

# THE AWAKENING OF THE REMNANT

THE WHITE AGUSTA-WESTLAND AW109VVP banked and primed for descent as the world waited for the appearance of the man who had conquered death. The chopper's handsome fuselage was munificent in its purpose, as the bladed thrust of the three Turbomeca turboshaft engines pillowed a torrent of compression down upon the dignitaries and crowds gathered below.

Hats were gripped.

The gowns of the religious and the frocks of the elegant were clutched as the rotorcraft touched down with the elegance of a swan. The present crowd, alongside multitudes watching on screens around the world, witnessed the landing. The engines shut down, and the white craft settled on its undercarriage.

Billions of eyes locked in anticipation onto the striking image of the most expensive helicopter on earth, now parked in the bright sunlight of an Italian spring day. Their attention shifted to the doors, where their saviour was about to appear.

His team exited first.

The smartest, the brightest, the most handsome of young savants stepped onto the helipad. They were the academic rock stars of the day. The crowd could not yet see their man among them, but then rapturous applause erupted as the pilot of the Westland revealed himself as the true celebrity. He waved, smiled, and bowed as a fanatical congregation welcomed him on the 8th Hill of Rome. The resurrected man called X had landed.

The orchestrated arrival unfolded in full effect. A silence fell when he ascended the podium facing the crowd of worshippers. At his request, a 500-voice mass choir took breath to sing the song he had chosen for the occasion. It began with a staccato of male voices, then washed into what he believed would be a prophetic convocation, inviting the world into his saving arms:

*Let the river run, let all the dreamers wake the nations, come the new Jerusalem!*

At the crescendo, he hid his face in his hands to conceal the crocodile tears that would seal his first public appearance since the head wound that had taken his natural life. Now alive again, the nations of the earth were hungry to hear his words.

*Music is the food of the soul, so play on, maestro!*

X's first public words were spoken in a clear voice and accompanied by a dazzling smile, cast deliberately toward the cameras broadcasting his essence to oceans of people.

“It is two months to the day since my life was almost stolen. This theft would have robbed me of the opportunity to unite all the people of the world in one purpose, one destiny, one cooperative. Yet here I stand. Some say I was miraculously resurrected. Others say science saved me. I would say this: I once was dead, but now I am not.”

A worldwide ovation rang out around the planet. He spoke again. His words fell like water on parched humanity.

“If you will indulge me, a little insight from the time I was mending from the killing wound and my rejuvenescence. I spent much of my recovery at a clinic located near the CERN Hadron Collider. For a time, I was confined to a wheelchair, unable to move on my own. In that weakened state, I visited a particular statue at CERN—the image of Shiva, the cosmic dancer. The Rudra Tandava dance represented in that statue portrays destruction and rebirth, the reshaping of time and space. Shiva is a destructive force, but a constructive one too,

generating new life from death. The skull crown of the cosmic dancer signifies conquest over death... my conquest.”

The world drank in his words. His bedtime story lulled the masses asleep to truth.

“At the time of my visit to this glorious statue, I had the subatomic science of the Hadron Collider beneath my feet and the magic of Shiva in my eyes. My rebirth happened there. My risorgimento.”

The crowd erupted. He stilled them with raised hands.

“Be assured—I am now more than ever committed to saving this world from itself. Yes, I believe myself to be your savior, and I will do whatever it takes to bring our beautiful globe back from the brink of disaster. Representatives from all nations, faiths, and creeds are assembled here today as a testimony to my mandate. Soon, I will fly to Israel to bring the lost lamb of our flock home to our universal herd. Israel must return to our commonwealth for the world to have peace.”

The crowd's response was fanatical. Humanity's resistance to his charisma was broken. Their hope was that X would build a tower to heaven and thwart the gods. Their wicked hearts craved to worship his perversion.

“My austerity will not come without cost. There will be a culling of the herd. Naysayers, sectarians, and non-conformists will not have the privilege of imprisonment. The discordant will pay with their lives.”

X pressed his agenda.

“For those not present on this hill, hear me.”

The prince of darkness, living in the ‘resurrected’ neat man, pronounced his absolute dominance. He looked directly into the cameras of the media pavilion. Humanity had not heard him like this before. His voice was rich in tone and wicked in word. He announced his Strategy.

“Your economic participation in a world of increasingly scarce resources will require a numbered allegiance from each one of you, individually.

This is not coercion.

Compliance is your only alternative.

Take the chip.

It is your passport to freedom!

The new world will be governed by the total

economic subjugation of all nations and people.  
Conform—for this is your salvation!  
The best way to ensure a collective future is to create  
it together, and I will be your architect.  
Your Shiva!”

He waited for the applause to fade.

