

The Great Rescue

PART 5: Into the Jaws of the Beast

Danny Forrest

Preacher rode the 350 Honda as fast as he could, thinking not about his throbbing, wounded arm but about his precious Sarah and Jenny. There were several field hospitals, and Sarah could be at any one of them. He knew it would be a long shot that Sarah would be on duty at the unit he was headed to, but he raced ahead, praying that they would be there.

As Preacher entered the large house that had been made into a field hospital, his ears were filled with a familiar sound – Daddy! Daddy! He turned to see Jenny about to leap into his arms. He grabbed her up in a big hug and twirl. Coming to a stop, he fired off a rapid series of questions, “What are you doing here? Is your Mom here? Are you OK? Where is your Mom?”

Putting her hand over her Dad’s mouth, Jenny calmly answered, “We’re OK, Daddy! I’m here helping Mom, and she is upstairs attending patients. And what’s wrong with your arm?”

“Just a little bullet wound! Let’s find your Mom,” replied Preacher.

“OK,” said Jenny. “We’ll find Mom, and she can fix up your arm.”

Preacher was thinking, “She’s just like her Mom, always trying to take care of someone else.”

Sarah was coming down the stairs as they started up. They all froze for a moment until Jenny shouted, “Look who’s here!” It seemed to break the freeze, and Preacher and Sarah embraced for the first time since Sarah and Jenny had left in the evacuation of Jerusalem months earlier.

Sarah’s nurse instincts and her gift of mercy kicked in almost immediately as she directed her attention to his wounded arm. As Sarah was cleaning and bandaging his arm, she couldn’t stop talking about what was going on with Israel’s leadership.

“The Prime Minister has just declared a National Day of Prayer and repentance. He and the chief rabbis have confessed the nation’s role in crucifying the Messiah, Jesus Christ, quoting **Zechariah 12:10**: *They will look on Me whom they have pierced; and they will mourn for Him, as one mourns for an only son, and they will weep bitterly over Him like the bitter weeping over a firstborn.*’ The nation and each family are to be in mourning and repentance, praying for the Messiah’s quick return. I know everyone in my sector and in the hospital has accepted Christ as Messiah and is praying for His return,” said Sarah. “I’ve never seen anything like it. It’s all people are talking about. It’s the revival that we prayed about back in Houston.”

Jenny excitedly chimed in, "I've been telling my friends about Romans 10:13, 'Whoever will call upon the name of the Lord will be saved.' They have called on Him and now they all want to know more about Jesus."

"That's great," said Preacher, giving Jenny a big hug and squeeze. "The rabbis in Jerusalem have been preaching the same thing. All of Jerusalem has accepted this and are now hiding safely in the split in the Mount of Olives, praying for Messiah's return." Then Preacher added, "Even Sarge, called on Jesus during our last mission. That was a beautiful thing! He fell on his knees and called on Jesus just before the Mount of Olives split in two. As a matter of fact, it was that mission that led us here to Bozrah."

Preacher briefly caught Sarah up on what was going on with the team. What he did not tell her was that he and the recon team were about to go after Antichrist himself.

After several hours of sharing and praying together. Preacher rose to his feet, assuring Sarah and Jenny that he and the team would do everything possible to keep Antichrist and his army away from them. Hugs, kisses, and tears were the main elements of this long good-bye. Only Preacher knew this might be his last good-bye.

He arrived back at camp just an hour before the team was to head out. He found them in the squad tent suiting up. As Preacher entered the tent, Sarge tossed him a uniform, "I'm glad you made it back, we could not do this without the star of the show."

Preacher realized that he had been handed the enemy uniform of the older black prisoner. Sarge would wear the uniform of the younger captive that had given him the location of Antichrist's camp. The plan was to let Preacher and Sarge bring in Hurt and Boomer as their prisoners. Kling was to lag behind and try to get in a high position as sniper just in case something went wrong. What could go wrong? The plan was simple. Antichrist would surely want to interrogate the prisoners, and this would give Preacher and Sarge a chance to kill him. That's as far as their plan went. How they would then get out alive was a script not yet written.

The enemy camp was a good 4-5-hour hike through some pretty rough country, especially in the dark. That's what this team was good at, moving quickly and quietly in the dark like a panther on the hunt. They arrived at the area as planned, just before daylight.

Sarge, in the enemy uniform of Private, gave orders. "Hurt, you help Kling get the 50 cal set up on the ridge overlooking the camp. Preacher, you and Boomer get a little closer to see what we're walking into. I'm gonna scout the area to make sure we don't have any troops close by. Move quickly, we only have about 30 minutes before sunrise. We'll meet back here in 20."

As they arrived back at the rendezvous point, Hurt remarked, "I feel a little naked without the 50 cal on my shoulder."

"How do you think I feel?" asked Boomer. "I don't have so much as a fire cracker in my pocket. I'm already feeling like a prisoner."

Sarge answered Boomer, "If this goes right, I will let you blow up the whole enemy compound."

