

A caller claiming to be God calls everyone on Earth at 9:00 AM for one week, demanding we cease all killings, or be replaced with a more peaceful race. Everyone is encouraged to ask questions, and all are answered, challenging all the world's religious beliefs. The millions of simultaneous calls cannot be traced or recorded. What would you ask?

The Messages

Where Were You When the Phone Rang?

The Story of Peace on Earth
by Stephen G. Reinhart

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THE MESSAGES



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THE STORY OF PEACE ON EARTH

Stephen G. Reinhart

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Author's Note

Channeling, (noun): The practice of conveying information through a spirit guide or any consciousness that is not in human form.

The truth: On a cold, early winter morning, sometime in late December of 2005, I had a vivid dream. I saw the outline of a book, twenty chapters followed by a detailed description of each one. They appeared in bright neon lights. I heard a soft voice urging me to get up and write them down, so I did.

I wrote this story based on that vivid dream outline. I wrote it in spurts of fifteen minutes to one hour, each session in a semi-trance like state. *I knew I was channeling*.

These writing sessions went on intermittently for over a decade. I would sometimes stop for months at a time, a bit nervous, reluctant and intimidated by the task at hand, until I felt compelled to write again. I swear this is what happened. The story wrote itself.

Read this book. I was meant to write it and you are meant to read it. Let's bring peace to the world. After reading it, please write your initials on the inside cover and pass it on. Or buy one as a gift for someone.

Ok, sit tight. Now for the story. It still blows my mind when I look back on how it all came to me. The dreams and channeling, the storyline, the insights, the songs, and most of all the questions and answers.

Seven mornings, one week's warning.

Prologue

My name is Cheryl Hanson. It has been nine years since the first phone call. You all know what happened after that. Countless books have been written about it, and untold conversations have been had about it on social media.

Our nine-year-old daughter, Aryanah, has asked me to write what I was feeling, thinking, and observing during that week, and what questions I asked. She wants as many details as I can recall. She is a curious soul and quite precocious. She is destined for great things. She has told us as much.

This is what happened, Aryanah, in those fraught final moments that everyone talks about the most. How could it have been otherwise? Your grandfather was there and told me the absolute truth.

Picture this: President Garcia was standing nervously in the Oval Office, swaying heel to toe ever so gently in a slow, rhythmic manner, his bloodshot, red-rimmed eyes flitting in rapid succession from the TV screen, to his wife standing next to him, to the four corners of the room, and back again—like a caged bird trying to find a safe place. He was accompanied by Secretary of State Charlie Taylor, FBI Director Edgar Kirby, National Security Advisor Brian Holcomb, two secret service agents, and your grandfather. The White House physician and a nurse were there as well.

No one spoke. It was just before midnight of what we called “Day Seven.” “Day Eight” would start in a few minutes in our time zone, UTC/GMT Romeo -5. The White House was on complete lockdown. Everyone in that room had been following the news reports and knew about the deaths in the preceding time zones. President Garcia was fearful for his life. He clutched his wife’s hand and in the other, his Bible.

Part I

Day One | UTC/GMT Romeo-5

Chapter 0

Day One | Early morning | UTC/GMT Romeo-5

“I think, therefore I am.”

— Rene Descartes (1596-1650)

French philosopher, mathematician and scientist

I had the ferry dream again. It came to me well after midnight the night before the first phone call. It started out like the others, but this one ended differently.

I was standing on the deck of the decrepit ferry, the familiar blue-green swells of the ocean building in intensity around me, rocking the wooden vessel up and down. It was creaking and groaning in protest. The ferry went higher and higher, the rhythmic push and pull of the waves guiding it through the hydrous valleys and peaks – a deadly, deceitful caress caused by the wave’s powerful mass, volume and strength that I knew would not be denied.

I shifted my weight nimbly from foot to foot to stay as balanced and upright as possible while staring at the people on the crowded deck – in particular, the blank, stoic faces of Nate, my parents, and grandparents. I dreaded what I knew was to follow. Except this time, it didn’t.

Instead, I heard music coming from above and cocked an ear in its direction, looking up curiously through a swirling array of cotton-candy clouds into a beckoning sky, a delicate breeze ruffling my hair. The turning of my head and upturned gaze thrust me gently skyward, pulling my feet off the weather-worn deck of the ship like a whisper in the wind. My back was arched and stiff, jib-like, to catch the breeze.

The distant hum of the shifting seas and creaking ferry drifted away into silence. I sailed effortlessly upward from the deck through the veil of clouds into an immeasurable darkness, which was sprinkled with the promise of lights emerging through thousands of tiny pinholes, leaving behind the dreaded nightmare to come. For the first time in this foretold nocturnal hallucination, I felt at ease – almost peaceful.

I soared high above the ferry, fast at first until it was out of sight, and then eventually slowing down, a womb-like, buoyant sensation cradling me as I came quietly to a halt, bobbing gently up and down. I was amid a deep, ethereal darkness, the perimeter sprinkled with the radiance of a dazzling luminescence that seemed both close and distant. The surreal extrasolar arrangement of lights set within the surrounding darkness, coupled with the sheltering buoyancy, had a calming effect on me.

I wasn't frightened. Instead I was curious in a childlike manner. I looked up and down and then sideways in each direction, stretching my neck to its limits, the now-iridescent rays of the lights bending exquisitely in a prism-like fashion. I moved my arms outward and sideways like I was treading water but found no resistance to push against. I glanced around again, momentarily intrigued by my weightlessness, the arrangements and the movements of the lights, and finally accepted my new situation with a primordial sense of familiarity. I shrugged my shoulders indifferently and settled back and relaxed, content, gazing at the twinkling lights, unconcerned as to where I was or why, the ferry temporarily forgotten.

That was when I heard the voice, formidable yet irresistible, with a deep bass resonance to it. Its sonorous sound was humming rhythmically into my chest with a soft, commanding cadence. I could feel it rumbling and vibrating my breastbone and solar plexus. The tone and timbre of the voice had a compelling aspect to it, alluring and seductive. The urge to listen was overwhelming, and I leaned toward it with all my being.

It spoke convincingly with uncanny clarity, but was calm and unhurried, filled with theatrical confidence. As it spoke, the peripheral edges of the darkness surrounding me spilled open to reveal soft rays of crystalline lights, which painted what it was describing; at first the light was faint and far away, like a sunrise, then it streaked closer and instantly bathed me in brilliance like the headlights of a car as it rounds a tight curve and finds you. I stared in awe and wonder, transfixed by what I was seeing and hearing.

