



Jesus said whom He makes free is free indeed. Yet, freedom for women, in the world of religion, has been like the proverbial carrot on a stick. Anticipated Warriors breaks the stick that the women of God may eat freely at the table with Jesus.

ANTICIPATED WARRIORS: THE OTHER HALF

By MURIEL GLADNEY

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ANTICIPATED WARRIORS

THE OTHER HALF

MURIEL GLADNEY

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Chapter 2 - Can Ya' Hear Me Now?

A *Bruce Lee* jab to my upper body —so fast that it was invisible to the naked eye—flung me backward against the pew. Eyes wide, like a bug-eyed pug, mouth gaped open in stunned amazement, I sat back up and screeched, “God is real! I know God exists!”

In less than a nano-second, if there is such a thing, a nonbeliever became a believer. However, prior to this, how an atheist came to be sitting on a church pew was a miracle all by itself.

The non-believer—me—was not looking for God. However, my existence on earth was emitting a *beep beep beep* on His divine radar screen. The tracker included a *spiritual* magnet. It was activated at the strangest of times.

It was a Sunday morning. The love of my life, my husband Doug Gladney, had been buried the day before. All the visitors and family were returned to their homes. My intent was to lock the door and sink into the cocoon

of grief. Suddenly, a bizarre and overpowering urge to attend Doug's church left me stomping from room to room shouting at the empty walls.

"Stupid fool!" I yelled at myself in frustration.

Nevertheless, warring thoughts continued their barroom brawl in my mind.

Go to church.

I ain't.

They love you.

They loved Doug.

The barrage of unwanted thoughts continued for almost thirty minutes. Exhausted by the emotional battle, I flung myself across our king-sized bed wailing for my beloved.

"What is wrong with me?" I howled at the empty room. "Idiot." After years of doing other stuff on Sundays, now you cannot think of anything to do except go to church."

No answer came forth to explain this unreasonable tug-of-war by unsolicited feelings. Meanwhile, the early-morning sun beamed through the same window that had warmed Doug's body during his illness. Framed by the bedroom window, fingerlike tendrils of ginger reds and carrot orange were spread across the ocean-blue palette of the sky. It looked like a painter's masterpiece.

Doug's size 13 slippers sat neatly together at the end of the bed, as though waiting for him to slip his feet into them. The truth hit home. My husband was gone.

Standing in front of the closet that was filled with his

clothes, I buried my nose into one of his shirts for a final sniff of his presence before pulling out my outfit to prepare for church. I had lost the argument.

The tree branches swayed in joint concert with the jamboree sounds of birds as though to say hello as I exited the car in front of the church. Adding insult to injury, the budding lilac bushes advertised new beginnings as they shook off their perfume with every gentle breeze. Spring was in the throes of rebirth. Conversely, the echoing *click-click-click* of my heels on the concrete, minus the *thump-thump-thump* of Doug's confident footsteps, proclaimed death's victory. Courage drained out of me like water out of a sieve with each step. My feet froze on the third step of the church entry.

Run, quick, before they see you, burst to the forefront of my mind.

Twisting around, I prepared to flee back down the steps. Suddenly, the church doors burst open and greetings of "Welcome, we love you in the Lord," rang out. Caught in a net of clinging, open arms, I stumbled in.

Months passed. Attending service had become a habit whenever the church doors opened. Nevertheless, the sense of scriptures remained elusive.

Some said it was my fault. Simply put, *I* was not naming and declaring the name of Jesus. Others said give it time. None explained that *only Yahovah* our heavenly Father is the only one who can open our minds to know who Jesus is and then go to Him, [see scripture page #1].

One other thing first. The King James Versions in this book will be compared to other versions due to the vagueness and sometimes altered interpretations in the KJV. For instance, John 6: 44 in the KJV states: *No man can come to me, except the Father which hath sent me draw him: and I will raise him up at the last day.* But many of all other versions do not say “man,” such as the Bible in Basic English. It states: *No one can come to me unless drawn by the Father who sent me; and I will raise that person up on the last day.* The New King James version, and the Modern King James version get it right.

**Ladies, these comments are not meant to tear down any Bible version. I am grateful that the precious gift of God’s Word from the Holy Scrolls was translated into the English language, and others. However, the mission of *Anticipated Warriors* is to encourage women to divide truly and rightly what they read.

Why is this important to women? My sisters, God included everyone—male *and female*—in tHis promise.

For instance, *John 6: 65* clarifies Jesus’ comment in verse 44. *And he said, therefore said I unto you, that no man can come unto me, except it were given unto him of my Father. (KJV).* Again, the majority of all other versions read *granted* in place of *given*. The TCNT reads: *and he added: "This is why I told you that no one can come to me, unless enabled by the Father," (Twentieth Century New Testament).* The Greek word “didomi” for given means enabled or empowered. Most versions use the word *granted*.

Simply put, through my redemption, Jesus made it clear that no one—male, female, anyone—can come to Him unless the Father enables us to go to Jesus. The *Call* on my life proved the infallibility of His word. And, this instruction, command if you will, is eternal. Thousands of years after this promise was made, it was my time, in His plan, for me to come in out of the darkness of disbelief.**

It was a Friday night service. No, I still was not looking for God. But I was searching for answers.

The ushers had led me to the front pew, as usual, where I sat between two mothers of the church. Praise and worship finished. Bible study had started.

The clock showed 7:20 p.m. Yet encased in the tomb of grief from the loss of my husband, I stood when they said stand. I sat down when they said sit down.

