

Rod Koelker

Thresher





Thresher reveals the intertwining battles that occur among men, within the spiritual world, and between the two. As evil wages war against all that is good, the interactions require a sold out commitment, the keenest discernment to deception, and an agape love even toward an enemy that lacks any capacity for compassion. Driven by a divine indwelling, every encounter with evil only instigates the most vicious of responses. It can only be met with love.

Thresher

Order the complete book from

[Booklocker.com](http://www.booklocker.com)

<http://www.booklocker.com/p/books/6949.html?s=pdf>

**or from your favorite neighborhood
or online bookstore.**

Your free excerpt appears below. Enjoy!

THRESHER

Rod Koelker

Copyright © 2013 Rod Koelker

ISBN 978-1-62646-422-3

Library of Congress Control Number: 2013910729

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, recording or otherwise, without the prior written permission of the author.

<http://www.iamthresher.org/contactus.htm>

Published by BookLocker.com, Inc., Bradenton, Florida.

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, incidents, and events in this book are fictitious. Any similarity to real persons, living or dead, is coincidental and not intended by the author.

All Biblical quotes are from the New International Version.

Printed in the United States of America on acid-free paper.

Booklocker.com, Inc.
2013

First Edition

The Finger of God

The fire was intensely hot. Witnesses said that the lightning bolt that started it looked like the hand of God. Five immensely large, bright, bluish white fingers of power reached down from Heaven with one of them touching down on the top of the building. This flash of electricity tore through the air leaving a large gap of emptiness in its wake as the plasma fades into oblivion. As air rushes in to regain its rightful place in the world, thunder results so loud that the windows in the surrounding buildings shattered and many items within the top floor were knocked from their resting place. The other bolts of lightning scattered about to nearby structures and followed their typical ground planes, coming to rest deep within the earth beneath them. But this single uber-voltage tendril seemed to deliberately choose its path of destruction.

From the antenna perched high, the scorching vein of energy followed the metal frame down into the roof igniting the underlying wood. But it didn't stop there. Containing such high energy, it still needed a resting place so it easily jumped the distance to the nearest metal joist anchored atop the steel reinforced, concrete wall. Searching desperately, insatiably to find a domicile to dissipate its pent up rage, the arc burrows into the concrete as if it were dust to reconnect to the metal skeleton underneath and surges down through the construction towards the earth.

Normally lightning would follow such a path to ground and eventually dissolve as the terrain absorbs the anger. But this was no normal bolt of electricity. With seemingly immeasurable power, the pulse superheated the concrete causing it to explode and release hundreds of electric snakes from the rebar, each avidly reaching out to attach itself to its own ground ... to find a home. Each spark raked across various materials in the building, igniting those that would burn, dancing across the surface of anything metal again seeking an outlet for its fury.

As the naked wire of power tunnels further into the bowels of the building it finds a gate valve on a pipe marked "3rd Street Standpipe". The mixtures of metals that comprise the valve offers the blue light a small playground to bounce around and the slight delay causes the iron and steel to heat up rapidly. Combine this with the cool temperature of the sprinkler

Rod Koelker

supply inside results in the valve cracking and exploding in a drenching passion of water and metal fragments.

Across the street, several residents huddle in the night. Even with the heat from the blaze chasing away the evening chill, the coldness of the reality they have experienced seems immune to any warmth it could have provided. The storm had ignited several fires in the city depleting the fire protection services so all they could do is watch with soot covered faces as their homes meet their demise. Kawanda, a black woman in her 30s sits on the curb, blood pouring from a gash in her forehead caused by falling debris, only partially coherent. Contrary to what we see on television where the actor has a small, artificial wound with thick, red corn syrup strategically placed to give the performer an appearance of suffering yet not so much as to make them look unsightly, real facial wounds bleed profusely.

Tom, her husband kneels beside her with his t-shirt wadded up and pressed firmly against the injury taking little notice to his single leg. Tom lost his left leg below the knee to an IED during his 2nd tour in Iraq and in the ensuing emergency, didn't have time to locate and attach his prosthetic limb. That's where he met Kawanda. Her nursing skills were invaluable to Tom during his recovery and before being shipped back stateside. Her compassion had smitten him immediately and they chose to stay in touch. After her tour of duty ended, she selected a transfer to the Army post close to Tom's home where one thing led to another and in a split-second that seemed to last an eternity were married.