"Darkness. Absolute darkness. Depth. Endless depth. Darkness and depth beyond what the imagination could ever dream of comprehending. From this nothingness comes the beginning. Add now some colors, creating light. Swirls of colors emerging from the darkness

like a vibrant tie-dyed dust cloud. Shades of red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, and violet, crowned in white. A whirling mass of colors mixed together in a wide band, now a stretched-out line, a twirling, moving, twisting helix – a never-ending freight train of geometric angles, arranged in a kaleidoscope of fractal-like patterns, beautifully forever in length and emerging from the ever-black depth of the darkness.

Focus your eyes, Cheryl, and follow the line of colors back to the beginning, through the darkness, to the light, and back again. This is how it starts. Out of this emerges life. Remember? Listen closely. Can you hear the music?"

Siege of Jerusalem, CE 73

Location: Roman-occupied Judea

Deaths: 1,100,000

Chapter 1

Day One | 9:00 AM | UTC/GMT Romeo-5

“In the beginning, God created the heavens and the earth. Now the earth was formless and empty, the darkness was over the surface of the deep, and the spirit of God was hovering over the waters.”

—Genesis 1:1-2

I was musing on that vivid dream while sitting at my desk inside my ten-by-ten-foot cubicle at the Boston educational textbook company where I worked. I could barely look over the five-foot-high dividers that separated me from my coworkers in the marketing and advertising division. I was doodling out of rote habit in my ever-present writing notebook, a spiral-bound WalMart 99-cent special. I had just finished writing the time and day of the week in the upper left-hand corner of the page, just like I always did after starting a new series of thoughts and musings.

8:56 AM turned to 8:57 AM in the middle of my pen stroke.

Should I change it? I wondered.

I stared absentmindedly at the cubicle walls as my pen wandered aimlessly across the first blank page, making small, exaggerated patterns of waves, a repetitive Zentangle® of the connected letter “u” or “w,” some of them large, some small. I drew a few dots above the waves to represent the stars. My eyes drifted upward to my yellow, sticky Post-It® notes hanging from the top metal bars of the cubicle wall because they stayed there the best. The fabric on the cubicle walls eventually freed them, allowing them to float down to the floor, only to be vacuumed up by the night cleaning crews if I didn’t notice them, their pale reminders lost to me forever.

My phone rang, pulling me from my reverie. It sounded extra loud, like it was reverberating in a hallway.

“Hello, this is Cheryl Hanson,” I said. My usual cheerful morning voice was amped up by the first Starbucks’ vanilla latte of the day.

“Hello. This is God. I have something very important to share with you.”

“God?” I was startled. Anyone would be!

Is this a joke? I wondered. Who would do this, and so early in the morning?

But I was at work and, in a way, being paid to be pleasant to callers so I figured I’d try to play along until this guy dropped the farce.

“The God?” I asked. “As in the one and only?”

“Yes,” he replied. “Listen closely. This is important. All wars must cease immediately. There’s too much killing, and it must stop. If it doesn’t, it’s going to set in motion some major changes. It might even destroy all life on the planet as you know it. We’ve set things up in such a way that this willful killing was supposed to have stopped a few generations ago, but it hasn’t. It’s to the point now where if it doesn’t stop within one week, the energy balances will reset themselves, causing some serious consequences. A change could take place resulting in the surface of the planet becoming uninhabitable for humans, making way for a more peaceful race of sentient beings. And that’s not part of our original plan.”

I hunched closer to the phone.

What? I wondered to myself, incredulous. Destroying planetary life? Energy balances? This dude is taking crank calls to a new high, or was it a low? Imagine, impersonating God at—I checked the clock—exactly 9:01 on a Monday morning...Well, he called the wrong woman. This God stuff is not my thing.

“Just a minute, big guy,” I said. “Last I checked, I’m pretty sure you don’t exist.”

He ignored my comment and continued. "So, you know, Cheryl, what to expect, I'm going to contact you and everyone else again tomorrow and every day for the next six days. That's all the time you have left. At the end of the seventh day, starting on Day Eight, any person who willfully kills another human being shall die. The person on top of the chain-of-command who authorizes this willful killing shall die as well. Their life energy will simply leave their bodies. Any questions?"

I decided to continue to humor him as I desperately tried to recognize his familiar voice. I couldn't quite place it. It had a deep, soothing tonal quality to it: authoritative, commanding, but compassionate with a tender note of understanding. A bit on the theatrical side, but without overdoing it. A perfect voice for radio and commercials.

"But what if it's an accident?" I asked him, playing along. "The killing, I mean?"

"I'm referring to the willful act of taking another person's life, either through direct action or being ordered to by the chain-of-command of any organized militia, gang, club, or group. And if the wars and killings continue on a large scale like they are now, once this week is up, then the more serious consequence will be triggered."

He paused, and I suddenly realized this was the inviting, compelling voice from my dream! Ever so gently, an eerie prescient feeling of alarm washed over me, and I felt a tingling between my shoulder blades. Then, the fight-or-flight instinct kicked in with an adrenaline rush. I twitched in my chair. I glanced at the caller ID screen. It read, "God."

I was stunned. My stomach churned. "Whoa, lighten up!" I babbled. "It's only nine on a Monday morning, and you want me to start saving the world? And why me? I'm not exactly the Joan of Arc type."

"Cheryl, I would advise that you start right now, today. And let me tell you that you are more like Joan of Arc than you think. Remember, too, that I'm going to call you—and everyone else—

again tomorrow and then once a day for the next six days to confirm and explain all this in more detail.”

I paused, speechless, as I continued to struggle with the realization that the calm, confident, and unhurried voice from my dream and the voice on the phone seemed to be one and the same. A moment of silence hung in the air like a trapdoor waiting to fall. But before I could gather my wits to say or do anything else, the caller hung up.

A phone call from God...And to me of all people, an avowed atheist. It doesn't make any sense. Who from my hometown of Alexandria would think up a prank like this, let alone have the gumption to try and pull it off? Was this Nate's idea of something amusing? He does have a wry sense of humor, after all, but no...After what happened between us, this would not be the way to reach out to me.

I made a noise that was part sigh, part groan and took a big gulp of my Starbucks. Oblivious to what was happening all around me—coworkers standing, yelling, some racing out of the room—I stared at my phone, desperate to orient myself in what was real and totally knowable to me. I stared at my publisher's name on a business card taped to the phone—a small, reputable company with only 60 employees. Its owner was a political donor friend of my dad's, who'd helped me get the job six months prior.

