

"Just as it was in the days of Noah, so also will it be in the days of the Son of Man"

LUKE 17:26



THE SUMMONING

PREPARING FOR THE COMING
DAYS OF NOAH

CARL GALLUPS

Critically Acclaimed Best-selling Author of
The Rabbi, the Secret Message, and the Identity of Messiah

DEFENDER
CRANE, MO

THE SUMMONING: Prepare for the Coming Days of Noah

By Carl Gallups

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Cover design by Jeffrey Mardis.

ISBN: 9781948014403

Dedicated to my great-grandson
Haddon Parker Gallups

You became an unspeakable blessing to us from the
moment we first knew of your existence.



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Acknowledgments

My deepest gratitude goes to the editing and production staff of Defender Publishing—especially to Angie Peters, my ever-patient, attentive, and gracious editor. You are such a pleasure to work with!

My thanks as well go to Jeffrey Mardis, the creator of this stunning cover. You always know exactly how to express the foundational content of my books through a brilliantly designed cover. You have a real gift from the Lord.

Also to Pamela McGrew: Your interior design and layout work is, as usual, uniquely suited to each book—pleasing to the eye and thoughtfully applied. Thank you for your hard work.

And certainly to my wife, Pam, my very first manuscript copy critic, editor, and source of daily and divine encouragement: I love you dearly.

You guys really make me look good! Undeservedly so. Thank you so much.



Foreword

THE LAST NAIL HAD JUST BEEN DRIVEN INTO THE FRAME OF THE MASSIVE DOOR.

As the spike found its stopping point, it let out an earsplitting clang. Its trilling ring echoed throughout the surrounding terrain, reverberations racing through a world that would soon be immersed in a watery grave. It was as if the sound carried with it a warning that screamed, "Judgment is coming soon!"

Listening to the haunting sound ricocheting from tree to tree and rock to rock, the old man shuddered. The tenor of the blow had unnerved him. He sensed that very same clank, that precise intonation, would be heard again, somewhere in the distant future.

Noah knew he had heard that sound before. It was as familiar to him as the sound of his own voice. And he knew exactly where he had heard it. That was why he was standing there...shaking.

Those are the opening words of one of the first chapters of this book. Are you interested yet? Just wait!

If you're looking for an in-your-face unveiling of what's really happening in our world today and you want to know how all this ties to our very near future, then you've got your hands on the right book.

I have known Carl Gallups, and have ministered with him, for years. I've appreciated the way he approaches his biblical studies with the mindset of an investigator, though this fact should come as no surprise to his regular readers. Carl spent a little more than a decade in the field of law enforcement in Florida, serving the greatest part of that time as

a sworn patrol officer with two different sheriff's offices. So, as with the rest of Carl's amazing bestselling books, *The Summoning* will also take you on a journey of contextually accurate, well-researched, and thrilling theological discoveries.

I can assure you, today's whirlwind of global events buffeting our own generation are soon to become a collection of living, breathing spiritual harbingers appearing right before your eyes. The world in which we're living is going to make a lot more sense to you as Carl's biblical, historical, and scientific investigation unfolds.

You'll also find the information that Carl includes in the addendum section to be particularly useful. Those pages read like a fascinating handbook of practical and biblical preparation for these uncertain times, answering just about every major question you might have on the topic. Again, drawing on his many decades of combined law enforcement and direct ministry experience, Carl speaks with not only a pastor's heart but also from the vantage point of having dealt with many of these situations firsthand.

Keep your highlighter pen handy. This is a book that you'll not only want to read and reread, and keep in your personal library, but you'll also probably find yourself sharing these biblical treasures with many others for years to come.

Enjoy the ride!

Dr. Tom Horn

A Word from the Author

IS OUR WORLD ACTUALLY REELING TOWARD THE PRESCIENT DAYS OF NOAH—that time of unparalleled global turmoil foretold by Jesus in the Gospels of Matthew and Luke? Are we truly on the brink of a *universal shaking*, as a number of today’s prophecy watchers are warning?

How one might answer these questions depends on how he or she understands the unfolding of prophetic convergences characterizing our own unique generation. And there’s the rub.

A number of people in today’s largely anesthetized institutions of the “visible church”¹ don’t appear to be aware of anything prophetic occurring at all—never mind the fact that Christianity is already “by far the most persecuted religion on the planet.”² And now, even the leading edges of government-sanctioned discrimination against the Body of Christ have come to America, rushing upon us like a flood. Yet, for the most part, the Church still sleeps.