Although she is black and he is white, there was never any tension or strife as seen in the non-military world. I guess when you all wear Olive Drab Green and bleed red; skin color just doesn't come up in conversations much. ... Especially now... now that their lives were billowing up in plumes of heat, smoke, and steam before their weary, burning eyes. Tom stared at his missing limb. He remembers back to the moment he lost it and recalls that even through the pain and shock, he was not afraid. It could have been the military training, shock, anger, or even disbelief but of all the emotions he could have experienced, fear was never one that he had entertained. ... Until now. With a sinking feeling in his chest and all the strength he could muster, he softly tells his wife, "He'll find her, K!" gawking into the flames, he desperately utters... no prays, "He has to!"

Thresher

Tom was referring to the driver of a car that had come to a stop near the conflagration. He screeched to a halt, the door flung open by the remaining inertia of the vehicle, and he jumped out not even bothering to turn the engine off or close the door. Both Tom and Kawanda needed assistance to exit the building. Kawanda with her head injury, wasn't thinking clearly enough to stand, let alone attempt a rescue and Tom, unable to locate his prosthetic limb in the chaos, for the first time in his life, felt helpless knowing that he couldn't stage a rescue with only one leg. ... The fear... the horror...weighed very heavy on them.

A few feet away, Granny M was flittering about like a honey bee in a flower garden. Granny M was the matriarch of the building. Everybody knew Granny M within minutes of moving in. No sooner had you put the first items in your new fridge that Granny M would come a knockin' on your door. By the end of the day, you would be only half unpacked yet know everything about everybody in the building, where the nearest pharmacy was located (at 85, Granny M had her share of pharmaceutical needs and nobody begrudged her of it!), the closest two grocery stores, and at least 5 different churches of various denominations that meet just about everyone's needs.

I suppose that being a busybody helped keep Granny M in decent enough health. She had more energy than her grand kids. At least she showed it in her attention to the rest of the occupants of the building. Do not misunderstand; Granny M was no snoop or fussbudget. She just enjoyed being a mother hen and she had such an endearing quality that none minded her gentle, corrective tone. ... "Been out a little late tonight, William!" she would say to the divorcee in 2A. ... "Yeah, Granny M, had a project at work that went long. You know how 'Meetings' are." he would respond with air quotes. ... Granny M knew enough about William to know he had a good work ethic and was indeed probably stuck in a meeting where no actual work was done.

Granny M had just made it around to check on Tom and Kawanda as the stranger appeared at the door carrying what seemed like a small package. "I just heard that some paramedics are on their way! The fire crews are still iffy. ...How you doing Tommy?" she quizzes without taking her eyes off Kawanda.

"K is still a bit out of it! Took a bit of a bonk on the noggin, but some of her nursing training rubbed off so I think I got this cut under control."

Rod Koelker

The good thing about being the mother hen is that you know and can account for everybody and Granny M noticed the child was not visible but managed a look on her face that lit the night sky as she heard the cries of a very upset young one behind her getting louder.

Inside the building was an eerie scene. Three figures stood amongst the flames appearing oblivious to the inferno happening around them, one off to a distance.

“Are you ready, Amanda?” the tall, olive skinned female calmly asked of her female companion.

“Yes. Are you?” came the soft response with a nod towards a distant corner of the room.

“Yes.” was her controlled reply with a focused expression and a hand moving towards her hip. With an ever so slight tip of the head again she quipped “I’ve got the easy job. You’re the one with the difficult task this time. ... He must live.”

Outside, Granny M took the child from the stranger and with an approving look passed the little bundle named Ginele to her parents just as the EMTs arrived. “Sit, my boy!” she motions to the soot covered visitor. “You need a rest!” and he gratefully accepts her offer to settle on a nearby bench while hearing her peace giving words “God bless you son! You were some hero!” Of course his reward was to look up just in time to see a flaming chunk of building fall right down on his car! ... “No good deed goes unpunished, eh?” as he gasps for a breath of clean air too tired to worry about it.

Granny M did not need triage training for her wisdom told her which residents needed the most urgent assistance from the EMTs. After all, she had just made the rounds. When the EMTs arrived and asked if everybody was out of the building, Granny M had an answer. Although old, Granny M had grit. Even though she could get on your nerves about things like coming home late or forgetting your wife’s birthday, she was well loved and respected for it. She had already taken the roll like a schoolmarm and had everyone accounted for ... including little Ginele.

While treating Kawanda’s head wound, the EMTs scanner crackled to life. They heard news that some of the other fires in the area had been

Thresher

contained and could now begin their trek to help Granny M and her brood. ETA was still 15 to 20 minutes at best though. The job of the EMTs was light with all things considered. Kawanda's head wound was the most severe injury inflicted. A butterfly bandage, some gauze, and transport to ER for some stitches would be the sum of it. Oxygen was administered to those who had mild smoke inhalation. Transportation would be to the nearest emergency room for Kawanda and the others would follow shortly in obedience to the precautionary advice of the EMTs. Soon all would be treated and, thankfully, Kawanda was released after her outpatient treatment. ... Of course, it helps being a nurse at the very ER she was treated in!

