructions, I realized they had to be mercenaries and assassins for hire.

"Do not intervene, save for the protection of your responsibility."

Was our Lords answer.

My responsibility was to Christina alone. Simply put, you will not understand right now dear reader, but you will one day after you reach Heaven for yourselves and then all will be made clear too you. I knew the Lord clearly meant that I was not to interfere

with free will and what was about to transpire. I was not to interact no matter how gruesome the events were about to become, or in spite of how badly I wished to stop them. However, that is, with the sole exception of my charge and duty, my dear friend and sister in CHRIST, Christina.

By complete surprise three arrows nearly simultaneously swept Nathan right off of the coach. Archers had taken the loyal life of their long trusted friend Nathan, Captain of the Royal Guard. Then, after George and Christina were out of the coach, they took the life of their former King, as mercifully as possible. Christina actually took it much harder than she thought she would. She had learned to live and Love George as a friend, and to see him murdered in cold blood on the order of his only son. Well, in reality, he was their son. She prayed silently for George to pass quickly and for the Lord to remember to take him. She also prayed for Nathan and for Beverly who was left behind. It was a quick, single, dagger thrust to the heart for King George from the well trained in the art of killing bandit leader. With the look of recognition on George's face, Christina understood that the King knew this man, and it had to have been Simon alone who could have contracted him.

"You two fools", the bandit leader yelled out to the two conscript soldiers being held to the ground by a few of the other bandits, "you two are to be the witness of these events and also of help. Hurry all of you, bury the King and the Captain together in an unmarked grave inside the wood line, and do your best to conceal it. And furthermore, do so quickly, for you do not want me to have to come in there looking for you!"

It was a silent stare down between Christina and the Bandit leader until all the others had gone. Now with only Christina and the bandit left, the bandit leader had not a clue that I was standing directly behind him with my large broad sword. It was the first

time that I had ever revealed to Christina my true appearance. I did this solely for her assurance.

Funny thing, that is, in all of our years that we worked together, only three times did I assume my natural shape in Christina's sight. I normally appeared to her as being just under six feet tall, making me just a little bit shorter than herself.

Of course Christina would never forget the sight of me. To see an Angel fully in GOD'S Glory is a sight no one would ever forget. Whereas, I, being of the warrior class, do make even Simon/Kane look like a small child in comparison. I stand easily over ten feet tall and five feet abroad.

I had on a flowing tunic of white with bright blue trim and an armored breastplate that was quite ornate, studded with precious gems and made of solid gold. The aura of GOD, HIS pure white light, just emanates from all of His Angels in our natural state. For my friend Christina, and for her comfort, I had in front of me, in both of my hands a massive, double-sided broad sword. With its tip in the ground, the sword reached six feet tall by itself, and Christina had noticed it was as tall as she herself.

Even though she could not permanently die at the hand of this scourge of a man, clearly she knew that it had been decided that things had gone as far as GOD would allow, that is, as far as her fate was concerned. Speaking of fate, the murdering Bandit leader had not a clue. It was his own fate and not of his former Queen that he really held in his hands at that precise moment. If he was merciful with Christina, he would receive mercy, if he was not, then he was to be the one slain here today. Just as when humans, in their everyday existence, never seem to have a clue that GOD is about to intervene in their lives, the bandit leader thought it was her life in his hands, while in fact it was his own fate that he was deciding.

*Blessed are the merciful, for they will be shown mercy.
Matthew 5:7 (NIV)*

*Be not deceived;
God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth,
that shall he also reap.
Galatians 6:7 (KJV)*

GOD does work in ways that people often do not understand, for at times they think that they have everything under control while the only thing not under control is their own self. This continues until either GOD gets their attention or they cross the unseen line that HE must put in their path. GOD then intervenes into their life. It usually happens in a way that is not very pleasant for anyone. However, it is a fate that people bring upon their own self, whether they choose to admit it or not.

Christina knew to let this murdering bandit leader speak his own destiny. The choice he made was; "I should go against my orders and kill you myself, for the mess you have left us all in, by the way of King Kane the Insane. Yes, we were hired by him, and yes, those two rum dumb conscripts are to live and report back with the information regarding each of your deaths. After that, they will be reassigned far away."

"Or be killed?" Christina said.

"Or killed." the bandit leader declared, while giving his head a slight nod in agreement with her.

"Our new King not only has the strength of the devil, but also his luck." The bandit continued, "Last night at the Royal stables, George's loyal best assassinated him. First, by surprise, concealed in a darkened stall they stopped his mighty legs with

arrow. Then they pierced and run him center through by spear. Finally they struck him for dead, in the head by sword, or so they believed."

"Two hours later your son, returned to the barracks completely uninjured with us, a dozen blood thirsty mercenaries, whom we are before you and we killed everyone. He is of the devil, He must be. GOD, help us! What have you done to us?" the Bandit leader questioned Christina.

"Do you know why I am to allow you to privately escape, and to inform you to never return here again? Myyyy Lady," the Bandit Leader added sarcastically. "Your insane son has also informed me that you can not die either. A day ago I would have believed it only as further proof of his insanity but now, you must leave our country you accursed wretch. I will tell the others that I took you to the woods and then dispatched and buried you myself. I tell you now, if I ever see you again, I will do it." With that, the Bandit chief walked toward the woods yelling, "What is taking you fools so long?"

I slipped back to my normal appearance for Christina's sight alone, and I put my right arm around her for comfort and support. I picked up her bag of belongings with my free hand and guided her into the tree line for concealment. Not a word was said. We waited a good ten minutes after the murderers hired by Christina's own son had all left before I walked her to the grave.

Christina tried her best but was not able to say much of a Prayer, and so, I said it for her. I also did my best at tidying up the grave for her a little bit. I was even able to make a cross of some foliage and place it there. Christina fell at the foot of the grave and finally broke down.

"I am so sorry GOD, I am sorry George, I am sorry Nathan, I am

sorry Beverly, I am sorry Simon, and I am sorry Angel, because you warned me. I should have listened to you. GOD told me in my heart to listen to the warning HE sent with my Angel." And so, Christina cried and cried.

Time change:

Christina was back to the present. She had returned in her heart from that world long past in another time, and was now back in her home safe again with Riley, who was holding her tight in the night. This night she had revealed to her husband, who was and still is to this very day her deepest Love on earth, save for CHRIST HIMSELF, the worst pain that she had ever felt, as well as the guilt that she still carried within her heart. Feeling her pain, Riley, who truly Loved her, pressed her no further on the subject that night.

I imagine, you who are reading this tale, would appreciate a few of the loose ends tied before we ourselves move on. Christina worked the next twenty odd years at the same hospital that she had worked at before going home to Perth the second time, except, by that time, all were dead who could possibly remember her. She Prayed every day for months without end for her friend Beverly and the Kingdom of Perth and even for Simon/Kane. Then, one day she could not stand it any longer, and asked GOD to please send me, her Angel to her with the knowledge, good or bad, of Beverly.

When I came to her that evening I could see that it was just as good for her as it was for me to see her again. GOD had been giving Christina time to heal and to seek forgiveness and to follow HIS guidance. HE had told me to let her know shortly after our arrival at the hospital that she would be left alone until she was ready to reach out.

"Beverly is fine, Christina", I said to my friend. "She is now in

her home village with her children and grand children. Simon/Kane had tired of her very quickly. She was as old as you, his mother, in Kane's eyes, and she was your friend." That reality, coupled with Beverly knowing him as a mere child, intimidated Simon/Kane, and this tarnished his golden image of her.

"Beverly remained in the palace as a forgotten ghost only a few short weeks until she gained the opportunity to escape with a vendor who was sympathetic to the old ways, not Kane's ways. GOD has completely cleaned up all of your mess, Christina", I had told her.

"Beverly is safe, The Bishop, Nathan, and yes, even George, they are all in Heaven. You had more of an effect on King George than you ever knew, for he had long ago accepted JESUS as his Savior. Simon/Kane, however, is another story, but we shall cross that bridge together when we must." I told her that I had informed all the other members of her family, the Servant Family, they each had been warned to stay clear of Simon.

Christina was doing her best to fight back the tears, as she cried out, "Thank you Lord! Lord, I do Pray for Simon and if I ever get the chance again to help him, please help me and guide me. My way was the wrong way", she added.

Christina started to cry again, even after a thousand years, for reopening the old wound did still hurt. Riley held her tight in the night and then he said, "We all make mistakes my dear. It's over now, long over."

As Riley held her, he was glad that it was night so that she could not see him crying for her. Christina was also glad that it was night, for she knew that Riley was crying on her account. Maybe he would not know that she knew, so that he could be the strong

one for her on that night. She felt Loved, and she thanked GOD for that Love. It was a love that she originally did not want, nor did she realize how badly that it was what she needed.

A few days later when I was stopping in for a visit, Riley asked me if I had a moment or two that could be spared to help him down at the barn with something or another. "Be glad to", I said.

Once we were down in the barn, Riley informed me that he did not really need any help with anything; it was just that he wanted to ask me a question or two.

"Ask your questions", I replied.

"Christina told me the other night about George and Simon, and I just wanted to know a few more things", Riley said.

"Riley, Christina must really Love you, because she has hardly ever talked about that even with me", I truthfully let him know.

"I just do not have the heart to make her bring that up again, because it hurt her", Riley replied.

"I understand", I said. "What is it that you want to know?"

"Just how did it end, that is, for Simon/Kane, as a King?"

I smiled and said, "Oh that is easy, Kane was no King. In his twisted mind all that it meant to Kane to be a King was that he sat upon a throne and everyone would bow down and answer to his every whim and fancy.

Within the first month the Palace provisions were low, and when the steward meekly informed Simon that some supplies were needed, he resolved that problem just the same as all the others. He sent the Palace Garrison into the nearby villages to forage and confiscate all that they could. A few weeks later he sent them out

again, only this time the people were onto his game, that is, what people who were left and still living in the nearby villages. They had hidden what they had left of their wealth and supplies, and they were also very convincing at pleading poverty. The next big mistake Kane made was the Harvest. The noble class paid him no tribute, and no winter provision was made. Insane Kane just did not know any better, and he had no real help around him. Taxes, tolls, and fees also went uncollected or perhaps they just never made their way to him. In the end, as deep winter set in, one morning Kane was all alone in the Palace cold and hungry. The Church was the first to distance itself from Kane, and in Perth everything was the Church. GOD had removed the Kingdom out of Kane's hands almost the very moment that he took it.

No one came to the support of that insane, tyrant, murderer, of a King."

"What about the Garrison, the Guard, and the mercenary forces?" Riley asked next. My answer was short and sweet. "No pay, no stay. None of them had been paid since the death of George. Over a period of just a few weeks, they each one by one simply disappeared back into the countryside."

"Simon/Kane was shocked on that last morning to see that all of the objects of any real value had been taken from the palace, the people with no faith in him, had picked him clean. They also left him without so much as a morsel fit for a mouse to eat. He left in common clothes, nearly penniless, cold, hungry, and as expected, all alone."

"You see, Riley", I then added, "that is the one saving Grace that GOD had put into Kane, that is, for the rest of the human race. Simply put, Kane was and is still quite lazy. He is uncommitted to anything, and he soon gets distracted by everything."

He is always unwilling to do whatever it takes to see anything through. And that, my friend, is the secret to defeating Kane the Insane. Or, I might add, the devil himself."

"Persevere and hunker down when he approaches the same as anyone would during a storm in your life. Simply stay out of his path, outlast him, and persevere in Faith, for he has none. All storms do pass and they never last, for they blow themselves out in time. Trust that the Son, not the sun in the sky, but the Son of GOD, will always shine in HIS time, and that the light of HIS everlasting Love will never fail to defeat the darkness of sin and the overwhelming emotional rain. He will wipe away your tears and calm your fears, drying up all sorrows and pain. And, that is all, my friend", I said.

Then, I added these last few words, "To this day; Kane just gets a few poor souls whom he dominates in terror to work at providing a meager living for them all, usually a saloon, or brothel, or perhaps a gambling den. It can often be a combination of those three, and he just gets others to work, as he reaps their spoils. GOD removed his guardian Angel from him on that very first day when he rebelled, and GOD also repaid him. You see, Kane cannot have any children unless he returns and truly repents." I then went silent. Riley knew that I had finished speaking.

"Thank you", said Riley. "I just did not want to make Christina have to go into all of that again." I simply patted him on the shoulder and added, "You are a good man Riley, and Christina is as happy as I have ever seen her. Whenever you need me, I am always there for you for the sake of Christina."

"Well", Riley said with a small grin, "you could show me your true appearance. Christina said that even she has only seen it once or twice and how breath taking is an Angel's true appearance."

Smiling, I wagged my finger back and forth implying, "no, no, no. You'll see that soon enough on the other side of this life", I replied with a smile.

Riley responded with, "I knew you were going to say that, but tell me something. Christina will not tell me of the only other time that you revealed yourself to her in your normal appearance."

"If you can keep a secret of your own so that you may have a better understanding of your wife, I will share just a little more with you. You must never lie to her, if she ever asks if I have ever shared this information with you. The answer must be yes, but if she does not ask you must never reveal it."

"I understand", Riley said.

I looked Riley square in the eye and just said it in the short way I always do. "The only other time I appeared to my dear sister, your wife, full on in appearance as my normal self, was to give her comfort that everything was going to be alright, and then I myself quickly took her life."

Riley was stunned. "It was an act of mercy, for she was being burned alive for not renouncing GOD, and simply taking the easy way out to continue on with her life at the time. Perhaps you have heard of the life she led at that time, for it has become famous. Your wife, Christina, was known in those days, in that land, as "Joan of Arc."

Riley knew right away that, Yes; his wife could have withstood that test.

"I simply appeared to her as she was engulfed in smoke before the heat and flame had touched her. I told her not to worry and

then I asked her to close her eyes. I struck her the instant that she did. I could not stand to let her die, in that lifetime, in that manner. She awoke in my arms but before I could apologize and tell her how sorry that I was, she thanked me. We have never spoken of this matter since that day, not ever."

Riley said, "I will never say anything, either, unless it is as you say, that she asks me first." "But she won't", Riley added. "she will just know."

"I see that you are really beginning to understand her", I replied. Riley then said, "My wife has the Love of GOD, the Faith of a child, nerves of steel, and the heart of a lion.

A good woman is hard to find, and worth far more than diamonds. Proverbs 31:10 (MSG)

"She really would make a good Queen", Riley said. "Which time?" I responded, and he understood that I was not joking. I put my arm around Riley's shoulder as we walked back toward the house sharing a good laugh, because that story would have to be for another day.

CHAPTER 9

Life

Christina and Riley did in fact fill that big table and much sooner than you would believe. You see, it was all part of GOD'S plan. Christina's blood line had always been a little thin. It was after she had made the "big mistake" with Simon/Kane, as she thinks back to it much earlier in her life. She had never been able to let it go and move on in her future lives, at least as far as family and children are concerned. It was only when GOD would force HIS hand upon Christina that she ever thought of starting a family.

Whether it was chemistry or biology it was clear that GOD had made Christina and Riley for each other. Christina was only pregnant three times and each time was during their first five years together. They had 7 children. The first was two sets of twins and the other was with triplets. Now GOD did not forget them.

As Christina carried her second set of twins, one afternoon, a wagon arrived. In walked Christina's niece, Lesli Ann, who was her brother, Christian's daughter, which was from a marriage in Paris France in the late fourteen hundreds. She is a pretty decent midwife and skilled as a nurse. "Hello Aunt Christina" Lesli said. "My Angel has brought me to you, and he said that I am to be of help to you and your new family for a few years."

This would be at least until the children are a little older. Seven kids, all little at the same time, are too much for anyone to handle alone." "Oops" Lesli said. "I said seven out loud, didn't I?"

When Christina heard those words they reinforced her recent realization that she was once more carrying twins. She had already begun to fear about ever letting Riley touch her again, and now this news made that fear a reality! When Riley heard the word seven he did fear about ever touching Christina again. But, Love and duty to GOD took its natural course in due time. And that was that, in this home when GOD spoke it was done. I announced to them all one morning at breakfast that seven was the limit and they would have no more children.

Aunt Lesli lived with Christina and family just shy of seven years. Then one day, her Angel and myself, together we took Lesli to town. We went to Riley's shop and so, it was Riley's privilege to be permitted to see the proceedings. Riley then actually had for himself a story to tell Christina about Angels and the will of GOD. It was *deja vu* all over again for Riley.

Lesli was wedded to a young man named Daniel who worked for Riley. It happened almost blow for blow the same exact way that it had for Riley and Christina. One moment Daniel was working all alone over an anvil and the next second he was in the Church with a GOD-chosen Bride before Pastor Rachel.

Pastor Rachel was also clearly taken by a big sense of *deja vu*. I, Christina's Angel, informed Riley to send them out to Big Sky and to put Daniel in charge of the shop there. It was a good move, as Riley had been wondering what to do about Big Sky. He knew that the business there could be much better if someone were there daily to open and run it full time. Daniel and Lesli became the "defacto" distant relatives of Riley and Christina's children.

As the children grew, they each took turns staying in the big city with Aunt Lesli. It was also just the same at times for Lesli's children, as they would also take holidays in the country with them. It was good. These groups of children are still close as family to present time.

Christina was very pleased that the traditions of her past, as well as those of Riley's upbringing, blended very well together. Each day, just before the dawn, Riley would arise and go into the family room. He knelt down and Prayed silently each and every morning in front of what was once his mothers chair in the family room. Then, he tended to the animals and the fires as necessary. Both of those duties were necessary for cooking and/or heating.

Often, at meal times, Christina realized just how kind and wise GOD had been to her with HIS choice of Riley as husband. She was impressed by Riley's decision that every member of the family should stand behind a chair at the large table. They would form a circle around the table together as they Prayed and held hands in offering Thanksgiving to the Lord.

Christina had realized that many members of her own "servant family" did not walk as straight a path in service to the Lord as did this man with whom GOD had Blessed her with. Riley obviously preferred this Prayer time in the morning; however Christina more enjoyed the time they spent together after their evening meal.

After all the chores and studies were done at the completion of supper, they always gathered in the family room by an old upright piano. Riley would always open their time of prayer and they would each join in by reciting the Lord's Prayer out loud. After there was silence then they would each take a turn to Pray out loud for whatever was upon their heart. Christina would then

always read Scripture to them from her Bible. It was a special time of mystery and wonder, which the children anticipated with joy and amazement for many years. Stories were told by Christina about her many former lives in far away lands, in various remote times of the past. From the very simple details of the basic needs of life to the complex stories of intriguing personal struggles set in those distant places and times, yet, there were still the core lessons that would remain vital and relevant to everyone even to this very day. Often at these story times, we Angels also were free to relax and reveal ourselves to each other and to participate privately with our own stories of Faith and Love. Some of them were GODLY appointed Guardian Angels for each of the children, whom I have known since before the beginning when GOD set time in motion to track the earthly existence of human beings, and it was also when HE, through JESUS CHRIST, Created the Earth. Other Angels were new acquaintances who shared service together with each person to protect and guide them as a member of GOD'S human servant family.

It was Riley who had insisted from day one, that the children would be informed of their heritage, and it was their duty and a privilege to serve the Lord JESUS as a member of the "Servant Family." Christina got to share her Soul, giving her past experiences to her Loved ones during this time. It was never spoken of, but they each, Christina and Riley, had made the commitment that what had happened in the past with Simon/Kane would never happen again.

Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it.
Proverbs 22:6 (KJV)

They always closed their time of devotion with a request, which was a favorite Hymn by one of the children. Christina roughly played the piano. Being the smart one that she was, she encouraged their eldest daughter Denise to learn to play, and she still does it quite well.

About the time of Christina and Riley's tenth anniversary, GOD presented the children with an opportunity to learn responsibility by giving them the chance to get to know human nature first hand for their own selves. It would come to them in the form of a small business of their very own. That business was to supply hay for horses and livestock to the U.S. Army, at Fort Morris, which was run by General Kyle Deane. It was that new modern Calvary Fort, right out in the middle of the Shilynn Indian territory.

The General had stopped by Riley's shop one day to get some farrier work done, when out of the blue I told Riley to ask the General if he had any luck yet in securing the contract for the "hay" out at the new Fort. The General looked a little surprised when Riley asked that question but just simply dismissed it as the Army being the only news in this little town. For the first couple of years Riley had a real struggle on his hands to run two businesses, as well as his home farm until the kids grew old enough to be able to really help him. It was a good thing that he was still fairly young at that point in his life. For the first two years the O'Connell's simply had no other choice than to buy some of the hay locally, whatever the amount was, which they still needed to make their quota, and then they would resell it to the Army. However, it was precisely what GOD wanted, and HE took care of them. Once the children really started to grow into the task, then Riley had plenty enough help and hay not only for the Army, but more than enough to retail at all three of the family iron work shops.

About the same time that the hay business was really starting to take off, GOD Blessed them again with another new contact which soon led to another contract with The Black Wood Railroad. Progress had finally made its way through the local area. The Railroad owners during the time of Riley's life were William Kelly and his wife Laura. To make a long story short, GOD had helped the kids by getting delivery contracts for their hay, not only out to the Fort, but also to all the nearby towns. Christina began saving almost every penny of this money from day one, that is, after their tithes and offerings, as well as their expenses were deducted. She divided and saved it equally between all seven of the children, so that they each would have a nest egg ready for them when the time came that GOD called them each into HIS service.

1Then shall the kingdom of heaven be likened unto ten virgins, which took their lamps, and went forth to meet the bridegroom.

2And five of them were wise, and five were foolish.

3They that were foolish took their lamps, and took no oil with them:

4But the wise took oil in their vessels with their lamps.

5While the bridegroom tarried, they all slumbered and slept.

6And at midnight there was a cry made, Behold, the bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet him.

7Then all those virgins arose, and trimmed their lamps.

8And the foolish said unto the wise, Give us of your oil; for our lamps are gone out.

9But the wise answered, saying, Not so; lest there be not enough for us and you: but go ye rather to them that sell, and buy for yourselves.

10And while they went to buy, the bridegroom came; and they that were ready went in with him to the marriage: and the door was shut.

11Afterward came also the other virgins, saying, Lord, Lord, open to us.

12But he answered and said, Verily I say unto you, I know you not.

13Watch therefore, for ye know neither the day nor the hour wherein the Son of man cometh.

Matthew 25:1-13 (KJV)

Before going any further, there are a couple of things which I would like to mention that had happened over these particular years. First of all is the No Pay - No Hay policy and how it became a motto. That is not to say that they, as in the children, did not donate hay to those in need whenever the situation arose, because they certainly did that. It always made each of their parents proud and their Guardian Angels happy when the children did so without prodding from any of them.

A small family controversy was also included in this issue. It was a matter concerning how this whole "no pay - no hay" policy had gotten started in the first place. Riley and Christina had just been explaining to the children, at about the same time that the railroad had come to town, that it was also time for them to begin to take a more active role in the actual running of the hay business. After all, their poor father was only a normal little Irishman, and he was starting to get old. Well, you know how kids can be, and as most kids do, they just do not fully take the advice to heart until it mattered in their own little world.

Riley came home soon after their conversation one evening and announced that he had given out the entire supply of hay at his shop in town to a notoriously well know con-man in the local area. That man had come into some woeful bad luck and would pay them for the hay in just a few weeks when he was able to sell some of his cows. Well, Christina, knowing her men in general, was quite aware that Riley had known better.

He was just teaching his kids a costly lesson. Those kids forever teased their dad about being too soft-hearted. They also insisted that they, the kids better take over the sales and ledger end of the hay business for themselves. Riley, just once that night, let it slip to Christina. "Well, at least I am out of the hay business!" Not long after the "no pay no hay" policy had been started that their soft-hearted, but well-intentioned, father had managed to force into existence, came this little nugget, which was also another little funny family controversy.

The morning came, it was a Saturday morning in fact, when the eldest son, Brian, was up getting the last wagon load of hay ready to go to town. That hay needed to be added to the rest of the wagon to take to the now restocked shop in town. So, later in the afternoon it would be loaded up and put on the supply train bound for Fort Morris.

"Where's dad?" Brian asked. "He's under the weather today, and so, you'll have to take your younger brother Bentley as help with you to town" answered Christina.

Brian did not say much, for inside him, he felt that he was ready to embrace this opportunity as a chance to prove himself. However, one of his younger sisters was not, which was also somewhat of a surprise. Not to get too far off the subject but, what I am talking about is how the two sets of twins, and the set of triplets refer to themselves as the older or younger sibling, like a few minutes either way should make any difference. Well, it certainly did to them! I say this just so you might better understand the reasoning behind the next little tidbit.

Little Mary Jo had spoken up about the injustice of not being allowed to go to town. All five of the girls then spoke up and wanted to ride to town on top of the hay. "Why can't we go?" they demanded from their mother, Christina. "That hay is just as

much ours as it is theirs" meaning that it rightfully belonged just as much to the five sisters as it did to the two brothers.

Christina did trust Brian with a wagon full of hay, and she even trusted him with his younger brother, Bentley, and as far as the business went, it was all contracted anyway, so no money would change hands that day. However, Christina did not trust him enough to take a wagon load of five girls with three of them nearing teenager status to town all by himself without their father. "Trust a boy to take them to town, and to of all things, a full train-load of lonely soldiers? No way! Those heathens", meaning the local area people, "actually married their daughters off at their daughter's ages" Christina thought to herself.

Of course, the girls would have none of that explanation. It was an injustice, as far as they were concerned. She was just playing favorites by choosing, "them", the boys, over the girls, as they all complained.

After the boys had left, Mom decided she was not going to be beaten down by their verbal barrage, so, she sent the girls outside to tend the garden. Christina went back into her bedroom to collect her Bible. Inside the bedroom by himself, Riley was laughing and he said, "I heard all of that!" "Hush up", she informed him, "you're supposed to be sick today." "Now, where are the girls?" Riley asked. "Out tending the garden" Christina said. "Dear", Riley replied, "you're supposed to be the smart one." Christina had a puzzled look on her face as Riley continued.

"You just gave a severely perceived injustice to the girls, and so, right now you are Lady Judas to them" Riley added. "You just betrayed five young girls with your smart notions" "and with your Irish temper" added Christina. "I have learned one thing about raising girls, and that is, they do not like to be told that they cannot do something that their brothers are allowed to do." Riley added. "Your right" Christina said. "But, Christina, you

betrayed them in their eyes and then you promptly sent five scorned young ladies out to tend your vegetables!" Riley informed Christina.

They heartily laughed for almost a good full minute, and they each had begun to laugh knowing full well that the garden was doomed. They did not laugh, per say, exclusively about, "smashed t'maters or squished tator's". However, it dawned on them in general relief of how well it was working, you know, GOD'S Plan, and how His plan for them and their family was really starting to come together. Christina made Riley's sides ache in laughter when she added that, "Some of the hay money would have to be used to stock the pantry for winter." Finally Christina and Riley sat down at the table deliberately not going outside to some of Christina's great fresh lemonade when I showed up with a concerned look on my face. "Do you two know what those girls are up too out there in the garden?" I asked. Christina and Riley again fell into each others arms in laughter.

To Bentley, the younger son, this day will become a memorial event for him to rue over for forever. You see, the youngest sister, Bailey, in a future lifetime a few miles down life's path, the youngest sister who would be denied the right to go to town with the boys today, will in the future become a very powerful person. It is just too soon right now in this story to give you all of that information. Later, when Bailey is successful in life, she will often "dog" her brothers in delight with; "Who is going to town now with the hay?"

GOD would later move Bentley into a position to where, in one of his lifetimes, he would be called upon to be a human protector of Bailey. Think about that! I'm not going to say just yet what it is that she does, but you might "get it" on your own. One of these girls would become powerful enough that GOD would

eventually move one of her "Servant Family" brothers into a position to keep an eye on her. By that I also mean that there would be, at that time in her life, not one but two Guardian Angels doing the same exact thing.

It was later, on several different occasions that Riley just could not let it go. He would often say things out loud like, "It was a very bad year for the garden." The girls would quite often have a little giggle or two when dad would also say comments like, "My, how sparse and thin the garden appears to be this fall!" Riley actually had their two clueless brothers, who were unaware of the true nature of the gardens sad demise, guessing as to why it was doing so badly this year. Brian was convinced that it was the deer, and from this point on for the rest of his lives, he spent as much time and trouble putting up fences around his gardens as he did tending them. Bentley was positive that it was bugs or perhaps some kind of blight. Either way, five young girls just smiled and giggled, never once would they admit to anything.

Then, another Saturday came in the fall of autumn time. It was after breakfast when Christina informed all the little ladies, "we are going to town today to buy winter supply for the pantry. Also, I am afraid that we'll have to use some of the hay money." You could have heard a pin drop as they say. Five young girls all held their breath.

Riley quickly asked the boys if they wanted to go fishing "Yeah!" they yelled, while rushing from the house. After the boys had left, Riley simply stood up, slid his chair in, and then announced to a houseful of women, "I am glad that it is not me in trouble for once around here."

As Mother and daughters rode together in the old buckboard toward town, the eldest daughter, Denise, was sitting in the seat beside Christina, with the younger girls all behind in the bed of

the wagon. Walking along with them and growing with each step the horses took was the palatable tension. It was almost like storm clouds surrounded them despite it being such a nice bright sunny day.

Denise was silently fuming with her jaw tightly clinched. Her mind was set and made up for a real show down. Finally mother could stand it no longer. "Go ahead, say it, all of you" Christina added.

"It's not fair, you're not fair. You chose the boys over us with the hay!" Denise blurted out in one long angry sob. Then, a chorus of "Yeah's" and "that's right" erupted from the rear of the wagon, as all of the sisters joined in. After pausing a few seconds, little Mary Jo added, "your supposed to be on our side!" Another round of "yeah's" and "that's right, Mom" It was Denise who added sarcastically the long stretched out Mo-o-o-m challenge.

There it was. In the unspoken rules of their family, Christina's authority had just been called into question. It was just the same as when that old serpent had done by fooling Adam and Eve so many suffering lifetimes ago.

The very atmosphere hushed to a cold stillness. This was it, a point of no return. Denise had gone too far this time. The younger ones feared as they each recoiled, drawing in a sharp breath as they quietly sat back down.

Denise, knowing that she was now cannon fodder, simply turned her head and amazingly said another word, which was directly aimed at her retreating army of sisterhood. "Cowards" she said with a hint of disgust. All the sisters trembled in fear that in a split second their spiritual leader, Denise, would be getting a good taste of Mom's wrath.

The anticipation of Mom's reaction was unbearable. It became like a train engineer watching in horror as his train might fly from the tracks, knowing full well that the passengers are going to be scattered and mangled. But none of the sisters could turn away. They just had to see what was coming next.

Christina laughed at them, and then, she laughed even more. All the girls laughed, except Denise. She did smile a little but she did not laugh. Christina brought her laugh to a halt and said, "OK."

Silence fell instantly, laughter cut off mid-stream from all the young ones, who tumbled over each other getting back into seated positions. I might also add that all of them were as far in the back of the wagon as possible.

"Your right my dear" Christina said directly to Denise alone. "It is not fair, it is not right. I do not agree with it either, but for now it is an unfortunate reality."

Denise's mouth dropped open a little bit and the younger ones were lost altogether, as they were now in uncharted territory. The Pilgrims landing on Plymouth rock had a better understanding of their new environment than Christina's girls had at this time. This was a special moment, you know? It was "The" high point of their lives thus far. It was the time when Christina no longer treated her daughters as children but as young women. Oh yes, it came accordingly by their individual age and as each daughter had developed of course.

Christina went on to explain just what it meant to live not only as members of the servant family, but also as Christians living and loving by the example of Christ, especially in the face of injustice and prejudice. She also mentioned that in time that they, by example and longevity, could work to help change each of those

prejudices one at a time. This same thing had happened for Christina when she had been a young girl their age, and it clearly astounded her daughters.