The pastor opened his King James Version of the Bible to the first chapter of the book of Genesis and read verses 26-28 where God said He made mankind. Scripture still sounded like annoying flies zooming past my ears.

Bzzzzzzzzzzzz. Bzzzzzzzzzz. Bzzzzzzzzzz.

The desire to swat at them rose up in my crushed spirit.

Tick-tock.

7:24 p.m.

The ash-gray tombstone etched with Doug's name blocked any ability to hear about a God of love better

than any man-made, commercial earplugs. The urge to scream at the pastor, "Say something that makes sense!" rose in my throat like bitter bile. The suffocating agony of being a left-behind wife kept me seated, silent, and lost.

Tick-tock.

7:25 p.m.

Despite the *hearing* of numerous sermons over several months, I yet did not believe there was a God. Mere words quoted from ancient texts had not overcome the reality of the loss of my beloved husband. Nor had they penetrated the fortified wall of self-protection, that years of factual, soul-shattering, childhood abuse, by a professing Christian mother, had built.

Tick-tock.

7:26 p.m.

The pastor had unexpectedly stepped down out of the pulpit. He picked up a chair and walked over and sat down directly in front of me on the front pew.

"Remember when as a child you played in the dirt and made mud pie figures," he said staring straight into my eyes.

Tick-tock.

7:27 p.m.

"I believe God played in the mud when He created us."

Leaning over sideways, the pastor pretended to scoop up a handful of mud from the floor as though imitating the Scriptures that he had quoted. Now riveted to his every move, he patted his hands together as though forming the figure of Adam.

Tick-tock.

7:28 p.m.

He lifted his cupped hands toward his mouth. I leaned forward.

Tick-tock.

7:29 p.m.

The pastor blew his breath into the imaginary mud figure.

Tickkkkk ...

7:29:30 p.m.

An unseen force threw me backward against the pew, like a limp rag doll that a child having a temper tantrum had thrown down.

Tock!

I knew God existed.

It was 7:30 p.m.

More so, I knew beyond any question that we, mankind, had been created exactly as God had written. We, mankind, thus *I*, were wondrously created by God in His image and likeness.

Up to that point, any detail presented to me as a truth was accepted only on a prove-it basis. Plus, any information that was contrary to what I *thought* I knew, underwent the severest of tests to proof its originality, groundwork, and reliability. Thereafter, the only way to *confront* the supposed truth of what was locked into my mind was to study the Bible. By the way, if anyone ever tells you that God does not have a sense of humor, tell them to come and see me.

Up until that moment, the Bible was just another man-made concoction. Regardless, the *infused* information about God's existence and the verification of mankind's creation by God had somehow bypassed all my worldly cynicism. In fact, it had lodged so deeply into my mind that it seemed as though it had always been a part of my thought process. Nonetheless, being yet scripturally inept, I could not explain to the church members or myself how this information had been imparted.

Why did I repeat the story of my redemption? Because yet today, people still insist that *they* can save and redeem others. Or, a human slapping someone on the head can put them into the body of Christ. Many people had been speaking into my ears about giving my life to Jesus. Nonetheless, only when God did the calling, did it take.

**Ladies, it is a command. The Father, through the Holy Spirit, calls us and gives us to Jesus, Colossians 1: 12-14. Jesus trains us to be His representative on earth. As such, we, the called ones, are to *show* the truth of the Gospel through our behavior, Matthew 28:20.

Does this apply to you and me today? Yes. Jesus states in John 17: 20-23 that those who believe in Him, through the written word of the first disciples, shall also become one with He and the Father. **

Ladies, Yahovah, our heavenly Father, *never* gave instructions just to hear Himself talk. Thus, when He said raise up our children to know Him, there was a

reason.

It is like planting seeds in a garden. The cucumber seed is not sown on Monday, and we have the mature vegetable on Tuesday. Even before planting, the ground must be tilled, cut up, and all stones, rocks, etc. removed. Why? To protect the fragile roots of the baby plants as they grow.

Teaching children about the God we serve, the creator of all life, is the same. A child's mind is like tilled ground. When they are young, even infants, there are no rocks of life to hinder the *growth* of the word of God. Knowledge of God is more than telling the child to say a one-minute prayer of *thank you God*. It involves teaching the child how valuable they are to God. And how faithful He is in keeping all His promises as recorded in His word.

In contrast, growing up without *any* true knowledge of God or His word led to a multitude of problems. God was not surprised. After all, He chooses us. Thus, He knows exactly what we need, and when, because of His eternal plan—the production of purposed spiritual warriors for His new kingdom. This includes women.

Time revealed that He knew *everything* that had transpired in my life. Yet, He chose me—a woman—in fulfilment of His promise to come for the lost.

Eternal Love

Isaiah 65: 1;
John 10: 10 [b].



His re-ignition of our trust in Him, i.e., the wake-up call, is unchanged. Nevertheless, my lack of knowledge of His word led to numerous consequences.

Clueless as to God's written promise to bring us back to Him, I thought the man, the pastor, had somehow opened my mind to know that Yahovah, our true God, was real. The full story is recorded in my book *Mine, an everlasting promise of love, deliverance, and wholeness*.

Although I did not yet know the truth of God's call on our lives, Satan knew. Thus, his attack in 1995. Our resurrection back to life is planned. More so, God's Holy Spirit leads us through the various stages of transformation. Nevertheless, the next phase *almost*, I repeat "almost" scared me back to the world.

But God also had this problem covered.

Muriel Gladney

Scripture Page

1 John 6: 44, 65.



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