

## End Time Trends 2012

"A Fictional Story to Reveal Actual Current  
Events of the Day"

Footsteps of the Antichrist -  
017 and 018:

Signs in the Sun and the Moon and the Stars

*Psalms 66:18 If I perceive sin in my heart, the Lord will not hear me.*

*Psalms 32:5 I acknowledged my sin unto thee, and mine iniquity have I not hid. I said, I will confess my transgressions unto the LORD; and thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin. Selah.*

*1 John 1:9 If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all other unrighteousness.*

*I Cor 11:31 But if we judge ourselves rightly, we should not be judged.*

Ephesians 2:8 For by grace you have been saved through faith; and that not of yourselves, *it is* the gift of God; 9 not as a result of works, so that no one may boast.

Rom. 11:6, *"But if it is by grace, it is no longer on the basis of works, otherwise grace is no longer grace."*

Gal. 2:21, *"I do not nullify the grace of God; for if righteousness comes through the Law, then Christ died needlessly."*

*Gal. 3:24, "Therefore the Law has become our tutor to lead us to Christ, that we may be justified by faith."*

*1 Corinthians 3:11 For other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ.'*

*John 3:16, "For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whoever believes in Him should not perish, but have eternal life."*

## Antichrist 2012: Footsteps

*"But evil men and seducers shall wax worse and worse, deceiving, and being deceived." - 2 Timothy 3:13, KJV*

We last left Jacob, the Secretary to the Intermediary, looking over his list of potential agenda items - the Arts, Economics, Education, Environment, Governance, Health, Infrastructure, Justice, Media, Relations, Science and Spirituality - to decide which were germane to the purpose, and gather reports to prepare the Intermediary's agenda for the Committee of 300 meeting with The Archons coming up in a few weeks. But his thought kept wandering to his chief assistant, David Kovacs.

David was a brilliant man. but lately had seemed troubled and had seemed to have lost focus, and, even worse, his heretofore undying dedication to him and to the Intermediary.

David was Hungarian, or rather, he corrected himself, his family came from Hungary, and he had emigrated with them to the USA after WWII. It was only recently that David had learned that he had been adopted by the Kovacs family when David's parents had secretly left him their care when they were "discovered" by the Nazis and captured. The Kovacs family kept his identity hidden throughout the remainder of the occupation, raising him as their own. Then, when his parents did not return home after the Allies' liberation of the Camps, they quietly set about to officially adopt him and raise him as their own.

Later, they emigrated to the USA and he began a distinguished educational process, graduating everywhere he went with highest honors. They never revealed their secret to him all the years of his youth and into adulthood. First his Mother died and not too long ago, as his Father lay dying, he told David the whole story of his parents, their capture, the train ride to the Concentration Camp and that they had never returned.

Jacob believed it was the shock of this revelation, and David's subsequent obsession with learning the fate of his real parents that had distracted him so.



David had taken every opportunity to travel to Hungary to try to track their life...and their death. He was told by his dying adoptive father that his real surname was Cohn, and that his parents were named Avraham and Sarai, and had come to Hungary in their youth and had met and married there. David had seemed shocked that he was Jewish by birth, and was as obsessed by that as he was with finding the history of his parents. The Kovacs family had raised him a Baptist after they had emigrated and become believers while attending a small Hungarian congregation. He, of course, had abandoned his faith while in college, even though he had "walked the aisle," as he called it, as a young boy, himself. It was funny, Jacob thought, he easily denied his faith as a christian, but now seemed so obsessed with his Jewishness.

Jacob knew David spent much of his spare time tracking his Jewish family genealogy, and the rest of it studying Judaism, itself.

Jacob was not happy with this turn of events - David's job, like his own, demanded full allegiance - and David seemed to be slipping.

There had always been defections, and they had always been able to control the damage to their agenda - limiting it to small sectors of the the Christians - preventing the defectors from penetrating the Media umbrella they had constructed and thereby minimizing the damage.

But they had met with the Archons about the possibility of a defector from the highest levels of the 300, or their employees and decided that defection must be prevented; the potential defector must be eliminated - before defecting.

The problem was trying to determine when someone was approaching the point of defecting; we have our spies and they keep close watch on everyone who work in the offices, but we had never been able to crack the problem of volition - never been able, despite our scientific research - to know when anyone was about to make the decision. The Archons fed them reports that came from their Watchers, who were far more effective than our own security teams, because they could follow every move and hear every word spoken by them or to them with an efficiency far greater than our electronic surveillance.