Since her father was a servant, this also made her a servant, but more than that, she conveyed to her girls what it meant to be considered a piece of property just like they owned horses and cows, and how it felt inside to be considered no more than livestock. It was so demeaning to be bought and sold, used and abused, in every humiliating and conceivable way. Servants would be separated from their families at the first whim of greed by an owner. This could happen even in a home that knew and believed and freely accepted CHRIST. As wrong and inadequate as they were, it was simply the standards of those days.

Christina then reminded them of their heritage, and on this day it just became real to them. They were now more aware of their teachings and their purpose as members of the servant family.

"Each of you were born as members of the servant family of JESUS CHRIST. I must remind you; that you will all live until HE returns. Much is expected of you, but first you have to know how to live for HIM by treating everyone with love and respect."

Christina then went on to explain the sanctity of life, how each person is made in the image of GOD, and, that we are special, having a place and purpose in GOD'S family.

"You made all the delicate, inner parts of my body and knit me together in my mother's womb."

Psalms 139:13 (NLT)

"For I know the plans I have for you," declares the LORD, "plans to prosper you and not to harm you, plans to give you hope and a future. Jeremiah 29:11 (NIV1984)

“That is why JESUS came in the first place.” Christina added. “It was for our redemption, our Salvation and our education. It was to teach to all of us the ways of our Lord GOD Almighty. It was also to show that we were all made to be a part of HIS loving family, and to treat each other and those around us with respect. We are to live in peace and in harmony, in contentment with what GOD has given. We are to do our best, to be our best, for HIM, and for all that HE has created.

Christina reminded them the Biblical lesson’s they had each been taught a hundred times over since birth. For the first time it really connected not just as a story, but rather as a way to live.

But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, forbearance, kindness, goodness, faithfulness, ²³gentleness and self-control. Against such things there is no law. ²⁴Those who belong to Christ Jesus have crucified the flesh with its passions and desires. ²⁵Since we live by the Spirit, let us keep in step with the Spirit. ²⁶Let us not become conceited, provoking and envying each other. Galatians 5:22-26 (NIV)

Christina then recited Scripture for women, coming directly from GOD’S Word.

What matters is not your outer appearance—the styling of your hair, the jewelry you wear, the cut of your clothes—but your inner disposition. Cultivate inner beauty, the gentle, gracious kind that God delights in. The holy women of old were beautiful before God that way, and were good, loyal wives to their husbands. 1 Peter 3:4-5 (MSG)

For as the woman is of the man, even so is the man also by the woman; but all things of God. 1st Corinthians 11:12(KJV)

CHAPTER10

Kane's Second Chance
(Perth Scotland 1625)



“Angel, I know that we have an unspoken rule not to dwell too much about the past other than the lessons we each learned. Instead we always look to the Lord’s plan for the future. But please tell me; have you heard anything new about Simon?” Christina asked me on one rainy day as she, Riley, and me sat around that handmade table lost in casual conversation.

“Your right Christina, we both need to avoid the unpleasant subject of Simon/Kane” I replied.

Next, Christina said, “You’re right, we do, and you just avoided the question my friend, you cannot fool me.”

“I was afraid that you would want to come across that path again and then wish to stumble a few paces upon it some day in the future” I said.

“Stumble upon what?” was her reply.

“GOD has never given up on Simon, it is just that Simon has given up on himself. We almost had him back at one point, Christina” I said.

The color drained a little from her face just as Riley had once before asked me to fill him in on Kane, and now, it was his

mother, Christina's turn. Christina was not sure that she even wanted to hear the truth of how her son had again rejected GOD. "What do I not know?" she then asked me, after pausing to think it over for a second or two.

"In Perth, about 1625, if my memory serves correctly, we almost had him, Christina."

"How?" was her single word response.

"Simon had actually taken in one of his workers, and she was really the one who was running the show, so to say, of which it was his usual vice, a gambling den of sin. He was just the figure head and the muscle."

"Figures!" his mother added.

Now, my dear reader, instead of following along in a conversation I had with Christina at that point in time, please simply trust me, now. You can hold my hand, so-to-say, and I will take you directly to that time and place of the events of this conversation. No one will have any awareness that we are witnessing these actual events transpire, nor will we intervene in any way shape or form. This is solely for your understanding.

Shall we go now, and do not forget to close your eyes for time slipping tends to disorientate human beings.

June 15th 1625 at 6:16 PM.

You may open your eyes now, see that was not so bad.

We find ourselves tucked into the beautiful green pastures of farmland where Kane's blight was upon the earth. These events took place in a ram-shackled compound hastily thrown together,

having a main wooden structure that serves as the bar and kitchen, and which also had a few out buildings, for, well, you know, if you have to go, that is.

It was also composed of a few patched together living quarters and a very large corral and barn. He built it about a mile outside of town, for even Kane could learn, if only he was just far enough away, the people would come and the authorities would look the other way. After all, he was taking all the unspeakable, undesirable, things out of sight, and out of mind.

Oh yes, I almost forgot, just don't ask me how someone like him legally got that property in the first place. Believe me, you do not want to know. In a word "pain!" Kane simply beat the property from its legal owner, feeling that this land rightfully and forever did belong to him. Irony is ironic, is it not? This was the very spot where the castle of his father, George the Brave, had stood almost eight hundred years prior. Even the very stones themselves had been stolen in due time.

Of course, if you give me a chance over the next few pages, I would have to say that Simon/Kane's decision to rebuild on that very spot was indeed ironic, because he was playing right into GOD'S plan at that time. It was happening right at the very moment when Kane would come the closest he ever would to repenting during his entire rotten mean life. You see, within the mind of Simon/Kane, and to what he called his dark, cold heart, he had come home. If you pay attention to all the little details of his miserable life at this point you will notice a pattern. Remember, you will not have to look too deep, because, as you know, he is certainly not very bright.

As we stroll together into this past memory, allow me to open the door, for you are a mere phantom in this realm of the past, you will find that you are unable to manipulate anything of real

substance. Oh you can see and observe quite unobserved by others but that is all. I on the other hand am free to do as the Lord pleases for me to do. There, let us proceed now, please follow me through the open door as we enter into the cluttered back room of the saloon in what the locals called Kane's red light district of Perth. There are stacks of chairs, all needing mending, lined along the darkened walls, so, please watch your step.

In the middle of the room stands a small wooden table and at its center there is a little candle within a puddle of melted wax. Alone, in the single chair, nestled by the table, in the near dark with his supper is Kane. He does not look a single moment older than the last time we visited him over eight hundred years prior to now. If anything, the scar running down his right cheek only makes him more menacing in appearance. Just in case you may wonder, scars will only be removed for him whenever he dies and once again regenerates anew.

Kane is wearing farmers hide leather trousers with suspenders running over his deep red tunic that is neatly tucked into his britches. Most men of this time would be wearing the kilt, but Kane has nothing but disdain for what would be considered acceptable. Had trousers been in vogue at this time, I am quite sure the kilt would have been Kane's first choice. It is hard to tell just how long Kane is wearing his hair at this moment, for it is at least long enough to be tucked inside the back of his collar and running down the inside of his shirt against his back. Heaven only knows for what purpose he might make such a choice. Could he have been paranoid that someone might grab his hair and use it against him in a confrontation? That would be my best educated guess, knowing how Kane tends to think.

Kane is gnawing on what appears to be a deeply burnt roasted leg of lamb. Now pay close attention to all of the details, for now begins the plan that almost redeemed Christina's Simon from the

devils Kane.

"Hello Kane" said the tall woman with the long dark hair, who appears to be about 35, but in actuality she was just shy of her 30th birthday. Her features are obscured somewhat, but even in the dark you can see she has the chiseled features of classic beauty, but she looks so worn and somewhat ragged. She had an abundant supply of, so called, worry lines. Her words as well as actions are those of caution. Living with and working for Kane, will easily do that to a woman. In her own way, this woman has much more than an uncanny resemblance to Kane's mother Christina. You can not help but wonder if Kane consciously made that decision, or could it be that perhaps it was one that was forced upon him from what had been his former conscience? Has Kane at least subconsciously been trying to bring his mother back into his life?

That woman took care of everything, and she had authority over everyone in Kane's life, which came by his own choosing. Does that sound familiar? Christina could never get Simon to take responsibility for anything, not even his own actions, that is, until that last fateful day.

Yes we know that Kane was and is lazy, but this is way beyond that point. It is almost as if he needs this woman to do these things for him in his life for some odd reason or another. Countless times this poor soul of a woman had thought that maybe, just maybe, she could change him. After all, he was not the smartest of men. She had also made the same mistake, and had come to the similar false conclusion that many people did with Kane. They would underestimate his selfishness and fail to fully comprehend his total lack of a feeling soul.

He would treat this lady with the same negative courtesy and respect that he has always had for others. Kane never even said

as much as hello to her, but instead he just demanded to know; "How did we do tonight?" as if he actually did anything to help tonight.

"We did pretty well. We had a few merchants and a couple of soldiers" she told him. Kane never even noticed that she had not given him any details of their actual income. She is apparently learning, and maybe there is still some hope yet for her.

The woman approached Kane in near dark, as she was clearly a little worried about how to bring the next subject up. "Kane" she says quietly. He gives her sort of a sideways, "yes, what is it?" type of a look. "Kane, you're going to be a father." Silence then filled the room for a few seconds.

There it was, he had been betrayed yet one more time. "Why does everyone whom I am so nice to always end up betraying me in the end?" He is wondering about this to himself. "First, it was my father and then my mother betrayed me, and later it was the entire kingdom of Perth. Now, even this strumpet whom I have shown nothing but mercy, does she not understand that I have been careful to only beat her when I felt it was absolutely necessary?"

In defense of this poor woman's ignorance, I guess that she did not know that Simon/Kane usually killed any woman who angered him more than once. He had even given her honor by allowing her to take charge of all of his affairs. Kane then made his decision in an instant, without any emotional feeling of regret or remorse. Kane started to rise, for he had made the decision to just casually walk over to where she stood and snap her neck. When half way up out of his chair he hesitated.

GOD had me, Angel, speak softly into his ear. It seems so oddly funny to be here with you at this time, mentally observing events

of the past, just as they transpired. I can see myself whispering into Simon/Kane's ear. Can you picture me there in the past as you also are now watching these events as they take place? It is always a source of amusement. My past self just winked at my current self, as well as at you right now. Did you see me wave back in gesture? It is a very funny feeling to have both memories, the wink and the wave, as well as the visual perspective of standing in both positions inside the room in my memory. Do you feel a bit confused? Don't worry, even we angels never get used to it. This is something that "just is". "What was that thought in the back of my mind?" Kane paused to wonder. It was his mother's voice that he heard. (GOD did that, because I am not that good!)

Christina was saying something she used to say to him over and over so many years ago. Kane always had trouble concentrating and forming his thoughts. For years, Christina had always told him, "take your time, and think it through." And, this time, Kane did think it through. His loneliness demanded that he did. He would never admit his attachment to this woman, but GOD knew it and so, HE made HIS move!

Kane realized that she did not know the truth. He knew he could not father a child, and so, if she could pretend, then why could not he as well? At least he would not be so terribly alone if even for a single lifetime, but perhaps more, that is, if this child had children of its own some day.

Kane eased himself back down into his chair. "Have you thought about names for the child?" was all that he said. Kane was much too busy to worry about details such as that. The woman for some odd reason felt a wave of relief pass through her body. For just a moment she thought that maybe she might be in a lot of trouble. You see, it is human nature to desire things which they can not have. Simon/Kane actually has a soft spot for small

children.

Simon/Kane had actually helped a few of his "girls" over the years just to spend some time with their children. He had pretended, deep in his rotten heart, to have had a family several times before. However, it was always mere illusion for only a moment or two. This time Kane was thinking that perhaps he could actually pull it off. GOD would not permit Simon to have children and a family as long as he chose to remain Kane. It was a simple and lonely feeling as that. Forever is a long time to be alone! Kane could just not conceive of the fact that GOD was trying to reach him. Instead, Kane just thought he was fooling everyone, including GOD. The only one really being fooled was the foolish Kane himself.

Unknowingly, this woman, by GOD'S Will, had found his soft spot. It was the voice of GOD in the back of Kane's thick skull who reminded him of his desire for a family, as He returned to Kane the memories of him helping girls with child before.

GOD had set HIS plan in motion and then GOD made his move. He sent me, Christina's Angel, to him several times. Kane recognized me from his youth. GOD also had sent several other Angels as strangers with chance meetings of conversation at his business establishment. However, most important of all was that GOD sent Simon's grandfather Nain to him. Nain had spent almost three days trying to explain to his Grandson that a change of heart would produce many lifetimes of good service and many children of his own. He also told Kane that it was not too late to be happy and to serve a useful purpose. In fact, it most of all meant that he would never have to be alone again. Kane is the kind of person who hates being alone, and GOD offered him the reward of constant company and companionship if he would just obey Him.

Ok, my new found reader friend, please picture taking my hand as we return back once more to the time of Christina and myself, to the very instant of our conversation about Simon/Kane that we left just a few moments ago. Don't forget to close your eyes!

You see, that was not so bad, and now you are already getting used to it.

Here we are, back at the table, in the home of Christina and Riley. I looked at Christina and said, "I'm sorry Christina, GOD tried many times in the past to reach Simon. "But, Simon would not repent" as Christina finished that sentence for me. "Yes", as in, "no, he would not repent" I said. Noticing that Christina was lost in her thoughts somewhere in the past, "What happened next?" Riley asked me.

"The child was a boy, and he died young before he ever got the chance to get married. It happened during a small local war that time has now forgotten" I added.

"Kane blamed GOD of course, even though his mother had begged the boy not to go, and Kane had done absolutely nothing to stop him." For the rest of her days, after the boy's death, the woman lived with the confusion of a divided heart. You see, she knew that she had misplayed her cards. When her young son had informed her that he was joining the fight she had reacted without thinking, and with emotion she opposed her young son's decision.

Kane had been in the room. You see, she should have known better. She understood Kane clearly at this point in her life. Kane was opposed to certain things. He was opposed to all authority. She was the authority in all of their lives. It was all over the minute she gave her inner most thoughts in an

unguarded , uncontrolled, manner. At best, Kane would either never support her, or else he would downright forbid her decision. For the rest of her days she would always wonder about it.

HER FATE FROM THE CHOICE SHE MADE:

Tails

In her darkest of hours she ponders upon tails. Had she thought it through, she could have used everything at her disposal to dissuade her son's choice of going to war. Including Kane, he could have been easily controlled by her if she had just taken the time and thought it through. She could have very simply shut the whole situation down by manipulating Kane by his unseen strings if she had only been smart enough to control her motherly instincts.

In her weakest moments, this thought would haunt her for the remainder of her days. The Lord would always pull her out of this funk by reminding her that most likely the boy would have then just run away and joined the service anyway. Then, she would have really lost him forever because he would then have been too afraid of Kane to have ever returned home. It was the positive side that she tried to dwell on in the simple truth of the matter.

Heads

For the last couple of years of his life, mother and son had been attending Church services in town on Sundays. She believed in JESUS CHRIST, and so did her son. This could be discovered mainly by seeing Kane and understanding his true nature. She had heard the rumors, his youthfulness, her son at the age of seventeen, almost looked as old as Kane at this point and Kane had talked to her many times concerning his past. Once again, you know, he is not very bright. He described situations and

circumstances to her that she knew to be of hundreds of years old. He would never have learned history or was one to carry tales. Kane had really lived those moments in time. He was just not smart enough to cover his tracks in conversation with someone as bright as she.

Nothing momentous, it's just a hint here and a clue there, over the many long years. Also there were rumors about the town of Kane being the actual "boogey man" and as such, that many a man had actually killed Kane. However, only mysteriously and mercilessly it was discovered later that they had died brutally by his hand.

The rumor of Kane's tale was this, that he devilishly enjoyed breaking those men to bits, one bone at a time so he could feast over their many sufferings. The town folk referred to him as the legend of olde, that he actually was "King Kane the Insane". However the children just called him the "Boogey Man", all behind his back of course.

This was all just legend, but she, the soon to be mother, and son whom we had just previously visited, and who had informed Kane of her pregnancy in the darkened back storeroom of his saloon, and who had resembled Christina, well, she was smart enough to know that no matter how distorted the truth had become, that all legend at it's core was based upon some element of truth.

It became almost a dare, a right of manhood for the young men to go to Kane's place and partake, while emerging alive from it the next morning. It was a local young man's tradition to survive; "a night of sin at the devils den".

Is it not oddly funny how when while young, people, all seem to get a thrill at tempting their own fate? Bragging rites were to be

had for par- taking and surviving what the "boogieman" had to offer. It was almost a tribal rite of passage from adolescence into manhood. The various bar keeps over the years all knew to watch for the young thrill seekers. Making sure they stayed cool, and that they followed the rules, or they would get perhaps the final thrill of a lifetime by the hand of "Kane the Insane".

That is how the mother and her son had come to believe in the BIBLE and JESUS. It was almost a reverse logic, but people all learn by the examples in the very lives they live, don't they? Yes, they each knew that Kane was evil, which meant that good also had to exist. Mother and son had accepted their "Faith" in GOD, and in CHRIST, almost by the bad supernatural existence of Kane alone. Once they heard the Word of GOD, contained only in the HOLY BIBLE, it all made sense to them. They simply accepted and believed on "Faith" that Kane was a demon. It was as close to anything that would possibly explain him to them, and that they could relate to and conceivably understand.

It was the young man's "Faith" that had led him to stand up against oppression for his people in the first place causing his desire to fight in that long ago forgotten war. He died as a man who was also a good Christian young man.

In her dark moments, the woman understood that he really had died, most of all, as he was, her son. Yes, had he indeed lived, and she rightfully understood, as GOD had placed upon her mournful heart, that the boy would have been forced at some point to live as Kane's son. If he had lived by Kane's intervention, then this is what her heart told her, that in time Kane would have, first, by force, then later by habit, he would have eventually replaced her with the boy and corrupted him beyond repair. It seemed to her that no matter how much she was hurt, that GOD had definitely spoken. The young man was, and is still her son, and he belongs to GOD, not Kane and his evil. The

mother's comfort was in Faith that she knew their separation was only temporary. They would forever be together in GOD'S Good Heaven.

You see, Kane had scoffed at their Church going, but he did not forbid it, he used it. He knew that it meant a new customer base of honest people had been discovered, and one's who paid for what they consumed.

"Christina", Angel continued, "A few times after this, Simon would just take in one of his girls with a small child, and GOD would always send one of us Angels very soon after to help her and the child escape from him."

Christina closed her eyes as if feeling for herself her own son's loneliness by rejecting GOD. It is always so painful to witness a Loved one fight GOD'S Love for them.

"GOD will not allow him to even adopt a child. HE will not allow Kane to have any further type of family unless he repents" Angel added.

"But he will pour out his anger and wrath on those who live for themselves, who refuse to obey the truth and instead live lives of wickedness. Romans 2:8 (NLT)

"I am sorry Christina, I did not share this information with you, because I knew that it would hurt you" said Angel, finishing his tale. Riley stood up from the table and walked over to Christina, and he placed his arms around her and said, "He is a man now, over a thousand years old, and he is responsible for his own decisions. It's not your fault he has willingly rejected GOD time and again" as he kissed her on the forehead. "I know" Christina said quietly.

An unfriendly man pursues selfish ends; he defies all sound judgment.

Proverbs 18:1 (NIV1984)

If Christina only knew that the Angel who was once Simon's guardian, was later reassigned after he chose to become Kane. Felt exactly the same way that Christina did. It took that Angel hundreds of years to get over the feelings of guilt about Simon becoming Kane. I stopped the tale to Christina at this point, because I could see the pain in the eyes of my best friend. I could not stand to tell her any more at this time. If you wouldn't mind, as a famous story man from the past century used to say, "And now, for the rest of the story"!

CHAPTER 11

The devil is in the details



Let us pause for just a moment or two so I may share a closer inspection of the details that will bring some clarity and an understanding about the time that Kane was nearly redeemed.

As is commonly said regarding humans, they see through a glass darkly and that is quite true more often than not. It is especially true in this case. Let there be no mistake, my dear sister in Christ, Christina, knew full well that for her own sake, I was choosing my words and memories very selectively. Her peace of soul and mind were weighing heavily upon me. For Christina, it would always be a foregone conclusion that her son, Simon/Kane, caused great hurt within her heart. Christina silently understood that what I had said to her was all that I was going to openly say at that time and place. Even Riley could sense that I was being very tactful and cautious with the tale.

Christina is very patient, and she will wait, biding her time, perhaps a century or two, and then she will attempt to broach that subject again. I also know her well enough to understand that she will not let it pass forever. But you, my dear friend, you do not have a couple hundred years to wait for a more complete explanation and the revelation of facts and events that transpired in the lost opportunity of that particular lifetime of Simon/Kane. GOD paints HIS masterpieces one brushstroke, and yes, one life at a time. Here are the final details of that lifetime portrait of Simon/Kane. Here on display is his very lack of a heart in the

matter, which is the part I had to conceal in my desire to spare Christina's heart.

Did you happen to notice that I had avoided all together as if I had not remembered the lady's name, the one whom Kane actually tried to build a life with? Well, let me inform you now that not only had she resembled his mother Christina, but she did so in both look and in mind. She was smart and beautiful just like his mother. The woman in question also possessed another detail that was impossible for Simon/Kane to ignore, for it was a daily remembrance of his dearly missed and irreplaceable mother.

The woman's name that brought Kane's self-centered life to a screeching halt is Christine. I just could not bring myself to tell that to Christina. I did not lie, but I did let her know that the only person who ever really had a chance of getting into Simon's cold dark heart had resembled her, his mother. However, I just kept the full detail of her appearance and name to myself.

This situation would unceasingly haunt Christina if she knew. If she did know, then Christina would insist on trying again to save Simon/Kane, and she would do so at any and all cost. GOD did literally forbid this from happening. Christina was, and is, never allowed under any circumstances to be near Simon/Kane. She would always be in far too much danger.

Now back to Christine, she was about thirty and had been with Kane for about five years when she became pregnant with the male child. She had grown up as an orphan and she worked practically as a slave with a group of traveling Gypsies. They had taken her in when she was so young that she did not remember her life before, which is a good thing, because the simple truth is that she was indeed a slave.

A corrupt official at an orphanage many years ago did sell

Christine as a slave to the Gypsies. Now, years later, as they traveled through Perth Scotland, the Gypsies always camped just outside of town where they knew that Kane had the most disreputable establishment in the area. Whatever a person's sinful pleasure might be, they could always find it there.

The Gypsies, who that Christine belonged to, operated a traveling show. The Patriarch of the Gypsies, the elderly Grand Father, had always paid Kane to set up camp and put on their performances in the pasture next to the barn behind his saloon. A percentage of the take always went to Kane of course. This set up always appealed to the Gypsies. No worries, no security, none was needed because of Simon/Kane's infamous legend that only grew larger by the year. As time continued to pass and the longer Simon/Kane remained at where he considered to be his rightful home, the more the rumors and some facts of his true nature became the local lore. "Boogieman" was but the latest among them. With each unsolved murder the gossip, about Simon/Kane actually being the real King Kane the Insane, spread like wildfire.

The Gypsy leader knew that no one would ever cause any trouble or get out of line at this location because it belonged to Kane. Everyone feared the bad man. Amazingly, at this time of when even bathing was not a big priority, without even mentioning the poor health care, the Gypsy Patriarch was now nearing his practically unheard of seventy fifth birthday. The Gypsy leader reminded all of his family and troop that even he could not recall a time in which the "Boogieman" was not there at this location and that he had always appeared to be young.

There was that "general warning" that one should never get out of line, or else they would have to answer to the "bad man". It was common knowledge in that area, and this had always served the Gypsies well.

The traveling show had actually made quite a few stops at Kane's location before and Kane had never noticed her. Christine had always been naturally concealed by doing the chores and tasks behind the scenes. However, on this fateful trip, Kane had grown bored of the festivities and he had sat quietly inside his saloon alone, and of course no one dared to bother him.

At this time, when Kane met Christine for the very first time, the Gypsy traveling show was passing was through yet again and Christine was about twenty five years old, she had finished her rounds early this day. She morosely reflected inside her heart, mind, and soul about how; she had grown to resent and hate this life, which was one of giving others pleasure and profit to the clan in spite of her pain. If it were possible, she was now seeking a quiet corner in the dark saloon to pass away an evening in momentary peace.

When Kane saw Christine, at first sight it was all over for him. Having no tact, he had made his usual offer to her the very first time they had a second together alone at her table in his establishment. He offered her pay and also basically the freedom of choice, that is, the freedom to choose between being the Gypsy's property or his. That is not how he explained it to her of course, but she was smart and could easily read between the lines and the lies of his small mind. On the other hand, GOD had moved her heart and the deal was already done.

Christine knew that she could control her life far easier with this crazy maniac than with the Gypsies. She would accept Kane's offer and gain a measure of her much coveted freedom, even if it was only a very small amount. It was still her freedom, which was something she could control as her own. Perhaps she was being foolish and impulsive, she had thought to herself, remembering that the grass would always seem to be greener on the other side of the proverbial fence. However, that was just it;

her side of the fence had no grass at all.

Secretly, behind Christine's back, Kane had also given the Gypsy father a large sum of money for her. He also had charged the man with a warning. If he refused to release Christine to him he would kill them all. The Gypsy father, their patriarch, had met thousands of people in his life's travels. Something in Kane's soulless eyes had told him that this brooding giant, with a peanut sized brain, meant every word that he had said. When Christine approached the patriarch later after that evening's last performance, she asked him for her release and his blessing in order for her to remain there.

The Gypsy patriarch granted it for the safety of his own blood family, and that was that. Christine was now his or so Kane had always thought. In a matter of days, much to her dismay, Christine realized that Kane belonged to her, every hateful, vengeful, deceitful, unbelievably powerful bone of him.

Many times when the customers got out of line, Kane had, you know, that certain way about him; it was the way that all crazy people usually react. Even with his immense size, he was able to silently slide up behind someone. He always just appeared behind Christine's shoulder at the source of trouble. Christine must have had eyes in the back of her head or perhaps the eyes of those she was confronting always gave him away. Ninety nine times out of a hundred, things settled down very quickly. When Kane was not watching her, Christine would return to the trouble source and tell them they had better leave quietly, because they were now under his attention. If they were the last to be in there, she could not guarantee their safety. You see, Kane would not have become their bouncer. No, he would joyfully have become their executioner.

Now GOD had surprised and rewarded Christine with Love for her obedience to HIS Will. I am sorry, but it is hard, even for me to fathom the fortitude of a woman strong enough to willingly take on the task of Simon/Kane. Christine's life as a Gypsy slave woman must have been a living hell. Yes, the Love of our Lord, which GOD gave to Christine, was her child.

The young boy, who died a Saved man, was her son, and he completed his GOD given purpose in that long ago forgotten war for justice. It was a normal quiet week day, and Kane had left to go to town to get some baking things for Christine. As you know, as long as Simon would choose to remain Kane, he could not father a child.

The details are not important of how it happened, but it was an average traveling salesman who showed up all alone in that bar. He was inebriated and never made a pass at Christine. She was, in fact, getting too old for his taste. She never knew just what came over herself, was it rebellion concerning her situation with Kane? Was it just the thought that for once she was the one in control of her own life? If the truth were told, it was GOD, because HE had moved her to do what she had done. That is the reason why GOD had moved Kane that first night when HE reminded him like an echo from his past, of long forgotten dreams, to have a family of his very own. These feelings were hidden away deeply inside his puny mind, they whispered to him saying that he could accept Christine's child because she knows not of his curse and that he could raise the child as his own.

Now, for the best part, there is a point to all of this. Have you noticed that I have not yet told you the name that Christine gave to the boy? Think back a moment, it was in the back room of the saloon at the candle-lit table when GOD moved Kane's awful heart to let his mother name him. Kane did not wish to be bothered with such mundane things.

That too was an act of GOD.

Peter

By the Grace of GOD, Christine had named the boy, Peter. The thought of it hit Simon right between his evil eyes like a ton of memories. You see, he too had been named after Peter, but it was by Peter's original name, Simon. In Kane's mind, it was as if the boy really was, in a round about way, his namesake. At least, that is how Simon/Kane thought about it.

Christine had not yet, and never would she know in her life that Kane's real name was Simon. He would never dare, nor have the courage to speak to Christine about his mother, Christina. That would obviously reveal his weakness to her. Of course, GOD knew. Christine had him, and GOD had seen to that by placing the name Peter upon her heart. How many times had Kane entered a room seeing Christine, who so much resembled his mother with her child Peter, and he also took after her in looks and in mind. Kane never touched her again after he heard that Christine had named the boy Peter. There would never be another beating and there would never again be anything else. She often wondered why he quit approaching her, but she was relieved and grateful that he had stopped. Christine also soon began to realize that once anything he required from her, or anything she needed for him to do, the business end of their lives, after it was talked about, then Kane would usually disappear very quietly from her sight.

Kane had obviously become quite afraid of Christine. Christine never did understand why, she never knew that she had stepped into Kane's mother's shoes. Those were the only shoes left open in Kane's mind to fill. Christine never did know that he had a real life, true blue Queen as a mother. Deep down in his rotten heart Simon/Kane knew that his mother Christina was the only person who had ever Loved him. And that was as Simon not as

Kane. Kane, his very name, was a walking shame, to the only person who had ever truly cared for him and who ever would. So, was Kane, by the sake of his mother Christina, also afraid of Christine? You bet that he was! It was even more true when God had her name the boy Peter. Good thing Christine figured out on her own about Kane's being afraid. She was also bright enough to understand that the fear on his part was both useful and very dangerous, that is, to each herself and for her son Peter.

Just what was Simon/Kane going to do? Was he to say to Christine that she reminded him of his mother whom he had betrayed? Any normal man would, but not this one. Like I said before, for him it would be a sign of weakness. Of course, on his own he would never figure out that by telling Christine the truth about their situation; it would have set him free of it to a certain degree. That was the case for Kane, at least personally, that is, in what little there was of his own mind. Simon/Kane is not very bright, you know?

Christine smartly looked the other way when he did go after a barmaid or some unlucky woman who caught his eye in the saloon. Again, one night, without ever knowing what had come over her, she very quietly, one time only, in the crowded bar at the right exact moment GOD moved within her, Christine simply and very directly walked up to Kane and whispered into his ear. She said, "I do not care what lady you go after, however, you must never hurt them." She spoke to him boldly, directly, with almost a regal tone of a Queen. It surprised Christine, "where did that come from?" she had wondered to herself. If she had only known, right? But, GOD knew, because it was HIM warning Kane not to hurt the ladies. GOD had taught Christine to speak like a Queen into Kane's ear. It was almost like she expected to be obeyed on her words without question. However, Christine was astonished to quickly learn that anything she repeated would never be done.

It was as if she herself was dismissing the request to him if she said it more than once.

Christine was careful to pick her battles, and she always remained one hundred percent true to an issue with her expectations of Kane, just as a parent does with a child. In her amazement, this always worked. In fact, once, she had even dared to deny him supper. You see, he took two cows from a neighbor for their supply and he never made any type of restitution to the farmer. The cows were clearly branded and she knew this would mean trouble that they did not need. Kane just seemed as if he invited the challenge, the fight that was bound to come in the form of the law. Christine gave him some money and demanded only once that he go to the farmer's house, knock on the door, and hand the money to whomever answered. Not a word needed to be said, and therefore, no one needed to be hurt. Well, she had heard the rumor, as you always hear everything in a saloon, that the farmer still had not been paid. The farmer was going to give her just a little more time to make things right before the Constables would have to become involved.

Time was catching up with Kane, and so, he could no longer just kill and steal without there being some type of ramification. Kane had entered the back storeroom at exactly a quarter past six in the evening as he had always done. It was his supper time. He sat at his normal position at the table. Christine knew for some odd reason, or should we say, "GOD" reason, to be bold, to show Kane no fear, and in fact, to express anger at him. She shoved the door open violently and walked right up to him. Christine then put her pointed finger into his chest and said, "You have not paid for the animals as instructed. You will not eat until you do so." She then knew not to argue or to get personal with him, and so, she went silent. She put her hands upon her hips and glared at him. Kane stood up and Christine looked like a small child next to him. He lowered his eyes from her gaze,

Kane slumped his shoulders, and then left the room.

