

The Fiction of the Life of Jonathan Fischer Chapters 8-10 PDF

Chapter 8 - The Stellar Career of Jonathan Fischer	Page 2
Chapter 9 - Poor or Rich? Dead or Alive?	Page 9
Chapter 10 - The Trip to Jerusalem	Page 34

Manual:

This fiction was written for the reader to have a whale of a time. Please do not take every word seriously. "Einstein" and his friend and helper love it to pass on humorous, ambiguous and profound informations. The statement: "They proceeded at 4 a.m. or 4.14 a.m. to a 4 hour chat, to compose in the time span of 4 weeks 40 pieces of the DIN A4 formatted novel, to launch a party for 40 guests, at the 40th birthday of Jonathan Fisher, on the 14th of the 4th month", sounds more as a fairytale poem than a real incident. It is intended that the reader will ask himself over and over if the life of Jonathan Fisher really happened like that. The hero actually doesn't exist in reality, but the locations of the storyline are usually authentic. The names of the characters are deliberately chosen in a funny way. All through the constant interweaving and interchange of thoughts and experiences, which the fanciful novelists have collected, should come into being an interesting, exciting, funny, lively and instructive book. Have fun reading! The Swabian Cleverle.

Recommendation for proper use and dosage:

Walter Stein and his friend and helper of the fiction are quite comical types who were often misunderstood in their lives. They rightly got in trouble mixing truths and falsehoods with one another. The audience knew not what they should believe or should not believe, what was serious and what was not serious. In this fiction the gift of exaggeration is acted out and interwoven, connected with real places and special reports. The manufacturers recommend to everybody who can not accept this and can not cope with it, not to take the novel and to put it away immediately.

Warnings about risks and side effects:

An important warning is issued to all persons who do not understand fun and can not be sideswiped by court jesters. Probably you will find your royal character in this book. It is strongly recommended not to read further to prevent unnecessary upset connected with high blood pressure.

The Stellar Career of Jonathan Fischer (cabaret wit chapter of ghostwriter Albert Stein alias "Pumuckel Einstein", still unsuitable for small children and defiant despots)

After Jonathan Fischer's trip to China and a following successful hip surgery returned the everyday professional life. In the first place, Adolfo Massonico, the retiring opera singing directorate of the Sandbank Denkenstadt eG was honoured in a farewell festive assembly. Anyway, his successor Gebhart Scharkfisch was an even bigger supporter and mentor of Jonathan.

As a start, an extraordinary episode came to pass with a widow from Iraq named Annahilde Abraham. The poor woman lived in Baghdad and had to suffer the tragic loss of her husband. Under the regime of Saddam Hussein he was publicly executed because of his Christian confession. In great fear, Annahilde fled with her ten-year-old boys across the Turkish border to Germany. She was very miracle-minded, for she told everyone that she could stroll through the closed border, since guardian angels would have put the border guards into a deep sleep. In Germany she was initially only tolerated and even threatened with deportation. Seeing that, a workmate of Jonathan called Gisela Dingeralm came into play. Her husband was deacon of the Protestant church in Denkenstadt. Through his collection of signatures and a petition that followed the family was not deported. Jonathan admired the cashier Dingeralm, since she went shopping every week with the widow and looked after her finances. The twin brothers Rimbo and Rambo were as alike as Tweedledum and Tweedledee, had little different preferences, and were hard to tame. Rimbo wore always a smurf hat and Rambo's anytime, anywhere toy was a royal crown. The decision from Annahilde to give her boys in the care of the well-known football coach Andreas Mehrdarfer proved spot on. Andreas managed also a prosperous sports shop in Denkenstadt, besides his engagement in the football division of the TSV. The boys got as nicknames the flying lion and the flying dragon, for they excessively drank Red Bull, a drink which was not on the doping list and helped them to enforce the highest header wings. Moreover, they had an affection for garments which were imprinted with winged lions and dragons. Coach Mehrdarfer let them reluctantly fly away, but he realized that it was time to aim at a new club with the Stuttgarter Kickers. During his active career, Andreas reached with the team the final of the DFB Cup and therefore went around with the president. Thanks to the efforts of the twin striker pair, who got on like a house on fire in building a successful tongs-strike, the club could achieve the renewed rise into the upper league. The burning ambition of both was untameable, because after football practice they learned from the sprinters of the athletics section of the club how to bolt and thus lowered their one hundred meters time under eleven seconds. Some horned players' agents shoved family Abraham, for they seemingly rammed a worthwhile food. Now, good shepherd Jonathan entered the pasture, since he knew the twin lambs as goalkeeper trainer in their nursing period of the TSV little sheep flock. Jonathan enjoyed it to compare the different proposals as a player agent and got an unbeatable offer of the Al Alhi Club in Dubai. Whereas the Iraqis spoke good Arabic and were still stateless, they got the promise to be immediately taken into the national team, in case of moving into the highly sophisticated new home emirate. So the family flew with Emirates, the best airline of the world, to Dubai, the most ambitious city in the world. When they left the airport portal and were guided into a Jaguar, Annahilde and her sons felt that they were just about to leave behind their poor Bedouin life by passing through the gate of a world full of wealth. In this country their assignment was waiting, in particular to enjoy the greatest prosperity and luxury. Henceforth the poor widow felt like in Abraham's bosom. She could spend the rest of her life on the goat leather couch in her air-conditioned beach tent with a splendid sea view. Lifted up through the black gold like a phoenix from the ashes, nothing in the desert town could be shaken sensed Anahild.

The same thought had her twins, who both bought a multimillion penthouse apartment in two of the giant cloud towers near the artificial sand islands.

Jonathan received the request to work still as a soccer agent in the Muslim state and could withdraw from his bank. However, he didn't. His new mentor Scharkfisch sent him to one continued education seminary after the other at the cooperative academies in Hohenheim and Montabaur. Fully concentrated, Jonathan could improve his studies, achieving excellent results.

But everything turned out even better. A customer and party comrade, financially advised for many years by Jonathan, for whom he often walked the dog, became successful in politics and society. His name was Max Moritz Straussinger. Max Moritz experienced a meteoric rise with his idea of bringing together the influential and rich members of the high society in exclusive reunions organised by him. He even gained a good reputation as a matchmaker in aristocratic circles. Thus, he managed to hook a biking, war-worn paddle pond minister up with a chatting, sexy playmate countess. Aptly meeting the political haut gout, he received cosmopolitan awards. Being overweight in body and in conveying tanks, submarines and weapons, the gun enthusiast enriched the smaller Volksbank through the fattening of his slaughtered piggy bank. To make it bigger, Straussinger wanted to establish a foundation for which he needed Jonathan's help. Bank account authorised Jonathan should play the cashier too. The payment for this volunteer work was royal. In principality Jonathan was promised to come together with some higher blue bloods. More lustful the trip started from Stuttgart to Vaduz to aim at a Greek investor group associated establishment. Upon arrival in the marble hall of the Hotel Diana they met only an Arab queen who promptly invited them for a delicious gala dinner. In the middle of the pillared entrance hall the hostel had as eye-catcher with special attraction a poly-busty statue of Artemis. The playboy Max-Moritz had the idea to invite some bunnies for a glass of champagne in the Elizabeth Separee. Jonathan especially liked the young photographer Petra. That's why he wondered which career she is making.

"In view of the oldest profession of the world I do in here sit, waiting for the promised bid of dibs."

Straussinger and the strumpets laughed lustily, Jonathan bailed out, off the hook, he hopped into his house, detecting another mouse.

In good mood he found the room soon, looking for the mattress, to pick up on the mistress.

He lifted the curved blanket, including dross lying strumpet.

As a Christian groom to moon, his threshold went over in art, the public woman haven't played one's part.

Taking the teleguidance he was not seeking for another wife, watching out for Joyce Meyer in enjoying everyday life.

But Jonathan had to turn off the TV, no more take off females to see. The directors were dirty swine, which behaved that there programme is fine.

Therefore in the twinkling of an eye, the deep thinker went out like a light.

On the following day the German national football team played in the World Cup final against the Liechtenstein dwarf team, which had appeared at the scene of the home World Championships like a giant. However, no-one was surprised about this success, for Alois, Hereditary Prince of Liechtenstein, had previously bought the best players in the world and naturalized them at the drop of a hat.

Max-Moritz received two Arena tickets through a buy over invitation of an enlightening bank:

The Kaiser-Lounge was reserved for them, filling Jonathan with amazement. The Prince was an expert in money, the Emperor was an expert in football, the Chancellor was an expert in the reunification, and the released woman at his side was an expert in sending text messages. The heir to the throne boasted of his bank, which secretly and securely accepted deposit money, the chancellor Helmut boasted of a reunion for solidarity little money, the kaiser Franz boasted about two World Cup titles and earned much money, wherefore he chose the domicile Austria. The divorced successor Angela on Helmut's separating side was the really clever one, being informed from all sides. Angie embraced Jonathan every time after Jürgen Klinsmann's seven diving header goals. Anyhow, the six overhead kick goals from Jay Göppingen followed a genuine concern. Alas, the colossal live spectacle came to an end, the celebrities shook their hands. The final score was seven to six for Germany, wherefore the international law offended country father disappeared in his art goods deprived palace. Time was over in the VIP area, since the fourth empire had won castle high.

Max-Moritz and Jonathan went into one of the many discreet sanctuaries of the mini state. As it turned out it was the most princely & pricey of all. The Swiss trustee introduced oneself as Benedictus Chamberlain and was amused that his organ and the Regensburger Domspatzen (cathedral sparrows) didn't already piped & twittered it out. Jonathan was impressed by the numerous medals and awards of the Lord Honorary Consul with the white gloves, hanging at his columns. A lesson was hold how millions can be profitably hid. The plan was to establish a foundation for the help of disabled people combined with public advertisement to get donations. On trust, the money should be managed by the Liechtenstein National Bank and nobody should know that Straussinger is behind the foundation. Agent Benedictus would be on the receiving end of the outside world, holding the true interconnection in a safety deposit box. On the basis of his continuing education Jonathan interrogated whether there could be a stinking problem for money laundering or tax evasion. "Ugh, that's disgusting! Where would we be then?" responded the Geneva advocate, using a French perfume. In conclusion his powdered clientele was composed of the Bacardi boozing mafia, water pipe smoking princes, party donating exile arms dealer, and pear-shaped chancellors. As a matter of fact, half of the EU government controlled aid budgets for Palestine were multiplied from the faithful Christian for a Parisian Maltese Muslim widow. "If and when the politicians even know about it, then the thing couldn't be so wrong," noticed Jonathan. Serving the needs of humanity, the philanthropist attested that yet the party donations were secretly knitted into grannies trusts. Many documents had to be signed at the altar-style desk, while "the holy chamberlain" revealed one ironic mystery after the other. He had a radiant, hollow, extraterrestrial, grinning crystal skull named Emil standing on his secretary, which he buried together with the signed, intra muros wills in the safe, fabricated by the company Steinberger. The deal was sealed with a sip of apple juice from paradisaical Mayan crystal skull glasses. Max Moritz kissed the ring of the Sovereign Grand Inspector General and said goodbye. Leaving the eighteen-story granite building they met King Hussein with a Damocles sword on his old warhorse and were en passant conferred to Rosicrucian Knights. Shiver me timbers! Such a life Jonathan had imagined.

When he mentioned the events to his commander-in-chief with the nickname Fürst Gebhart, the most envious one decided to give him a new task. This was pretty much okay with Jonathan, for the greasy case smuggling to Switzerland in the long run could strike into the Maltese cross.

Jonathan should prove his top qualities as real estate agent, whilst he was allowed to

broker a practically unsaleable polygon. The object was in the prime location of Birkenkopf at the top edge of Stuttgart, but designedly had no windows apart from a rooflight. The freelance mason and architect was the deceased head of the Stuttgart Observatory, who had an inclination for the bright-dark powers of his triangular world. Passing a monumental sphinx, the only entrance opened up through the underground garage, and the only way for ventilation offered the cockloft, where his custom-built Carl Zeiss telescope and a cat door window were on the move. The world famous building was a pyramid with a nightmarish familiarity. The lady of the haunted house, Lore Osiris, died a few years ago from a rare disease that prevented her to leave the darkness of her home. The host himself was the well-known Egyptian astronomer Ramses Ra, who mysteriously crashed through the roof of the observatory into death. The main reason of Jonathan's brokerage problems lay in the fact that his client - the daughter and famous fortune teller Magdalena Osiris-Ra - had to fulfil a specific legacy. In the basement of the house remained the bones of both parents. There was a system with 33 grave niches, through which the two parental coffins had to traverse according to a predetermined schedule. The burial niches were arranged in tiers, and every 13 years the sarcophagi should be lifted up a step higher. The owner of the object had to bind oneself to this procedure, otherwise the house had to be passed on to a caring foundation. After the unsuccessful advertisement in Immobilien Scout 24 and Immowelt, Jonathan got the flash of inspiration how he conjuring could flog the object still for the desired sum of 666,000 DM. Without any engagement he sent a binding exposé to David Geller, the world famous magic grandmaster with a seasonal home in Las Vegas. To be hooked and on fire, the one and only desperately wanted to have the telescope and the sphinx for a new flight number. Forthwith, the summoning artist cooked up an oracle which allowed him to charm the desired object entirely free. A collaborative notary appointment with Uwe Baumann was arranged. Magdalena and Jonathan asked if it is possible to put in place something like a right of residence for the deceased and not coming to rest souls. The shrewd VIP notary bite into a paradise apple, getting a much better idea. He sold the upper part to Geller and drafted a declaration of division in which the basement was sold to a David Geller Foundation for 666,000 DM. The purpose of the Foundation was to acquire the right for other triangle believers to let their ash urn move higher every 13 years. Jonathan was interested in the newspaper as unprecedented 13 billion British pounds were deposited in the foundation stock. The trustee Geller had induced an anonymous auction at Sotheby's for the limited gravestone sites, where the unexpected amount of money was paid. Since this is a fiction, the rapporteurs let out the trade secret for the interested readers and reveal that even the Queen of England wanted to entomb her cousin in Stuttgart.

Jonathan's flight of fancy made his friend Gebhart Scharkefisch too weird. Such being the case, he decided to transfer his Achilles' heel pursuer. In the fast-growing neighbouring community Scharnhäuser Park currently a confraternity building with the name Park Haus was completed. Now, the bank intended to rent the lower spaces and to establish a branch. Jonathan would thus get the chance to prove whether he had qualities in personnel management. The wily shark Scharkefisch usually did not let go his prey. All the more irritated him the instructions of the admiral of the cooperative fleet Kuhn to draw Fischer ashore, for taking over the tiller of the Sandbank flagship. Jonathan wanted to prove that he was capable even of the smaller haul, looking forward to his new crew. A Greek shipowner named Christonassis was put aside, who - roll-your-sleeves-up - wore a golden lip glaze. Catching customers, Benedicte Blessing angled casting the nickname sylph Sabrina. With renewed strength part-time worker Netti Schneider reeled the capture. Nice Schneider helped the children of the community Ostfildern in the sisterly Prisma building to handle the scissors in turning on the spectral light. All the more the

nets were filled, which prompted Jonathan to hire two sailors. The helmsmen Alesandro Spitze and Bert Höfig became two of his most helpful followers. Subsequently the new captains navigated two caravels with the crew members Zony Radab, Erika Cartier, Ralf Schwarz, Tobi Kumwei, Jo Mindo, and Jürg Kurz. Fischer in his brotherly flagship discovered large shoals of fish in western climes, once the following tragedy occurred:

Magician Geller wanted to set a world record on the Cannstatter folk festival, flying 130 metres as cannonball through the air. Out of nowhere, the telescope and the sphinx should appear after his successful landing. The private jet was filled in Phoenix with plenty fuel for conflict, and no wonder was forced in New York to make an emergency landing. Somehow, the control stick was led as if by an invisible hand through the magic autopilot. Even here, the air rudder bending Geller and his readily vanishing in thin air copilot Copperfield found an incantation, so that the haunted jet could continue after corrective maintenance its magic flight to Germany. Above the clouds of Stuttgart the game repeated in a demonic way. Actually, the Israeli counterpart Uri Copperfield couldn't help himself in sending loud curses to heaven. The outboard camera tilt a turn to Stuttgart, the town entered on the autopilot. This Friday, the thirteenth in September, went down as Nine Thirteen in all history books. It was about nine o'clock and thirteen minutes. Jonathan was in the Gottlieb Daimler Stadium to witness a long time sold out concert of Led Zeppelin. Led Zeppelin was elected to the temporary number one of the everlasting SWR3 listener charts with the song "Stairway to Heaven". The lead singer Robert Plant just raised his voice at the place "Ooh, it makes me wonder" whereby for all visible a blazing, flying object with unbelievable speed loomed ahead in the sky. The fans turned around towards the Folk Festival, thinking to track a spectacular part of the incredible stage show.

There were still three more open air concerts in the region. On the Stuttgarter Schloßplatz under the US chief conductor George V. Schikaneder (codename: 3 x triangl3 walk3r / THREE DELTA WALKER) Mozart's magic flute was performed. The masterpiece had directly arrived at the second act, the trials in the temple of wisdom. The Viennese Jesuit priest sang the humming baddy-basso Sarastro and announced: "Oh Isis and Osiris, led them see the fruits of their probation, but if they fail they shall go down to the grave." On the open-air stage of the Killesberg high-altitude park played a black metal group called mega Egyptian death in front of a coked up heavy metal community an interpretation of an AC/DC piece. The message: "I'm on the high way to hell, no stop signs, speed limit," hammered repeatedly into deaf ears. Reaching the peak, a screechy crowd of thirteen Wiccans celebrated the witches' sabbath. Wrapped in the mysterious light of the full moon, the rubble mountain of Stuttgart offered the scene for a bonfire ride of the valkyries. This performance was more reminiscent of Hansel and Gretel, because the audience consisted of two like-named black cats. The moaning courting couple got on heat, anticipated the danger, bit its way to freedom, and escaped.

The pandemonium took its course wider. Bleeding hell! An unskilled aide of the New York airport had replaced the navigation system with a mistaken cruise missile to the point that all blasphemies and dams of the two crash pilots were doomed to fall. Just for the fun of it, Geller had beforehand entered the target number Birkenkopf 13, to impress his friend Copperfield with the overflight of the Bastet-Re-tribute site, which was illuminated from all sides from four huge spotlights. As a result, an impressive show with unprecedented speed could be photographed by many mobile phones. Jonathan switched his digicam on movie mode, since he thought this sky recording would be well placed on his www.JonathanFischer.de website. In effect and on the long run it went to be the most viewed clip on the Internet. The excessive noise of the inflamed, reverse thrust mode aircraft engines got louder all along, as far as the time bomb struck the

enlightened goal of the Ramses Pyramid. The murderous explosion with a massive distraction of debris parts from the house was still better to see at the Castle Square. The present children applauded for they thought it would be already the advertised Mozart ball fireworks. Nevertheless, the flying object was pulverized and the ashes of the pilots were found in the car dump dungeon of the cellar. The two souls could console each other in eternity to have saved up the money for the taxi ride from Stuttgart Airport. The recording of the black box quickly reached number one of the occult Goth charts. The dark-clad pale-faces heard the last minutes not only happily in their homes on cassette, but even laid out the drawn tapes on the roads.

To let the cat of the bag, a German fairy tale is set ...

Hansel and Gretel ran through the wood,
petting peri followed coursing on foot.

On the Bastet pyramid the cats had fled,
for hags tried to tore the fur from head.

Swiftly the household pets run up the stairs,
the desperate housewives pursued in pairs.

The moggies brought the game to the boil,
while the human haunters lost their soil.

On top, the cat door brought them in security,
to top their tormentors in the glowing furnace of eternity.

For heavens sake, the troubled witches on Walpurgis Night burned on stake,
since seven or nine lives having pussycats are always landing softly on four legs.

Jonathan was favoured by fortune through the grave misfortune, for the star notary Baumann appointed him as property manager of the David Geller Foundation. Grand vizier Fischer reflected upon the future of the Egyptian chamber tomb. So he tendered an international architect's competition. The craft sang from the same hymn sheet in the dry bones conception of a monument respectively memorial, instead of brick-laying a new building. They found a suitable transfer object with the goddess Concordia jubilee column on the Castle Square. Only the Green Group of the Stuttgart City Council prohibited the common harmony. On this occasion, the idea that saved the project came from the smiling, newly voted 33 day Pope. Being himself a small, humble man who washed each time the feet of his audience visitors, he auctioned on eBay to the highest bidder his smothered with kisses signet ring for the support of AIDS orphans in Kenya. Then the size of the obelisk in St. Peter's square started to scare the Pontifex Maximus, who branched off from sun gods in turning away the phallus. At least, he could bestow his homeland a favour in transferring the stumbling block from the seven hill, bridge building town Rome up to the Monte Scherbelino. To the primary place came a simple wooden cross that was carried through all countries from the hobby archaeologists Ron Wheeler, who had discovered the Ark of the Covenant. Only Saudi Arabia wanted to refuse access to Ronald, the Grail Knights Templar, since he came across the Red Sea. Finding Solomon's two pillars for the memorial of the passage through the sea of reeds, he was detected and imprisoned. The push over of the twelve remaining celestial trophies in Rome, invoked by the anger of the people, gave sleepless nights. On the other side, sudden irrational acts are difficult to understand and hard to explain. Not so with a Geneva officer of the Swiss Guard who peacefully deceased in his bathtub with whatever help. The inaugurated bank secretary began to walk in one's sleep, happily

hopping from her office window. Her bank director played hide and seek in London, carrying clinkers in a park, until he breathed his last fresh air on a pillow which was a braided rope. Even the mammon hating pope gave up the ghost, being released in his digitized bathroom from his cramps. Only the chief baker had temporarily a nightmare in which a two-headed eagle ate a four-stepped Egyptian ziggurat birthday cake from his head, then severed his throat, and finally pulled out his tongue and heart.

Money doesn't buy happiness, reflected Jonathan, by the time he had reallocated the 13 billion pounds trust assets from equity and real estate funds in DM day-to-day money, ascribed to his own branch. A following major crisis in the financial markets confirmed once again his good intuition. Gebhart Scharkfisch was not amused that Jonathan's new branch exceeded his Sandbank headquarter 39 times. He was fit to be tied and therefore forged out a plan of revenge. The Bank Contact Business Partner Credit Evaluation (German abbreviation BGG) was introduced. Every conversation had to be troublesomely filed at the PC. Even for the centenary of Grandma's girlfriend they should conjure a jubilee book. The overcharged, rowing slaves on their galleys found no prescription against this drumming Punch with the wild tact time requirements and were close to drown with all hands in this dashed BGG regattas.

Jonathan, who was proud of his IM title, reminded this all monitoring method of the everything noting down Stasi (State Security of the GDR). From another culture of control he heard in an article about Ron Hubbard, the former leader of the Scientology cult. With a fixed gaze he trained for hours to look into the eyes of his opposer without blinking. In a face vision Fischer had a crack at beating championship rival Tom Cruise through breathing on him the Holy Spirit to put him of his stride. By the way, that was enough to drive him up the wall. The totalitarian officer promptly lost to win at least as Top Gun the aerial battle in Iraq for President George W. Bush.

The rhyming fiction ends as follows:

Not to start with, the congregation for the doctrine of faith was alarmed from the Cardinal Prefect at the polygraph.

Aphorism they knew enough, hearing the truth made it tough.

With a loud rooftop shout, they were sending Jonathan flying out.

They forced him upset to go, since he was steeling their show.

Fischer swam in money as Simon Peter in his great catch of fish, what Scharkfisch didn't wish.

10 billion to the Stuttgarter EKK by Jonathan was remitted, and 3 billion for the Volksbank Plochingen eG fitted.

Praying man of affairs Franz-Volker Deichmann couldn't believe his fortune, until ERF and Bibel TV was in tune.

Jonathan wrote all amusing quotes, Pumuckel Einstein, Wikipedia, and Google showed.

Often chatting, often laughing, often finding the funniest anecdotes googling.

All Jonathan Fischer readers fall Fridays smirking kneeling down, listening to the next sermon from the clown. Worldwide intergalactic fun, none!?

Poor or Rich? Dead or Alive?

The hero of this fiction - Jonathan Fischer - had achieved more in life than he had imagined. He couldn't realise his childhood dream to become world chess champion, but in his professional career he underwent a stellar ascent. Continuing in the same style, he possibly even could get promotion as one of the youngest bank managers in the history of Germany. In his political career he was also able to achieve great success, because he had risen to the the leader of the local council in Denkenstadt. He had to owe this advancement to his party friend Straussinger, who himself was elected like the clappers as treasurer of the federal party and Minister of Justice of Baden-Wuerttemberg.

Moreover, Jonathan's cash reserves had grown rapidly fast through his productive brokering, so that he wanted to build a house. The bachelor also toyed with the idea to buy a Porsche Speedster. But why? His newly established, conveniently located 3-room apartment was large enough and his five-door family Opel was not even a year old. Anyway, due to the grass-green paint job no interested party answered on his ad in AutoScout24.de and Mobile.de. In his short leisure time Jonathan tried to fill his inexplicable emptiness by numerous shopping trips in the centre of Stuttgart. More satisfaction he achieved only in more exercise. In addition to tennis, his Centurion mountain bike and his Cannondale road racer was one of his favourite leisure activities in order to keep fit.

Wistfully Jonathan remembered his wedding plans with Helen when he raced on a Friday evening with his Backfire mountain bike along the amour temple in Scharnhausen. Yes, what he really needed was a woman, and to achieve this aim he would give all the money in the world. But as is generally known true love is not for sale. In the following descent through the old avenue of chestnuts, downhill to the maison de plaisance, the amateur athlete took one's chance, challenging everything out of his RockShox suspension fork. Jonathan had envisaged anything but the from his pleasure place run away ass of the veterinary surgeon. The donkey obstructed suddenly the curving pathway, forcing Jonathan to a reckless evasive maneuver. The good Samaritan already had a mental blackout due to an elevated alcohol level at his discharge from the Bundeswehr sports promotion section in Warendorf, but definitely not because of a salto mortale over a bicycle handlebar. Dazed he woke up about two o'clock in the morning. Thanks to his Bell crash helmet, he seemed to have not contracted something except light excoriations at his arms. Though, in getting up his right hip started to ache again terribly. A foul-mouthed word passed his lips instead of his buttocks. Recollecting his former car crash, Jonathan sank on his knees and wept. He wondered why it happened again like this and heard a small voice that he who constantly puts himself in danger will be succumbed of it. In addition he recalled the children's Bible story of prophet Balaam's speaking ass where the donkey protected him in front of the counter passing Angel of the Lord. Should God retard him in any way?

The home hobbling hospital host spend the weekend inevitably in bed. Hilde, his helping hirer treated him like granny in doctoring, cooking & mothering. The first time in a long period Jonathan came to rest to read in the book with seven seals, and as if the Almighty again tried to speak to him, he fortuitous heard his beloved pastor Benz. In the spiritual part of the Vatican Radio he reported about his long stay in Africa. The Catholic priest talked about wealth and poverty, claiming that his supervised orphan children would be much happier playing outdoor with their can toys than many lonely kids in Germany in spending hours watching in front of the TV or playing inside PC games. Also the dying churches in Europe could learn from the lively style of worship of African believers by watching their praise and thanksgiving. It is not for nothing that Jesus gives a warning in Revelation to the church in addressing: "You say, 'I am rich and have enough

and need nothing.' But you do not know that you are wretched, miserable, poor, blind and naked." This might as well be responding to myself concluded Jonathan, before he fell asleep on Sunday night.

On the following morning the slightly handicapped Jonathan drove with the car to the Denkenstadter Bank headquarters. First he reviewed with Gebhart Scharkfisch the brilliant business development of the newly opened Park Haus branch, and then the two in the management board office received a wealthy, weighty new customer. In her futuristic white dress Magdalena Osiris-Ra tried to create the impression to float in like a ballet dancer, until she took place as woman chancellor on the comfortable executive chair behind the exclusive desk. The new wedding dress in the revealing Oslo-style had pleased her after fitting so much, that she instantly took it to ask the bank managers for their views. Suddenly there was a deathly silence. The two economists tried to manage to place their visual reporters, for such big bazookas they had only met face to face by an opulent opera singer at the sauna area of the Merkel'sches bath in Esslingen. "Take a seat," commanded the newly converted chiefess. Then she made a pendulum swing to and fro her oversized neckline. Moving backwards to the customer chairs the two hypnosis victims felt like trapped little monkeys in following the flip-flopping flow, forgetting everything around. "Down here is a harmful water vein. This desk must be shifted immediately," was the next instruction of the well-known fortune teller. "That won't be simple," contradicted Gebhart, the Chairman of the Board who recovered his senses. Jonathan started without wanting to giggle, stimulating the resolute business partner: "All right, then let's get down to business. I want cash. I claim 666 thousand Deutsche Mark notes from the real estate trust account." Duped Scharkfisch unhesitatingly mustered superintendent Sauer, who according to desire rearranged the furniture. "Well now, what investment options do I have?" Magdalena got delighted nipping at a glass of champagne on the comfortable leather sofa. "Here we have an excellent offer with our Growth Fund East which will be bought back at any time on a well-functioning secondary market," explained the bank board and underlined this with a glossy brochure full of positive predictions. The female medium closed the eyes and entered a trance: "My southsay for today for this closed-end funds will end in nothing. Beside fiscal evasion the adhesive prospectus is liable, I mean tricky lying. How now? Help me to get rid of it again." "Why certainly! Obviously this is not a golden goose. Do not be a fool and sign here," was the ballpoint directing attempt of the Hans in Luck Chief Seller. "No, what is instead the proposal of my prosperous pyramid alienator Fischer. I see a flash of wit," demanded dissolved Magdalena with an all penetrating eyebeam. "Buy 33 kg bars of gold and channel them periodically through the lockers number 1 to 13, according to the testament of Ramses Ra which is your father's will," it came out like a pistol shot from Jonathan. "But these lock box numbers are no longer available in Denkenstadt," doubted Scharkfisch. "Not in thought in this city, but in our new, fully automated client treasury in the Scharnhäuser Park," replied little sympathy gaining manager Fischer. "I like the offer, but I must once again check and discuss it with my fiancé. Let's look first what the Tarot cards have to say about our future," she submitted speedily spreading the Crowley deck on the lowly walnut wooden table. "Oh dear, here is an urgent warning to Monaco Franze Scharkfisch. You're in a crooked business with a shady real-estate entrepreneur, posing himself as professor. It is a matter of life and death. Pay close attention, because he will cheat you in favour of the Scientology sect. This constellation is charming for charmer Fischer will meet his future wife in the next 24 hours. Oh heck! According to my horoscope I shouldn't have gone out of house to prevent my own accident. Can one of the favourites of the ladies drive me home?" asked the terrified mystic and collected again the colourful kabbalah leaflets. Of course, the chauffeur task was implemented by lower ranked Jonathan who

accompanied the white witch with her long train to her car at the customer parking lot. He didn't believe his eyes as they stopped at a black Lamborghini Diablo GT. A hot and cold shiver ran down Jonathan's back at the sight of the upwards pivoting driver's door. Haughtily Magdalena showed the registration certificate with the vehicle data and asked to climb in. Limited to 83 units, the special edition had nearly 600 hp at almost 6 liters and was the fastest road sports car with a legendary top speed of 338 km/h.

