

*"I will do something in your days that you would not believe if it were told you... Write these things as a Herald for all to SEE!" PROPHECY -DEATH EXPERIENCE - HEAVEN - HEALING - ANGELIC VISITATIONS - PROPHETIC VISIONS - CHRIST ENCOUNTERS!*

## **Arise!: "The Revealing of the sons of God"**

By Todd Zevotek

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# ARISE!

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Names of many people and places have been changed to protect personal privacy. However, if you recognize yourself or your organization in the story line, and you would like to be identified, please send us your Testimony, in writing. Todd will then include Your Testimony in our online publication.

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# Preparations for the Journey

The winds of change blew strongly, though he felt only a gentle breeze kiss his cheek, while stepping out the door of his fiancée's place, on the way to the club. The start of a typical day in the life of the 'renown' Personal Trainer, Fitness Director, Body Builder, Bouncer, CPT. The chrome polished header pipes of his Aurora white sports car made that familiar sound of horsepower as he revved up and peeled off to work. I wondered to myself, 'How could I do it? How could anyone... miss such pleasure especially on the spring morning of a new day?' Didn't give it any attention I suppose - like the people traveling beside me on the interstate... was there someone in the car beside me, or was she just another 'drone' caught up in her routine like the rest of us? If someone at work asked me what I thought of the sky on any given morning, what would I say? On the other hand, who do I know who cares enough to ask the question? Enough internal ramblings, back to 'real life'.

After parking and putting on the proverbial mask, I hit the button to close the moon roof and left my car for the office. Excitedly, I closed my morning business and planned for my absence... Soon, I'd be with my girl again, I smiled at the thought, on my way to pick up Tracey Renee, my fiancée. We were headed for a trip south in search of a future home and good business environment in the Carolinas. Our trip would then continue to Disney World in Orlando for vacation. Always a push to be somebody... climbing, sometimes falling, turning, pressing, retreating, praying, I had to learn the game. I had to be somebody, was the suggestion of the Media - and so, I grew and learned the ways of worldly success. My focus was on getting to the top, and the sooner the better. 'Life doesn't begin until you've 'got it goin on', or so I learned from the media, news, radio, television - 'in the streets'. "You must be something in this world! If you want to be happy - you need this or that, him or her..." Illusions! Like most who are caught up in this 'rat race', I was chasing, searching, grasping for the wind. Somewhere in this reflection on my search to be somebody, a still small voice said, "The only condition for happiness is a choice." Where did that come from? Pushing that voice aside, I focused on getting ahead. I was good at it

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too. I had a good 'sense' about people. This was a fun ability to have, however, I used it foolishly to become a 'player'.

Weaving into my style all that I'd learned from the school of this Life and from college, so far, I got a training position at 'the Southern-tier's finest health club'. Working my way up the ladder, I also continued to apply my talents to my own training and began bodybuilding competitions. This resulted in more attention. I had the taste of success in my mouth now, there was no turning back! On my way, sure to become the most successful man of my age, I enjoyed the attention, prosperity and esteem of many titles. I wore a management mask, the body beautiful, the playboy. I was 'the man'...I was 'living large' – When I asked some of my younger male clients about their fitness goals, one replied, "I want to be 'GQ' - like you"!

Then I began to wake up and ask questions. Was I the illusion that I was creating in my mind or was I on a path to a woeful discovery? What I didn't know was that the Creator had delivered His first mighty blow to wake me up from the Illusions of a false life.

She was soft and dangerously cute, with a southwestern spiciness, ringing in her voice that aroused my flirtations. Our first encounter began with a play on words at the dressing room door, while my current girlfriend wandered the store, searching for another pair of designer jeans for me to try on. Wondering if this playful little lady was pursuing conversation or commission, I proceeded with caution... I left Silverman's that day knowing we had unfinished business, and my search for love continued. Though I'd had a lot of 'lovin' with some beautiful women and once or twice the 'seas roared and the mountains'... well... I wondered to myself, was this Love – is this all there is? A week after our first encounter, I bumped into another 'otter' splashing around and playing in the night. We had a familiar attraction, but she was with someone else... Anyhow, the unseen forces prevailed, and we shared smiles. It was the cutie from Silverman's! The transcendental wind from "Heww..stin, Texas". Caught up in longing glances and pure attraction, we stayed charmed in a rose aura, until nothing remained but us -alone. Our friends had long since vanished, so Tracey Renee accompanied me downtown - searching for 'the boys'

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and my ride home. We failed to find them, 'bummer dude - Not!' Soon we were dancing at the "Long Island Expressway" - on the stage! We were 'gettin down' and had just wafted apart and were drawing back together when, the music changed... our eyes locked intensely, but with softness...our noses touched ...and as the dance floor enviously stilled...we kissed. Unity! After we drove home, we held each other in her car as The First Time played on the stereo. Refusing to let go, she asked me to wait on this song...and we embraced, a harbinger of awakenings to come.