*DO NOT LET ME HAVE TO BE YOUR BUTCHER!*

The final sentence did not seem to come from his voice, nor through the PA system. The sound was ancient. It echoed as if spoken from the bowels of the earth. It was not merely heard; it was felt, a shuddering in the soul.

The world had finally chosen its absolute sovereign, and the wolf was unleashed. X would feed on flesh, and the sheep had just learned that on the 8th Hill. X turned to rejoin his entourage of intercontinental power brokers, politicians, and the Vaticanari.

Humanity was left in stunned silence.

The 8th Hill welcomed Nimrod.

And mystery Babylon was no longer a mystery.

## **The Dreamer and the Doubters**

The same silence hung for a moment in the lounge of a humble bungalow in Galilee. Ariel mustered a deep lungful of air,

exhaled, then smiled at the team gathered in his home to watch the Vatican event.

“The planet is hijacked. It’s checkmate. Meet your new Potentate, people.”

He could see their fear. He spoke again.

“Reading between the lines, the Vaticanari must have access to at least seventy percent of anything ballistic or hypersonic with a nuclear warhead. Our government knows this. They’ll have no choice but to abide by this beast’s devilish covenant, whether we like it or not.”

“Yet you’re smiling, Ariel. Our world is collapsing, and you seem to be playing the cello as the Titanic is sinking.”

The speaker was an ex-military comrade. Most of the men and their wives gathered at the olive grove homestead were brothers and sisters in arms.

“I last saw that smile in a chopper over the Golan, Ariel, and I still have shrapnel in me from that picnic. What you just saw; doesn’t that scare you?”

The comrade’s questioning came as an inquisition born of frustration and fear.

“That thing we just watched speaking is not human, I tell you. So please, tell me where the humour is in all this, my friend.”

Ariel’s smile faded.

“I’m weary of that beast, yes. But scared? No.”

He addressed his team, his tone compassionate but resolved.

“I need to tell you something. A confession of sorts. Something happened to me a couple of nights ago. It might seem trivial to you, and I don’t expect any specific response; only that you hear me and try to respect what Anavah and I have purposed to do. Unfortunately, we don’t have much time to deliberate on what’s happened. But hear me... please. I had a dream.”

Comrades and dear friends of the couple—men and women they had trusted for years—looked at Ariel with concern. They had served together in the military. They had shared lives in fellowship. Now they operated as part of an undercover resistance to the New World Order.

They bombarded the internet with messages, trying to warn their fellow Israelis of the deception at their door. Still numbed by the announcement and arrogance of the risen overlord at the Vatican, their minds were racing. They needed direction. Their options were few. So, they listened.

Ariel’s telling of the dream came from a humbled heart. But his friends could see there was new fire in him. They frowned at his words. They glanced at one another, puzzled. Some stared out the lounge window, where Lielle and their children were filling toy teacups and serving fluffy guests seated around a

dilapidated table. Then, toward the end of Ariel's confession, their eyes returned to their rabbi. They looked at him in silence.

"I'm sure you must be very confused by what I've just said. But I want you to know that regardless of what happens, we love you. Having you in our lives makes all of this bearable. Valuable."

His closest friend, a bear of a man with a beard worthy of an ancient Hebrew warrior, disrupted the moment.

"I don't buy into the messiah part, Ariel. You know I'm an agnostic. But since your wife—and my dear Yael—embraced this Yeshua, my home is suffering tremendous peace. Even my youngest has stopped wetting his bed. His nightmares are gone. I fear that I'll take up his habit now, given all that's happening around us."

A few in the team snorted at the confession, releasing some of the tension. Bern continued.

"Those children outside that window; they're Hebrews. Our little Hebrews. And they will not be chipped or modified by this gentile pig and his order. I'll follow you into the fire, but don't expect me to participate in your spiritual awakening, Ariel."

"Your wife too?" another voice interrupted.

"My youngest thanked Yeshua for her cereal this morning, and demanded I do the same. Put me in a tough spot. Fortunately, I know a grocer in Jaffa whose name is Joshi. I thanked him as a

proxy. She didn't notice the deflection.”

The humor in Abner's consternation brought more smiles to the team.

## **The Testimonies**

Ariel was astonished at what his wife had been up to.

“You know this?”

Anavah stifled a giggle, then joined the conversation.

“All the women here have, in some shape or form, taken hope from the Messiah's message,” she said.

“It's a topic that you gentlemen evoked when you began studying the New Testament for clues. You were trying to debunk the new order, and we found something else. We found hope.”

She continued.

“We've resolved to stand with our husbands regardless. But we want you to know that we now have courage. And we believe this mess will culminate in victory for Israel, whether we live or die. Nothing changes except our conviction. There is a way out, and the path is in the Scriptures you've been studying.”