It was exactly one hour and ten minutes later when Kane returned, and it was very quietly I might add. He had actually done as he was told, he had paid the farmer without hurting anyone. He sat down in his chair. Christine entered the room with his supper and placed it before him. She knew not to say a word, and, she, with almost a motherly style, patted him on the shoulder and then left.

Yes, years later, even after the loss of her son Peter, whom Simon self-believed to be his namesake, he still gave Christine her distance and respect.

GOD is wise

I already believe that I know what you are going to think about this next part of Kane's story. You are going to think the same thing I thought for my own self the first time I heard this part of the tale of Simon/Kane. How could GOD be any part of this?

You see in order to help Christine and Peter, GOD brought another dark heart into their lives.

Do you remember the old saying about birds of a feather flocking together? The BIBLE reminds us that iron sharpens iron in reference to us helping each other.

*As iron sharpens iron, so one person sharpens another.
Proverbs 27:17 (NIV)*

It also works in reverse, whereas, evil attracts evil. And, evil always returns to its same folly.

*As a dog returneth to his vomit, so a fool returneth to his folly.
Proverbs 26:11 (KJV)*

GOD brought someone into Kane's life with a heart as dark as his own for the purpose of having someone else to focus his vile hate upon. It was as simple as that. It meant with her around for a good number of years Kane would pretty much leave Christine and Peter alone.

At some point, you understand, Kane would have turned upon them, because it is in his nature. You know, it is somewhat like having a pet rattlesnake, because sooner or later, as a result of its nature, it is going to strike. You see, one of the very first things Christine had done when she took over Kane's establishment was to get rid of the working girls. With her background as basically slave labor, and her current state of oppression, it just went against her grain to be the manager of an establishment that peddled flesh. There was just one exception, a vile creature of a woman whose heart was even blacker than Kane's. That person just showed up at their door and began doing her thing late one Friday evening. None of them would ever know who she really was, or where she had actually come from.

The next morning the mystery woman paid Kane a fairly decent sum of money. She did this while devilishly giving Christine the evil eye, because, she already knew how to play the Kane game. Christine had not even been aware that she was there and what was going on, and if so, she would have put a stop to it immediately. However, Christine was so busy running her bar, well, Kane's bar, and so, the new woman was just smart enough to stay out of her sight. The newcomer had noticed right away that there were no other girls of her caliber and manner in that place. This only meant that the mistress must not approve, because the giant owner had noticed her right away and he had said nothing.

The woman's official name was Tessy, but she went by the professional name of Tease. She may have been twenty five, or possibly even as much as thirty five years old, one simply could not put their finger on it for certain. Tessy was short with strawberry blonde hair, a razor sharp tongue, and a soul as black as coal. Christine only allowed her to stay as an act of mercy, and also the fact, which had registered in her mind, that Kane fancied her. More than physical, Christine felt that Kane, being so cruel, he sensed her pain. Like a dog can smell fear, Kane would prey upon her pain and anguish. Christine mercifully let Tessy stay. However, Christine had wisely let her operate as Tease to keep Kane occupied, and also keeping him away from herself and her son Peter. GOD is truly wise!

Later that first morning, Tessy, in private, told Christine that she really had no where else to go, which was the actual truth. GOD told Christine in her heart to be merciful and to trust HIM. Christine moved her into the cottage behind the bar and instructed her to operate out there unseen on a very low key level. It would be unseen, that is, from the eyes of her son Peter. Christine accepted no payment from her for room and board, nor would she accept any percentage of her income. She did, however, let Tessy pay for whatever she used or consumed. It was an attempt on the part of Christine to open a door of communication with this poor soul. This is therefore a good lesson to learn from, my friend. Christine, as bad as she thought her life and situation were, could see right within her own home the fate of another whose situation was far worse than that of she and her son.

Other than paying for her own food and whatever she ordered from the traveling salesmen, which was delivered to the bar in Tessy's name, you see; Tessy made her living from the salesmen and such. Christine just figured that whatever Kane collected from Tessy was enough. That is also what kept Christine and

Peter safe from Tessy, you know. It also let Christine do the Christian thing in showing mercy toward her. Whatever Kane took from her, he would never pay for. That would cut Tessy/Tease to the bone, much worse than any weapon ever could. Kane would also never listen to Tessy's pleas or bargains of putting her in charge of everything. She simply was not, in Kane's eyes, his mother, so to say, as now was Christine.

That simple fact kept Christine and Peter forever safe from the schemes of Tessy/Tease. In Kane's mind, Christine and Peter were his family. Tessy/Tease became the focus of Kane's attention, but Tease, of course, misplayed him. As she grew to hate him, he Loved every ounce of her vileness for him, just like a rattlesnake, I suppose.

Tessy/Tease tried for years to usurp Christine but she had not a chance. Even without Christine's appearance as family, Tessy had tried the approach of making it a kindness, a mercy for her. She did not know yet that mercy was a concept that Kane was opposed to. Kane was outside of the Will of GOD. He simply was incapable of showing mercy, because he was too mean and selfish to ever grant it to anyone.

As I had mentioned earlier, GOD had shown Christine how to handle Kane and those like him. Case in point is how Christine also handled Tessy. The two evil ones would prey upon each other, and for the most part leave her and her son, Peter, alone.

Kane would not kill Tease, because that too would be almost a form of mercy shown to her. She would in turn do her very best to wound his heart, mind, and pride. It was indeed too bad that neither of them had any mercy within them. Their future game for the next few decades became this: Kane would take as he pleased from her; then Tessy/Tease would focus her life on him in hate; and she sharpened her tongue daily on him.

He ignored every word she said, because Kane understood that she wanted him to kill her. She finally ran off at about fifty years of age. She never told any of them where she was going. It was partly in fear, because if she had finally found a reason to live. Kane was just vengeful enough to stalk and then kill her. She was the only human being on this earth who ever dared speak to Kane in that manner and not pay for it with their very blood or broken bones. It was because Kane knew that Tessy had a death wish by his hand, and he, being cruel, just tormented her day and night with his presence in her life.

One time many years ago something did happen that exposed Kane's true nature to the "other woman", Tessy/Tease, so to speak. You see, she had a few steady customers as always, and some of them were soldiers. Then, one night, she paid them, to kill Kane. Well, without going into any gory detail, you may already know how that had ended.

After Kane's death and his subsequent regeneration

He gave his murderers each a quick merciful death if they spilled the beans, as he was basically beating a death bed confession from them. You see, he had already suspected just what had happened. He recognized them as the ones who frequented Tessy out back in the cottage. Kane did beat Tease really good that time, as well as taking every penny that she had saved for over ten years. She had grabbed him upon her knees crying and begging for him to kill her. "Where would be my fun in that?" Kane said. "I love your hate." He did make her one promise though, that he would kill her, but not in any manner that she would approve of. He promised to break one bone at a time, thus making her suffer long and beg for death, for many agonizing days seemingly without end. He told her that this would happen if she revealed what she knew of his true nature to Christine or Peter. She never did! "I will keep your dark secret" she had said.

I cannot tell you any of the other things Tessy called Kane, and all she had said to him on that night. All I can say is that woman was a very skilled verbal assassin. She almost hyperventilated in her anger, hate, and disgust, because the more angry she became with Kane, the more he would just stand and laugh in her face with that maniacal hyena crazy persons laugh of his.

Kane's non-aging had revealed his true nature to his pretend family, Christine and Peter anyway. It was that plus the HOLY SPIRIT which made it happen. They always knew something was amiss. Christine became convinced that he was not human, but a demon.

Funny thing, in the end, that is, it was during the last ten years of Christine's natural life. Christine was the one who lived in the cottage out back. Kane had replaced her with another woman by this point in time. With Christine's now advanced age, and Kane appearing as young, the new woman in charge had mistaken Christine as his mother or even his Grandmother until her death by natural causes. Kane actually maintained her fires in the winter time and it was the duty of the new lady bar manager to see that Christine was fed on time twice each and every day.

Christine even had a Christian Doctor friend, a true medically trained healer, who had attempted to drink many of his sorrows away with her over the years. Christine actually had the privilege to lead him to Christ. He repaid her a favor by looking in on her every few weeks during her last ten years. He played the Kane game well, as he simply approached Kane, who was seated at the bar one day, and said that he was a Doctor and a long time customer. He requested permission of Kane to look in on Christine from time to time. Kane looked the Doctor up and down, as he attempted to remember that face of his. Kane then simply nodded his head one time. It was now safe for the Doctor

to check in on her. As I had said before, the "Doc" went to Church with Christine, and he even remembered her son Peter from this bar, many years ago. He came to know Kane's true nature from Christine.

I should not tell you this part right now, because it might ruin some of the surprise for later. However, you might get somewhat annoyed with me if I did hold this back, because it really does not matter or spoil the end of our tale.

In HIS Kingdom, that is, in GOD'S Kingdom, after CHRIST does return. Christina and Christine are so much alike and they had Simon/Kane in common, that they do become as close as sisters.

As "Angel", I would introduce them, and with their first hug, the Lord would give to them each others memories and feelings. GOD replaced her son, Simon/Kane, with a daughter in her eyes for Christina. To Christine, Christina became the mother figure who she never had. With each of them so much alike, and with having similar names, to everyone else they seemed to be as real sisters. Well, they are sisters in CHRIST, but you know what I mean.

Our Lord is good, HE is merciful and many times in eternity these two will work together in Love and friendship and in service to the Lord. Often, in Heaven, Christina would have, what is called on earth, times of reunion. Many people would be there who had actually never met or had known each other while alive upon the earth, and in fact, most of them would have been separated by centuries of human time. Those folks would learn just how connected they really were through the lives of Christina.

Has it ever occurred to you that many of the people who have come before you, who you will never know on this side of life, happened to have a lot to do in shaping who you are?

GOD will indeed reveal this to everyone later in Heaven through HIS infinite wisdom and Love. Christina, Christine, George, Peter, Riley, and all the kids would gather together, and it will be a wonderful times. I, Angel, truly love these times best of all.

CHAPTER 12

Paint

One Sunday that fall, after the big hay controversy and the garden incident, it was after Church that Christina had asked Riley to take the kids home so that she could stay in peace for a ladies meeting on planning the upcoming picnics, Sunday school lessons, Prayer vigils, and the like for the remainder of the year. Christina actually had Denise in mind to stay with her, but she thought better of the situation. The smaller children still actually needed someone there to look out for them. Poor Riley was seemingly so clueless in some areas, or was it perhaps the age old male stand-by of pretending to be completely clueless in many of those quite necessary but tediously troublesome functions involving the children?

Well, it was of course, but only to a point, and Christina correctly realized that if there was no smoke or blood, the kids can pretty much get away with anything on Riley. There would be no blaspheme, no cursing, no back talk, especially to their mother. If the children did their chores, Riley was almost too lenient with them. Yes, Riley had learned long ago that he was just a figurehead. Christina was the one with all the true authority in the O'Connell household. Riley had also learned that he did not want her job, and he also learned to do a pretty decent job of acting the part of being disappointed when something trivial was decided against his wishes.

Riley said, "Yes of course", that is, about watching the kids, so that Christina could stay for the church meeting. Believe it or not, in his mind he felt that he always does a good job for her watching the little ones whenever she needed a break or had something else to do. Riley was actually quite anxious to get home so he could work in peace on the horse stall down in their personal barn near the house. With Christina not at home, he could finish the job, and then, he would not get a lecture from her about working on the Sabbath, the fourth of the original Ten Commandments given by GOD unto Moses:

8 Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy.

9 Six days shalt thou labour, and do all thy work:

10 But the seventh day is the Sabbath of the LORD thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy manservant, nor thy maidservant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates: Exodus 20:8-10 (KJV)

Riley was also committing the sin of self omission, that of, he was trying hard to convince himself;

"It really was the only time that I have to do this."

How often do we all try to fool each and everyone around us that we are just too busy to be doing the real things that we should be doing? Humans and even we Angels at times will often feel guilty after ducking, dodging, or stalling a task or conversation. When we finally realize that each our responsibility, and our respectability, have been compromised even if only in our own eyes by admitting to ourselves our own selfish directives and motives for not doing or being, what or whom we should be. Rest assured that GOD was not fooled.

The real reason Riley chose occupy himself down in the barn was to hide himself away from all the noise and fuss that the children

will make. Riley did ask the boys to paint the newly repaired porch steps, which he had finished up a few weeks earlier. Dad reminded Brian to put on two coats of paint and to save a little of it, and to mix in a hand full of sand to put across the tread face of the stairs so they would not be slippery when wet. Christina had been giving Riley a hard time about getting those steps painted, but Riley had been wondering why she had just not painted them herself? He was so very busy. "She gets like that" he thought to himself. Once she had made her mind up that he was going to do something there would be no peace until it was done, that is, done her way as she would often say.

Denise, the eldest daughter, graciously offered for her and the girls to finish supper. That was perfect in Riley's mind, for he had things to do. What was not actually said was that Denise knew her mother had already baked a ham and biscuits for their dinner today. It only took the ladies a very short time to get some peaches and pears from the pantry and mix them all together. Once that was done, Denise went out side with the rest of the girls following closely behind in her footsteps. Brian was busy painting while little Bentley was busy watching him.

It had always been a bit of a power struggle between Brian and Denise, who were the oldest set of twins. Brian was a whole seven minutes "older" than Denise and he would never let her forget it. Naturally, Bentley followed Brian around like a little lost puppy, and all the girls followed lock step with Denise. "Want some help?" Denise had honestly asked Brian. "No, this is man's work" he informed her. She laughed and said "Man's work, to paint a board?" "Yes it is" he said.

"Then why are you doing it, she asked, if it is ma-a-ans work?" She drew out the word man as she said it, insinuating that he was not yet a man.

Brian said "You best leave me alone."

"Or what? What do you think you can do about it?" Denise asked.

Brian dipped his brush into the white paint bucket and before Denise knew what had hit her, he slapped her across her left cheek with it. Paint splattered into her hair as her eyes grew wide. It was almost like it happened in slow motion as Brian's arm continued, the brush actually painted its way across her nose lips and chin.

"That is what I am going to do about it." Brian said proudly with a big grin on his face.

Denise snorted like a horse to get the paint out of her nose; she also wiped the paint off of her lips. Her eyes misted up just a bit and then Brian made his second very bad mistake.

"What, are you gonna cry now?" he asked. He noticed that she had misted up a little. First, he had completely disrespected her and now he was trying his absolute best to humiliate her in front of the girls, her girls. Those were not tears of hurt, my friends, they were tears of anger. Chaos was now breaking out. All of the girls start screaming in protest. "You big bully! You're mean!" the littlest girls Skylah and Bailey yelled in protest, just outside of Brian's reach.

Mary Jo and Mary Jane were infuriated as each one kicked Brian. They were wearing those old fashioned hard shoes that the girls wore to Church, and they were leaving a dent in him with every kick.

Just then, Bentley began to tease Denise and all of the other girls by dancing around joyfully while singing; "Paint face, paint face,

big brother put her in her place! Paint face, paint face, big brother put her in her place!" He gleefully repeated it over and over while dancing around Denise.

Brian then bellowed like an old grizzly bear at the younger girls while stomping his feet, "SCRAM!"

After they all ran away, Brian looked at Denise and just said, "HA!" He also smiled and patted Bentley on the head, clearly loving the playful tune of his little admirer.

Then Brian made his third and most foolish mistake. He arrogantly, in another insult toward Denise, bent down and put his hind quarters in front of Denise, reaching down from the porch to paint the top tread of the newly repaired stairs. He was just that over confident in himself. He truly believed that at all times he could move that much faster than she his sister.

Denise then launched her retaliatory strike. She aimed to kick him square in the bottom with the thought of making him tumble from the porch. Her aim was true, and in fact, it was better than true. Remember, Denise was also wearing those old fashioned hard shoes. She caught him square dead center, only just a few inches further in than she actually intended. Perhaps GOD was on her side today. Anyway, Brian stood, and, well, he about halfway straightened himself out. Did you know, ladies, that in times like these, that is for a poor victimized male, GOD actually puts in a time lag, a delay on the magnitude of pain that is about to roll into his brain. They always know it is coming, and they are absolutely helpless to do anything about it.

Brian's eyes grew wide in disbelief; his hands reached for his unmentionables, and then, the pain hit him. He collapsed and fell down off the porch and onto the grass. He then began to squeal like a little girl himself, while holding his tender parts.

Five little ladies all screamed in laughter, "Does it hurt?" they yelled at Brian. "You sound like a little girl crying!" they all teased him.

Just then, young Bentley was not smart enough to keep his big mouth shut. "I'm telling mom on you Paint face" he informed Denise.

Did you notice about poor Riley? Even the youngest male in the house just automatically skipped over him and would go directly to mother when justice was actually needed. Bentley did not realize the seriousness of his situation with Brian being down for the count. Everybody knows that the little crony sidekick also always "gets his" when the big man falls. Bentley was about to learn that from first hand experience. Denise was about to teach young Bentley a life long lesson about being aware of his surroundings and environment.

Two of the five girls were of his age and his equal, while three were older and bigger than him. Those five girls held the little fella down and stripped him to his skivvies. Yes, you guessed it; they painted him head to toe snow white with that paint. They were laughing all the while, reminding him about all the times that he had run his big mouth at them. They drenched him with that white paint. Only GOD must have kept Bentley from drowning in it. He looked like a little ghost, a ghost with one blue and one brown eye. Painted completely white, he was a hysterical looking thing with those eyes. When they finally let him up, he grabbed the paint bucket and threw paint all over them. Well, that is, he tried to. Some of the paint did get on the girls, but most of it just hit the center of the back entrance door to the house, you know, the nice wooden oak door painted barn siding red. Oh boy!

With all of the commotion, the kids had failed to notice the Hudson's nice riding buggy come up the drive. It was a nice buggy, and it had real springs and a black leather top that folds down accordion style. Pastor Rachel, her husband banker Thomas, and their Mother, Christina, are actually sharing a laugh of their own. The two ladies had just brought up the topic of how nice it was to see all the "Coughlin" family today at the Church. It had been years since they had last attended a Sunday service. With that, Thomas had given out a small laugh. "What?" both the ladies had asked.

Thomas had a really good sense of humor. Laughing, he told them that the "Coughlan" family had just this past Friday afternoon stopped at the bank, and had applied for a rather large secured personal note to expand their acreage and livestock.

"Then they conveniently showed up at my wife's Church all lined up shiny clean in the pew, from the tallest to the smallest." is what Thomas actually said.

They were all sharing a good laugh. Together, each of them added different clauses which could be written into the official loan papers: Regular Church attendance, with the express thought on honesty, Ethics & Morals, Faith, and not acting deplorable.

The Hudson's had not visited in a long time, and since Christina knew the ham was ready, she had invited them over for dinner.

The Pastor had finally reached the point that she felt, maybe, just maybe, she had been a little bit too hard on Riley over the years. Reverend Rachel had been so shocked and disappointed with Riley on his wedding day, what felt like so many years ago now. The ladies Church club had actually started planning just what lady they would have to fix Riley up with and if they were lucky

they might just get him hitched. Of course, Riley's perceived, sudden and sinful, indulgence had been a complete mockery of those well made plans !

When Riley had ruined all of their fun by not being able to contain himself, a small smile crossed the Pastor's mind. Christina was so beautiful and sophisticated, and perhaps her drinking that one night was Riley's best stroke of luck in his entire life! Pastor Rachel actually thought about how GOD works in mysterious ways. The funny thing is that the Pastor was right on target with that thought, at least, the sentiment of it. The true facts of the situation of GOD arranging Christina and Riley's marriage the Reverend could just not know.

Now, here is the scene you want to picture! Paint was splattered all over the house, and a wet painted little white ghost in his skivvies was rushing up into the approaching buggy. You know how little boys are at that age. They are part monkey and they can get up onto anything before you can stop them.

Bentley jumped up in the front with Mr. & Mrs. Hudson. He climbed over Thomas getting fresh white paint all over his impressive Sunday best black suit. He then squeezed between Thomas and the Pastor getting on his knees facing his mother in the back. Bentley then yelled toward his mother, Christina, at the top of his lungs. "Mom, Mom! Denise hurt Brian. She kicked him in the sprinkler!"

Five young girls rushed up to the buggy on the left side, each covered with some paint, but most especially noticeable is Denise, with her face practically half painted white. They all began to yell out confusing things about Brian starting a paint fight, and how they had finished the fight and the boys.

Brian was laying about twenty feet behind them. He was curled up in the fetal position with his hands between his legs.

At the sound of his sisters, Bentley climbed over the Pastor on the other side of the buggy, covering her nice dark Navy blue dress also with white paint. You see, he is a good boy, he likes to share. He jumped off the buggy's right side. All the girls pointed at Brian who was rolling around on the ground and still holding himself in an unseemly manor.

Christina gasped in horror.

The Pastor, being the kind perceptive person that she was, just patted her on the arm, but she also had a big grin though. Thomas, however, busted out laughing and could not help himself.

Christina gave Denise the "look" and asked very seriously, "Where is your father?" "I don't know" she honestly replied. "Obviously!" Thomas said, while he started to laugh so hard that his sides hurt. The Pastor politely apologized for her husband to Christina.

Just then, as his luck would have it, Riley then decided to start up the hill toward the house from out of the barn. He spotted the Reverend and Thomas inside the buggy. Before he noticed the children or his wife sitting behind the Hudson's, before he saw the, "Don't you do it" expression on her face. He yelled out, "Good to see you. What brings you two all the way out here today?"

Dead seriously, Thomas answered him. "Your funeral" and then he began to laugh again. Just about that time, Riley noticed the children and their condition, fear then swept through his body.

Christina broke the silence. "That's right Irishman, any last requests for your wake?"

"Looks like this is what you get for working on the Sabbath Mr. Riley" Pastor Rachel added with great delight, and with that; she had busted him yet once again.

Supper was delayed while seven young folk cleaned paint off of themselves. They all do enjoy a good time and a very good laugh at supper. At this point, what else could anyone say?

To help teach the children a lesson, Riley suggested that the children pay for the Pastor and Thomas's clothing with their hay money. The Pastor started to refuse when Riley quietly begged her, "please, it will distract Christina." The Pastor smiled and gave him a little break, but all the while knowing that "it won't work."

Riley would not break Christina's attention to the situation and get off the hook that easily. Getting the Hudson's new clothes will not keep his wife so busy that she will forget to give him the proper punishment. All had a very good memorable time on this day, that is, all except for Brian, who did not seem to be enjoying himself, for he did not eat very much. He also kept shifting around in his chair like he had ants in his pants!

Oh, by the way, this was the moment; you know, the "Big one" with the kids, what you would call a "water shed." From that day on the girls ruled, with Denise almost being the number two authority in their home. I think they all just pretended that "Dad" was a disciplinarian. Riley did, however, have a nice talk with Denise that evening on the porch swing. "I am proud of you" Riley told her. Denise was a little surprised, because she had expected a lecture when Dad sat down beside her. She did notice that he had looked around to see where her mother was before he

told her those words. "He deserved it, because it had been coming a very long time" Dad added. He did ask her, though, from this point forward, to bury the hatchet and let bygones be bygones.

Make a clean break with all cutting, backbiting, profane talk. Be gentle with one another, sensitive. Forgive one another as quickly and thoroughly as God in Christ forgave you.
Ephesians 4:31-32 (MSG)

As the boys were coming up out of the barn they walked extra slow to accidentally overhear the fine lecture that their father was giving to her. They were stunned when Riley said to Denise; "I love you" and then, he even held her in his arms, giving her a big old hug. Riley's back faced the boys and Denise's face appeared to them just above his shoulder. She looked right at her two brothers and then stuck her tongue out at them. Her heart soared when the boys went into the kitchen and she heard her mother's voice. "You two, get in here. I want to talk to you!" Even Dad said, "Someone is in trouble!" overhearing his wife's tone with the boys.

"Sit down!" Christina demanded while pointing at the long table Riley and Angel had made a few years ago just before the birth of the eldest set of twins. The boys instinctively chose the two end chairs on the opposite end of the long table, which was directly across from Mom and Dad's chairs.

Christina remembered being touched when Riley explained why he wanted this table to be so wide. It was made specifically so that his wife would be beside him, and not be seated at the other end of the table. Of course, now the boys went to that opposite far end trying to put as much distance between themselves and mom as possible. Then it started. "I have never been more humiliated in my entire life", Christina began. Brian knew

immediately this was going to be a good one. When he thought about it, his mom was someone who was almost two thousand years old, (give or take a century or two), and she was making such a powerful statement. He realized that she had also likely been through every conceivable situation and position of life in this world. Christina had been as high up as a Queen, but had also been as low as a pauper and a slave. But, now, she was the one saying that she had been given the most humiliating experience of all her lives combined. From this realization, Brian just knew it was going to be a very long, grinding, and painful lecture to endure.

The thought that he and Bentley might actually deserve this lecture only dawned on Brian as his mother continued to remind him of how he had disrespected both his father and mother, the servant family, as well what they had done to their own selves, but most importantly, they had forgot about GOD. This was in addition to the way he had treated girls, especially girls in his own family in the crass manner that he had done. He had been reminded of his duties and obligations as a member of the servant family.

Christina then informed the boys that they were lucky that it is she who is correcting them. Their poor father was a good and simple country man, and he only knew one way to discipline, which was a quick trip to the wood shed. For some unknown reason, during a moment of temporary insanity, she had fortunately convinced their father to stay out of it and to let her handle the situation. In actuality, Christina had informed Riley to keep his two cents to himself while she cleaned up his mess. Riley was only too happy to oblige, knowing the depth of trouble that he was in.

Brian and Bentley actually began to feel remorse when Christina's fury subsided and her true emotions began to emerge.

Both sons now realized just how much they had hurt and disappointed their Mother with the treatment of their sisters when Mom appeared to be shaky and they would swear that she was misty-eyed. Christina started to say that, "No sons of mine shall act in that ...", when her words trailed off and she turned her back away and wiped the tears from her face. That was it! Brian now felt like a complete and total heel. Was Mother just disappointed in them or had this disobedience reminded her of their much older half brother Simon/Kane? That very thought sent a shiver down Brian's spine. Could it be that Bentley or he would cause that similar pain to their mother that she had informed them about quite sorrowfully on so many occasions?

Christina had taught all of the children to Pray for Simon, because he had given up and became Kane, but the simple truth was that Brian was truly struggling within himself not to hate the man for what he had done to his wonderful mother. Above all else, Brian and all of the children did love and honor their parents Riley and Christina. Even though pride was forbidden, he had pride deep inside him to know that his line was to be eternally of service to Christ.

Bentley was just plain balling at this point, he blubbered away, saying how sorry he was and all. He said, "I'll never do it again, and please forgive me mother", and it just kept spilling out of him repeatedly. Brian did put his arm around his little admirer and that helped to settle him somewhat. He calmed down as he rested his head upon big brothers shoulder.

Christina then turned back, now composed, as she faced her boys. "It is not me you need to apologize to, but to your sisters, especially Denise. You deliberately set out to embarrass and dishonor her in front of the other girls. You will have the night to think and pray about this matter. Then, in the morning, around this table at breakfast, you will apologize to Denise, and to the girls as a group, and also to me and your father, and most

importantly to GOD.”

“Yes Mamm” both boys said. Christina noticed that Brian had swallowed hard while saying that. Then, she reminded them both of all the things parents teach boys about behavior and being responsible in this life. In the end, this world was only temporary even for them, and that nothing else mattered but to live in Faith. She also said how import it was for them to treat everyone around themselves in the way that Christ instructed. They were to always be a lantern that was shining out JESUS’ Love in this dark world so that others may see the true “WAY” of CHRIST our Savior, to redemption and eternal life. Christina reminded the boys that all they had to do was be willing to be of used by GOD, and that HIS Light and HIS Love, which were found in CHRIST JESUS would shine through, to guide lost souls in the darkness to the path of righteousness. They would just need to stand strong and let the light shine through them.

Christina also reminded the boys that no one can save another or even themselves, no matter how good, rich, prosperous, or even how well loved and respected that they may be in life. Their real job and purpose in this world would be to remind others that only JESUS can Save. They would need to listen to the HOLY SPIRIT, that little voice inside, telling them right from wrong, to trust and follow it at all times. As members of the “servant family” and as Christians who were part of the body of CHRIST, they were expected to live to a higher standard. Christina reminded them to always be a good example, no matter how hard it would become, that others would always be watching for them to slip, especially when times would get tough and life becomes unfair. That would be the time when they needed to shine the most. When life would be at it’s darkest, everyone could see, during the daytime, when all seems to be right in the world. However, when it is actual night, as when the hard times were approaching and the sufferings from people’s sins settle into life

like the disease that it is, actually causing the darkness. They then, as members of the servant family, would have to be able to stand and weather the storms and the trials of life while bearing witness to GOD'S Love until everyone realized that they too need the Holy Love of GOD found only through CHRIST JESUS. They, as in her descendants, as GOD'S children, would need to be rocks of faith, like the Apostle Peter, having sturdy foundations in Christ, which others could build their own Faith and lives upon, by their example.

Christina also reminded her sons that everyone is equal in GOD'S eyes, that all are created in HIS Glorious image, and that everyone should be treated with respect. When Christians do not treat all people in this manner, they are disrespecting GOD Himself. When believers do not respect others, those who are different from them, those with different beliefs, who perhaps have different morals, and maybe just plain different in many ways, then how can GOD respect them if they do not respect others that HE has created? With that thought in mind, Christina quoted the following Scripture:

*There is neither Jew nor Gentile, neither slave nor free, nor is there male and female, for you are all one in Christ Jesus.
Galatians 3:28 (NIV)*

Do not rebuke an older man, but exhort him as a father, younger men as brothers, ² older women as mothers, younger women as sisters, with all purity. 1st Timothy 5:1-2 (NKJV)

Riley had so far been successful at avoiding Christina, but he knew that his turn was coming. He also had a very similar conversation with both Brian and Bentley later that afternoon. With Riley they got a very strong helping of "you do not hit girls" and that they; the two brothers, would be responsible for looking out for the five girls forever once he was gone.

He reminded them that the girls would need them, whether they realized it or not.

Dad then asked Brian, "Have you learned anything after all this?" Riley was preparing words in his heart about respecting others and not looking for trouble. When, Brian replied with a very simple truth that could not be denied. "Yes I did" Brian replied. "I learned never to turn my back on a woman who is furious with me. They don't fight fair." Both Dad and son had a good laugh.

Riley was then thinking back to that slap Christina had given him after he got lippy with her on their wedding day. He had so foolishly taken his attention off of her for just a second and then she slapped him silly.

Riley had realized several years later that he could have just simply ducked. "Well, that is not exactly what I was talking about" Riley said to Brian, "but that is true!" Riley had later thrown himself upon the mercy of Christina's court, pleading guilty to his crimes, realizing that he could no longer hide from her, because night had fallen and he had to sleep sometime. Christina had asked Riley if he remembered the slap that she had given to him on their first day together. "How could I forget" he had said. "That one was undeserved, but after today, we're even" she dryly said, and then she walked away. Not another word had been said. Lastly, I fondly recall all of them as a family Praying together so very hard that next morning at breakfast and how that Lord willing; it had so lovingly touched them all.

For a few years after that, as Denise became more assertive around the house, the boys secretly referred to her as "paint face", but of course, it was always behind her back. In truth, neither of the two boys ever had the courage to call her that to her face ever again. Also, they each figured that neither Mom nor Dad would allow that family feud to ever start back up.