Jonathan heard quite clearly an inner warning voice not to get in the car and better to use the opposing own automobile. "Let us rather take my Opel, because for such a race car you certainly need a driver training," was his understandable objection. "Absolutely right, this training I can provide most likely," hummed Magdalena and handed out the car keys in a seductive way by providing another deep insight into her décolleté. "Very well. Then I sit down and check once the engine sound," Jonathan replied, thinking not to get the chance again. When he squeezed in, his hip began to hurt heavily again. "The emerging, unmuted uproar of the Diablo-twelve-cylinder was just as brute and powerful as once Murcielago, the trade mark of the originally Italian tractor company. The legendary Spanish fighting bull survived 24 lance stabs and therefore was pardoned in the bullring. As special gimmick a smaller rear screen in the centre console turned up, which displayed the forty metres distant, grinning snake face of Jonathan's green Vectra. The chief pilot forcefully pressed down the sport clutch and just put the car in reverse, once the turned on magician with her sparkling eyes urged him to step on the gas, so that the whole bank should be shaken. In fact, all the staff including the director went at the intoning infernal noise of the twin exhaust pipes to the windows. But what was that? A hand as of Geierwally touched him unprompted on his most sensitive part of his body. He jerked back and without wanting released the clutch. In two ticks the rear of the powerful mortal vehicle and its big spoiler crushed with a loud bang in the front of the likewise new car of the steering wheel holding story hero. The dark carbon rear wing flew at the same time on the balcony of Scharkfisch who immediately rushed as a first aid on the scene of the accident. He discovered the two intact misfortune victims still under shock, since they had behold each other with a vacant stare, yet holding hands. In no time, the police, the ambulance, and "Bild" newspaper were at the scene. Not to mention the countless Denkenstadter onlookers and his rubbernecking work colleagues. Jonathan was ashamed of himself as never before in his life. He wished to vanish into thin air, since even the fire department arrived on the scene to uncage him and his acquaintance out of the compressed passenger compartment. Saved by the bell, he recalled the Las Vegas proverb about burying one's head in the sand. "Dear sandman, please come quickly and scatter dream dust in me eyes, so that I may escape from this nightmare," whispered the desperate crash pilot in a shorter version with the result that come around, smirking Magdalena tenderly depressed his eyelids. Jonathan would have preferred to return not as quickly with an ambulance to the hospital in Ruit. Because of their whyplash, he and Magdalena got physician-directed a neck brace. Through the case of emergency he accidentally not only had a reencounter with his doctor, but he also met again another holiday acquaintance from Sedona. Regarding the large ankh cross, Jonathan immediately recognized Elymas and was left in disbelief recollecting the guidance of the engaged couple from Stuttgart, happening in the US new age shop. "Well, well! Apparently the spiritually sophisticated suit wearer was again in a transrapid hurry, hitting his own magnetically attracted service car," mocked the future bridegroom. Ostentatiously he hugged and kissed Magdalena who had an ample bosom not only attributable to the new custom foam inserts on her upper body.

Finally also dawned on Osiris-Ra, the co-driver, what fateful consequences their first meeting in the United States had. Mentally highly educated, she began to get mightily vexed at not obeying to the warnings of her accidental horoscope. Cunning Elymas

Wicked-Oz kindly offered Jonathan to bring him together with Magdalena home. However first the questionnaire of the Merlin insurance had to be necessarily completed from the driver.

When Jonathan was going to sleep, he asked himself whether he should have filled out the form more detailed in writing the whole truth. Why was he taken by surprise with the insurance report? What had just happened with him? Why did he suddenly develop such strong feelings for Magdalena? Why was this 24 hour love prophecy given to him? Is God yet speaking through cards, although these are prohibited in Christian circles? Should the love story from Brian and Sharon be ultimately repeated in his life? Again and again he had to lustfully imagine the brown curled lady with the large breasts and he even sensed that she was very close to him in the room.

The telephone in Jonathan's apartment rang nonstop on the next morning. Being on a sick leave for a whole week, he prudently didn't answer the phone and programmed his answering machine all the same as Charlie in Phoenix to switch on after two rings. Widow Hilde had pushed a tabloid newspaper under the door in which he could envision himself holding hands with a pale-faced curl-beauty. The topless one was also printed beneath in an older, enticing image. The headline was: "Cobbler, stick to your trade. Denkenstadter bank manager had a whack at sex-obsessed car driving!" Humiliated and embarrassed Jonathan didn't dare to go to the intercom, although the bell was nonstop tolling. His landlady knocked on the inner door and asked urgently to open. When he turned silent, she just took her spare keys and entered the living room with a man dressed all in white. The famous magic grandmaster Wicked-Oz had threatened to place a curse on the entire house, so that soon all will be struck by lightning who do not surrender to his will. Helping Hilde left Jonathan alone with the like Benny Hinn very elegantly dressed high priest Elymas.

Magdalena's bosom friend was not at all weird and amused to discover the hand in hand photo on the dining table. "If I catch you again in this way with my fiancée, I swear, I'll kill you," raged the angry antagonist. At the same time, two smaller grass snakes crawled out of his white, gold-buttoned jacket sleeves and moved, lambently examining a fruit bowl with their forked tongues, towards the opposite sitter, so that Jonathan fell frightened backwards on his Persian carpet. All the more his ferret was delighted about the new playmates, frisked on the table, and enjoyed his freshly prepared breakfast. Thus, the situation had relaxed quickly. Therefore, the opponents sat down on the lounge suite, trying to find an amicable solution. Elymas Wicked-Oz had learned of the insurance that the 580000 DM expensive Diablo race car according to terms and conditions only had been allowed to be driven by Osiris-Ra, who beforehand had to pass a safety training. According to the evaluator the one week-old engagement gift of Elymas could be used only in addition as 66000 DM worth spare parts stock. Out of pity, Jonathan was willing to sign a guarantee for Magdalena, for secretly he regarded himself as legitimate blood brother groom. He even meant to be much worse off, since he would get for his Vectra only 500 DM from the junk dealer. As a consolation, he offered to manufacture the left skinned thin tails of the dismissing reptiles-idoliser as love gift to a purse. False snake Elymas jumped out of his skin for the sake of every knickknack, starting to strangle Jonathan's neck. Howsoever, Aaron, the ferret skipping on Jonathan's shoulder, bared one's teeth, putting the hand-bleeding captivator to flight.

At that very instant Gebhart Scharkfisch took the door-handle to gain access. He wanted to know from the never phone pick up proxy, if he already had reported the accident at work to the employers' liability insurance association. "I didn't hit that idea, since I simply handed out my AOK health insurance card," apologised Jonathan to his boss. "Then considerably take more attention in providing convenient details for the motor

insurance. You can claim that your client felt sick so that she asked you to drive her speedily home," was the latish granted advice of the cunning chief. "This is no longer necessary. I reported the course of events shortly and truthfully yesterday to the white suit carrier," the dutiful one communicated." "I thought you were a clever chess player, but your stupid religious conscience can cost you half a million liability coverage," concluded Gebhart. "That doesn't matter. I signed just a guarantee of this amount for I am sure to marry Magdalena. She is worth to me that much." "Love makes blind and quickly acquired money lavish and frivolous. Before you go out of your mind I want to know from you if you are in cahoots with Elisabeth Schätzle. Did you, as former chairman of the workers council, help her in this circular letter, then woe betide you. I wack out to wack you wack," with this threefold promise, the power-hungry principal handed over several pages paper.

Some time after Jonathan's proxy promotion and perforced withdraw Schätzle took over the chair of the workers committee to cause a scandal. The country best apprentice, who secretly was an admirer of Jonathan, whilst in young age she wrote to him a love letter, now seemed to give her career a heavy setback. In a Lotus Notes message for all employees she had hazarded to publish a list of all violations against the Works Constitution Act. The first reproof was that the management would have deliberately prevented the election of a youth and trainee representative, and the ninety-fifth blame was that the board had censored her speech for the general meeting and anyway must have no place there as leading and speaking pseudo-chairman.

Scharkfisch wanted straight off to heckle the defiant shrew together with Octopussy, his human resources manager. Instead the intelligent, certified bank specialist had insisted to get Jonathan as a helper and witness. "You put on your ruff and follow me instantly, otherwise I sack you too," Fürst Gebhart, the crossly chagrined commander-in-chief commanded. You better do not contradict wrathfully power holders and avoid to see their faces. Nevertheless, Jonathan could haunt little later a very interesting debate in the personnel office. The appraisal interview with the strident trade unionist in a timely manner arrived at a termination agreement with different opinions about the redundancy compensation. Due to the short duration of employment, Scharkfisch only offered 6000 DM, whereat chucked out Schätzle wanted to have 33000 DM as endowment for a calm exit of the stage. "Well, then I warn you before that I will convene next week an extraordinary general meeting with the participation of trade union captain Ahab and added involving of the local press. If this is not enough, I give a report about your illegal real estate affairs and money laundering," was the valid argument of the pietistic skirt wearer, who already secretly had a promotion to the peaceful EKK - protestant credit consortium. Also it is frowned up in in leading circles to show weakness, the Catholic inquisitor proclaimed that he didn't want to start a new faith war, moreover the cleverer give in.

Returned again to the Castle Street another stunner waited for Jonathan on his couch. Magdalena had somehow managed to come in and henceforth studied numerous books, which she had spread out on the living room table. "My dear, I never met before one like you, who has managed to put to flight Wicked-Oz and to humiliate and defeat him. I sense a greater force that comes out from you. Come here to me, honey, I want to caress you," Magdalena waved with her long airbrush fingernails. "But please not so violently as yesterday. I am a Christian and want to enter into marriage as virgin," objected Jonathan, who wondered if he should buzz off or otherwise tear off all principles. Magdalena unbuttoned his shirt and fondled his upper body. She began to massage his back and stroked him so skilfully that he felt a force flowing through his spine. All pain was gone. "This is Reiki, cosmic life energy," I have brought you

interesting literature about it. You will have even more power and knowledge than I. Beloved, fate has brought us together. We are the perfect combination," the esoteric champion felt certain. Jonathan liked to be bewitched, but needed a break on the closet. Washing his hands, therein lay the rub, since he was reminded of Odysseus and the weaving Circe, the singing Sirens, and the auguring Sybils. Returning, Magdalena Osiris-Ra had disappeared as if the earth had swallowed her up. Unfortunately she only left her business card and the many textbooks. The spiritual student scanned one document after the other and was shocked because they contravened many biblical prohibitions. Should he end up like King Salomo who was seduced from his many foreign wives to witchcraft and idolatry? If the devil tempts you, you must fight back with the word of God, Jonathan knew on the basis of the Gospels. Therefore he phoned his friend David from the charisma shop and asked him for a favour. He should pick out the Christian literature which is suitable for a witch and deliver a bouquet of red roses with a greeting from Jonathan. Conveniently situated, the Edel-Ethos-Center was located in the neighbouring Leonhardsviertel.

Jonathan could bent his thoughts only on Magdalena, the esoteric shop owner. My goodness, how well this woman massaged. In the evening, a further death threat of Elymas was recorded on the answering machine, for the guy was not amused to receive the flowers and book gifts in the jointly-run shop. Magdalena, who had left her mobile number on the business card, quickly talked her new admirer off the ledge, since he safely wanted to release her: "Wicked-Oz is a great manipulation artist whose hand movements call little surprise for all insiders. Because of his morbid jealousy it is better that we don't see us for a time. Don't be sad, for I can approach you through my astral techniques. I will always think of you, as I see the wonderful red rose bouquet and study the exciting destiny books. This is worth much more than the despicable scrap car engagement gift. Regarding the gold trade, I give green light, for even my ex was hooked of the idea."

Based on his mixed feelings, Jonathan got more and more confused. Sleepless nights caused also the remark of Elisabeth Schätzle that Gebhart Scharkfisch would make crooked back door deals. The next morning, Jonathan went already at 5 o'clock to the head office, to pursue a suspicion on the basis of credit documents. He inspected the business of the corporate customer "Better than Good Real Estate Limited", whose Managing Director Kempe had triggered a construction boom in Denkenstadt. As member of the local council Jonathan had already wondered why Karl Kempe was assigned almost to all contracts for public and private building projects. Construction financing customers as well had complained that the 'Besser als Gut Immobilien GmbH' advertised to sell houses on the public development area, notwithstanding that the construction land still belonged to the city. As a consequence private house builders could not create their new living space on their own or with a cheaper builder. When Jonathan started to scrutinize himself why the Geneva Banque de Rivage was winding up affairs with numerous commissions it struck six o'clock. With utter amazement suddenly Scharkfisch appeared: "What are you doing with this credit file? That's none of your business. Did you believe the gossip of Elisabeth Schätzle?" "Ahem, well, no, of course not. I wanted only to warn you about the Scientology sect. Did you know that this Karl Kempe has just received a Honorary Professor title from the Beaubones University in Yale?" Jonathan tried to steer the conversation in a different direction. "Keep off my pitch. How stupid can one get to listen to the hocus-pocus of the Osiris-Ra quack. At the end you try to bring me in the claws of this creature which is staring as an owl, where you chose to fall down. Of course, why do I worry likewise at the Bohemian Grove. You have violated the bank secrecy and passed confidential details of the dealings and the preferences of Professor Kempe. And, to top it all off, what a nonsense to marry this glamorous foreign

fiancé. Whaddaya say, you silly skull? Give me the file. With this words you are suspended," was the bounce argument of the hotheaded despot. "You know exactly that you have to present me a written rationale. In consequence and due to my sickness, I freely take a one week vacation until you cooled down. In the meantime you take care of the 666000 DM bullion deal with Osiris-Ra, in which I do not want to earn a penny," was Jonathan's reasonable compromise that was surly accepted from his boss.

Jonathan had steadily to meditate about his problems at work, and alternatively constantly thought of Magdalena. Repeatedly he sensed at night time that she was very close to him, as if she was personally in the bedroom. In his hottest dreams, he saw her even sharing the double bed that he had picked out with Helen. Just at that moment he was torn from sleep, since this rigid temptress rang early in the morning on the phone. Helen Richards reminded him that he offered to play the best man at her wedding and a posteriori wanted to know whether everything in the afternoon is clear. Oh man, oh man! Upon all events he really had forgotten this special invitation to her civil marriage in Göttingen. Stupidly his car was no longer available, so that he straight away had to take public transport. Helen Richards and Otto Blossom had planned to give the civil vow in the middle of the week at their place of residence. On the following weekend they wanted to receive the church's blessing in Ramsgate together with Aaron Spelton and the British relatives. During the long train journey, Jonathan read the following Bible-opener-finger-pointer-comments: A man is only as good as his word. Better to make no vow instead of one that is broken. He that has the bride is the bridegroom, but the friend of the bridegroom rejoices greatly...

Ha, ha, this kind of divine humour did not fit in his concept. He would have preferred to get back his inner harmony and to loose his feelings of jealousy against Blossom. Wait a minute! What was his own key to success? Seek first the Kingdom of God and his righteousness and all these things shall be added to you.

Nevertheless, Jonathan was glad when the ceremony was over. Late in the evening he arrived at he main station in Stuttgart. Now, now! Who was sitting on the stairs of the large ticket-hall? Two old acquaintances that he definitely not had expected. One was beastly drunk and now vomited a handed by the other butter pretzel on the ground. Frank Stein had landed as a homeless person on the street. Now Markus Ruf took care in telling him about Jesus. Mark knelt on the steps and cried out to God, that he should have mercy on Frank and save him. Passing by travellers understandably reckoned him as religious maniac. Only Jonathan was happy about the reunion: "Hey Mark, what's the matter with you? Did you leave the Catholic Church to join the Salvation Army?" "No, Alois Löser, the former altar boy and youth leader of St. Nicholas Church has invited me to Taizee. There I was so impressed from the common prayer chants and devotions with Brother Roger, so that on my return I wanted to practice my experienced love to this precious creature of God," replied his former room mate who had also received a powerful vision of God in the United Kingdom. "Get out of town! Is it you Jonathan?" remarked the sudden sober up stroller and hugged in his beastly stinking clothes his childhood friend. At that very moment Magdalena came running out of nowhere and handed over a large suitcase to 'Frankenstein'. "Thanks Maggie Magician, are we meeting up tonight again at the cemetery?" inquired the donee, but as soon as she had arrived, she also jumped up the stairs to the train tracks. Jonathan lunged after her, took her by the hands, pressed her upper body on her chest, and gave her in front of all passing people a minute-long kiss: "Gosh! I never want to lose this emotion of ardent love." "Place me like a seal over your heart, as a seal upon your arm. Love is strong as death and jealousy cruel as the grave. Their glow is fiery and a flame of the Lord. Sweetheart, do not stir up or awake love until it so desires. I have to leave quickly, otherwise

Wicked-Oz will kill you. Can you promise me to take Frankenstein with you home, just for your protection," giving a last peck on the cheek hot hormone Maggie separated.

"What a hot bride is this? Have you previously asked the Lord if she is really intended for you?" asked the moral guardian Markus. "Yes of course, the Jewish Kabbalah testified that she is the virgin that meets me in between 24 hours," Jonathan was dead certain. "Wait, you do not know what I carry on with her on the graves," Casanova Frankenstein returned to his normal jerk level. Insisting it isn't intrinsic indignant, Jonathan wanted to slap him in revenge in the face, whereof Ruf could hold him back to his own protection. Markus found it would be better to dissolve the assembly: "Bye Jonathan, you should still come to the Jesus meetings, then we have more time to talk." "OK, promised, see you soon," Fischer bid farewell, leaving depressed looking Frankenstein alone on the stairs. Hold it! Had he not just made two promises? "Frankenstein, you must come and stay with me. Commando of chief Maggie," prompted the old school friend and took the suitcase. Jonathan was ashamed to share a compartment in the suburban railway with the tattooed stinker. What would his irritated boss say when he sees him with this potential bank robber? Altogether and more important, how will his landlady react? The second concern was without any reason, for mothering, helping Hilde directly befriended with poor Frank. First of all the alcohol withdrawal patient was send in the bathtub to use the chance to dispose of his old clothes in the garbage. To change for the better, mutating Maggie had packed a whole equipment of a man's clothier together with the gift book "Jesus our destiny" by Wilhelm Busch. All the more pleased, the new guest was with the rifle through all clothes ferret, with whom he played for hours.

The next day, Jonathan could leave the two slugabed pet lovers confidently alone. The next civil marriage was carried out, whereat Jonathan again was invited as best man. Vera Fischer and David Diao married in the local city office of Heumaden, rejoicing together with their good friend who arrived with his road racing machine. Jonathan was also invited to the FCJG church wedding on Saturday in Lüdenscheid with David's friend Walter Cunningham as pastor. Therefore he bought a new car which should appear more humble in appearance this time. The Renault car dealer Fischer in Berkheim actually offered to accept his destroyed Vectra as 4000 DM special lease payment for a fully equipped compact car, so that the monthly leasing instalment of the two-year contract got sensationally low.

To make this life fiction even more incredible or to continue to surprise the reader, there was another official event where Jonathan was witness. On the following Friday Reinhild Fischer and Martin Peter Anrich also signed a marriage contract in the Stuttgart City Hall. Arriving with his brand new blue-metal car, proud Jonathan opened the folding roof to get a better look on the waiting wedding guests. Beside a chuckle he earned no admiration from the noble relatives of the doctors couple. Unlike this, his housemates behaved when returning he reversed the frog eye Twingo in front of his opening bedroom window. Frankenstein and the ferret Aaron looked curiously out of the window. Suddenly, the with numerous idols tattooed guardian angel shouted he should immediately crouch. Six shots resounded within seconds from ambush, completely blasting the rear window with its huge, reflecting Jesus sticker and also destroying the windshield. Miraculously intact, the surviving victim wanted not again to appear in the headlines, but certainly and in no time at all the police and press were informed from the neighbours. Of course he could figure out who was responsible for this attack which perfectly matched to the movie four weddings and a funeral.

To convey consolation Magdalena came along late at night and hugged her admirer on the couch. This caused jealous glances from Frank and Aaron, who didn't like to share their togetherness. Frankenstein filled with rage escaped through the slamming door and

Aaron began to sniff and pinch Maggie's bum. Disturbing another kiss, he was banned into his wooden cage. Just snatched from the jaws of death, Jonathan retrieved his sense of humour and asked: "Tomorrow I am invited at the same time to three weddings, but I can only dance with you on one. Where do you prefer to have dinner? In the Honeysuckle Inn Pub in Ramsgate, in the Forestlust House in Lüdenscheid, or in the Speisemeisterei in Hohenheim?" "Naturally the forest lust is most appropriate for me, but it's your choice sweetie-pie." "Nearest and noblest is the cooking area of starred chef Martin Öxle," knew Jonathan, who came closer to know caressing Magdalena. Getting appetite for more carnal pleasures, the two edged away to the double bed. At this instant the door bell signalled storm. "By the hammer of Thor, Frankenstein can wait quiet a bit, even if it starts to flash and thunder," breathed smoochy Maggie through her damp tongue, causing Jonathan to lose completely his self-control. The more clothes both pulled off hectically, the louder got the rolling thunder and the pelting hail at the lowered blinds. The eye of cyclone came closer to the climax. Nothing and nobody would be able to stop Jonathan. But what was that? His apartment door was opened again by someone else. Chaperon Hilde called from outside: "Mr Fischer, I don't want to disturb you, but this blustering magician manages indeed that lightning strikes my house." At once, Wicked-Oz rushed in the bedroom, taking again his scantily clad fiancée. "I'm sorry about that. I really blew it in losing control. Yet nothing to write home about happened," Jonathan pardoned expecting that his last hour had struck. "Accepted, how about if we sit together and reasonably discuss the muddled situation?" Elymas made an unexpected proposal. Getting even more pleasant he surprisingly offered: "Willingly I break off the engagement, but then I want to have back the money for the Lamborghini Diablo. In any case the Merlin insurance will not reimburse the damage. For that reason you, lovely Maggie, are obliged to repay me all betrothal gifts. Since you have wilfully deceived me, I want to have back the benefits that you received because of our upcoming marriage."

"After all, I have invested all my cash into gold bricks. That's utter bollocks, you snake charmer can not fake me with your false illusions," implicated Magdalena. "I'm sorry to say that Elymas is absolutely right, as I also know from my legal studies," Jonathan deplored, "however I have already bailed for your money - honey. Poor or rich? - Dead or alive? That's the question. Don't worry. I saved the cash on my eBank-call-money account at the Volksbank Plochingen eG. But how about if I priorly send up the insanely jealous behind bars. I merely have to report the police about his murder attempt," attempted to threaten the almost shooting victim. "By all that is right and fair, I have an alibi. The police already interviewed me and my edel-ethos mistresses. I have nothing to do with the shattered car windows. I came to share a strong suspicion, when suddenly Frankenstein ran against me, cursing by Zeus that Maggie is impregnated from the wrong side." "How do you know Frank Stein and what is your suspicion about the sniper?" Jonathan understandably wanted to know. "For years Frankenstein met at Maggie's coven and the murderous attack was performed by Gebhart Scharkefisch," Elymas was dead certain. "How come?" Jonathan marvelled, since he couldn't believe that his boss is the reason of the act of vengeance. "It's simple. This morning we were in the office of Scharkefisch and transacted the gold business. Magdalena insisted that the 33 bullions were hold in safe custody at your Park-Haus branch and not in Denkenstadt. A heated quarrel kindled until Magdalena resolutely decided to take the gold to the Edel-Ethos-Center. At one go Scharkefisch was still prepared, driving us with the payload in his white Mercedes to the former US military barracks Scharnhäuser Park. When I asked him why he was transporting a wrapped Bundeswehr rifle in the trunk and whether he has a gun license, he got embarrassed and claimed to be a hunter who protects the gold transport from an attack," was the interesting observation of Elymas. The chess player started to

think and combined facts. Frankenstein had testified before the police that he saw a G22 repeating rifle, but he couldn't give details about the masked riflemen in his white car. Anyhow, the retired German armed forces corporal with a big drinking problem was not taken seriously. The list of thesis recited from courageously Elisabeth Schätzle originated mostly really from Jonathan's ideas. At the non-public meetings of the works council the loyal board chairmen Fischer - like many other apple-polisher & shiner unionists - delivered great speeches without any result. Concerning the fraud allegations Schätzle hit the nail square on the head. From discussions with Maria Müller Kempe Jonathan learned that huge cash withdrawals and deposits on her private current account primordially were related to Kempe and Scharkfisch. To bypass the identification obligation of the German Anti Money Laundering Act, she had signed blank deposit and withdrawal receipts for the free disposal of Gebhart Scharkfisch. After she eased her conscience the former gallant Fischer became a dangerous confidant. Moreover, successful Jonathan started to succeed scudded Sharkfish in his footsteps. Currently, the hunted non-hunter feared the upcoming buzz off of the all controlling eye of the bank. "What do we now?" Jonathan wanted to know. "I sell back the gold and give it as ransom to Elymas. The best is we cancel the connection. For what can Satan have in common with God? I like you my glamour guru, but today it is over with the magic for me, I have converted to Christianity and given my life to Jesus Christ. For all I have belongs to my saviour, all my dowry in the form of precious oils, gold, and even doomed car exhaust fumes," was the decision of the modern Mary Magdalene. "But Maggie, sweetie, surely you know that our supreme master of the craft Helmut is Catholic and annually makes a pilgrimage to England and on leave goes to confession to Austria. Please forgive me. I will no longer forbid to read Christian books and likewise follow the Johannis-faith and Jesus, the greatest miracle worker of all time. Come home," Wicked-Oz tried to budge his business and housing partner. "No, from now on I sleep here. Instead, Jonathan, endangered of murder, will move for safety reasons to our place. He shall instruct you in the spiritual gifts and other mystical secrets of the Old Testament and the New Testament. I promise you that I no longer touch Jonathan inappropriately until I'm married with him. If you succeed with all your might to become in the next 6 months Exorcist pastor and thereby exercise more power as Fischer, I vow to take you," gales of laughter erupted from the speaker and her admirers. Listening at the door, Hilde now truly got the desired easy girl as lodger and everything was hunky-dory. Jonathan packed one's bags and put them in the BMW 7 Series car of Elymas, whereas the owner picked and chose Christian books, CDs and sermon tapes as study material from the living room shelves. Ultimately he wanted to get the complete collection of the charisma shop, but Magdalena, his better half with the special bullhead, was adamant to retain a part of the spiritual training materials. The 5.7 liter engine of the Alpina B12 was a terrific contrast run in contrary to Jonathan's 4 cylinder Twingo, which the the criminal investigation department had apriori confiscated as corpus delicti. The car enthusiast resumed that the four 20-inch alloy wheels with the 275 Michelin low-profile tyres were more expensive than his new fuel-saving Renault. Later some clever French advertising professionals continued this point of view in similar image comparisons. Elymas perceived that the frugal and modest living banker was very pleased of his luxury sedan. In his nice Greek manner he therefore offered to lend it for free if necessary. The residential district where the esoteric shop with its rooms was located was one of the cheapest rental areas, since many brothels and bars began to open up, which were to shun away for the stag night groom. When the two new friends grabbed the stuff out of the car, Jonathan met some long-known, waiting chess buddies, who appeared to be in price negotiations with Elymas, but shortly after the friendly salutation shamefully searched the wide. "Please be a nice guest and to not spoil the party and my business. If you like, I show you some pretty women to spend the night, board and lodging for free,"

was the indecent offer of the noble pimp. Jonathan responded in another way: "Fool me once, Magdalena will be the first to know that I am no longer virgin, right? Fool me twice, how about to lend me the Bavarian state coach? Tomorrow I am invited to a royal wedding."

On the next afternoon, Jonathan wisely dressed with a bow tie and his cashmere pinstriped boss suit, making his way back home. When the bombshell Magdalena climbed with her usual aplomb on her high heels into the Alpina-tuned BMW, catching the eyes of the quizzical neighbours, the good as gold banker thought the apparent life of a pimp is not that evil. The following presentation of the new, hands holding high society pair astonished Martin Peter Anrich greatly, waiting in front of the sacral Franziska church building in Birkach for his bride: "Boy! First you appeared in pulp magazines and now you arrive with such a dream woman. Could you please introduce us to each other?" "This is my new flame Magdalena Osiris-Ra. Vocational and divine providence has brought us together as you certainly did read. Anyhow, it's hard to beat your short record time to the altar. Do you mind if I take her also to the festivities?" Jonathan asked his ex-guide. Of course the doctor could not say no, since he was a bit ashamed to pinch Reinhild from his protégé. In addition the surgeon felt partly responsible for the pelvic fracture accident during the Hong Kong holiday. Magdalena was fascinated by Jonathan's following travelogue and smiled over the front image of Reinhild and Martin Peter in Chinese mountain costumes on the given program list. "The fortune is at my side, since your wedding plans with the photo shoot were a complete flop," the future wife rejoiced. "It is much nicer to be photographed with you, even if I show up in all gossip columns," Jonathan joked, saved by the bell. The ringing small protestant village church was erected from the Catholic duke Karl Eugen in the year 1779 for his Lutheran paramour Franziska Theresia.

Surprisingly another acquaintance from Albania officiated the wedding. Special guest Ulf Gouderner had travelled the previous day from Sweden where he led the largest pietistic brethren church. Only the very best was good enough at the whole ceremony, because both parental couples were wealthy. Thus, after a champagne reception for all worshippers the invited sojourners were transported from plenty horse carts to Hohenheim Castle. Jonathan persuaded the coachman to make a detour and to drive down the princely avenue of trees. The beautiful park with pond invited to rest at a hemispheric lookout. The pair took a stand on a curved wall, embraced each other on the shoulders, and seemed to breathe in the forces of nature. "The energetic aura here with huge trees from all over the world is unique. Isn't it my high priest?" asked the former leader of witches, whose Wicca cult herded her naked under the centuries old trees, performing mystic dances on the Celtic Sabbaths with the coven. "We can test this out at full moon. But only when we are married. Now we have to turn back to the festivities," sensed the afresh sober-minded and prosaic fiction hero. The Michelin star awarded restaurant in the old palace rooms of Hohenheim offered the best, most delicious seven-course chef menu that Jonathan ever tasted. Out of hand another chair and cover was brought from the waiter for Magdalena to sit down at the round table between Ulf and Jonathan. To be much talked of, the unbeatable duo Martin Öxle and television comedian Johann Lafer created the most excellent dishes. Having the British nonsense of "The Meaning of Life" in mind, preacher Ulf quipped if the bursting asunder crammed ones shouldn't organise a stair run championship up to Weber's gourmet tower, where the loser had to invite the winner to a peppermint leaf dinner. Jonathan professed to the Evangelical endurance runner that he was thoroughly purified by visiting Caesars Magical Empire and no more accepts match bets. Gouderner fooled around further that he likewise some US magicians or Christian prophets had learned to read thoughts and to foretell. Looking deep into the eyes of poleaxed Magdalena, who

thought it's better to break loose from this practices, he reassured: "Don't worry about Frankenstein. He is in good hands in the home of his parents, but would like to have back his suitcase with the destiny book. In future better watch out not to come to close to Jonathan or else lightning hits your shared domicile," turning towards Jonathan he continued, "You think that you are rich and have come to prosperity and need nothing. But in truth you are poor, naked and blind. Therefore buy gold refined in the fire, lean white clothes and eye salve to see again. Seek the will of God for every day and do all for his glory." "Thank you, that's nothing new for me. Somewhere I heard that before. Can you prove otherwise your skills?" asked the angry, quite rightly rebuked protégé. Ulf took a slip of paper with 20 childhood questions out of his pocket, which he then wanted to answer to his doubter. Browsing the points, Jonathan mocked that he would make any bet that Ulf can not answer the questions. Gouderner suggested the following deal: "All right, then. If you lose, you give me the rights of your biography, and in return you easy winner are invited to the TV-Tower restaurant and to visit me in Sweden, including airfare and expenses, to preach on our television channel." The thing began to get more attractive for the new media star who liked to impress Magdalena and to be in the limelight. Jonathan read carefully the questions and laughing determined that he offers his life career in getting only three correct answers. The first input was: Where did you preferably spend your holidays? The second: What is the name of your favourite teacher? And the third: With what grade point average did you finish your school? The hero of this fiction could not explain what Gouderner had intended with his life story. After all, he came into business and moreover got answered correctly all twenty questions, to the amusement of all present. "This is magic and clairvoyance, have you now changed sides?" asked the startled Jonathan. Tho' she made too extreme predictions for clients, mediumistic Maggie became speechless. She desperately wanted to participate in the game herself. For certain reasons, to whatever extent, Gouderner would not repeat the curiosity.

