

The Great Rescue

PART 4: The Race to Bozrah

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***The Great Rescue* is a series of stories that lead up to and include the Second Coming of Christ. The first three parts of *The Great Rescue* are available in previous issues of the Glimpses E-zine.**

In the last three years of fighting, almost two-thirds of the people and armies of Israel had been killed. Antichrist had turned the world against this tiny nation and had gathered the armies of the nations to invade and destroy the chosen people of God. With their backs literally to the wall in Jerusalem, the decision was made to evacuate most of the women, children, and elderly to the mountains and caves of Bozrah. They slipped out the back door of the city while Antichrist and his armies were pounding on the front door. Some months later when Antichrist discovered what had happened, he was crazy furious. In his rage, he personally executed his top two intelligence officers. The last of the reinforcements had arrived from Babylon and were ordered to continue the attack on Jerusalem. Antichrist then rapidly pulled out 200,000 troops that were poised to finish off Jerusalem, and was now racing the 100 miles to Bozrah to destroy the remnant hiding in the mountains.

The small IDF forces and people remaining in Jerusalem had learned from the IDF recon team about Antichrist's plans. Antichrist's rapid withdrawal and the Mount of Olives miraculously splitting down the middle provided the remaining inhabitants of Jerusalem a way of escape.

As soon as the commanding officer of Jerusalem, General Corbine, got this information from the recon team, he gave orders to his commanders to proceed with attacks on the enemy. Captain Epstein began moving his men into position to slow the advance of the enemy invasion from the Babylon reinforcements. His plan was to divide his men into several hit-and-run squads to make the enemy proceed slowly, thinking there were more defenders than there were.

The Rabbis and other leaders began moving the people toward the safety of the Mount of Olives, which had split in two the night before, providing a way of escape from the invading army that was bent on their annihilation.

Captain Johns and his men, along with Preacher (Corporal Pete Jenners), wasted no time moving through the split in the Mount of Olives without opposition. Antichrist's rapid withdrawal from Jerusalem left the east side guarded by only a few hundred men, who were either killed or driven away when the mount split. Captain John's plan was to catch up with and attack the rear guard of Antichrist's army. He would employ similar tactics as Captain Epstein, hit and run at several points in the enemy ranks to slow down their advance on Bozrah. The IDF troops had two things

in their favor: one – in his haste and hatred Antichrist pulled out so fast that there was mass confusion about where they were going and what the objective was. His armies were spread out for over 50 miles through the valley between Jerusalem and Bozrah. The right hand didn't know what the left hand was doing. The second and most important thing they had going for them, was that God was giving strength and protection in battle.

Less than 1,000 IDF troops attacking the rear column of over 200,000 of Antichrist's troops seemed desperate and crazy, but there was no other option.

On their way to the mount, Preacher borrowed a 350 Honda dirt bike, as he volunteered to run scout along the high trails through the mountains to Bozrah, a little over 100 miles away. As a kid back in the states, Preacher had ridden Motocross.

“This would come in handy,” he thought. As he straddled the bike, he just hoped it would all come back to him. As Preacher raced away toward the mountain trail, his goal was to catch up with Sarge and his old recon team before the fighting at Bozrah started.



“Alright! That's what I'm talking about. Feels like old Motocross days,” shouted Preacher as he and the Honda climbed the steep mountain trail, hoping silently that the terrain would level out at some point.

As Preacher reached the plateau, the trail got better, and he was able to move quickly in the direction of Bozrah. His thoughts were on his wife and daughter awaiting the onslaught of two-hundred thousand vengeful troops. Pete Jenners, now known as Preacher, met his wife, Sarah, in a hospital in Germany where he was taken after being injured in battle fighting as a U.S. Navy Seal. Pete's injury was serious and life threatening and would need a lot of care and attention. Sarah was a beautiful young Jewish girl who had just finished nursing school in Germany. Pete had been anxious to get out of the hospital and back in the fighting until he found out that Sarah would be taking care of him. The rest is history, so they say. They fell and love and were married just four days before Pete was to be released back to the battlefield. There was a short but very sweet honeymoon, at least that's how he was remembering it. That was almost 14 years ago. He knew that because his daughter, Jenny, had just turned 13 and he had missed her birthday.

After the Rapture, Pete, who had retired from the Seals, Sarah, and six-year old Jenny, moved back to the old home where Pete grew up. The house was empty and quiet. Dad, who had been a pastor of a local church in Houston, Mom, and younger sister had vanished in the rapture. Pete and Sarah both trusted Christ after reading Dad's last sermon entitled, “He's Coming Back for Us, Then He's Coming Back With Us”. It sounded somewhat familiar to Pete because he had grown up listening and rejecting his Dad's teaching about Jesus Christ. “Jesus is coming for us. Are you ready? Trust Him today, tomorrow might be too late,” his Dad would shout from the pulpit. Pete, Sarah, and eventually little Jenny on their knees in the old home, put their trust and faith in Jesus Christ, Messiah, Savior. Pete tried to pull together those in the church who had

been left behind. He preached the death and resurrection of Christ over and over with very little success. The government and the people around them became more and more hostile to believers. That's when the family decided to follow Sarah's parents back to Israel where Pete (Preacher) joined the IDF and the elite recon team and Sarah worked as a nurse in the hospital in Jerusalem.