Do you wish to know what the Word of God says about where we’re situated within the ultimate scheme of things? Do you want to find out how to prepare yourself for the future, both logistically and spiritually? Would you like to discover how to embrace your days on this earth as a victorious ambassador for the coming Kingdom of Jesus Christ? You’ll find the answers to those questions and many others in the following pages.

Along the way, you’ll also glean a treasure trove of biblical, scientific, and historical information that will prove invaluable to your personal

witnessing and teaching opportunities. And—as you reach the last pages—your life, and this increasingly bizarre world we’re living in will finally make much more sense.

I promise, you’ll not regret the time you invest to embark upon this journey. Thanks for taking it with me. I’m honored that you have.



The Summoning

*The Mighty One, God, the Lord, speaks and summons the earth
from the rising of the sun to the place where it sets.*

From Zion, perfect in beauty, God shines forth.

*Our God comes and will not be silent; a fire devours before him,
and around him a tempest rages.*

*He summons the heavens above, and the earth, that he may
judge his people: "Gather to me my consecrated ones,
who made a covenant with me by sacrifice."³*

*And the heavens proclaim his righteousness,
for God himself is judge.*

—PSALM 50:1–6



PART ONE



The Surreal

For several years before writing this book, on numerous television and radio programs, I asserted that I couldn't help but believe something was getting ready to prophetically "snap."

I even preached about it from my own pulpit and in prophecy conferences, and I wrote about that overwhelming hunch in a couple of books prior to the one you're reading now. The more I expressed my impressions, the more correspondence I received from believers all over the world telling me that they were sensing the same thing.

At the time that I was trying to properly articulate this warning, I had no idea how close we were to the commencing of that *snapping* event. But now, I'm fairly certain I understand *what* it was that actually occurred.

And when.

And why.



The Gathering Tempest

March 2020

A couple of days later, you wake up to find your home surrounded by multiple government vehicles...

"IT WAS A MOMENT IN HISTORY THAT CHANGED EVERYTHING."

How many times in the course of humanity's rather ignoble existence could a statement like that be accurately made, and without exaggeration? Probably in many hundreds of instances, at least.

However, as you'll soon discover, this period of time was truly unique, and in myriad prophetic ways. But let's be brutally honest: As the ordeal was initially unfolding, few understood it to be quite as dramatic as all that.

In reality, however, the *snapping* event would eventually grow to become something much more prophetically intense than what most first imagined. As a result, it really doesn't matter *when* you're reading this book. Even if it's decades from the time of its writing, the perspective you're about to gain will help you make biblical sense of the times you're living in—even then—*especially then*, I assure you.

Because, as it turns out, that relatively small dot on the overall timeline of history was tied to something unique and specific—something

Jesus Himself spoke about two thousand years earlier. And it was coming to fruition within the precise timeframe that He said it would.

Imagine

Think of it like this:

What if you were living in a world where, across the country, thousands of hardened criminals were “quietly released” from prison...for “their safety.”⁴ And what if this unthinkable absurdity were to occur at the time when pastors and churchgoers were accused of being “mega-dangerous,”⁵ then were fined and/or arrested simply for meeting at their places of worship?

Or, what if the National Guard were dispatched to your church by your governor on the Lord’s Day, because a group of about two dozen people tested positive for an upper-respiratory virus from your congregation? A group that *volunteered* to get tested. No hospitalizations. No one on respirators. No one died. They simply tested positive.⁶

Also, at the same time prisoners were being released around the nation, regular, law-abiding citizens were mandated to shelter in their homes and wait for the government to *tell them* when they could come out—or else, they would be subject to fines and/or jail. The day before, they were free citizens, having broken no laws; the next day they were effectively placed under house arrest...because the government “said so.”

What if?

Church Under Fire

Now, envision that an openly gay mayor of one of the largest cities in the United States, after first having issued orders for churches to shut their doors, were to order police raids on several congregations within her

jurisdiction. What if she were to instruct her police force to swoop down upon the churches because she was furious that they were still holding services in spite of her coronavirus lockdown orders?

And, what if one of the best known mega-church pastors in America were to be threatened with fines and arrest because he finally reopened his church without the government's permission?