“Alright!” exclaimed Boomer, “that’s what I’m talking about!”

Sarge continued, “Let’s stay focused on the mission – to cut off the head of the beast. If we are brought before Antichrist and still have our weapons, Preacher and I will start shooting immediately. Preacher, you take out any armed guards and I will go after Antichrist. If we don’t have our weapons we will all try to disarm the guards and use their weapons on Antichrist.”

Preacher added, “Sounds like we will be flying by the seat of our pants.”

Sarge answered, “Yea, you’re right Preacher. We will make it up as we go, like you do when you are praying. Just know this men, if this attempt fails the only thing that can stop the total annihilation of Israel is Jesus Christ Himself. Until that happens, we will pray and we will fight!”

Sarge continued, “We will wait here for a couple of hours to make sure the camp and Antichrist are awake for our grand entry. Now try and get a little rest.”

Sarge didn’t have to tell them twice. None of the team had had much sleep in the last 48 hours, especially Preacher who was already out before Sarge finished speaking.

For the next two hours Sarge stood watch over his team. Praying silently for each one. Preacher, Kling, Boomer, and Hurt. These men had become his brothers. He knew he would die for them, and they would do the same for him. He had led them on many dangerous missions, but this time he would be leading them right into the ‘jaws of the beast’. “Jesus be with us,” he prayed just before waking the team.

The men scrambled to their feet without saying a word. They all knew exactly what to do. Hurt and Boomer gave their weapons to Sarge while Preacher tied their hands in such a way that they would be able to break free when necessary. Hurt kept a small folding knife in his back pocket just in case. Kling returned to his sniper position above the camp as the others began the final approach to the enemy camp. As they got within sight of the camp, they were met and surrounded by 20 to 30 enemy troops who proceeded to escort the men into the camp. The camp commander came out of his tent to meet them.

“What do we have here, Sargent?” the commander asked Preacher who was in the enemy sergeant’s uniform.

Preacher replied, “Commander Sir, we were on recon mission deep in the mountains in enemy territory when we ran into this IDF patrol. Two of our men were killed but not before we were able to get the best of them and capture these two.”

“Why did you bring them back here?!” shouted the Commander. “You know Lord Master’s orders were to take no prisoners! Now take these prisoners and execute them immediately,” he ordered.

“Commander Sir!” responded Preacher. “We know the orders to take no prisoners but these men have valuable information about the stronghold of the Hebrews. I believe that Lord Master will surely want to know this intel. With this information we can quickly finish off all of the

Hebrews. Sir, this is your call. But are you sure you want to execute them before Lord Master has a chance to question them?"

"I will interrogate them first," responded the Commander. "I have special ways to make them talk."

"No need for special ways, Sir," replied Preacher. "The big guy is a coward and is already singing like a canary. He says he is not a Hebrew and wants to join us. I think he is just a weak, misguided American. He is ready to join our side and tell everything he knows. The other guy is ready to talk also, and he actually served in the Prime Minister's camp. He knows exactly where it is."

Hurt gave Preacher an angry glance as Preacher referred to him as a coward and a misguided weak American. The angry look was quickly followed up however with an agreeing head shake and smile to the Commander.

"Ok", said the Commander, "You can hold the prisoners in my tent until we can hear from Lord Master. It may take a while. He does not like to be disturbed in the morning. We will have to wait until he asks for his morning report."

The Commander then turned to his Sargent and ordered him to put the men in his tent, get them some food and post guards around the tent.

"How was that performance?" Preacher whispered to Sarge after they got in the tent. "I should have been a famous movie actor like Denzell, huh?"

"So far, so good," answered Sarge, "But you had better just stick to your day job."

Food and water were brought in. The men ate a little but didn't seem to have much of an appetite as they contemplated what might be ahead. The next several hours went slower than a bad movie with really bad actors.

During this time the Commander was summoned to give his daily report to Lord Master. He entered Lord Master's tent where he was dining with several of his female servants.

"Make it quick, Commander. As you can see, I am rather busy," said Lord Master as if annoyed by the Commander's presence.

The Commander stood at attention with his head slightly bowed as he began to speak. "Lord Master, two members of our recon team have arrived with two prisoners . . ."

"What prisoners?! You know we do not take prisoners. Execute them immediately," said Lord Master.

"Yes, Lord Master, I will execute them, but they know the location of the Hebrew stronghold and the Prime Minister's camp. I thought with this information we could break the back of the Hebrew swine and kill them all including the Prime Minister."

“You surprise me, Commander. I did not know that you could think,” responded Lord Master. He continued excitedly, “I am so close I can smell the pigs, and I will pour out the blood of the last Hebrew on my own altar. If there are no more Hebrew swine, then there will be no more talk of this King Jesus and His kingdom. There will be nobody left for Him to reign over. No people, no kingdom! I will be Lord and King over all the earth forever!”

He paused for a minute as if admiring his own words, then he shouted, “Don’t just stand there, you idiot, bring them in!”