Knowing that magic tricks are only interesting as long as they are concealed from the public, Ulf promised his audience to repeat the performance at Jonathan's upcoming wedding with his future wife, for only then the secret should be dismantled.

The interested readers should not be kept in suspense until Chapter 10, because the resolving conclusion is obvious: the rapidly growing Church of Ulf in Sweden was recently visited by a school friend of Jonathan. Walter Stein already worked for a long time in the Scandinavian country as physicist, picking up the national language, meeting his indigenous wife, and getting four children. Beside the once more discovered Christian faith, his newest hobby was to write fantasy novels. Therefore, he devised together with Gouderner an effective lark, to angle Jonathan Fischer's incredible life story with the questionnaire. Another human and not supernatural source of information was Frank Stein. After his green-eyed self expulsion he had returned earlier to his parental flat "Salute" in Fasanenhof. Many years had past until the lost son, who was tattooed from head to toe as Todd Bentley with warriors and demonic symbols, became sober and thus dared to go home. There he met by chance the from his twin brother sent overnight guest, with whom he exchanged for hours about Walter, Jonathan and Maggie.

The inebriated wedding guests had a hell of party. Reviving Magdalena and Jonathan in high spirits, all celebrated together until the next morning. Accompanied from the SWR Big Band, the exclusive dance festival with many prominent guests also offered an entertaining charitable program. Establishing an Aids foundation, Papa Bernd Scheu was not only prosperous in producing tins, but also as successful expenses and attention fees collecting member of the Stuttgart town council. His sun-tanned wife Sonja lately got engaged as voluntarily teacher to help Jürgen Klinsmann's Agapedia foundation in the

child house in Esslingen. Not surprisingly, whippet cookies loving Sabine Anrich, the mother of the groom, opened a tombola for a charity project in a slum district of South Africa. Leading throughout the show, her husband Professor Peter-Christoph as the head of the Freiburg Sports Clinic promoted the JAM nutrition program. The performance enhancing benefit receipts, detected from Team Telecom on their T-mobile cellphones, was equal and sufficient to the settlement of the Diablo damage. Also the entertainment expenses devoured approximately the same amount, mused the biking money expert before falling asleep in the newly-related roof apartment in the red light district.

Time to have a lie-in was Jonathan's motto for Sunday. Alas, that came to nothing. At 9.30 a.m. Elymas entered the room and shook him out of his sleep: "Hey champion, today religious service is our supreme duty. Would you like to visit my maternal relatives in Mary Annunciation - the largest Greek Orthodox Basilica in Germany - or do you know something better?" "I'm actually not a fan of statues, icons or pictures of saints. Besides, the height of the steeple or the breadth of the presbytery is not significant in the eyes of God, but a powerful proclamation of his word and the beauty of worship. We go into the next situated church and then I continue to sleep, basta," was Jonathan's pragmatic proposal. A few hundred yards away the historical Leonard's Church was located, whose belfry announced service time. Once Jonathan precautionally took place in the back row, together with buddy Elymas, just in case not to be seen by people, he could not believe his eyes. Much loved George Müller led the Protestant mass and began to interpret the Sermon on the Mount. Because of his benevolent glances from the pulpit, Jonathan felt that he had recognized him. Wicked-Oz took a notepad and co-wrote the whole sermon. When Jonathan silently told his roommate that he met the pastor 1993 at the World Championships in Athletics, the Greek pneuma student insisted to be introduced, taking Jonathan at the end forward. "Hello Jonathan, nice to see you again. How are you doing? Do you still seek the kingdom of God first in finding your dream woman?" inquired the chaplain. "Apart from accidents and assassination attempts I'm doing fine. The kingdom of God is incomprehensible for me and my soon-to-be wife I just met at work," he responded before Elymas fell in the word: "Mr Pastor, this sinning individual has pinched my fiancée. Please come along for lunch and I will report everything to you." "Is that right Jonathan? Really, then I go with you," said the always ready to serve counsellor and accompanied the two in their attic flat. Besides Wicked-Oz's accusations, Jonathan reported his trip to China, the flights of fancy at work, meeting at the end Magdalena. Amazed, the priest recommended: "Have you ever thought about to publish your story? This could be a bestseller." Envious Elymas thereupon got the unsatisfied recommendation to accept the spiritual contest, since it is the free will and decision of Magdalena whom she wants to marry. "OK then, I still have a couple of questions. What is to be poor in spirit? How should I understand that I may serve God and not mammon? Must I now sell my entire belongings and goods? How do I get delivered from my occult secret society? To apprentice myself I have unlawfully vowed by my life to reveal nothing or otherwise and only to withdraw at my death. Can I ever get released from my blood ties with Baphomet-Satan?" the magician and pimp justifiably queried. "One step at a time. First you must be born again through repentance and confession of your sins. Then you have to make Jesus Lord and Master over your life. Jonathan, I suggest you go in your room, so that we both are undisturbed when I hear his life confession." This Wicked-Oz probably had a long sin list, since it took three hours until the desirably dormant Fischer was called back again in the living room. Soaked in sweat, George and Elymas were all run down as after a marathon. The phone rang. Inamorata Magdalena wanted to speak with Jonathan. Elymas told her of the wonderful cleanup of his old life that gave him supernatural feelings. He claimed that he had just met two angels named Swift and Emma-O, who had skyjacked him into

heavenly places. George Mueller urged caution, for he doubted whether these phenomena were really from God. Magdalena wanted to immediately rush in, to receive prayer from pastor Müller in the hope to obtain similar revelations. A joint appointment in the parish was agreed for the next afternoon since George felt powerless. Out of safety and morality reasons he also consulted his wife Christa to the deliverance service.

Elymas and Jonathan got sour on Frankenstein, when they heard that he had returned to the apartment in the Castle Street to pick up his destiny book. Far worse, Maggie told at the phone that he should stay overnight in order to help as a gold carrier. The next day she intended to cancel the 33 gold ingot purchase, to claim her two-week right to withdraw at Scharkefisch's office. This made Jonathan's toenails curl in horror, since his understanding of law and order differed full-on. At least, and only with the help of the protestant pastor, he could achieve that Frankenstein spends the night in the guest room of grandma Hilde's upper apartment.

Far away the sun was rising the next morning, or the earth turned upside down, since business as usual developed to personal doomsdays. Initially Maggie could and would not understand why Gebhart Scharkefisch was unwilling to take the gold back. Even the buyback at the current rate with four percent commission was rejected from the top manager. Did tattooed, baldheaded companion Frankenstein shake Gebhart's confidence? Maybe her less dominant, polite, Christian manner was the reason to fail. Maggie had to go home with Frankenstein and the heavy luggage to the attic apartment of the Edel-Ethos-Center. There having lunch, in hiding away from murder plots, Jonathan was not at all surprised of the misfortune. As the coin expert inspected the valuable cargo he nevertheless got utterly amazed for another reason. Normally the Cooperative Central Bank delivered only the 999.9 fine gold bullion manufactured by Degussa AG. But the round embossing on the shiny metal came from the South African Rand Refinery Ltd. What to do now? Magdalena sent by way of trial Frankenstein to exchange one kilogram gold bullion at the Landesbank and herself simultaneously went to the pastoral appointment. In the meantime Jonathan studied the brought along personal mail. Amazingly, he discovered a computer DVD in an anonymous letter. Curious Elymas helped him to unpack the data and to start with, he was not interested at all of the numerous bank records. In his research Fischer couldn't believe his eyes. Through the covered deposits and withdrawals, as well as the SWIFT bank transfers to Switzerland, which were altogether signed from Maria Müller-Kempe, he learned about a giant fraud in secret commission payments for Scharkefisch and Kempe. The former treasurer got even more excited when he examined the documents on the party account, underwritten by Gebhart Scharkefisch and Max-Moritz Straussinger. Didn't they misuse foundation funds from Liechtenstein for Straussinger's election campaign? Didn't they line one's own pockets by withdrawing millions of cash? The telephone rang. Frankenstein begged whether Jonathan might come to the opposite police station, since he would just have been arrested. The distrustfully bankers had discovered that the gold is magnetic, because it was only an alloy metal plate. Immediately asked on the phone, Scharkefisch swore by his life that he had not procured the South African fake gold for Frank Stein. He would be really not responsible, for all is not gold that glitters. Thus, the duped twin brother Stein could spend his time behind big stone walls and barred windows. Jonathan could not and would not contribute something to his release, because priorly he had to consult his friends in the Edel-Ethos-Center.

Returning Magdalena seemed to be out of her senses, since she daydreamed how indescribably beautiful the sky is and how wonderful the birds were chirping, after she had confessed before George and Christa her whole guilt. When she heard how she had wrecked a fortune in losing her acquired assets, she was brought back down to earth

with a bang. She started to blow one's stack, by screaming violently and putting a death-curse on Scharkfisch. Out of naivety she even didn't demand a bank receipt for the gold exchange, but only signed to have received the cash from the trust account. "Then let's have a look here," the banker still rejoiced and started again the PC. "We know dick about gobbledygook. Tell us what this financial data and documents prove," Elymas wished to know, getting afterwards a seemingly good idea. He wanted not to go to the police but to blackmail Scharkfisch, Kempe and Straussinger to become a millionaire. "No, honestly is the best policy. We bring the data disk to the public prosecutor's office," Jonathan decided. "Do I get back my money then?" Magdalena wanted to know. Yes, if Scharkfisch has still not wasted your money in hiring some edel-ethos escort-ladies, was the scurrilous commentary of the investment baker, which his insulted interlocutors improperly included.

Jonathan thought that he could promptly deliver his classmate Frank from pretrial imprisonment. To be on the safe side, he went together with Elymas to meet chief persecutor Ratzinger and forwarded the controversial collection of crucial evidences. That one, however, meant the data all might be fake, for Jonathan could not earnestly hope to legally remove at the drop of a hat the above all doubt honourable Minister of Justice, the charity proven Mr Immo-Professor and the set above him bank manager, whose post he only desire. When they dismissed Jonathan remarked the strange way of shaking hands between Wicked-Oz and Ratzinger. Later he perceived the same handshake in the press photo of the British Prime Minister who joined the pope's Roman Catholic Church.

That was a lesson for the faith hero who was reminded that it's wrong to rely on people, since real justice is executed only at the last judgment by God, the judge of all humanity.

For Scharkfisch, who had indeed told the truth, but still lied, doomsday had arrived. The unattainable Professor Kempe took a hike in his holiday villa in Sicily, and middleman Max-Moritz made it quite clear that he himself was shortchanged at the irreparable South African gold deal from the Ethiopian Mafia. To make things worse for Scharkfisch, his treasurer & counterpart Straussinger was blackmailed by an unknown person who had access to high explosive databases, denouncing them of concealed party donations and illegal arm deals. The Minister of Justice presumed that Jonathan Fischer was the extortionist, because he had hazarded to inform against them at party and lodge friend Ratzinger's office. Another turn of the screw was the logo of the Veritas secret society on the extortion letter, for the backstabber could have even arisen of the own brotherhood. Unless Gebhart would not undertake to ensure the racketeer's silencing in one day, it's a hanging matter. Extreme panic stampeded in Scharkfisch who once again hounded Fischer. At night, the paranoid and schizophrenic one sat down in front of Jonathan's apartment, in wait to liquidate him at the appearance of his silhouette. This time, the trembling trick and trouble shooter destroyed Jonathan's bedroom window by way of a change with Straussinger's G22 rifle. Screaming like a banshee, Magdalena Osiris-Ra got the fright of her life. To be quite lucky under the circumstances, she only received a grazing shot on the buttocks. Scharkfisch discerned at the female yelling that he had chosen the wrong victim and took to one's heels. Yet, the immediately launched helicopters hunt for a white Mercedes soon brought him into the maximum security unit of Stammheim. Frankenstein who lodged in the neighbouring cell announced during Scharkfisch's internment that at day pass he will hook and get ahold of him. And in fact, Scharkfisch would leave earth in only a few hours. As if guided by an invisible hand, the two steel doors opened in the night, so that within seconds mad Frankenstein lulled his fellow inmates to sleep - put another way - the baldhead drowned the other head

alternately in a filled sink with water. Scared to death, Catholic Fürst Gebhart begged for mercy and began a forced through torture confession of his infamous deeds before his baptising godfather. He calmed Frankenstein with many incredible mysteries of his Masonic lodge, thereby promising money and power. The secret traitor reported of failed submarine deliveries and their true deadly consequences, of successful Fuchs spy tanks deliveries and retracting financial blessings, successfully displaced oil refineries and other multi-billion deals, in which he and his members had participated. Losing completely his inner peace, Gebhart sensed that his life clock expired and time for true repentance had come. Therefore, he did public penance before father confessor Frankenstein and other listeners. He apologized for the gold fraud and many other violations of the ten commandments. Certainly, he would do his utmost to amend the wrong he did to all aggrieved people. He asked God for forgiveness for his crimes, so that his spirit will be received quickly instead of being purified too long in the purgatory. "To get out of purgatory you must pray at least seven billion rosaries and to pay me seventy billion lire indulgence," Father Stone joked ere un-uniformed in-informed agents, who wheresoever wiretapped the conversation, abruptly interrupted. To solace, the 007-number dungeon watchmen administered a quantum cyclobarbitol, until it was all over.

In the morning, the James Bond wannabe intelligence agents did not find Frankenstein dead in his cell, since Scharkefisch shuffled off this mortal coil. According to press reports he had taken an overdose of digitalis which was hidden in a black-gold signet ring. "That's an odd thing. Did he really wear such a ring and how could he be autopsied as soon?" Jonathan asked attentive Elymas, who played on a similar copy on his finger, when both watched breakfast television.

More important, for unanswered admirer Fischer and illuminated gentleman Wicked-Oz was a prone lying patient in the Marienhospital. Idolized and backside injured Maggie unfortunately could spent far too little time with in hiding Jonathan. Now, the two fellow believers on their pilgrimage brought together comfort to Saint Mary Magdalene. Jonathan hold hands on the right and Elymas kneeled down on the left. Entering for witness examination, that came to Inspector Sherlock Colombo at just the right time. After several questions to those in attendance, the case was solved for the awkward and intransigent thinker. Dead Scharkefisch was the over-all arch villain. Like nobody's business, senior persecutor Johannes Ratzinger of all people made public the disclosed gold scandal. All wicked deeds were blamed on the corpus delicti, who of course couldn't refuse to accept and to be cremated with lightning speed. Confident chairman of the supervisory board of the Sandbank, Professor Karl Kempe, returned after a few other highly paid brainwashes from his Cefalù-Sicily vacation, because his position was no longer under threat. To spell trouble for Jonathan, "Karl the Great" forced through an external Rotarian CEO at his oversight council board of the people's bank in Denkenstadt. This was again the proof for insiders that relations in the allocating of top posts are more important than qualifications, skills or talents. Actually, only a short-time peace came after this change to the headlines hitting Raiffeisen Group. Night-time burglars, having power of the keys, took away from the fire-proof safe the large inventory of micro-fiches with posting transactions from the last six years. Sited in the basement, the paper registry with material from the last ten years was skilfully set on fire so that the historic timber-frame building on the spot powdered in dust and ashes. Nevertheless, cheatee Maggie got back her lost money in dual form of the temporarily at containers in the parking lot housing Volksbank. The dexterous human resources manager Octopussy arranged in addition to the gold refund that furthermore the employers liability insurance company reimbursed the damage done to the Lamborghini and the Opel, since it was a work-related accident. Thus, Magdalena got 666000 DM for her gold, Elymas

514000 DM for the Lamborghini, and Jonathan 32500 DM for his Vectra.

Jonathan moved back into his apartment in Denkenstadt, since he had to take care of Aaron, his ferret. Landlord Elymas had refused to accommodate the detested animal, anyway he already had to look after rutting Hansel and proud Gretel, the white witch's pair of alley cats which caterwauled through the Leonhards-district. Put in the clear, Frankenstein after his deliverance was allowed to lodge again in the vacancy of the Castle Street. Leaving aside the fact that recovering Magdalena once more worked and lived in the red-light district, everything seemed to work well for Jonathan. The dominatrix sent off the hired playing ground slaves from Elymas, who had anyway no employment contract. Afterwards Maggie occupied herself the first floor of the Edel-Ethos-Center. Mind changing Elymas converted his attic flat into a clinic for christocentric healing. The esoteric shop on the ground floor began to cooperate with the Alpha bookstore and preferably sold books from the Johannis publishers. Appropriate to the whole situation, Magdalena or more precisely Elymas got a powerful, weighty, material idea. They wanted to get hold of a 33 kilograms heavy gold pyramid in commemoration of Ramses Ra and Lore Osiris. That one should go on display in a crystal vault in the midst of the shop for the attraction of more customers. The pyramid should have a detachable eye with a huge diamond at the top and was styled after the secret toy which George Herbert Walker Bush (senior) beheld for son George W. Bush (junior). Elymas presented an older photo that showed the president with his family and the pyramid plaything in the conjugal bed. Tomb chamber trustee Jonathan tensely focused to get a further brainstorm through knowing the right people. From the purchase contract of his Mercedes to a goldsmith in Pforzheim, he immediately found the right address for the procurement and manufacturing. The only drawback was that the mixed art object should be cast and forget from the historically keen prized Polish gold of their dentition and adornment deprived souls. Paying half of the amount, Wicked-Oz was all the more enchanted and also Maggie couldn't resist the unbeatable offer plus the immoral temptation. Gold and money do not stink and have not lost their fascination over the course of thousands of years. Even if it is fool's gold, the magic gold pyramid seemed to radiate an even stronger force as the destroyed real estate object at the rubble mountain in Stuttgart. So, the influx of visitors in the Edel-Ethos-Center was just as strong as in the new exhibition with metaphysical paintings of Caspar David Friedrich in the Stuttgart State Gallery.

Jonathan and his crew had a hard row to hoe in the Park-Haus bank branch, for the flow of customers increased enormously in consequence of the fire in the head office in Denkenstadt. Necessary due to this fact and under his threat of resignation he could get his demand accepted to nullify the electronic Bank Contact Business Partner Credit Evaluation. By the banishment of the control system his relieved team had no more longer to give account about their monthly client deals. Nevertheless, the pressure on Jonathan was still as strong as never before, so that the workaholic feared in his short recovering sleep periods a soon coming burnout. When he told George Müller of his workload, his mentor advised him to resign from his offices as chairman of the municipal council and administrator of the tomb foundation. True humility - service - would be apparent in the service for the poor and not in pompous speeches in front of applause-giving dead bones. Therefore, he should rather take part in the building of God's kingdom, partaking on the weekends in the blessed work of diakonia. Also, it would be better to keep the hands off sinful Magdalena, since she would have been fully drifted into her old habits. Sanctimonious Fischer didn't like at all this proposals. This proselytising pastor was easy in talking, eventually he didn't earn as much money as himself. Disgruntled, the advice seeker renounced the familiar quoted scripture: For what shall it profit a man, if he wins the whole world and lose his own soul? Should this

mean Jonathan wouldn't be on the right track? And then the parson wanted that he breaks the Sabbath commandment and distributes food for the poor in the Vesper Church on Sunday. Jonathan had to express his anger, telling Frankenstein the perpetrating proposal. To catch a Tartar, Frank Stein got unpleasant. Eventually he had benefited for years from the excellent service for the needy and relished the idea also to work in the Leonhardskirche. The snobbish banker would be only arrogant in despisingly looking down on homeless people. Next to, they really drove past the tramps at the Leonhards square to pick up someone else. Magdalena got on the Twingo to ride along to the Jesus-Meeting in the Gospel Forum. Jonathan favoured to sit two by two, like Adam and Eve in the Renault advertisement, in the front of the narrow seduction-vehicle. Instead, the cunning snake devil on the back seat bench convinced totty Maggie to minister as fruit distributor in the Vesper Church, which was located between street prostitution and modern consumption temples.

In virtue of the sacral rock music by the Beat Generation band the hand holding lover calmed down, even though the atmosphere among the 3000 listeners heated up further through the thrilling beats. How nice it is to plunge once again into the presence of God, Jonathan thought, lifting his hands towards heaven. A more quiet, smoochy dance song to sing along with had started at the arrival of the "Normal Betrieb" youth worship group. The missionary who came to Europe, in the form of guest speaker David Diao, appeared on the scene. Heavenly Diao once again witnessed his unbelievable life story and promoted his newly founded "Look at Jesus" fellowship. Jonathan enjoyed the reunion with Vera and David, who warmly embraced him in front of the stage, while many other visitors were standing in line to get a written invitation to the Sunday services or also to have a chat. In the first place, the dearest wanted to introduce his chosen one to the Diao pastoral couple: "This is my new sunshine Magdalena Osiris-Ra, with whom the Lord firmly welded me together." "Then you'd better watch out not to burn your fingers at the fertile Egyptian Helios goddess. Do you know that Jesus died for you?" asked sceptic Vera, turning to the not much pleased bosom buddy. "Girl, many men went to death for me. You need not to pride yourself of your nearly murdered miracle man for I will show you mightier power if I come to grips with Jonathan, is that right?" Reminded of Diablo and Reiki-encounters, the new lover prudently dissolved the conversation: "Yes, sure enough. You are the very best of all, dearest Maggie. Come on, we don't want to leave the other people waiting in the line."

Mercifully, Markus Ruf arrived at the opportune moment, patting Jonathan on the back: "Praise the Lord! So you made it after all. For a long time you didn't show up. Thus, did you lose faith?" "Are there only witty remarks on this evening for me? Haven't you heard that Maggie, Elymas, and Frankenstein have converted to Christianity through me. Is there nobody who acknowledges the great evangelist in me?" asked mockingly Jonathan. "Hold it! I firsthand heard the call of God from Markus, the Catholic parish worker. The love of Jesus is expressed first and foremost through the feeding of the poor," Frank Stein adjudged and arriving in time, the also supervening Wicked-Oz confessed: "And I follow the metaphysical, cosmic force to get more power and to impress Maggie." "And I have accepted Jesus Christ as personal saviour after the Müller couple had driven seven unclean spirits out of me," Magdalena testified. "Yes and already after a quarter of an hour they came back with a few additional companions into your house," was the twofold theological recognition of grinning Wicked-Oz and jeering Frankenstein. To go over the tops, the meeting broke up, and to act out of spite, Jonathan gave Magdalena the last minute-long tongue kiss after they had arrived in the red light district. Rear seated Frankenstein burned up in anger, but there was no way for the raging beast to escape out of the three-door car, except through the tailgate.

In due time, alarmed by wild Odin screams of Frankenstein, the first responder Elymas got out of his BMW and interferingly opened the passenger door: "Do you call that merely holding hands? Come out now and stick to our agreement. I have still five months time."

Returning home, Jonathan never thought that he would lose Magdalena that night. Less astonishment would raise if molester Frankenstein leaves his flat. In particular, this gadfly put a top secret video tape into the recorder, which priorly Elymas Wicked-Oz had played into the monsters hand. On it were shown the nastiest footage one can only imagine. Long before, Jonathan had given up watching porno movies. He felt much better when he controlled his animal instincts, instead of being driven by them. Therefore he made his way from the bedroom to the TV to turn off the moaning. Then he did not trust his eyes. He didn't perceive pornographic actors, but Max-Moritz Straussinger and Karl Kempe, who were tied up and alternately whipped from a commanding dominatrix. Like these, Frankenstein showed the highest sadomasochism feelings of pleasure in tracking the painful procedures. Can there be such a thing among civilized people? The two allies dressed up as Adolf Hitler and Benito Mussolini and delightfully played their own agonizing extinction. Motorsport fans will not be surprised at all, since detestable acts of association bosses recently got abroad. What could happen if the compromising pictures are sold to members of the press?" Jonathan asked. "That would be stupid. Elymas has much more power if he sends the copies to the stupid sex masochists and blackmails them," said Frankenstein and went on, "What do you think, how will he win control over you, if you're married with Sadomaso-Maggie?" "Don't talk about here disrespectfully, otherwise you face the axe," Jonathan got vexed. "Have you not recognized that she is the secretly recorded batter in the video?" Frankenstein queried. "No, I never accept this. The black masked latex corset-wearer might have an equal ample bosom but she is definitely not Magdalena." "Yes, it's a good thing to count on the good of mankind, but people like me who live in poverty and did end up living on the street know the real, painful, bitter life," Frankenstein claimed pushing the fast-forward mode of the tape. The following scene played outside a burial ground and was filmed at full moon from above a tree. This time, in miserable YouTube quality, Frankenstein was himself a film actor. As a Wiccan high priest in a wild sex & drug orgy he successfully laid successively into twelve witches. The most monstrously monstrosity was performed in a mortuary chapel that was turned into a butchery. Guarded from two winged lions at the entrance, the old pillar building in the image of an ancient temple was the Gothic place for black masked hags to funnel immensely much pig blood into a coffin. The abominably, most bestial cruelties accomplished clearly recognizable a familiar, totally teased satanic couple, whose naked flesh was drowned in lifeblood. Also getting into an ecstasy, the surrounding peepers fell on their knees and began to delectate with blood-soaked Antichrist cookies. Rising again, they lifted up a demonic claret chalice which was gemmed with precious jewels. Is this for real? Dear reader, do not be afraid and better do not investigate, for this is a fiction novel.

Jonathan was deeply shocked as never before in his life. The tears nonstop rolled down his cheeks when he begged: "Frank, I would be grateful if you go and let me alone. Today I break off with Magdalena. Please, take with you this cursed tape and bring it back to Elymas. I give up. He has won the fight for Miss Osiris-Ra." "Aye-aye, sir! Don't be grieving, for mad Maggie is rather a woman for me. Wait a bit and you will have more success with the opposite sex," was the farewell of the sex monster that went with his suitcase.

Jonathan came finally to the end and no longer wanted to live. Apparently, God had no pleasure to fulfil his greatest desire. Therefore, he swore at the sacrificial altar never again to touch Magdalena inappropriately. In future, the single wanted to stick at the

advice of Paul in not desperately attempting to get married. Also, he would again work to build up God's Kingdom and to strive to do the will of God.

For that reason depressed Jonathan claimed to know a special counterattack against the forces of darkness: "If the devil makes you angry, you must strike back with a high cash donation to a Christian work." Therefore the 'insane suicide candidate' took with him a sacrificial check over 100000 DM to the Raichberg secondary school on the next day. The Evangelical Free Church had grown to five hundred persons visiting the Sunday worship service in the breaking full gym of the municipal building. David Diao preached about Jesus, who must be in the centre of the believers life, so that the eyes of the faithful are always focused on him. "How right he was," Jonathan reflected on his seat in the front row. He was just about to go through an inward brokenness and to recover his soul peace, when suddenly Elymas appeared to have the effrontery to take place at his side: "What's the trouble? Master, I heard that you want to throw the helve after the hatchet." "I'll second that. From now on I radically follow Jesus and offer my body as a living, God pleasing sacrifice. You can keep Magdalena," thereby Jonathan thought to get rid of the wizard. But his rival didn't want to leave. On the contrary, at the end of the meeting this Greek-born German started an animated Chinese chat with pastor Diao. He claimed to have had at the previous night a female angel visitation named thunder and lightning. These had operated him his bowels, so that he got the gift to speak in other tongues. Heavenly Diao was bubbling over with joy and even Vera began to admire the Christian sorcerer from a distance because of his linguistic prowess. "What's the matter Jonathan? You look so sad," the sensitive woman inquired from her longtime friend. "You were right with Osiris-Ra. She is a size too big and much too hot for me. Here you go! Please take this check. I want to bless you and the fellowship," sighed the mission partner, handing over an envelope. When Jonathan returned home in the evening from an hours-long walk, his answering machine was full with messages. First, Vera was delirious with joy, thanked for the donation, and invited him for the early morning prayer meeting. The second caller Magdalena gave a ten minutes report about her fantastic assignment together with Frankenstein in the Vesper Church. The downcast admirer deleted the record cos he could no longer hear her voice. Deeply grieved he tried to eliminate his pain.

"Oh man, I must be really crazy to get up at 5.30 am and to gather with an Chinese escapee, who no wonder was expelled from his country, since his loud crocitation like a rooster wakes up the whole neighborhood," Jonathan was really not out of mind, as he held hands to join prayer with David, Vera, Martin Peter, and Reinhild in their Heumadener hobby room. But somehow new courage and a bold determination came on the God warrior by alternately proclaiming Bible scriptures. Jonathan suddenly saw the building complex of the SI Centre in Möhringen in his mind's eye. He seemed to observe how standing church visitors of the bursting at the seams fellowship comfortably took a seat in the red velvet folding chairs of the Musical Hall. As he passed the spiritual impression, he was unanimously ordained as chancellor of the future musical theatre rental. "You'll see, if the spiritual image is really of the Holy Spirit, we get promptly a positive answer," Martin Peter was very optimistic. Jonathan began to have more fun in his walk with God, because the hall management arranged immediately an appointment with the from all sides sought-after top chef. The shy investor wanted to rent only once or twice the building for 10000 DM by way of trial. To be or not to be was the motto of the solvent Rolf Deyhle, who gave the only option to book the Miss Saigon Musical Theatre Hall in favour of the fixed price of 100000 DM for four months on Sunday mornings. Jonathan became well accustomed to his role as insane, guaranteeing bank donor so that he also took over this amount. Thus, the popularity and respect he received from his China friends and admirers rose enormously. After all, they still met at

dawn and waited for charismatic impressions. Mondays at Anrich's, Wednesdays at Diao's, and Fridays in Fischer's apartment.