This atrocity happened after many months of the pastor patiently complying with state-ordered lockdowns, until his city was informed by the mayor that there was no apparent end in sight—*especially* for venues like churches.

It happened to Pastor John MacArthur of the Grace Community Church in Los Angeles, California, in August 2020. When asked where he stood concerning those threats, Pastor MacArthur explained:

We will obey God rather than men.... We will not bow to Caesar. The Lord Jesus Christ is our king. We will meet as the church of Jesus Christ because we're commanded to do that. We will sing, we will pray, we will fellowship, we will proclaim the Word of God far and wide and even around the world.⁷

Pastor MacArthur's attorney, Jenna Ellis, who at the time was a special counsel with the Thomas More Society, asserted:

After Grace Community Church voluntarily complied with state orders for nearly six months, California's edicts demanding *an indefinite shut down* have gone now far past rational or reasonable and are firmly *in the territory of tyranny* and discrimination. This isn't about health. It's about *blatantly targeting churches*.⁸ (Emphasis added)

While Pastor John McArthur was desperately fighting to get his church opened back up, the president of the world's largest conservative

evangelical denomination—the Southern Baptist Convention—shut-tered the doors to his own megachurch until the end of 2020.⁹

This same man—Pastor J. D. Greear—publicly addressed his immense denomination through an online video in which he spoke to SBC churches concerning the Black Lives Matter riots that had just broken out around the nation and in other parts of the world. He issued this admonition: “And, oh by the way, let’s not respond by saying ‘all lives matter.’”¹⁰

Never mind that the pervasive biblical truth “all lives matter” is also the very heart of the gospel message of salvation.

Let’s get back to another “what if”: What if the commissioner of health in one of America’s largest cities threatened to bulldoze your church facilities to the ground if you continued to worship in spite of the fact that the “government” had *ordered* you to stop meeting? That sounds like something Communist China might do, doesn’t it?¹¹

Chicago officials are **threatening to close or even bulldoze** a church that has continued meeting in defiance of a state order, saying **the governor’s action has the “force of law.”**¹² (Emphasis added)

Surely *this* couldn’t happen.

Could it?

Then, to further emphasize the nature of the “normally” improbable and surreal world we’re describing, what if the United States Supreme Court actually issued a ruling effectively declaring that a casino, restaurant, or bar had more of a constitutional right to congregate than a church—regardless of how savagely the court had to violate the First Amendment of the Bill of Rights in order to make that ruling?¹³

“All we are seeking is the same consideration and trust that is being tendered toward the liquor stores, abortion clinics, and Walmart,” one pastor said.¹⁴

Something like that would never happen in America. . . . *right?*

Home Sweet Home

Now imagine this nightmare scenario:

You and your family voluntarily get screened for the virus. You believe this is simply your civic duty. You're found to be positive, but asymptomatic. Your spouse and infant child test negative.

After the test, you're ordered by a local health agency to "self-quarantine" in your own home for at least two weeks. The agency's rep pushes an "order" in front of you requiring your signature, thus legally obligating you to the government's oversight. *For your own safety.*¹⁵

Since you have no symptoms, you decline to sign the document, but you assure the agent, in your own handwriting, that you'll stay at home as much as possible—*voluntarily*—like any other free American citizen. You also say that you'll take every reasonable precaution to protect yourself, your family, and anyone in the public you might occasionally contact.

A couple of days later, you wake up to find your home surrounded by multiple government vehicles and personnel, as well as the county sheriff armed with a court order and ankle monitors. You've committed no crime, yet your constitutional rights have been summarily thrown in the garbage by government officials.

Imagine living in America in a state wherein the governor issues an order requiring criminal misdemeanor charges, fines, and potential jail time for public school teachers, *as well as for students in K-12*, who don't obey his mask "order"? That's right. Send your children to school in America, and you might get them arrested and saddled with a criminal record.¹⁶

Or what if the US government could literally force you to take the newest COVID-19 vaccine? What if it threatened to limit your access to jobs or schools—even fine you or put you in jail—if you or the dependent members of your family don't take it? Imagine if longstanding SCOTUS-ruled vaccination laws were touted by "experts" as the ultimate *police power-weapon* of the "state"?¹⁷

Yes—imagine *that* ridiculously insane world.
That couldn't *really* happen, *could it?*

One evening we went to bed and that make-believe world didn't exist—at least, not in America. It was only the stuff of dystopian science-fiction movies and novels. Nothing to worry about.

