

*A super-spiritual adventure that follows twelve modern-day disciples as they battle the forces of evil to prevent the Day of Final Judgement.*

## **The Prophecy of Twelve**

By John Reshetar

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# The Prophecy of Twelve



*A Novel*

John M. Reshetar

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## Chapter 13

The air was dry and hot. Dark hazy shadows made it difficult to see clearly. Peter Wallace had no idea where he was or how he had gotten there. He was confused, but not afraid, a strange sense of peace washed over him. Scenes from his life drifted through his mind until he was in his office again clutching at his chest. Then there was a hand on his shoulder and someone spoke his name. “Peter, walk with me awhile.”

Turning toward the voice, he saw no one but felt a presence. Again, the voice. “I’m here. It’s not important for you to see me. I’ll be at your side as you walk.”

“Which way?” he asked, not knowing how else to respond.

“Toward the light.” As the words were spoken, a light appeared off in the distance. “Always toward the light, Peter.”

Peter Wallace took the first steps of his journey and felt shifting sand beneath his feet. He stopped suddenly realizing for the first time that he was in a desert. “Where am I? How did I get here?”

“You have many questions, but you also have the answers. I will help you find them.” As he heard the voice, the fear of the unknown overwhelmed Peter.

“Is this death?”

There was silence. Peter stopped walking. “Am I dead?”

“Do not fear what you do not understand. Death is but one state that man passes through. For those with faith, life is everlasting.” Again, he felt a hand on his shoulder. “Let us walk again.”

In Peter Wallace’s mind, the question had been answered. *He was dead.*

As they walked toward the light, Peter saw faceless figures in the shadows. “There are others here. We are not alone.”

“No, Peter, we are not alone. In this special place there are others like yourself whom I have called. As you shall come to know me, so shall you know them and call them your brothers.”

“Why are we here?”

“Before you know that, you must first know why I am here.”

Peter sensed an urgency in his words and a sadness. He continued to walk toward the light. “Peter, the time draws near for my children to know what awaits them in the darkness. They must decide to obey the Laws laid down thousands of years ago or face the end that has been foretold. They were given the knowledge to know right from wrong, but with all the good that man has accomplished, the evil grows stronger. There is no respect for the sanctity of life. I alone have the power to choose who lives and dies. Those who seek power over others in the taking of lives shall know the true power when they face the darkness.”

As Peter listened, he could not help but reflect upon his own life and things he had done. He had killed as a soldier, and he had furnished weapons to those who killed others. Many times, he felt the blood on his hands, but always rationalized his actions as being for the good of someone.

“You are troubled by what I have said.”

Peter turned toward the voice in disbelief at feeling his thoughts had betrayed him.

“Do not worry, my son. All that you have done has not replaced the goodness in your heart. All that you have accomplished has made you a man to whom others listen and respect. They see only the good and that is what you must show them now. You can be a great leader of men and for that reason you were chosen, as were the others, to deliver my Word. You must reach as many as possible before the time of judgment.”

Again, Peter sensed the urgency in what was said but was confused as to what role he was to play.

“I will tell you that as I speak to you now, you shall speak to your brothers and sisters. When they hear you, it will be as though they hear the

Words from My lips. They shall know, without question, where the Words have come from and when their actions go against the Laws, they shall be cast into darkness. In the darkness, some will walk toward the light as we do, while others will lose their way. They will have lost what they cherished the most. Those who enter the light shall awaken on the third day to a new life as disciples of the Word and they shall go forth to spread the Word. In this way, one shall become many.”

Peter Wallace stopped for a moment to reflect upon what he had been told. He looked toward the light and saw that he was much closer to it now. There were doubts in his mind whether he could do what was being asked of him.

“Do not doubt yourself, Peter. I have as much faith in you as I had in another with your name. You will not be alone in this. You shall find the others whom I have called when the time comes. You will know them and they you without any introduction. They shall also know that I have picked you to provide leadership, and I shall be there when you need me just as when you called out to me as a soldier lying wounded in the jungle.”

Peter’s mind slipped back to the jungles of Viet Nam thirty years before. It was supposed to have been a simple recon mission. He was a young lieutenant with a bunch of new arrivals. They walked into an ambush where half his men had died before they got off a shot. He remembered being hit several times and feeling very cold on the ground as blood soaked his fatigues. Before he passed out, he had asked God “not to let him die in this hell hole thousands of miles from home.” The radioman had gotten off a call for help before he was killed, and several helicopter gunships arrived to drive off the enemy. The next thing Peter Wallace remembered was being on a hospital ship heading home. He knew then, as he did now, that God had saved him that day. Maybe it was because of what he was being called upon to do now. He stood almost in the light and once again felt the hand upon his shoulder.

“It is time for you to begin My work. There will be those, even some close to you, who will not understand your mission. Do not be concerned nor diverted by their words or actions. They will make their choices by what they know in their hearts. You can do no more than share the Word with them.