The reports about David were still benign enough, he seemed to be attacking his research, approaching it from a destructive frame of mind, but still, he was spending far too much time studying the realm of Jehovah, and that was always dangerous - too dangerous to permit to go very far. Jacob knew he must speak to him and bring him to his senses about this and demand from him his former dedication... or else.

David was off on a vacation at present, and was traveling to Israel to track his "roots." His interest in Judaism had revived in him a renewed interest in his past as a Christian, so that he was now devoting every moment of his spare time to tracking his genealogy, his Jewish heritage and his long forgotten Christian teaching.

He had no idea why he was so consumed with these things which had not interested him an iota before hearing his adoptive father's "bedside confession" concerning the truth of his birth parents. He couldn't imagine that it would be so important to him - he had lost all interest in religion in his teen years and had denied his former faith completely while in college, even announcing to the Kovacs family his Atheism.

Now, he was even having to fight little attacks of guilty feelings that suggested he should have apologized to them for his rudeness when castigating them for their foolish beliefs in the fairy tale of Jesus as he proudly announced his new found knowledge of the truth of Atheistic science. He had watched their hearts break, but it only made him feel more assured that their faith made them weak, while he had a sense of strength and power, knowing that he alone was his own "god" and he had no need to rely on fables and lies to give him hope for some afterlife of glory; he had glory now in his superior education and its insights, and then even more glory in his new job working for the Intermediary and the Secretary. He was a superstar among those who knew him and admired his lifestyle and position.

But now, in addition to the attacks of guilt, he had begun to have sentimental feelings for the only parents he had ever known, and felt a sense of loss at having abandoned them in their later years. But, he had repeatedly attempted to show them the foolishness of their ways, and they seemed to grow stronger in their beliefs and worship, which made him angrier and angrier at them as he moved from the simple life he had known with them to the power-filled life he was leading in his new job. The final straw had been their pious warnings of where he was headed as his allegiance to the Intermediary grew. They knew nothing of the Intermediary, yet they seemed to have an irrational sense that he was a dangerous and evil man, and while they were respectful and humble, he grew to hate his infrequent visits to them.

He had finally stopped going to see them at all, and had even found a convenient excuse to miss his mother's funeral - happy to not hear all the drivel about Jesus and Heaven. But, he had gone back to visit his father - all because of the cryptic note he had received from the nurse at the Nursing Home, which simply said, "Your father is dying and he has something to tell you before he goes." He could not imagine what it was, though he had speculated that it was something to do with Jesus and getting his life "rededicated", or some other foolishness. He had read the note, torn it in half and dropped it in the wastebasket, only to later be drawn back to it, where he got down on his hands and knees to riffle through the papers in the wastebasket to pull the pieces together to read again.



He read them again, "Your father is dying and he has something to tell you before he goes."  
He angrily wadded them up to throw them back into the wastebasket, but instead, at the last minute, jammed them into his suit pocket, and busied himself with his tasks to take his mind off the note, and his dying father. Arriving home that evening, he undressed and as always, emptied his jacket and pants pockets onto his dresser. He couldn't help picking up the pieces of the note as they fell from the tangle of his keys and money clip and other pocket items to the floor. And, he couldn't help but read the pieces again before he slammed them on the dresser.

He had a fitful night, dreaming of his youth, and reliving, in fast motion, the many conversations he had with his parents before he cut off all communication with them. The first thing the next morning he phoned his office and had his secretary book him on the first flight ... "home."

He realized he had lost the dread, from the day before, of facing his father after all these years, because he didn't really feel guilty about eliminating them from his life for the past 15 years, and didn't even feel guilty about missing his mother's funeral - he had been busy - but it was just the awkwardness that had caused the dread, he thought. The awkwardness of a meeting between who he had become, and what he suspected his father still was.

He dismissed any dread in that; he would just be himself and handle anything his father could tell him, as he had for the final years of their relationship.

The dread returned, for a few moments, as he stood at the receptionist's desk at the Hospice Home, and was being led down the dreary hallway, and made his way to the room.