Ariel turned to the others.

“I have joined my wife in her conviction. I want you all to know this.”

Another voice entered. It was the team's tech guru—the

quiet analyst who rarely made spiritual pronouncements. But tonight, his voice carried weight.

“Anavah shared a text from Yeshayahu 53 with me,” he said.

“The fulfillment of it, it’s beyond chance. I crunched the numbers. I checked the odds of Yeshua being the Messiah. I don’t know how I never saw this before. The numbers are staggering in His favor.”

He looked up, his voice steady.

“Over the last few weeks, I’ve read Hebrews, John, and Matthew multiple times. I stand convinced and convicted. When you read Revelation in the context of Daniel 9, the prophetic values and timelines can only point to divine inspiration.”

He paused, then added,

“The Old Testament I know. But now the New confirms the Old for me. It gives me light in a world where darkness seems to have gained the upper hand. The good will win over evil. Of that, I am sure. And I concur with your dream, Ariel.”

Ariel nodded, then boldly proclaimed the good news to all those dear to him.

“In Eden,” he said, “Adam tried to cover the garden’s sin with fig leaves. It was the first manifestation of man-made religion. But YHWH slaughtered an innocent animal. He showed Adam and Eve that only the blood of innocence could

bring forgiveness; and He covered them with the skin of that innocent animal.”

He looked around the room, his voice lowering.

“Cain knew this but brought a bloodless offering. And he was rejected. That was the second time man tried to bring his own pride before Hashem. The consequence? Murder.”

### **The Line in the Sand**

Ariel continued. “Hashem’s blood requirement surfaced again when He provided the scapegoat as Abraham prepared to sacrifice Isaac—the son of promise. Later, He gave Moses the altar sacrifices and the law to show again the necessity of blood. Over and over, the Scriptures confirm it.”

He paused for breath, voice tightening.

“It is always the blood. It’s the part of our faith the world finds most offensive. But it’s more than a principle. It reveals the greatest mystery.”

He looked toward Anavah, then back at his friends.

“In heaven, YHWH could not die for my transgression. So, He came from heaven... to die as man. It’s the blood sacrifice of Yeshua. It is His blood. It has always been the blood. That is why Satan hates us and hates Jerusalem.”

His voice dropped.

“Our coming Messiah will have nail prints in His hands. You will see for He has been here before.”

There was a moment of silence.

Ariel bowed his head. “To my shame... innocence died for me. Innocent blood was shed for me. But I mocked that sacrifice. I squandered its mystery.”

Anavah reached out, her voice warm and steady.

“The wounds in your dream, Ariel, were for our salvation, to bring us all back to God,” she said.

She picked up her Bible and turned to Revelation 5 verse 9. Her voice was reverent as she read aloud.

*And they sung a new song, saying, Thou art worthy to take the book, and to open the seals thereof: for thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation.*

The tech guru looked at Ariel, his voice sure.

“I stand with you, brother.”

Ariel’s heart, edified by the confirmation, strengthened his resolve. He drew his line in the sand.

“In my dream,” he said slowly, “He—whom I believe is the Messiah—said that darkness and light will finally be separated.

And this... this seems to be happening. Since the fall in the garden, man caused good and evil to co-exist. But now the eruption we see in the world is ushering in a final severance and I believe it's the beginning of judgment.”

He looked around the room, making eye contact with each one.

“An apocalyptic Day of the Lord. What we just witnessed on the Vatican hill... that man is evil incarnate. The anti-God. The Man of Lawlessness, as the New Testament calls him.”

His voice grew firm.

“The calamities of the last few years; they're not random. They are judgments. And we must separate ourselves from this doom.”

### **Nathanael's Inquiry**

“His feet had wounds on them... in your dream, that's what you saw in your dream, Rabbi?”

The voice belonged to the youngest and most devout among them. The women had tried to find him a wife, but to no avail. Nathanael never seemed interested in leaving the devout mindset he lived in. His heart remained married to the welfare of Israel—and to the new Temple in Jerusalem.

“Yes, Nathanael,” Ariel replied.

“I'm afraid so. That is what I saw.” He frowned affectionately at the pious young soldier.

“144,000 men... is that the number of the host in your dream?”

Nathanael inquired again, his questions always just a little strange to the others.

“I couldn’t count them, Nathanael. No number was given. But my heart tells me they are the men from Revelation 7 and 14, the ones we studied and wondered about.”

There was a pause.

“What do you propose to do, Rabbi?”

Nathanael’s tone was curt and direct, as always. Sentiment did not live in his ethic. Ariel took a breath.

“Anavah and I want to show you some texts we’ve compiled and get your input. We’ll tell you then what we intend to do.”

He gave a small smile.

“Grant us an hour of your time. Coffee?”