The next morning, everything changed. Every single bit of what was just described had actually happened, and more. And, not just in America.

But...could any of these events actually indicate biblically prophetic connections?

2

Relentless

*The truth is that something prophetic
is always happening.*

NOT TOO LONG AGO, ANY OF THE AFOREMENTIONED SCENARIOS WOULD HAVE been considered inconceivable, especially to those living in the largest “Christian” nation and the most powerful republic the planet has ever known. After all, we had a Constitution to protect us from such outrageous atrocities.

But during the first few months of 2020, each of those unthinkable events did in fact occur. Further, many other bizarre instances just like them, or even worse, not only continued to unfold in our own nation but practically all over the world—for the first time in history.¹⁸

The prophetic pummeling seemed to arrive in waves, almost like a “flood.” Medical and scientific truth was thrown to the ground. Multitudes of doctors were silenced by the newly appointed “Masters of the Universe.” Prominent schools of medicine from major universities and their scientifically based medical reports were ignored and/or castigated by the mainstream media.¹⁹ Lawlessness at every level of society was unleashing its reign of tyranny. And it was happening globally...because of a new coronavirus strain.

But that wasn't all.

By mid-July 2020, the mainstream media was breathlessly warning that an even deadlier virus had already been loosed upon the planet. And we were only barely in the middle of this one. The media warned that we'd be "confronting these threats again," and in "wave after wave."²⁰

Blood was in the water. The sharks were circling. Absolute panic became the order of the day. It was the "new normal."

Is It Prophetic?

During those days, I was often asked, "Do you think this global coronavirus pandemic and the resulting worldwide political and societal upheaval have any prophetic significance?"

Serving as the senior pastor of a Gulf Coast church since 1987, I've been through several scenarios that produced similar atmospheres of panic-driven fallout—especially with Saddam Hussein's launching of Scud missiles into Israel in 1990 and the resulting Gulf War in 1991... then the 9/11 terrorist attacks of 2001. The same with Arab Spring in 2011 and the hugely prophetic shifts that resulted from that globally impacting calamity. In each of those situations and several others like them, I was pelted with the same question.

Time to Choose

After decades of preaching the Word of God, I've discovered that relatively few people seem to give much thought to biblical prophecy. Nor do they, for the most part, understand the complexities of the prophetic times in which we've been living for the last century or so—that is, until "something" happens. Then, and almost *only* then, do people want to know if a revelatory event might be occurring. Otherwise, it's simply life as usual. Or, so they think.

The truth is that something prophetic is always happening. Through-

out every generation, God is constantly at work weaving together the fabric of His preannounced revelations. And through those ancient pronouncements, Yahweh is forever proving Himself faithful to give humanity ample hints of what He's up to.

That's why Noah was building a ship in his backyard—for a dozen decades.²¹ The door to that gigantic boat stood wide open all that time. It was God's provision, given for the singular chance of escape from the soon-coming judgment. But no one—and I mean *no one*—chose to go through that door except Noah and his family.

The Trigger

Here's something else to remember: Genuine prophetic events always run in a line, like a string of dominoes arranged to begin falling in a certain pattern. But the chain only comes to life after the first plank is toppled over. Then, the continuous toppling of the tiles ripples right through every generation, until the last domino finally falls.

However, the process always begins with *a single tile* in the chain, like when the floodwaters of Noah's day finally commenced. The whole episode started with just one drop of water spilling from above, followed by infinitely countless more raindrops, and then finally followed by the deluge—on a specific day, in a precise instant. After it was done, the world was forever changed.

It was the same way in that one split second when Moses raised his staff to the heavens as he stood at the edge of the Red Sea. Or at the moment the walls of Jericho toppled and the Israelites conquered the Promised Land for the first time. Or when Caesar Augustus issued a decree ordering all of the citizens to travel to their towns of origin, thus putting Mary and Joseph in Bethlehem. And as in that exhaled exclamation when a tiny baby boy lying in a manger let out His very first cry.

Each of these seemingly minuscule points in time later proved to have been ticks of the clock that altered the entire course of human

events. Once those moments snapped into existence, there was no turning back. Nothing was ever the same.