My father is a notable, longtime US Senator with lots of influence. I took the position as a stepping stone on the path to becoming a “famous writer,” as well as giving myself time alone to sort out my tangled and thorny love life.

Somehow, it was a relief to forget about that crazy call and return to my ongoing obsession. I was in love with two men. The three of us had been best friends from high school through graduate school. The first, Nate Stephens, was a family friend I'd known since childhood, worked as a super-techie with the ATIA, the American Technology Intelligence Agency, a little-known subgroup of the CIA and NSA. The second, Khoud Ajemi, a devilishly handsome Iraqi, now working as a translator at the United Nations, specializing in obscure dialects and languages.

Nate was in Washington, Khoud was in New York, and I was in Boston.

Khoud came into Nate's and my lives as a high school foreign exchange student during our junior year. He lived in Nate's family's home, which was just a few blocks from my parents' house in Alexandria, Virginia, just outside Washington. Because of the escalating conflict in Iraq, Khoud stayed on through a special visa arranged by my father. We all finished high school together and attended nearby universities and then grad schools in the greater Washington, DC/Virginia area. We were a solid triad, all so close. Khoud studied languages in Washington, DC at the Graduate School USA, Nate studied technology at Virginia Tech, and I chose religious studies and metaphysical divinity at George Washington University – and of course, communications.

After graduate school, Nate started working full-time for the government. In between stints at my mom's business, I started writing short stories and submitting them for publication. I am the recipient of quite the collection of rejection slips. My religious and metaphysical studies were more out of curiosity rather than an idea of pursuing a career as a minister.

That would never happen, I often thought to myself with a grim chuckle.

Khoud found an interim job as a government translator and then, six months ago, moved to New York to work at the United Nations.

Having romances with two men who are best friends is something I definitely do not recommend. Love with one person is complicated enough as it is, without trying to juggle the finer nuances of a second paramour. Do you call them by the same pet names? Pooh Bear, Honey Bun, Sweetie Pie, Curly, or Bashful? Clearly, the same name wouldn't work for both, even if it would make it easier to remember in the throes of passion.

I chugged the bitter dregs of my coffee and regarded my sterile cubicle, positioned in one of the inside quadrants of a "Dilbert world." My space was far from the light and stimulation of a

window. My cubicle housed the requisite, modular gray desk; a black padded chair on wheels that squeaked when it rocked; one black two-drawer filing cabinet holding a plant that was supposed to do well in artificial light but didn't; three rows of shelves, each hanging precariously on one of the walls; a computer with a large monitor; and a phone. Not exactly a place for inspirational thoughts and creativity.

In my six months there, I had been friendly with everyone but had only made one true friend, which was unusual for me. Anna Matapang, who was quick to inform me that in her native Filipino language, Matapang means "brave." She was a nonstop talker with a glossy waterfall of gorgeous, long black hair, framing huge brown eyes and toothy but attractive smile. She walked gracefully and talked with a Southern sing-song twang from her years in Alabama — the first she spent in the United States.

What first drew us together was a deep bond about ferries and tragedy on the water. As a young child, she lost seven brothers at sea, and I lost my nana and grandpa in a ferry incident that still haunts my nightmares. The two of us talked about everything and nothing on breaks at work, lunches, and our evenings exploring Boston.

As I continued to brood in my cubicle, I recalled that once she told me that in a Filipino dialect, my own last name means "favored by God."

I wasn't so sure about that, but it's true that I'm slender — some would say to a fault — despite eating anything I want to. A beautician once told me, as she tried to help me pick out makeup colors, that my slenderness more than makes up for my ordinary looks. My difficult-to-grow blonde hair barely touches my shoulders, just long enough to tie back when I need to but not long enough to braid. My blue eyes and pale skin put me at risk every summer of getting too much sun, which my parents constantly remind me of. I have a pale scattering of freckles that some people, not including myself, think are cute.

I never wanted to be cute. I wanted to be tall, imposing, and most of all, not ordinary.

I'm medium height, good enough at sports, and sometimes, people tell me I'm pretty. What matters more, I think, is that I am smart, strong-willed – obstinate at times, quiet until you get to know me, and perhaps over-confident from always getting excellent grades in school. I am often told that I'm a good listener, which is just a euphemism for being shy, which I don't think I am. I suppose I could like myself better. I'm working on that. I have a degree in theology but don't believe in God and an interest in the science of religion and New Age thought. I have been an avowed atheist since the ferry accident.

At work, I write copy for ads and brochures, but I fancy myself an up-and-coming creative writer. I was recently put in charge of the company newsletter. I like details and the recording of facts, hence my notebook that is always at the ready.

My thoughts suddenly turned back to what I had been trying not to remember.

The call.

Belatedly, I became conscious that while I had withdrawn for some moments into my own self-absorbed reverie, my officemates had been in a continuing uproar, apparently from the phone calls.

Plural. *Calls*. Many calls. Sixty, to be exact.

“God” had called every office phone in our room, all twenty of us, and not just in our room. Everyone in the office. Plus, all our cell phones. Mine, like most of ours, had been on silent or turned off. A company policy. A message had been left on the phones no one answered. All the calls had been made precisely at 9:00 AM. The phones had all rung at the same time.

That must explain why my own call sounded so loud, I thought.

Excited, shrill chatter continued spewing from cubicle to cubicle. Everyone was talking at once. In a flash, I, too, was straining my

neck, twirling around, half-listening, half-talking like the rest of them were. It didn't take long for me to understand that each of us had experienced the same conversation with the same caller.

The person on the other end had told everyone that he was God. With a few exceptions all of the conversations had lasted approximately the same length of time, as if they had been set to an egg timer. *Ding!* Like assorted bread from a giant toaster, most of the others had stood up in unison after hanging up the phones. There were baffled grins and uneasy smiles as my coworkers peered in astonishment over the cubicles.

Listening to them, I was relieved that no one seemed ready to admit that they thought God had actually called them. Yet, in a way, all those calls ringing exactly at the same time was even more preposterous – surreal, really – than the caller maintaining that he was God.

One woman couldn't stop talking about the obvious crank-call aspect. Another speculated on how the caller had manipulated the phone system to make all the calls happen at the same time. One guy looked up from his smartphone and shared the news that calls exactly like ours had come in from earlier time zones in different countries. To everyone.

My eyebrows went up a notch.

Curious and curiouser . . .

Somebody suggested that we were being played by a master scammer, a real technology king.

Are our IT folks messing with us? I wondered.