It was close to noon before the Commander came back to his tent with the news that Lord Master would see them.

“I can’t believe it!” said the Commander. “I didn’t think he would do it. It is very unusual for him to even speak to lower level troops and never to prisoners, but he is eager to get to the Hebrew swine hiding out in Bozrah. Our warplanes and artillery have already begun, as you well know, and 100,000 troops are in position to attack at Lord Master’s command and another 100,000 are moving up. Lord Master says we are so close he can smell the Hebrew pigs.” He laughed at his own statement then said, “If there are no more Hebrew swine, then there will be no more talk of this King Jesus and His kingdom. We will kill all of the Hebrew pigs.”

It was all Preacher, Sarge, Hurt and Boomer could do to keep from cutting the commander’s throat. Preacher put his hand on Sarge as he was about to take a step in the direction of the foul-mouthed enemy Commander.

The Commander then began to issue instructions: “Before coming into the presence of Lord Master, you must remove any and all battle gear. Guns, knives, ammo belts, even your cap and boots. You will be escorted in by his personal handpicked elite guards. Do not speak until you are spoken to, and do not look him directly in the eye. Address him only as ‘Lord Master.’ If you make it out alive, you will participate in the final and total slaughter of these stinking Jews.”

The unarmed warriors were then led into the elaborately plush tent of Antichrist. It looked more like a Vegas lounge than a war general’s command post. There were several scantily clad young ladies who left the room giggling as the men entered. Then Antichrist entered the room led by a dozen of his elite guards. Six on his right side and six on the left. Two of the guards stood next to Antichrist while the others took positions to the left and right of Preacher, Sarge, Hurt, and Boomer. Antichrist stood silently for a minute staring probingly and intently at the four men.

“I hear some of you have some information for me. Who’s in charge of this little ‘singing’ group?” asked Antichrist, while laughing sarcastically.

Preacher spoke up. “Sargent Jackson, Lord Master,” as he straightened to attention with his head still tilted slightly down.

“And what is your reason, Sargent Jackson, that is so important and urgent that you have brought these Hebrew pigs into my presence?” asked Antichrist.

“Forgive the intrusion, Lord Master” replied Preacher, as he took a step forward in front of Sarge. “While on recon patrol last night, we encountered an enemy patrol. We killed two and captured

these two. We discovered that they are not Hebrews and were not loyal to the Hebrews. They both have information that can lead our armies to the Jews' stronghold in Bozrah. And I was told there would be reward for this information."

While this conversation was going on, Sarge, who was behind Preacher and close to one of the guards, was thinking about how he could get his hands on one of the automatic weapons that the guards were holding. Hurt and Boomer were thinking the same thing.

At that time, the camp Commander entered the room and asked for permission to approach Lord Master.

It was pitiful to watch the Commander grovel sheepishly up to Antichrist, like a scared dog who knows he is about to be disciplined.

"Alright Commander, what is it that causes you to interrupt me for the second time today!? Speak!" shouted Antichrist.

The Commander spoke quietly so that the others could not make out what he was saying.

"Bring him in!" ordered Antichrist.

The Commander exited the tent and quickly reentered pushing Kling to the floor in front of Preacher.

"We caught this sniper overlooking our camp. He must be with the prisoners that the Sargent brought in," explained the Commander.

Antichrist turning to Preacher, said, "I don't think I like that look in your eye Sargent. I believe you know this sniper. Do you take me for a fool? Do you think I am not aware of your dastardly plan?"

With attention focused on Preacher and Kling, Sarge thought, "It's now or never." He moved quickly to get position behind a guard. Using the guard as a shield, he turned the guard's automatic weapon towards Antichrist firing a burst of rounds. The guards next to Antichrist stepped in front and took the rounds. Another guard planted the butt of his rifle in the back of Sarge's head knocking him down and out. Hurt and Boomer had gotten their hands free and were struggling with other guards. One of the guards turned toward Kling who had a weapon and was turning it toward a fleeing Antichrist. Preacher jumped in front of Kling and took the rounds meant for Kling. Kling returned fire, killing the guard who had killed Preacher. A shot from another guard caught Kling in the shoulder knocking him to the floor. The fighting came to a halt with Preacher shot multiple times, Sarge knocked out on the floor, and Kling wounded on the floor. Antichrist had escaped, apparently unscathed.

The camp Commander, who had been hiding behind a couch when the shooting started, came out shouting orders, "Kill them! Kill them all!"

As the guards raised their rifles to finish off Kling and kill Hurt and Boomer, the tent blew away like a tumble weed in west Texas. Everyone in the tent was knocked to the ground. A super bright unexplainable light flooded the whole area, a light so brilliant they could not open their eyes.

Hurt, who was lying face down on the ground next to Boomer, said, “Is what just happened, what I think just happened?”

Boomer answered, “Well, I didn’t set off any explosives!”

Kling responded, “It’s Jesus. He is back!”

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