It Is Finished

Or, what about that one, precise, preordained spark of an instant when Jesus cried out, “It is finished!”? The message of that divine cry effectively decreed: *God’s plan of personal salvation is finally coming to fruition, and everything will now begin to lurch forward towards restoring that which was corrupted in Eden.*

Once that “Word” fell from Heaven’s lips, the prophetic conglomeration that followed had been activated. With that cry also came an interdimensional call to battle. Regardless of the resulting ebbs and flows that are left lapping the shores in the aftermath of the 2020 *snap-ping*, the first prophetic domino of that unprecedented chain has been eternally toppled over. In that process, the demonic powers were freshly awakened. Satan knows his time is getting short. He’s filled with rage (Revelation 12:12).

In the meantime, the people of each successive generation must choose where their allegiances will align. That’s where we come into the picture. *This is our generation.* It’s our time to choose. It’s our time to step up and make a genuine difference in the overall Kingdom mission.

Two thousand years of humanity’s reckoning of time have ticked off the clocks and calendars since Jesus cried out from the cross. A little more than twenty complete *one-hundred-year generations* of humanity have come and gone since then. But never forget, those same two thousand years were actually only two brief “days” within the cosmic framework of God’s perspective:

A thousand years in your sight are like a day that has just gone by, or like a watch in the night. (Psalm 90:4)

But do not forget this one thing, dear friends: With the Lord a day is like a thousand years, and a thousand years are like a day. The Lord is not slow in keeping his promise, as some understand slowness. Instead he is patient with you, not wanting anyone to perish, but everyone to come to repentance.²² (2 Peter 3:8–9)

And then, after those two short *days* had passed, came 2020.

The prophetically promised shaking had begun. As you'll soon discover, God had not kept this day a secret from us.

Summer was growing nigh.

The fig tree had been shaken.²³

The fruit was starting to fall.



3

The Shattering

*Things appeared to point to a
threshold-crossing moment in history.*

THE SHOCK OF THE ALMOST INSTANTANEOUS EVENT UNNERVED PRACTICALLY THE entire planet.

Were we really this vulnerable? Could the whole world actually change so quickly? So viciously? So senselessly? And were we really this helpless to do anything about the systematic and often lawless dislodging of the elements of basic sanity from our everyday lives? What were the insufferable “new norms” going to turn out to be in the aftermath of this melee?

The COVID-19 virus quickly became more than simply a brand-new strain of an age-old virus. The newest “invisible” enemy to invade humanity also brought with it a mega dose of irrational panic and fear. And that global atmosphere became the catalyst that shifted the prophetic nature of our day into high gear.

Soon, the pervasive *spirit of fear* was politically weaponized by malevolent people the world over. And, it was manipulatively moved along by the ubiquitous *zeitgeist* of our day—a palpable *spirit of Antichrist*. Demonically driven agendas began to pour out of the halls of darkness. A prophetic squall was on the way.

Just Like This

Yet, we haven't been without biblical warning concerning such a day. Within just a few consecutive weeks of Jesus' earthly ministry, He twice hammered home what now appears to be an increasingly *relevant-to-our-time* prophetic truth: "Just as it was in the days of Noah, so also will it be in the days of the Son of Man."²⁴

With those words, Jesus assured His followers there *would be* a future generation that would live in conditions that most certainly rival the circumstances in the days of Noah's generation. It would be a time of unequalled worldwide turmoil—with definitive biblical indicators of even more to come.

But, Jesus effectively warned, the pervasive attitude of the planet's collective population would be: *Oh well, don't worry. Soon, everything will go back to normal. It always happens that way. Eat! Drink! Buy and sell! Of course, we'll have to adapt to a few adjustments, perhaps make a few compromises. But, all will be just fine! There's nothing to see here...*

It Wasn't the Virus

Let me be very clear about this next point.

Even though the SARS-CoV-2 virus was labeled as "the biggest challenge to global health and prosperity since World War II,"²⁵ a number of us who carefully analyze what is *really* occurring in our generation didn't necessarily believe that the newest coronavirus strain *itself* was the presenting problem. After all, numerous variations of that upper-respiratory disease have been seasonally ripping through the human race for a long time. And, certainly, over the ages, the planet has endured a multitude of much worse plagues.

There was also a good chance that, similar to influenza, this latest strain of coronavirus would eventually become just another part of life

on a relatively dangerous planet, something we'd simply have to learn to deal with maybe for a long time to come—perhaps forever.²⁶

So, no; the virus itself wasn't the presenting problem.