Then, someone announced that he had an email from the caller, and we all shrieked as we checked our inboxes and discovered that we, too, had an email signed, "Peace be with you, God."

Some of us compared emails and found that each was just a little bit different, each mentioning something that we had said during

our phone calls. Then, someone else pointed out that this “God” person was very modern in speech: no “ye” or “thee” or “thou.”

I heard cries of alarm from not far away, perhaps in the next nest of cubicles – the editorial, sales, and management department – which was situated around a double corner, past the coffee nook. I hurried toward the sound and was stunned to see another assortment of coworkers on their feet, chattering about their conversations and emails from the caller. Their caller IDs all simply listed “God,” except for one man from India who said his caller ID listed “Parameswara,” and a Native American of Lakota descent whose phone screen display read “Wakan Tanka.”

Before long, we all drifted back to our own cubicles and settled down to work chores, duties, and deadlines. After I jotted down my observations about the call in my journal, I focused on our new calculus textbook edition and the marketing brochure highlighting the all-important features and benefits regarding “limits, integrals, and differentiation.” It wasn’t until the lunch hour that once again, those mysterious calls from “God” became the center of attention. A growing wonder.

I brought my lunch with me that day to eat with Anna, as per our usual habit, and planned to eat in the company lunchroom. Instead, I dashed out to our neighborhood Starbucks to get in on the action. Anna seemed a bit distant and perturbed by the call and said she was going to stay at the office to eat. My reporter instincts wouldn’t let me sit still, and after an Anna hug, I made my way out into the sunlight and the streets of Boston.

The coffee shop was a beehive of energy. The sheer noise level of the excited chatter was pumped up even more due to the caffeine levels. Everybody had a similar story of an email, a phone conversation, or a message from the “prankster God.” If you didn’t answer your phone, supposedly, he sent a text and an email telling you he was looking forward to speaking with you tomorrow.

I was lucky enough to be able to settle into one of the easy chairs in a corner of the coffee shop and spent my lunch hour feeding on the speculation, fascination and fear. Even though their experiences

with the caller were similar, peoples' reactions varied. Some extolled the marvels of the caller's expertise with technology or the peaceful nature of his words, whereas others half-joked about how great it would be if it were true. A few were offended by the religious nature of it all, and just as many others were pleased by that very aspect.

It wasn't long before some people started to insist that it all must be true, and then audible panic could be heard in their voices. Some speculated about the source being a combination of computer and phone application viruses, which others said sounded plausible, given the reckless nature and speed of developing technologies. One guy thought the NSA might be testing a new system.

Listening to all this, I was struck by the cross-section of religious views and perspectives arrayed before me — a veritable United Nations of religious doctrines, names for God, conflicting dogma and, when it came down to it, the warlike nature of the human race.

It was not lost on me, though, how people didn't confine their speculations about who was behind this, and that every country must stop their wars and killings, and not limit it to the superpowers, but instead mentioned many different countries. One woman even suggested Fiji.

Really? I thought. Lay down your arms, Fiji, or else?

I knew the caller couldn't be God. The big question was, "Who, then?" Who had the power, technology and wherewithal to pull this off? To make simultaneous calls, send multiple emails, even leave personalized phone messages? Something on this grand a scale took money, resources, intention and a strong sense of purpose.

People started to gravitate to different tables and corners of the café based on their perspectives. Talks of terrorists could be heard from several groups. Talk of "the Wrath of God" and "Judgment Day" could be heard from others. Nervous laughter rippled through this last group, with most people saying that of course they didn't really believe it could be true, but what if it was?

For me, the mention of a terrorist group being behind it triggered an uncomfortable memory. An image of Khoud passed before me, and I remembered what he'd told me about his extremist cousin, Selim. Back in Iraq, they had been very close as children. Several years ago, Selim stopped communicating with Khoud, who later heard that his cousin had joined Jihad in the nether-regions of Afghanistan and Pakistan, to fight against the Americans and Western powers. Khoud believed Selim was high in the hierarchy of a terrorist network. He confided to me that he had always thought his cousin was the smarter of the two of them, especially in a street-smarts kind of way. I was surprised by that; Khoud was one of the smartest people I'd ever met. He was especially gifted at languages, including some of the most obscure Middle Eastern dialects.

It was getting late. Back to the cubicle. I put away the disturbing memories about Selim and wondered, for just an instant, why he had come to mind.

Ah yes. Terrorism. Of course, someone would suggest that terrorists must be behind these crazy calls.

I headed back to my office, aware that I felt restless and nervous but not quite sure why. I suppose at the root of those feelings was the fear that anyone this clever with technology had to be dangerous. I decided to call my parents when I got home from work. If anyone knew what was behind all this, it would be my father. He was a senior US Senator from Virginia, current president pro tempore of the Senate, a member of the committee on foreign relations, and specialized in all things technical. He also had access to inside government information.

My colleagues returned from lunch, reporting how in every shop, store, and restaurant, nobody could talk about anything other than the calls. By then, news programs had broadcasted international perspectives. All the messages were similar but personalized, and they all arrived exactly at 9:00 AM UTC/GMT local time. The calls started with the earliest of the Earth's time zones and followed the rising sun, with each new time zone receiving the calls. The first time zone, UTC/GMT Mike +12, stretches from Kamchatka Krai in northern Russia southward to

Kiribati. The calls and emails then wiggled south to Fiji, Samoa, and New Zealand. Next in line were Australia, Asia, Africa, and Europe, and then onward across the ocean to us.

A Google search on my computer confirmed the time zone march of the calls and emails. Remembering what the caller said, I also did a quick search on past and current wars and was stunned by what I found. The caller was correct; there were too many wars going on, and the history of war was even more disturbing. The number of deaths over the centuries was stunning and beyond belief. The data was absolutely mind-boggling. A quick review of our top-twenty wars and their resultant death tolls horrified me.

After all that, I did my best to cleanse my head of all the data, which wasn't easy. I finished my work as best I could. There were nonstop distractions, however, from fellow workers who called each other on phone extensions pretending to be God and sent emails back and forth signed by God. The messages grew in number and hilarity until our company's president issued an email stating she was the God of this company and to cease and desist or she'd send us all to Hell.

Things started to settle down, but during our last hour at work, an uneasiness came over many of us. I suppose each of us secretly wondered whether this so-called "God" would call us all again tomorrow. Just before I left for the day, I decided to show "God" that I had a sense of humor. I emailed him a response asking for some winning lottery numbers. My email was returned with, "Message undeliverable, host unknown or not found."

And yet, and yet...

I felt a shiver run through me.