Nearly all, to whom you speak will know what is right and wrong. Most, upon hearing the Word, will accept it and their lives will be forever without conflict. Others will reject the Word and enter the darkness, putting their salvation in My hands. But I must warn you of a few whom evil has consumed from such an early age that they do not know anything of their Father's Laws. To them, no action they take is wrong. They cannot be driven into the darkness. They are Satan's disciples. It will be necessary for you to allow another to protect you from them. As I have given the leadership role to you, I have given power to another whom I have called. He shall act as my Guardian Angel to protect the flock from those who seek to destroy it. When the Day of Judgment draws nearer, I shall come to you and the others I have chosen. In advance of my coming, events as the world of man have never seen shall occur. This shall be done to bring the Word to those whom you have not reached and shall be further confirmation of all that you say and do. Remember, I am with you always and will come to you in your thoughts and dreams when you need me. Go into the light and awaken, my son."

As Peter walked into the light, he looked to the left and to the right. There were others entering with him. He was one of twelve.

Opening his eyes, Peter Wallace looked up at the ceiling above him. He was lying in a bed. Tubes with liquids ran to needles in his arms. He was alone in the room. Daylight streamed through blinds covering two windows. He knew he was in a hospital. He wasn't dead, but seconds ago he was in the desert with ... with Him. Was it just a dream? he wondered. No, something told him it was more than that. He remembered everything and felt more alive than ever before. There were things to do and he needed to get started. He reached over and pressed a button on the wall next to the bed. A corridor away, a light flashed, and a buzzer sounded which yielded a three word response from Nurse Nancy Harrison, "Oh my God!"

As Nancy Harrison walked quickly to Room 312, she didn't know what to expect. Her only knowledge of the patient, Peter Wallace, was that he had a heart attack, suffered brain damage and slipped into a coma. He had been admitted on Christmas Eve and every day since then his wife had visited him along with many others off and on. Every time Nancy was on duty, Mrs. Wallace would ask the same question, "Is there any change today?" and she would get the same answer "No." The doctors had told Mary Wallace that

her husband could come out of the coma at any time, but they prepared her for the condition of his mind once he awoke. She prayed that they were wrong, prayed for a miracle.

Nancy Harrison slowed down as she reached the door to Room 312. She turned the knob and slowly pushed the door open until she could see the bed. The man lying there had his eyes open and was looking at her.

“Nurse, could you please remove these tubes from my arms? I’d like to get up and walk around.” To Peter, she appeared to be in shock and did not move or respond. “Excuse me nurse, but did you hear what I said?”

Finally, Nancy Harrison recovered from her surprise and spoke, “I’m sorry Mr. Wallace, it’s just that I didn’t expect you to be speaking, in view of your condition.”

“What condition? I feel fine, but a little stiff and I’d like to get up and walk around.”

“I’m sorry sir, but I must get your doctor first. I can’t remove the IV’s without his authorization.”

“What doctor?”

“Dr. Miller, sir. Henry Miller.”

“Old Hank, hell, get him over here. Tell him if he’s not here within fifteen minutes, I’ll take it out on him on the golf course next week.”

“Yes, sir. I’ll call the doctor right away. Please calm yourself and just relax.” Nancy Harrison turned to leave the room.

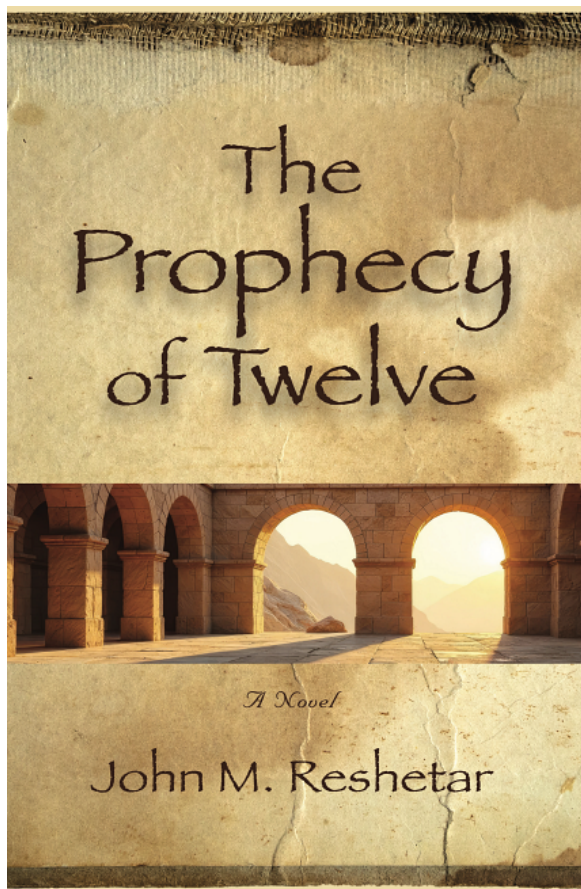
“Nurse, excuse me. I’m sorry if I acted rudely. It’s just that I feel fine. How long have I been here anyway? I don’t seem to know.”

“Almost six weeks, sir. You came in on Christmas Eve.” As she spoke, she could see the look of disbelief on Peter Wallace’s face. He remembered the desert and it seemed like only a short time since he had been in his office talking to Bill Schmidt on the phone.



*The Prophecy of Twelve*

At exactly the same time Peter Wallace returned to the world of the living, eleven others, who had been chosen, also returned to embark on their missions.



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