The next impulse from Jonathan was to ask Tobi Veigel and Simon Wörner whether they would take over the musical part of the service with their popular band Beat Generation. In addition, a small free snack was offered after the spiritual sermon and also paid promotion was publicly put on subways and advertising pillars. As a result, the gathering grew to 2000 attendees within two weeks. Most of them were Christians who turned their backs on their home churches, for they preferred the more modern, more noble service. Such being the case, the protestant pastor Müller was far from being pleased regarding Jonathan's competitive advertising campaigns. On the phone he condemned in strong terms the Americanized Pentecostal excesses. It would be still much better for the Jesus-disciple to work as well as Magdalena and Frankenstein in the diaconal Vesper Church. Approached again on the subject, Fischer refused to go back to the Leonhards square. He had quite embarrassingly avoided to keep contact with Magdalena and never picked up the phone when her number was displayed on the screen. In a lengthy letter Jonathan had tried to explain his ex-heartthrob why it is better not to see each other, just to gain distance for a while.

On the contrary, Fischer couldn't shake off this pushy Wicked-Oz who gained another foothold in the Free Evangelical Church. Through his widespread connections, Elymas acquired a television team which produced a positive report of the "Look at Jesus" fellowship at the regional SWR TV channel. He even won his slimming down patient, the Minister of Justice Max-Moritz Straussinger, as honorary patron and guest speaker for the worship service. Ostensibly, the political campaign preacher developed a shorter leg which had regrown in the Healing Room of the Edel-Ethos-Center. Receiving standing ovations, he proclaimed that the Great Architect of the Universe still heals today. Furthermore, preferably Mandarin speaking businessman Elymas got from David Diao the permission to sell books from Johannis Publishers in his transportable store. Unable to follow the managing conversations, treasurer Jonathan was displeased of suspect temple bargains, since he rather wanted to get the charisma shop as supplier. Similar to Jonathan, Elymas introduced many fruitful ideas for the fellowship so that he summarily was taken into the leadership board of the newly registered church association. The wizard was a fan of Christian literature which taught that you can get everything what you want if you only believe. His favourites were "The Power of Positive Thinking" by Dr. Norman Vincent Peale and the "The Fourth Dimension" by David Jonggi Cho. Hence, Elymas proposed on the basis of the successful model of South Korea to hold mid-week cell groups with 13 people and to introduce a multi-level structure for the leadership. In addition, Wicked-Oz sponsored a USA study trip to the Oral Roberts University and to the Crystal Cathedral megachurch of Dr. Robert H. Schuller. The thirteen most successful cell group controllers who managed to divide their fast growing house church in an equally sized one were invited to travel 14 days across the United States. Of all superintendents, the young Catholic Markus Ruf together with his assisting power sportsman Christoph Ziegler could split speedily their second Friday-feelgood-reunion of 24 further attendants. That was not surprising, for the merry Veritas-Fraternity students from Tübingen met in the cellar house bar. As proof, each participant had to be bindingly registered and to fill in a gullible opinion questionnaire. Furthermore every meeting had to be documented by members and topics. Jonathan's objection that these monitoring and investigation methods recommend caution because it reminded him of the Scientology 'church' was immediately overruled by 'Heavenly Diao': For the simple reason that even in the Three Self Church in China registration forms had to be completed. Finally, the clever Chinese wanted to prove that he succeeded to direct the fastest growing Protestant Federal association of Germany. Apparently, the heavenly Bible

expert had forgotten God's prohibition of another census which a better-known David had committed in causing a heavy curse. The whole control activities became more sinister from Jonathan's point of view. A sight better cultivated the children of the newly introduced Beard-Powell Boy and Girl Scout groups, which were placed in the good care of Reinhild and Peter Martin Anrich and also prospered fairly quickly. Unfortunately, Wicked-Oz smoothly launched another military, controller pyramid scheme with the knighted scouts. The chief manipulator dictated again to document all activities by the medal decorated leadership. In a similar manner the main target in Stuttgart was to build up in record time the biggest scout group of Europe.

Jonathan would not have thought that in his next auditive customer meeting Ron, the youngest elite Eagle Scout of the United States would play an auditing role. Maria Müller-Kempe took place in his Park-Haus branch office and unexpectedly started to weep bitterly when her bank manager inquired about her health. The pitiful creature had just returned from a six-day Italy vacation that she had to spend in a correctional camp. Obviously she couldn't enjoy the wellness holiday with vitamin supplements in sauna sessions. On the contrary, she complained about the crazy metaphysical teachings of the Scientology sect introduced by L. Ron Hubbard, which she had fallen victim to. Her husband Karl Kempe would be one of the cosmic leaders, who surmised in an awkward moronic manner to be a reincarnation of Mussolini. To achieve his free 'Operating Thetan' the totalitarian dictator would even finish off his son-in-law, if he would not reach clear. Pre-clear, she realized her own fault, for she didn't listen to the warnings of her father confessor Fürst about the Lucifer and angel of light temper of her bridegroom. Yes, even children were treated in an unloving, despising manner as small bodies in need of improvement and purification at the Sicilian psycho concentration camp. She can't bear any longer to witness the criminal machinations of this evil chairman of the supervisory board. Before her life would be put an end to, she wanted to let Jonathan into a secret. Her lord and master had learned nothing by the death of Gebhart Scharkefisch. Quite the reverse, appointed from Max-Moritz Straussinger as new treasurer of the national party he would exacerbate the dubious wheelings and dealings of his predecessor. Howsoever, she was most regretful that Jonathan was not promoted as bank manager, but rather a corrupt lodge brother of her husband, who had to continue the fraudulent real estate transactions in the same way. She could not understand that nobody in the city council of Denckenstadt turned against the lawless machinations in the apportionment of building land. Former fraction leader Fischer considered for a moment to disclose more sardonic bribe details in the building process of the development area, knowing about profit gaining building permits and obscure allocations of mortgage loans. Instead, he preferred to put his arm around the pitifully, unfortunate millionairess in a comforting way. For a brief moment the thought flashed through his mind that the filthy rich Maria would be the right woman for him - after she got divorced from the wicked Kempe. But immediately, he remembered the last of the ten commandments and his promise not to seek actively a wife.

Jonathan had pangs of remorse because he didn't take care of the depressed Maria Müller-Kempe. Back at work on the next morning he came to know that she had jumped from the 70 meter high motorway viaduct. Except silent Jonathan, no one of his colleagues could explain why the richest woman of Denckenstadt went to one's death. On their last farewell she had passed a shuttered Samsonite suitcase on to him, whose lock he should crack, if anything happens to her. Getting disconcerted and inquisitive, Jonathan took the black suitcase and spare hours to go back home. At first hand, the brainworker couldn't open the resistant lock. Therefore he cut through the thick plastic coat with his Bosch Flex angle grinder on his terrace. First of all, a testament came to light which cut off 'Karl the Great' with a shilling and inherited the Catholic Church as

beneficiary. At that precise moment, he got an uninvited visit by Rolf Schafspetz and Karl Kempe, who had spotted him from afar. The assailing bank director accused him of illicitly leaving his work place, and the chairman of the supervisory board snatched the halved case shells with its familiar content. Already in the same afternoon, Octopussy personally delivered his termination. Kempe had made the affidavit that Jonathan had picked his pocket, that he had stolen secret client data, depositing it unprotected on the veranda, and that he had aided and abetted money laundering on Maria's account. In fact, a week ago, Fischer had a telephone conversation with Dr. Wolfgang Baumeister, the head of internal audit, about Maria Müller-Kempe who had eased her guilty conscience. Thereby, honest Jonathan confirmed simple-minded that he had done nothing for the prevention of further illicit operations. Thus poor Jonathan, who actually was rich, was sentenced to the maximum penalty of 100000 DM according to the Money Laundering Act. At his forced send-off from the city council his party comrades tried to encourage him, since he merely had to make a honourable charitable donation. On these grounds he would be only previously convicted in the eyes of the public opinion. For better or for worse, the main share of the blame as per usual had to bear the framed corpse. Reputation damaged Maria with the battered body could only stare like a lifeless statue, putting up a brave front, until she postmortem was embalmed with extra chemicals into the family vault. The warning message of John Todd, the Phil Collins 'In The Air Tonight' Tour-Truck-Driver, who had seen shortly before Maria's departure two dark figures on the motorway viaduct, was ignored. How come? To shoulder on the hard shoulder - something out of the conspicuously Continental Cabrio car boot - is just as meaningless as a heretical Catholic New Testament from Maria, making no assumption of her Assumption Day, but stating her specific legacy: "Whatsoever he saith unto you, do it."

The yellow mail - as messenger of the gods - conveyed additional, uncomfortable correspondence to the house of Jonathan. By registered post with return receipt, the Stuttgart notary Uwe Baumann could no longer justify that Fischer leads the tomb foundation, since nowadays so many funds were misappropriated from caretakers and lastly Jonathan had lost his secure job. More impertinent was the letter of his old party comrades Max-Moritz Straussinger. Come along, the new church brother requested Jonathan to step down from his position as treasurer, for now the money launderer had a criminal record and evidentially was completely incapable to execute such an important duty. Jonathan was seething with rage. For his own sake, someone else could visit the cursed pyramid tomb, but he himself had brought the "Look at Jesus" fellowship in the spotlight with his many good ideas. His next idea should bring the total breakthrough and secure a full-time employment in the church, the science fiction hero hoped at least. Jonathan Fischer actually managed to rent the Gottlieb Daimler Stadium for 300000 DM on a weekend and to engage the famous repentance preachers Reinhard Hill and Steve Bonnke. In his self-knitted revival imagination 60000 new converts came forward and cheered and honoured him as financing organiser. The management team of the church supported his project and was immensely pleased. Alone Elymas was a bit offended because his proposal to invite Billy Graham and his intention to take also the Catholic Church in the boat was rejected. All the more Wicked-Oz was pleased, when the Stuttgart chief prosecutor Ratzinger visited the new office of the church in the Valley Road and discovered many shortcomings. Jolly good fellow Jonathan had created no folders for the correspondence, and even donation bank statements were missing in part or were not filed chronologically, since Fischer had a lot of stressful jobs.

Consequently, the unfaithful financial manager Fischer was relieved with the majority of the male votes from his church board post. Otherwise all fellowship officials were threatened to lose the non-profit status of the registered association. To add insult to

injury, wounded Jonathan got the common advice from David, Martin Peter, and Elymas not to visit the services in the Musical Hall for a time until the furor died down. The collective morning prayer anyway was dissolved, because David Diao and Martin Peter Anrich were introduced from Minister of Justice Max-Moritz Straussinger into the upper governmental circles and like Elymas Wicked-Oz preferred to search at an early hour their own pictures in the Stuttgarter Zeitung. Particularly since the parish clerks were well-received guests at exclusive night-time state receptions and in the VIP lounge of VfB Stuttgart to prepare the upcoming evangelism spectacle at the Municipal Stadium. Initially, Vera and Reinhold didn't want to cancel the contact with Jonathan. They met secretly with the fallen one and prayed seemingly in vain for justice. Ultimately, their spouses under the regime of Wicked-Oz determined that it is better not to be surrounded by losers.

"A friend in need is a friend indeed," Jonathan procured Aaron in the pantry. The ferret enjoyed to the fullest to share food with the master and to hide in the dark. At least Jonathan's dear disabled parents, whom he had rather neglected, held to him. The family of his brother Thomas also was delighted about more frequent visits. Loyal widow Hilde likewise didn't believe that the allegations, leading to social damage, were all true. Sticking to Fischer and to the truth, Markus Ruf reported at the phone all church news and internal affairs. And another friend was especially delighted to find again a lost sheep. Protestant pastor and mentor George Müller comforted Jonathan with the wisdom that the deeper a person falls, the higher he could be lifted up again, because the self-denying Christian way to the top always and only leads down in humility. Even the Lord Jesus Christ had himself proclaimed, he, who tries to win his life will lose it, but he, who loses his life for his sake will win it. Following the sermon, Jonathan indeed participated at the food distribution for the poor in the Vesper Church. Feeling sympathy for the people who lived at the fringes of society, he took part in their fate in listening closely for hours. No sooner he had found joy at the activity, than it was already over. Spring was approaching, which is why the for nine weeks daily opened doors of the warmed house of God closed again. Therefore Jonathan decided to visit the beloved people on the street to invite them to eat in restaurants. News about this generosity spread quickly and made him to a modern king of the beggars. Hearing the voice of Jesus, he didn't want to end like the rich man in the parable with the poor Lazarus. Therefore, he often taped up the pus-filled wounds of alcohol abusers. He even paid the vets bills for leaking dogs and used his contacts to the Salvation Army to get dress equipments and adequate accommodations for the people living on the street. On Saturday nights, Jonathan shared together with members of the Jesus freaks, the Brothaus fellowship, and the City Chapel sausage sandwiches and tea punch for the homeless and so became a friend of Robby Strobel from the BGG - Biblischen Glaubensgemeinde (Bible believers church). That one had actually given away half of his wedding cake to the junkies who were supervised by him on the Königsstrasse (King's road). His weekly soup pot team enjoyed by the drug addicts an increasing popularity. This inspired Jonathan to work in the Olga-fellowship belonging to the Mülheimer Association. The church with a bite and with a heart provided in the Olgacellar for the needy a nearly free dinner and a spiritual input through a short sermon and worship. To carry everything to extremes, the disciple of Jesus, who did not know where to lay his head, lived for one week with the homeless and without money in an underpass and shifted begging for a living. Finally he had become one of them and therefore received the highest respect of Frank Stein.

Together with Maggie, Frankenstein caused otherwise a great sensation, because both intended to convert the red light district. In addition to the evangelising visits of Magdalena by the giving away of the Jesus film and Bibles to her ex-colleagues,

Frankenstein made sure that each whoremonger was photographed and discouraged from his paid homeless friends, while entering the local brothels. In the following fighting scenes on the street with the pimps, the baseball striking, bald skinhead group retained the overhand. The general houses had not at all to bankrupt because the receipts of the world's oldest trade are anyway not recorded in the accounts and hardly ever taxed, but the scene still decided to move outside the gates of the city, due to the revenue shortfalls. The remaining ladies got counselling under the pastoral care of the Müller couple and often managed to return to a regulated work.

Jonathan could also not just carry on as before, for his reserves were exhausted, and he had not registered as unemployed. That's why he accepted the first available job offer. Following the advice of his parents he worked again at a financial institution. This time, the hard-to-place convicted banker took a position as servant at the counter of "God's work". The former branch manager helped four salary levels lower at the EKK Evangelische Kreditgenossenschaft eG as a service representative for pastors and other church staff. Most smuggest, his future team leader became Elisabeth Schätzle, with whom he got on like a house of fire.

Dear readers and detail loving bookworms. Thank you for your endurance in reading this mammoth chapter. The authors don't want to keep you in full suspense. Howsoever, we'll reveal this much: the students do already know the wife-to-be which is related very close to Jonathan. Most certainly the hero of the story will come to know his dream woman and will marry in the tenth chapter of this life fiction.

The Trip to Jerusalem

When Jonathan Fischer years ago got the prophecy of the beloved, now deceased grandaunt Sister Hanna that he someday might even become a Catholic bishop, he would never have thought to be reminded of this foresight by handing out protestant invitations at the King Street. The next open evening organised from the YMCA - Christian Association of Young People - was just around the corner. Inviting for the evening event, a group led by pastor George Müller had gathered on the flight of stairs at the Palace Square and began to sing Christian and Hebrew songs, accompanied on the guitar by Christa Müller. Jonathan was frustrated since his eagerly offered flyers for the Israel-presentation were rejected or immediately landed in the bin. Only a passing by Roman Catholic nun, brimming over with life, enthused shared her own journeys to the promised land in desperately recommending also to pilgrimage. As the Franciscan nun who belonged to the Gengenbacher monastery read that Ludwig Schneider of NAI - News from Israel - speaks at the meeting, she wanted by all means also to visit the Protestant church. Nonetheless, the next crisis of meaning arose from the automatically his Roman Catholic church tax paying man of God. At the accidental sight of the travel agency in the Kings building the story hero melancholy recalled his plans to travel to Kenya. Now, he himself ended at the street like one of the flower children from the '68er generation in making advertisement for Jesus Christ Superstar and a fool of oneself. What would have happened, if he had stayed true to his principles a long time ago, instead of being succumbed by the seductive looks of this to the enemy camp belonging young YMCA girl?

A hand embraced Jonathan Fischer's shoulder and then two dark-red painted lips left a warm impression on his right and then on the left cheek. Closely related, a black curly, sweet smelling, dark-blue uniformed flight attendant put her mark on his desperate invitation attempts. Phoebe Leontopoulou had recognized her embosomed Hong Kong passenger: "Wow, Jonathan, now you really stand on your ground in offering your body as a living sacrifice that is pleasing to God. I have to stay overnight in a city hotel until my next flight to Rome starts tomorrow morning. Do you invite me to come with you to the open evening?" Jonathan's breath was taken away. Was this another practical joke of his humorous Father in heaven, helping him along with the ideal woman? "Phoebe, that you immediately recognize me. You look so charming and good enough to eat. May I invite you to my favourite Greek restaurant?" "Yes of course! But you don't have to launch out for we have Orthodox Lent. I would prefer to get a warm drink," was the grateful response of the perfectly built like a Venus de Milo statue 'Aphrodite'. Jonathan examined exactly his new flame, as they both sipped a cup of dandelion & nettle tea and chatted about amazing experiences on the garden terrace. Beside a remarkable little hump on the nose, which the looking like twins, bleached white teeth outstandingly surpassed, twinkling with her coffee-brown eyes Phoebe had a dazzling, flawless appearance. "Please, tell me, do you wear contact lenses since you flutter repeatedly with your beautiful eyelashes?" was an interposed question of the story hero to pine after his wife. "Not really, perhaps it's the excitement about your stirring events. How was that? This Magdalena tenderly depressed your eyelids, after you smashed her Lamborghini backwards into your car, and then you fall in love with her?" The long-desired bachelor told more adventures so that time just fly by. Not to come to late, the newly found couple had to start on their way to the Protestant church. Jonathan began to admire the relaxed behaviour of the Mediterranean Sea residents. Seeking contact, the sought-after beauty lamented how difficult it is in her unsettled profession to find a sincere, wholehearted partner and just for the fun of it began to tickle day-dreamer Jonathan all over. Applying attack as the best form of defence, Jonathan in search of a rib started also to touch his playmate. Hitting on, they really hit it off, as if they go back a long way. The mutual trust and understanding manifested through themselves in a

happy hand in hand walk. "Such moments are forever and remain always in our memory. Phoebe, what do you think?" "I enjoy every day anew and try not to mourn for the past. Tomorrow I take a sunbathe for my face in Italy and in summer I will be bronzed for three weeks in Israel. Are you with me Jonathan?" "Actually I have to work and my holiday intention is to fly to Kenya, nevertheless, I follow you everywhere," promised the long-distance traveller who felt uncomfortable during the following discourse. Ludwig Schneider claimed that Israel is a cup of trembling and a burdensome stone for all nations who gather against it and are opposed to God's word and promises. Then the brilliant speaker proved his assertions with many Bible scriptures. The audience listened closely to his powerfully eloquent speech and applauded appreciatively at the end. Even the Franciscan nun Scholastica approvingly confirmed that the fiery preaching of God's truths about his never revoked covenant with Israel is missing on many pulpits. As eager student of God's Word she even doubted the popular replacement theology, which asserts that the Jews are forever rejected by God because the Christian church acquired their place in inheriting all beneficent promises. Then, considering the atrocities of the Inquisition, the loving Father in heaven must have given up long ago his Christ children. Phoebe and Jonathan nodded one's assent. Unfortunately, the evening came much too quickly to an end. The two exchanged their addresses. Phoebe lived in Frankfurt and wanted to send her admirer the compulsory reading "Why Me?" by Jacob Damkani. Remarkably, the Messianic Jew and author organized a summer leisure time in Jaffa where both wanted to participate.

Most important for the banker who got touched straight into the heart was to get his request for time off granted. How would his superior Elisabeth Schätzle, who absolutely wanted to leave herself in the summer time decide? First, Jonathan was met with refusal, since his other colleagues with children were preferably allowed to travel during the school holidays. This was a bitter pill for the newly in love one. He argued with God. Could the Almighty not open a door for him? Or was this even a sign that Phoebe is also not the right woman for him? Why had he to undergo such emotional highs and lows? And then he was asked again as best man for a wedding. Magdalena married. The former prostitute had really found a true protector. First of all, the sparks flew between her and Elymas. In spring, when Elymas went with the thirteen best cell leaders for two weeks in the United States, Maggie decided to take a clean sweep in their common house. She gained entrance in the attic flat of the Edel-Ethos-Center and destroyed all pornographic movies and pictures. In addition, she flogged all the esoteric books and objects in a closing down sale. The killer and real coronation of the day was to call again for the goldsmith of Pforzheim. Save that this time the marvelling clients saw how the gold pyramid was cut in two to sell the own half. A portion of the sales revenue was used to pay a special graffiti-removal company to delete all smearings her coven put on buildings, walls, bridges, and underpasses in order to place opaque curses. Her fiancé Frank Stein came up with the idea to confiscate Wicked-Oz's computer with important secret information as a security pledge in order that the wizard will not tackle their cleanup or even the wedding. Too much of a good thing, the manipulation artist drove up the wall in getting his shirt out. Elymas Wicked-Oz screamed and raged for hours like a small child who has been deprived of his favourite toy. Fortunately he could not know that Jonathan was mandated to keep the PC in his home. The zealous attempt of a wrestling match with Frankenstein was hopeless, facing the muscle mass of his rival. In a choke, powerless Wicked-Oz became even more scared when he noticed that all demonic tattoos had vanished on Frankenstein's arms. "How in hell could satanic priest Frank get rid of these blemishes?" chief druid Elymas wondered. Not attending, after the systematic ethos center clean up followed a re-baptism of the witch-monster-pair in river Neckar near Plochingen. No wonder, since pastor George Müller had recommended

finally to clear the decks. But when Müller immersed the future bridal couple, the greatest miracle happened that the priest could ever testify. At the reappearance of Frank Stein all body paintings had been wiped away, as if the Almighty wanted to say that all sins have been blotted out and sunk in the water. This stimulated the further evangelism and conversion efforts in the red light district. The acquainted residents preferably wanted to touch the arms of Frank Stein and many decided after this miracle testimony also to be baptised. This Frankenstein got not only the skin of a baby, but even his hair growth ceased again. Magdalena evolved in her thinking and action into a kind of 'Mother Theresa', making a large part of her wealth available for the poor. That was just what the tabloids were waiting for, since they shouted from the rooftops that there will be an extra-terrestrial wedding in the with ambassadors for Christ crowded Leonhards Church. Unlike Elymas, the sad loser of the match, Jonathan was not unhappy for he felt only emotions for Phoebe, with whom he was in active telephone contact.

Apart from his numerous talks with Markus Ruf, Jonathan got an unexpected phone call that informed him about the latest developments in the "Look at Jesus" fellowship. Stuttgart local council member Bernd Scheu bubbled with rage because of a newspaper hoax that brought his family into disrepute and caused plenty of ridicule: "Stork mistakes Babies" was a harmless headline in contrast to "Clerical Group Sex in undercover Prayer Room produced Cuckoo Children." The yellow press took the piss out of an anonymous tip that his daughter Reinhild and son-in-law Martin Peter Anrich regularly pushed around an Asian slit eye baby in the Storchenmuehle buggy, and in the neighbourhood of Heumaden Vera and David Diao transported on a snapshot a purely German looking child in a Roemer baby carriage. Should the Eastern teachings of Bhagwan about free love have spread to the Christian opponents of abortion? Dad Scheu was sure that Wicked-Oz was behind this cunning intrigue. As a result the wizard had taken over the overall management in the Evangelical Free Church, including the Sunday message. David Diao had been also accused that he could not properly deal with money and would be only a Chinese economic refugee. Over and above, he would manipulate his members by his charity requests and psychological terror to drop 10 percent of their earnings to pay the next rent for the Gottlieb Daimler Stadium and the running expenses of the Musical Hall. Due to an increasing hostility in the church service, unending cuckoo children jokes, and ultimately after an emergency board meeting, David precautionary resigned from his ministry. The upcoming evangelism event Jonathan bitterly blocked out, but where did the mistaken babies come from? "Adopted from the youth welfare office and from an orphanage in Cambodia," accounted the co-founder of an Aids foundation, Bernd Scheu, and continued: "You have to put a stop to the outrageous activities of Elymas Wicked-Oz. This is not merely my thought for my daughter Reinhild still has a high opinion of you. Thanks to my connections to the city council, I have ensured that you as primary donor get transferred the overall responsibility of the major event. Do you agree?"

"Actually, I run out of steam to compete again with Elymas. What has been scheduled for the evangelism weekend?" "First of all you can prevent a heavy metal concert and a following mass hypnosis," was the beginning of further explanations from the almost father-in-law who produced cans.

Desperately desiring the hour of vengeance, Jonathan knew that fighting Wicked-Oz, pulling all strings Straussinger and crisis sitting out Kempe were three difficult to manage session experts in the common planning committee for the weekend events. After lengthy, unsuccessful attempts to change the program, the technology freak Fischer abandoned with the agreeable proposal only to take over the stage directing at the mixing board. Jonathan's further suggestion to hire Frank Stein as a personal protection officer and newly-wed Magdalena as caterer, first caused great discomfort to

Elymas. Under Wicked-Oz's precondition that a particular PC pledge will be returned, they anyhow accepted. Thus, the reconciled Christian hypocrites pretended to have a good heart, yet they were left having a sense of foreboding.

Had they but known that soon Frank, Magdalena and Markus come to a secret meeting in the Castle Street in Denckenstadt to discuss numerous internals and to browse one last time the retained computer, their decision would have been certainly different. To begin with, Markus Ruf reported of the journey to the USA, owed to his promoter Wicked-Oz. On the recommendation of Elymas, he had become not only member in the Veritas fraternity, but also in the same-named Masonic lodge. Indeed, he had vowed by his life not to air dirty laundry in revealing secrets, but after a travel participant mysteriously had disappeared in California, he had kept a diary with a record of all malicious incidents. On the one hand, he would have spent the leisure time in the most luxurious places, such as at a huge, ancient castle with Roman baths, and on the other hand he had felt very uncomfortable in spending sleepless nights. The worst part about all this were nighttime cries for help of Katharina Hutter, who had vanished without a trace after the visit of Hearst Castle. Probably drowned, the brave woman at dinner dared to say to Wicked-Oz's face that he is only a Christian showman, since secretly he performs the worst satanic practices. Subsequently, at her own request, she departed prematurely, never arriving in Germany. The United States in general, and in particular Washington would be one of the most occult power centers in the world. In the House of the Temple he had seen with his own eyes many Babylonian and Egyptian idols dominating the headquarters of the Scottish Rite of Freemasonry. He even witnessed in the Supreme Mother Lodge how an in a nutshell to Stuttgart coming, world famous evangelist worshipped them all. Markus had made a list of his observations, adding the names of many secret society officials, who give themselves to understand in the ignorant public with special internal signals. New World Order agenda letters about the planned dictatorship of the Antichrist, having a big mouth like a lion, would be the most incredible conspiracy. To courier, Wicked-Oz received these important documents for the European headquarters in London and didn't perceive how Markus risked his neck to clandestine photograph them in the hotel room. As a banker, Jonathan would surely be interested that soon a difficult to remember 22-figure standard account number will be introduced, so that troubled people are more willing to accept the mark of the beast in the form of a microchip on the forehead or back of the hand. After his Las Vegas trip Jonathan himself even would have claimed that the cash would be abolished and in future payments are only possible by computer help. "This is all deeply interesting. What did Wicked-Oz plan else?" wanted the fired, former bank branch manager to know. "The biggest show will be put on the upcoming weekend in the Gottlieb Daimler Stadium with the "See and Believe" congress. Elymas thought he could attract and win back Maggie with a mass-ghost-exorcism," Markus Ruf had been informed. "Here he comes too late," laughed Frank Stein and Magdalena said, "I believe we should put a spoke in his wheel in bringing some of his secrets to the public light. Everything Mark alleged is true. On my own trips to the USA I have participated in a magic haunted castle at a deadly witch-contest, since long ago I got acquainted with the secret brotherhood in all their deceiving blood pledges. As I know, we will find the best inside information of my fussy ex on his PC." "Then let's launch a last search for pebble stone weapons on his hard-disk," bold Markus was picking from an embarrassment of riches. Jonathan was pleased tremendously when he joined the unit on his monitor and unzipped the first data packets. Triumphantly proclaimed the fired bank assistant & former church council member: "Amen, Jesus Christ has crushed the head of the serpent. You will all see that soon the demons will bow under our feet."

But soon after, things looked black at the Saturday event "See and Believe". The Mega

Egyptian Death heavy metal band played the pieces Return to Babylon, Sunrise over Pyramid's Grave, and Obelisk's fallen Moonstar. The real kicker was the killer, in ringing thirteen times Hell's Bells in front of a giant blazing Illuminaty-inscription. Howsoever, the most powerful performance was acted by Elymas Wicked-Oz in front of a vertically projected, moving, fascinating, colossal human eye, similar to the one at the Bregenz Festival. Altogether the rotating, triangular stage area in the form of the all seeing eye was modelled after a medieval altarpiece. Thereby, 60,000 spectators could track the steady-going rotary occurrence in recurring cycles. Wicked-Oz signaled that he wants to set a record for the Guinness Book in celebrating the largest ever mass hypnosis. With the aid of an apparent spirit, he promised all attendees to raise them up like stars to heaven, where lightning angels and all deathly Hallows will appear. All they had to do was simply to watch the magic eye, to lift up the arms like antennas, to open up in a relaxed position, to empty completely internally their minds and thinking processes, and finally to utterly receive the all-embracing worlds spirit. After his hint it was dead silent. The bells of Hell's Bells began to sound again. The mass had to repeat after Elymas: "I leave my body, now..." With a loud flip of the hypnotist's finger the entire stadium toppled down as if in a La Ola wave to the ground. Almost all attendants lay on the floor or sat motionless on their seats. Wicked-Oz began to indoctrinate: "Do what you will is to be the entire law. The law of the strong, that is the highest law of Thelema. To kill all enemies of the order and world peace, this is right." With another finger signal through the microphone people came around. Many of the stunned bystanders attested that they in reality had seen angels and came to contact with deceased relatives. Suddenly, quietly singing lead vocalist Mick and softly playing guitarist Rory started to scream, to leap like locusts, to shake their manes like horses, to hiss like a snake, until they squirmed with pain on the stage floor. Elymas commanded in the name of Apollyon that demons of torment go out of them right into hell. The authority with which he proceeded made a powerful impression on the band members and the audience, because immediately the situation calmed down. This was the start signal for the main attraction of the evening, namely the acclaimed performance of the most highly respected preacher from the United States. From Jonathan's point of view the guest speaker with the grey hair looked more like a wolf in sheep's clothing. The message was about the Supreme Architect of the Universe, in search for many uncut human stones, who rebuilt as a universal brotherhood the Great Temple of Solomon. He who wants to align oneself should come forward. The with black plastic sheeting covered football field filled with people who bowed down in front of the middle-circling stage, to pass their lives to the God of this world. Decision cards were filled out which were relayed to the local Christian fellowships. In addition to the two main churches, even the synagogues and mosques benefited from the redirection of same kind believers. The next day, the newspapers were full of praise for the tolerant, humanistic, cosmopolitan, and ecumenical live faith-spectacle.