What if...No, it couldn't be. That couldn't have been God on the phone.

I pushed the thought out of my head.

There is no God. I don't believe in God.

Chapter 1.1

Day One | 9:00 AM | UTC/GMT Romeo-5

“These are the times that try men’s souls.”

– Thomas Paine (1737-1809)

One of the Founding Fathers of the United States

ANNA MATAPANG: Hello, this is Anna, how may I help you? (*Cheryl Hanson’s co-worker*)

CALLER: Hello, Anna, this is God calling you with a very important message.

ANNA MATAPANG: God? Bathala? My goodness. Really, this is Bathala?

CALLER: You may call me Bathala if you wish. And yes, I need your help. The number of global killings has brought us to the precipice of a profound change, and they must stop by the end of this week. At the start of next week, anyone who kills anyone else will die immediately, regardless of the circumstances, and if the killings continue to a large degree beyond that, the entire human race is at risk of being replaced by a gentler, more peaceful race.

ANNA MATAPANG: Bathala, I don’t know what to say. Bathala, why have you taken so long to answer my prayers? To speak with me? My brothers, my father? Oh, Bathala! There is so much to pray for.

Chapter 1.2

Day One | 9:00 AM | UTC/GMT Romeo-5

“No human being can come into this world without increasing or diminishing the sum total of human happiness.”

– Elihu Burritt (1810-1879)

American diplomat, social activist and peace advocate

SENATOR HANSON: Hello, this is Thaddeus Hanson.
(Senior United States Senator, Cheryl’s father)

CALLER: This is God calling. I have an important message for you, Senator. It’s about world peace. As you are aware, the amount of killing has increased all over the world and has been increasing for quite a while now. We appreciate your efforts in trying to turn things around. But we are at a crisis moment. The killings must stop altogether, or dire consequences will take place. We have one week to bring about a significant change. All the killings must stop by the end of this week. On Day Eight, one week from today, anyone who kills someone shall die, too, along with those at the top of any chain of command that orders these killings.

SENATOR HANSON: Really...God, you say? God? Based on the media frenzy you have sparked, I thought I might be hearing from you. Okay, I’ll go along with this for a

moment. Let's see. Where shall I start? Hmm...Killing to stop killing. Rather a severe approach to solving the problem, isn't it? Using violence to try and stop killings? Surely you can do better than that.

CALLER:

This is our agreed upon plan. All killings must stop. Period. If the first option doesn't work, we will initiate the second part of the plan, which is to replace the current inhabitants of Earth with a gentler, less self-destructive, more peaceful race of sentient beings.

SENATOR HANSON:

Killing to prevent killing and killing to punish killing? Very original, I'll give you that. Too bad it isn't an election year. This would certainly garner headlines and dominate the debate stage.

CALLER:

Senator, please understand the seriousness of what I am sharing. The killing was supposed to have stopped generations ago, but clearly, it has not. We are at a nexus moment in history. Time is running out.

SENATOR HANSON:

Where are you getting your ideas from? Who is behind this?

CALLER:

All of you are. This is your plan: a plan from everyone, the mass consciousness, the one mind, created and agreed upon.

SENATOR HANSON:

Is that so? I don't seem to recall that meeting, nor did I get the memo. Sir, if you are God, why can't you just stop the killing?

- CALLER: I am, by implementing the plan.
- SENATOR HANSON: I see. I'd like to thank you for bringing the subject of world peace to the forefront once again. I like your tenaciousness. Very creative. Such a unique way to get our attention. And who knows? Maybe we can get a staff position for you on my next election campaign. Or a sit-down at the United Nations? But how did you get my private number? And really, who is this?
- CALLER: This is God, and I have your private number because you gave it to me.

Chapter 1.3

Day One | 9:00 AM | UTC/GMT Romeo-5

“Teamwork is the ability to work together toward a common vision. It is the fuel that allows common people to attain uncommon results.”

– Andrew Carnegie (1835-1919)

American Industrialist and founder of the Carnegie Endowment
for International Peace

BETTY HANSON:

This is Betty Hanson. Is this who I think it is? It's 9:00 o'clock! (*Cheryl's mother*)

CALLER:

Hello, Betty. This is God calling with a very important message for you. We need your expertise and assistance. The willful, indiscriminate number of killings has increased to the point where it must stop, or you will all face dire consequences. Our original plan is not working. We have one week to turn things around. All the killings must stop at the end of this week. On Day Eight, one week from today, anyone who kills someone shall die, along with those at the top of any chain-of-command that ordered or arranged for that killing. If the killings continue significantly beyond that, a more serious consequence will kick in: a complete replacement of the entire human race as you know it, making way for a more peaceful race of beings. I know that is not your preference, so please help us.

BETTY HANSON: Oh, God, how nice to hear from you again! I've been watching the news all morning. I knew you would call me! It's been such a long time! What would you like me to do? I am only one person, after all, and you are God.

CALLER: It is nice to speak with you again as well, Betty. Your organizational abilities and advocacy for peace are well-respected. The actions you have already taken have made a substantial change. I am calling you and everyone to explain the seriousness of our situation and to ask you to focus your efforts this week on this single point. To stop the killings.

BETTY HANSON: I am surprised that you need our help. It seems to me that you should be able to do this on your own, but I suppose you have your reasons. May I ask how are you doing it? All these calls at once, all around the globe? I thought I could use the same technology to reach out to everyone as well, to help with your message.

CALLER: I am doing this with everyone's permission, and because it is something, we all agreed upon. This is part of our plan. We hoped we wouldn't have to resort to this, but I am afraid we must. So please, do what you can do to support this effort to stop the killings.

BETTY HANSON: Dear me, I will see what I can do. I must say I agree with your sentiments even though I am not sure I concur

with your approach. It appears contrary to everything I know about you.

CALLER:

I understand your confusion. This is indeed a new *modus operandi* for us, one we all hoped to never use. The important message for you is to do what you can to help stop the killings.

BETTY HANSON:

Yes, oh yes, I will do what I can. You certainly have my support. And I promise not to kill anyone this week.

CALLER:

That's very kind of you, Betty. I will call you again tomorrow.

Korean War, 1950–1953

Location: Korean Peninsula

Deaths: 1,200,000

Chapter 2

Day One | Early evening | UTC/GMT Romeo-5

“It is not the strongest of the species that survive, nor the most intelligent; but the one most responsive to change.”

—Charles Darwin (1809-1882)

English naturalist, geologist, and author of *The Origin of Species*

That first evening of the first day of the calls, all the way home from work, I paid more attention to the NPR bulletins on the car radio than I did to the traffic.