CHAPTER 13

Elizabeth & Edward

Now for the final detail of what Kane calls home, Perth Scotland, and how GOD took it all away from him. This also happened at the hand of another woman, who with GOD's help, had bested him. Her name was Elizabeth, and she came into Kane's life almost one hundred years after Christine and Peter had. It was around the year 1730, give or take a year or two. Everything was still like it had been. It was the same business establishment, with its usual old vice's, except this time the new woman in charge was not sent by GOD as an effort at Simon's redemption to encourage him to give up being Kane. This time, Kane's evil plotting of preying on the down and out simply fell on one that he was forbidden to harm.

By this time Kane's legend of being the "Boogie man" was practically a tourist attraction. And, those in Perth took full advantage of Simon/Kane's growing legend as being the actual boogiemán. Shop and inn keepers never once dared to approach Kane about his infamous legend. They simply encouraged the tourism to their swanky new gambling establishments in town by promoting a look at the past by actually running buggy loads of sight seers out to see the famous, Kane the Insane. Most of the people always thought the quarter penny fair was way too steep to see that brooding circus figure actually portraying the true Boogiemán.

What a refuse that place was; that ancient depressing pile of rubbish Kane lived in! "Surely the good townsfolk of Perth could afford a better spectacle than this" the people would often say. Even in their disappointment, there were those who still wondered, "Surely this must be a run away circus performer portraying the legendary Kane." That was the case until they really caught his gaze, and then, they were able to get a keen look at him beyond their logical assumptions of his identity. Their smiles quickly faded and the chill of death rolled up and down their spines. Something about that giant prehistoric creation gave everyone the creeping willies! This giant seemed to them to be an astonishing actor, who they thought belonged in London, amongst the stars of stage, and not saddled here in the sticks as a mere tourist trap.

No one ever had the sass to actually speak about it to the actor playing the part of the Boogiemán once they got a full look at him beyond the quick glance of a passing fancy. Self preservation always emerged from within them, even when nominal intelligence did not. This is what time and complacency had also done to Simon/Kane. He was often unknowingly used by the good townsfolk of Perth. They actually covered for him from time to time. You know what I mean, it was for the fool that turned up dead, who was broken to bits, and who was actually dumb enough to stay out there, and then at some point, antagonize that "bad man".

Actual modern disappearances and unsolved murders were bad for business. The locals just buried the bodies in unmarked graves and let the rumors fly. There could not be a murder without a body right? Some poor widow would show up now and then demanded justice, while the court simply went through its routine of producing a local witness who would swear upon their very life that the dead man in question had run off with a local working girl. In fact, one of the barkeeps would then

demand restitution of payment from the deceased family for the lost services of the woman with whom this poor woman's husband had run astray. That usually did it. Some kind soul would then very conveniently offer a means of escape to any family of the dead man, which was done under the false pretense of doing them a big favor.

Yes, indeed the good townsfolk were all in cahoots about Kane the Insane just to line their own pockets. If the bad man got hold of some unfortunate bloke from time to time, then that was the cost they felt of them taking advantage of the devil and making a profit. Besides, it was almost always a far away tourist, without the knowledge of Kane really being the true Boogiemán, who was foolish enough to get in his way.

That is the history that had transpired and the legend that festered and molded into reality in the last one hundred years since we last checked in on Simon/Kane. This was the very same young man who screamed to his mother Chritina that by his birthright, born as an immortal King, he would be richer than Solomon every dared to be. Apart from GOD, this very thing was to become his fate, a curiosity object, which would, at one point, be used by the very people his Mother and Father had ruled as Royalty many generations before. Make no mistake, for all knew quite well that he was as dangerous as a rattlesnake, but the people have him shunned, shamed, and caged. Only those foolish enough to dance with that devil snake would get bit during those days.

Every time Simon would gaze into the mirror he would see the reflection of Kane the Insane, and so he knew deep inside that he had only his own self to blame for his life.

Now, with the catching up of his complete history, we can advance in our story about the woman Kane was forbidden by GOD to harm.

Elizabeth was a young widow, standing about five foot four, with short dark hair and bright brown eyes. Her husband had expired just this past spring of fever, and so, she did her very best to keep the farm afloat, but she could not, as she, all alone, had to care for her two children at the same time. With a girl seven and a boy five, as well as a full farm with crops and livestock, it was just too much. Elizabeth did not have the money to hire on any help as they always had in the past before her husband's death. Now, they just had to do everything for themselves.

Elizabeth was also very angry at those so called friends of hers, who were all charter members of the guild of the co-op of farm owners. They had called her husband their friend, and then they took advantage of her situation after his passing. Together, they all had each offered her way less than what her property was worth. In the end, she deliberately sold the property to a young couple not associated with any of them. The young couple had offered her almost just as much for her place. They simply did not have enough money, and so, they honestly offered all they had, never expecting Elizabeth to accept their offer. The young couple even offered in writing, to Elizabeth, a share of the first season of crops, whatever they may be, and whenever they came in, so as to somewhat help balance out the deal.

That couple were good honest Christian people. Elizabeth declined the crop offer. After all, a deal was a deal, even if it was a bad one for her family and for her own self. Additionally, she knew that with the co-op corruption, these young folks would have a tough row to hoe for themselves for a few years. So, she Prayed hard every day for the Lord to give her strength and to lead her where she and the children could be safe.

Elizabeth moved the children to Perth in order for her to find work. She was hoping and thinking that the kids would be able to attend school while she was at work. That was the plan

anyway, one that Elizabeth was sure that GOD had put upon her heart as she Prayed for HIS guidance as to what she should do now.

Elizabeth did not have enough money to outright purchase a home in town, which she would have easily done if she had been treated fairly from those who had known them before in her "other life" as she thinks back about it now, and had she been paid what was deserved for her dreams and land that an untimely death had stolen from them.

The largest inn in Perth gave her the best rate, and it was a fine double room on the top floor in the back corner all by itself. Most of the time, no one else was even on this floor. These rooms were rented as the inn filled up. No one liked climbing all of those stairs with luggage, if they did not have to. The owner was a nice man; his name was Edward, having a medium build of a typical Scotsman. He too was suffering, also being a fairly recent widower himself. He was running this business he had inherited from his dead wife, which had been in her family for generations. But now, with all of them gone, as her surviving husband, and with their ten year old daughter, it was theirs now. He was a ledger keeper or accountant by professional trade title. Edward had worked at the bank, and his wife had run the family business, but now he was in quite over his head. Edward was not dumb, he was just inexperienced, and the washing alone took most of his days. His daughter was just not old enough yet to be of any real help.

Feeling overwhelmed one day, he made Elizabeth an offer. Edward had noticed her daily effort to search for work, and so, he just took a shot. He had been Praying for the Lord to give him help and to show him what to do. Consequently, Edward offered Elizabeth free room and board for her and her children, along with a small modest salary if she would take on the chamber

duty. He would even help her with the work as best as he could. It was actually a little more money than he could comfortably afford at the time, but something in his heart compelled him to do so, regardless.

Elizabeth beaten by life and bitter about it, was filled with pride and had declined his offer, because she would not become indebted to any man. In her pain, she had failed to notice that he was also in as much pain as she, for Edward was being completely honest in the offer he had made, with no selfish reason or hidden agenda. He just simply needed her help.

The next morning Elizabeth had kept the kids home from school. She realized that she was down to her last little bit of money, as she sat outside on the inn steps with her luggage and her kids beside her.

After Elizabeth had dismissed her answer from GOD as charity, the devil showed up at her feet. He looked like the devil himself, for he was a giant and she noticed everyone walked way around him and they all avoided making eye contact with him. The young boy whispered into his mothers ear, "don't talk to him Ma, he's the boogieman." Elizabeth's children had already heard all about the "Boogieman" at the school. Kane had a nose for drifters and those down on their luck. Those are the kind of people who he could and would always take full advantage of. He really was the boogieman, and by his words, he made no qualms about it. Elizabeth had revulsion in her stomach at his words, but at least they were direct and seemed to be truthful to her. A pleasant change for once Elizabeth thought to herself. They were not dishonest words, like the ones that she had heard from her phony false friends at the co-op when they had betrayed her mans memory by revealing just who they sadly really were.

"Be with me, work for me, and your children shall be sheltered and fed by your own hand." That's it! That is all Kane had said to her. Elizabeth mistakenly took that as the sign from GOD. The devil always knows just where our weak spots are, as Simon/Kane preyed upon Elizabeth's motherly needs.

Funny thing isn't it, how a person can overlook the obvious Mercy of GOD, to go in a direction of their own choosing? Is it simply because they are too stubborn to give up complete control of their own lives? It always seems to happen when they are not thinking straight? Everyone will have to ask JESUS that question some day to get the full answer, because people are quite incapable of answering it for their own selves.

Elizabeth was "with" Kane at the same saloon where Christine had managed so many years before. As a matter of fact, the kids stayed out in the same cottage behind the saloon. Kane allowed her to come and go as she pleased to care for them just as he had promised. She did not like the way Kane looked at her children. Something about him really gave her the creeps, not just his size and dark brooding nature, something just was not right. Elizabeth could not quite put her finger on it, because she would, In her case about twenty four hours too late. She began to Pray harder, especially when Kane really began to increase her work load, and also when she finally understood just what kind of a place this really was. He had not yet hit her, but she knew for sure that she had better never refuse him. Fortunately she was not to be there very long, for GOD also, the same as Simon/Kane, had HIS eye on Elizabeth and her children.

Elizabeth's place was to be back in town. She felt it in her Prayers, **"Why have you refused me? Now you are all in danger!"** This was so, because of those thoughts GOD had clearly placed within her heart. It was not even a week, and she was already planning their escape. In less than two weeks GOD

took care of that for her. After one particularly tiring day and evening, you see, when you work for Kane, you are it, all that there is. Daylight to dark, open to close, and you better get it right or you will receive a good beating for your efforts.

Late that night, after work, Elizabeth went to see and tuck in her children. The little boy's face was very swollen, his left eye was nearly swelled shut, and his lower lip had been split. "What happened?" she asked him. "It was him, the boogiemán" the little boy replied. "He comes over here and sees us while you are at work" the little boy told his mother. "He acts like he knows us, and he wants to play with us." his sister added from across the bed.

A chill ran down Elizabeth's spine. "Why did he hit you?" she said, barely keeping the anger out of her voice. "I asked Him" the boy said. "You asked him what dear?" his mother replied. "I asked him if he was the boogiemán, just as the other kids in town said that he was." "Then he hit me," the boy said "and then he just left" his older sister added to the conversation.

Elizabeth was immediately sure in her heart that it was time for them to leave. But how could she? If she went back to town, then Kane, the "boogiemán" was sure to follow. "O Lord, what have I done?" Elizabeth said aloud. She calmed herself and knelt down right there beside her battered son and Prayed. She had been furious at GOD since HE had taken her man, but this time was different, when she Prayed she was furious at Kane. She was also very remorseful; Elizabeth felt it was her fault that the boy had been hurt. She honestly Prayed for GOD'S guidance, and HIS forgiveness, but mostly she Prayed for her children. She promised to do whatever HE said, and whatever HE willed for her, for the sake of her children. "Please, Dear Lord, send your Angels to protect us" she also Prayed. It surprised Elizabeth when GOD answered in an audible voice inside her head.

It surprised her even more what HE told her to do. It would be done; it had to be, for her and her children.

Just to be courteous, I will not get too graphic and tell you now what Elizabeth used on Kane as he slept. She was furious with him, and GOD had put on her heart that it was to be Kane or be she who would live. GOD had even told her what to do in order to make him go away, that yes, the rumors of his legend were true, that she could not really kill him. When she delivered the blow, she really let him have it, in anger, in fear, and in trust of GOD. Elizabeth unleashed upon him all of her fear, her fear for her children, and as well, she left all of the wrongs done to her since her husband's death. She also released upon Kane every morsel of anger over her husband's death. Elizabeth literally cleaned house, both the inside and outside of her heart. Then, she would give her empty heart to GOD, and give it in complete obedience to HIM.

After the deed was accomplished, GOD told her not to run, HE told her what to do, but she had to hurry. She burnt the place down with Kane still dead, lying in the place where he had slept. Elizabeth thought, as she stood with her two kids held in her arms in front of that flaming business that he better get used to that. If anyone deserved to go to hell, surely, it was he.

Kane regenerated and awoke and yes, you can guess what he was thinking. He thought that he was in hell, trapped inside it's fiery flames. It was only a brief glimpse of the moon and the stars that told him the truth of the matter. He then knew it was "she, that new woman, oh, what's her name again? Oh yes, it was Elizabeth. She got me, and she got me good."

Kane felt the flames lick his skin and it hurt so badly. He climbed up out of the flames, rolling onto the ground on his back. His face, arms, hands, and all of his exposed skin were charred

black and would scar very heavily. Or, in this case, should we say that he was heavenly scarred? You see, his mere presence would now scare off many of whom he would tempt with his offers from this day forward, that is, until Kane's next death and subsequent regeneration.

"Do not move my daughter" said the calm loving voice in Elizabeth's heart. **"Do not fear, stare the animal in his eye"** said the reassuring voice of GOD in her mind. Across the open flames Kane saw her as he stood, and he observed her gaze through the flames, which frightened him. It was not that alone that upset him. The one hundred Angels, every one of them, at least ten feet tall, directly behind her, all with drawn sword, was what frightened him even more. Elizabeth had Prayed for Angelic protection, and she nor her children did not even realize that they were there, but Kane did. Of course, we know that all members of the "servant family" could see the Angels. Like a wounded animal, which has been severely hurt by one whom they considered inferior, Kane ran from her, and he kept on running. She or the children never saw him again. "Your right dear" Elizabeth said out loud to her son, he really was the boogie man."

Before we go much further, I'd like to share another interesting fact. Kane carried the scars of Elizabeth's flaming anger for almost another one hundred years. He was so repulsive to all of whom he met, that his efforts were greatly hindered by his appearance. Irony is just that, ironic. It will be yet again another woman who also dispatches Kane to his death as he sleeps. His future death would cause him to regenerate and of course to lose all of that scarring. However he will never be as bold again at trapping people within their woeful bad luck, for the flaming scar upon his heart that is burned upon his memory never again would leave his persona, at least in his own eyes. GOD is indeed very Wise. The next lady who would "get" him in the future did not

stick around. However when Kane regenerated, he did not pursue her. He considered it almost as a favor what she had done to him. Since his dreadful scarring was gone, he left her alone for in his warped mind, it was almost a fair trade. Kane would never catch on, because it was GOD who always kept distracting his feelings of hate and his loathsome thoughts of vengeance.

The next morning after Elizabeth burnt Kane's bar to the ground, she returned to Perth. She took the kids to school, dropped them off, and told them where to come, which was to the inn, after school had been dismissed. She then marched right up to Edward, who was working on the ledger, and told him that she had finally taken some time to think it over, and now she wanted to know if his offer was still on the table. Edward smiled, "Well, yes ma'am, it is." Elizabeth actually had asked him as, "Mr. Edward," if the job offer was still on the table. She called him Mr. Edward, because she did not even know his last name. "I would like to graciously accept" Elizabeth then added. It was indeed an answer to Prayer" Edward thought to himself. "Thank you, dear Lord. I could not have made it another week" Edward Prayed silently within himself. "Ma'am, I really do need the help. I thank you" Edward then said.

Out of decency Elizabeth waited a full year before she married Edward. It was a very long year for her, a year of longing within her heart for Edward. He asked her to marry him the first time, which was at six months. He had made his mind up at four months, but he did not want to scare her off. At six months, he was pretty sure that even if she said no, she would at least still keep the job. Elizabeth told him the truth that it was just too soon, not that she had anything against him. Edward tried again very quietly one evening over dinner at eight months. He was growing on her, in fact she knew it was just a matter of time, for Elizabeth knew that it was GOD'S Will for them to be married. She knew it the first day that she had asked Edward for the job.

However, she had to make him suffer first a little, so that Edward would really want her, right? Besides, it had become almost a game at this point, because she liked being needed and desired.

The second time he proposed to her was at dinner, and she was careful and worded her response this way. "Just a little more time, OK?" Now, she had him! Then, at ten months, as they were working together in the laundry, Edward said it again. "You should marry me, and then I would be working for you, instead of you for me!" She just laughed, for Elizabeth knew his finances and everything else by this point. Trust me, Edward already was working for her, but he, just like all men, did not know it yet. Then at breakfast when the one-year mark had arrived, Elizabeth again simply asked him, "is that other offer still on the table?" Edward looked up at her with puzzlement for just a second, and then his whole face lit up. "Yes, are you finally saying yes?" Edward asked her very quietly. "Yes" Elizabeth said.

The couple was very happy the rest of their days together, and besides their own three children, they also had another son of their own together. He came as a surprise to them ten years later after the other children were older and pretty much on their own, but it was no surprise to GOD. GOD is so good! Edward melted her heart when he insisted that the boy be named after her first husband. At first, Elizabeth declined. "I have you, what else do I need? I know the boy is mine" Edward insisted. "I want him to have that name for unity, for the other children as well, so they will understand and appreciate it." And, they did, they all Loved the idea. They were all very thankful that GOD had brought them all together as a family.

With their other three children combined, all much older now, and of great help, Elizabeth and Edward got to spend a lot of time together as a family with the young child. Perth had gotten much

bigger, and the inn had never been so busy. It was always full. GOD had smiled down upon them all.

We will now leave them alone as a fond memory. Kane is finally out of their picture and we should also quietly make our exit. Just like in a fairy tale, these folks really all do live happily ever after, because they are all Saved.

I must ask you an important question. Do you want to live forever in Peace yourself, and know what the Love of GOD means?

Then start here:

16 For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

17 For God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through him might be saved.

18 He that believeth on him is not condemned: but he that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God.

John 3:16-18 (KJV)

Belief in JESUS my friend
Is the start and the end
For HE is the Alpha
And the Omega

If God is for us, who can be against us?
Romans 8:31B (NIV)

CHAPTER 14

1877
(Paris, France)



Now please give me a moment or two so that I may recall an exact date of when the main part of these events happened, because sometimes things just occur and you remember them in a general way. You only roughly remember what time and place something happened, but the exact moment, you are not clear at all.

Yes let's see, it was almost exactly one year prior to Christina's marriage to Riley, so that would actually make it the year 1877, in Paris France. That was when the unfortunate encounter with Simon/Kane occurred, and which was the reason why Christina fled to the new world, and she was given a life by GOD with Riley O'Connell.

Now, as to the details of what is bringing this conversation up, it is simply the next stop along our way in what was Christina's journey as a member of the Servant Family. We have to begin somewhere, so let us start exactly where Christina herself answered Riley's question one day, which was about how she actually ended up out in the American frontier, and then ultimately into his life.

It was about fifteen years into Christina and Riley's marriage; in the year 1893, and most of the children were now entering their mid to early teens. On this day, just after a Church picnic, it was

a bright, sunny, Sunday afternoon. For some odd reason, about half way home that day, Riley asked Christina if it was OK that the kids would take the wagon, and they would go on home ahead of them. Riley wanted her to walk the rest of the way with him. Christina sensed that Riley must have something on his mind, which he did not want to discuss in front of the children, and so, she said yes.

The wagon was soon out of the children's hearing range. Christina and Riley walked along hand in hand upon the dusty trail. Christina then turned to him and asked, "What's on your mind dear?" Christina was a little surprised by this turn of events. She was normally very good at knowing when the wheels were turning in Riley's mind.

"Nothing bad, don't worry! I was just not sure if this was a topic you wished to discuss in front of the children" he responded.

Christina felt a little better about herself; at least she had guessed that much correctly. "What would you like to know?" she asked. They had a routine by now, Riley always waited for that response from her, to be sure that she was ready and wanted to discuss anything about any of her former lives with him. It was just being respectful of her on his part.

"What brought you here to me?" Riley asked Christina next. Then, he added, "I know GOD'S Will, that is, with Angel providing the means and all, but what were the circumstances that led you so far from anything that you had ever done before?"

"The same circumstances that has always pushed me, and also beyond things that I would never have chosen to do for myself." she responded.

Riley wanted to get this one right, finally beginning to know and truly understand just how his Loving wife did think; for she had just challenged him to figure out her words.

"It's clearly not GOD, because you always obey GOD without question. It must be something unforeseen, something bad, possibly Simon. Is it Simon/Kane? Riley inquisitively responded.

"Yes" she said. She was actually pleased a little on the inside that Riley had truly developed a great sense of understanding her. "I was working as a nurse" Christina responded to Riley.

Oh sorry! That is my mistake, dear reader. You were listening so intent on hearing Christina's words, and when they faded off into nothing,

I should have warned you that I was going to take you to the events that caused Christina to flee to the new world, the American frontier, into the south west Indian territory's, to be exact. I keep forgetting that time slipping as we Angels call it, is not natural for you humans, and it causes disorientation if you are not prepared adequately for it. So, let's try this again my friend. I am going to place my figurative arm around you. So, please think of yourself as having closed your eyes.

TIME SLIP:

You will feel the world swirl around you as we spin back in time to the year: 1877 Paris, France, December 23rd.

You can now open your eyes. See, that was not so bad! You know, time slipping can be very fun and quite informative, that is, once you begin to understand it. Did you know that we Angels, as we train, we are given assignments which cannot be solved unless we master the craft of time-slipping, to gain the

information that we need, in order to pass our task at hand? This is how we learn, no matter how hard we try to solve the puzzle we are assigned, the puzzle just cannot be solved until we realize that a piece or two of it's mystery is contained further back in time. Usually, this lost in time piece of information is the root cause of a problem that had lasted for many generations of human time. I know it is hard to explain and even harder to grasp, but you get the general consensus of the notion.

Ok, enough about that. I sometimes just get carried away, because the treat of taking someone along with me in my travels is a very rare prize. It is very rare indeed! As you may have surmised, we are in Paris France. What you may not understand is that we are now only one year ahead of the marriage of Christina and Riley in America. Today is the start of the events that will drive Christina forevermore into Riley's life. Yes, this place is a hospital, the one which Christina mentioned to Riley that she was working as a nurse. It was at Mercy Hospital, in the orphan children's ward.

Once again, I want you to imagine opening the door just ahead of you. Our tale will now continue. Christina was feeling the forehead of a young girl named Amanda. She was about nine years of age, in a small wooden bed, and it was uncomfortably cold in the room. Christina had opened the windows to let in the cold Parisian winter air. This poor young one had been nearly lost due to the inept medical practices of the day. Amanda had a simple case of mild food poisoning and the two resident doctors had each tried to out do themselves in a very unprofessional jealousy of each other by using this young patient as their battleground. Since this sweet little girl was an admission from the local orphanage, it only meant that no parent was there keeping a bedside vigil beside her, to complain about just how out of hand these two warring doctors had become over her.

One doctor had been blood letting her for four days, while the other had been giving her concoctions that a witch doctor would have hesitated about giving to a child. In the end poor Amanda was nearly anemic, but worse than that was the fever caused by the vile medicines containing among other things bat droppings.

GOD had led Christina to the girl in her various rounds that she made around the city's hospitals as a traveling nurse just in the nick of time. Christina immediately outwitted the two Doctors, as she informed each of them one at a time in private, that the supervisor of medical practices had assigned the young girl's case full time to their rival counterpart. Christina knew that these two men would, in jealousy, avoid each other so they would not have to speak, without ever knowing that neither of them was actually treating the girl.

The cold air helped break the fever, and the old Scottish remedy of sassafras root boiled like tea, was for the child's weak stomach. Along with those remedies came a good amount of liquids to counteract her blood loss, which was primarily tea with a little laudanum, as well as some Love including a lot of Prayer. Finally, this young one had turned the corner.

13 Are any of you suffering hardships? You should pray. Are any of you happy? You should sing praises.

14 Are any of you sick? You should call for the elders of the church to come and pray over you, anointing you with oil in the name of the Lord. James 5:13-14 (NLT)

Christina had already made arrangements with an older, compassionate orderly, to sneak the child out of there and get her back home to her orphanage over the upcoming Christmas holiday.

OK, now let us step back outside into the hospital hallway to where I want you to close your eyes again, and when you open them, I will make it possible for you to see the events as they transpired. I have been holding them back somewhat from your perceptions, that is, until you have gathered your bearings. I will be standing right beside you, but you will undoubtedly see two of me. There is the present me that is with you right now, standing beside you, and of course there is the past me that was here along with Christina in this time and place. Let us go now.

Look there I am, seated on a chair outside the door awaiting Christina's emergence from the young patient's room. I remember this moment; I was gathering my thoughts on just how to break some dreadful news to Christina. Did you see me as I looked up from my chair and winked at myself, as I stood there beside you, and I nodded my head in return!

The door opened and now, out comes Christina as she takes in a deep breath and stretches, ending with her hands pushing in on the small of her back. She appears to be tired and weary at the end of a long day. I see you have noticed her appearance; Christina was so young and stunningly beautiful. She is, at this time, unmarried of course, and is not aging. She appears to be a few years older now, that is, to us in Riley's time, with her children as family. Of course, remember she can not see us. The Christina, of this time in Paris, can only see me, the Angel of that time.

There I was, sitting in the chair waiting for Christina. She could see right away that something was terribly wrong just by the way I was handling myself. "What's the matter?" Christina simply said.

"Simon" was the only thing I could get out of my lips.

Christina sighed, as if to say "what is it this time?"

"He has a very evil plan in mind."

"So, what else is new?" Christina said, sarcastically.

I could only give her another single worded response, "You". Clearly, this was a tough piece of information, but she needed to know it.

"Me, what, he now wants to reconcile?" Christina replied.

"No," as I replied again in another very short answer.

After having a very long day at the city hospital, and not to mention having to maneuver around two male Doctors, she tired very quickly of having to drag the truth out of me.

"Will you just say it already" Christina demanded.

Now it was my turn to sigh. "There is no easy way to say this."

"That too is normal for Simon" Christina quickly thought to herself.

"So, I am just going to say it, Christina.

Simon intends to kill you."

Before she can demand further information in her swirling mind, I went on to say, "He has a crazy thought".

"Obviously" Christina interrupted now, with her anger beginning to kindle.

"Simon has the crazy notion that if he kills you, that he too, in turn, can also die."

"What?" Christina said, with a million different feelings and thoughts running through her. Suddenly, feeling quite dizzy, she had to sit down beside me as I continued to speak.

"Apparently, Simon feels that if he breaks his direct line back to CHRIST, that it should be possible for, he himself, to die. You, my friend, are his direct line back to JESUS."

"But I just cannot die" Christina quietly said.

"I am sorry, but Simon now believes that if he kills you, and then buries your body into the earth, before you regenerate, that you will remain so in death."

I then lowered my voice in that special way whenever I am trying to convey something very serious to her. "Christina, the Lord Himself told me that there is some truth to all of this."

Christina felt the blood drain from her face and a chill run all the way down her spine, as if someone had just walked over her very own grave.

"The Lord said that any "servant family" member's earthly body will indeed perish, if it is placed into the earth before HIS life giving regeneration takes place. Simon now understands about the severing of the blood line aspect, and he is correct in the method. "Christina, I did not even know this information, it had to have come from a high-ranking fallen".

"Fallen what, as in fallen Angel?" Christina then asked.

"Yes" I replied. Then, I added, "The Lord knows that the fallen is trying to entice Simon into destroying his own blood line, with the promise of death as the reward."

"Starting with me" Christina added.

"Yes, starting with you. You are to be his test, his point of no return. Do you realize what this truly means?" I asked Christina.

"I think so" she said.

"It means that Simon/Kane, in rebellion, and in his own quest for death, can completely unravel your line of the servant family, and thus cause its very demise. You see if he kills you and that allows his death, it also changes every one of your direct blood family line into just plain human beings. They will age and then they will die."

Yes, dear reader, Christina does have a few other children from other places and times that we have not spoken of. It is not a great number of children, because of her flirtation with creating her own destiny in Perth many generations ago had ended in such disaster. However, Christina does have a few offspring, who are all serving faithfully in GOD'S Servant Family. But, that leaves us with more stories for another time.

Christina continued, "If Simon finishes me, he finishes all of my line?"

"Yes, I replied. I then reminded my dear sister that her son Simon was lost inside of Kane the Insane, that is, if Kane would complete his mission.

I then said, "You know that he is just vengeful enough that the thought of ending a large chunk of the servant family along with his own life would greatly appeal to his nature. And also, please realize that a demon is helping him, who is calling out to him. Christina, you are in danger, more so than you have ever been in any of your former lives before." I finished saying.

Christina sat in silence for a few minutes, Praying and remembering.

"There is more" I said as I interrupted her thoughts.

"Oh?" is all she could manage to say, with her mind and heart tangled in a mess of thoughts, memories, and feelings. Her Soul ached, for inside she was crying out for JESUS to forgive her, Remember it was by her own mistake, the sin of pride that had led to the very creation of Kane in the first place.

How many words could anyone say in just that second when they learned that one of their own children was plotting with a demon to kill them? Not many, I am sure. Anyone would be stunned and overwhelmed with a flood of remembrance.

"He's here Christina. Yes, Simon/Kane is in Paris" I softly added. "He is searching, lurking in the shadows, and silently stalking you like a beast."

"He is a beast" Christina said. Then, she added "My son,...." as her words trail off.

"We are to leave immediately" I said, this time with conviction and urgency.

In all of our years working together, Christina had never heard me put such a hurried rush on her for anything. She listened further, "Then let us go." She truly wanted to be away from this place.

Christina was stunned, she knew her son possessed a tortured soul and had a hard time accepting his fate and his calling.

However, she had always believed that with her help and the guidance of GOD, he would someday come around to the correct way of behaving and thinking.

GOD had told me to take Christina to the new world, and then out into its wilderness, that HE would guide our way.

As Christina and I made our way through the crowded, afternoon, Parisian streets, everyone was returning home from work. Both Christina and I were glad for the cover. Fortunately, Christina lived in a small flat on the second floor of a common boarding house, which was only two blocks from this particular hospital. As soon as we entered the building, there was Autumn, the lady desk clerk, who was about sixty five years old. She once worked cleaning the rooms for many a year, who was now semi retired, and who lives in a small room in the basement of this very same building, just as she had for almost the last thirty years now. Autumn was now the clerk part time, a few days a week, just so she can have a few coins.

Autumn called out, "Madam, Madam!" "Yes" Christina answered. In French the word was actually, "We".

"My dear, some gigantic man was here only a short while ago looking for you" she said.

Christina could see that the woman was very uneasy about the memory.

"Madam, he said that he was an old friend and that I should not warn you that he was here. He actually used the word warn Madam", and there was something about the way he said it that just made my skin crawl."

"Did he say any more?" Christina asked.

"No, he only said not to tell you, that he wanted it to be a surprise and that he would return after sunset, after the hospitals wound down for the day".

Christina and I exchanged a knowing glance that Simon/Kane was hot on her trail. He had the knowledge of his mother's good nature and penchant for hospitals.

"That gives us about two hours" Christina thought, "that is, if he is not watching right at this moment.

Christina and I quickly rushed to her room and packed her bags, including her BIBLE and her savings. As we went back down through the lobby, Christina stopped to talk to the clerk again. "Madam" Christina said, as Autumn stood up and returned to the counter again.

Christina handed her a very large shiny gold coin, easily worth a months rent.

"Madam, when he returns please tell him that I have returned to Scotland for holiday, and that I will return in about three months time. Please also tell him that I paid all of my rent up front for that time. That coin is yours. Wait one week to be sure that he is gone, then you may sell all of my belongings, some are quite old and valuable. You may keep the profits. Madam, this is very important."

"Yes" Autumn replied.

"You must then take that money and leave, and never return here again. Consider it your retirement support." Christina lowered her voice at this point, as she must have picked up this habit from me.

"You do not want to be here when he returns in a few months time. Do you understand?"

"Yes, yes I think so" Autumn responded with a hint of fear in her voice.

"Good" "Christina said. "Thank you Madam, you might have just saved my life."

Christina and I started out toward the door when Autumn, the clerk, said, "Thank you Madam, and good luck."

"Your welcome and good luck to you Madam." Christina said back to her.

"Do not worry, that bloke scares me. I will do just as you say." Autumn added.