He braced himself outside the doorway, stood up to his full height, buttoned his suit coat and forcefully pushed open the door. He was momentarily taken aback at the contrast between the dreary hallway and the brightness in the room.

There, before him lay his father, an old man now, which kind of shocked him - he hadn't really thought about what he would look like after another 15 years - but the same smile he had known since his youth lit his father's face when he turned and saw him come through the doorway.

David was himself, immediately taking charge of the encounter, sticking his hand out to shake his father's hand as he would at any business meeting, which was how he had decided to approach this. His father pulled his frail right hand out from under the sheet and held it up to him - still with that same smile on his face - and also brought his left hand out to grasp David's hand with both his own. David almost recoiled from the affection of it - how could the old man still be affectionate toward him after all David had said to him in their many discussions before the parting, and after the parting and the failure to answer their letters and to come to the funeral - surely the old man should have hated him by now.

But, no, the old man held his hand in his as if it were 35 years ago and they were still on affectionate terms - like the day David had made his profession of faith in that stupid little church, and his father and mother had come up at the pastor's bidding to stand with him, as the congregation came by one by one to welcome him into the Family of God and the Church. David was startled at himself for that memory, and quickly withdrew his hand to place both his hands in his jacket pockets - feeling the crumpled halves of the note still in his right hand pocket.

That gave him his opening, his way to nip any more opportunity for affection from his old man - "I received this note," he said as he pulled it out of his pocket, "that said you had something to tell me."

It was a little awkward, he knew, to not even ask him how his dad was, or to make any small talk, but he was not comfortable in the man's presence, and the insecurity of that feeling compelled him to want to get it over with and get out.

His father never let the smile fade from his face as he turned in the bed toward David and without batting an eye or revealing any displeasure at David's abruptness, he calmly but authoritatively said, "David, sit down and hear my words."

David was surprised at himself for looking behind him to find a chair and sitting in it, without objection.

His father pressed the button on his bed to bring himself more upright, and began: "David, your mother and I kept a secret from you your whole life and I could not go to my Heavenly Father, without revealing it to you.

We kept the secret long after the need to do so had ended, but it had become such a habit in Hungary, that we, well, just never thought about it. But, when your mother went to be with the Lord, and as I prayed for you at her deathbed, I was struck with the thought that I was to tell you."

David, though thoroughly disgusted that his dad had slipped in two references to God already, leaned forward and slid his chair a little closer to the bed.

"I knew it was from the Holy Spirit (he had done it again! David thought) and that I must obey."

David was intrigued but felt the need to try to regain control of the direction of the conversation, and replied, "So what is so important that you called me all the way here in the middle of my workweek?" (There, he thought, that will let him know I want the facts and not all this drive!)

His father's face, still smiling, seemed to be lighting up with a glow, and he answered, "David, you were not our child." David felt like he had been punched in the stomach! "What, what do you mean," he managed to get out of his mouth, as he slid his chair a little closer.

"David, your birth parents were our neighbors, and when the Nazis came to our town and began to round up the Jews, they asked us to care for you, in case the Nazis came for them."

"But why would they come for them," David asked, as the answer began to dawn on him - "My parents were Jewish?" "Yes," his father said, "they were Jewish - Avraham and Sarai Cohn, were their names - very wonderful people, who had great faith in their God.



"But... but, I was...you raised me, in a christian church - why would you do that?" David realized he had lost control, but now just wanted to know what had happened.

"I know, we were Christians, your Mom and I, and it's all we knew to do when the Liberation came and we no longer had to hide you from the Nazis, and then we came to America, and started to attend the Baptist Church in our little Hungarian neighborhood, and you trusted in Christ when you were 7, and it all seemed so normal, that we didn't know how to tell you. We prayed about it every night for years, and your mother said she was certain God had a plan, and we should just let things take their course; and then, when you turned against Jesus and your Heavenly Father, we certainly didn't think the time was right then, and then you turned against us, so we never had the chance."

"But, you lied to me, lived a lie, and let me live a lie my whole life!" David said, his rising in volume, without realizing it.

"I know," his father - adopted father - said, "I know, but what was true, was that God saved you - not just from your sins, but from the Nazis, and from drowning when you were a baby, and from the car accident - so many times we saw his hand on you, we couldn't bring ourselves to tell you, we were certain that God had a plan."