The Sunday morning service with the motto "Pro Peace - Understanding the Faith of World Government" was opened from a singing English Lord who volunteered an ominous version of John Lennon's imagine accompanied by guitar. Waving farewell, the dear Sir, wearing an obscene Jesus-was-gay-shirt, revealed that he soon will marry his wealth manager, a former Roman Catholic priest, in the Anglican Church. Pleasantly surprised of this good spell, an African Voodoo priest triggered off a shamanic blessing dance to the healing of mother earth, immediately joyfully accompanied by his Indio and Amerindian fellow party members. An all-embracing altar with a golden Buddha statue was erected on stage in front of a tailor-fashion sitting, orange-clad Dalei Lama or another confusing carbon-copy Buddhist delegate. A chief rabbi set up his tallit, teffilin and chanukkiyah, seesawed his upper body, and declaimed a Hebrew peace prayer. Being transported by

joy, an Arab delegation brought a Halal sheep and an Imam demonstrated a not quite kosher Islamic call to prayer through the loud speaker. Of course, the Indian Hindu entourage, following a holy, red-dotted cow that was washed with Vatican donated Assisi mineral water, could not be missed. But heaven forbid, the carnal culmination formed a transsubstantiation eucharistic celebration commemorated by an idolized St. Peter's votary on a huge holy stool. In conclusion, all strengthened religious representatives were allowed to place their blessed books on the table of the Lord and vowed never again to speak disdainful or bad about the other faiths, because the present truth can be found everywhere.

In the overdue midday break, the former witch Magdalena earned the earth at her stalls through hand over fist, money spending catering customers. A panel discussion with illustrious personalities started afterwards to dish out more spiritual food. Hansel Devilkin, a professor of Tübingen theology who graduated in Munich interposed the talking point of a globalizing, nations uniting, bridges building one world religion. Devilkin's representation of a world ethos in peace, negotiated for the good of humanity ended in a European Constitution completely without any reference to God, since the new anti-discrimination law forbids to offend any person. His friend and worshipful master Johannes Ratzinger provided strong support in speech and in co-founding a Global Ethic Foundation. The current Attorney General demonstrated the importance and necessity to scan any computer online for the effective fight against terrorism and criminals. Singing from the same hymnbook, his lodge brother & Minister of Justice Straussinger demanded to use the military as a domestic police force in response to a terrorist aircraft attack or to any other condition as mass demonstrations. Elsewhere nobody must be astonished about his recommendation to reintroduce death penalty during uprisings in the new EU constitution. Making the case for more tolerance, the real estate expert Karl Kempe expressed his regret that the wrongfully accused Scientology church did not obtain the tax exempt status as it is usual in other countries. For that reason he would like to see how his brethren of the U.S. delegation bring this important agenda on the table of the next G8 summit. Leading through the program, Wicked-Oz explained the audience in the stadium that respectable citizens shouldn't bother when several life intervening changes in relevant legislation were close to completion. He himself and other members had nothing to hide and no objections if the data of computers were searched online or everywhere in public video recordings would be made. Eavesdropping-proponent Kempe endorsed even more for safety reasons to get films from home as seen in Big Brother, except from the bathroom, of course. So nearly his complete mansion would be monitored by cameras since 1984. Ratzinger campaigned for the innovative microchip technology in passports and payment methods that considerably facilitated the fight against terrorism by latest computer and storage developments. Furthermore all cellular and phone calls should be registered for a year and the Deutsche Telekom AG should get the permission to eavesdrop ISDN-talks, if they didn't practice it anyway. Straussinger noted that the US Central Intelligence Agency CIA - to better combat organized crime - nowadays controls all international money transfer. Having access to another true beast in Brussels, more precisely the SWIFT-computers, the banking secrecy was eliminated in part and should be banned all over the world. To achieve this common purpose an EU fiscal legislation with identical withholding taxes was brought already on the way. Every citizen would get a life-long, long personal tax number, which is accessible from everywhere, so that also tax havens as Switzerland, Liechtenstein and Luxembourg fall. Then tax evaders would tremble in every joint of joint tax investigation in retroactively verifying boodle-CD account data. Ensuing, extremely intelligent Ratzinger got the brilliant idea to develop a spam filter for the Federal Intelligence Service BND to the benefit of everyone, when unwanted email

messages get automatically deleted at the control of private mail accounts. Thus, the annoying senders could be better determined and immediately punished. Getting more understanding by this supernatural brain power of the World Government, thunderous applause evoked by many exited listeners.

A question and answer session was initiated on the rotating triangle stage. As a seemingly randomly selected theology student, Markus Ruf should inquire on the wireless microphone about the temporal processes of the legislative reforms. Straussinger replied that the specific legal texts have been already adopted in the party committees and only have to pass parliament. At a few points, the missing consent of the Federal Council or a complaint before the Federal Constitutional Court could be an issue, because there are always insurgents who fear a violation of the outdated basic law. "Are you referring to human dignity or the protection of privacy?" Ruf wanted to know. "As we already discussed, innocent citizens have nothing at all to fear," said Attorney General Ratzinger and was supported by the Jesuit theologian Devilkin: "If the proposals can not be established by German Constitution, we simply enshrine it in the new European Union law." Ruf prompted further: "Apropos EU, is it possible that in Europe tanks appear again on public places and demonstrators are shot, Mr. Attorney General?" "This question was not agreed. What are you driving at?" replied a visibly obfuscating Max-Moritz Straussinger, who couldn't know that his ultimate disgrace was just around the corner and never would have expected that his life will end soon. "Then please, allow me another puzzle game. With your agreement, we will put your harmless legislative initiatives to the test in your own lives?" was the next bold as brass request of treacherous Veritas brother Ruf.

After a brief respite, preceded by an all-piercing glance of Elymas, the panellists inevitably accepted by a nod of the head. "Let's forget these fiction imaginations and let's come back to real life in watching the next part of the program. May I please ask my friend at the mixer console to show an edited version of the New World Order?" Wicked-Oz tried to keep things firmly under control in taking back the reins. The hour had finally come for Jonathan Fischer, the original initiator of the event. Last but not least, Jonathan could display his real strength on the control panel by playing a well-prepared video clip on the big screen. His friend Markus, who like Jonathan had received a similar, powerful vision of God in England, had no intention to give up the once granted word. Perfectly prepared, Markus Ruf began to explain: "For a better understanding, I will reverse the event motto into believe and see, while the all seeing eye will be transformed in vivid, insightful images. Mr. honour Professor Kempe has already mentioned that without compunction a film of his cosy home can be recorded. From the point of view of his garage security camera we can see now how his lifeless wife Maria was ungently carried by him and his party comrade Straussinger into the trunk of a convertible. You may not believe that this murderous scheme is co-engineered from Max-Moritz. Then take first a look on the back S-MM car number plate of his parked beside Porsches 914-6 and secondly on this photo which was shot at the same night of a radar surveillance system. The rare Bentley Continental Convertible with two puzzled faces is also not an all-purpose motor vehicle. Today's technology really helps to combat crimes. Only the live recording of the assisted suicide from the motorway bridge is missing. Nowadays, the ordinary witness report of a truck driver is worth nothing. Is that right Mr. chief prosecutor Johannes Ratzinger? Understandably enough, the one or other evidence provided by the police is getting lost. How good that chief druid Wicked-Oz kept an accurate record of all leaked informations. As an outspoken proponent of online searches, he certainly has no objection when we evaluate a bit more blackmail material from his copied hard drive. Probably the public didn't trust that such honourable persons like Straussinger and Kempe could be as dilettante in their evil practices. Even not, if

they behold them as two tied masochists in the uniforms of Hitler and Mussolini? This is not a photomontage, as the dominant keeper of the whip Madame Osiris-Ra, who is now called Magdalena Stein, already insured under penalty of perjury." Hitherto spellbound watching Straussinger and Kempe jolted up with a rush of adrenaline, tried to wrest the microphone from Ruf, and to to wring his neck. "I tear out your tongue," threatened the Minister of Justice and the scientologist professor swore: "I slit your throat." This was the signal to intervene for Frank Stein and his security force. In the blink of an eye, the two losers hit the floor and were getting handcuffed. "Well done. Such culprits must be conducted under lock and key to Stammheim. In prison they will do no more harm," commanded the intervening top civil servant Ratzinger. "It would have been better to decree the pre-trial detention, when the banker Jonathan Fischer in the presence of alleged supporter Wicked-Oz put forward the above displayed receipts for arms and money laundering in your office," noted Ruf and continued, "now the sum of over 4 million gigantic bytes of secret data will be processed at the more conscientious prosecution in Bochum. For you, as an eloquent leader and master of the chair make sure that such irreverent, rebellious people like Fischer lose their posts as church cashier, caretaker, or branch manager. Normally, as I can testify, the implemented procedures are only discussed verbally in our Friday Veritas secret meeting. But kindly, more details can be found in the frequent email correspondence between a certain Nicolas and Elymas. Never mind! We know that you made a vow not to mention the names of donors and whistleblowers. Of course, you are not closely related to the death of bank manager Gebhart Scharkefisch and surely you think not of the city of Denckenstadt in the history of the night of broken glasses and burning houses. Also the instructions for the active intervention of Stammheim group 8 section F to enforce the ostracism gave the evil Adolf or Nicolas, the Spanish court clerk who uses your French secretary including the PC. But let us hear what the chief communicator Elymas has to say about all?" concluded Markus in making the leading another successful attack. "I can not say anything because my computer has been stolen and only recently given back after one of those CCC - Chaos Computer Club hacker had played a lot of other information on it. Ladies and gentlemen, you shouldn't be impressed by this infantile, impertinent demagogues. The panel discussion is now finished," said the clever magician in beating together with Ratzinger and Devilkin a hasty retreat. To remain at the wheel, Jonathan Fischer escorted the resorting three with a visual and acoustic noisy explosion of the all seeing eye. Smashed to smithereens, the frightened world peace discussion board members ran off, seeking exit through the catacombs, to the amusement of the astonished crowd. Such an embarrassing performance the football fans only apprehended after a shameful high home defeat of VfB Stuttgart against FC Bayern Munich, whereas the thriller lovers thought they perceived a subtle "Tatort" crime scene or an awfully documentation of Aktenzeichen XY (unsolved file number xy). At the end Jonathan unwound some basics for every citizen. As in the credits of a theatrical motion picture, the not really amused observers beheld the proposed legislative amendments of the basic law Articles 5, 8, 10, 13, 18, 35, and 102 in the German Constitution. Now a real discussion about "Pro Peace - Understanding the Faith of World Government" inflamed at Magdalena's hot-dog stands. Also the whole country stirred up by a more critical media coverage. Markus Ruf's victory was that the drastic controls in the personal life could not be executed for the moment as intended and Jonathan Fischer felt excellent, for his reputation was restored in public. Needless to say that the whole backstage plan entered the history books.

Another spiritual earthquake occurred in the "Look at Jesus" fellowship, ending in a split. Walking more in humility and meekness, Martin Peter Anrich discarded his scout medals and crosses of the order of merit, divided the big local tribe into several regions,

and only kept a tally of indispensable sections. The military leadership principle of the Royal Rangers was levelled out by meetings of equal elders, who as a matter of principle esteemed others better than themselves. Pastor David Diao apologized to all members for untruths and exaggerations he falsely considered of importance to give God the glory. He confessed that he had fasted in reality not all of the 40 days. Also the alleged gunshot wounds on the chest actually were torture marks of burning cigarettes because the real firing squad hit his former house church leader. In future the hype-prone Asian wanted to get things straight, in degrading himself to a little donkey, so that the Lord Jesus Christ sits fully visible in his ministry. After a heated argument in the church board about hypnosis and manipulation in the worship service, many visitors gathered under the direction of David in the auditorium of a school, this time in Filderstadt. However, to continue the Sunday events in the Musical Hall, Wicked-Oz founded a brand new umbrella organisation under the name Prosperity-Spirit-Association Stuttgart e.V.. Owing to his impressive world record, his succeeding supporters increased in numbers. Furthermore, many people wanted to contact the spirits of the dead and to pursue astral travel. The esoteric businessman began successfully to publish books on positive thinking in German and English and grow rich with his charged prosperity-spirit school. His weekly sham messages sold well as cassettes, CDs, videos and MP3 recordings over the Internet across Europe. The masterful controller also introduced a computer program which automatically sent a list of visited websites and all emails to the next higher leader of the non-profit association for the public's benefit. Super-apostel Wicked-Oz was monitored in the realm of private sphere from high mentor Hansel Devilkin, who himself ascended as dean of the prosperity gospel school and diligently collected denunciatory, denouncing text messages about rebellious church members. Thus, the internal accusations of Elymas' involvement in evil machinations ceased, whereby high inquisitor Devilkin insisted that the trivial rumours only affected the sorcerer's past sinful life. By the way, positive thinking angel believers were not interested in the computer reprovals of Markus Ruf, which were anyway not watertight.

Nevertheless, another major attack against the manipulative high clergy was performed from an unexpected side. Testifying in court, alumnus Straussinger dared to drag the christocentric healer and prophet through the mire. Max-Moritz complaint, if he had half of a brain, he wouldn't pay large sums of money for sadomasochistic pictures to an anonymous blackmailer. Middleman or not, Wicked-Oz would have received a million sum for bank documents which anyhow were forwarded to the prosecutor. Indeed, the real dupe Max-Moritz had only obtained worthless copies from the danegeld and ransom money transferring Greek wise guy Elymas. His own party donations would have been one way or the other approved by the very top. As to the rest, his arms deals were long run legal international practice. Far more skeletons in his closet would have Karl Kempe with the homicide of Maria Müller-Kempe and his real estate entanglements. Blessed - power immersed - Mary in distress was already dead in the bathtub, because of a violent, heretical confession argument with her enraged, estranged husband, when Max-Moritz arrived. By courtesy he helped to put her in the trunk for her final departure. Eventually, his whole fraternity shipped in deep, stormy waters, once the money laundering activities in the Volksbank Denkenstadt eG would come to surface. Strongly tying his tie as an escape rope, the politician resumed negotiations. He tried to signal to the prosecutor and judge that they had no right to sue the Minister of Justice and to suspend his diplomatic immunity. Facing innocent, inquiring glances he protested his own innocence. After all, every child would know that the highly honoured Attorney General Johannes Ratzinger was head in the Veritas Masonic lodge and thus pulls the strings. After this accusation, the hearing was immediately suspended.

The final hour hit for Straussinger. On the way to the Stammheim high-security wing he

was found guilty of an attempted escape and with a bullet in his head. At least that was the official version. For the mindful reader it is pre-published that the inmate Karl Kempe got secretly slipped an army pistol from a lodge friend, so that he could exert revenge and vigilantism in the joint bus of prisoners.

On the way to his working place in the centre of Stuttgart, Jonathan wondered why the Germany flag was hoisted up at half-mast in front of the State Parliament of Baden-Württemberg. When he switched on the car radio he learned of the death of his former bank customer and party colleague. Jonathan befell an uneasy feeling. He knew from the book of proverbs that you shouldn't rejoice over the downfall of an oppressor, but if things were going on like this, how would Elymas end? Arriving at the Evangelische Kreditgenossenschaft eG, Jonathan tried to focus his thoughts in a different direction. His ultimate goal was to get a woman. To achieve his vision he necessarily needed summer holidays for the time together with Phoebe. That's why he met Elisabeth Schätzle before the time counters open and handed over a flyer of the "Trumpet of Salvation to Israel" missionary society. He begged to his young team leader: "Please, listen to your former head of the works council and approve my leave. It is really important." Elisabeth gave a defiant answer: "Really? As a child I went to Israel on vacation to the kibbutz of Zichron Ya'akov, because my parents belonged to the Korntal fellowship of Emma Berger. Would you like to take me along to the pilgrimage?" "Of course, but please make no jokes and sign the leave request. You have no idea how much depends on that," Jonathan pleaded. "If so, I can't say no," smiled Schätzle, looked deep into his eyes and gave her autograph on the piece of paper. "You really don't know how much your yes means to me," concluded the charmed story hero who joyfully gave his blushing chiefess a kiss on the cheek. Now, Jonathan had received a certainty as never before in his heart that he will get the desired woman. He was floating on cloud nine.

On the contrary, a sad day dawned at the funeral of Max-Moritz Straussinger, which Jonathan attended with interest. In keeping with the motto "You have to keep good memories of the dead," many prominent companions were present to pay their last respect. Listening to the alfresco, laudatory speech of Johannes Ratzinger, Jonathan marvelled what a good human being the highly decorated Minister of Justice Straussinger still was. The voice of God, Ratzinger preached his last words: "Due to the great merits of our angelic brother Max-Moritz, he deserves now to sit at the right hand of the universal deity, and we will see all again his everlasting sun and immortal morning star hopefully sooner or later in the highest heaven." Something strange and tragic happened. Ratzinger put his right hand under his jacket to touch his heart, lost consciousness, and flew headfirst into the verminous grave. He had suffered a stroke.

Confirming the statement of scripture that all hidden things will once comes to light, the murder of Straussinger cleared up in an awful way. An inexplicable fear and terror came to the mourners by an approaching thunderstorm. Nicolas, the court reporter started to scream: "That's the judgment of God insomuch that Ratzinger ordered the murder of Straussinger. And I'm an accessory to the crime. I have hidden the pistol at the behest of my deceased chief and handed it over to Kempe in his record of proceedings. O Lord, have mercy on me poor sinner. I don't want to end likewise." Carrying out another prisoner transport, two present prison officers fell on their knees and cried out: "Good God, forgive us the lie to say that we would have shot Straussinger on the run." To be let out in parole, free as a jailbird Kempe stretched his iron handcuffs upward and began to curse out loud: "To hell with them. For heavens sake, what a load of nonsense. I swear by the Almighty, I am innocent, otherwise the devil shall take me." A brief ray of light was accompanied by a loud crack to instantly and immediately answer the request

of the killer. Stricken with fear, the funeral party fell straight on the knees, began to confess sins, and started to cry piteously.

Within an hour the tempest and the attenders calmed down. The rain-soaked corpse of Ratzinger got saved from the grave. According to the autopsy, Johannes had died of a heart attack. Also stroke dead Karl and shot dead Max-Moritz were forensic examined on this occasion. How come? Curious criminologists wanted evidence for the new version of murder by the in and itself buried bodies. They ultimately found it in the occiput deadlocked 9mm bullet. It derived from "Karl the Great" and from a secondhand, out-of-vogue Walter P38 Wehrmacht pistol, which was made for Adolf Hitler's henchmen. A further body check stripped other amazing details to the surface. Through indiscretions a BILD reporter figured out three owls of Minerva tattoos at the buttocks of the dermis stung carcasses. In addition, all viewable wore the same black-gold signet ring. The greatest sensation, or rather the greatest humiliation since the discovery of the Hitler diaries, was the circulation of a secret list with names of celebrated public characters, who would also adore the owl. Rumours spread that even a former Federal Chancellor would regularly bow down in front of a huge beast idol in the forests of California. Another controversial was brought up before court. The Scientology sect wanted to receive the fortune of the childless Kempe-Müller dynasty. Instead, the world wide expanded Vatican City State gained further tracts of land, according to Maria's destroyed, inflamed heart's intention. Last will witness Jonathan Fischer was speechless after these turbulent developments. At least, he thought to regain more peace in life at the beginning of the summer holidays.

Eventually, the long-awaited day for a reunion with Phoebe via the journey to Jerusalem had dawned. Jonathan checked again his luggage, desperately wondering if he had forgotten something. Yes, of course, he still had to bag his passport. "How good it is, to have a peaceful inner voice through the connection to God," said the banker to himself and turned pale as he looked to the expiration date of his travel document. "No, please not, Jesus, anything but that! Good grief, Fischer how blind and stupid you are," he badmouthed in order to immediately correct: "Dear heavenly dad, I need your help. I know you are merciful and gracious, slow to anger and rich in mercy and compassion. Give me a woman, I don't want to and just can't wait any longer. Beloved Holy Spirit, send me a brainchild." Inexplicably, Jonathan sensed the name Julia Rüger in his chest cavity. But he didn't know a Julia Rüger. He sat down at the computer and researched with help of Google on the Internet. On the second page he found a woman with this name who worked in the Bernhausen citizens office. There it clicked. Wasn't that the lady that helped Martin Peter Anrich to receive a new, different passport identity for his China visa? Jonathan chose the office number to disappointingly learn by the answering machine that on Saturdays was closed. No, he won't give up so quickly. Blessedly, the telephone enquiry service could help him with a private number. Jonathan hoped to get the right Julia at the other end of the line. But the female voice sounded old and fragile. That old people are very well capable for assistance proved the incomprehensible, barely audible hint that a namesake would lodge with her parents in the Beautiful Mountain Road. Jonathan was reminded of his arrival in Phoenix, as he stood in front of closed doors and only after his inner self-abandonment experienced God's intervention. Verily, if a seed falls not into the earth and dies, it bears no fruit. Now, he achieved to get the father at the phone, who regretfully couldn't help, since his daughter was sitting in the bathtub. To make one's farewell, Jonathan was consoled with the opportunity to create a temporary passport on Monday, after moving the Israel-flight. Then the following transfer request was rejected, for the charter airline Arkia did not run so often from Stuttgart to Tel Aviv. Mad Jonathan put the phone down and was dashed to the ground. In a brief thought he was tempted to curse God. Suddenly he was

reminded how he successfully went under the knife after his fruitless trip to Switzerland. He prayed: "Even if you slay and take me away, I trust in you my God, as Abraham with his son Isaac, because you can even bring back the dead to life." The telephone rang. Julia Rüger was calling. "Is it so urgent to get the passport?" she inquired. "Yes, I could not rebook the flight," assured the long-distance traveller, "also I expect today to finally meet my soon-to-be-wife." "Okay, anyway I wanted to go to the butcher, and I will also fly soon with a Swiss travel company to Israel." They meet in half an hour at the bus station in the citizen office Bernhausen. You have to bring along a passport photo. The procedure costs about one hundred marks."

Jonathan admired the selfless clerk in public administration work and curiously scrutinized her attractive female queue-profile. "You shouldn't enthusiastically examine me," seemed the capable rock wearer have noticed, "soon the citizen oriented chiefs from the upper floors of our city council will anyhow introduce Saturday work." To bid farewell, Jonathan thanked with a gentle handshake and gratefully looked in the unmade-up eyes of his devoutly rescuer Julia Rüger. The world stands in need for such humble, beautiful foals, he resumed at the hectic boarding into the departing public bus. Now everything fit. To save parking fees, he had placed his car on a side street and made it just in time to the check-in area of the nearby airport.

"You look pretty much sweaty and battle-weary, great overseer," was the unexpected greeting of Christoph Ziegler, the pastor's son and member of the BGG Stuttgart 1955 e.V. and Chess Club Wolfbusch 1956 e.V.. "Boy! Hello Christoph, you sharp lad. Why do you fly to Israel?" Jonathan wanted to know. "The Psalms say it would be a great blessing to make a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. Perhaps you will not believe me, but Jesus has shown me in a dream that a special gift is waiting for me. You'll see it. Which one, I will tell you later. Suffice it to say that many seekers stuck a piece of paper with the request into the Western Wall." "Now you're talking in secrets. But wait, I will see through your game," Jonathan joked and had to leave to one of the interview cabins of the Israeli security service. His inspecting interview partner eyed suspiciously the passport replacement and inquired: "What have you planned to do in Israel?" "I'm attending a summer evangelism to bring the Jews closer to Jesus, their Messiah, and by the way I meet with my future wife," was the upright response. "Do you know some of the fellow passengers and was something entrusted for you to take along?" as always asked the young Israeli. "Yes, accidentally I met with my friend Christoph, who has told me of a mystery that soon as a gift of Jesus will be fulfilled, otherwise I don't know anyone," the future Jewish evangelist said in turn to spread some of his Christian faith. A short break ensued, until two interviewers came back with their protocols. Shimon Balaam, the executive Mossad staff member wanted to expose Jonathan Fischer as an EKK agent and began to assert: "I warn you, I didn't enquire about you only in the media. If you are not telling the truth you have to stay home. I will never be cheated by your humbug. Now tell me more about Elisabeth Schätzle. How did you meet this woman and how do you co-operate?" "She's my former trainee who once wrote a nice billet-doux. Do you really want to screen our relationship? No, that's not your business," Jonathan was highly indignant. "I give you a last chance. Did you make advertising in any way for unorthodox campaigns, such as that of Jacob Damkani, and have you invited someone to come along?" was the next convicting question. "Yes, I promoted the German-born Jew Ludwig Schneider on the King's road and therefore met with Phoebe, the Greek flight attendant," Jonathan calmed down again for a short time. "Lies don't travel far. The Airbus will fly off today without you and your EKK deputy director Elisabeth Schätzle. You need to explain nothing more," said Balaam, the shrewd prophet, who forbade any further word. Clueless Jonathan compulsorily had to pack his ransacked luggage. At the exit Schätzle already waited for him with her baggage. "I'm sorry. It should be a surprise

that I also fly with you. I had no idea what difficult questions need to be answered at the departure," apologized Elisabeth. In each case she had claimed pretty much the opposite of Jonathan and therefore was allowed to read the whole interrogation as a travel ban-justification. "What did you testify?" Jonathan in need of life-tutoring service inquired. "Well the truth. I'm your familiar department director at the EKK and you gave me a flyer from the 'Trumpet of Salvation to Israel' ministry. I had no clue that you had told of my former, luckless approaches. What do we do now? I also transferred the money for the entire three weeks in advance. Take a horse as the Crusaders?" Reminded of Vicky and the Viking, Jonathan chafed his ailing pentagram star nose. Actually the Swabian had every reason to be cheesed with Schätzle and not with Spätzle. Because of the perceived injustice they were connected closer. More than ever he became her ally. Just so, his eyes searched through the lobby of the airport, until both found the right target with a white cross on a red background. "Let's go to the Swissair-counter to check in federate connections," was the clever idea of the fiction hero in search of his dream woman. Jovial, homosexual hostess Uli - come il faut - searched on the screen for other vulture connections. So the pretended honeymooners had to travel over the indirect route first to Zürich and then to Tel Aviv.

Jonathan still had another two days to come to rest until he again met Elisabeth Schätzle on Monday morning six o'clock. A diverting Contact Air flight led them to the next inspecting and testing in Switzerland. Having bad memories on his border control to St. Moritz and of the recently made airport experiences, this time the investigation methods were much more pleasant, more moderate, and more neutral. Yet, the next major crises waited for Jonathan at the door, as he went up the gangway. Boarding the Boeing, the friendly passenger saluted in return to a stewardess who reminded him of Phoebe, but then he hardly believed his eyes. Taking the Swiss counterpart of the German Bild newspaper, his glance fell on two high-profile, title-tattle celebrities in the first class. "No, anything but that! Not another face-off," crossed Jonathan's mind. He turned his face to the left, changed the corridor, and took Elisabeth by the hand. "What's going on? It's nice to hold hands, but you shiver with fear," inquired Schätzle who took the window seat. "I don't want to fight again with Elymas Wicked-Oz, and Hansel Devilkin gives me also the creeps," the anxious Bible student stated, opened his mustard grain Bible, and was comforted with Psalm 91.

"Hell yeah! What are you reading? You poor sinner," a hand laid on his shoulder, "are you ready for the high jump? I will show you who is more powerful," claimed Elymas and strolled back to the first class. "This man is really evil and needs to be defeated. Was this Devilkin or the Wizard of Oz?" discerned Elisabeth, the chess queen who sat close to the power plant. Jonathan told parts of his 'Poor or rich? Death or alive?' story, when suddenly a bright light lit up on the neighbouring wing side. The nearby kerosene turbine had kindled in the moment of transition from the earth into the air. In search of the safety instructions, Jonathan turned his gaze to the baggage rack in front and got a hold of the tabloid. At this instant, he seemingly heard the voice of the devil that his fall will be reported in the same trashy magazine at the next day. "Rats! I shouldn't tangle with Satan working in this magician. Lucifer, the prince of this world and of the the power of the air never is to be underestimated." The aircraft flew a loop, attempting to directly reach back the runway. Jonathan in turn beheld the wing and believed to have a vision of an angel. A panic broke out aboard. Just then Elisabeth asked: "Do you see this cloud formation? That looks like a mighty archangel." "Look at Jesus the Saviour and plead for his intercession," almost as if in ecstasy cried Jonathan. The fictional champion unfastened the seat belt, also it was forbidden stood up, and proclaimed loudly: "Those who dwell under the shelter of the Most High will abide in the shadow of the Almighty. My refuge and my fortress, my God I trust in you." Send into raptures, the numerous

Zionistic fellow travellers prayed together: "He shall cover you with his feathers, and under his wings you will find refuge. His faithfulness is your shield and rampart," as far as they peacefully concluded after a safe landing on earth, "he shall call upon me and I will answer him. I will be with him in times of trouble. I will rescue him and honour him. I will satisfy him with long life and show him my salvation." This fantastic, incredible incident used Devilkin, who was released first from the fire brigade in the front compartment of the rich, for propaganda. Proudly cited the prosperity-spirit professor of theology to the waiting journalists behind the baggage claim: "We fell from heaven as lightning, but he has commanded his angels that they carry us on their hands, so that we are not striking our feet against a stone." Jonathan did not want to step into the spotlight again. So he hid in the airport chapel, joined with Schätzle and other surviving passengers, to thank God in prayer. Afterwards the action heroes asked how they now can reach their destination, but the free seats of alternative connections were already taken. To do well out of the mess, Jonathan got a hotel and meal voucher and had not to travail again with his hostile church brothers, who already flew to Dubai. Unfortunately, he couldn't see again Phoebe as fast as possible. "Elisabeth, let's live this day to the fullest. We could take a boat tour on Lake Zürich along the Gold Coast with its suburban villas. If time allows, I would finally like to visit the art exhibition of the white-washed house bank of my chimney sweep master. What do you mean?" "Most certainly, Jonathan. On vacation I follow you everywhere. But on work I am again the boss."