Then they heard it. They all heard it. From Granny M to the EMTs to Tom, William, and the stranger, they heard it. Over the roar of the fire they heard it. Everyone stopped their activities to glance toward the building and acknowledge the eerie, haunting plea. It was loud, clear, concise, articulate, and piercing. ... From within the building the woman's voice screaming:

“IN HERE!”

And the stranger jumped up and ran back into the building towards the terrified voice. ... But Granny M had taken a head count. ... They all knew each other ... the voice didn't sound familiar ... it was too late for a solicitor to be knocking on doors even if she could get into the building past the security desk. Even without Granny Ms account, since they all saw each other, they knew all the residents were out of the building so where did this phantom voice come from? And who was this stranger that practically appeared out of nowhere just to run into a burning building twice?

The EMTs paused their first aid to Kawanda to mutter a mutual “What an idiot!” referencing the unknown man that had grabbed a nearby cloth, wrapping it around his face and now looking more like a middle east terrorist than a civilian rescuer, followed the beckoning within the doors being lapped at by flames. Yet, it did not seem to be out of a sense of rescue that this man from nowhere dashed into the structure. No, that attitude was expended on little Ginele. Now his posture was different. His drive was different. Not because of curiosity, but the urgency revealed an important summoning to a late appointment. As if something else was drawing him into the dangerous environment. Something was there that he and he alone had to interface with.

Rod Koelker

Inside a building, a fire can cause confusion even among familiar walls. Frames of reference are distorted; the human senses are in overdrive leading to false interpretations of one's surroundings.

"WHERE ARE YOU?" he shouts into the heat and quickly receiving an "In here!" as a response.

When he turns to follow the sounds of distress, something collides with the back of his legs and he is knocked to the ground. "Must have been some falling or shifting debris." he quickly thinks and rapidly regains his footing to pursue his quest but not before shouting out a quick call for assistance "GOD!!! ... HELP ME!!!!"

Staggering from room to room in an attempt to narrow down the location of the voice, he turns another corner and

SMACK.... Right in the face.

What was that anyway? The visitor sputters and spits while under his breath sighs "Blech! PPPLLLTTT. PPFFFTT. Ppa pa poooooooff. What the? Was that a bird?" as he attempts to focus his attention on the object that targeted his face.

"That was too big for a parakeet!"

Again, a wingtip swoops in and jars him sideways in his quickened pace. "Could this bird be so confused by the fire that it thinks I'm a threat to a nest or something? Sheesh!" he retorts as he continues his pursuit.

Finally he reaches the center of the first floor only to find nothing there. Or at least nothing that would have given rise to such a human outcry for help. ... It then hits him from behind again tumbling him back to his knees. From his genuflected pose, he can only see the tip of the wing pass by him and witness it approach again as he tried to stand.

"OOOMMMFFF!!!" he belts out as the wing catches him square in the gut and doubling him over before disappearing into the sooty air.

PAAAFF, FWIP, WHOOSH, WHAP come the feathered assaults from the creature that has so passionately sought to flail him. Each time he would only catch a glimpse of the wing before feeling the impact seeking to subdue him.

Thresher

After some time of being pelted, knocked down, and getting back up, the harassment was taking its toll and he began to lose strength with each subsequent bombardment until he finally stays down, rolls on his back and gives thought to the consideration that he may have made a fatal mistake by entering a burning building. He then draws a deep breath through the sooty rag covering his mouth hoping to regain enough fortitude to try and leave.

This stranger that was so driven to enter a second time to a burning building was not privy to another confrontation happening around him. The first contact of a wing behind his legs was also the instant that an eerie clash of metal occurred and although it occurred in the very same room, he heard nothing. The tall, olive skinned Anna with high cheekbones and long tresses of shiny black hair tightly wound into a single trail swaying between her shoulders had drawn back from Amanda with what appeared to be a sword gripped in her now ready hands. ... Swordplay?!?!?! ... Seriously? Inside a room on fire? ... Oblivious to the flames and heat she calmly, confidently approaches the third figure they had acknowledged earlier.



Thresher reveals the intertwining battles that occur among men, within the spiritual world, and between the two. As evil wages war against all that is good, the interactions require a sold out commitment, the keenest discernment to deception, and an agape love even toward an enemy that lacks any capacity for compassion. Driven by a divine indwelling, every encounter with evil only instigates the most vicious of responses. It can only be met with love.

Thresher

Order the complete book from

[Booklocker.com](http://www.booklocker.com)

<http://www.booklocker.com/p/books/6949.html?s=pdf>

**or from your favorite neighborhood
or online bookstore.**