"Sure, you always thought that every coincidence in life was 'God's hand', and I believed it, too, until I got away from your influence and learned the truth about life and reality!" He realized he was almost yelling, now.

He realized how out of control he was and decided to attack to regain control. "What were my real parents names, maybe I could have been happy if I had been raised by them, instead of a couple of religious fanatics, like you!"

"David, your parents were Avraham and Sarai, Cohn, like I said, and, like I said, they loved Yahweh, and were every bit as religious in their Jewish faith as we were in our Cristian faith, and they said that Yahweh - they wouldn't speak his name out of reverence - had answered their prayers as we celebrated a secret Passover with them, and they found Yeshua as their Passover, their Savior that night - the night they asked us to keep you from the Nazis when they came for them."

"We never saw them again - the Nazis had come for them during the night, while we slept - and we never heard from them again, though some survivors from the Death Camp later told us that Avraham and Sarai had died at the Camp, had died because they had shared all the meager rations they received with the children in the Camp, so that they might live, that they might survive to be freed from the camp to have their own families. They told one of the survivors, Isaac Levy, that if he survived, to tell us to raise you as our own, as their gift to us, and as their last gift to their Savior. So you see, that is why we never told you, despite all of our thoughts that it would be the right thing to do.

But now, as I, the last one to know your story, am about to die, and you have turned your back on the Savior who paid the price for you, and your mom and I, and your birth parents, I knew the Lord wanted you to know."

He then rolled back onto his back, looked over at David, smiled as he lowered the head of his bed, raised his hands to the Heavens and said, "Bless him Father, and forgive him, for he did not know." He lowered his arms to his side, and breathed out a final gasp as his spirit returned to his Heavenly Father, leaving David leaning so far forward in his chair, that he nearly fell as he watched his adopted father die.

He stood up, stood over his fathers bed looking at the serenity on his face for a moment, shook himself, and turned away to walk out the door.

He was met outside the door by a nurse who was coming in the door. She softly said, "Is he gone?", and David straightened himself, buttoned his jacket and coldly replied, "Yes, I think so, I think he is."

She took his arm in her hands and said, "I wrote you the note. He did not know."

David walked away from her without acknowledging her words, out the door and to the rental car to drive to the airport to his waiting flight, not realizing how long he had been at the Home - his mind racing so - not realizing that he had almost missed his flight until he arrived at the gate just as they were boarding. He spent the flight convincing himself to be angry at his parents - his adopted parents - for lying to him their whole lives, and trying to be angry at his birth parents for giving him to those people, but, he had so many questions, they stilled his anger as he quietly pondered everything he had been told. Pondering how the nurse knew to write him, if his father didn't tell her to do so; and how his father did not look surprised when he pushed his way through the door to his room - so many questions.

By the time his flight landed at the airport, he had determined to find everything he could learn about his real parents and why all this had happened.

He would search genealogies, fly around the world tracking down every clue, and always, always, work to remove the haunting memory of his father telling him, "God had a plan for you."

He would overcome that plan, God would not control him as he had controlled his mother and father, and as his real parents had thought they could put him in God's hands, he would not stand for it! How could they believe in God, when they were tortured and starved to death without God lifting a finger to save them - he would show God, he would study him as he did when he was a child, but this time as an enemy, this time to once and for all rid Him from his life.



He threw himself into the study of Judaism, first - he already had refuted the Jesus idea - this time he had to get to the truth of the Jews lies, to rid himself of his birthright religion - he was David Kovacs - ex-Christian, now he would become David Cohn, ex-Jew!

He learned about Passover, the Feast they had celebrated the night they gave him away. He traveled to Israel, watched the hypocrisy of the Jews, just as he had observed the hypocrisy of the Christians.

He studied everything he could lay his hands on and denied it all.

He had only one more step to rid himself of the "Judeo-Christian heritage" he hated - and he could rid himself of them both with the new information he was studying - the "end of the world" prophecies that tied the two faiths together in their belief in the end of the world and the coming of their Messiahs.

He would disprove the beliefs of the "Messianic Jews" - the very kind of Christian believers his birth parents had become, the night they gave him away.

He was obsessed with it, and he had to get it over with; he knew his boss, the Secretary, was very unhappy with his obsession, but that would be over soon and the Secretary, and the Intermediary would be happy when they found out the success of his mission.

He had found out about some new superstitions of these "Messianics", and he was on it:

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