With another day of delay the involuntary team reached the promised land. Impatient Jonathan ordered a taxi from the airport to Tel Aviv-Jaffa, where the messianic Jew and evangelist Jakob Damkani had his domicile. At long last, he hoped to meet his Phoebe again. At first glance, another Elisabeth who looked after the house opened the door. Regretfully, the 30-member international tour group had already left by bus to Jerusalem. Jonathan was in a slight depression, as when he had arrived in the United States. "I suggest you come in for lunch and stay here," proposed the German-Israeli co-worker Elisheva. "Good idea, after all the stress which we experienced," Schätzle agreed, "did you hear in the news that our plane almost has crashed?" "No kidding! Please tell me more," the other namesake joined a lively conversation. Taciturn Jonathan followed the female coffee chit-chat for one hour. This tall, second Elisabeth, with her blond hair, blue eyes, and bright coloured skin, attracted his attention. Also the familiar, maidenly, younger counterpart began to please him, since she radiated a certain attractiveness with her dark brown hair, brown eyes, and dark complexion. Jonathan felt in his heart so seasick, like on a ship without rudder, that is rocked back and forth and up and down in the storm by the waves. To put an end to his melancholic feelings he jumped up and took the floor: "Sorry, I can't wait longer and rent a car. Where do the others stay overnight, Elisheva?" "In the old city of Jerusalem, in the Christ Church Guest House." "The day after tomorrow, they continue the journey to Eilat," knew the hostess, "but in Jerusalem, the evening traffic is often chaotic. Are you really sure that you still want to go?" "Come on Jonathan, it's so comfortable here," Elisabeth alluded. "Elisabeth follows me everywhere and Elisheva brings me to the car rental, ere?" Jonathan was sure of. The trip to Jerusalem ended in a Japanese compact car. Jonathan and Elisabeth understood in the 58 hp gasoline-driven car why the Gospels state that you have to go up to Jerusalem. It dawned. A bugging congestion formed at the gates of the city. Finally maintaining free ride, Jonathan stopped for a short time at an intersection and asked, "straight or right? What does the map advice Elizabeth?" "Straight, but watch out to give way to the right." Looking to the right, the driver abruptly accelerated. This was followed by a loud crash. The left front fender together with the hood was smashed by a loud clash. The green Daihatsu Sirion was brutally thrown to the right, so that it only came to a stand on the passenger side, after a half turn at the curb edge. The

airbags had puffed up. Jonathan double hung in the air. Moreover, he felt again his hip pain. With a whiplash, jammed Schätzle wasn't better either. Two men approached cursing loudly. "Blimey! Are you alright?" a voice sounded turning from English to German, "if I had known that you're sitting in the car, Jonathan, then I would have revved up even more. You jackass, why are you waiting so long for me to yet drive without paying attention?" asked Elymas Wicked-Oz. His co-driver Hansel Devilkin beckoned a few passersby to help, placing the destroyed vehicle back on the wheels. Whole Devilkin and intact Wicked-Oz had not stinted in renting a double weight, hardly deformable Toyota Land Cruiser, including a stainless steel battering ram. A local Mercedes-Benz ambulance brought the freed by police pair to the Hadassah hospital. Reminded of other Diablo-encounters, Jonathan inspected how young Schätzle, who had a smaller bust size compared with Stein-Osiris-Ra, customized a neck brace. Due to the late hour and because of safety reasons, both patients had to stay overnight. "At least, I was in the right," the patient noticed whereon aggrieved Schätzle surmised: "Which won't do any good in the event of our death." She was right and legal right was right-before-left.

The next morning, the quickly recovered couple made their way with a white-red public bus to the old city of Jerusalem. Jonathan beheld how a passenger desperately tried to press an electronic part on the neighbouring seat. "May I help you? I'm an electronics fan," was his nice offer. Sitting in front of them, two less charming, female soldiers turned up, tore away the release switch, and arrested the man with the help of their rifles. The Palestinian suicide bomber had tried in vain to detonate his explosive belt.

"Jonathan, this is now the third time that I almost lost my life," Elisabeth realised, "now, I really do wonder if it was right to travel with you." "Well then, you do not have to come with me. But imagine what happens when my exciting life is someday filmed. Then you will become more famous than Indiana Jones or the Queen," the bold story hero determined correctly. Located at the Jaffa Gate, the Christ Church Guest House was not a long way off. Arriving at the reception, Jonathan obtained the information that the international tourist party makes a sightseeing tour in the 2 times completely destroyed, 23 times from enemies besieged, and 52 times adversarial attacked city of peace.

"Beloved Holy Spirit. Please lead me to my future wife. I feel quite sure that she is very near," frustrated, luckless Fischer prayed inaudibly. His waiting Schätzle got this idea: "Let's go to the Wailing Wall. The very special place is a popular destination for all visitors. Anyway, I want to leave there a prayer request." Thus, the involuntary pair left the luggage, strolled through the narrow streets of the traders, until they reached the age-old rock formation of the Temple Mount. Elisabeth Schätzle wanted to post a note to God and Jonathan Fischer did the same, as he stuck a little piece of paper in the cracks of the huge stone blocks. At this very moment, like a bolt out of the blue, a hand touched his shoulder. Then a voice spoke from behind: "Jonathan, you will never get what you want. I immersed myself into the sham spirit and saw how your craved fiancée is pinched from your friend." Wicked-Oz had fun to provoke his former roommate. "Elymas, if you destroy my life dream, then you will get the wanted total war," irritated the German Reich Minister for public enlightenment. "The battle in the heavenly bodies broke out long ago, when you alienated Magdalena from me. Don't you Aries sense why our paths crossed again and again. You will soon reap evil for your dastardly seed," the sneaky, clairvoyant astrologer predicted.

Jonathan's crisis of meaning increased when he went with Elisabeth to a restaurant at the Temple Institute and studied the Jerusalem Post. He was looking for a press release about his yesterday's traffic accident. Instead, his eyes caught a picture of Phoebe Leontopoulou, who held another man in her arms. The group led by Jacob Damkani

caused an uproar as they walked through the ultra-orthodox Mea Shearim quarter, wearing Yeshua Ha'Mashiach T-shirts. Beside good news herald Jacob, who was for years repeatedly physically attacked and taken in custody, Christoph Ziegler got hit especially hard. On the photo he had a bloody nose, a black eye, and torn clothes. Schätzle reckoned: "Those two are made for each other." "That does not mean anything, Phoebe did also attentively hospitalise me," Jonathan hoped.

Feeling reinvigorated, the falafel gourmets narrowed down the search. Following the trail of the Via Dolorosa, they met a Palestinian boy with Jordanian citizenship who admired the 'Holy Roman Empire of the German Nation'. Dressed in a light brown military uniform, the squire spoke English and pretended to be their best guide. This Hassan assured to have seen the foreign tour group. Therefore, he led the recruited tourists for a small charity through the winding corridors to the Holy Sepulchre Church. Once there, he boasted that he holds the heavy key to the gate in his hand. Jonathan kiddingly bet 100 dollar that this is not true. Then his face turned ashen, for the boy quickly convinced him of the contrary.

The fiction writers do not want to bore the revered readers, but in the fane happened yet another encounter with Wicked-Oz and Devilkin. Elymas fell into a meditation, laying his hand on the stone spot where the cross apparently should have stood. Whereas Hansel had laid face down on the rock which was the traditional anointing place of the corpse of Jesus. "Look at these esoteric brothers. They still believe in the power of stones," Jonathan grasped. "Let us hide swiftly," Elisabeth recommended. To sidestep effectively another confrontation, Hasan hid them in the small tomb chapel. However, the peace did not last long. An obscure struggle among the monks began to spread around. Dressed in robes, the religious fighters of different denominations brutally beat each other. The fierce controversy arose because of renovations on the first floor. Notwithstanding dialog partner Hansel Devilkin, the confession skirmishes couldn't be solved verbally, but had to be finished by the intervening Israeli police. The end of the Millennium old dispute among Christians was a for everyone visible craftsman ladder, which remained as a memorial at the front of the building. "This place can't be the real crucifixion site, what do you mean Elisabeth?" Jonathan asked. "Let's go to the English Garden," replied Elisabeth, "the Anglican Garden Tomb, as well as Gordon's Golgotha with its grinning hill face are probably more authentic." The beautiful, tranquil park with flowering plants and shady trees, together with the man-made, stone-carved burial sites, aired a peaceful atmosphere. Fischer and Schätzle searched for a seat accommodation. A coloured gospel group from Harlem joined in to a single praise song led by Bob: "His grave is empty, he's risen and he's alive" resounded one of the choruses. Not loving this kind of music, the Moslem guide waited pre-emptively at the entrance. A gray-haired man sat down with the abiding listeners on the park bench. Following his uncommon deliberations, Jonathan wasn't sure whether the stranger could be one of the crazy psychopaths, who behaved in the likeness of Moses or Elijah. Speaking an American slang, the Jesus disciple claimed that he had discovered the Ark of the Covenant. Jeremiah would have hidden it in a cave close by the Damascus Gate. As proof would serve a blood sample from the mercy seat, which is the lid of the gold covered acacia wood chest, and also an awesome video with two angels. The man confidently testified that when Jesus Christ hung on the cross, an earthquake opened the rocks, so that the blood of the Saviour and Redeemer of mankind, as a high priest sacrifice, directly flowed in the Holy of Holies. "I believe the part with the earthquake, because it is written in the Gospels and even the rock-hewn tomb over there has a visible split by a tremor," Jonathan partially agreed and Elisabeth completed: "Time will unearth the truth." Disappointed, Ron, the amateur archaeologist wished goodbye.

"What do you think Jonathan, did this smiling hill at the time of I.N.R.I. - Jesus Nazarenus Rex Iudaeorum - look the same?" inquired Schätzle. "Maybe General Gordon has hit the bull's eye," Fischer pondered, "but this Ron oversteps the mark with the claim that the sword of Goliath lies beneath in a cave. Hardly understanding German, Hassan got very excited: "Of course, there are swords in the king's cave. Even Latin inscriptions can be found on the walls. Give me another 100-dollar bill and I show them." Banker Schätzle spread her female charm to lower the prize by half. She had no idea what she was in for, otherwise she would have changed her mind. As a first obstacle, a locked grid, ushering in a underground passage, had to be overcome. The Jordanian shepherd boy saw his sheep run away and his hopes dashed. Simply put, he was keen on 50 dollars. Instead of a large key he this time unwrapped a small picklock. Lo and behold, Sesame opened. Then Jonathan and Elisabeth followed him in the partially illuminated cave system. An explanatory sign at the entrance showed them that other tourists also regularly visit Solomon's Quarries. When the explorers advanced deeper, Hassan fetched a pocket lamp. "This boy is considering all things," stumbling Jonathan noticed "really exciting here, or do you hope to be delivered soon, Eli eh?" "Uh ah Mr Pharaoh, Baby let my people go...", replied the comedy crooner. Arriving at a door, Jonathan literally had a queasy feeling. Grande Lodge of Jerusalem was written on it. "Who probably lives here?" Elisabeth wondered. "To identify this location with the words of Pope Leo XIII, this is a synagogue of Satan," the pretty neighbor priest student knew. "Do you think this is the entrance to hell?" estimated Schätzle. Dear chiefess, firstly you are a woman, secondly you are inexperienced, and thirdly you are too curious," Fischer provoked. Self-assertive Elisabeth promptly pushed open the door. Inside, two annoyed pairs of eyes were dazzled with light by the battery torch. Elsewhere, the room was lit only with three candles. At the very end was an altar with a book and a skull that was soaked in blood. To be overkill, young Hassan achieved a new world record for the Guinness book in the short course electric torch race. To their liking, Jonathan and Elisabeth desired all the same to escape the haunted cavern. "You are nothing more than animals and beasts," Fischer accused Wicked-Oz and Devilkin. "If the only witness would not be a child, you could now make your last will," Wicked Oz replied, "you should be grateful to me that I'll spare you. Come, take a sip, this gives you superhuman powers." "Life is in the blood, therefore we will respectfully abstain from it," Elisabeth interfered. "Who among us will rape the whore first?" Devilkin asked, pointedly slurping the extra-wide drinking cup. Jonathan protectively put his hands around Elisabeth's shoulders: "You're complete and utter pigs." "None of your lip! My old friend, you and treacherous fellow Markus didn't really understand how things work," continued Wicked-Oz, "we will create a humane, new world with better conditions for all that are left. The globe simply sustains not as many people. We, in the civilized Western world can not help it that poorer people fool around like bunnies." "He's right," Professor Devilkin concurred, "there will be never peace without dialogue, ha ha ha."

Wicked-Oz whispered something into Devilkin's ear. Next, the two approached slowly the terrified couple. Jonathan jumped up and knocked over one after the other of the three candlesticks. Much to his chagrin, the opponents used lighters. Jonathan shouted: "I command you in the name of Jesus get lost and let us alone." "Better luck next time," the illuminated super-apostle dismissed, while the inquisitorial school dean advised, "the spirit is indeed willing, but your flesh is weak. Don't you dare to touch the virgin, you wannabe saint." The door slammed with a loud bang. A locking key and receding voices could be heard. Then pointed silence entered the place. Elisabeth cried. Jonathan recollected his blind father when he felt his way to the door. For half an hour he tried in vain to open it by force. "Get out of here! Come on Jonathan, I'm freezing to death," Schätzle begged with invisible tears in her eyes. Her former training supervisor came

back closer to the come-not-too-close-to-me-cutie and put again his arm around her shoulder: "Do you know Elisabeth, two are better off than one alone. One may be overpowered, but two shall withstand, and a threefold cord is not quickly broken." "Also, if two lie together, they warm up. How can an individual be warm?" the howling one longed for more affection. "You'll see, God will bring us out of here," said her comforter, "for the Lord even prepares a table for us in the presence of our enemies." "That would be fine. But do not talk so much, you preacher of Solomon," Elisabeth desired another devotion, "let's be more practical and let's find a more comfortable place to sleep." The only snug, warmer berth offered the wooden tabletop on the altar. In the first place, Jonathan bumped against the forgotten skull. "What are you doing?" Schätzle wanted to know. "Oh nothing, I just clear space for us," reassured the supervisor and began - faintly reminiscent of old smoochy dance times - again to cuddle. As most comfortable body pose exposed the huddled baby-womb-posture. For a time Fischer was lying in front and Schätzle cuddled on his back: "Can we turn around. You are so big and the backside freezes me," asked Schätzle. This position also offered charms. Before falling asleep, shaking with cold Jonathan recalled his Albania holiday. He saw himself sitting between the warming Helen and Reinhild and then hopping into the cool waters. Of course this night was a test of God whether he would keep himself clean. Most certainly, his dream woman was Phoebe.

In the early morning hours, both shivered from the cold. Elisabeth lamented: "Sure enough I am not a she-cat. I should have never run after a dumb tomcat. Now I'm dying for the fourth time with you." "Don't worry, help is on the way," Jonathan fatally didn't trust his own words. Again and again he dreamed of the catharsis. Repeatedly a cyclone whirled upon himself and Elymas, reminding him of his trip to the United States. "Elisabeth is there anything hidden that we should confess to God. Is there any sin, which separates us from him and prevents our liberation?" the prisoner probed. "Yes of course. But you donkey have to find it out yourself, I cannot and I will not help you," she didn't unravel her secret.

The door opened for the sitting on the table pair. Hassan had called Ali, Ali had called Ahmet, Ahmet had called Abdullah, Abdullah had called Achmadisdnehad, and Achmadisdnehad had called the Allahu-Akbar-Brigades. So the temple guardians were pleased about a rich booty in the form of swords hanging on the walls and the unique skull with its perfect teeth. Jonathan and Elizabeth assured that they had not soiled the bloodstained Quran, lying on the ground, since Devilkin and Wicked-Oz must be held accountable. Once, hotheaded Achmadisdnehad grabbed the sacred scripture of Islam and the skull in his backpack, Jonathan felt weak at the knees, because he recollected his Hellfire Valley rest outside the gates of Las Vegas.

Finally I will see Phoebe again, it crossed Jonathan's relieved mind. But first the liberating martyrs were adamant that the redeemed will go on a shopping spree in their Muslim Bazaar. After Jonathan assured that he already has a Persian rug, which he regularly uses for prayer, he was compelled instead to visit the Al-Aqsa Mosque. There he could come to know the complete submission and in addition the finest and most precious node fabrics in large numbers. "Do I get then instead of one virgin all ninety-nine?" joked Jonathan. "Better put a sock on it," Elisabeth displayed anxiety, "presumably the brothers understand more German than you think and less fun as you may suppose." Overstepping the Temple Mount, Elisabeth wanted to make a small detour to take a peek at the Dome of the Rock. Howsoever, the Islamic building was long since besieged by religious pilgrims. Jonathan hoped that this could be Jacob and his troop. On the other hand, he was not allowed to enter the "God has no son" shrine with his shoes. Bare-footed he dared to take a quick glance inside. Whom did he see? Of course, Hansel and

Elymas. They just got administered a sacred host from a magnificently robed cleric. "Elisabeth, you're not going to believe this, Devilkin and Wicked-Oz celebrate under the golden dome secretly a Holy Communion," said the German spy. Achmadisdnehad, who had heard everything seethed with rage. Like a muezzin crier screaming something on Arabic, he threw the bag with the skull to the ground and instead drew one of the swords. His indignant war comrades did the same and stormed the dome. A fierce battle with the Western security personnel inflamed which led to a riot. From then on the holy place was closed for uncircumcised Gentiles. To avoid the stone-throwing hail, Jonathan and Elisabeth used the opportunity to betake oneself. At a brisk pace, they left the embattled archaeological site, fleeing to the Christ Church Guest House.

There waited a surprise at the reception desk with five old friends. Deborah, Hanna, Miriam, and Judith just checked in. "What a coincidence! You're here, Jonathan," Andrew Taylor hugged him in amazement, "please introduce your wife to me?" "Oh, this is Elisabeth, the head of my department at work," the former China missionary was quite embarrassed, since it could have been that next Phoebe falls round his neck. Instead, his next identity crisis was on the way. His burning desire to see Phoebe disappeared in thin air. The evangelistic team conducted by Jacob Damkani had already departed through the desert to find a refuge at the Red Sea. Time will tell. At a joint breakfast the friends discussed their different daily schedules. Elisabeth absolutely refused to reserve a rental car, since she didn't like to drive with Jonathan immediately to the Shelter Hostel in Eilat. After all the exertions she wanted to rest again. Thus, she insisted to stay at least one more night in Jerusalem. Andrew Taylor had full understanding. For that reason he invited Jonathan to join his pilgrimage tour. "All right," Jonathan agreed, "then we have more time to talk about my life." "Look at Jesus and not so much on yourself," corrected brother Andrew, "better tell me what happened to David Diao and Martin Peter Anrich."

To start with, the motley bunch visited the with 200 years oldest Protestant Church in the Middle East which belonged to the hotel. The Quadruplets intoned a canon in Mandarin, causing a heavenly sound in the Anglican walls. The next target was the steeple of the Church of the Redeemer, whose viewing point offered a wide-spanning panorama of the sights of Jerusalem. This German Lutheran church led by Provost Ronecker was more friendly in the view of Jonathan than at a stone's throw Church of Holy Sepulchre, which was based on the Roman Emperor's mother Helena. Andrew Taylor wanted to make an interpretation of the "can you not watch with me one hour" prayer. Therefore they went a little further until they had arrived in the beautiful garden of Gethsemane. The old olive trees genuinely were from the time of Jesus. New, green branches shot forth that were grafted in the ancient trunks. Admonishing, brother Andrew explained Romans chapter 11 verse 17: "If some of the branches be broke off, and you, being a wild olive tree, were grafted in among them and with them share of the root and fatness of the olive tree, then boast not against the branches." Pastor Taylor regretted in this context that many Christians are arrogant, have no reverence for God, and furthermore think that God forever forgot his beloved covenant people. Then he taught about eight specific names of God from the Old Testament: Yahweh Jireh, Rapha, Roi, Nissi, Tsidkenu, M'Kaddesh, Schammah, and Shalom - God the Provider, the Healer, the Shepherd, the Banner, the Righteousness, the Holiness, the Omnipresent, and the Peace. In the passage of the Lord's prayer where "hallowed be your name" is prayed every Christian could easily dwell on 10 minutes in meditating and proclaiming these character attributes. Jonathan had already learned this principle on the occasion of his spiritual educational travel in Phoenix. Joyfully Jonathan blurted out that he practices this form of daily prayer for a long time. Meanwhile he learned how important it is to withdraw into the quiet little room and never to blaze abroad the own religious

works. "In general, it is better if people perceive us as salt and light of the earth, and we therefore have a good reputation as Christians, instead of praising ourselves," were the final words of the English sermon. Then the team moved up the steep Jewish graves slope of the Mount of Olives. Andrew Taylor pointed to the Golden Gate: "Behold the Arab cemetery and the stones used to brick in the entrance. People think they can put a stop to the Messiah and ignore that he appears at his second coming with his angels in the clouds." Arrived on the hill, a majestic panorama on the Temple Mount presented itself. The violent unrest had calmed down.

But on the other hand another free assembly caused strife. "Oh no, not again," told intimidated Fischer, "come let us disappear quickly." "What do you fear?" powerful Taylor asked, "don't you know that he who is in us (Christ) is greater than he who is in the world (Satan)?"

A TV crew recorded a German-speaking religious service under the command of Wicked-Oz. Many of the audience came from Stuttgart, in any event, Jonathan had seen quite a few faces in the Musical Hall. Elymas aligned the audience to make a covenant with God by promising to donate at least \$ 1,000 or more to him. Citing some passages, he explained why the Lord will open the floodgates of heaven, so that the mammon must flow back a hundredfold. The giver would then not only be blessed financially, but also be spared from diseases and accidents. Sitting in the first row, Hansel Devilkin arose to a huge stone altar with four horns. Elymas Wicked-Oz explained why thousands of prayer requests were piled up in front, which had been sent from prosperity spirit parishioners to him and Devilkin. In the future it would be even more important that every wish and every concern were brought - combined with a gift - to the executive and his deputy. Because of their better connection to God, they could stand more effectively in intercession before God. Underpinning this, both laid their hands on the tied together with cords pile of mail, lifted up their heads to the sky, and prayed a statement of faith. Andrew Taylor, standing in the back row, enquired whether the letters with the stamp of the Jerusalem Post were sent all over the world. Anyway, the question was unnecessary, since the recipients Wicked-Oz and Devilkin never intended to read the petitions. Instead, the patient paper ended right away through their lighters in a smoke offering. To spoil the party, kill-joy Jonathan began to call: "You want to be a modern, charismatic Christian assembly, but you use the same middle age methods, such as selling of indulgences and veneration of saints. In God there is no respect of persons. Through the blood of the Saviour we can always come to him. Don't you know that the eternal high priest Jesus, through his unique sacrifice, is the only mediator between the Heavenly Father and men?" This unusual invocation of the saints was more effective. Some conscientious sceptics rebelled, uprose, and congratulated well-known Fischer. "Anyone who follows this minister of propaganda and hypocritical demagogue commits the sin against the Holy Ghost and will be excommunicated," Hansel Devilkin proclaimed, "everyone who gives me the name of an apostate rises a level higher in the prosperity spirit hierarchy." The prophetic quadruplets who understood no German and little English communicated their negative impressions to Taylor in Mandarin. Showcasing his far Eastern language skills, the friendly smiling snake Elymas joined the attractive women and fabricated the worst concoction of lies about Jonathan. To be of no avail, he verbally assaulted Fischer: "Yesterday was just a taste. Tonight, real horror will befall you. Each and every angel that is available to me will be released on you." "Darkness and light have nothing in common. Jesus Christ has defeated the devil on the cross, he stripped him and has disarmed all his powers and authorities in a public procession. You will understand that sooner or later, because every mouth will confess that Jesus Christ is Lord and every knee will bow before him," Jonathan felt how well it works to use the word of God as a sharp two-edged sword. Sanctimonious chief shepherd Elymas certainly

could not bear the quotes and fled back to Devilkin.

As next getaway destination Andrew Taylor chose the Zion mountain. Once more striding the Kidron Valley he declared: "Have you know, that Jesus had virtually nothing except his precious garment? The Upper Room for the Last Supper was let free of charge, the ass's colt was borrowed, the anointing oil was bestowed, and even his grave belonged to another." More wearying banker Fischer flashed through his mind: "Check! Jesus even had no purse oneself, for Judas had charge of the money, Peter paid the temple tax with the coin out of the fish's mouth, and the tax coin to pay Caesar was brought and shown to him by his pretenders." The group of six visited the traditional Upper Room on the high plateau which is called the City of David. The place of the Last Supper is regarded by scholars also as the starting point of Pentecost. It is speculated that the sect of the Essenes, a predecessor order of monks, provided the prayer room, where the outpouring of the Holy Spirit took place. "These walls have been erected later. In many holy locations were monuments built later to remind believers of places and events. People like relics inventing Helena, or Christ monogram annexing Constantine, or the Holy Grail seeking crusaders, preferred to worship idolised objects instead of the invisible creator, who gave them through Moses the second commandment not to do it," lecturer Andrew led the group down to the Orthodox Jews, who still guarded David's tomb, and continued to whisper, "even in the Pentecostal sermon Peter mentioned, that the grave of David was present among them up to that day. But even if his bones come back to life, I think it is wiser to let the dead bury the dead." This wisdom made Jonathan wonder. Now the alarmed spelunker preferred to relax in the hotel, instead of visiting a from king Hezekiah rock-hewn tunnel under the Temple Mount. Hence he recommended: "Take care that not another uprising breaks out, or that you will be incarcerated, or that the oil ceases in your lamps."

At dinner, the five men and two women were sitting together in harmony. Waiter Philip served barley bread in baskets, whereby brother Andrew had to wait a little for his beloved Peter's fish. When all had eaten their fill, Andrew and the prophetesses hurried in the Jerusalem Convention Center. "Whereto? You have left plenty," asked Elisabeth. "We have been selected from 5000 competitors and have to scoot, otherwise we come too late to the game of 12," they spoke and were no longer seen. "Jonathan, they should give us more details. Do you know what game they play?" the curious wanted to know. "I have no idea, I swore off gambling and tournament chess. Do you come with me to the AVIS car rental in the King David Street? Then we can make a detour to Givat Ram," the cosy dining adventurer had anyway no desire for frantic chases.

Learned by experience, Jonathan rented this time a Mitsubishi Pajero Off Roader. Showing his skill, he reversed in a single maneuver in a free parking space in front of the International Convention Center in Givat Ram: "See? Men are better in driving a car." "Say no more! You crash chauffeur know exactly that women make less accidents," acknowledged Schätzle and continued, "Jonathan, an odd thought struck me, what do we do if Devilkin and Wicked-Oz are in the hall?" This put the fear of God into Fischer: "You might have also the gift of prophecy. Wicked-Oz doomed me for this night." Perfectly matching the motto of the from the ICEJ - International Christian Embassy Jerusalem organised event was: 'Biblical prophecy, the way without fear into the coming millennium.'

Anyway, the meeting place was fully occupied. So the ushers at the entrance could grant no entry. "That is really too bad. Then we have to ask Taylor and the Chinese women later in the hotel how it was," Jonathan showed disappointment. Elisabeth added: "Such a fate, that's not the way it should be." "Hey, wait a minute. You two sweeties, can you help me?" one of the organizers, an overweight, white South African, licking an ice

cream, approached the cloakroom, "I need twelve wobbly chairs from back here. Come and reach out." In a breath, the carrier-slaves were temporarily off-stage. Humorous, binge-eating Ed asked Elisabeth as he panted: "Are you married?" "No," replied Schätzle. "Why not?" "I don't know." "Didn't he pop the question?" "No" "Won't you marry her, man oh man?" "Might as well. Probably I run after another," Fischer participated in the get paired off game, taking a seat. "OK then. Take good care," leading through the program Ed Hagee became more serious, "as soon as the song is over and the dancers with their flags leave the stage, you put up the chairs in the middle of the platform. Just like in the child's play musical chairs." No sooner said than done! Jonathan's journey to Jerusalem got more excited. The game of twelve could start after an introductory explanation by pastor Hagee. The first who lost his place after the fade-out of music - how could it be otherwise - was poor Devilkin, clearly irritated through the appearance of assistant Schätzle. In a process before, all of the twelve partaking prophets were selected by the Christian Embassy to inform a broad public about their dreams and visions. Hansel Devilkin augured: "The spirit of humanism showed me how the coming millennium will bring an unprecedented peace among the nations. Peoples and rival tribes will come to an agreement. Wars are stopped and diseases will be defeated successfully. Prosperity will be introduced for all. This is possible by the fact that all men and religions are united under a messianic leader in the Global Democratic Republic. Every fellow traveller who submits and does not talk negatively will share in the future blessings. On the contrary, intolerant narrow minded enemies of the order must be eradicated."

"A likely fairy story," was the ridicule of the next withdrawing chair dancer Horst Schaftseweg, who long since had abandoned the hope of a better world on earth. Spreading a bad mood, he shouted wildly gesticulating: "Thus saith the Lord: The judgment of God will break out over all selfish, dominant leaders. Woe to the shepherds that destroy and kill the sheep of my pasture. You have scattered my flock, and driven them away, and have not visited them. Behold, I will visit upon you the evil of your doings. Woe to the shepherds who feed themselves. You enjoy the milk, meat and bones hang between your teeth, but you don't take care of the flock. You have not strengthened the weak, healed the sick, bound up the injured, brought back the strays, and not searched for the lost. But you have ruled them harshly and brutally. I will put an end to you and I will rescue my sheep from your mouth so that they are no longer food for you."

The command to Joel's last battle devised the Maltese crash pilot Rick Knight in the following way: "I received a call of God on my cellphone. He communicated that a new revolutionary generation of maximum one-third false predictions giving prophets is arising. The humblest ones will have more knowledge and authority as Paul, whose familiar spirit appeared to me in a heavenly vision. Those super apostles will serve in front of millions on television to direct the new folk of fire people as locusts who will occupy the whole globe. A better, self-denying army of humility will save the world on horseback. Signs and wonders will happen in abundance so that the heathen will convert willingly."

'The Power' Taylor targeted God's purpose more precise and first hit the bullseye: "I heard a voice from heaven, saying, blessed are the dead in the Lord who died, who are dying, and who will be dying. They will find rest from their labours and tribulation, for their good works will follow them. Do not be grieved if you are innocently thrown into jail or if they will kill you for my sake and out of hatred. If they have persecuted me, they will also persecute you. Endure to the end. If someone goes into captivity, he will be let into captivity. He who will be killed by the sword must be killed with the sword."

There will be only a short time until the blood of those will be avenged, who were slaughtered because of the Word of God and the testimony of Jesus."

Next, each of the four Chinese women had to say goodbye to the tournament. They were simultaneously translated from the supporter of persecuted Christians, brother Andrew.

Deborah said: "In my dream I was flying over a black country of slaves which was located at a big river. The rulers created their own gods in the form of bulls and lion-cats, whereby the sky further darkened. Then a gigantic, rising to heaven, thirteen-stepped grave was masoned. Inside was adored one's own huge coffin with the ruling spirits sun, moon, and stars. All stormy clouds gathered so that fire fell from heaven and devoured everything."

Hanna spoke: "In my vision I saw a big city surrounded by thick walls. Rich merchants from all over the world came for business. The more riches were heaped up through trading, the more grew a ziggurat which was inhabited by a fornicating queen of heaven. Rising to the clouds, the tower began to totter and to tumble down. Still, more and more coins were transferred through the gates of the city, so that anew a collapsing commercial building was built which destroyed the whole town."

Miriam discoursed: "Meditating, I saw a mounting marble temple with four pillars. The pillars bore the name philosophy, science, history, and literature. Naked statues were transported over a bridge, which showed the beauty of man. The stone figures multiplied constantly. Life was animated by making them to gods and by competing each other at a match place. When the spectators reverently fall on their knees and began to cheer with excitement, everything crumbled into dust."