Apart from Tracey Renee, I felt incomplete, half dressed, and she felt the same about me. I now know the drawing we felt was to motivate our search for each other, but with a deeper purpose - to reconnect me to God, through her spirit which was so full of Him. Wholeness. For the first time I felt whole. The Creator certainly had His hand in this, as I'm sure Tracey well knew. Though Tracey Renee was a gate for me, I would still need to come to my own relationship with the Creator - in order to maintain the wholeness, I had tasted. Tracey Renee was a precious gift from Him to help awaken me to my heart, and to His presence - in order to receive the fruit of the love we shared, as a foretaste of His love. At the time we we're too dazzled to notice or care about the details. I just knew this love was real! She worked on the opposite side of the corporate park from my office. Many days would find us stealing away from our daily tasks to be with each other. The melody of her favorite song, The First Time would play in my soul for the rest of my life. It was a love too deep for words, but would it be strong enough to break me out of a life of illusions? Little did I know how urgent it was to wake up, completely, and soon! My eternal existence was at stake...The spirits of the unseen world warred, as the battle intensified - For my soul, my very life!

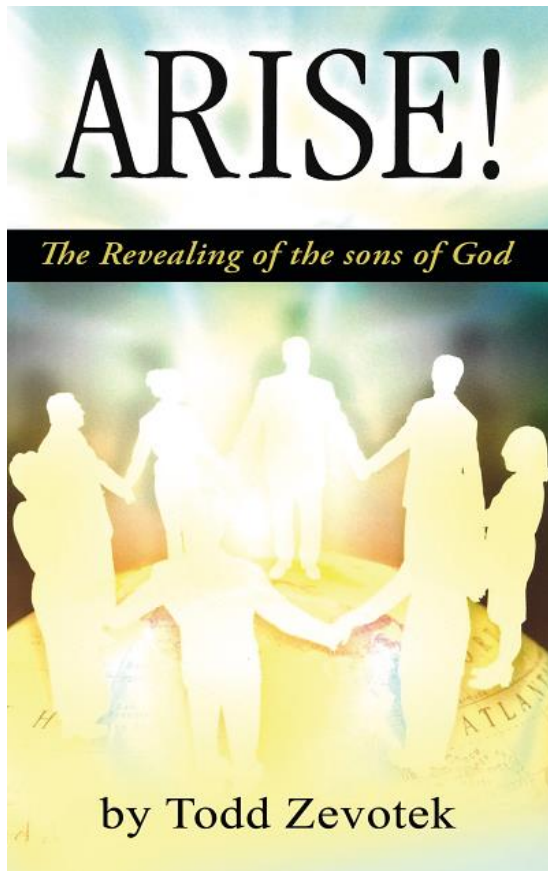
The force of the familiar scene began pulling relentlessly at me, as I worked the nightlife jungle, at Scandals Night Club – a part-time side-gig as a Bouncer, that I had taken for fun.... I wasn't interested in anything significant, now that I had tasted 'the real thing', but the constant sexual suggestions, sent my way, did pose considerable distraction. The Triple Cities were 'not enough' anymore, and I searched for 'greener pastures' as I looked to set up a business down South.

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Tracey and I were engaged to be married, and the ring I had given her was taken to the Jeweler to be sized. Then, the storms came:

Tracey and I were to meet for another outing together. I waited for her in the parking lot of the church on the corner of Route 17 and North Road, but we missed each other. The rain battered down relentlessly in the wind, while I left to search for her, and she searched desperately for me. Hours later, doubling back, we crossed into the church lot again. We leapt from our cars, frantically plunging into each other's arms. I thought I lost you, we cried! As the tension and emotion of our faces began to relax, I saw through the tears, to terror in the prophetic stare of her fiery green eyes! Give me the receipt for my ring Todd, she asserted. Don't worry sweetheart, it will be ready tomorrow. I want nothing more than to have it on your finger forever - I replied, trying to reassure her. Tracey persisted, "No Todd; you don't See! You don't SEE - Please! A sick sense of tragedy settled over me. Was I sensing, could it be that this place had deeper meaning for us, for me? I didn't know, but Tracey... she Knew!





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