Later, Autumn did tell Simon/Kane what Christina had told her, almost word for word.

Simon/Kane searched high and low in Scotland especially near Perth and all the nearby hospitals. And, that is that, dear reader. Those are the reasons why GOD led Christina to Riley.

TIME SLIP:

Now, let us return to that more present time, as we pick up right back where we left off. We find Christina and Riley in their conversation on that Sunny Sunday as they walk together toward home. So, imaginatively, hold my hand, and here we go.

Picture them back on that dusty road, walking together toward home, Christina and Riley holding hands.

"We escaped to the new world, to America, to here Riley" she said. "GOD led me to you."

"It is my Blessing" Riley said.

*And we know that all things work together for good to those who love God, to those who are the called according to His purpose.
Romans 8:28 (NKJ)*

Riley decided right then and there that he now had a complete enough picture of Simon /Kane. He would never ask her again about a subject that caused her so much pain.

So, my dear reader, we too shall speak of him no further, that is, unless the need arises.

CHAPTER 15

Retirement



1 To every thing there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven:

2 A time to be born, and a time to die; a time to plant, and a time to pluck up that which is planted;

3 A time to kill, and a time to heal; a time to break down, and a time to build up;

4 A time to weep, and a time to laugh; a time to mourn, and a time to dance;

5 A time to cast away stones, and a time to gather stones together; a time to embrace, and a time to refrain from embracing;

6 A time to get, and a time to lose; a time to keep, and a time to cast away;

7 A time to rend, and a time to sew; a time to keep silence, and a time to speak;

8 A time to love, and a time to hate; a time of war, and a time of peace.

Ecclesiastes 3:1-8 (KJV)

In Riley's early sixty's he began to visibly slow down just a little bit. His blacksmith and farrier business began to decrease even more so. After the Great War, World War One, had ended, it just seemed that time for him was just moving on to much bigger and better things. That was to be considered somewhat normal, and to be expected. However, it was the deep rattling cough he had developed over that same time that highly worried

Christina. All the years of Riley breathing in burning metal were beginning to catch up with him.

Burning sulfur, smoke filled with iron, and then the steam that condensed the steel had slowly but surely over the years filled up his lungs. Many nights from this time forward, for the remainder of their days together, Christina began to lay awake and just listen to Riley labor in his sleep as he would try to breathe. Quite often, that dear woman would simply touch his face and say a small Prayer for the Lord to give them just a few more precious years together. Intuitively, Christina could almost get a taste of the loneliness that awaited her just around the corner. She found comfort in the fact that her husband, Riley, being of strong faith in JESUS, with absolute certainty was well prepared to go to Heaven. Then, one morning at breakfast Christina made her move.

"Riley, you know next week will be very special." It had long ago become second nature for Christina to know exactly how to handle him, things must be his idea or one that they had arrived at together. It was that blasted Irish stubbornness of his, and so, it was a good thing she knew exactly how to make the best of it!

"Yes, it is our fortieth Anniversary," Riley replied. "And, it is hard to believe forty years have actually gone by, my Dear" he added.

You know how it is with life, it fools people's minds while they are in the moment with their family and friends, going through their daily routine, making their selves feel like these kind of moments will never end.

"They have been the happiest forty years of my entire life, Riley. I Love you and I want to show you something." Christina said while taking him by the hand and leading him outside.

Fall was in the air, the trees were golden and a small frost was upon the ground. It's not that it got much colder in these parts, but GOD was just making HIS point clear that summer was gone.

Christina led Riley around to the east side of the house and down into the small storm cellar. It was there that Riley, his father, and his brother Mic, had dug it out by hand so long ago in what seemed to be another lifetime in his mind. Riley remembered that they had to prop that part of the house up with timbers until the sandstone his father had ordered from the quarry over in Big Sky were ready for pick up. His dad had to call in quite a few favors to get enough wagons and manpower to bring those stones home. Keep in mind, there were no railroads in those days.

Funny thing, Riley had just realized that he had not been in this room perhaps a dozen or so times from the day that he and father and brother had finished it so many years ago. His mother and his wife Christina have each used it for storing the items that they canned from the garden. Christina opened the door wide to let in the morning sun as she disappeared inside the room into darkness. Riley followed her and it took a moment or two for his eyes to adjust. Christina, while having the appearance of aging, was clearly now faster and more spry with just about everything. Riley thought to himself, "O," he signed inwardly, "to get old!"

Christina did appear to most people outside their family as maybe being in her early forties with just a touch of grey. But, of course, inwardly, she was her usual late twenty-something self.

As Riley stepped through the door a peculiar whisper escaped from his lips, which was one that surprised Christina and even himself. "I am over here to your left dear" Christina responded in the darkness. You see, Riley had whispered out loud, barely audible, "If I could only see her."

Christina had answered that whisper in the dark, but what Riley was really thinking was this; that his wife now had the appearance of aging, even if it was ever so slight in his eyes. But, the real meaning to his whisper was deep within Riley's soul, for he longed to see the future day in which he would be gone, and Christina would be returned to her natural age again with all her glorious beauty. His heart longed to see that moment, because he loved her so very much. It made him sad that he would not get to see that happen.

Funny, is it not, how in just a twinkling of an eye, complex thoughts race through one's mind. I wonder, did you ever pause and realize just how grand the little details are, which GOD created within every human?

Riley was not surprised one bit by how clean and well organized everything in the pantry seemed to be. "I have bumped my head so often down here that I cannot begin to tell you how many times it happened" Christina said to Riley from his left side. "The first time I hit my head down here I actually slipped and cursed, it had not happened in over a century, and it was in French to make matters worse," Christina admitted to her husband.

"Well, you are taller than any of us were, at nearly six feet, my dear" Riley added.

"Actually, Riley, I am a little bit over six feet, and I always kept that to myself, because I did not want to make you feel too bad!" Christina said. Riley laughed as he said, "You never cease to amaze me." "Hold that thought" she replied, as she crossed in front of him and approached the set of shelves built into the far wall. If you could actually say far, because the whole room was only about six foot wide by about maybe five foot long.

Christina moved about half a dozen or so mason jars from this past summer's harvest of green beans onto an empty shelf. Then, she said, "come here and take a look". Riley peered into the shelf and it took a second or two in the dark room to realize just what he was looking at.

"Are all of those what I think they are?" Riley finally managed to say.

"Yes" Christina replied, with a smile wide enough to light up the entire dark room.

"There must be at least twenty five of them." He was referring to the large old fashioned terra cotta corked whiskey jars that Christina had always kept on the table for their savings. "My dear" she said, there are twenty seven of them to be exact, with number twenty eight in the house over half way full as well."

"I had no idea..." Riley's words trailed off.

"I know that you trusted me fully and I did my best." Christina replied.

"Yes you did. My Lord, we're rich!" Riley then said in astonishment.

Christina did bust loose just a small one of her belly laughs that is reserved for her foolish men. However, this one felt good for another reason, it truly was, because it was for a good reason this time.

"We are not rich Riley, but if we are careful and I continue to teach a day or two at the school, then retirement is now a possibility. Riley, for our fortieth Anniversary, the best gift you can give to me is yourself. I want you here with me; it's time to retire, my Love.

Please give me whatever days we have left together.”

Riley was stunned and a little misty eyed even in the dark cellar, and Christina could see that.

“My business is almost a thing of the past.” he said.

“I know dear”, she added. “Time has moved on, and you think it is strange for you”. I have been carried and rode upon horses for almost two thousand years. Now, machines race back and forth everywhere with a bustle of noise and smell. I know and understand, my dear, that you now only have just the one farrier shop remaining, and most days you only have one or two customers, and with some days none at all.”

Riley paused, searching for words that did not come, when finally, he just said, “Dear I have a few appointments that I would like to finish this week” He then went silent, unable to actually say the words that the shop, which his dad had started over seventy five years before, was finally, with his son’s retirement, coming to an end. He simply wanted to end it the right way, keeping all his appointments to the last moment.

Christina had expected no less of him. “Starting this Monday then, one day before our Anniversary, you belong to me full time” Christina stated as a matter of fact. “I already belong to you. But yes, my dear, Monday will be fine. However, by next Friday you will be so tired of me being around here night and day, getting under your feet, that you will be ready to send me back to work” Riley said.

“Of that I have no doubt,” Christina replied. They both laughed and hugged each other. And that was that. He would retire, and do so with great joy.

When Riley came home that Friday afternoon, he was a few hours early, with the wagon full of tools and a few other

mementos of his life in business. Christina noticed that something else was different as well. He did not smell like smoke and didn't look like he had just come up out of a coal mine.

Riley gave Christina a kiss on the cheek and said, "Now, my anniversary present to you is this, and you must accept it." He handed her an envelope. She peered inside and was astonished to see ten brand new crisp one hundred dollar bills, a thousand dollars in American cash.

"Where did you get this kind of money?" Christina asked in astonishment.

"I sold it, all of it, the shop, the barns, even the rental house which has stood empty for several years; it has been empty since Sheriff Randy had also decided to retire. Yes, I sold it all."

"But ..." Christina hesitated. "To whom did you sell it all?" Christina asked.

"It was sold to the Blackwood Railroad, to the Kelly's, because they want to build a fancy depot and passenger station in town. All of our property is only a stones throw from the track line. They approached me about a week ago and made the offer, and so, I told them to give me a few days to talk it over with you."

"Oh, I get it! It was then that I asked you to retire." Christina said.

"Yes, indeed. I was just getting ready to bring the subject up when you trumped me."

"Perfect timing by GOD as usual." Christina said. Riley just nodded his head.

"Now, as to my non-negotiable Anniversary gift to you..." Riley said to Christina. "You are to save that money for when the time comes for you to move on and start a new life."

"It will be my honor to begin again with what you have given me today" Christina answered. Riley noticed that she too was a little misty eyed.

They embraced, so much more in Love, than they had ever been.

"Oh," he added, "This is strange, but I had to get a special delivery by train all the way from Chicago to give you all that in cash. Mr. Angel would not let me accept a transfer over wire into the bank. When I told the financial man for the railroad that I would only accept cash, he never even batted an eye, he just said all of you old timers like to deal in cash alone. He cabled Chicago and had the money transferred to the Hudson savings and loan bank."

Pastor Rachel and Thomas's son, Jason, was the one who now operated the bank. Pastor was still active, but Thomas had retired a few years back. Thomas was still the chairman of the board of directors at the bank, but only had to help decide the big things once a month or so.

Riley continued, "In fact, Mr. Angel told me to tell you not to put any money in the bank until the coming storm had passed. It seems odd, doesn't it, with the Great War just ending, and then, the whole country was getting back to work."

"Yes, I know dear" Christina said, "but if Angel says so..." Riley just nodded, because they had no need to finish saying the words, after forty years together, communication was at a much higher level.

The two of them had, maybe, give or take, ten wonderful years

together in Riley's retirement. However in the last three years or so of his life, his lung condition had taken a turn for the worse. Conversation, for Riley, became difficult, who at times had to wait to catch his breath. I had given Christina her own "look" a few times, as it was obvious that the time was coming soon. The old saying goes like this, "you cannot teach an old dog a new trick." Well, let me tell you, had those folks ever spent any time with the O Connell's they would learn a new trick or two. Riley, unable to speak a bounty of words, began to very wisely choose what he would say. His new trick was this, he could not get out his usual questions about all the many years and experiences that Christina and I had while working together. However, he could, with a few, well placed right words, get us both to voluntarily tell him of our past experiences. But, what really made his day, was to get us to carry-on about each other.

"What is foolish about Mr. Angel?" "What annoys you about Christina?" These questions were not mean or intended with malice. Riley simply loved hearing us speak, and if the truth be told, we were each quite aware of what he was doing to us at the time. It was just really nice to have a friend who loves us and who really did want to hear our old stories.

We had a lot of fun with this "grin and tell game" of our past lives as we retold them to Riley. Riley was glad to hear them, but he was also glad to ease the sadness that had been creeping into Christina's eyes over his impending demise. He could see it, and he could feel it in her touch. He wanted more than anything for her to remember the Love and good times that they had together, and not just days of despair and heartache. After all, they were both members of the body of CHRIST. Solace could always be found together in that knowledge.

By the time their fiftieth anniversary was upon them, Riley was very weak in his lungs. His mind and the rest of his body were fine, he just could not breathe. It was now time....

One afternoon, on the porch swing, Christina had a quick conversation with Riley. "How many hours had they spent together on this swing?" she wondered.

"Riley, over the last few months, Angel and I have been arranging something special for our fiftieth anniversary."
"What's that?" he said. All of his answers were now direct and very short because he did not have the air to do otherwise. His mind was still sharp, but he just could not carry on a long conversation.

"The children are all coming home!" Christina told Riley with a smile on her face and in her heart. He then smiled a really big smile. It had been far too long, she thought, since he looked this happy.

- 9 What do people really get for all their hard work?
10 I have seen the burden God has placed on us all.
11 Yet God has made everything beautiful for its own time. He has planted eternity in the human heart, but even so, people cannot see the whole scope of God's work from beginning to end.
12 So I concluded there is nothing better than to be happy and enjoy ourselves as long as we can.
13 And people should eat and drink and enjoy the fruits of their labor, for these are gifts from God.
14 And I know that whatever God does is final. Nothing can be added to it or taken from it. God's purpose is that people should fear him.
15 What is happening now has happened before, and what will happen in the future has happened before, because God makes the same things happen over and over again. Ecclesiastes 3:9-15 (NLT)*

CHAPTER 16

Ceremony; A Time of Honor and Praise
(For GOD'S HOLY Name)



It was a beautiful sunny afternoon on the day that Christina and Riley celebrated their fiftieth anniversary together. Fifty years, half a century. Where does the time go?

14 How do you know what your life will be like tomorrow? Your life is like the morning fog—it's here a little while, then it's gone.

15 What you ought to say is,

"If the Lord wants us to, we will live and do this or that."

16 Otherwise you are boasting about your own plans, and all such boasting is evil.

17 Remember, it is sin to know what you ought to do and then not do it. James 4:14-17 (NLT)

Time is relentless once GOD had set it in motion, for nothing can endure against it. Not Empires or Nations, nor People or even the Earth itself, for even it changes in it's own due time. Mountains may rise and Oceans will swell but Time cares not. It just marches on, unconcerned, knowing full well that you will step with it in unison for only a day or two, but in the end, you will not endure. You will fall by the wayside as Time continually marches on. Each person has only a few days in the plan of the Great I AM. So, make proper use of those days, my friend. Get yourself right with GOD. Seek HIM and HIS Righteousness. GOD can be found through HIS Love which is in CHRIST JESUS. Only GOD Himself will some day bring the exhausting

march of time to an end.

All of Christina's and Riley's seven children were home once again, bringing with them once more, the joy of family, now even more than ever, with grandchildren and even a couple of great grandchildren. Both Christina and Riley, with thanksgiving to the Lord, embraced such love and happiness in their home. Christina could never remember a time in all of her varied lives when she had ever been as happy as she was in this moment of time. How she wished it would never end! However, the real truth is this, in the end, these kind of moments will never end in the next life. What a joy it is for anyone to know that!

Funny thing, if you did not know the Servant Family and how it worked, you would be completely lost. You see, most of the children were in GOD approved relationships and were blessed with the appearance of aging in order to function in society, but not all at this moment, as usual. What I mean is that some of the younger siblings, who were at this moment married, had the appearance of aging and looked older than a few of their actual older brothers and sisters.

Including Christina, even though Riley was now near eighty, she only appeared to be about sixty with just a hint of frost on her bangs. Of course, this was for the sake of mere appearance, for inside she was just as strong, agile, quick and graceful as she really was in her natural late twenty something year old self.

As with some of the children, and most of the grandchildren, they were still single and appeared to be young. It was a real mix and match of ages. If you did not know who each person was and who their children were, you would be totally lost. Here is the case in point. They were all in the family room having a great time with each other's company, talking and getting caught up about their lives, when at precisely the right moment, a quiet

knock could be heard at the front door.

It was odd, for almost everyone used the back entrance to the kitchen with its proximity to the lane. It was Christina's niece, Lesli, who was actually the closest to the door. You remember Aunt Lesli, don't you? She had stayed with the O'Connell's for about seven years as a live in nanny while their seven kids were very young.

With Riley's advanced age and with such a large group in the room, Lesli looked around for Aunt Christina. Christina, from across the crowded room, tilted her head toward the door, giving Aunt Lesli permission to see who it was. The door opened inward making it impossible for Christina to see just who Lesli was speaking to at first. "What was that?" she wondered. "Did Lesli just say Pap-pap in French? That could only mean,..." (Just a reminder Lesli is Christina's brother's daughter) Just then, Christina, seeing who the newcomer was for herself, yelled out, "Father!"

In stepped a tall, thin, young, classical looking middle eastern man with chiseled features. I, Angel, entered right behind him, full of smiles. This was my gift for the Anniversary couple. Christina first hugged and kissed the man upon his cheek. Then, she made the proper introduction. It became clear that over the years a few of the children had already met him in their lives, and a few had not, just as GOD had willed at the time to be so.

Christina thanked me for my most pleasant gift. Christina had always wished that Riley would get the opportunity to meet her father. The young ones, being as they were, so very young, wasted no time as they pounced on their Grandfather. They asked him right away, "Is it true? Did you really get to see JESUS? Grandmother said you met JESUS!" they repeated. "Did you actually get to talk to him? What was HE like? I know HE was

nice, but what was it like to meet him?"

The questions about JESUS came fast and furious, Grandpa Nain smiled and then he said, "I had the Blessing to meet our Savior, JESUS, three times in my original life."

Everything in the room came to a stop. He instantly had everyone's undivided complete attention. The mere mention of the name of JESUS can do that you know. His name can demand everyone's undivided attention when it is needed to be so. Christina had on a smile that had to have been a mile wide. She had heard these stories countless times no doubt before, and she was very glad that now her children and grandchildren were about to get their chance at hearing them as well.

"First, I heard the Master Preach in the Temple in Jerusalem before HIS trial," Nain continued. "The second time was just outside the city after HIS execution, as we the believers were gathered, speaking about how the Apostles had claimed to have seen HIM. There must have been five hundred of us talking about how HE had arisen, and then HE just appeared to us, the whole group of believers. CHRIST explained to all of us present how and why HE had to die and rise again to pay for our sins. And, the final time I saw HIM was when HE summoned me in my heart to come to HIM. HE gave me some additional instructions and guidance for my,... for our work,... as the Servant Family. Of course, that is, until HE returns in Glory to set up HIS Kingdom. After HE had spoken HIS Will to me, I had the privilege along with most of the Apostles, and a few more believers who were also present that day, to witness the Savior ascend into Heaven. My attention was so fixed on JESUS that I never even noticed the two Angels who were present at that moment until one of them spoke. The Angles told us that just as JESUS ascended to Heaven in a cloud, in that same manner HE would return to us."

You could hear a pin drop, as they were all thinking about Grandfather Nain's words, as they were virtually still hanging in the air just outside of their ears awaiting more. You could almost touch them, for he had been a personal eyewitness account to the Son of GOD Himself.

As the "Servant Family" their mission and calling had always been serious business in this house, from day one, for both Christina and Riley had insisted upon that. But, it was never so real as it was right now, as it stared them right in the face through the eyes of the one who had spoken and been instructed by the Lord JESUS CHRIST Himself.

Then Jesus told him, "Because you have seen me, you have believed; blessed are those who have not seen and yet have believed." John 20:29 (NIV)

Nain crossed the room and walked over to Riley, while holding out his right hand to him. "I am Christina's father. Her Angel has been filling me in on your life together on my journey here. You have taught my daughter what it really means to Love, and it is my honor to meet you."

Riley was sharp today. Christina had been getting him to bed early these last few nights. So, he was now well-rested for this special day.

"No sir," Riley said, "the honor is all mine". Nain gave Riley a nod and a smile as they shook hands. He did not attempt any further communication with Riley, for I had necessarily informed him of everything, including Riley's lack of wind.

By the time Grandpa Nain was given the honor of saying the supertime Prayer, it was obvious that he was getting a little

embarrassed by all of the attention. The "Older ones," his daughter Christina and Grandchild, Aunt Lesli, each got the look from him, and they each began to assert themselves as the ones in charge that day. So, "that is where that" (look) comes from", ran through Riley's mind, as he silently took notice.

They had their dinner a little early that day and afterwards they were all outside just enjoying each others company with some of Christina's freshly made lemonade. So many stories were told of times, and of the Will of GOD being carried out for the betterment of all of HIS people. Grandpa Nain did hand Christina an envelope with a letter from her older brother Christian. "He can't get away just now my dear, but he does send his regards and best wishes."

Riley sat on the porch thanking GOD in his heart, when, for just a second, he was almost overwhelmed by an image, from where the garden used to be. You might recall that was where all the girls once got into trouble for squishing, squashing, and stomping all of their mother's vegetables! While true, it was now only a yard, but in that yard area was a group of guardian Angels. They were there together and "full on" in appearance amongst themselves, for it was a breathtaking sight. A few of those angels are known as what is called, warrior class, like my own self, Christina's Angel, for we are very large. All such warrior angels are around ten feet in height. Some of the angels present were servant class, just slightly larger than human beings but they have wings, and there were a few more that Riley had no idea how to classify, for they glowed. Well, they all glowed with an aura of white heavenly light, but a few were clearly another class of Angel, as they were made of light, the light of GOD. It seemed to Riley that they were composed entirely of it, their body features were encased within the glowing light.

With all the "servant family" members present there today, adults, children, grandchildren, and great grandchildren, there

had to be almost twenty guardian Angels also present as well. They too were all smiling and laughing and appeared to be getting caught up on old friendships.

For just a second or two Riley wondered, "Is this what Heaven is going to be like? The joy and Love of the Lord seemed to be wrapped up in fellowship with one another?" Riley had not a clue that this time; he was the only one with an oxygen deprived brain who could actually see the congregation of Angels.

Even the Angels were seemingly unaware that in his state of poor health, he could see them. Personally, I just think GOD granted Riley full Spiritual vision on this special day. Both Angels and humans alike each felt that nighttime came much too soon this evening as they all returned inside the house and gathered into the large family room.

"We have a special Anniversary gift for each of you, Mother and Father" their eldest daughter Denise announced. Nain and Denise sat down together at the old upright piano. "How many hours had they spent around this piano as a family?" Christina wondered. "How many hours had Riley spent around it, including his time with his family as a boy?" she also wondered to herself. It became apparent that Denise and Grandpa have spent time together before.

Life is like that with the Servant Family. As GOD Wills, HIS desires shall be carried out. GOD moves HIS Servants around and uses them to help each other as their help is needed. Almost like a Heavenly chess match between good and evil. No matter what the situation you can rest assured that GOD always had evil in check. You would believe that Grandfather Nain was actually the son of Denise by looks alone. She was in a GOD Willed committed relationship and appears to be in her early fifty's. But of course Grandpa had her by about eighteen hundred years. When they started to play together on that old piano it was magic.

Riley had no idea that this old piano could even make such beautiful music. Their hands crossed over and under each others in perfect timing, Christina began to wonder, "Is this what it will sound like when all of creation cry's out to the Lord?" I had mentioned a few times in the past that the Lord says HE can hear the earth moaning and groaning as if in pain, due to our falling in Sin at the Garden of Eden, and the curse that was placed not just on us but upon the earth as well.

Christina had always felt that, in the future, when CHRIST returns and restores everything to the order of how it was, perfect in every way, then all the earth and all life will cry out to HIM their Creator.

When they finished playing the piano, I actually half expected the old piano to simply get up and follow them across the floor like a pup begging for more attention. After the music, some singing, and Prayer Time, Riley did not even realize that he had been led back into the dining room. He was just thinking back to the evening that he and I had put this big table together. Riley soon realized that Christina was beside him and each of the children were in their old normal spots. When the "big moment" came, it caught Riley completely unexpectedly. The house grew silent.

Each spouse walked up behind whichever child of Riley's and Christina's that they were married to, and they each placed their right hand upon the right shoulder of their married partner, who was seated. Clearly, all the children's husbands and wives had been instructed beforehand on the proper etiquette of this solemn ceremony.

Grand Pa Nain had his hand in such a manner on Christina's shoulder. All of the grand and great grandchildren were lined up along the walls behind the table, each as near to their parents as possible.

It was Christina who started the ceremony. Christina stood, as she first thanked the Lord for this moment and this lifetime. She then thanked the Lord for Riley and all her family, and then she took a deep breath and said "it is time" and then, she began.

"Today I am Christina O'Connell, and we gather here today to honor my husband provided by the Lord, Riley O'Connell. My birthday today and forever more is in Love, Honor, and Remembrance of my mother Mary Anna on the 12th of Tishri" You could see tears in both Christina and Nain's eyes, as she remembered her mother, who had long departed to Heaven, her Father Nain's first normal human wife. Seated beside his mother Christina, next in line, was Brian.

CHAPTER 17

Brian



Brian rose
As time froze

Today, my name is Brian O'Connell. We gather here today in honor of my Father, Riley O'Connell. From this moment foreword, my birthday shall be forevermore in Love, Honor, and Remembrance, this October 17th. That is my birthday! "Brian and Denise, who are the first set of twins, were born on Sept 28th", Riley thought to himself. Then, a little light bulb went off inside his brain. His lungs might be clogged, but Riley's brain was still sharp as a tack. Riley remembered the conversation many years earlier when Christina had explained all of this to him. What an honor it now means to the members of the Servant Family, to adopt the birthday of their natural parent when their time is near an end, just as Brian had said; In Honor, Love, and Remembrance. Just then, time really did freeze.

The HOLY SPIRIT spoke aloud to the three who were not froze, which was Father Nain, Christina and Riley.

"You are to be given a privilege within a privilege, a blessing within a blessing. You each shall see, what is to be, the harvest of MY crop. Each and every child a seed of fate planted in Loving Faith as I Willed. My plan for you from time beginning, immemorial, and incomprehensible for mere mortal man. For who can know the mind of GOD unless HE reveals

it? I have led, and you have followed. Not knowing MY purpose or MY destination, yet you have finished the race set before you. So you shall see the life of each of the children entrusted to your care, of MY Servant Family. For you, husband Riley, it is a reward for a lifetime of Faithful service, for you Father and Daughter, Nain and Christina, it is MY hand of guidance, to help you guide the Children in order to fulfill MY purpose for them. May it be revealed!"

With that the room became a lot more crowded. You see, there was another part of this ceremony that even the members of the "Servant Family" were unaware of. Behind each child, standing next to their spouse, were their Guardian Angels. They each had their right hands upon the left shoulder of the servant family member that was assigned to their care. The Angels that belonged to the young ones, standing along the walls, circled the table between those seated and those standing. They were each holding hands and had their heads bowed in Prayer.

Instantly, Riley realized something that Nain and Christina were also realizing for the very first time. You could just see it written all over each of their faces. All of the members of the servant family had opposites as guardian Angels. Riley could tell by the way Nain and Christina were looking at each other that they themselves were not aware of it. As Christina's Angel, I was behind Christina and also, a beautiful Lady Angel was behind Nain. This was the same thing going on all the way around the table.

As Christina's Angel, I was the first one to speak. "Yes, as you can see, all male servant family members have female guardian Angels. Likewise, all female members have male Angels. It is the Will of GOD. The Lord is saying that the men of this family need to be told when to give more of their heart, and the women tend to give too much of it and need to be told when to stop.

It also provides each family member with a world view that was not their own, but with a broader perspective. GOD is wise!

With that, GOD put before each of their eyes, the three humans allowed: Christina, Nain and Riley, and all of the Angels got a glimpse of Brian's future. He was already a policeman in the great city of Chicago fighting the political corruption and gangsters that were causing so much suffering. He was going to establish the best internal investigations unit in the country. His model would revolutionize law enforcement across the nation. He would lead this effort for twenty years, and after a scandal in the nineteen sixties he would take it over again for another twenty years as his own grand son, cleaning house, yet a second time. Uncounted thousands of lives would be made safer and justice would become feared again each time Brian served as the brain behind Chicago law. Later, GOD will eventually move Brian to serve with heart and become a Pastor himself by taking him to the remote hotspots. It would be places like China and India, Pakistan and North Korea, to name just a few of many.

Want to hear something funny or almost coincidental? You see, God does not work by coincidence, but by His Will and intention. More than once, did a tyrannical dictator think he had forever silenced Brian's brave voice. However, Brian would then show up again back behind the pulpit Preaching fire and brimstone the very next Sunday.

The rumors about the hand of GOD always being upon Brian alone did scare many wayward lost Souls to a true faith in JESUS!

CHAPTER 18

Denise



Brian took his chair
As Denise rose into the air

Today, my name is Denise O' Connell we gather here today in honor of my Father Riley O'Connell. From this moment foreword, forevermore my birthday shall be in Love, Honor, and Remembrance, October 17th.

Time froze.

The HOLY SPIRIT revealed in a vision Denise's future before the eyes of Christina, Riley, Nain, and of course to all the Angels, that she was to be first, a doctor. Of course, in those days, she had to hide her skills and knowledge behind the mask, by serving as a nurse and mid-wife. The world was not yet ready for a female Doctor, at least in these parts. However, her patients most definitely were ready.

Denise began her profession by attending the Lady's school of nursing, which was part of the medical university in Boston Massachusetts. That school is where GOD led Denise, through her guardian Angel, at the age of nineteen. She had an inkling of her future between the ages of seventeen to nineteen after graduating from her studies locally, where she had worked every afternoon at the Doctor's office in town. The Doctor had lent her his medical textbooks one at a time, and then, he actually began impromptu tests and quizzes upon the return of the books. No one was really surprised on the day that Denise announced to her

family that she was going into the medical profession. What did surprise everyone was the choice of Boston as a starting point.

The Doctor and a few close friends, such as Pastor Rachel and banker Thomas, had written letters of recommendation for her with the hope of her gaining admittance to a fine nursing school. It was her Angel per instructions from the HOLY SPIRIT, who removed the letters from the original note to a school near Chicago, and then readdressed it to the modern outstanding school in Boston, which no one in Denise's world even knew existed. For reasons unknown to the Dean of Admissions, he readily accepted her application. GOD clearly works in mysterious ways, doesn't He?

Denise, with a hunger for knowledge, ate those classes up and returned again for more. At first, it wasn't just because the classes interested her, but it was because the medical classes were the only place she was comfortable. Boston, after all, felt like it was a whole world away from her home and also from her wonderful upbringing. Her life became more bearable once she discovered the vast medical library on campus, which was used primarily not just by nurses in training, but also by those studying to become Doctors. Yes, you guessed it! Denise caught the eye of a fine young man studying to be a Doctor right there in Boston. It was her choice of study material, being also that of another Doctor in training, as well as the hard work she just naturally did to learn, which had first caught the attention of that young man. It was not only her stellar effort that he noticed, but it was also the way she chewed on the ends of her hair while she was in deep concentration.

The young man's name was Trent Richardson the Third, soon to be Doctor Trent Richardson the Third. He was the only son of a local neighborhood Doctor. His mother had passed away from a fever when he was just young. His father had double committed

himself to raising his son, while he, for all practical purposes, did it to ease his own personal pain at the loss of his wife. He was married to his job as the only doctor in the local borough.

Trent did have the luxury of a nanny, who cared and looked after each him and his father, doing all the duty's normally reserved for a wife, for over a ten year period in their lives. Both the father, and son Trent, had taken to calling the nanny Sunshine, because their private world was quite gloomy until she literally came in and opened up the windows of life for them and let the sunshine in. She was a strong woman of GOD, in her fifties, and had answered the ad in the paper, which Trent's father had placed about a week after his wife's passing. The ad was for a live in caretaker, nanny, for a young lad. Sunshine was a plump, robust, white woman, who was not much to look at, but had the energy of three men. She, herself, was recently widowed, and all her children had grown and went on their way in life. She always insisted on making her own dresses in the evening hours before bedtime. She had a firm faith in GOD, and would often quote a verse of Scripture at any situation that arose. Sunshine was simply a GOD-send to the Richardson family.