As Preacher raced towards Bozrah, his thoughts were cut short when a sniper's bullet ripped through his left arm at shoulder level causing him to lay the big 350 down on its side, sliding hard into some brush and rocks. Although the slide ripped his trousers and his leg, it left Preacher in a position where the sniper could not see him or his condition. Preacher scrambled behind the brush, not knowing if the sniper could still see him or not. Preacher quickly examined his left arm. The bullet had gone clean through, missing the bone completely.

Apparently the sniper thought that he had killed Preacher because he began moving down the rocks like a kid who had just downed his first deer. Preacher raised his M4A1 5.6mm assault rifle and was about to shoot when he realized the barrel was jammed with dirt from his slide. If he had fired the weapon it would have blown up in his face. His only other weapon was his Kabar fighting knife with a razor sharp 7" blade. This prized weapon was issued to him upon his graduation as a Navy Seal. It was the only weapon he still possessed from his days as a Seal. He waited in the brush until the sniper rounded the corner of the boulder that his bike had slid into.

Preacher caught the sniper from behind in a head lock and was about to put his knife to his throat when the sniper let out a scream like a young girl. That's because it was a young girl, no more than 16 years old. Preacher quickly disarmed her and pinned her against the boulder. "What the!" shouted Preacher, "just a kid in military garb," he thought. "I shoulda known," exclaimed Preacher. "No experienced sniper would have missed that shot and no real sniper would have come out of hiding after the shot unless he was sure he had made the kill." He thought silently as the girl struggled to get free while shouting obscenities in Arabic. Preacher didn't understand a word she was saying, but he knew it wasn't "thank you for not killing me."

Preacher let go of her for just a moment to visually examine his 350 Honda laying on its side in the dirt. As soon as he loosened his grip on the girl, she took off running down the trail he had just come up. His first thought was to go after her, then thought, "She is of no importance to my mission." Preacher quickly bandaged his arm with the cut off sleeve of his shirt, and bound it tight with a bungee cord that was wrapped around the handle bars of the 350. "I should have been a doctor," he said sarcastically as if talking to the bike as he raised the big 350 off the ground. "You look like you came out of this better than I did," he said, still talking to the bike, which seemed to be intact. He jumped hard on the kick starter and the bike roared to attention like a new recruit at boot camp. He took a moment to clear the dirt from the barrel of his rifle, then slung it over his shoulder, popped the bike in gear, and took off up the trail like he was in a race with the Devil and the Devil had a good lead on him.

As Preacher got closer to his destination, he could hear the sounds of aircraft and bombing from the valley below. He increased the throttle on the 350, going airborne over the dips and uneven surfaces of the trail. He suddenly brought the bike to a screeching half slide as he rounded a bend and came upon a Humvee sitting silently in the trail ahead. He approached with caution as He thought "This must be the Humvee that Sarge and the team used to get to Bozrah." The Humvee

was out of fuel. He concluded the team must have continued on foot from here. Preacher revved the engine of the 350, popped the clutch to make the front wheel come off the ground as he raced closer and closer to what he believed to be a near impossible mission against overwhelming odds. He wasn't running from the Devil, he was running toward him. These thoughts however, did not deter him in the least from his goal to try and reach Sarah and Jenny before it was too late.

Meanwhile, Sarge and the recon team had reached the front line, where the IDF troops were digging, in preparing for the onslaught of Antichrist's army.

"Where is your commanding officer," Sarge asked the young lieutenant who was standing before him.

"You're looking at him," replied the lieutenant. "We're a little short on commanders these days." "Where are you men coming from and where are you going?" asked the lieutenant.

"We've come from Jerusalem to warn you that Antichrist and 200,000 troops are headed your way from Jerusalem," explained Sarge.

"We figured someone was coming, the air raids started up night before last," answered the young lieutenant. He continued, "We've already had an encounter with their advance recon team. Four guys, not very well trained. We killed two and the other two surrendered. We've been trying to get information about where and when they are going to hit us, but they're not talking."

Sarge quickly replied, "That's where we might be able to help. I've got the best recon team in the IDF with me. We'll find out when and where. You get word back down the line to get ready for the attack." Sarge then added, "We'll need three things from you, a radio so we can let you know what we find out, some food for my men, and I want to interrogate the two prisoners."

"Sure," replied the lieutenant. "You've got it, and you get some rest, you look like death warmed over."

"That bad, huh?" replied Sarge, "We have been on a hard run since very early this morning."

Sarge sent for the men to meet him in the mess tent. As the men sat down to eat, Sarge began explaining the next mission for which he had volunteered them. "The good news is, we beat Antichrist to Bozrah. The bad news is, we beat Antichrist to Bozrah, and now we have to try and stop him."

"We need to complete the mission we started this morning in Jerusalem. Find out where and when Antichrist is going to attack. We are overwhelmingly outnumbered, so it is vital that we know where to concentrate our forces. We cannot fail. Our people are depending on it," explained Sarge, speaking to his squad like a father who was sending his own sons on a very dangerous mission.