The real issue was the resulting onslaught of continually unfurling prophetic events, coupled with the corresponding worldwide “attitudes” that were created in the midst of them, especially the mindset concerning the unprecedented assaults upon the church. These things appeared to point to a threshold-crossing moment in history. The virus—or, rather, the irrational and unmitigated terror of it—was just the trigger, *one of the first dominoes* causing everything else prophetic to begin to topple. Caesar's decree had been signed. The staff had been raised. The walls were tumbling down. The first splats of the ominous warnings from Heaven's throne had already hit the ground.

Yet, most of the world's population—even a large portion of *the visible church*—went on with the routine tasks of daily life as though *all was good*, waiting for everything to return to “normal.” Even though the governments of the world effectively slammed the door shut on numerous aspects of their previous manner of daily life. Maybe forever.

Exactly what was it that Satan seemed to know about those days—a time that was unlike any time before it—and a thing that so many Christians appeared to be overlooking?

You're about to find out.

As we continue our journey, let's go back to the beginning. Back to the place and age where it all started.

Or, rather, where it all *started over again*.



PART TWO



The Journey

Teach these things to your children, talking about them when you sit at home and when you walk along the road, when you lie down and when you get up.

—DEUTERONOMY 11:19



4

The Deluge

All of this would be gone within days.

—CIRCA 2350 BC

THE LAST NAIL HAD JUST BEEN DRIVEN INTO THE FRAME OF THE MASSIVE DOOR.

As the spike found its stopping point, it let out an earsplitting *clang!* Its trilling ring echoed throughout the surrounding terrain, the reverberations racing through a world that would soon be immersed in a watery grave. It was as if the sound carried with it a warning that screamed, “*Judgment is coming soon!*”

Listening to the haunting sound ricocheting from tree to tree and rock to rock, the old man shuddered. The tenor of the blow had unnerved him. He sensed that very same *clank*, that precise intonation, would be heard again, somewhere in the distant future.

Noah knew he had heard that sound before. It was as familiar to him as the sound of his own voice. And he knew exactly *where* he had heard it. That was why he was standing there...shaking.

He had heard the clanging echo in several prescient visions—deep in the silky dark hours of the night. This particular moment in which he now stood had subconsciously awakened within him those memories. *Pa-Pinggg. Pa-Pinggg. Pa-Pinggg!*

But there was something else. The ringing from his dreams had been accompanied by a haunting human cry. It had burst from the tortured

lungs of a shadowy figure, one who had been cruelly impaled through his hands and feet...on what appeared to be some sort of suspended wooden beam. The shouting figure had also been surrounded by a vile mob huddled together under his blood-soaked body. *Cursing. Mocking. Reviling.*²⁷

Noah was certain that the nighttime revelations were in some way intertwined with what he was doing this very moment—*building a gigantic wooden vessel*, a ship of potential salvation that was offered for his entire world. If the world would only listen, and come...and be saved. So far, they had not come; they only mocked.

He had erected the multilevel boat in the field beside his house, visible for miles around, available for all who cared to inquire. They couldn't miss it! It was Noah's divine assignment. Driving the nails, *driving the nails, driving the nails*...day in and day out. For decades. *And decades*...

Noah now reached up to where he driven that final spike. He gently rubbed his hand over the crown, its cap barely protruding from the wood. He took his index finger and methodically encircled the nail's head, tracing its rugged iron edges...slowly...contemplating. Mesmerized by it.

Then the vision was gone, as quickly as it had come.

The Spectacle

*As he finished speaking, the earth began to
roil under their feet.*

FOR NOW, HOWEVER, THE ANIMALS WERE SECURELY ENSCONCED INSIDE. EACH pair was situated in its own specially constructed enclosure. Seven days ago, the dreamlike procession had finally started. The beasts came streaming in from around the countryside, headed straight toward the vessel. They came of their own accord, faithfully hearkening to a voice apparently heard only by them...the beckoning sound of their Creator.²⁸

What a beautiful thing to behold! Here was a virtual parade of created beings coursing to his own front door. *It was as if the animals knew.* But this spectacle was exactly what Yahweh had told Noah would happen. He had never doubted it would be so, even though from the beginning it had still been a thing hard to imagine. But actually seeing it with his own eyes—right this moment—this was something else altogether!

