

Paradise Unveiled

(Commercially unpublished & unedited)

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By

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This book is dedicated:

To my son Brian for his support while I wrote it.

To the [Foundation Church of the New Birth](#) for maintaining and presenting the automatic writings of James E. Padgett (1914) which was my inspiration for this story.

To all the people of the world who promote goodness and goodwill to mankind.

To all the children, their parents and other's suffering with cancer and other life threatening illnesses.

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Foreword

My name is Lisa and I'm one of the original F.G. guardians, a secret society developed to protect and maintain the precious invention of David Finch for the future benefit and betterment of mankind.

This is a story of the awarding of "the gift" to David Finch from the spirit organization known as the "Spirits for Mankind" (SfM). The story introduces and follows David as he is given "the gift" and his subsequent inspiration to use it to create Mankind's greatest resource, which will someday hopefully, lead to world peace. This story is fundamental to the understanding of the origin and creation of this great resource, and David's personal relationships and the connection between these people and the original four FGG members.

With the permission of David Finch himself (in spirit), I have written this book based on his memoirs, found by us the original FGG members, in his journal that was hidden away long ago.

FOR YOUR KIDS:

For more information on our mission and the origin of the “Secret Society of the FGG”, please watch for the future literary works entitled, “Secret Society of the FGG – The Beginning”.

To follow the work and adventures of the FGG and its members and followers, please visit our website which is listed at <http://myspace.com/dbmagee> and read the continuing unpublished works entitled, “Chronicles of the F.G.G.”.

To recognize members and followers of the “Secret Society of the FGG” keep an eye out for this symbol:



Lisa

Chapter One

David Finch, 22 years old stands five foot eleven with a medium athletic build and neatly combed short cropped light brown hair.

Best friend Brian Lipton, age 23, is slightly over six feet tall with medium length black and wavy hair exhibiting ruggedly handsome facial features. He also touts a very muscular and solid looking physique.

Both men sit across from each other at a small round table relaxing in an airport coffee shop enjoying a snack while awaiting their flight.

David notices the electronic information board on the wall which presently displays world news headlines. Studying the scrolling digital messages he makes mental note of the following topics: **“No end to war in sight; religious conflict continues in Middle East – Starvation on the rise in Africa – World sees population of orphans increase – Terrorist attacks still feared; security measures continue – Crime rate up 22% nationwide...”** Disgusted by the horrific state of affairs he shakes his head and snaps a thumb gestures towards the screen.

“It never ends! You’d think by now we’d be tired of all this contravention. We should start looking for solutions to our problems instead of creating new ones.”

Brian doesn’t answer. Tight lipped he glances at the board letting David blow off steam.

David continues to ponder mankind’s plight. His mind reels, he becomes more agitated. He’s about to continue when Brian, knowing his friend and his strong beliefs and desires for world peace, stops him before he explodes.

“Calm down Davy. You do this to yourself every time you see the news. Feel sorry for the world if you must, but don’t cause yourself so much grief about something you have no control over.”

“No control over... yeah maybe that’s where I made my mistake. Maybe I should have joined the Peace Core instead

of Engineering. At least there I could have *tried* to make a difference.”

“Who says you can’t or won’t make a difference in the Engineering field? Maybe you’ll design something that’ll bring the whole world together.”

David eyeballs Brian with a serious look of doubt. “It’s just that I feel so helpless. I’m a bright guy; I should be able to do something... I just can’t figure out what that ‘something’ is.” He stares once again at the message board and continues to contemplate the world’s present condition.

Brian sits back and quietly mulls over his own thoughts for a moment. Suddenly he stands smartly pushing his chair back with his legs and gulps down the last swallow of coffee. Then in an attempt to change the subject and David’s mood says, “Well you can’t do anything right now buddy... so what do say we get this party started?”

David stares blankly at his friend for a second and then shakes his head in an attempt to drive out the dismal thoughts. In an instant he sits erect, finishes his coffee and stands. “You’re right. This is supposed to be a vacation. What are we waiting for?”

“That’s what I’m talking about,” Brian exclaims and claps David on the back.

Together they make their way talking and laughing through the crowded airport in search of their departure gate.

An hour later they’re onboard a commercial wide-bodied aircraft heading down the tarmac towards the runway.

Sitting next to his best friend, David thinks about his recent interview with the National Space Agency Research Center in Mountain View California. He sent his resume in about a month before he graduated from Pennsylvania Institute of Space Science in Pittsburgh. They contacted him two weeks later and scheduled an interview with him two days after his graduation. He flew to California and met with four different department heads. Feeling that the

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