Judith quethed: "I dreamed of a re-erected building which was entirely inhabited by demons. The appearance of the rooms was similar to a pyramid, to a ziggurat, and to a columned temple. On a red shield at the entrance gate was written in Latin World Court. Declaring oneself as God, a blind female judge with laurel wreath and sword held two iron bowls in her hands on which law-organization-art-culture-bread-and-games balanced each other. In the course of time, the whole clay fabric coincided."

In the thrilling finale of the four remaining men, it first put James ungently on the pants: "I saw a church that was dominated by a nasty witch. Some protesting visitors realized this, so they were rudely swept out with a broom. Everyone else turned more and more into the image of the swayer. They got pimples on the face, an aquiline nose, and they wickedly tormented others. When the church bells rang again, all suddenly realized that they were stark naked. In their shame they toppled the exposed witch from her throne, so that they regained clothes."

John had this revelation: "I also looked at a religious meeting. A large crush of people fell down outdoors in front of a huge stone, which was fascinating to look at. The body glared in the light of the moon like gold, but in reality it was an ugly, hairy, blood-stained monster that devoured one after the other. This became obvious as a bright shining morningstar rose over the demon worshippers at the horizon. Disgusted, the upper hand winning believers overthrew the monstrosity from the base and divided it into a thousand pieces."

Simon grasped this upcoming vision: "I met a sorcerer who was wrapped in a luminous star dress in the Congress Centre. I asked him what he is effectuating with the rotating globe in his hand. The black glasses wearing white druid explained that he is bewitching the hypnotized onlookers, so that they follow after the goat will and the law of the strongest. He aimed to manipulate the human race so that the enslaved terrestrials worship him and the spiritual world of the stars. Revealing his craving, the foll was

stripped of his sky coat, was chained, and was imprisoned."

Now Elymas Wicked Oz appeared on the scene and prophesied about the coming millennium: "When I stopped in front of Solomon's Western Wall, I went into an ecstasy. The spirit lifted me up into the throne room of God. With great astonishment I found out that the judgment seat of the great architect of the universe is empty, for he comes to us on earth in the new millennium. So I stretched out my wings as a phoenix to raise myself above heaven. Instead of the sun I met Venus and the Eastern Star. They lifted me up in a higher universe called Atlantis. There the new prosperity age began which will unite heaven and earth, man and woman, positive and negative."

Many of the spectators hoped thereby to have won the jackpot in the state lottery. With raging applause, they confirmed the recent profit forecast. Organizer Ed Hagee looked questioningly at his teammate Andrew Taylor: "Oh dear, wasn't that the pattern from Isaiah 14?" "Bingo, paired with Ezekiel 28," knew the missionary coming from the Far East. "May I ask some critical questions to Mr Wicked-Oz?" requested Jonathan, who got support from brother Andrew. "Here, please take my wireless microphone," Hagee endorsed him.

Jonathan Fischer took the center stage. Confident of victory, Elymas Wicked-Oz remained, sitting on the last chair. Jonathan sensed that now his or Elymas' hour had come. Without knowing exactly what he wanted to ask, he lifted his voice: "Mr Wicked-Oz, we became friends time ago, and as some in the audience can testify, I was one of the first who explained to you the living faith in Jesus Christ, the son of God who came in the flesh. Now, I'd be interested in knowing, who are your current role models and who do you consider as the most important prophet?" "As you can look up in my writings outside at the book table, I strongly represent the teachings of the highly-valued Christian pastor from New York, Norman Vincent Peale. In this context, I just recommend you, my friend, to think positively and not in turn, to point with the finger at your brothers, in speaking negatively. The most powerful healer and Jesus-prophet of the 20th century was the general of God, William Branham, whose angels and miraculous powers were transferred to me. Therefore, I amicably warn you not to tangle with higher graded persons. The most admirable soothsaying writer and philosopher comes from the 19th century. For there is no one greater in my view than Albert Pike. Sepulchered in Washington DC, the teacher of morals and dogma is still worshipped to this day. Whoever talks bad about this highly respected man doesn't exist as far as I'm concerned." "Thank you for this honest answer. After it became publicly known from a self written letter that Mr Peale was a high level freemason in the 33rd degree, once William Branham was buried under a pyramid sepulchral stone, and particularly since Albert Pike wrote that Lucifer is God and that the masonic religion should be maintained in the purity of the Luciferian doctrine, I would like to know now: Are you a leading member in a secret society? Do you believe in the power of the morningstar? Are you secretly worshipping the devil?" Jonathan launched a successful attack. "There we have it! Instead of listening to my warnings, this uneducated bumpkin takes another potshot at me. Who gives you the assignment and the authority to do this repeatedly? I certainly do not need to respond to his outrageous lies and misrepresentations. Please excuse me, ladies and gentlemen," Elymas revolted. At a slapping pace he tried to leave the podium through the stage door. "The Lord will smite you with blindness for a time," Jonathan spontaneously called out. The four Chinese prophetesses suddenly seized the helpless straying invalid on his hands and feet. Ongoing, they dragged him back down to the platform and bottled him prone up. "Betrayal, I can see nothing, Devilkin help me," screamed the irritated bound one. Jonathan had fun to pull down foaming Wicked-Oz's pants from behind. Repeating the same game with the briefs, he deigned a look on the

bare backside cheeks. Great laughter broke out. The tattoo of the owl of Minerva surfaced.

All of a sudden, Hassan and Abdullah treated the boards. Unexpectedly they brought back the skull. They claimed that the restless spirit of a Katharina would have repeatedly spoken out of the head. Again and again they listened to a voice who told that Elymas Wicked-Oz would have drowned Miss Hutter. By way of proof, a piece of his skin would be between her incisors. Observing everything from the background, Elisabeth impeached: "This Devilkin is also guilty. I watched narrowly how he drank blood from the skull." Hansel was not amused at all and defended himself: "In the sinister underworld I thought the skull was made out of plastic, since this is common-place in our ceremonies. As a good Catholic, I also thought the blood would be wine. I have no truck with the witch-burning in the furnace of California. At this time and no other, I was a guest in the Congregation of the Doctrine of Faith in Rome, meeting William Joseph Levada, who was born in Long Beach." Based on dentition, the remains of Katharina Hutter could be identified beyond doubt. More buzz generated elsewhere in the world and in the Belgian royal family a French-speaking Dutroux video, that was abducted from the castle by an abused eight-year old child. On the film document with 27 dead witnesses, the devilish action of death from drowning and burning of the Hutterites unequivocally was visible at the West Coast, which often was hit by forest fires. After becoming aware of this evidence, Elymas in custody tried to kill oneself with poison, using his black-gold ring. Blessing in disguise was that hailed white angels immediately pumped the stomach. Because of numerous other crimes Israel transferred him to the United States, where he must still stay for a thousand years in a right stately, constitutional prison camp. The scandal of the skull created a stir up to the New World. Numerous black magic, white camouflaged columned halls, where secret meetings were held, were searched and other ritual sacrifice skeletons seized. For simplicity, these homicides were also blamed on the unique tortfeasor and main responsible person, the highest of all wizards and warlocks, Elymas Wicked-Oz.

After a hearty breakfast, the Germans bid farewell to the Chinese mission delegation. Leaving the religious struggles behind, Jonathan and Elisabeth were glad to depart from the city of peace with their rental car. "Jonathan, I think over there we must turn right. We could go to Qumran, Masada and Ein Gedi. These important places are located right on the road to Eilat," Elisabeth suggested. "After 1000 descending metres I prefer to drive straight left. Because in the valley we can wade through the Jordan, where I can baptise you as John did, or we immerse in the ancient ruins of the Essene. Elsewhere we can find a mikveh made for the ritual purification, i.e. in a zealots fortress after your cycle. If you're not pleased with that, we bathe in the sea salt, mud, or at a beautiful waterfall, right dear Schätzle," teased the incomprehension attracting crush boy. Instead, the team came across the gates of Jericho, the oldest city in the world. "Guess what Jonathan, this freshwater oasis is called the green city of palm trees," Elisabeth noted, "according to the guide book it is famous for its hot climate." "Jericho is known to me through the heavy curse of Joshua, but look at this modern Sodom and Gomorrah," Jonathan was indignant and continued, "over there is a bawdy house behind the Austrian Oasis Casino, all forbidden in Islam. The open rubbish at the refugee camps there on the street would Vera Diao also ban. Don't they have development aid volunteers?" On the other hand and side they had a Saudi Arabian petrol station. Jonathan funnelled the car with fuel and Elisabeth with a completely clever map. "Look at that, Israel lacks. Everything is Palestine," he noted. "The foul name was invented from the Roman emperor Hadrian to annoy the Jews with their extinct enemies, the Philistines. Palestinian people never existed before as a nation. Now the goody-goody founder is a former Egyptian scarf terrorist who is revered everywhere as on the big picture there

above," Elisabeth thought to have noticed in her history lessons. The benevolent pump attendant suddenly looked daggers at them and drew a knife. Straight off the holidaymakers took flight to the south. "Dear Elisabeth, for sure you know from the word of God that our own words will judge us. You yourself have asserted that the brothers understand more German and less fun than we think. Now a whole pack of PLO militants are on our tail." Shots banged from behind out of the first of three chasing 'star in the circle' limousines, which even were constructed in Jonathan's home town. "Now I'll die with you again and there is no end in sight. But this time I shoulder the blame myself," Elisabeth admitted. Jonathan accelerated and turned the SUV into a desert path. Not really murder greedy, the pursuers were appeased and disappeared in the direction of Transjordan. Foreign currency converting tourists actually don't have to worry too much about their health in the "land for peace" sweep of country which is hallmarked by intifada and armed resistance.

Ultimately I will see my Phoebe again, Jonathan flirted clandestinely in his mind. "I'm dying with hunger. Over there are big hotels. Let's make a break at Ein Bokek to have lunch," Elisabeth desired. At the deepest point of the earth impatient Fischer parked the Japanese tin on the scorching layby of the Hotel Hod. Jonathan cooled down in the air-conditioned restaurant, taking place at a large table. He thought, "sure enough, the fruit of the spirit is patience and with God are 1000 years like a day, but especially fast-food restaurants and open buffets are more advantageous." Anyhow, who was there at the salad bar to take out of each bowl something of the rich offer of nature? The journalist who brings what others leave. Ludwig Schneider had filled the plates for himself and his wife Barbara. "If I had known what frightening experiences Israel offers I might have rather wandered 40 years in the safe desert like Moses and would have not obeyed your call from Stuttgart," Jonathan tried to start a conversation. "Be courageous and strong and fear not on all 365 and a quarter days of the annus, brother. Fine that you meditate about the book of the law and that you have visited my discourse about the cup of trembling for all nations," diagnosed Ludwig Schneider who sat down, nipped at a glass of Eden mineral water, and as usual invited for a cup of coffee in his office. Elisabeth Schätzle found in Barbara Schneider, who organized courses of treatment at the Dead Sea, a competent partner and inquired about the various possibilities of recreation. At the end of the meal she demanded: "Jonathan I stay here until evening. You have promised that we bathe together." Teeth-gnashingly Fischer had to agree and bitterly regretted his hijinks. The best man had read that a man is only worth as much as his word. Suntanned Schätzle amorously loved it to change her pale companion with moor mud in a blackamoor for a funny shot. In return, Jonathan wanted to get an additional picture of himself, as he lies in the unsinkable Dead Sea and reads the Israel today news article about the sunken false prophet Elymas. Woefully a splash of the very salty, mineral-rich water inflamed his left visual organ, so that he was desperate to get the speck out of his eye and wished for the healing salve from Laodicea.

Jonathan's good mood returned at nightfall when he reached Eilat and headed on the road to the Shelter Hostel. In the hostel Fischer hoped to finally see Leontopoulou. First, there was a joyful reunion in the parking lot with another friend and his six-member family. "Man! Jonathan, to meet you again after such a long time is a real surprise. Won't you introduce to me your better half?" his old friend and schoolmate Walter Stein questioned. "I'd love to! This is my beloved department chief at work, Elisabeth Schätzle who follows me to the end of the world. Not to get you in wrong thinking, we are not engaged or married," Jonathan stressed. "My true happiness and pure joy is my family which Abba - our loving Father - has given me. This is my Swedish wife and queen Silvia with our good children Agnetha, Björn, Benny, and Anni-Frid. "To have a harmonious marriage is much more important than to have success in business," relativised Einstein,

the physics genius. "Come off it! Tell me, why did you come here?" Jonathan wanted to know. "We just came back from the waterfront, where we have distributed Gospel brochures with Jakob Damkani and the international team. Because of the children we have returned sooner," reported Walter, the cavalier who relieved Elisabeth from her suitcase to carry it to the reception. There the long-distance travellers learned that the rooms of the Christian guesthouse were fully booked. Only a place at the terrace was free to sleep on ground pads. "Jonathan then we doze down together outside on the floor, as in the good old times, using sleeping bags," gentleman Stein planned, "then Elisabeth can take inside my bed." Of course, Schätzle had no objections. Readily she befriended with the Stockholm foreign languages correspondent Silvia, who massaged her tense back in the lobby and wanted to be informed about the treatment methods of the Dead Sea spa hotel.

Moving Fischer and resting Einstein were talking relatively much, until the first rays of light appeared in the morning hours, so that space and time were immaterial. A temporary interruption of their conversations caused the return of the international group with Phoebe and Christoph at the top, who had formed a leaflet issuing team of two. In addition, Jonathan rejoiced to get acquainted with the sympathetic Jacob Damkani, who was accompanied by an old known pastor friend. Ulf Gouderner had invited Jacob to preach in his Swedish brethren fellowship. Thus, the Christ-alliance of family Stein and other church members travelled to the summer campaign in Israel. "What a coincidence in a small world," Jonathan remarked. "When I look at your life, dear friend, then I think not so much of coincidences" stated Gouderner and Einstein added, "you know, Jonathan, we feel that it is time to publish your life story free of charge on the Internet. Do you agree?" "Sure thing! Ulf has already attained the rights of my story with the help of your informations. But first he has to repeat the promised question-response trick with my future wife," expected the single, yearning for his wedding. "This is not so difficult. Inspecting the many pretty women here, I soon find out your future and secretly interview her," Ulf felt certain.

Jonathan yawned loudly and long in the morning, as he was tickled awake on his nose from Björn and Benny with a feather.

After a modest breakfast a local guide joined the tour party. Aviel Schneider explained all important details of the dangerous desert hike. The 30-strong group travelled by coach to a hill in the west of Eilat from where the ramble into one of the barren canyons started. Jonathan listened carefully to the remarks about the incorruptible acacia tree which was used for the making of the Ark of the Covenant. The roots of the observed specimen must have taken deep into the soil. Due to the drought environment the wood was predestined to be preserved thousands of years. Creepy emotions arose in one of the cool caves which was filled with animal bones. Perhaps faithful David was hiding inside from mad king Saul, anyway nowadays one or the other sleeping beast visibly left its dung inside. More pleasant was the launch break with a special prepared food. Jonathan and the other desert camp participants baked flat bread in a bonfire. A pause of reflection followed the meal. Aviel illustrated that Horeb, the mountain of God, could be located in the surrounding area. Those who wanted were allowed to climb for a time on one of the hills to listen in the silence to the voice of God. Jacob warned not too far and not out of sight from the camp, because the Sinai Peninsula with the Egyptian border was in the immediate vicinity. Endurance runner Jonathan chose the highest peak, to impress Phoebe, Christoph and Elisabeth, who couldn't stand his pace. Once at the top, a breathtaking panorama of the desert landscape opened up. Jonathan recollected the place in the Bible where Moses got shown the promised land. Then he was mindful of the night event in Phoenix, where he briefly saw his future wife in the

spirit.

What was that? Instead of the voice of God Jonathan could hear the weeping and sobbing of a lady. Was it Phoebe or Elisabeth? Only too willingly Jonathan would have liked to put his protective arms around the heartrending female creature. Regrettably, he could see no one and nothing. The wail came unfortunately from the other side of the rubble wall. Should he jump over Jacob's restraint? Ah shucks! You have to trust God more than men, the disobedient thought, immediately regretting his decision. In a false posture he abandoned his viewpoint, sliding down the slope on his bum about a hundred metres. At least he could use his feet as a brake. But as usual, his hip again began to ache. "Flip! What should I do now?" wondered the solo hiker. In some distance an army jeep with a border patrol approached. First he wanted to attract attention, but then he wondered how the Egyptians would treat him. He even had not his temporary passport with him. Thus, he preferred to hide behind a big rock. In such situations you learn to talk with God. In this way Jonathan found peace for the soul. Inexplicably he got the supernatural assurance to meet again and marry the sobbing woman. Yes baby, and we will have three kids as Bryan Tate boldly claimed in Hellfire Valley. But first he went through hell, as if burning in hell, because of the breeding heat. He couldn't climb back to the hill top since he was handicapped in walking and also the loose stones made it very difficult. The only remaining alternative was the far easier descent into the valley. Jonathan managed to travel five kilometres to nowhere. My foot! To wander in the dessert is truly not more safe. He deeply repented that he did not surrender into Egyptian captivity. Better to be a slave than to have no water. How was again the story of Hagar and Ishmael? Are you the God who is looking after me? Unfortunately I am not a camel and not a wild ass. Jonathan raised his voice, "help, I dry off."

Using the last of his strength the hero did bend forward a bend on his path. Oh, how he panted for Mey Eden Water when in a Fata Morgana grazing sheep, bleating goats and single-humped dromedaries emerged. Wow, super, such a life with God is exciting and rich in variety. He had reached a small Bedouin settlement. Enjoying the hospitality of the nomadic people he drank a Morocco mint tea, inhaled at an oriental shisha, and he tasted sweet dates. The rescuers didn't understand him, and he couldn't interpret their dialect. Still, the international language of love is cross-frontier clearly understandable. A doss in the shadow of the tents offered the opportunity to recover and to forget the pinch at his side. The next day Jonathan woke up from the rotating helicopter blades and the loud booming engine. His Jewish friends had done everything to find him, and to save from dying of thirst. Aviel Schneider, who first discovered the Jonathan dessert camp, had organised a German shepherd to successfully track the lost one by his Schiesser underwear from the luggage. The Tshal army (Israel Defense Forces IDF) also participated in the salvage operation. To give Jonathan a piggyback ride, he was pulled up on a winch to marvel at the carefully targeted landing in the Eilat airport. The whole maneuver reminded him of the world champion in accuracy jumps, Klaus Renz, a former classmate who offered his friends tandem skydiving. Only that this time the billing for the low-level flight pleasure was much higher.

After a thorough medical examination from an army doctor, the German patient was allowed to return to his civilised thousand stars hotel. The team around Jacob Damkani had started a special time of prayer and fasting for Jonathan after the recommendation of Ulf Gouderner. But where was now his mothering and nursing Phoebe? From experience her new friend Elisabeth had assured that Jonathan has seven or nine lives like a cat. Therefore she went ahead together with Phoebe and Christoph to the scheduled snorkelling in the Red Sea. The 1200-meter-long coral reef with the emerald green and deep blue water offered the most beautiful biodiversity of yellow and Red

shimmering tropical fish one can imagine. Reaching the sandy beach, Jonathan received the breathtaking bikini view of Phoebe. Eventually and long hoped for, she fell round his neck and kissed his blushed cheeks. "Beloved, I hope you're not sore. As veritable epicures we already relished our faces in the sun. This is simply my life philosophy," was the excusing greeting of the black locked replica of Venus. "Hey, you hero, tell us what happened exactly," Christoph was curious, spreading out in the middle. The other attractive deckchair model Elisabeth adjudged: "At least you didn't scare the heck out of me this time with your sleep by adventures." While Leontopoulou put on some lotion on Fischer's spinal, the connoisseur told about his escapades and asked at the end: "Tell me Phoebe, did you wail on the prayer mountain when I got lost?" "You have no idea how much I was worried. We looked everywhere for you, until it was getting dark and we had to go home." That activated the greatest satisfaction in Jonathan. Particularly in view of the fact that the suspected rival Ziegler began to court with Schätzle in teaching her how to crawl. From this moment, the two flirtatious couples were inseparable.

Before dinner, Jonathan received a stern rebuke from Jacob Damkani in a well-meant public address. A disciple of Jesus would always do what his Lord says and bows to discipline as a good soldier. He stressed that all participants were in a battle and not in the honeymoon. Such being the case he would appreciate when the singles are not wandering around in holding hands. Hereafter, Ulf Gouderner supplied his soft sleeping place for maltreated Jonathan, laid his oiled fingers gently on his injured loin, and prayed for him: "Heavenly Father, I ask you to heal Jonathan's hip through the power of the Holy Spirit so that he can carry out his assignment. Also I command in the name of Jesus, that he is reasonable and in all and everything seeks the Kingdom of God first." Jonathan thanked: "Praise the Lord, this diabolical pain is blown away. I promise you that I save up philandering until the end of the trip." "That's a good thing. I have the impression that you can only know your wife on the return journey in the plane," Gouderner sensed. This prophecy perfectly matched to the flight attendant Phoebe, the peacefully falling asleep heart-breaker hoped.

The following day, the teammates of 'Trumpet of Salvation to Israel' travelled back to the mission headquarters in Jaffa. At the breakfast Jonathan announced to give back his rental car in Jerusalem. That is why the medical patient wanted to repeat his mud-slinging tour at Ein Bokek with the be taken with attractive Phoebe, and beyond that, to crest the peak of the fortress of zealots in Masada with the gondola. That was the final straw. A bitter quarrel about moral standards arose with the attentive, stick-in-the-mud Ulf. Standing up, good Jacob restored peace in returning the car himself at the Shalom Plaza in Eilat. Thus, the United Nations group could drive back with the coach across Beersheba. Jonathan sat next to the somehow disgruntled Phoebe who had expected more assertiveness of her future. On the other hand a long discussion with Walter Stein started about the experiences in the physics intensified course. Einstein held lectures on his new speciality electrostatics and magnetostatics. When he realized that this was much too boring for the negatively charged Phoebe, he picked her brains in involving her positively in the conversation about old school grades and former teachers. "Now I get it. I know the trick. Pumuckel Einstein will not fox me again," Jonathan interrupted. "What do you mean?" Phoebe wondered and got from Walter the answer: "We won't reveal everything now because it will be a special surprise at Jonathan's wedding."

On the back seat of the bus, was held a similar session of a "You bet!" answer game directed by Ulf and his secretary Angela Berit. Elisabeth and Christoph, who clamped a questionnaire about their childhood in the hands, were rolling in the aisles.

Leaving another military exercise of the Israeli fire forces behind in the Negev desert, a stop-over was made at its northern edge. At an equal elevation as Jerusalem from about

800 meters, Mitzpe Ramon offered an awesome view on the natural spectacle of the eponymous erosion crater, which Jonathan reminded of the Grand Canyon. Thinking of his outdoor adventures with Brian and Sharon Tate, the tourist asked himself if the Canaan ranch of Abraham and Sarah look the same. A piece of heaven on earth also desired Israel's Zionist founding father David Ben-Gurion. He found his final resting place in the neighbouring Kibbutz Sde Boker, where he also spent his sunset years in the promised land. The next sedate rest promised the peace yearning town of Sderot. Jonathan hardly believed his eyes when he bought a pretzel at the boulevard and thereby met the Sillenbuch master confectioner Iris Veit. The god-fearing volunteer taught her Israeli colleagues and provided on the Gaza Strip, where many people are worried about their lives, rocket high turnovers.

Driving north, along the Mediterranean Sea, the vehicle reached the place of destination, one of the oldest ports of the world. Erstwhile inhabited by Canaanites and then conquered by Egyptians, Jaffa is mentioned several times in the old scriptures. The place served for Solomon in shipping the Cedars from the Lebanon, for Jonah to flee to Tarshish, and for Peter as a starting point in his mission to the Gentiles.

In the centre of Jaffa at the single-family house was a reunion with busy German Elisabeth (Elisheva) who had already prepared the dinner. Most of the collective composed of Germans, Austrians, Swiss, Swedes and Scots spent the night outdoors. The large roofed veranda offered an encampment of mattresses with additional sanitary facilities for women. Jonathan and Christoph sought shelter on the ground. On safety grounds they attached their mosquito nets at the above table tops. Thereupon sleeping Schätzle got this time a softer rubber base on her table altar and with Phoebe another chaperone as neighbour.

As soon as day broke, the location was converted for breakfast. Each participant lent a helping hand. After washing dishes the German and English speaking musical society practised Modern Hebrew songs which were harmoniously accompanied on the guitar by Elisheva. Jacob preached in English about the fruits of the spirit. Love, joy, peace, patience, kindness, goodness, faithfulness, gentleness, and self-control would be characteristics against which no judge in the world can bring in a verdict. Being translated by the blond, pretty, second Elisabeth the street evangelist motivated in broken German: "The Lord shall give you much love and power in the Holy Spirit." Again, teams of two were formed with plenty literature in their bags. After an half-hour walk they arrived in Tel Aviv. At a flight of stairs the European Community sang a partly practised penitential psalm. Jacob Damkani explained in Ivrit in front of a gathered crowd that his friends from different nations had come to Israel because they love the Jews and they want to bless them. Thereupon Jonathan and Phoebe started to distribute for free his autobiography "Lama davka ani?" - "Why Me?" to the bystanders. An ultra-orthodox self-appointed God-warrior freaked out in beating Jonathan round the head with the hated reading. Thus, Jonathan brought back memories of his trip to Albania. He understood thoroughly that this time the nun Hanna couldn't assist him as a family help. But maybe the abstinent Catholic nun rejoiced now in whooping him on the golden streets in heaven. However, when even the books regifting Stein-children were ruthlessly attacked from the hailed by mobile phone Yad Le'Achim religious goon squad all crooners of the Eurovision Song Contest had to take to one's heels. Fischer took Leontopoulou by the hand, fleeing on the convergent Roman cobble stones from the Iranian-oppositional, raging out bodyguards. Just like later his surnamesake Joschhka, the street fighter, marathon runner, and honorary doctor who tried to bring peace to the Middle East in his Mohammed Yasser Abdel Rahman Abdel Raouf Council on Foreign Relations. "With you I can run from Tel Aviv to Haifa. For a model you have an extremely good physical

condition Phoebe. Where does this come from?" asked the Jogger who admired his training partner. "Three guesses, you uncertificated Foreign Minister Fischer must yet know which nation invented the Olympic Games," teased him the Greek little hump nose, "but seriously, with you in tow I'm gaining more strength than in my revolutionary Frankfurt gym." Both had defected successfully in hiding at the Carmel Market. Narrowly embraced they strolled through the pedestrian area. Jonathan was reminded of a promise: "Phoebe, if it is up to me I would wed you on the spot. But I promised pastor Ulf to wait until the end of the leisure time before coming in close contact with my dream girl." "First, I am not an easy lay like other women, and secondly this Swedish moral guardian spoils my good mood, and thirdly he will never marry me or to you," the separating one got annoyed. Having arrived at a crowded textiles booth, the dream couple made a purchase out of frustration. Phoebe afforded pleasure with a tight-fitting white Levis jeans and Jonathan bought a snappy green Lacoste polo shirt. The neat seller asserted approvingly that his bargain are only original goods, whilst the first hand wash brought a bleached result to the light. "This is it! We simply try at a classy business zone whether we powersellers are able to launch more free shipping books there, right Jonathan," achieving an initial marketing success, Fischer was prompted from the Amazon.come! The first lonely fish floundered in the net. Affected straight into his heart, a Russian-born Jewish man promised not only to read the pocketbook, but also invited the tourists in an art of living bar for an aperitif. Inside, Jonathan had to look at the black side, and Phoebe got homesick, meanwhile she was touched at her thighs from the bidding, melancholiac, hypochondriac emigrant love seeker who anyway forgot his shekels.

The zest for life returned to the fleeing, stultified advertising strategists and unintentional bill-dodgers on the way home, as they watched another besotted couple. Dressed in bright red Coca-Cola T-Shirts those tried mostly in vain to rid oneself of the heavy books in their hand baggage. "Why should Elisabeth and Christoph be on easy street compared with us?" Jonathan asked and Phoebe attested: "It might well be that Christoph is more courageous as you in standing his ground instead of running away from every problem." This comment was like a slap in the face. The matchmaker was hurt in his feelings and in the end of his tether. He remained silent.

"Hi there! Why are you looking so sad Jonathan? Take a squizz at all the beautiful things that Christoph has given me," urged approaching Schätzle. Apart from a golden chain with the Star of David, she also wore a new ring. "I'm happy for you," Jonathan dishonestly witnessed, "I didn't know what kind of self-assertive, attacking bachelor you are, Christoph." "Rather! I already did overtrump you at our first chess game in Sindelfingen," Ziegler boasted, "moreover I told you at the Stuttgart airport about my God given dream of a special gift that is waiting for me in Israel." "What, you play chess? I was the girl champion of Württemberg," interrupted Elisabeth, who had stuck a note in the wailing wall, asking for a smart man. "Phoebe are you fit in the Royal game?" interjecting Jonathan wanted to know. "Quite a bit. I have learned that queens have more power in their walk on the board than cover taking, castling kings. But I don't understand the en passant rule and I got tired of the 'one horse jumps on the other' moves."

Arriving in Jaffa, the chess virus completely infected the others. Ziegler borrowed a wooden board with pieces from Damkani and tried to show Schätzle who is the strongest. However, Elisabeth couldn't be defeated and also Jacob was close of getting mated, until Elisheva saved him, starting with mealtime. Thereafter, Einstein got involved in the battle of the king with the queen, to also come off second best. That's why simply an everyone against everyone tournament was launched in which sore

Jonathan didn't want to participate. His comment was that through the cross and resurrection of Jesus Christ the eternal, once for all victory over sin, disease, and death was accomplished. Therefore it is needless to search for a winner, since only the Lamb of God holds the keys of Hades.

To neighbour on an old graveyard for missionaries in Jaffa, the foreign guests stayed a week in the single-family house. Besides spiritual parts of worship, prayer, Bible study, and the spreading of the good news, many more pleasant recreational activities were provided. Phoebe enjoyed it to repeatedly walk with Jonathan to the nearby Gan HaPisga Summit Garden. There they appreciated the magnificent view of the Tel Aviv Bay and the picturesque idyll of the palm park. This offered the perfect spiritual surrounding for non erotic, platonic conversations. Whereas the pleasure strollers were slightly embarrassed to find on the mowed meadow strenuously snogging Schätzle.