Noah and his family stood in awe as the animals entered. From the smallest to the greatest, the creatures moved forward in pairs...each according to its own kind.

So many thoughts poured through Noah's mind as he watched the animal parade. *Is this really happening? Why didn't these hard-hearted people listen? Family, friends, fellow citizens...they have all been warned, and for such a long time! But they refused to heed the message. Instead, they mocked and cursed us!*

Then Noah turned to look at his wife, his sons, their wives. “Take a look around!” he said. “You’ll never see anything like this again!”

Noah’s sons and daughters-in-law, all with widened eyes, began to circumnavigate their surroundings. *Father was right. All of this world would be gone within days. It would happen.* His family didn’t doubt him. Especially now.

The Snapping

It was at the end of the seven days of receiving the animals and securing them safely within the ark when it commenced.

Noah spoke up as he and his family were just finishing the final preparations. “Yahweh has again spoken to my soul . . . just now!” he said. “Everything is getting ready to burst asunder, my dear family. This is it! It’s about to come to pass . . .”

“Don’t be frightened!” he continued, surveying the faces of those around him. “God has not given us a spirit of fear. We are to be strong. We’re wrapped in His divine protection. He Himself will carry us along, *above* the waters of His wrath, as if we are carried upon the wings of His messengers!”

As Noah finished speaking, the earth began to roil under their feet as though the fabric of the earth’s foundation was beginning to rip apart at the seams. The door to the great vessel suddenly snapped loose from its thick mooring ropes. The giant wooden entryway came crashing down against the cradle of its frame. At the thundering impact, they were sealed inside.

At that same moment, an unearthly explosion filled the air, causing their ears to reverberate with a pummeling, thumping sensation. After that, yet another otherworldly sound—a metallic groaning—burst forth from the heavens. It sounded as if ten thousand resounding trumpets had unleashed their doleful notes throughout the earth.

As the terrain continued to churn, a lingering light illuminated the interior of the ark. The animals cowered when they saw it, and they hushed. The presence of something holy was among them. They knew they were safe—protected inside the ark Noah had built...at God's command.

The Wrath

Then, on that very day, in the six hundredth year of Noah's life, on the seventeenth day of the second month—the torrents came. They started with one single solitary *splat!* Then another *splat!* And then another.

Finally, after the first few spatters, vast oceans poured from the sky as if a canopy of previously unseen water had been violently released upon them. Within moments, the landscape was engulfed in cascading streams. The streams churned and frothed into roaring rivers, then the rivers melded into gigantic, bubbling lakes. Soon, the lakes merged their watery arms and finally became a never-ending sea, stretching to every horizon.

The earth was being covered over in water! The white-capped oceans steadily rose, creating violent, foam-covered, blackened depths...a foreboding chasm of watery death. At this rate, the rising waters would consume the mountains themselves!

Just then, another loud, cracking sound raced across the surface of the deep. With that last sound, portions of the earth opened up like giant, gaping mouths. Cavernous fissures burst forth from the deepest pits of the planet's crust. Geysers of water blasted miles into the air, intermingling their inundation with the torrential columns of water emptying from the heavens.

The ominous fissures popped up all around, as far as their eyes could see. Noah and his family stood slack-jawed, peering through the tiny portholes. The blackest clouds they had ever witnessed canopied the sky

like a divine vestment of inky-black cloth draped over the tabletop of the entire universe. The middle of the day had become as dark as midnight. The stars were gone. The sun and moon were nowhere in sight, completely blanketed out of view. *Would those glorious heavenly lights ever be seen again?*

Their eyes had never beheld, their ears had never heard, their minds had never before contemplated such raw, unmitigated, majestic power. The gigantic boat that once had looked so enormous to them now felt so very small.

The family gathered in the center of the ship as it started to groan under the strain of its weighty living cargo. The vessel was moving! They could feel it beginning to float! They fell to their knees in prayer.

What was left of Elohim's first creation finally let forth a long, *heaving* sound, like that of a grief-stricken mother groaning over her dying child's last breath of life.

The end had come.

So far...they had survived.

But what happened next covered them in unspeakable grief.

6

The Day the Earth Cried

*They vanished into the darkness
as if they had never existed.*

HUSH!

What was that noise? Noah and his family scrambled to peer through the tiny portals. But it was too dark to see anything, so they pressed their ears against the ship's walls.

They finally deciphered the sounds.