Better watch it, Cheryl, I told myself.

Reports were coming in from all over the world that everyone, everywhere, in every country had received phone calls and emails. The Day Two calls had been received precisely at 9:00 AM local time, in the far side of the world’s time zones, including Samoa, Tonga, and Christmas Island, Kiribati.

That, I thought, means that they’re on their way to us.

It was unbelievable, impossible to comprehend, and beyond imagination. Yet, it was happening.

The most intriguing thing to me was how the millions of simultaneous calls and emails rippling through the progressive time zones were all personalized. They were spoken in each listener’s native language, with the caller ID listing God’s name according to the recipient’s belief and faith, from “Adi-Purush” and “Elohim” and “YHVH,” “Shangdi,” “Shen,” to “Allah,” to “Amaxhosa,” “Basa,” “Mungu,” and “Vishnu.”

A neat trick and a nice touch. So far, no one had been able to record the caller’s voice. This was more than a high-tech geek or a rogue faction of the NSA using the latest technology to prove

something abstruse. I wondered what Eric Snowden or Julian Assange would have to say about all this. If the caller was capable of doing this, what else could he do? Co-opt the entire grid? Shut down all the systems? Control all communication systems in the world? Drain all bank accounts? It was starting to sound like a scene out of a sci-fi techno thriller of the future by William Gibson or Phillip K. Dick. Only this was in real-time. This was real.

I reached over and turned down the volume on the radio, suddenly weary of the news pundits who were having a field day with exotic speculation. At the same time, the techno wizards were insisting that what had happened was impossible, even though it did happen and was happening – even as they were reporting to us that it couldn't be.

How perfect is that?

This left one answer that no one seemed willing to address: what if this truly was God, and what if what he was saying was true?

No...

I parked the car, put my key in my apartment door, and thankfully settled in at home to eat some dinner and watch the evening news.

That couldn't be God on the phone, and that ultimatum couldn't be true...

That possibility was simply too outlandish to consider, especially for me. Instead, I found myself turning again and again to how the voice in my dream matched the caller's voice.

I changed into yoga pants and a T-shirt and made myself a soothing mug of chamomile tea. I smiled to myself as I settled on the sofa and prepared to call home. It was still too early on a big news day like this to expect my father to be home, but he wasn't the one I wanted to talk to first.

My mother has always been a voice of reason in my life. She has a trusting nature and gives people the benefit of the doubt until proven otherwise. Calm, thoughtful, and often the last to speak up

in a group of opinionated people. I suppose she was not only the ideal senator's wife but maybe the ideal mother of a stubborn daughter like me. I had noted over the years that she was the one who most often had the last word, not because she forces her way on people, but because she is a good listener, makes sense out of the chaos of differing opinions, and is the most open to compromise. She is also strong-willed with an annoying sense of determination, much like me, which made for some interesting moments as we did the mother-daughter dance.

Everyone says the two of us look a lot alike, so much so that we've been mistaken for sisters. I've got an inch on her, so she says I am the "older" sister. She loves that! We can swap clothes, too, which I love. She wears reading glasses, the thin kind that can balance on the end of her nose, which gives her a professorial look. Her short hair has touches of gray. She still has the same slender physique and erect posture that I do, making her appear younger and taller than she actually is. Her steely blue eyes can look penetrating and fierce. To me, they look kind and warm, filled with sparkling light and softness. All in all, she has a compassionate look about her, indicative of the life choices she has made.

As I sipped my calming tea, I reflected that in spite of looking alike and sharing many philosophical commonalities, we had always had one serious area of disagreement that sometimes bordered on outright conflict: religious faith. She had it, and I didn't. My mother claims that ever since she was a little girl, she has been in constant personal contact with God, much like an imaginary friend. I suppose that she, too, had taken a call from "God" this morning. I braced myself to hear how that had affected her.

My mother answered on the first ring. "Hello, honey, I am so glad you called. I just knew you would! Isn't this exciting?"

"Hi, Mom," I replied. I wasn't surprised that she had started right in. "You think it's 'exciting' that a crackpot is trying to freak out the world by threatening everyone?"

Inwardly, I sighed. I hadn't meant to start off like that. *Why is it so irresistible to squabble with her like this? We used to get along so well ...*

“Oh, honey, it’s not that way,” she said. “He’s trying to get us to think about what we’re doing, that’s all.”

I made a conscious effort to be less confrontational. “Well,” I said, “he has certainly sparked a discussion on how violent we are.” I tried to move the conversation to less contentious grounds. “How do you think he’s managing to do this? Technologically, I mean?”

“I’d like to think it’s through divine intervention.”

Uh oh, I thought, here we go again ...

But I refused to take the bait. “Who has the resources to do something like this?”

Fortunately, she laughed, and we sidestepped this minefield.

“Well, dear,” she said, “to do something on this scale would have to involve most of the communication satellites on the planet, cooperation from every telecom company, and a dedicated group of technicians from competing organizations. Not to mention the challenges involving the languages. I honestly don’t have an answer. But I must say, I like the initial message.”

“It’s an odd way to bring about peace,” I grumbled. “Threatening to kill us if we don’t stop killing.” I made another stab at steering us to safer territory. “But hey, he called me Joan of Arc.”

“Interesting, honey. He thanked me for the work I have done so far for world peace and said he was counting on my organizational skills to help with his message.”

I told her I was working on a list of questions to ask him tomorrow, which triggered a brief back and forth about what we each wanted to ask. Her concerns were faith-based, and mine were clarifications about what he had already said.

“Speaking of asking questions,” Mom added, “I thought you’d like to know that Derek Crookall was on the news this afternoon.”

My face lit up. Derek Crookall was a family friend. He was not only the grandson of Levi Crookall, one of Mom’s mentors who had

worked with my grandfather, but also a prominent national journalist and photographer. He was an honest journalist, one of the few who told the truth about my father in every story and didn't pander to headlines and the ratings war. That made him special to me. He was one of the reasons I decided to become a writer.

I listened with interest to my mother's tale of him interviewing some Washington bigshots in a bar across from the White House about the mysterious caller, and how he got into a fracas with Brian Holcomb and Edgar Kirby, two of my father's political nemeses, which climaxed with one of them breaking Derek's camera. My skin crawled at the mention of those two names.

"Quite the fracas," my mother added. "Derek is starting to compile a list of the questions people are asking the caller, especially politicians. Now that would make an interesting book!"