In addition to this selected fields sport, Christoph Ziegler felt that one is in good hands in the water. Practising weight training from a young age, he had developed a remarkable broad torso. On the beach of Tel Aviv he liked to self-display his athletic chest and upper arm muscles, performing handstand acrobatics in front of all people. "Jonathan, don't you want to paddle and to take some of these Schwarzenegger powder proteins?" asked the sunbathing Greek bodybuilding promoter. "No thanks, in contrast to Arnold I try to struggle successfully through life without vitamin B (relationships), also I chose the Kenyan runners as an athletic ideal," countered the jealous rival in the shade. But then a sporting competition of different cast developed. Resistant Jacob Damkani challenged cocky Adonis Ziegler to a swimming marathon. Instead of returning to Jaffa on foot, the tireless late forties tried to checkmate the swashbuckling early twenties by sea. The old saw to never underestimate your counterpart again proved to be true. At first glance, passionate protesting Jonathan had to solve another problem with Phoebe and Elisabeth. The beautiful sisters were invited from two unknown, dashing fellows in their rowboat, to observe the happening from the Mediterranean. Fischer sensed that something doesn't add up here. The instant confirmation became evident when the inflatable boat made leeway to the open sea. Full understanding showed the informed lifeguard on his elevated wooden seat, since his binoculars sent an alarm. The signal coloured bikini tops of Schätzle and Leontopoulou had just gone involuntarily overboard through the unclean hands of those circumcised boys. With the help of an outboard motor the common chase of bras and the rescue of semi-nude mermaids came to a quick end. Majestic spy Fischer felt in his counterfeit crocodile polo shirt like a king or as a fairy tale prince Charles. Two scantily clad 'Diana fertility and hunting goddesses' simultaneously flung their arms around his neck. Oh wow, in such a polygamous moment it would be worth to convert to Islam, the idolized doom prophet was considering, as he comfortingly wiped away the stream of tears from Phoebe's cheeks. Docking in the ancient port of Jaffa, Elisabeth embraced her left far behind and lost Christoph, who likewise in the wide and wavy sea had to learn and get shown his limits.

The evening Shabbat celebration through wine and matzah brought to mind the Passover feast and remembered Jonathan of a more meaningful relief and sea crossing. For a long time to be inured to win, he chose to stand on the winning side of life. Figuratively speaking, he hoped for the Jewish people that they soon get removed the veil from their faces, as Rebecca did with her bridegroom Isaac - a picture of Yeshua. Or, similar to the eleven tribal princes, they should recognize in their distress, that their previously sold to strangers brother Joseph became the royal saviour, as a foreshadowing of Yeshua. Expected on Seder, the returning Elijah had already appeared as son of Zechariah and Elizabeth in Jonathan's belief. Since John the Baptist was never silenced through beheading. Even on a silver platter he is still speaking up to this day: "Behold the Lamb

of God, which taketh away the sin of the world."

The holiday time usually passes by much too quickly, but on the following park walk Jonathan wished to make his way home in the passenger compartment of an over-flying aircraft, where he wanted to give Phoebe a five-minute long French kiss. In the soon coming end, the attentive clever flight attendant really organised through her jet relationships a pleasant surprise. Less surprised Jonathan turned up when he discovered Christoph in the dark - at a hide and seek cuddle on a park bench: "Dearly beloved, did I ever render the love ballad of Maxima Gravid?" "Please, have regards on our feelings and don't spread one of your Frankenstein horror stories," Schätzle beseeched and Phoebe endorsed, "Yes exactly, Jonathan we have experienced enough sorrow on the sea waves." "Oh, I see. You don't want to listen to my warnings. I personally would like to have at least three children, and what about you?" Fischer drew the conversation in different waters. "In my life plan fits only one little nuisance. More we have to trash out," Phoebe was sure. "I need to finish first my study of theology. Swallowing six pills of anabolic steroids every day, I don't care too much about my fertility," knew the pharmacist in the bodybuilder. "Christoph, then leave out one hormone pill for men. Anyway the number of mercy is five," gifted Elisabeth worked out in the Bible five months ago. And in effect, the wedding bells would ring for all five minus one next year. From the actual park strollers even five plus one entered in the marriage covenant. Worldwide acting Jacob Damkani had not alone the vision with the mission work "Trumpet of Salvation to Israel" to proclaim the second coming of the bridegroom Yeshua Ha'Mashiach, but he himself was looking for a wife, walking in the cool of the day in the garden. Unmistakable, the evangelist discussed with the convinced blonde at his side, so that their common affection could not be hidden before the others. With the diligent trumpeting Elisabeth the Lord send a special blessing from Germany to Jacob. Their shared vision to build a bigger house of unity recently was fulfilled in the five-storey Hotel Gilgal in Tel Aviv.

Phoebe and Schätzle made fun in uncovering and tickling the feet of their undertenants to awake them. This present day it was indicated to leave the sparse terrace dormitory in direction of Galilee. Repeating the journey of Peter to centurion Cornelius, the tourists soon arrived with their coach in Caesarea. The Crusader ruins, the amphitheatre, and the aqueduct offered impressive lessons of antiquity. On the continuous way to Haifa, Einstein explained that in addition to living in captivity Roman citizen Paul, another famous, non-christian Jew witnessed about Jesus. For even the historian Josephus mentions the doer of wonderful works in his Testimonium Flavianium. By reading Werner Keller's book "The Bible as History" it would have been much easier for him as a scientist to trust in the Word of God, due to the rich archaeological evidence. With the help of his computer, Walter Stein claimed to be able to prove mathematically the divine inspiration of the Bible. Ivan Panin would have calculated already one hundred years ago by hand, that the first verse of the Torah "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth" is not only formed by seven words, equal to the 7 days of creation, but as well contents 28 other sevens mysteries, taking into account the 22 letters of the Hebrew alphabet with their numerical values. Unfortunately the world-shaking findings were rejected by the public with the absurd argument that other texts and languages do the same. "When I listen to you Walter I feel dizzy. Can we change the subject?" Phoebe asked. "OK then. We leave math and I give a geography and biology lesson," the professor continued, "the Sharon Plain here is the most densely populated area in Israel. It is used for intensive agriculture to cultivate honey apples, citrus fruits, avocados, cotton, vegetables, and wine. The raised Sharon Fruit that is harvested from the genus of the kaki ebony trees, gave the name to the plain. The scientific name of the persimmon *Diospyros kaki* means fruit of Zeus." Bugged Leontopoulou blurted: "Now this historian makes our Olympic God to crap through the

fire. Einstein, you're out of senses. The great knowledge makes you lose the mind." Frustrated Stein turned to the side where his whispering foreign-language-wife Silvia gave comfort and a kiss on the cheek. "We shouldn't confuse genius with insanity," Jonathan intervened, "Sweetheart, you are the most beautiful Rose of Sharon to me. A particularly pretty and little stubborn Sharon, who has now three children, met me in Phoenix for the first time. May I tell you of the converted witch?" The adored princess relished in Jonathan's exciting experiences in his trip to the USA, thinking they were more informative. Brightly-painted fairy tales are often more beautiful than the grey everyday life.

The German settlement in Haifa bore witness of Protestants who waited for the apocalypse in the safer part of Northern Israel. Notably hard-bitten South German Templars built in the mid 19th century as living Mt-6-33-stones their homes. As weapons they didn't carry knightly swords and shields, but charity and forgiveness. Not to lose all of his useful subjects who migrated in the promised land, King Wilhelm I of Württemberg announced holy Korntal as a gathering town for Bible believers. The pietists already got 1819 a tax privilege and were freed from military service and oaths. Another special attraction for expatriates and tourists forms the large port city of Haifa with its terraced Persian gardens. In the centre of Mount Carmel is a special landmark located known as the Shrine of the Báb. Like many religious founders, Siyyid `Alí Muḥammad Shírází Sayyid was executed by his fellow countrymen. Instead of climbing the stairs to his gravesite, Elisabeth Schätzle persuaded the tour guide to visit the burial place of her ancestor Christian Feuerbacher. To come as a stunner, she there met Julia Rüger who made a short visit to the grave stone of her from Bernhausen emigrated grandfather. Most of the other participants were waiting, like unsuspecting Jonathan, in the soon departing bus. The next destination was the 1963 from sister Emma Berger founded Christian Kibbutz Beth-El in Zikhron Ya'akov. Yakov Damkani bought ahead goose down in the Noah's ark factory outlet which were stored in a cotton sheet. Einstein made an inquiry about a sealed 6-person tent. In it, a manually operated air-filtration system cared for clean air in cases of chemical attacks. Jonathan seemed to have lack of understanding for the bunker NBC-Protection systems developed by Swabian tinkerers, since he believed that the first Peter anyhow had predicted the destruction of the elements by fire and that the nowadays atomic annihilative potential could blow out the earth population four times. Nevertheless, Saddam Hussein command to fire SCUD missiles on Israel provided planned large sales growth for the niche suppliers. Jonathan's own passive attitude changed at the subsequent visit of the northern border town of Kiryat Shmona, since the Lebanon explorers had to take refuge in a basement shelter, because of a sudden eight times Katyusha rocket bombardment. In this fear of death situation the cuddle ban of Ulf Gouderner was suspended. His secretary and writer from Uppsala, Angela-Berit Ekman, was so intimidated that she fell round Ulf's neck. The cool Swede visibly unbent in hugging his co-worker at the shoulders. Elisheva, who had a remarkable resemblance to the blond Angela-Berit, claimed that many male singles were inhibited towards the signs of affection and feelings from the women who love them. Sometimes those men needed to be placed from God in life-threatening situations, so that they are cured of their blindness. "Not me!" Jonathan felt certain, seeking Phoebe's velvet paw. The young Schätzles preferred to retreat to the toilet, because they were going wild with excitement.

The next overnight accommodation, a campsite on the Sea of Galilee provided a romantic backdrop for the four lovers. Jacob and Elisheva had made a good choice with the pebble beach at the sweet water. The ambient temperature and the water was so warm that everyone could bath or in the swimsuit enjoy the sunset. "Phoebe, now I have swum in the Dead Sea, in the Red Sea, in the Mediterranean, and the Sea of Galilee.

How does that grab you?" Jonathan asked. "I thought the vacation in the tour group would develop in a different way," sitting at his side, she expressed "it is not fair that I was not allowed to indulge in the Dead Sea with you." "We can make up leeway when we are married," Jonathan guessed. In the meantime Ziegler was too pushy in playing underwater games, since Schätzle fled to the shore saying: "Phoebe, I suggest a swinging. You take part in a swimming competition with Christoph and I measure with Jonathan in a private match of chess." "OK, a little more variety and sport is always good," Leontopoulou agreed, running away on the dandelion grass. "Wait sweetheart, I was in the Bundeswehr academy of sports, I didn't tell you yet," Fischer called behind her. "Really, was fly fisher standing still in casting or did you prefer endurance running?" Schätzle showed some estimation. "Oh yeah, that's right. I outdistanced many top athletes in the cookhouse and in the 5000 m race. I tell you more about my former hobby at the end of the game." Elisabeth and kibitzing Einstein were not really amazed that the ex-champion won. "I first took Jonathan along to the chess club SG Fasanenhof, where he improved himself constantly," Walter Stein knew and Schätzle confessed, "And I have enthusiastically traced his teachings about banking and his games in the Bundesliga." "But why did you never tell me that you play chess?" Jonathan enquired. "Because you have already retired from competitive sport and never showed interest in my letters," was the argument of the girl-master.

At night, Jonathan had one dream after the other in which a self-built house of cards collapsed repeatedly. Waking up in his sleeping bag he felt shaken and mixed up. How good was it to know that many nocturnal illusions come from the soul.

Another deep unease came upon Jonathan in the morning hours when Jacob intended to visit the Israeli soldiers on the Golan Heights. He had always felt queasy when he saw the young people with their camouflage uniforms and guns on the streets, but now Shaul, the bus driver, headed for Mount Hermon and the 1000 meter high volcanic plateau. Passing bombed Syrian ghost towns caused further anxiety in the silent observer. The tourist group made a first stop at a tank wreck of the 1967 Six-Day War. Good mood increased. Schätzle climbed on the gun barrel and more and more women did the same to come on a photo. "Jesus was a pacifist," Fischer defiantly announced. "Dead right, because his true followers have not fought with swords, since his kingdom is not of this world," agreed antiwar Einstein. Gouderner retorted of an opposing Jesus saying: "Think not that I came to bring peace on earth, I have not come to bring peace, but a sword." "This clearly refers in the context to battles and splits between family members, for Jesus demanded to love him more than father and mother," deserter Damkani thus ended the discussion. Jacob led the with Israel flags equipped evangelistic corps a bit further in the bus to intact tanks and guns. In his typical, open-minded and bold way, he proclaimed the reason of the international visit and got permission from the IDF commander to perform shalom songs accompanied by guitar. Variety is the spice of life in such a dusty environment. Jonathan's reluctance and caution was clearly unfounded, because after the singing of Hebrew songs resulted many friendly discussions between the foreign visitors and the life risking conscripts. Such being the case, Jacob's army drilled the maneuver straight away at a second dry parade ground. After work was done, the bus took the way back down to the Sea of Galilee. Unlooked-for, the trippers crossed thriving agricultural properties. "Beside the apple orchards one of the most delicious variety of grapes is growing on the fertile, mined soil," knew Einstein. "Greek wine is like the blood of the earth. Jonathan, to live life to the fullest, shouldn't we savour the Golan grape juice in a tavern?" Phoebe stimulated. "Without fail, I will go with you on on a pub crawl. Walter, what can we still find in this deserted landscape," Jonathan presumed, "is this the place where the 2,000 ripped swine rushed across the south-east hill into the lake?" "Yes, this is the region of the Gadarenes where Jesus

delivered the once chained nudists from his demons," the Munich doctorate Stein assumed. "If the Bavarian Animal Protection Association gets wind of this, they banish the crucifixes from public buildings into penal institutions," speculated Phoebe. "Because you couldn't see how the legion went into the pigs, Jesus would be acquitted for lack of evidence. But the former residents here were overcome with so much fear that they asked the deliverer to leave," recalled Silvia.

The targeted, once fiercely contested Kibbutz Ein Gev invited to visit the cowsheds. At the sight of so much meat and milk, a stop in the award-winning restaurant was advertised. Inside, six Franconian volunteers served wine in vessels and fish on plates. "If I make a wedding trip, then to Cana in Galilee. What do you think Jonathan?" asked the future bride, who mixed a sinfully expensive swig of Barkan Cabernet Sauvignon Altitude wine with water to a spritzer. "With you I am always on top of things. I even feel fit to marry you in the Golan Heights tank of Kanaf," was the incomprehensible dream of the to clear things up cupbearer. Full of atmosphere, the company danced and chanted outdoors a Hava Nagila. Elisabeth used the happy occasion to bring a few paperback biographies of Jacob along to the awakened Kibbutzniks. An ultra-Orthodox dad blotted out the festivity in shouting Yeshu - swine. According to Israel's anti-missionary law his 15-year-old daughter shouldn't have gotten such a Good News testimony. In a turmoil the religious police violently tried to get hold of Jacob, but Shaul the bus driving transportation minister - out of hand - draw his pistol. Thus, he safely brought back all of his passengers to the camping site. Another unforgettable day with an evening bath in Lake Tiberias came to a good end.

The following holiday program at the lowest lying freshwater lake of the earth was one of the highlights of the trip. Jesus, the man from Galilee, chose this lake area along with his disciples as a centre of his work, in leaving there many footprints in the gospels. The Mount of Beatitudes in the North offered a magnificent view of the calm waters, whose freshening-up winds could swiftly lead to a dangerous turmoil in the breaking waves. In the beautiful garden below of the octagonal church, Jonathan was invited from Jacob, to hold a devotion about the Sermon on the Mount. The following interpretation of the Bible was about the radical lifestyle of a saint. Jonathan claimed that every believer should not be a judgmental pharisee, but a with Christ reigning king and priest. A true disciple has to obey the commands of the longest speech from Jesus, if he wants to do the will of the Heavenly Father. Then God could be experienced in personal life through visible signs and wonders. After the subsequent descent to visit the Church of the Multiplication in Tabgha the hobby photographer Jonathan gazed in amazement at the well-preserved mosaic with the bread basket and fish. He asked: "Ulf can you tell me why there are only four loaves of bread instead of five?" Bestowing his full attention and sympathy to Angela-Berit, the closely entwined Swede could not give a clever answer: "You got it in explaining me why Jesus once was feeding four thousand and then even five thousand men." Einstein the number fanatics subtracted: "One bread is missing because the local assembly of the fourth century broke it in the Lord's Supper. Four thousand had left seven full baskets and five thousand twelve large baskets. Don't you understand?" "Being poor in spirit, it's all Greek to me when I listen to you," Phoebe discredited. "Also the weaker sex can conceive the symbolism of the parables," noted blessed Silvia, "four speaks of the earth and seven of abundance - five of mercy and twelve of governmental authority. For me God is expressing that he can fully provide for all mankind, if his successors take care for the hungry. Enough food is there for all. The rulers of this day only have no interest to distribute it." "Now becomes clear why Jesus emphasized that the disciples shouldn't worry about food, but instead to guard against the corrupting doctrines of the Sadducee devils," Elisabeth got an enlightenment. To hobnob with her, theology student Christoph articulated: "It is not that simple. According

to the Lutheran Reformation, there is a spiritual and a worldly kingdom. In the 'two kingdom' doctrine of the twentieth century the Gospel is in constant conflict with sin. If we take the Bible literally, we quickly become rebels and heretics." "Who cares? I've been that much longer in the eyes of many. Let us attend the Franciscans in Capernaum," Jacob gave the direction. To get to the bottom of it, Jonathan discovered the house of Peter and got a better understanding of biblical curses in the decayed former fishing village, for when the Lord says something he will certainly do it. At any event, the ruins of Chorazin and Bethsaida, who rejected the works of their redeemer, still speak a significant plain language, laying in waste and ashes.

In the west bank located Kibbutz Ginosar the eventuality was provided for natural food and physical strengthening. Apart from a following film about the archaeologically significant discovery of a 1986 from the silt recovered 2000 years old boat, the original remains of the planks, as well as a demonstrative vivid replica could be viewed. A resourceful museum professor asserted that Jesus after his banishment went to sea in the very same ship, until it sank in a storm. Infidel Walter Stein recommended his colleague first to practise a dry run on a desert ship in the nearby camel ranch, before delivering more lectures. Thereafter, a part of the group went on for riding and the others borrowed small boats. Day-dreamer Jonathan was once again tickled all over from his affectionate chosen one and enjoyed in the pedal boat the golden rays of the sun which were reflected in the water. "I wished, I could measure every second with you for eternity," mused the unanimous poet. "I would like to fuse with you, in spots, discontinuous, but not forever," the casual, unbound Phoebe fantasized.

A natural spectacle of another kind offered the in fits and starts performed multivision show "The Galilee Experience" in a Christian store in Tiberias. Pictures of the beauty and diversity of nature illustrated the existence of the creator of heaven and earth. After the tourists had stocked up on all sorts of beneficial and useless souvenirs, they went to the nearby Chinese restaurant. The rich rice buffet reminded Jonathan more of the German practice than on his steamed Hong Kong stay. What was written there on the end of his fortune-cookie slip-quote? Do not miss the small felicity in waiting for the big one. At night, the sleepless fiction hero regarded the stars. He pondered if it can really be possible that his ways are drawn in Ursa Minor or Major. What did this Lamborghini Diablo seductress predict? He would meet his predetermined wife within the next 24 hours. Magdalena must have been seriously mistaken in her time management - just the same as Christoph and Ulf, who were talking until the wee hours with their partners.

After the breakfast, the chitchat couples were getting a severe ticking-off from Jacob Damkani for the palaver breach of nocturnal peace. The leisure time participants urgently needed rest, since in the coming night the biggest evangelistic operation would start. A biblical teaching of Gideon's victory against the Philistines followed to strike camp. More pleasant was the north-south passage on a cruise ship traversing the Sea of Galilee. Jonathan teased Schätzle on the upper deck: "You probably can't get enough of Christoph. With your shmooze you kept awake the whole clan." "You're wrong, because I've slept tonight. Fischer you have angled a gossip girl." Unisono the Greek sun worshipper blushed scarlet aloft. Prompt suspicious Jonathan was jealous of grinning admirer Ziegler: "Christoph, we both have been best friends since the circle of pupils and our trip to England. You never would betray me, would you?" "Yes, sure enough buddy, to blossom into another direction, I remember well the romance with Helen Richards. We both have the same mentor and teacher," replied the ally. "You shouldn't be pretty uptight about these things, Jonathan. When you are at ease, you walk through life with better quality," echoed the philosophy of Phoebe.

A silent walk from the pier to the tourists attracting Yardenit Baptismal Site followed.

"Things are different than they sometimes seem to be," disgruntled Jonathan lamented after a while. "That's right. Look at this commercial spot here and compare it with the traditional site of Jericho and light comes into the darkness of your thoughts," agreed Einstein. At the brown-green wash of the flowing by Jordan a crowd had gathered. Two hundred candidates for baptism went down the steps along a railing, so that an American miracle preacher could submerge one after the other. An appeal for donations to all partners was recorded by television cameras to win more precious souls. The native in Israel televangelist promoted his upcoming crusades. "Does he help widows and orphans, or the poor and needy with the money?" Jonathan asked a with gold chains decorated bodyguard. "Of course, self-evidently his master wishes to rent a huge military training area in India to conduct the largest crowd in history. For it would be important to beat the Filipino record of a great Pole and another mass event of a German brother in Nigeria." After a hand signal people clapped and cheered for Jesus. "Does Christ really get the honour through all of this?" Jonathan unmistakably broached the subject again. "Don't touch the Lord's anointed," was the seizing by the collar chuck cause of the coloured colossus. Howsoever, Fischer anyway was not in the mood to fill a bottle with holy water and to carry it home, as many others did. The over-priced souvenirs which were offered in the Jewish shop brought Jonathan little joy, just as little as the prepared lunch. The frustrated one preferred to fast. The last afternoon on the coast of the sea of Galilee served one way or the other as a recreational time.

The most extraordinary gift activity was announced at the end of the leisure time. A never ending number of vehicles with many young people snaked its way along the beleaguered lakeside road. The Kinneret Rock Festival drew six thousand local music fans. A large fenced area next to the lake provided the stage for several Israeli bands to make nonstop melodic noise from 20.00 to 5.00 o'clock. The trumpet team had organized a palette of Billy Graham books. "Peace with God" was the title of the bestseller which was even translated in Ivrit - Modern Hebrew. Frère Jacques dormez-vous? Jacob was not asleep in ringing the bells for the new formation of two-person teams. More peace ensured the separation of the known to him lovers. Now Jonathan got Elisabeth, Ulf Phoebe, Christoph Elisheva, and Damkani Angela-Berit assigned as a distribution partner. With a Matanah (gift) saying Schätzle handed out heaps of books that often landed in the next bin. The freaks seemed to be more interested in the booming sound as in belles lettres. In addition, the local security forces showed similarly little understanding for the transfer of foreign informations. Even so, the paramedics of a Magen David Adom ambulance helped bent Jonathan out of pity to get rid of his heavy backpack. Elisabeth rejoiced afterwards that a whole hospital can be saved, while her grumpy subordinate rather wanted to operate as a YMCA waste paper collector. To be relieved, their promenade led them past a girl who screamed so horrible as if she was raped. The poor creature was surrounded from four men in the darkness who were busy on her belly button and arms. Venturous intervening Jonathan never forgot the sight of her terrified face. In spite of that, his bold assistance efforts were rejected from the girl. The pain sensitive virgin was bound and determined to be simultaneously pierced and tattooed. A traffic regulating policeman also couldn't change her mind, instead he strictly prohibited the Germans to flog off more books. The night proved to be indeed very long. At a secret depot the distributors reloaded their bags and met Phoebe and Ulf. "Hey, how are you doing, in line with demand?" Jonathan questioned. "Thank you for your concern. Worse things happen at the sea. But it's getting rather cold here," replied the reserved Swede. Tired, sleepy Phoebe whispered in Jonathan's ear: "Can you tell me why the priest wants to know my whole childhood story?" "Maybe he needs the data on the day of your wedding," smiled her admirer. Some of the participants made themselves comfortable in their sleeping bags, like the Stein family on the lakeshore. On the other

hand, Schätzle chewing a hard bread didn't wanted to settle for a rest. Zealously she took her faltering co-worker at the hand and off you go. Meeting again the crossroad policeman, the spoiler repeatedly shouted with a megaphone something incomprehensible in the direction of Elisabeth. Pseudo translator Jacob Damkani worried watched the scene from nearby, but he didn't want to reveal his identity. Finally, the police officer asked Jonathan in English what on earth they are doing again. Holding a book in the hand, Schätzle answered first: "We only pick up the discarded waste." To have a point, she wasn't wrong in preventing a punishment. Jonathan admired spontaneous Elisabeth for her determination. After this incident, Jacob decided to take a break until the end of the rock festival. With the first sun rays in the morning the visitors flocked back to their vehicles. This opened the chance to attract people's attention. In spite of it all, the remaining stock could be directed into the right channels. Fischer and Schätzle were holding hands, closed their eyes, and asked for an intervention of the Lord of all creation. Suddenly came an unforeseen help from an unexpected side. A black-clad rabbi with the typical side curls got entangled. The super spiritual scholar stood up on a landing and waved with the seductive mission scripture, warning everyone passing by not to touch it and not to read it. Thus, he accomplished just the opposite. The largely secular Israelis became curious, for they didn't want to be dictated by their religious establishment what to do and what not to do. As a result, the soiled goods in record speed found lucky acceptors.

After this successful battle, the exhausted participants were also happy to leave for home. Crossing the Jezreel Valley, Gouderner wanted by all means to view the rocks of Nazareth and the Mountain of Transfiguration. However, the Messianic Jew Jacob did not intend to start a propagation battle with the big mosques building Arab congregation in the hometown of Josef, husband of Mary. The battle field of Armageddon in the plain of Megiddo offered in the moment a more peaceful destination. From a distance, the targeted striking green rock ridge of Mount Tabor came into the picture. As ever, where something special had happened in biblical times, churches were built on this site. Hitherto the 588 m high hill served in ancient times as a worship place for foreign gods such as the Baal. On the watch tower of the Church of the Transfiguration Ulf explained that according to the tradition in the book of judges the heroine Deborah eradicated ancient customs of idolatry. That evoked more sympathies to Phoebe, who still did not trust him. She stated: "See? Jonathan, we women are simply more courageous." "My vision is to warn about false prophets, as well as to unmask wizards and witches in the body of Christ." "Are you in earnest? Do you think to be a reincarnation of Elijah? That sounds megalomaniacal to me." "But God showed me in a dream in England that I will reveal manipulation, imperiousness, and jealousy and even observe a coming unity in the churches." That was too much for the disbeliever of evil who wanted to enjoy the bright side of life. Not so for relativist Einstein and writer Ekman. They desired to get more details from Fischer on the ongoing journey.

The last night in Israel spent the long-haul travellers back in the 1000 stars veranda in Jaffa. Jonathan was dead tired. So he didn't perceive how lying next to him Christoph secretly went with an above sleeper to the neighbouring missionary resting place. On that account, Jacob gave a last fatherly advice, since he expected more respect for the rest in death in the full moonlight. In Christian circles you should go without saying to behave properly on cemeteries. The addressed shadow statures would know exactly who is meant.

Strangely enough, in the airport hall Schätzle returned her necklace and the ring of friendship to Arkia flying Christoph. Jonathan did not get the message and researched, "Hey, you seem to actually feel good that Elisabeth broke up with you. How is that

Christoph?" "That much is clear, I already have told you before the departure to Israel that a special gift is waiting here for me. Yesterday I really got it," Ziegler bid goodbye in puzzles.

The most beautiful surprise for Jonathan at the Swiss return flight was that he was allowed to sit in the middle of Phoebe and Elisabeth. The next astonishment caused a Swiss travel group with numerous children. Right before Jonathan Fischer, Julia Rüger took place in the middle row. "That's just not possible, that we meet here. Without you I would not be sitting in this plane," Fischer gave thanks to the public administration specialist. "There are always coincidences in life. How was the stay Elisabeth?" said Rüger. "So-so, thanks," was the terse reply. "What, you know each other. How come?" Jonathan was struck with amazement. "Sure, from a young age we grew up together. Certainly we are same age cousins," said Julia. "Quiet please friends. My colleagues deserve attention and respect," the flight attendant Phoebe pleaded, in the course of the routinely presented safety instructions of the life jackets.

When the belts were allowed to unfasten after the successful ascent into the sky, Julia Rüger turned around again and said: "Jonathan, I kept a secret in my public office that I always wanted to tell you. I know you well." "Don't disclose confidential information about me to a third party," Schätzle was concerned. "Never mind! For I have come to know a new source of report," Julia asserted confidently, "you four lovebirds are quite complicated and uncertain in your decisions according to my privy calls." "So, and why four?" Phoebe inquired. "Is it not true that Phoebe wanted to coquet with Christoph, Christoph was flirting with Elisabeth, Elisabeth wrote a love letter to Jonathan, and Jonathan became fond of Phoebe? In awhile the sparrows twitter that from the rooftops," Julia intimated.

Dear readers, it should be clear to everyone now who marries whom, right??? After the longest chapter of the story "The Fiction of the Life of Jonathan Fischer" the authors believe to have deserved a break. The subsequent solving would be exciting and also quickening the imagination. Helpful or not could be the view of the analogue, real wedding photo on www.JonathanFischer.eu or to behold the cover of one of the 40 German novel copies. The new international version in English is also free to download as PDF eBook on the EU website. Well then, since marriage is so beautiful and romantic - the further complications took the following course:

Elisabeth shed tears, Phoebe was stunned, and Jonathan reflected. In one fell swoop it made click in his brain. A film was unspooled in his inner man. Years ago, he had prayed to get a strong chess player as mate. Again and again failed relationships with women who did not meet this criterion. At Charlie's house roof he got a silhouette of her face, and in the Sinai mountains he could even hear the voice of his eagerly longed for wife. No one sobs and weeps like his superior Schätzle, who best understood her male role model in the common hobby, profession, and faith. How could he be so blind. "Elisabeth Schätzle, would you marry me?" "Yes you ass!"

Agreeably surprised, Phoebe organized from the first class four glasses of champagne. To click glasses with Julia, the relieved stewardess was interested how Rüger could know that she had begun a relationship with Christoph. "Your future often phones my future, whom I call frequently," Rüger told and continued, "I met Markus Ruf on the fire flame Internet chat and danced with him in the Christian disco in Reutlingen. Ever since the best friend and prayer partner of Christoph is also my best friend and confidant. Sitting beside Rüger, the Swiss pastor intervened: "Before you start to divulge more sinful internal affairs, perhaps you may explain to me which Israel traveller wants to get engaged with whom." Schätzle recited: "I betroth today with Jonathan, then Phoebe with Christoph, Julia with Markus, Angela-Berit with Ulf and Elisheva with Jacob, right?"

"Sure, this will be a great blessing with many expected children. As a wedding preparation I recommend a marriage counselling course, and as special gift I offer my book on the harmonious family life," teased smiling Ivo.

During a stopover in Zürich Jonathan and Elisabeth found the matching rings to make the surprise perfect at the Stuttgart Airport with their waiting relatives. Wedding bells rang eight months later. The marriage service of Elisabeth Schätzle and Jonathan Fischer jointly conducted George Müller and Ulf Gouderner in the Filharmonie in Filderstadt as a double wedding together with Julia Rüger and Markus Ruf. Whereas the fictitious story happened in the good old DM-days, that much can be disclosed: the Euro-Banker-Wedded-Pair has got in the meantime the three desired darlings of fortune.

For all who would like to make a donation for orphans in Kenya - in gratitude for the amusing gratis story - we recommend the visit of www.miraclelandministries.org .