Could it really be?

This is unthinkable! Must we now be forced to endure this additional sorrow?

All around, they heard the cries. Close by. Even right beneath them.

They realized that masses of people on the outside of the vessel were clinging to the hull, as if searching, frantically scratching and clawing, looking for a life-saving crevice they could take hold of. The desperate people screamed and pleaded, their pitiful cries occasionally muffled by the moaning of the wind and the slapping of the angry waves against the ark—and the *pounding, beating, drumming, wretched, never-ending rain...*

As if this wasn't enough, the ark's occupants heard the agonizing pleas coming from far off as well. They could make out mingled wailing and

cursing, even above the tumult of the geological upheaval. Surely there were tens of thousands! Great roars would suddenly emerge, sounding like a massive throng that had gathered for a sporting event. The planet itself seemed to be weeping, grieving from its own heartbreaking depths of anguish.

The wrenching pleas for mercy were shouted over and over again, as if the mere repetition would somehow cause the doors of the vessel they had previously ignored to fling open and relent... ultimately inviting them all inside. But the portal would not concede. It had been sealed by the divine hand of Yahweh.

No one was coming to their rescue.

Those inside the undulating, wave-tossed ship grieved over the screams that cruelly violated the depths of their hearts. They agonized over those they used to live among, only hours earlier. Many of them they knew by name. But Noah and his family were now helpless to save a single person, or to even offer comfort. All of them... *perishing*... just outside the walls of the ark.

At times, it was hard to distinguish between the bellows of the humans and those of the beasts. And every now and then, they thought they actually recognized an individual voice. A friend? A family member? A personal acquaintance? The horrors were ceaseless. The ark's inhabitants covered their ears as they wept, praying for the cries to come to an end.

Eating and Drinking

It had only been a few days ago that some of those on the outside had been planning huge wedding celebrations. Others had been feasting at their wild and raucous parties, reveling in their debauchery and insolence. Mocking God and reviling God's servants. Counting their piles of money. Planning their next business ventures. Parading about in their fancy clothes and fine jewelry. But now it was too late. None of it mat-

tered anymore. As they were gasping for their last breaths of life, none of them thought of any of those things anymore.

For 120 years, the mocking ones had been reasoned with. At times, they had even been begged. And now, by their own choosing, they were all being wiped out as if they were a mere anthill, destined for annihilation. What a difference just one day could make in the scheme of all things. It didn't *have* to be this way. It didn't. They could have been saved, too.

None of their previously presumed legacies would ever again mean a thing *to anyone*. Their best-laid plans had come to naught. They had lustfully clung to the demonically corrupted world to which they had become so attached, and they had lost their souls...forever.

Multitudes were finally giving up, too exhausted to struggle any longer. They reluctantly released what little strength they still had as that one last gasp filled their lungs with a burning gulp of putrid, muck-laden water. The oceans of black swallowed them whole, like a gigantic ravenous beast. They vanished into the darkness as if they had never existed. Some were still shaking their fists toward the heavens and screaming vile words of rebuke at their Creator while they slipped out of sight...never to be seen again.

And slowly, but surely, through the last few hours that ensued...the screams of agony, the shrieks of unmitigated pride stopped. All the evil that had lived in their hearts went down to the depths with them.

Mercifully so.



Day by Day

*The divine “reset” button had been pushed
by the finger of Yahweh Himself.*

SOON, THE ONLY SOUND THAT ENVELOPED THE EARTH'S NEW FAMILY WAS the storm. The relentless, crashing waves. And animals. Multitudes of animals.

The rocking, creaking, groaning of the boat now set the predominate ambiance of their new home—their fortress of safety. The persistent mooing, moaning, crying, yelping, bellowing, and bleating of the beasts undulated throughout the craft. The animals had survived something unspeakable, and they seemed to sense it. A new beginning was on the way.

But, there was still work to be done. *Always* work to be done....

There were mouths to feed. Baby animals to be birthed. Putrid refuse to be jettisoned overboard. Rancid, reeking stalls to be cleaned. Life-sustaining vats of gruel to be prepared. Relentless leaks to be plugged. And occasionally, the sweet release of sleep.

Then it started over. Get up, get a little something to eat, and do it all again. And again...and yet again.

Time was now largely irrelevant. For the longest, there was no sun or moon by which the ark-dwellers could measure their lives. There was