As she was speaking, I could hear my father's booming voice in the background. My mother handed him the phone.

"Princess!" he said.

I thought he would still be at work. He said that he had been at home on a phone conference on one of his six secure Senatorial lines. After asking several times if I was okay, we settled into what I had yearned for all day – facts, answers, and assurances about the purported calls from "God."

"I feel like I should have all the answers for you," he began, "but I do not. It's all speculation. Right now, we do not know who it is. The nature of the sophisticated technology is troubling to all of us because the private networks and communication channels in the government offices were breached and called. That means no line is secure, and no form of communication is safe."

It was actually reassuring to hear him confirm that nothing was safe. My father was and is my greatest American hero. He's a true senator, noble in thought and deed, the kind you sense will someday be called "Jeffersonian" in the history books – who is described as being "presidential timber" and "a true statesman." He is a decorated Vietnam War veteran who became an ardent pacifist.

As I listened to him detailing his security concerns, I could almost see him before me: tall and square-jawed with luminous, blue-gray eyes that made his face so memorable. His arched, bushy eyebrows gave him a perpetual look of surprise. He had the gift of making you feel like only you existed when he focused on you, particularly when he leaned into your personal space, as he was prone to do. He didn't take himself so seriously, either. He often joked that he looked like a caricature of himself, with his wide shoulders, extra-long, comical-looking arms, and huge hands that could easily palm a basketball. He loved the way magazine artists depicted him, which he always called an "improvement." I loved him for that.

He listened patiently as I shared my own conversation with the caller. "Dad," I asked, "what do you think is going on? Who's behind it? How will we find out who it is?"

I was startled when he brought one of my longtime loves into the picture. "Nate and his crew are on it. He insists he'll find a way to both trace and record the caller."

I blushed at his mention of Nate's name, glad that Dad couldn't see my reaction. Nate, of course, was my first love. We'd had crushes on each other since forever, although everything became a lot more complicated after he introduced me to Khoud.

Dad was off and running, describing the complex assessment of security technology, and he quickly lost me. My mind trailed back to Nate and Khoud and how that had all gotten out of hand.

Nate's mother is a thoroughly Westernized Iraqi, the daughter of a prominent Iraqi businessman educated in London and America. His father is an American career diplomat. They met and fell in love while his father was posted in London. A generation later, in spite of the region's heated politics, Nate's mother had easily arranged for Khoud, the son of an old friend, to come live with them as an exchange student.

Nate told me that his parents wanted to create an opportunity for him to learn about his mother's homeland and maybe even pick up some of the language; they hoped he would bond with a young

Iraqi his own age. The plan worked better than they had anticipated, even with me in the mix. Dad's political connections helped Khoud secure a more permanent special visa, so he could stay even after we invaded Iraq.

Khoud and I clicked from the moment we met. His exotic, princely mannerisms made me melt. He was as tall and as muscular as a wrestler and handsome in a swarthy kind of way. His deep-set, liquid eyes swallowed me whole, and his inky black curls framed his face. He had long and delicate concert-pianist fingers that felt strong and reassuring when he held me. I had never met anyone like him—handsome beyond description, with movie-star looks. Even now, years later, I remember swooning over him. I smiled dreamily to myself. Did he still make me swoon?

Hardly, I thought. *And yet...* I suppressed an impulse to laugh out loud.

I went down memory lane to our first frisson – the summer before our junior year in high school. Nate, his parents, and I picked him up at Reagan National. When I was introduced to him, it felt like an Arabian prince had suddenly swept into my life. Khoud and I stood there staring at each other like we were the only two people on the planet. I was lost in his gaze, transported in time and space. Looking back, the trouble was that, even then, I was in love with Nate, only I didn't realize it yet. For all intents and purposes, in that instant and moment in time, Nate disappeared,

Nate and I had as deep a friendship as you could have. We bickered like an old married couple and giggled like children over silly things. The two of us had been best friends since before we could walk. Back then, as juniors in high school, we had been inseparable playmates for all sixteen of our years. Nate was just Nate to me, a pinkie-swear best friend who I completely trusted. Together, we had learned to ride bikes, swing baseball bats, and skip stones across ponds. We had tried virtually everything together, from cigarettes to kissing. Looking back, we were always in denial about our true feelings for each other. Or at least I was.

But Khoud was my Arabian prince! I allowed myself to be seduced by high romance shortly after his arrival. I remember how a touch of his hand or a furtive glance could escalate so quickly when I was sixteen.

Ah, Khoud!

I suppose that when comparing him to the ordinariness of Nate, and how I took so much about our relationship for granted once Khoud arrived, I made some bad choices. Choices that I don't necessarily regret but that absolutely complicated my life. I must admit that the incident in the carriage house six months ago was not one of my shining moments. Nor was what happened the next day.

With a conscious effort, I turned my attention from the mysteries of love back to the enigmatic issue of the day.

"The NSA," my father was saying, "has a group combing their records and trying to cross-reference the calls. Nate is convinced something will turn up for him to sink his teeth into. They are setting up more sophisticated receivers and tracers to tap and follow tomorrow's phone contact and emails, should they come. The ghosts are on it."

By "ghosts," he was referencing his friends in the NSA, CIA, the ATIA, FBI, and Homeland Security departments.

I could picture Dad pacing in his office as he talked with me, his long legs striding forward across the full length of the room. A pause, a graceful spin-turn, and then back again. His office furniture had been thoughtfully arranged to provide a deep and wide corridor that could accommodate his long arms, which he routinely swept about him in wide arcs as he made his point during a discussion or debate. The more passionate about something he was, the wider the path he needed. The stories of him unwittingly knocking things off desks, podiums, tables, and lecterns were legendary. Our home was not exempt from his accidental calamities.

"Nate is intrigued by it," he added, "and determined to get to the source. Someone as good as this caller is with technology, and as peace-minded as well, should be working for us. Nate says we

should offer this clever caller a job. Roberto's phone was breached, too."

Roberto meant President Roberto Garcia – my Godfather and Dad's dearest friend, in spite of their differing political parties.

He had piqued my interest. "What does Roberto think about all this?" I asked.

"He's not buying it for a second, not really. But he knows how religion can impact war and world politics. The global religious pot is already at a full boil. This is only going to fuel the fire. Plus, we are overextended, militarily speaking, around the world. Any disruptions could result in new complications with untold results. That usually means more people dying."

I nodded. This was a chilling reality that both Dad and President Garcia had lived back in Vietnam. The President had written a best-selling memoir about it: *A Farmer Goes to War*. Their shared experiences as veterans had drawn them into politics and to each other, and both had an eye toward bringing about world peace. They just had radically different approaches on how to achieve it.