Trent eventually came to accept his sunshine nanny, for all intents and purposes, as his mother, and he truly loved her all of her days. Nothing of a romantic nature ever did happen between Sunshine and Trent's father, but then again, neither of them was looking for that in the first place.

Oh, I almost forgot, Isabel was Sunshine's real name, but for some odd reason Isabel herself took a liking to the nickname of Sunshine, which the Richardson boys had tagged upon her. If I had to guess, I would say that Sunshine also wanted to begin a new life. She had a delightful habit of calling herself, out loud, "Sinshine", whenever she slipped and said something that she should not have, or when she made any small trivial mistake.

Denise was reading and actually taking notes one day in the campus library, on the subject of internal medicine, when Trent Richardson the Third was sitting across from her. Trent had wondered to himself, "Did she notice that he always sat across from her?" When actually, all of a sudden, to his dismay, without thinking, he blurted out loud something very foolish, which was his inner thoughts. "Do you understand what you are reading?" he had said. Denise slowly lowered the book, placed it upon the table, and looked up at him. In fact, a better description would be that she glared at him. Trent felt like a little mouse that was quickly scurrying under the table, because he was deeply horrified. You see, he was taken completely off guard and became filled with wonderment about the book that Denise was reading. Young Trent, himself, had just passed that same course, and in fact, it had taken him two attempts to do so. He had sadly failed the course the first time around and was truly astonished that she was eagerly devouring that same book.

Denise didn't say a word. The "Look" she gave him, that disapproving look her mother Christina had given to her for so many years, had said it all. She was fast, like a gazelle, and it took all that Trent had to keep up with her stammering and explaining that he meant no disrespect. He admitted the truth to Denise, that he had struggled with that subject, but, Denise just kept moving towards the door. Finally, in an act of unguarded desperation, his captivated heart just blurted it out, "I fancy you, I admire your study, and I am so very sorry I offended you. Believe me it was not my intent", he said in a mournful helpless plea. Denise stopped and actually took a look at him. Yes, she had noticed that he too was a dedicated student, and yes, she also had noticed that he always seemed to be hovering near her in the library and around the campus in such places as the cafeteria, but, that was all. Denise had other more important things to worry about than any type of courtship.

To say that Trent looked pathetic was an understatement, because he looked like someone stole his puppy, his eyes were downcast, and no longer able to look her in the eye. That was the case until Denise's Angel said to her, "You cannot leave him like that. You know he meant no disrespect." There was a long pause then Denise spoke. "You have completed this course?" she inquired of him. Trent looked up at Denise and very carefully chose his next words. "Yes Ma'am, I have. It was quite challenging for me, which is why I blundered and said what I did to you." Denise said no more, letting him twist a little.

Trent spoke again quite timidly, "You are amazing", he said, completely unaware that those words were going to come out of his mouth. Now, it was Denise's turn to blush and feel the heat upon her cheeks.

Trent cleared his throat and said, "May we please start over? I am Trent Richardson" as he extended his hand to her. Denise extended her hand to him as she told him that her name was Denise O'Connell. She was left breathless and totally shocked, and she felt like her shoes were riveted to the floor when the dashing Trent did not shake her hand as she had expected him to. Instead, this was the big city, and so, Trent's Sunshine Nanny had always taught him to properly behave like a gentleman. Trent then kissed the top of Denise's hand and said that he had wanted to introduce himself to her for a very long time. This moment of introduction would forever replay itself a million times in Denise's mind. His newfound charm had instantly smitten her. She heard not another word that Trent had said after he kissed her hand in what one might refer to as slow motion. At least, that is how it had seemed inside Denise's heart and mind.

They started slow into their relationship. First, they became friends, which is always the best way, is it not? They studied together, and as time passed they talked about life in general.

Of course, at this point, Denise told him nothing about her secret identity, as a part of the "Servant Family". Denise was pleased to learn that he was a Christian and in fact had been raised in a proper Quaker Church, technically the same as she had been under Pastor Rachel. Soon, it became dating and courtship.

Trent's father loved Denise the moment he met her. "You two look good together" was all he said to his son in the kitchen, fetching some tea, while Denise waited in the parlor. That was Denise's first meeting with the elder Trent Richardson, and very quickly Trent knew that he had his fathers blessing.

Denise worked as a student instructor upon her graduation, and she actually received a small pay, as well as free room and board at the university until Trent finished his studies. It allowed her to be able to sit in on any of the university's classes, which she did with enthusiasm, and it was pretty much all of them. From start to finish, she sat in on all the required courses for becoming a doctor. Upon Trent's graduation, the Dean of the school actually whispered this into his ear, "Congratulations son, don't let her get away."

Denise and Trent were married right after his graduation, and I was also there as Christina's Angel to attend. I had normally kept myself hidden to everyone but Christina. However, Denise was glad to see me, glad to be reminded of someone or something from home.

They traveled to Denise's home on honeymoon so Trent could meet her parents Christina and Riley. Denise was twenty five years old at this time, making Riley in his late forties. The first thing Trent did upon meeting Christina was to kiss her hand and say, "I see now where my wife gets her beauty, both within and without." Christina loved him instantly and also, at the same time, thought he was full of hog wash.

Riley laughed for a good full thirty seconds, then, he got it. All those years ago, the silent courtship that he and his wife Christina had in private, the brief awkward moments they had to express growing fondness and finally Love for one another. Riley had seen it in an instant after living a lifetime with his wife Christina. Christina fancied these little, silent, well thought out, courtship games. "What a lucky fool he had been", Riley thought to himself in a fraction of a second. The simple truth was that these small gestures were all he was capable of at the time, because he was so confused, afraid, and Love-sick. "Thank You JESUS, Praise GOD", Riley thought, true in his heart. This was indeed the very moment when he realized how GOD had led him unknowingly to capture his wife's heart.

As Trent and Riley shook hands, dad was glad Denise had found herself a fine young Christian man. Denise worked as the nurse in Trent's private practice in Boston. Of course, Trent never dared treat her as just his nurse, because in his eyes, they were equals. In fact, they were more than equals. He admired everything about her. She was his life. He relied upon her for advice and would seek her council on just about everything. Over time, as the patients grew comfortable with her, Trent would simply back away from the ones he sensed were ready to trust in her. Later, as time and her lifetimes passed, Denise officially became a Doctor and her best instincts were always in medical research. The second world war became the mechanism in which to spread her discoveries of battlefield medicine.

Denise's work would teach her the necessity of blood typing. She discovered and pushed it until it came first through the American Red Cross and later through the International Red Cross. That blood typing greatly increased the survival rate in patients who were injured and needed blood transfusions.

battlefield medicine was crude, and so, just pumping in blood was the accepted procedure. Denise became rightfully convinced that the wrong blood type caused more harm than good. She was responsible for saving uncounted thousands upon thousands of lives. Later, she retired from this life and did missionary work abroad, but her real passion then became youth ministry. She and her family line founded a company that produced material for Christian youth programs, Bible schools, and Sunday schools. These things included little trinkets and study materials that would help teach the young people various ways to remember the Love of Jesus. Millions of children would learn of GOD through the company she later founded and would also operate.

CHAPTER 19

Mary Jo O'Connell



As Denise took her seat
Mary Jo stood fro

"Today my name is Mary Jo O'Connell, we gather here today in honor of my Father Riley O'Connell. From this moment foreword my birthday shall forevermore be in Love, Honor, and Remembrance, October 17th.

Time froze.

Mary Jo's gift is with words. Remember words are power. GOD spoke with HIS Words the entire universe into existence; HE also tells us in His written word that we will each be held accountable for every word that we will ever say.

But I say unto you, That every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment.³⁷ For by thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned. Matthew 12:36-37 (KJV)

Mary Jo began her adult life at the small county newspaper where she served as the local reporter for her region. She was confused inside, wondering just what GOD wanted her to do with her life as a member of GOD'S Servant Family. Her Angel, guided by the HOLY SPIRIT, kept reminding her to be patient, because HE was working behind the scenes to prepare events and people for her future.

It so happened that with her gift of words, all of her cohorts began asking her to edit the content of their own writings. Although there were schools for learning journalism, it was good for her to gain experience from on the job training, which she clearly had an aptitude for this type of work.

The local newspaper owner, Mrs. Wallace, was a widow who, herself, many years before, also wanted to be a reporter. However, in her early days, a lady reporter just was not an acceptable thing to become, and this is how she came to be the wife of the owner of the paper.

Behind closed doors, the papers owner, Mr. Wallace, was so heavily leaning upon his new Love and employee for content and correction that he felt guilty about not being able to promote her, and so, he married her instead. Now, don't get too fired up just yet, being upset about inequality and opportunity. You see, Mr. Wallace then backed off on that subject. He was only responsible for running the financial side of the paper. It was just as acceptable then, as it would be in later history, for one's wife to be meddling. It was almost expected. However, Mrs. Wallace did not meddle, for it was Mr. Wallace who took care of that. Mrs. Wallace was the one to have final approval in running everything.

Mrs. Wallace, later, remembered back to how she was passed over for her choice in jobs, and how it was not proper for her to advance into a full-fledged reporter. She wanted to cover more things other than Church picnics. She recalled how that had made her feel, regardless of how it had all worked out in her life, by marrying Mr. Wallace. By that memory alone, she decided to skip over a lot of the old timers in the press room to promote Mary Jo to full reporter, who would also later become editor.

It was exciting to see how, in her lifetime, the paper had grown by leaps and bounds. The whole nation itself seemed to have grown up in the generations following the civil war. Everything from railroads to the telegraph, from running water to even the first use of natural gas, and finally to electric lighting. Yes, innovation had become mind boggling within Mrs. Wallace's lifetime.

Anyway, Mrs. Wallace went right to Mary Jo, and she assigned her to first become the copy editor, and then two years later, she would then be promoted to the full editor of the entire newspaper. Mrs. Wallace did also send Mary Jo to St. Louis to take specialized, college-type courses for proper grammar, and to improve her writing skills. It was not for an official degree, because Mrs. Wallace had plainly said she had no money to waste on something as frivolous as a degree that would just be hung upon the wall. However a few of the classes themselves were very useful.

In those days one could just take the classes of their choice, but to attain the associated degree, they had to complete the entire course of study. Mary Jo's first column, which she worked on at the paper, was in fact called "Church news". The paper's circulation increased by twenty percent and stayed there at that level for a whole a month. Mrs. Wallace promptly noticed. Mary Jo's columns were more than just announcements about dinners and Baptisms. She dug deep into the communities and actually got some very insightful questions answered for people who anonymously mailed them in to the paper, which were addressed to her.

There was one occasion when the new editor, Mary Jo, added something unique. It was to be a whistle blower, consumer advocacy, type of column, which became a huge hit. Defective product and con artist salesmen were the norm at this time, only

one generation removed from the notorious carpet bagger days. The column also focused on social issues, such as the injustice dealt to public servants, like returning veterans and underpaid women school teachers. The next thing which happened was that "Life" magazine, a new publisher, came along and tried to recruit Mary Jo, which she accepted. She was now in the national writer's spotlight, doing almost exactly the same type of material. Within ten years she became the editor of "Life".

When "Life" merged with Time magazine, Mary Jo became part owner and editor. Mary Jo was, in essence, the conscience of those blessed by GOD, and the voice of those under the devil's oppression. She was very good at what she did. Over the course of several lifetimes Mary Jo ended up owning an entire media group of newspapers, magazines, video operations and later on, a television network.

Mary Jo would become one of the richest people on the planet. On any given day the average person would read or watch one item of her productions, which were always of high moral content and filled with GOD'S Love. It might be a fictional book, a movie, or a television broadcast containing traditional and Biblical values. Mary Jo's empire would specialize in family programming, Christian news, and politics. She would forever run this empire by passing it down to herself every generation or two, posing as a daughter or even a daughter in law, whichever would serve the purpose at the correct time in earth's history.

CHAPTER 20

Mary Jane O'Connell



Next, Mary Jane
Stated her name

“Today my name is Mary Jane O’Connell, we gather here today in honor of my Father Riley O’Connell. From this moment foreword, my birthday shall forevermore be in Love, Honor, and Remembrance, October 17th.

Time froze.

Mary Jane’s gift was within the area of music. She would perform under various names, and which included Christian hymns and ballads as she traveled the world. At this time I can only say that she was better known by a fabricated name, which I am not allowed to give you in order to keep her identity a secret. Let us just say that if one should pick up a hymnal in Church on any given Sunday, and if one were to actually count and discover which name was listed as the one credited with the most songs, that person would really be Mary Jane.

You might also be interested to learn that the second person with the most songs accredited to them, as well as the third, are also Mary Jane, who used different names. She had to use many male names anonymously to get most of her hymns published back in the day. Furthermore, she went on to also write thousands of contemporary Christian songs as well. Many of them have been covered by everyone from Irving Berlin to Elvis Presley. Even in

later times, many modern Christian music performers continue to play her music. She always just simply smiles when she attends a modern contemporary Church service when they open with a traditional hymn. Yes, that selection was one she had written. A live band then would play one or two modern Christian songs, all of which would also be hers. They then would close with another traditional hymn. Yes, you guessed it, one of hers as well. Mary Jane's music, quite honestly, is even more well-known than that of Beethoven or Mozart. Hardly a soul on this planet actually knows who wrote the pieces she has composed. She continues to make songs available throughout the music industry using publishing houses, which are, as you may guess, through her sister Mary Jo's company.

Mary Jane could, at any time, have made herself famous with her songs, but her early life experience of having to use a male pseudonym to publish, taught her a good lesson that she can do her work for GOD and remain anonymous. Mary Jane never needs to hide her identity or worry about passing the work down to herself every so many years, as her other brothers and sisters often have to do. She does, however, travel a lot to sing and play. Everywhere she goes the people always tell her that she should pursue a career in music. They often would say, "You could be famous!" If they only knew! Family always knows the truth, of course.

Only twice in all of Mary Jane's lifetimes has she ever shared her secret completely with a trusted friend. That would be the highest honor she would ever give to anyone outside of her family. One such person was a female, a best friend, who lost her sight in a train accident during WW2. The other time was with a friend, an aspiring male Christian writer, which came early in the twenty first century.

CHAPTER 21

Skylah O’Connell



Skylah was next
Can you pass her test?

“Today my name is Skylah O’Connell, and we gather here today in honor of my Father Riley O’Connell. From this moment forward, my birthday shall forevermore be in Love, Honor, and Remembrance, October 17th.

Time froze.

Skylah will become a teacher. Her special gift will enable her to reach troubled kids with the Love found in JESUS CHRIST. Her methods and instructions will become the standard for teaching children with special needs. She will keep a Bible in her classroom every day that she teaches during her entire life. No one will ever dare to tell her that it is improper. Even as her identity’s change throughout time, she is consistent in keeping a Bible displayed upon her desk.

In the mid twentieth century Skylah would begin to travel around with the financial support of the “servant family” as she would use her expertise accordingly as the Lord should Will. She would found hundreds of Elementary Christian grammar schools coast to coast in both the United States and Canada. It would usually take her a few years at each location to really see it through to completion. Think about that, she works and labors and Prays endlessly in any given community to establish a well respected

Christian Education center. Then, she just picks up and does it all over again wherever GOD would lead her. During those years, GOD would also bless her with a few very supportive husbands.

Millions of young children would grow up learning not only the three R's, which you should recall are: reading, riting, and rithmetic. I don't consider myself a good speller, but it seems like a couple of letter "(a)'s" are missing. I suppose it doesn't matter, because most everyone learns that saying from the time they are very young. In the course of teaching those millions of young children, they would also learn of the HOLY three, the Trinity, Father GOD, JESUS our Savior, who is the Son of GOD, and the Guiding HOLY SPIRIT.

As a result of Skylah's efforts, millions of people would come to a saving knowledge of Jesus Christ. She would continue on with this operation to an even more expanded level in Christian community's around the world as time would move on, into such places as the Coptic community in Egypt and then to the Philippines. Her work would also go into Haiti, after a large earthquake, and on into Mexico, to just name a few.

Oh, the best part is that Skylah would lobby, everywhere she would go, to gain the public funding necessary for each student who would be released to the Christian school in which they would attend. In many obscure places around the world, the Christian education those children would receive at one of her schools would be their only schooling. There many of the children also experience a loving atmosphere for the first time, and where they would be given the Word of GOD to take them out of a lifetime of despair. This same thing would improve the lives of children everywhere from Timbuktu to those within troubled inner cities inside the United States of America.

CHAPTER 22

Bentley O'Connell



Bentley Preaches first and last.
In between, he would do as God would ask.

“Today my name is Bentley O’Connell, and we gather here today in honor of my Father, Riley O’Connell. From this moment forward, my birthday shall forevermore be in Love, Honor, and Remembrance, October 17th.

Time froze.

From day one, Bentley would hear GOD’S call. Everyone seemed to know that he would become a Preacher. He actually sat in Church for years with a pad and pencil during service. It became an ongoing joke during the service for Pastor Hudson to announce that she had to slow down and spell a word out for young Bentley to record, which always brought everyone a good laugh. The odd part is that he would actually publish his writings from her services about a hundred years later using his big sister Mary Jo’s company. That same book would sell in the millions, and it would remain on the best seller list for months and would also be destined to become an instant classic.

Bentley’s book of Pastor Rachel’s Sermons was promoted exactly for what they were. His writings were eventually found in an old Church attic by someone. They were in a box containing his handwritten notes, and labeled, “sermons from a lady Quaker Preacher in the old west, Preaching the Gospel to the

heathens.” As a side note, it was also found written that the sermons were apparently recorded by a young man wanting, someday, GOD Willing, to also become a Pastor. This book would eventually become one of Pastor Rachel’s favorite items in Heaven.

Thomas, who was, of course, Pastor Rachel’s husband while on the earth and still her best friend in Heaven, would ask JESUS Himself for a copy of Bentley’s book so that he might give it to Rachel on her Birthday.

JESUS would have it first sent by Angel to Bentley so that he might have it very happily signed for her. Bentley would also write a small note to his mentor, Pastor Rachel, upon the inside cover of the book.

Yes, Pastor Rachel had taken little Bentley under her wing very early on. Bentley almost got a little bit too big for his britches at about the same time that all of his sisters had given him that good head to toe white painting. You see, Bentley had taken up the habit of calling his sisters “sinners”. His big brother, Brian, whom Bentley looked up to, was miraculously spared that same indignity.

“You foul sinner, you must repent for your words!” he would shout at the top of his lungs at any of his sisters. Of course, he did all of this behind the back of Christina or Riley. But, Pastor Rachel, as you know, had those eyes and ears that perceptively knew everything, and she corrected him, and it was forever to be their secret. He was a changed man, so to say, after that.

Later on, when Bentley was of age, the Hudson’s would officially sponsor him. He was at first “trained and ordained” by the Quakers, the same as were Pastor Rachel and her parents many years before.

Bentley first Preached for a number of years, which was even further out in the isolated area of the Indian territories in the old frontier southwest. GOD then moved him to attend a more modern Seminary school, and he assumed a new identity in the mid twentieth century. It was this time when he would become a United Methodist Preacher.

Bentley was very surprised when GOD, after this lifetime, had put his Preaching career on hold. Preaching was all that Bentley had ever wanted and planned to do within his heart, mind, and soul. GOD had put upon his heart that he had never known any other existence, and that he would get a small break while performing a task for a family member. It would be a favor for one of his twin sisters. GOD had Bentley take on a new identity, that of a young farm boy, after Bentley's current wife at the time had passed and gone home to Heaven, and he had regenerated once again as young.

Bentley joined the US Army, quite surprised, as GOD had instructed him to do. After basic training he was moved into the security protection specialty. His officers could not believe what a good, dead eye, shot that he was. Bentley's Angel had a little to do with that. She would laughingly maneuver each of the bullets for "bulls-eye" hits on every shot. At the test firing range that day Bentley and his Angel actually had a little bit of fun. Bentley finally figured out that his Angel had been instructed to make sure that he got the nearly impossible perfect score of all center hits on the target pad. Bentley just giggled and smiled as he closed his eyes and fired away. The recruits, who were firing beside him, were all in awe of his shooting. How could anyone make a goofy facial gesture, then close their eyes and hit the dead center mark, that is, without even trying they all had wondered to themselves? Yes, it caught the attention of Bentley's firearms training instructor. The instructor himself had never seen such

good shooting, and this young man was just fooling around. He was showing off, making an idiot of himself complete with the imitation karate sounds as he squeezed the trigger, letting go a round with a robust "hooyah!" The instructor was sure those shots were going to miss the mark by a country mile, but yet Bentley hit dead center every time.

Bentley's Angel had some fun and played along for awhile, then, finally, she just kicked him in the backside as he lay in the prone firing position. Bentley then straightened up and finished out his magazine and the qualifying round just as he should. Trust me; no one should ever want to anger their guardian Angel. It is something that should just never happen. Needless to say, that is how Bentley was first noticed, and he cross-trained into the protective services.

Later on in Bentley's service, he was among the first to be placed in plain clothes, which allowed him to blend into crowds as anonymous military protection for dignitaries and diplomats. He was also among the first to be selected by the secret service for this same exact job after he had foiled a number of high level assassination attempts. It was good to have an Angel as your eyes and ears on this job! You guessed it, eventually, Bentley ended up, not only assigned to a Presidential security team member, but later, in due course, he would become its actual chief of staff. Sorry, I cannot tell you the rest of the story right now, and so I ask that you would please be patient. It will all come soon. But, please remember these details of how GOD started decades before and moved Bentley into this position.

After this time, as in the protective services for his country, GOD would let Bentley return to his true calling that of a Reverend. He would be able to yet again attend Seminary training and to serve in multiple lifetimes as Methodist, Baptist, and even other denominational Pastors. He would also become a true blue, grass

roots, hands-on, Preacher of the Word of GOD. He would also become somewhat famous during one lifetime, as Mary Jo would publish his books and give him both a radio show and then a television ministry. Mary Jane actually would give him a few songs to play on the piano and sing. He finally would end up back in the White House again many times years later, not as a secret service protector, but as a Christian advisor to various Presidents. Bentley's words, his preaching, and his service to CHRIST would touch the lives of uncounted millions.

CHAPTER 23

Bailey O'Connell



Bailey is loving and oh so smart
For GOD put his Knowledge within her heart

“Today my name is Bailey O’Connell. We gather here today in honor of my Father Riley O’Connell. From this moment foreword my birthday shall forevermore be in Love, Honor, and Remembrance, October 17th.

Time froze.

Christina and Riley, Nain and the Angels each saw her birth again. Each had the exact same feeling at that moment. Bailey was the youngest of triplets and the youngest of all seven children. All of their concerns and worries about her getting lost in the shuffle were unfounded. While Bailey was forever to be the baby of the family, that fact did carry privileges as well as limitations.

Christina, Bailey’s mother, had really latched onto this one, and she was very bright. Bailey learned to speak every language which Christina had ever known without the benefit of necessity. You know, Christina was required to have actually lived there in those places and times, where the languages were spoken.

Bailey also learned to communicate in Spanish completely on her own by only talking to a few of the locals, with whom she attended Church, as well as from a few books she had read.

Oh yes, I almost forgot about the books. Bailey tore through books by the dozen, but what was odd was the pattern. There was no pattern, which included: History, Biblical Commentary, and Science. You name it, she knew a whole host of information. Down deep, Bailey was not a happy person in her first few lives, because she had never really found her true calling as of yet during those early times.

At one point, Bailey had some education from a formal ladies school back east in Philadelphia. That is where she met a young man named Anthony whom she called Tony. Anthony was a supporter of the ladies suffrage movement in the early twentieth century. She married him as GOD had Willed, and she pushed him to be far more than he ever would have achieved without her. Anthony became the "go to" legal expert of all those who seek equality and justice in his neck of the woods. When GOD moved Bailey's heart to make Anthony run for deputy mayor, it was the only time in Anthony's entire life that he ever laughed at his Loving wife. You see, Anthony was, by the upper crust's standard, a poor man. But GOD saw to it that money poured in for his election campaign from those who also secretly felt just as he did, regarding equality and justice for all. Many more also quietly voted his way on Election Day. GOD was indeed at work. He won the election easily, by a landslide, and no one was more stunned than Anthony. Bailey was so proud, and she, being the smart one, only said "I told you so" one time!

At this time, Christina was moved by GOD to help, so that she and Bailey, together, did look after Anthony as he got used to his new position, and they each helped him prepare his agenda. Little did she know, but all the while, Bailey was also learning from the ground up about grass roots politics. At the time, the idea was that they would help Anthony make changes for the oppressed, which were mainly women, minorities, and the

working poor class from within the system.

Six months after taking office, Anthony became the system. The Mayor was to resign, which was due to a conflict of interest due to a backroom business deal with the city. The acting Mayor chose his own pocket book over his civic duty. He resigned and kept the lucrative contracts. As mayor, Anthony then moved Bailey into an office directly beside his. Her official duties were referred to as charitable and civic deeds. She did those pretty good, but her real job was, of course, running the city of Philadelphia. Anthony ran everything through her office.

Women had yet to even be given the right to vote, and she was running the show through Anthony. Oh, it created a fire storm when Anthony, per Christina and Bailey's suggestion, made the right for women to vote a public record. Did you get that? Meaning, the men had to register and sign in, in order to vote "yea or nay", as in giving women the right to vote in the great city of brotherly Love, Philadelphia. Of course, the Gazette, which was much in favor of that cause, promptly announced that it would indeed run a special issue, releasing to every woman in the city, just how their husbands secretly voted. Suffrage, the right for women to vote, then passed by a wide margin.

Anthony was overwhelmingly reelected by the ladies in the next general election. The twentieth century had arrived in Philadelphia. Every woman knew that to get anything done, they were to go to Bailey. However, every man also knew that if they wanted something done, they would stay out of her way.

This lifetime served to teach Bailey the ins and outs of big league politics. Running a city, keeping the lights on and the garbage collected were just the easy part for her. Bailey always posed as one of her own line, as a descendant of herself, from this point on, for the rest of her way on down her line, until GOD'S

purpose for her was achieved.

Bailey's dear Anthony was so very proud of her, just before he passed, to see her elected as county auditor. After Anthony went on to Heaven, Bailey regenerated, then, posing as her own daughter, she moved to New York, where she worked in the local parishes for the down and out. Two more lifetimes, as such, came and went, each giving her additional experience and savvy.

About mid-way through the twenty first century, when Bailey was ready, GOD was ready too. She was then known as Bailey Louise Haney in that lifetime. Her husband, Larry Haney, was an electrical engineer. They had one son, Samuel, who would become a Pastor. Bailey was first elected to the position of Trustee for her Ward in New York City, due to all of her humane work with the underprivileged kids. After two terms she was elected to the New York City Council itself. Almost immediately, Bailey felt that her voice was lost in a symphony of irrelevancy. She found City Council filled with mid level career bureaucrats who were only interested in collecting a paycheck, while looking out for their own special interests and pet projects.

As GOD intended, this really angered and insulted Bailey, enough so that with Prayer and guidance from the HOLY SPIRIT, she next ran for Mayor. She held nothing back, as she was on the Council to do a job, and by the Will of GOD, to get results for the people. She was not there to endlessly debate every little thing, month after month, while nothing got done. Bailey won the election.

I am now going to start skipping over most of the small details, because we could write books which have been written about Bailey and her career I might add concerning on all that she had achieved for the city of New York and more. During her second term as Mayor, she was approached about running for Congress.

However, GOD said no, and that she must be patient to finish what she had started, and so, Bailey did as GOD said.

During her third term as Mayor of New York City, she was half heartedly approached to run for President of the United States. Bailey was no longer just a New York phenomenon, but was also an American culture icon by then. People Loved her brains and wit, because she had an almost country roots simplicity about her. This was quite strange for a modern sophisticated big city girl. Oh, if they only knew, right?

They, meaning Bailey's political party, had hoped she would accept the candidacy bid in order to hopefully get her to survive the debates long enough in order to get the VP position. This was in hopes of guaranteeing a win in New York, as well as, drawing in many lady and Independent voters from all across the country.

During Bailey's first debate, she openly tore her prepared notes in half and let every candidate on the stage that night have it, about being phony's, as she talked through every issue spontaneously from the top of her head. She destroyed them all; even the panel delivering the questions was not off limits to her. She answered their questions and then exposed every political motive that each panel member was representing. Bailey was so impressive, that it would be, depending on a person's point of view, the only time in recent history that a second Presidential debate was never held.

Have you ever heard of the saying, "when the train is coming, you better get off the tracks?" The man who was originally the second or third most popular in Bailey's party was, in his mind, going to try and get the VP position anyway. That poor man had not even a slight clue as to what was going on. The powers to be, within his own party, had already pulled the rug out from under him by bringing in Bailey from New York. At any rate, he was

the only one remotely smart enough to get off the tracks first. He had just an ounce or two of decency left, and a dribble of respect from Bailey. They announced right away that he would be her VP.

The election was over. It was over before it even really got started. The rest was just going through the motions while everyone else was trying to dig up dirt on Bailey from the Big Apple. After all, it's New York City, right? Something has got to turn up they mistakenly thought. Meanwhile Bailey made sure that all the American people understood that she was going to be President.

At campaign stops across the country Bailey made announcements of who was going to be at this position and what was going to be done. You know, the little things, like the Secretary of State for the United States of America. She also announced just what policy was going to be repealed and what spending was coming to an end. Bailey also got a real boost when the latest round of mid-east Peace talks were put on hold, because the prime ministers of several country's did not want to deal with any type of lame duck U.S. government. They even said that publicly.

Bailey actually then made public her thoughts on their issues and the governments in question actually approved her agenda. Of course, the current sitting U.S. Government would not even bring that peace treaty up for a vote. Over the next few weeks it became a running joke in the media that "the treaty" would be approved within so many days. You know, one day after Bailey takes office. The whole world knew that she was going to be the President of the United States of America. GOD had made sure that would happen. Yes, she served two terms, and she would be considered to be among the best President this nation ever had. She returned America to her Christian roots. So, if a person

doesn't like the sound of that, well, as may be common to hear, "Too bad, so sad!"

Bailey's husband, Larry, passed away from natural causes about half way through her second term. That took most of the joy out of her life at that time of being the President. GOD was then starting to put perspective back into her life with the passing of her current husband. However, there never was a scandal directly related to her while she was in office. She became known around the world as "Lady Iron Heart". In any situation, she was always known for giving Grace, Mercy, Class, and Wisdom. On the other hand, if one should cross her, cut her heart and then they would get the Iron side of her, which usually came in the form of a few dozen F 45' fighter jets. By the way, those people would receive one warning, or maybe even two, but then they were destined for destruction.

Bailey was indeed a woman of no nonsense, just like any good mother. She truly became the mother of the United States of America. The world loved her, and her enemies respected her. However, word of her death would become the biggest post Presidency scandal the world would ever see. Yes, she faked it of course. This time, all the conspiracy theory folks would be right on the money, so to say. A famous Hollywood producer would actually get the story almost one hundred percent right, except for the "Servant Family" part, because there would be no way he could know about that. You see, after Bailey was no longer the President, she would do tons of work in behalf of charities and social issues.

The next two Presidents, the first of Bailey's party, the second of the opposition, would each request her to deal with some hot spots around the world as a special envoy of the United States. This would mean that neither would admit that they had not the "juice" to actually get anything done. However, Bailey did have

it, and she would do it for the sake of those involved, and because GOD would Will it as so.

One day, when she was on her way to just such a place, came the mysterious plane crash, she was flown there by a young, lady pilot, who should have never been allowed to fly someone such as Bailey by herself, all alone. Of course, you might be interested to know that the plane went down in the deepest part of what is known to us as the Bermuda Triangle, and two of her sons, one from each of her marriages to Anthony and Larry, were waiting for Bailey and her lady pilot on a big boat! Just like the big Hollywood movie would eventually show, the two ladies parachuted out together. Another interesting fact is that the young lady pilot would be one of Bailey's, twin sister, Skylah's, great, great, great, great, great granddaughters. President Bailey Haney's disappearance and or death would become more famous than Amelia Earhart's tragedy, and would be talked about just as much in her time, as well as the days that follow, as is the deaths of Lincoln and JFK.