"I wish Preacher was with us, we could use his sharp eye, not to mention his sharp prayers," said Kling. It was Corporal Joe Klinginstine, the team sniper who had depended on Preacher's sharp eye on many previous missions.

“Yep, his prayers brought us through a lot of scrapes,” chimed Boomer, the team demolitions expert, who got his nickname honestly.

Hurt, the team’s heavy weapons man, whose muscular body was built for the job of carrying heavy stuff, spoke up trying to encourage the team, “We can do this. With or without Preacher. God is still with us.”

“That’s right Hurt, but wouldn’t it be more fun with me,” said Preacher who had silently slipped into the tent unnoticed.

Everyone quickly jumped to their feet both startled and surprised to see Preacher. Preacher told his story of getting the people to safety in the mount, finding the 350 Honda, Captain John’s attacking the rear guard, encountering the sniper on the trail, and finding the abandoned Humvee.

Sarge then asked Preacher to pray for the team and the mission. The team quickly gave each other glances. They were still amazed that the request for prayer was coming from Sarge.

Preacher bowed his head and began to powerfully pray, “Father God, you alone are worthy of our praise and worship. In your goodness and grace you have brought us through many battles and many obstacles. We thank you for our Lord Jesus Christ who died on the cross to pay for our sins and transgressions and was raised from the grave to defeat sin and death. Now Father God we ask that you give us the courage of Daniel, the strength Samson, and the fighting skills of David’s mighty men. And Father God, we would be pleased to see your Son, the Lord of Lords and King of Kings return for His people. Come quickly, Lord Jesus. Amen!”

All of the men responded with a hardy, “Amen!”

“OK, now get some rest and Preacher, get that arm looked at,” ordered Sarge. “We pull out in six hours. That’s 0200 hours for those of you who can’t count.”

As Sarge and Preacher left the mess tent, Sarge motioned to Preacher to follow him.

“What’s up?” asked Preacher,

“I’ve got an idea, and I need your help.” answered Sarge as he continued walking and explaining his idea to Preacher.

Sarge and Preacher reached the tent where the two enemy captives were being held. After a brief conversation with the guard on duty, they entered the tent.

Sarge wasted no time getting to his odd interrogation question, “Alright, which one of you wants to be a hero?”

They both responded with puzzled looks, not saying a word. Sarge quickly sized up the pair, one older black guy, about Preacher’s size, who looked like a seasoned veteran and the other a younger kid that looked like he hadn’t started shaving yet.

Sarge continued, "OK, no one wants to volunteer to be a hero. I guess I will have to choose for you." Handing Preacher his 45 caliber side arm and pointing to the older captive, he ordered, "Take this hero out and shoot him."

"Yes Sir", replied Preacher who obeyed immediately, taking the older prisoner outside the tent where he gagged him. Preacher raised the 45 semi-auto as he moved into position behind the prisoner. The prisoner stood firm mumbling indistinguishable sounds beneath the gag. He closed his eyes and as if he were bracing himself to meet his eternal fate. As Preacher pulled the hammer back on the 45 the click sound made the older prisoner tense up and drop his head. Preacher fired a round into a tree just outside the tent. The gagged prisoner was surprised and stunned to realize that he was still alive. He turned slowly to look at Preacher who had a big grin on his face. He and Sarge had planned this ruse to get the younger prisoner to talk.

It worked as planned, the younger prisoner started singing like a Nightingale. He couldn't answer questions fast enough. Sarge was able to find out the exact location of the GUN (Global United Nations) temporary headquarters, and to his surprise, he also found out that Antichrist himself was at headquarters personally commanding the troops.

This new intel gave Sarge a crazy idea.

As they exited the tent Sarge asked, "Are you thinking what I'm thinking Preacher?"

"Maybe," answered Preacher, "but I'm not sure I like what either one of us is thinking."

As they walked together, they laid out a plan to use the enemy prisoners' uniforms to infiltrate Antichrist's camp and kill him or die trying.

"With God's help this just might work. We'll cut off the head of the Beast," said Preacher.

"It will either work, or we will all be painfully tortured and slowly killed. There's no in between," answered Sarge.

"Yea, that's the part where I hoped that you were not thinking what I was thinking," said Preacher.

Sarge and Preacher found the team still in the mess tent. They laid out the new plan in detail. Sarge gave everyone the opportunity to back out of the mission, but as expected, they were all in.

Sarge ended by repeating his earlier order, "Get some rest. And Preacher go get that shoulder taken care of."

There were no medics on the front line, so Preacher, after receiving directions to the field hospital, straddled the 350 Honda one more time. He didn't mind the 20 minute ride because he knew he had one other task. He had to try to see Sarah and Jenny one last time before the most dangerous mission of his life. He knew the team would be walking right into the jaws of the beast. The most evil, Satan possessed, madman that had ever breathed a breath on this planet, Antichrist.

As he rode, Preacher prayed again, “Come quickly, Lord Jesus.”

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