Dad wanted to follow Nelson Mandela and Gandhi's nonviolence path, using proactive peace talks and the eventual disarmament of all the world's armies. President Garcia insisted on using a strong global military backed with UN support. He believed peace had to be forced on some people and nations. These two contrasting approaches had come to a head during the last presidential election, when my father and Roberto Garcia ran against each other. Best friends going toe to toe. Dad lost.

Roberto hadn't been over to our house since he and Dad started campaigning against each other. I supposed he wouldn't be back until he was out of office.

That's a shame, I thought. We all used to be very close. He's my godfather, after all.

“So,” my father continued, “Roberto asked Nate to swing by and set up a recording device in the Oval Office. You know he’s always liked Nate.”

There was a discernable pause as he waited for me to respond.

“Hmmm...” I said. I couldn’t—just couldn’t—discuss the state of my love life with my father.

He took the hint. “So, how is the job going, princess? What are you writing?”

I always loved how he took my writing so seriously, and I was as glad for the shift in the conversation away from Nate, and I suspected he was, too. Maybe neither of us was ready to jump into that conversation. At least, I thought, he hadn’t mentioned Khoud. That topic could be even worse.

“The job is actually pretty cool. They have me writing a lot of the stories for the company newsletter as well as brochures for trade shows and marketing, so, I guess it’s great training, taking boring subjects and making them interesting.” I laughed. “I have a new friend who I know you and Mom would really like. Anna, Anna Matapang. Anna is Filipino.”

“I am sure we would enjoy meeting her,” he said slowly. “Ah, the Philippines ...” It was only when he paused that I realized the unspoken reference I had made to the ferry accident, which had occurred in the Philippines so long ago. Just then, his voice changed. “Princess,” he said in a clipped, no-nonsense tone, “I have another call coming in. I have to take it. Would you like me to call you back?”

“No, we can chat tomorrow if the crazy guy calls again. I’m good for now. Say goodnight to Mom for me and tell her I love her.”

I stretched out on the sofa, glad that he hadn’t tried to convince me that the caller was God, which I knew Mom had been itching to do. Not yet, anyway. He often took her side in that particular debate. I realized that neither of us had mentioned what would

happen if the elusive calls continued to be untraceable, and what that might mean about the identity of the caller.

My idle thoughts turned to Khoud. I was aware that he still stopped by my parents' house on occasion when he was in the capitol in his capacity as an unofficial special consultant to President Garcia. It was odd that my dad hadn't mentioned Khoud. Although it was a relief, in a way I had to wonder, why not?

At least it means I won't be double-teamed by Mom to extract information. Enough of that, I told myself.

I grabbed my notebook and started drafting a series of questions I'd ask the caller, should he call back tomorrow, as promised. Because I had impulsively asked a few questions during the first call, I figured I had nothing to lose by asking more. I grinned to myself, aware suddenly that I was secretly hoping he would.

I couldn't resist turning on the television for a last look at the news, even though this was not exactly the kind of stuff you wanted in your head just before you went to sleep.

The story was dominating all of the channels, from CNN to Al Jazeera. Some protesters demanded disarmament; some felt it was a ruse pending an attack and wanted weapons to be widely distributed to all citizens; and apparently, more demonstrations were being planned by people from all over the ideological spectrum. The nature and volume of the calls had many on edge. Massive crowds were reported in and around the grounds at Vatican City. In India, half a million people crowded the center of Mumbai. The Day Two phone calls had already begun and were rolling toward us from Christmas Island in Kiribati, Tonga's Samoa, Kamchatka, Russia, and through New Zealand, Australia, and Japan.

As I sat mulling over the day's events, my mind kept returning to the thoughts my parents had stressed like mantras. "When chaos looms, be prepared;" "The prepared fare well;" and "Take your watch off before swimming."

I better prepare for another call and a long week.

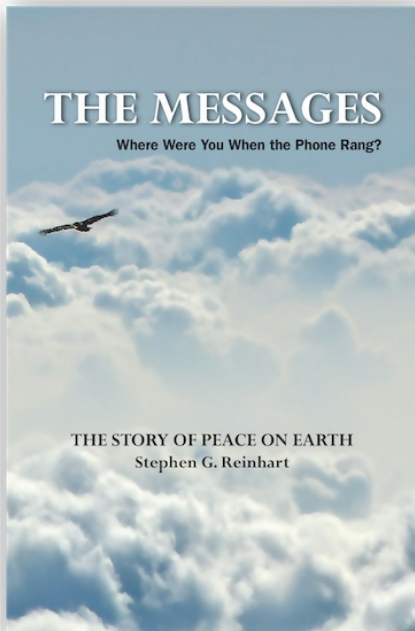
In a flash, I was up, looking for what I called my official “to-go bag.” I’d bought it on the family vacation to the Philippines. It was a colorful, multi-fabric, hand-stitched, soft-sided bag you could sling over your shoulder and easily stuff under a plane seat. The fabric was a beautiful patchwork tapestry of weavings made by the native Igorot tribe. There were enough compartments within compartments, pockets tucked inside other pockets, and zippers, snaps and buttons to make you search several times before you could find what you were looking for.

I packed it with a few items of clothing, some Clif Bars, a water bottle, my universal power charger, my iPod, and extra batteries for all my electronics. Then I tucked in *East is East*, a paperback by T.C. Boyle I was reading, along with Dad’s old leather Dopp kit, which in and of itself held enough personal gear for a week on a desert island. Remembering how I once used this bag when I was stuck in Biloxi during a hurricane, I was confident I could survive comfortably for several days in any airport, gymnasium, or convention hall.

Finally, before adding a few more changes of underwear and Ts, I turned off the TV and tried to go to sleep. A big day awaited me and everyone else on the planet. As I was drifting off to sleep, my conversation with my mother crept into my head.

What if... What if, what if, what if...

I tried my best to push those thoughts out of my head. I didn’t want to believe there was a God.



A caller claiming to be God calls everyone on Earth at 9:00 AM for one week, demanding we cease all killings, or be replaced with a more peaceful race. Everyone is encouraged to ask questions, and all are answered, challenging all the world's religious beliefs. The millions of simultaneous calls cannot be traced or recorded. What would you ask?

The Messages

Where Were You When the Phone Rang?

The Story of Peace on Earth
by Stephen G. Reinhart

Order the complete book from the publisher [Booklocker.com](http://www.booklocker.com)

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