Bailey would never fail to stun the world, but that would become her real problem, her famous face and voice. She would do all the obvious: hair change, contacts, even has some cosmetic surgery to alter her appearance. That would become a great story unto itself.

It was in Sweden where the face surgery would take place, and the doctor knew who Bailey was. Fake ID, altered appearance and all could not hide her identity from him. GOD moved his heart, he spoke to the doctor and then, an Angel also appeared to him. The interesting part is that GOD actually allowed the doctor to make a fictional book about it! You see, the doctor had always wanted to be a writer. The "Servant Family", by now, which were numbered in the thousands of members at this point in time, they loved the book. The reason would be, because it was all

true. It was dismissed, of course, by the public, as being too self-serving for the doctor. That is, it was self-serving of him to alter and hide the presumed dead, ex-president, of the United States. The doctor actually made a pretty decent sum of money from the book, which was part of his reward from GOD for helping Bailey. GOD'S work at hiding Bailey would begin right in plain sight. You know, a person can have eyes but not see, and yet never understanding what is right before them.

*Having eyes, do you not see? And having ears, do you not hear?
Mark 8:18A (NKJV)*

As such, GOD hid Bailey from the eyes and ears of the world. She would hide in a small Scandinavian village for a very long time, which was a good move, a GOD move, of course. It would be where a local language was customary and which Bailey could not read or write. She had to start life all over again from scratch. GOD gave her a new husband. It was a hard job to comfort her after having had such a group of well connected high profile public lives. Bailey loved her new man and was thankful for him. Christina would stop in and visit her daughter every so often, as would most of her siblings and children. Bailey's son, Samuel, whom in this lifetime would always be known as the former Presidents son, became a very public Pastor himself, often speaking out on many social issues. What is interesting to note is that sometimes Samuel's words were the words given to him to speak from his mother! She would relay them to him on occasion, as she felt it was necessary.

GOD is good! Bailey could never speak up about anything or ever again draw attention to her self, that is, until the Lord CHRIST JESUS would return. But, between the visits from her son, her new husband, and her family, Bailey survived. Bailey's new husband, whose name is Ivan, encouraged her to write down everything. If the "doctor in Sweden" could do that, then so

could she, Ivan her new husband had insisted to her. Bailey wrote down her life stories as fiction, those of her past lives such as with Anthony “ Tony “ in Philly , and her early years in NYC. She also wrote a long lost diary to be found by one of her former personal staff members from her Presidential life. You know, of course it would be none other than Bailey’s private security chief, her real life Preacher brother, paint boy, Bentley. Yes, her brother Bentley would become her security chief. He would be the one to find the long lost diary when his younger sister, the President would finish it.

All of Bailey’s lost works were published, of course, by their big sister Mary Jo’s media empire. So, all of this would help Bailey in keeping her sanity as she would live in hiding, along with much Prayer.

After that lifetime, when she regenerates young again, she would still alter her appearance, but now, with time’s passing, she would slowly begin to go out into the remote areas of the world again. She did like to teach languages and Christian Sunday School lessons to children.

We will now respect her need for some privacy, that is, who Bailey would be in the present age where you, dear reader, are now living, because this is now totally between her and GOD.

CHAPTER 24

Secrets in the night



The ceremony around the table that Riley had once made with his own hands has now finally come to a close. As it ended, Riley had done fairly well. There were a few sobs, but in the end, he was weeping in joy and thanking the Lord for everything that he had been granted to see and understand. He appreciated just how his life had been connected with the “Servant Family” within the body of CHRIST, but he now fully understood how GOD would always use anyone, at anytime, for anything to achieve HIS Purpose. Everyone just stood silently as he regained his composure. Christina and Riley’s family were all standing around the table together holding hands.

Christina was on Riley’s right side, holding his hand, and Bailey, the youngest, was holding his left hand. Riley could not help himself, as it took a moment or so to regain his composure. After a few minutes, with his head bowed, all he could manage to say was “Thank You Lord”. Riley then looked up at his wife and gave her a little tug with his right arm. Christina helped him to stand and gave him a big hug. “I love you Riley” Christina said, as he pretty much crumpled into her arms, telling her how much he loved her as well.

All the children, grand children, and all the spouses, along with all the Angels, then gave a loud cheer and round of applause. Everyone embraced everyone else, while later they all made sure that they each took a special moment to greet Christina and Riley.

The young ones quietly then moved the big table as close to the wall as possible, and they began to spread out some sleeping things upon the floor. Riley was visibly exhausted, and it was Grand Pa Nain who said it to Christina, "Go, we can handle it. Christina patted her father upon his cheek, then she gave him a kiss upon it and said; "It is good to see you father". "It is good to see you too my daughter," Nain replied in Aramaic. Christina led Riley by the hand to their bedroom. "Thank You" Riley said, as he sat down upon the edge of the bed. "I enjoyed it as much as you this evening" Christina said. "Well, Yes, for this evening, but I was thanking you for our life together" Riley replied. They held each other for a few minutes, and then Christina helped him to remove his boots, so that that he could stretch out upon the bed.

Christina lit her old style oil lamp, which she had used for so many uncountable hours to read her Bible and various other books. Even though he was completely exhausted, they laid there, side by side, and talked for hours. As best as he could, that is, Christina, knowing him so very well, talked for him. He smiled and held her hand, giving it a squeeze each time she got it right, that is, what he had hoped she would say. Many of her stories he had heard before, but a few he had not. He just wanted to hear her voice and she knew it. She told him about the lives of her brother Christian, and her father Nain, as well as those of her nieces and nephews. She talked about anything she could think of, for as long as he wanted to hear her.

That night, Christina finally, with the Lords blessing upon her heart, gave it all to Riley. It was her father Nain, the original servant who surprised Riley the most. With the Lord's help, one can master a lot of skills in a lifetime that had spanned almost 2000 years.

Do you remember earlier in the evening at the piano; Nain and his grand daughter, Riley and Christina's eldest daughter, Denise on the piano? It was not much of a surprise, at least when you realize that Nain was once known by another name in another lifetime, Mozart. GOD had kept that lifetime of Nain's short due to its prolonged fame.

Oh, also please recall Riley's mother's favorite book, the "Taming of the Shrew". Christina would just like reading anything her father wrote in another lifetime as well. She would hear her father's real words break through every once in a while in the text, and it would be like they were chatting together whenever she missed him.

Nain was known as William Shakespeare at that time. How do you think Christina ended up in England and finally Scotland in the first place? She went with her father, guided by GOD'S Angels, during the Roman dispersion of Israel.

Christina's first brother, her only full blood brother, same mother and of course Nain's son, Christian, was best known for his life of the legendary and dreaded Van Helsing. He really did dislike that line of work, but he would always be obedient to GOD. As you may know, all legend contains a kernel of truth. Christian simply had been sent on occasion by GOD, to shall we say, dispatch "Fallen Angels", or demons, as people may know them as ones who break the rules. This would happen most often with the demons themselves becoming legendary as monsters.

Christina also explained to Riley that her brother, Christian, has a real passion for art. Maybe you have heard before of Michelangelo, or Leonardo DaVinci's, The "Mona Lisa", which is a tongue in cheek painting, as many experts have suspected over the years. It was originally a gift for his father Nain. It was a painting of their mother, Nain's first wife, Christian & Christina's mother, Mary Anna. It became so famous that it was

impossible to keep the painting private and out of the museums. No matter, Nain had said to his son, "I know where to find her."

Riley became speechless when Christina finally explained to him, after all their years together, and when GOD had moved her to be a Queen again, she would be in exactly the right position at the right time, to literally shake the entire world. Did you ever wonder how an Italian explorer got the money out of a Spanish Queen to sail right off the end of the flat earth? Well yes, Christian had changed his name to Christopher in that particular lifetime, and the Queen of Spain, was whom you know as Isabella. Yes, you guessed it, his sister, our friend Christina, was Isabella, doing as GOD Willed for her to do. This is the other lifetime Angel had mentioned on occasion of when Christina had been a Queen. King Ferdinand, her husband, at that time, relied heavily upon Isabella/Christina for advice. So, when Isabella/Christina wanted some money to send some fools on a long-distance errand, Christopher Columbus, who was really Christian, Christina's brother, the King was quite happy to oblige. Anytime that King Ferdinand had the opportunity to gain favor in Christina's eyes, he took advantage. Did you know the name Christopher means Christ bearer, and that history truly records that Columbus had publicly stated on many occasions that GOD had told him to make his journey? Oh how the King's advisors had complained about the expense of that fool, that is, Columbus's endeavor. The advisors even complained when the King told them the new trade routes would be theirs alone, as well as that the ships were to be manned by unpaid prisoners who would receive pardon as their sole payment. Per chance, how many people do things they just don't care to do, because their wife wishes for it to happen?

Once King Ferdinand explained this fact to the complaining court that even he too answered to a wife, who also just happened to be their very popular Queen. Consequently, nothing was ever

mentioned again about it and the king was left alone. The fact is that the argument had been lost to Christina, who was actually Queen Isabella. Besides, all of the advisors at one time or another had went behind the King's back and appealed to Christina for whatever project or policy was upon each of their own hearts. They all knew who controlled the King. Simply put, history correctly records that once the King said Christopher Columbus's journey was a favor for his wife, it was settled. The entire King's court owed Christina a favor for one thing or another. GOD is indeed demonstrating His wisdom!

Each of the King's advisors knew that if they dared cross the Queen they would soon be out of the King's court altogether. They learned that she was not someone with whom to contend. The inner circle really did not mind that she was, after all, reasonable and kind. Queen Isabella had a reputation of actually being the one to plant ideas into the King's head. She was known for being quite bright, because she was, in fact, ten times more intelligent than any of the inner circle.

The advisors never knew that they were all hand picked by the Queen, that is, as persons whom she could control. Does that sound recently familiar to you for some reason? In Spain, Christina achieved precisely what she had wanted to do in Perth Scotland. Of course, this time it was within the Lord's timing, and also as directed by the will of GOD.

The inner court contained fools who lived by Queen Isabella's rules. Most of them had just enough inkling to that fact that they never dared cross her. It was the time of the great Church reformation and uncounted masses were dying needlessly. It was time for the new world, a place of religious freedom to be found.

GOD is certainly all about the right timing of events, that is, in spite of what a person may tend to think. Did you ever wonder

why JESUS came at the exact moment in the ancient world when Rome ruled? The Jewish people at the time did not want a Savior, they wanted another deliverer.

They wanted someone to break the bondage of the Romans. They never understood that GOD was using the Romans for HIS purpose. What were perfect at that time were the roads, traveling, and the trading routes of that day. What I'm also referring to is the means for the spreading the good news of the "WAY", of JESUS.

GOD did break Rome from the inside out, after HE had used Rome to achieve HIS goal, which was the same as HE did with King Nebuchadnezzar century's before. GOD had proven that HE could use anyone or anything at anytime to achieve any of HIS purposes.

GOD is indeed all about timing. Please just take a moment to consider the many events of your own life, and then try to say that it is not so.

Like it or not, after Rome fell, mankind entered into the dark ages. But GOD moved even before that fall. Timing is everything! The word of GOD, the means of redemption for all of mankind, had already been spread.

Lying there beside Riley in the dark of night, Christina laughed. Then she said, "How could I forget my brother's granddaughter Martha?" You would know her as Martha Washington. Yes, she was that same Martha Washington, George Washington's wife. She advised and led George, but not that he needed it. He was blessed and guided by GOD his entire life. Did you know that the fighting men out in the cold and starving were never allowed to swear in his presence? General Washington rightfully considered it an offense to GOD. He once Prayed publicly in fear of GOD that they not lose a battle due to all their foul

language. That is indeed something you will not find in any of your history books. You will however find it at your local library or perhaps out there upon the internet.

One of the most famous writings which George Washington ever made was of his detailed accounts of the visits he received from GOD'S Angels, and that is not a joke. He claimed that the Angels showed him and told him what to do during the Revolution. His crossing of the Delaware River on Christmas in the cold was instructions given by GOD through an Angelic visitation which Washington faithfully explained. GOD told him that he was going to free America against all odds. President Washington then recorded a detailed account of what would actually become America's future. By the way, he recorded not two, but three world wars. That is a most interesting read, I promise you, that is, if you ever get the chance.

Yes, GOD is all about fate, timing, and circumstances which are all under His design. If it were possible, you could ask any of the following people: Adam, Eve, Noah, Joseph, Pharaoh, Samuel, David, Esther, Ezekiel, Nebuchadnezzar, Julius Caesar, Alexander the Great, Constantine, Martin Luther, George Washington, or Jesus Himself, who was the Son of God. You would also want to ask God in Prayer. Do you think that just this small list of people could all be in exactly the right place at the right time on their own convenient decision? History is replete with countless men and women such as these. Some were great, some were small, but all of them were at the right place at the right time. Is that a matter of coincidence? Not a chance! As the old saying goes, "Coincidence is when GOD wishes to remain anonymous". GOD works within fate and circumstance. Little things happen, like missing a meeting due to an unexpected dead car battery, only to find out later that the meeting turned very ugly and you were very glad that you were not there. People's lives are full of such amazing things. Whether one chooses to

admit it or not is of no significance, GOD'S Will is going to be done. HE uses whomever HE wills, whenever He wills, and for whom He chooses to benefit.

When Christina finally explained it all to Riley, the full big picture, he cried in her arms when he realized just how much GOD actually does quietly for each and every person behind the scenes. Riley learned historically that the "servant family" acted within the body of CHRIST, and they had been involved in everything from literature, art, music, poetry, Salvation serving as Pastors, in education, with inventions, worldwide discovery, and even to the reformation of the Church. The list was as endless, just the same as the power of GOD is boundless.

The time and secrets which they shared on this special night with one another was very good, for, this was to be Christina and Riley's last night together upon the earth. Riley finally dozed off just a few hours before dawn. Christina rose shortly thereafter to prepare and enjoy a nice breakfast with her family. They decided to leave Riley sleep in for a little while. They would later wait for him, have lunch and then take the afternoon train back to wherever GOD had led each of the children in their lives. About nine-thirty Christina went into the bedroom and helped Riley up. Then later, after a quick lite lunch of mostly leftovers, Christina asked Riley if he was up to one more time of taking the children to town to see them off. "I want to make something special for just the two of us" Christina whispered into Riley's ear. "I would like that" Riley replied, meaning yes and yes again to her questions.

Christina located me, her Angel, in the crowd and gave me the "look". I stepped up to her and Christina announced to everyone that, Dad was taking the kids again to town today. She then added quietly to me alone as the grown children were cheering, "Bring him back to me, Ok?" I told her, "You know that I will."

So, I smiled to myself and just gave Christina a pat upon her shoulder. She watched the wagons as they went down the trail toward town, I was driving their old buckboard, and Riley was beside me with a load of grandchildren and great grandchildren all inside. She smiled and waved from the porch as they went merrily around the bend in the lane. To the young ones, the grandchildren and great grandchildren, this trip would never be forgotten. After all, it was almost like stepping back in time for them.

For the children, the world was growing up, and it had already grown up in each of the places that they all had lived. Christina's and Riley's grandchildren had been told many stories by their parents of living and growing up in the old days out upon the prairie. Now they had finally gotten a little taste of it for themselves. It was the wagon ride with Grandpa to an old steamer train that cemented it all together forever in their memories.

How could anyone ever forget that special day when they would buy their first new car, or ride upon an ocean liner or fly in a jumbo jet? It was only natural for their thoughts to drift back and think about how far things have come, since riding in that old horse drawn farm wagon with Grandpa. "How many times had she watched him come and go in that wagon?" Christina wondered to herself. She then sat down upon the swing and said a Prayer of thanksgiving to the Lord.

The ride to town was really hard on Riley emotionally, because it finally hit him, thinking that this was most likely the last time he would ever see all of his children together again on this earth. "How many years would pass before he would ever see his children again?" he wondered. You see, Riley understood that his children were part of the "Servant Family". That meant that they would not age and die in due time and join him in Heaven.

Oh they were undoubtedly Saved by the Grace of CHRIST our Lord, but what Riley clearly understood was that he would not see his family again once he had passed, that is, until the day that the Lord returned. Riley and Christina's children would continue to serve GOD here upon the earth until JESUS returns in the future. In a way, Riley missed them already, but he took peace in the fact that he is a part of them too, and that his family will be working hard to serve the Lord. Oh, how he wished that he had insisted for Christina to have rode with them. He knew she really wanted to do something special in private for him. However, she had done enough, as he felt, regretting his earlier decision. "Oh well" he thought to himself, "if it helps her, or if it gives to her some type of closure, that is good, and I will bear this pain right now".

CHAPTER 25*Two World's Collide*
(In Time)

Christina was sitting at the table under the kitchen window facing the old flat top wood fired stove with her back to the door. She was looking out that very same window, and remembering how, in anger, over her arranged marriage, she had thrown Riley's honeymoon coffee out of it so many years before. She had her Bible in front of her and was lost in Prayer, thanking GOD for the events of this last day, as well as this current lifetime as a whole.

Christina was about to begin preparing their evening meal, Riley's favorite, complete with apple cobbler and fresh lemonade. Christina could never remember being so happy in all of her lives. You see, the Joy of the Lord that she has always had, but she had never yet learned to let that Joy transcend into all aspects of her daily life. Yes, one can be happy in a moment of time, but the Joy found in CHRIST is happiness, even for the moments of pain, and during our times of loss. I know it is hard to explain, and perhaps you should take that one in Prayer before GOD for your own self. Ask HIM to explain to your heart the difference between happiness and also having HIS Joy.

The door behind Christina opened slowly and no one was there except for the bright sunshine, which was now flooding into the room. For just a second or two, Christina thought that she had not latched it securely. Then, all those thoughts fled away as the

sun became dark. A very large, black, silhouette of a man in an old style riding coat and hat filled the entrance door. His shadow appeared to be so large that it crossed the floor all the way into the dinning room, and it went half way up the far wall. Christina didn't even bother to turn and take a look. Staring at the shadow of death that had just entered into her happy home, she simply said only two words in ancient Gallic, without even thinking about it. "Hello Simon."

"I am sorry mother" Kane answered, also in just a few words of ancient Gallic.

Flashback to twenty four hours earlier.

Christina's and Riley's children had all gathered together at the train station. Most of them had arrived a few hours earlier and were now awaiting the next train so they could all go as a group to their childhood home. They each took turns explaining to their own children just how this was the very spot of where their father's blacksmith shop had once stood. They all hugged and laughed as the children were kissed and mauled by loved ones. It was indeed a happy time.

The 777 train pulled into the station with a screeching stop. The locomotive's breath covered the platform for a moment or two. The small train consisted of only a single passenger coach, a US mail car, and a few box cars. It ended with a small, red bobber style caboose, complete with a smoking chimney.

The family erupted in joy as I, Christina's Angel, was the first to step out. Grandpa Nain was right behind me. The entire hugging and kissing scene played out all over again.

Finally, I said, "leave us a buggy and we will follow you in about forty five minutes. This will give you a chance to let your Mom and Dad to see each of you first."

None of us paid any attention to the weasel of a man who disembarked directly behind Grandpa Nain and myself. He was about forty years in age, pretty much non-descript, who was of average size and build. He was also dressed in an ordinary dark colored suit. He had on a round bowler style hat and wore a single monocle lens to see clearly, and which he promptly removed from his eye and breathed on it, to fog it up. Then, he used a handkerchief from his top left pocket to shine it up. He then replaced it back into his left eye socket. Weasel, as we will refer to him, closed his right eye to get a good hard look at the "servant family." You see, Kane, as was his nature, had long ago given up on ever finding his mother Christina. He finally came to the realization that she had been warned, and with her being much cleverer than himself, along with an Angel to use for her eyes, he knew that he was never going to catch up with his mother even with that inept demon's help.

O yes, I almost forgot, even satan's demons grew tired of Kane's laziness. They only check on him from time to time now. They knew that he was so selfish that if they asked something of him, he would spitefully refuse them as well. Almost a month earlier Kane had begun to stalk his Grandfather Nain. The demon, who was working with Kane, was very happy about that, but Kane was not convinced that anyone other than his mother would be his direct line back to JESUS. As I had mentioned previously, Kane was simply not very bright, you know.

Anyway, when I had showed up, Kane was merely hours from making his move upon unsuspecting Grandpa Nain. If you would ask me about all this, I would have to say that GOD knew what HE was doing with the timing of all these events.

The demon as he appeared to Kane was as a crippled-up old man, complete with a walking stick, he had a hunched back so bad in nature that all the poor old fellow would ever see was his own dirty shoes. This was, of course, all just appearance to fool Simon/Kane. It was a ploy to make Kane feel superior. So, he felt that he was the one in control and not the one being controlled. The demon knew that either Nain or I would have immediately have recognized Simon/Kane following us in our travels back to Christina to give Riley his rightful ceremony. So, the demon had talked Kane into hiring the Weasel. Kane gave him some money up front to eat and travel upon. The Weasel was instructed to always leave forwarding instructions at each station or stable along his way. Kane was shocked as he departed Liverpool on a steamer bound for America. He would never have found his mother, he thought to himself. The Weasel always informed those at each check point that his benefactor, a very large man, would be a day behind him, and to please pass along the information as to where he was headed. The Weasel; led Simon/Kane right to Christina's back door.

As Christina's entire family was sitting down to breakfast earlier this day, and while Riley had slept, the Weasel was waiting for Kane as his train arrived. Fittingly, it was the old 666 steamer, nicknamed "Rebel Hell", which was of course a play on the old rebel yell battle cry. This is one of those official steamers that Sherman confiscated from the Confederate Army on his march toward Atlanta. It was one of the very few standard gauge engines that the south had which could actually run upon northern tracks.

As one might look on into the USA's future, many years ahead, all those foolish movies which were made about war time heroics, stealing and using trains in the civil war; most people would not even know that the south did not have standard rail lines. Very simply, a railroad only covered a short distance.

The next rail line usually could not match up track-wise. This was a big advantage for the north in terms of the time that it took to move fighting men and supplies. The triple-six, by this time, however, was a very finicky, broken down old stud. On the other hand, we may even dare to call it a dud!

It was a very slow, terribly underpowered, water thirsty, wood glutton of a contraption. Many a man had broken his back keeping triple-six well fed. On top of that, those are just its good qualities. Keeping it maintained was nothing short of a true nightmare. Hence, it earned the nickname, "Rebel Hell."

The Weasel first spotted Kane as he went to retrieve his horse from steerage. Any farmer would have recognized her as a mare draft horse. She was an immense specimen, dark cherry brown, having a black mane, a Clydesdale or perhaps a Belgian. I am afraid that I do not know the difference. Whichever, it was a large powerful female, at least 17 hands high, with legs as thick as oak. She was; also unfortunately scarred all the way up and down on each side of her neck. Clearly Simon/Kane had taken the work beast to ensure that it would carry him due to his also extra large size. As usual, Kane had no regard for the fact that GOD had made that horse for very tough, short periods of labor intended to turn the earth. Whenever she had tired of long distance walking, Kane simple strapped her until she bled.

That poor horse also had that in common with anyone else who ever had the misfortune of working for Kane over the last one thousand years. Those who could get away always ran, but sadly, in the end, those who could not, almost always died. They either died by Kane's hand directly, or he simply just worked them to death. He often just killed them outright when they confronted him and refused to labor anymore for him.

Simon/Kane walked his horse down the platform, and if only you could have seen the fear in that poor animal's eye as Kane first grabbed her reins and gave a pull. When she would not budge, with his left hand he pulled her head down by the hair of her mane, and then, he cruelly slugged the large horse hard enough with his right fist that, for just a fraction of a second, her front legs actually buckled. Imagine, if you will, a human being that powerful that they could strike, bare handed, and buckle the knees of a horse as large and thick as she! However, she followed him down the ramp with no further incident.

Weasel was waiting on Kane with the horse at the bottom of the ramp for disembarking. He had to pretend not to notice just how cruel was the true nature of Simon/Kane. Weasel explained everything to Kane, giving him the exact directions to the O'Connell homestead.

Weasel had followed the children home at a discreet distance and waited for Nain and I to pass him by as he hid in the woods. He had previously overheard me say to the children who were there that Grandpa Nain and I would be along in a short while behind them. At this point, one of them might remember the Weasel and wonder why he appeared to be following them, so he had hid himself in the underbrush until Nain and I passed. That way if Weasel thought if he lost the children he could follow us to Christina's home as a last resort.

Kane reached into his coat pocket to get a coin for Weasel when he realized that this was it, there would now be no turning back, and he would have no further need of money. He handed the entire bag to the Weasel. After all, Kane had been searching for his mother for almost one hundred years by now.

Irony truly is ironic, is it not? That is not just a piece of humor either. I'm quite serious! You might enjoy this one! Guess, if

you will, what was in the money bag that Simon/Kane handed to the Weasel that morning? Would you believe that it was thirty American Eagle silver dollars? You might remember a similarity from something learned in Sunday school. It was the ultimate betrayer, Judas, who was also given thirty pieces of silver.

3 When Judas, who had betrayed him, saw that Jesus was condemned, he was seized with remorse and returned the thirty pieces of silver to the chief priests and the elders.

4 "I have sinned," he said, "for I have betrayed innocent blood." Matthew 27:3-4A (NIV)

And so, just as our precious Savior was betrayed by Judas, Weasel's silver was also blood money. Now please don't get too worked up! I have never said just yet whose blood it shall be.

Picture this, as you are outside, the O'Connell's home. You are looking at those very same steps of the porch on which the kids had that "paint fight" so many years before. The clouds are starting to get a little thicker now; the wind is carrying a few leaves. There is almost a palatable shadow hanging over the porch of Christina and Riley's home as Kane stooped down to exit from inside the house and out through the wide open back door.

You would normally think about that door with a hint of humor as you remember that big red door now forever painted white because of the kids paint fight, except this is no laughing matter. Kane had to turn his shoulders to one side in order to fit through the door with his mother's body draped over his left shoulder, as he was holding onto her back with his right arm, and his left arm was lower around the back of her legs at the knee. Kane went down those same steps and then he placed his mother across the big horse's saddle. He gently pulled the hair from Christina's face. Kane said, as he straightened her hair, "We both know that

you will go to Heaven mother". That's it! That is all this monster had to say for the unthinkable thing he had just done. He took the reins and led the big mare away along the west side of the house. It was very surreal, to give it a single word meaning. That was the word that came to mind once Simon/Kane led the horse with his mother's body up over the hill. A very large, single, willow tree stood there. You might recall that tree; it was the one where Christina and Riley had picnics underneath its canopy with the children many times many years before.

Yes, it was oh so very strange! The sky was a slate gray. There was a large willow, with a hangman's noose already suspended at about thirteen or fourteen feet high, which was tied to a very large thick branch. If tied would be the right word, it almost appeared that the tree had grown around the rope. However, the most surreal thing of all was a pre-dug grave at the nearest end of the tree toward the house below. In the dirt pile was a shovel which was stuck in the top of the dirt also prepared for immediate use.

For once in his entire rotten life Simon/Kane had actually done his own homework. He tied the horse to that tree and then removed a medium size burlap sack from the saddle bag, which was the one right next to Christina's face. He placed a leather corded string around his neck, and on it appeared to be dangling a key. He then dumped the remainder of the bags contents to the ground. It was a pair of old-west style locking hand cuffs, except that these were very large, most likely leg irons, as they would fit on most humans, but they were hand cuffs to the menacingly immense with the equally foul minded temperament Simon/Kane. He removed his jacket, neatly folding the coat, as he placed it on the ground. He then removed his hat and gently set it on top of the coat.

Now, all this sort of makes you wonder what could possibly be coming next, right? For this weirdo had just killed his own mother and intended to hang himself, but yet, he took the time to fold his coat. Figure that one out, if you can! He placed the empty burlap bag into his flannel shirt's top left pocket. He then carried his mother's body, and very carefully placed her into the pre-dug grave.

This is really getting disturbingly interesting! A little bit of the bad, old, lazy Kane showed up here. If Christina were to sit up, she would only be about waist deep in the ground. The grave was indeed shallow, very shallow. Simon/Kane took the bag from his pocket and gently placed it over Christina's face. He could kill her, but he did not have the gall to throw dirt into her face. He then buried her. For whatever reason, as he finished, he threw the shovel over the hill, and it actually appeared to be flying as it went into the air and over where the ground dropped off on the hillside downward toward the house.

Simon/Kane next unhitched the big horse and climbed upon her back, he positioned himself underneath the hangman's noose. Next he hooked one cuff on his left hand and locked it. Kane now placed the key that was around his neck, into his mouth. He very gently stood and put the noose over his head, while drawing the noose taught upon his neck. He reached down and loosened his belt just a little, he was also wearing suspenders. He brought his hands to his mouth and locked the second right cuff in place. Then, he spat out the key, which fell all the way to the ground below. Finally, he very carefully wiggled his hands, cuffed and all, one at a time down through between his belt and his pants. He said, no Prayer, no I'm sorry Lord, no nothing, but a single word, "Finally." Actually, I should correct myself, because Kane said two words. The second word was "Yaw!" He yelled it like thunder, while stomping his right foot down on the horse. She exploded like a cannon and when she thought Kane had tumbled

from her back, she spotted the open field in front of her. She was gone like the wind, blessed and forever free of that monster.

The big horse later ended up being found in a herd of cows a few miles away, a big draft horse with reins, bit, and a saddle, but no branding of any kind, other than the scars she carried upon her body and heart. She was a miracle. You see, the young couple who owned this stretch of dirt had just lost their one and only plow horse, and they each had been Praying to GOD for just such a miracle. They quaintly name her "Tiny Dancer", and she was well cared for the rest of her days. Almost immediately she became attached to those folks, almost like she was hiding from something. You might wonder if a horse could actually know that a maniac would never beat on her again. But, animals do not think that way, right?

Simon/Kane swung out in a large pendulum arc not unlike an old grandfather clock as he began to return and descend upon the rope. He started to choke and cough, and he frantically, instinctively tried to get his hands up. However the cuffs had gotten stuck in his belt as he intended. The tree limb began to sag in protest of the big man's weight, and it cracked, almost moaning in pain itself.

No, wait! That was Simon/Kane moaning, and the limb held just fine! He twisted and yelled, well, squealed with the last breath that was in his putrid lungs. He cried, "It hurts, it hurts, it's tearing me!" Suddenly, there was a loud and audible snap. It was not the tree, it was Simon/Kane. His neck snapped as he went still. He was now dead, "Finally". Well, it was almost finally. About forty five minutes later he awakened. Kane regenerated and looked down upon his mother's grave. He was filled with bitterness from the bottom of his wretched soul, for his mother was still dead under the earth, and he had regenerated anyway.

Kane returned to life with the most excruciating pain he had ever felt. It seemed to him like a million pounds of rock were hanging upon his neck. He could not draw a breath, when he at last began to fully realize what had taken place. Kane was not too bright, you know! Kane's Mother, Christina's grave, it worked! Kane thought, she was now dead! She did not regenerate inside the earth. Then, the proverbial light dawned on his big stupid marble head. No one was there to place him into the earth.

"Fool!" he thought. Why was he always such a fool? He would also be dead now if he had been placed into the ground. You will also find that it never crossed his evil twisted mind, not even a single time, to have remorse for what he had done to his own mother.

Kane also has the very same lack of remorse on his part for all of the many people that he had hurt or killed throughout his entire millennial existence. Just as the many, who choose to live outside of GOD'S Will, never feel for those that they harm. They will all one day face eternal destruction at their earthly death. Even though they are miserable, they still choose to live by their own desires, and so, they are doomed by their own decision, and that choice cannot be more simple. Follow GOD through Christ JESUS, and live forever in paradise, or refuse, and be forever separated from GOD in hell. If this is you, now facing this same decision, remember, you are playing with fire. GOD does not wish for you to be forever separated from HIM. That is why HE sent HIS SON JESUS to fulfill the work as your very own personal Savior. Be assured of this, HE does not expect you to become a BIBLE Thumping Holly Roller. GOD already has enough religious nuts as it is. HE just wants to Save you. Repent and accept JESUS!

I'll tell you a little secret right now. Yes, GOD made all mankind with a Living Soul, in HIS Image. You are going to live forever; nothing can ever fully destroy your "in GOD'S image" eternal living Soul. However, by rejecting GOD you will be separated from Him. Nothing with Sin can enter into heaven. Those people, who are not washed clean from their Sin by JESUS, can not enter into GOD'S presence. The only two places after a person's body dies and that their soul can go to is either Heaven or Hell. Hell was simply created for the devil and his followers, which happened after no place in Heaven could be found for them after they rejected GOD, like the fictional Simon/Kane in this book. That is where humans go by default if they die in disbelief. GOD does not wish for anyone to go there. It happens by a person's own choice. In the back of this book you will find some words and a Prayer called the Sinners Prayer. Those words can be your turning point, and your Salvation can be found in those words. May you find them dear reader if you need them.

Now back to our story.

Quite honestly even the Angels expected Simon/Kane to repent at the last minute in order to save his own worthless hide, you know, with him being so selfish and all.

Simon/Kane twisted and turned in unspeakable agony hanging upon that rope. He did not have the strength to get his hands out of his belt. It felt like his head was about to be torn off when again his neck snapped, and he dies yet again.

As Riley and I came up the drive, neither of us noticed at the time that the back door was standing wide open. Riley thanked me for riding home with him and then he asked me, "Will you return to the station and see to it that everyone gets home safe?" "You know that I will my friend I say and besides, do you know what Christina would say to me if I were to go into that house right at

this instant?" We both laughed and I did help Riley put the horses into the barn, and even held Riley's arm and steadied him as we returned up toward the house.

"See you later when they are all on their way home" I said, patting Riley on the back. Just like that, I disappeared and was gone. Riley never noticed the door being ajar, even as he went through it. "I'm home" he said. He stopped in his tracks when he saw the chair that Christina was sitting on turned over on its side. There were also scuffle marks upon the floor. The money jar that Christina kept on the kitchen table had also hit the floor and shattered, with coin and paper dollars strewn everywhere. A chill as cold as January was running through Riley. "If they did not take the money, not thieves, then whom?" he thought to himself. He wondered this intensely as the panic for his dear beloved wife began to rise within him. "They cannot really hurt her", he thought repeatedly over and over. Only that crazy son of hers could hurt her. Riley froze at that thought. You could call it a type of intuition that married couples have about one another after a lifetime of being together. He Prayed out loud, "O dear Lord, please no! Where?" Riley thought, "I must be fast, but what do I do? I cannot fight him, what do I do? Please, Lord, help me, and also help her dear Lord" he thought.

His tears were flowing like a river, as Riley exited the house with his father's old cap and ball muzzleloader. It was one of the old time civil war brutes. If it hit's a limb, you can lose the whole thing. If it hits square, you lose your life. No mercy or quarter was given with these large caliber widow makers. His father once stopped a grizzly bear right in its tracks using this weapon. Riley then thought to himself, "No matter how big that man was, if it could bring down a bear, it would take him down as well." However, "Just don't miss" also crossed Riley's mind. "Where?" he said again, but this time it was actually out loud. He sounded so scared for his wife Christina. Riley's tears were like rain

drops falling. Simon/Kane always created a storm of tears to everyone in his path.

With his short air supply and excited condition, Riley almost began to hyperventilate when he looked down at the porch floor, and took notice of the two drops of blood. He slid his foot through them and they smeared into the wood. "Still wet", he thinks, "not long, not far, thank you GOD, lead me, oh, help me please." Just as he looked up; he noticed the path through the tall grass that Simon/Kane and the big horse had left, which led up over the hill. And, for the second time in a few minutes, Riley just knew where his darling wife was.

Up under their willow

Good thing Riley had that heavy old rifle with him. It was not then being used as a weapon of protection, but instead, as a cane and walking stick.

Riley was out of wind almost before he began to trek up over that hill. He wheezed and coughed, he banged on his chest with his free fist, willing his lungs to open and to pull in just a little air. He had but a single purpose, a single thought replayed over and again in his mind. It was, "I must save her, I must save her, and I must save her." His vision blurred, his chest burned, his heart churned, and then,... it exploded. He collapsed half way up the hill with what was surely the beginning of a full-blown coronary. GOD then willed him to settle for just a moment.

Lying on his back, a few sprinkles of rain touched Riley's face, which felt like ice compared to his hot tears. He laid there pleading with GOD, With JESUS, and also with the HOLY SPIRIT. "Dear Lord, please give me just enough time to save your dear servant. This is about more than just me or her," he thought, as he Prayed. With all of his strength he forced himself to pull in a breath, and he got some air. Just a little bit, but he

does it again, and again. "O, dear Lord, please, yes," he thought. He would not speak again, because every ounce of precious air would be used to save her. His vision began to clear, and he left the rifle. He no longer had the strength to carry it. He could not stand, especially on that hillside. He had to crawl like a little baby in order to save her. "I will get there, Lord. I trust you, to take care of Kane", Riley Prayed to GOD inside his mind. It took him nearly five more minutes to reach the top. He collapsed and fell upon his side as he heaved, trying to pull in yet more air. His vision blurred and it all began to grow dark, like looking down a long tunnel. He beat upon his chest as he tried to force his lungs to open up. Nothing happened, not a single breath of air entered his lungs. "This is it, I have failed her" he thought. But then, a single word, a word so completely full of hope and joy, had entered into Riley's mind.

"Calm" it said.

"Peace" it said again.

As he listened to the soothing voice of the Lord, Riley almost did not realize that by calming down, he was breathing again. Breathing almost freely, his vision had returned, well, most of it. He gently rolled over. He saw Kane hanging in the tree. He was hanging from the same tree, from where, when the children were younger, they as a family had many picnics together here on Sunday afternoons after Church Service. Riley remembered that Christina would always make her famous homemade lemonade on those days. In fact, he once fell asleep and awoke in a panic, actually embarrassed, because Christina had made an advance upon him while he was sleeping. He awoke with relief to see that all the children had gone home. She had laughed and laughed about the situation, realizing that he would be embarrassed if the children had observed her getting fresh with him.

Look at it now he thought! That poor old willow tree just had never been the same since getting struck by lightning in a terrible thunder storm so many years ago. It had been slowly dying ever since, with its main trunk split open by the bolt of power. It was an awful, deep, ugly, wound that nearly split the big old tree in half. Riley remembered that he almost mourned for that tree as one might mourn a friend with all of the memories that they each had created and shared together underneath it's canopy. As his breath slowly began to return to normal, Riley realized that he had almost just laid down and died, it was only the memories of his family that he was clinging to for life.

Riley decided to open his eyes again, because he had been doing as the Lord had said, "Calm." He was astounded to see the rope, which Kane was swinging on; it was indeed their rope. Many uncounted years ago he had shimmied up that tree and tied that rope. He slid back down it in amazement to the children. Christina actually laughed and called him a "showoff." That was true, because he was showing off for the children.

Next, Riley had each of the kids help him bore a large hole into the center of a two foot plank of pine with a brace and bit. Once the hole was done he fed the rope through the hole. He then cut the rope to length and tied a big knot in it, so that it would not be able to pull back up through the board. The kids straddled the board and held onto the rope making it a swing. He was thinking about the kids laughing and playing on that swing as he was regaining his strength.

As his wits began to return, Riley was looking at Simon/Kane and was astounded to think that old rope, and even the old rotten tree, would even begin to hold up that monster. Then, he realized that the old rope, and an even older tree, could not even possibly begin to hold up Kane. There was no way, because Riley had spent his entire lifetime working with his hands, and he

understood how things worked. It was simply GOD holding Kane up there. For the sake of both Riley and Christina, GOD had answered his Prayers.

Isn't it funny at times how miracles come about? People often search high and low for these great supernatural events that are clearly the handiwork of GOD. For most people, quite frequently, they just plain overlook GOD'S small miracles that shape their everyday lives. You see, GOD, of course, can easily work grandiose miracles, but does so only when HE determines it to be necessary. HE much prefers to work quietly behind the scenes, often with the help of HIS children, in order to make people feel useful. Common events and circumstances are where HIS greatest work and Love for humans can be found.

The Prayer worked. Riley was thinking about his life, which he shared together with his family, and was also thinking about how GOD was helping him right now at that very minute, and HE had brought him back from the edge of death. Not for one second would he even allow himself to think about just laying down and dying in order to be with Christina forever in Heaven. That would be blasphemy. That single act would undo everything for which he had lived his entire life together with Christina.

"Please, Dear Lord, give me the strength to finish the race." He actually said those words very lightly under his breath.

Don't you realize that in a race everyone runs, but only one person gets the prize? So run to win! ²⁵ All athletes are disciplined in their training. They do it to win a prize that will fade away, but we do it for an eternal prize. ²⁶ So I run with purpose in every step. I am not just shadowboxing. ²⁷ I discipline my body like an athlete, training it to do what it should. Otherwise, I fear that after preaching to others I myself might be disqualified. 1 Corinthians 9 :24-27(NLT)

These were to be the last words he would ever fully speak while upon this earth. The rest of his prayers, hopes, and thoughts, were all inside his mind for the remainder of his time. "Where are you my Love? Where can you be?" he thought. His eyes actually started to focus, one of them anyway, when he saw the fresh overturned dirt which was only a few feet ahead of him. "O, thank you Lord" she is not too far now.

Riley crawled to Christina's grave, and he prayed silently as he began to dig up his wife with his bare hands. His chest pounded, and it hurt so very badly, and he could barely catch a breath. "I can't get a good breath, if only a single good breath, I'm so close now" Riley was thinking. He was down on his side digging with one hand, and his vision was quickly fading, but no matter now, he would dig even harder, willing a breath or two out of a hundred or so attempts to draw in air.

O how I took my health for granted when all was well Riley mused inside.

Riley's legs were shaking in a death spasm from his heart, as he said, "no, death will not stop me. Please Lord, I'm so close now." He touched Christina. "Yes!" his heart screamed inside. "Thank you Lord" he thought, "It's not too deep after all." Riley was afraid that in his current condition she would be buried too deep and be out of his reach. He pushed the dirt from her chest. He could hardly move now, he was fading fast. Nearly blind, with tunnel vision and he could not breathe. He did not have much time, but only a few seconds.

Riley found the small burlap bag that was covering his beloved wife's face, and with all his strength he fiercely removed it. He wiped away any more dirt that he could feel. "She is free ! " Please Lord, now it is up to You" he thought to himself. The last of his long tunnel of vision was swallowed by darkness, and

soon, Riley would be home. "Please, Lord, let me see her one last time" he begged GOD from inside the very depths of his soul. He tried to calm himself again while holding her right hand in his. He actually had to be careful not to roll down on top of Christina in her grave.

Just then, I, as Angel, touched Riley on his back. "I have returned" I said to him, "you are not alone." I then Prayed aloud, "Please, Lord, let them have a final moment together." Then, Riley unexpectedly was given a breath, one given in Mercy and Love.

"For you my son" Riley heard as loud as thunder in his mind, **"open your eyes and behold."**

He saw it, light from Heaven. It glowed and sparkled, as it descended down upon Christina. He could see every color of the rainbow and some colors that he couldn't even begin to describe, for he had never seen them before. The Love light, of GOD, settled down upon his beloved wife's body. The light sparkled and was full of life. Riley could feel it. Christina began to glow and radiate in the light. "She is in the aura, the light of the Love of GOD" Riley thought.

As the light faded, Riley saw her again, and just her form was visible for a few seconds in the light. She was young again, as she was the first day that he had met her. She was even more breathtakingly beautiful than he had remembered her to be. Riley cried out inside, "thank you Lord". He tried, but was unable to speak.

Just then, another light descended. It was a round orb of light from way up in the sky. Riley saw it descend all the way down. Riley understood that it was his wife, Christina. It was her Soul. She was returning to her body. She was dead and yet was in

Heaven. Her earthly body had now been Saved, and GOD was now returning her living Soul to re-join it.

"I could have laid down and died, to be with her" Riley thought. But, he already knew that it was blasphemy. He said, "I did what I had to do, it was just as we have always lived our lives together. It was as GOD had willed, and so it shall be. Thank you, Lord, we have each run the race as you have willed." All these thoughts ran through Riley's mind as his life flashed before his eyes. From childhood memories, to the completeness of the Love he experienced last night at the ceremony. Riley saw inside every event of his life in a single moment.

The orb of light simply soaked into Christina's body, for the lack of a better word. She shook from head to toe, as her soul re-entered her body.

Riley's remaining air drained from him, and he closed his eyes beside his wife in her grave. She was coming to life, while he was slipping into death.

"Riley, Riley, Riley!" Christina was yelling, as she was sitting up in the grave, on her knees, holding his face in both of her hands calling out his name. It was now lightly raining as she called out to her husband. "Lord, please let me tell him what you told me to say," the now, young again, Christina said. "Let me tell him good bye for now. "Please, Lord, Please." Christina pleaded. "Please Lord" I, Angel was also Praying, as I stood behind her. "Riley, Riley" he heard his name, over and over. It was indeed the sound of her sweet voice calling to him in the dark.

"Go to her" the Lord said in Riley's mind. **"I AM going to take you momentarily"**

"Once again to see my dear friend" Riley thought to himself, as

he only had one eye open. Riley saw the most beautiful sight he had ever seen on the earth. His beautiful wife was holding his face, calling his name only a foot away from him. She saw him open his eyes.

"Say Goodbye for now my daughter" the Lord spoke into Christina's mind with a Love she could almost literally taste. "Thank You, Lord" she said. "He must be blind in one eye" she thought, looking into the right one. The left eye was open but it had dilated all the way out.

"Riley, thank you. You saved me. Even though you wanted to die and be with me, you Saved me, and did what was right. JESUS told me that you would do that. HE said that I had to come back and finish what we have started here together, and that I have to guide the children now. He knew that I wanted to stay in Heaven and be with you also. But, HE promised me that we would have all eternity to be together once our work here was done. And, the Lord always keeps his promises Riley, we both know that. He told me that you would save me, and not even death would stop you. I Love you" Christina added.

Riley actually smiled a little, and a single tear dropped from his good eye. He tried to speak but could not. All he got out was "Luv" "I know" Christina said. "I've seen it all, how you fought through even death for me."

Riley was fading, and Christina had to hurry. "Riley!" she said, very loudly in her best Queens voice. He heard her, and his good eye snapped wide open. Christina said, "They are waiting for you right now. I got to meet your parents, just as you got to meet my father. Riley, I also got to visit with my mother! Go my Love, Go now. Be in their Love through CHRIST our Lord."

Riley smiled again, for he had understood every word. He again mumbled the word "Luv" as she heard the very last of his air escape from his lips. She saw his life fade away inside the good eye, as it then closed in death.

In the rain, with a trembling hand, she closed his other eye. Riley had died, staring into Christina's eyes. "Thank you, Lord" was all she could say. But now, it was she who could not breathe, not able to get a single breath.

I, Angel, walked over to the tree and picked up Simon/Kane's long riding coat, dumping the hat, like a diseased creature upon the ground. GOD'S breath carried the hat away upon HIS wind. I shook the water from the jacket while Christina rolled out of her grave with the grace of a ballerina and with purpose in her movements. If only you could have seen the look of determination in her eyes.

Riley had died; in his last act of love for Christina. Her first act, upon arising would be the burying of him proper with her own hands. I knew my dear sister Christina so very well, and so, I straightened the large coat out on the ground and waited to see how much help she wanted or needed. She was now fully young and strong once again. When she picked up her husband's body, she then had a mixed bag of emotions. The first was gut wrenching sorrow of course, and so, she squeezed his body close to hers. Sorrow was only natural.

The second emotion was relief. She knew that he was in Heaven. JESUS and Riley's parents were waiting on him as she was in the process of returning to the earth.

Surprise was the third biggest feeling that Christina experienced. Yes indeed, she was very surprised. She knew that she was fully strong once again, not that any of the "Servant Family" ever

really weakened, as they would get the appearance of aging, but Riley seemed to be so light. There was hardly anything left of him.

Christina then had a fourth, smaller feeling, one of guilt. She had been Praying for years to the Lord for just a little more time together. Well, judging by what was left of Riley's body, the Lord had listened to each of their Prayers for a little more time for each of them to be together. She had wrapped him in the coat and then kissed him one last time. Christina told him thank you for his Love, and for their family, as well as their time together. She told him that this was only goodbye for now, not forever, that she would see him soon enough. Christina then placed the same burlap sack that was on her face over his. She wrapped him tight and placed him gently down into the grave. She buried him with her bare hands while crying out to the Lord to remember Riley, and thanking GOD for this lifetime that they had together.

This was truly Christina's very best lifetime which she had lived, and it was the best she would ever have. Home to her would now forever be this lifetime, and her home here with Riley, as she would attempt to forget about her previous unfortunate life in Perth. She finished by Praying that the Lord would guide her, so she could honor Riley's memory by guiding their children, grandchildren, and all the generations to come.

And now dear friend we have come full circle. We are not at our stories end, but have once yet again returned to the beginning of our tale. Remember the Alpha and Omega prologue:

The rain was coming steadier now as the sorrow poured from her soul. The sorrow of our tomorrows, but for her, they are the fears of her yesteryears.

With her story sung, now you understand GOD'S plan, and HIS hand upon the mourning woman.

Shall we continue on now? We should give Christina a few moments to compose herself, OK? She had completed the last thing on this earth that she could do for Riley, well, other than the work the Lord had set before her with their offspring.

I then stood behind Christina, giving her some space. I Prayed silently for her, for strength and the right words that I could say to her. However, the "wrong" words were the next to be heard by both Christina and myself. This terrible day was not yet complete.

"Mother! Mother! Mother!" Simon /Kane repeated over and over. It was a mystery just how much of what happened, and how much he had observed after he regenerated. It was perhaps all or even none at all. In spite of that, his hands were now freed from his belt, and he was holding, without hope onto the rope, but not for long. He was once more struggling big time, and his hands were slipping down.

With a seemingly sincere emotional attempt, Kane said, "Please, mother, have the Angel cut me down. I will never hurt you again. I know now that I do not need to."

Christina looked up from Riley's grave, and for the first time, she actually noticed that the one who was once a son to her was still there.

"The Lord also spoke to me about Kane," Christina said under her breath to me, her Angel. She stood and took one step toward her son, from over a thousand years before. She gave him the "look". Simon/Kane was afraid of her, because he had always been afraid of her. He envied her strength of character, which

was unyielding and stronger than steel. He respected her heart of a lion, even though it was obvious that he disagreed with her on almost everything, but that never stopped him from admiring her.

Most men were always afraid of Christina. Simon/Kane feared her, but Riley feared her even more so. You see, Riley was afraid when he was young so many years ago, because he feared that she would never Love him. However, she did love him, and with all her heart. For this reason Riley was as happy as any man could ever be.

Christina then spoke loudly in Gallic the last five words Simon would ever hear upon this earth. "Twist in your fate, KANE!" The way she had said it, and the way she had used that name, was just the way that he had demanded for her to use that name so many years before. She did it, finally,... she had called him Kane. For the very first time his mother had called him Kane.

Be careful what you wish for, as they say, because you might just get it. That is the last lesson Christina taught to her former son. Simon, her boy was now finally gone, eaten alive by the hateful name of Kane by which he chose to call himself. Now, he was dead to her forever. Kane knew it instantly, and he sobbed like a little baby. His hands flailed as he lost his grip upon the rope.

Simon/Kane's last sight upon this earth was a confusing spinning whirl, as he spun around in circles due to his frantic panic motions because of his emotional reaction to his mother's final rejection, of the man, Kane, which he had chosen long ago to become. Tree-sky-mother was Kane's whole spinning existence. He began to spin faster, he cried, and he tried. Tree-sky-mother was his twisting vision. Sorrow filled him, not that his rotten heart was remorseful for all the pain and suffering that he had inflicted upon others in his one thousand year lifetime, but he was only sorrowful for his own selfish self.

Do you remember the comment Christina made quietly to me when she was lost in her sorrow for Riley and had first taken notice of Kane crying out to her for mercy?

Her exact words were that while she was in Heaven the Lord had spoken to her about him as well. It was about her son Simon, who had chosen to reject GOD and all that is good and HOLY, and that he lived selfishly as Kane. Simon willingly took the first murderer as his namesake and by such example did he live all his days. That is what the Lord had told Christina that Kane was also out of time. What he had done to kill his mother was only to seal his own fate. Just as that bandit leader, a millennia ago, had his fate in his own hands when he thought the decision was his, as to whether or not to spare Christina, so was Simon/Kane's fate on that present day. The bandit leader had spared her and was spared, but Simon/Kane took her life and was now to forfeit his.

What I never told you in this story until now is this: GOD had sent to Kane several Angels both on the boat to America and on the railcars. They had told him that now was his last chance that he had to repent, that he could have his real family back if he would repent and obey. Of course, GOD knew that he would not. However, each human has to make the choice by their own free will, and that choice must be given by God.

"Justification"

Justification for the eternal loss of one's very soul.

The choice is always up to the individual, and so, please choose wisely, choose GOD. Either one's ransom for Sin is paid for in full by JESUS on the cross, which is the narrow path to everlasting life, or one will follow their own selfish desires, which will lead to their eternal separation from GOD.

Each person justifies their own destiny simply by surrendering to GOD'S Will or to selfishly not do so. They will be justifiably lost forever by their disobedience and rejection of GOD'S Will for their Salvation while they are given a chance to show their true colors in a completely free-willed human existence. On the other hand, Sanctification and Redemption by GOD'S Grace can be found only in and through CHRIST JESUS. This choice is to be made by everyone, especially when the wrong choice of rejection is the final straw that condemns their soul.

(do you know when your last chance will be given to you?)

Mother-tree-sky, Kane spinned around faster and faster. Kane denied, ... Mother-tree-sky,Kane cried, ...Kane died. His neck snapped again.

Christina turned to me, her Angel and spoke, "The Lord said for me to tell you to do it quickly. It is HIS Will." "Yes my friend, and I am sorry" I replied in genuine sorrow. Suddenly, in a flash of light, I was then as my full warrior self at least ten feet tall. I literally glowed like Son light. Yes, you read that right, like "Son of GOD" light, right there in the midst of the pouring rain. It's amazing to think how God works. Even though it was raining and yet, my appearance did not seem to show any signs of wetness to Christina, who was taken by such a sight.

I drew my sword and cut Kane down with a single stroke. Christina averted her eyes. She returned to Riley's grave and knelt down and Prayed. "Thy Will be done, on earth as it is in Heaven" she said. She felt JESUS' touch upon her shoulder, but more importantly, she felt HIS Peace upon her heart.

Christina heard me sink that large sword of mine into the ground opening yet another grave.

Did you know that I have the ability to work almost outside of normal time when it is needed? It is called working in GOD'S time. Less than thirty seconds later in earth's time, I also touched my friend, Christina upon her shoulder. "It is Done!" was all I said to her. That would be all I would ever say again to Christina about the subject of Simon/Kane, but of Riley, our conversations together will literally have no end.

It was pouring rain now, and I picked up Christina with my left arm. I had reassumed my normal appearance for her. I was getting wet again as I appeared to be like a normal human. As we descended down the hill Christina looked back over her shoulder. "Funny thing" she thought. Her best hopes, Love and dreams, and her worst failure, sorrow and nightmares are buried together here only twenty feet apart. The Lord brought them all together within HIS own determined Fateful timing.

Love and hate.

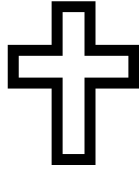
Love had ended well in Heaven. Hate had not ended so well, because he went down to, ... well, you know.

Two fresh graves.

Twenty feet apart, they were separated by a thousand years of time that came together in a single moment.

I, Angel, had made a Cross of two willow branches and had dug a little more dirt with my sword and placed them each respectfully onto Riley's Grave. "He must have done that in "GOD time" Christina thought. Christina never even noticed that I had done that until she looked back. She was crying and completely unaware of just how much of her weight that I was actually supporting. She laid her head upon my shoulder and was just about to thank me when she noticed from the corner of her eye that I too was weeping. Even in the rain she could see that. So, she gave me my space. Not another word was said.

Epilogue



673 - C.R.
(Christ's Return)

I have been given permission to offer only these few details in order to give hope to the hopeless.

The Little ones always love this time. Every graduating class gets this special treat. The closest thing in our society today for comparison would be moving from kindergarten to the regular school level, except most of these children are a few years older. Of course, school is much different in this present age of which you are reading these words. Each student advances, as they progress, there is no pressure, and in fact, each child now has an individual teacher.

Oops, I was not supposed to say that! Please pretend like you never heard me say it, OK? Yes, each child has a primary developmental teacher. The child and teacher go along together to all the other classes, which the child is offered.

Normally, in a class such as this one today, the instructors give their life experiences to the children, whatever lessons they have learned, and so forth, for about an hour, and then their story book is read to them, and it comes alive! A book "breathing" means coming alive in one's hands, mind, and heart.

All books in GOD'S Kingdom do this. They come alive inside a

person, as in actually seeing and feeling the events in the book as if they are living them. It's better than any movie, picture show, or TV experience could ever provide for them.

It is even more special when the authors involved are there and you can share directly with them. This is a special class and the word is out on them, and it has been for hundreds of years now. This human story contains actual Angels! That is the main reason why the little ones love this class so well. It is the Angel who always reads the book at the end. In case you hadn't noticed before now, it was I, Angel, who had read and narrated this story to you as well.

A new tradition has also come into existence over the last few centuries, that of when an Angel reads a book to the class, the children can make a request that the Angel would willingly appear as any of their guises that is included in the story. Of course, ninety nine times out of one hundred the kids always request that the Angel appear as their fully normal selves. You know what I mean, it's an Angel thing they do. Worship time is about the only time they let their hair down, so to say, and show their selves as they truly are in appearance.

This would be somewhat of a normal looking classroom to you and other folks, having chairs, pencils, crayons, pictures on the wall, with lots of windows. However, much to the kids delight, the ceiling in this room is only about eight foot tall. When I casually inform the children that I am of the old warrior class, well, they just squeal in delight. That simply means the room is not tall enough for me.

I will say that there are many types of Angels, some of whom are made of GOD'S light, some have wings, and some are so tiny in their natural state that they could literally walk into your ear. In my case, I like to tease the children by saying that I cannot assume my natural form in the classroom. Sit down! they all yell

and actually, it is almost a cadence. Sit down, sit down, sit down, they all always plead with me.

Everyone moves the chairs back against the walls, and the children then form a circle around me. “Not too close”, and then, BAM! It happens in half a heart beat, with a flash of light. There I am, a ten foot tall, five foot wide, at a huge unknown weight, I just plop down right in the middle of the floor. The first thing that always happens is that the kids always rush me and crawl all over me. However, I love it and the kids know it!

So, what does it mean to get a book read to you that is actually alive? It means those involved get to live those moments again through fresh eyes. Just as the reading by myself and by the teachers in this present time on earth, they are living their memories again today with the children, giving to them the full benefit of their knowledge and experiences.

Today’s lesson is to trust GOD, because HE uses all things for HIS purpose. Our teachers are in the back of the room and awaiting the reading of their tale. Do they look pretty familiar? They are together again sharing their lives with the children, Christina and Riley.

They each get to feel their story through the excitement and the eyes of a child. Each person is different. One mechanically inclined child might spend hours with Riley going over horseshoeing, while another might be with Christina, lost in conversation for twice as long about being an actual Queen and what it was really like, memories, feelings and all, the whole ball of wax.

I know it is hard for you to understand right now. Trust me, it is natural, and you will take to it like a fish to water. The Lord JESUS is the one who makes that possible. You see, one’s “mind work” as the pro’s like to call it, is outside

of time, within what I like to call GOD'S Time.

Simply put, one can literally have a four hour detailed conversation with someone, complete with memories and feelings, about almost nearly anything in four minutes flat. That's about right I would say, a minute for each hour, right? You know what the scriptures say, to the Lord a day is a thousand years, and a thousand years is as a day.

If anyone is ever bored in JESUS' Kingdom it is their own fault! Well, believe it or not, I once made the mistake of asking Einstein to explain quantum mechanics to me. Finally, he laughed and just asked to hold my hand. He gave to me his memories and knowledge, and it was so simple that even a child could understand it. However, that is, until Einstein let go of my hand, and it became instant goby-gook! He and I both laughed. At least for a moment I had understood.

Now, I want to share the best part, that which I have not told you. Yes, I am allowed to share this part, for the sole reason of giving hope to the hopeless.

Just wait until the very first time JESUS shares HIS Loving Heart with you. That will be when you see HIS human life through HIS eyes for yourself. When you feel HIS Love personally for YOU. You will discover and really know how HE was with you every step of the way in your life. It will feel like you ate warming Love, and it will never cool inside your belly, which is actually within your Heart. It will warm your whole being from the inside out, and it will never cool again.

So, now you that you know about the Love of GOD found through HIS only begotten Son, CHRIST JESUS, go and tell it to others so that they may also know the Truth. That is the Lord's Will. May HE Bless each and every one of you.

*May the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and
the fellowship of the Holy Spirit be with you all.
2 Corinthians 13:14 (NIV)*

To all our Brothers and Sisters in Christ,

We are all members of the “Servant Family.”

We are all members of the “Body of Christ.”

*1 Therefore, I urge you, brothers and sisters, in view of God’s
mercy, to offer your bodies as a living sacrifice, holy and
pleasing to God—this is your true and proper worship.*

*4 For just as each of us has one body with many members, and
these members do not all have the same function,*

*5 so in Christ we, though many, form one body, and each member
belongs to all the others.*

*6 We have different gifts, according to the grace given to each of
us. If your gift is prophesying, then prophesy in accordance with
your faith;*

7 if it is serving, then serve; if it is teaching, then teach;

*8 if it is to encourage, then give encouragement; if it is giving,
then give generously; if it is to lead, do it diligently; if it is to
show mercy, do it cheerfully. Romans 12:1 & 4-8 (NIV)*

Remember: TRUST GOD!

That is the whole point to this story; to show how GOD can use
anyone, at any time, in any place, for any purpose, and that we
are each only as useful to GOD, in HIS service, as it relates to
how much of ourselves we dedicate to HIM in our daily lives.

Be like Christina and Riley, our fictional heroes in this story.
Give yourself fully to CHRIST.

Live by Faith
Live as an example
We are not all Pastors
We are not all world shakers
We can all become Christian makers

We can all do our best with what GOD has given to each of us.
Imagine what a world this would be if we all just did our best in
service to GOD and each other.

Thank You to each FATHER GOD, JESUS our Savior & our
Loving, Guiding HOLY SPIRIT.

May GOD Bless You and Yours.

Believe and receive
Get and let
GOD

Thank You for reading my friend
For this is

The End

*Trust in the LORD with all your heart
and lean not on your own understanding;
in all your ways submit to him,
and he will make your paths straight
Proverbs 3:5-6 (NIV)*

THE SINNER'S PRAYER



Because I have found my Savior JESUS CHRIST
Today is the first day of my born again life
If you want to find your Savior too
Then this is all you have to do

*"For God so loved the world that he gave his one and only Son, that
whoever believes in him shall not perish but have eternal life.
John 3:16 (New International Version)*

*I am the gate; whoever enters through me will be saved.
John 10:9 (New International Version)*

*I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father,
but by me. John 14:6 (King James Version)*

*If you confess with your mouth that Jesus is Lord and believe in your
heart that God raised him from the dead, you will be saved.
10 For it is by believing in your heart that you are made right with
God, and it is by confessing with your mouth that you are saved.
Romans 10:9-10 (New Living Translation)*

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 so 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 days 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.

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