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The Gentile Witness, Enoch Book 1

*Dedicated to my family for their
Inspiration and support;
Especially that of my wife,
Ginger Brown Jordan.*

The Gentile Witness, Enoch Book 1

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The Gentile Witness, Elijah Book II

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Foreword

The Gentile Witness Book I Enoch

Tribulation or the time of sorrows will begin with the two witnesses:

Revelations 11:1-12

¹I was given a reed like a measuring rod and was told, "Go and measure the temple of God and the altar, and count the worshipers there. ²But exclude the outer court; do not measure it, because it has been given to the Gentiles. They will trample on the holy city for 42 months. ³And I will give power to my two witnesses, and they will prophesy for 1,260 days, clothed in sackcloth." ⁴These are the two olive trees and the two lampstands that stand before the Lord of the earth. ⁵If anyone tries to harm them, fire comes from their mouths and devours their enemies. This is how anyone who wants to harm them must die. ⁶These men have power to shut up the sky so that it will not rain during the time they are prophesying and they have power to turn the waters into blood and to strike the earth with every kind of plague as often as they want.

⁷Now when they have finished their testimony, the beast that comes up from the Abyss will attack them, and overpower and kill them. ⁸Their bodies will lie in the street of the great city, which is figuratively called Sodom and Egypt, where also their Lord was crucified. ⁹For three and a half days men from every people, tribe, language and nation will gaze on their bodies and refuse them burial. ¹⁰The inhabitants of the earth will gloat over them and will celebrate by sending each other gifts, because these two prophets had tormented those who live on the earth.

¹¹But after the three and a half days a breath of life from God entered them, and they stood on their feet, and terror struck those who saw them. ¹²Then they heard a loud voice from heaven saying to them, "Come up here." And they went up to heaven in a cloud, while their enemies looked on.

What if there is no pre-tribulation Rapture?

How will the witnesses use the international media to get God's final message across to the world?

Brad Williams is the top Anchor in the U.S. and the world. He works for "The Network," the number one ranked news show in the country and the world. Brad makes or breaks politicians and

The Gentile Witness, Enoch Book 1

corporations at the direction of their largest stockholder, Aafre Waldger.

Aafre Waldger – world-renowned financier – with his web of control over the economies of the world and its politics, knows that the witnesses are the ones prophesied. Moreover, through his Master, he starts a plan to destroy them and allow the Antichrist and the False Prophet to rise.

John Roddenburg, anchor for Bear News, runs a close second to Brad Williams and his network is constantly attacking The Waldger Group. He befriends the Gentile Witness, Jack South.

Jack South, your common everyday baby boomer, now in his late fifties, is chosen by God to be the Gentile Witness. His only credentials are that he is a Christian. Jack is reluctant and has difficulty dealing with what he needs to do as he starts to bring down Brad Williams and The Network, and take the word of God to a worldwide audience.

The other witness selected by God, Shraya, the non-conforming Jewish Rabbi who lives in a cave on the Israeli-Jordanian border, helps guide Jack and teach him what he needs to do. Both witnesses take on the world powers to deliver God's message of the gift of salvation, for the last time.

Read what happens when a panel of religious experts on a worldwide broadcast questions Jack South, God's Witness.

Read what powers the witnesses actually have and the destruction they can cause to get people and countries to listen.

See how the power of God, working through Jack South and Shraya, shocks and brings the world to its knees in only four days.

Read what will happen behind closed doors of the most powerful countries in the world, and its largest corporations.

This is a book of fiction and all characters are a figment of the author's imagination. However, it is loosely based on the prophecy of the two witnesses as described in the Bible in Revelations 11. It also refers to the Book of Enoch from the Dead Sea Scrolls.

Books by Samuel David

The Gentile Witness Book I Enoch

The Gentile Witness Book II Elijah

You Paid What, by Darrell Jordan

The Gentile Witness Book III Cain to be released in 2015

The Gentile Witness

Book I, Enoch

By

Samuel David

Darrell Jordan

Edited by Latoya Newman

Chapter 1

6:00 AM EST Monday June 1st New York - In the City

June in New York is always different. Some days are nice and warm, others cold. At 6:00 a.m. though, it was difficult to tell if it would warm up or not, for it was still dark and New York, like other cities, blocks the view of the sky at night. So if there were clouds or clear skies I could not tell. I had just left the hotel paid for by The Network Morning Headlines TV show that had invited me to come to their studios to talk about winning the lottery. I was in a rented limousine, also provided by the studio, on my way for a national interview on television, which was going to be aired at about 7:20 that morning.

A couple of months ago I had won two major lotteries paying out over 450 million dollars after taxes. I was not the first person to win a big payout; but was the first to win two multistate lotteries in two different states, in the same week, with the exact same numbers. I suppose that made it newsworthy. I had bought a Superball and a Multi Rich Millions dollar ticket using the same number sequence and the same bonus number sixteen.

I had received the payments a few weeks ago. It was not very long after that I was contacted by several news and entertainment stations as to whether or not I was willing to appear on their shows. They wanted to discuss my incredible luck at winning such grand prizes. Through a public relations firm we had hired, we chose The Network Morning Headlines, which had the most viewership and was considered the primary news outlet in the country.

This large viewership was very important, for we had an ulterior motive that really had nothing to do with discussing winning the lottery. Part of our plan was to prove to the world that The Network was a disinformation station that censored the truth. We knew that powerful individuals controlled them. They would imply certain things to fit the needs of politicians, governments, corporations, and members of their own group, regardless of the truth.

The Network was owned by a group who many thought were part of a worldwide group of powerful people commonly referred to as The Waldger Group. The Network had also recently been the focus

of certain antigovernment groups as being the biggest culprit of deliberately feeding information to sway public opinion. After today, they might well pay a price for being that arrogant and controlling. At least that was part of the plan.

I was brought back from my thoughts when the driver said, “Sir,” as his head leaned over toward the back. “We will be pulling up to the studio door in a minute, but I will be back around 9:30 a.m. to take you back to the hotel. They usually have the guests wrapped up around that time. I will be in the same area I am letting you off at to take you back to the hotel.”

“Thanks, I do appreciate it, but I was planning on wandering around the area before I go back to the Plaza; maybe do some shopping or have lunch.”

“No problem. You can use your cell phone. I assume you have one.” He hesitated.

“Yes, I do.”

“So when you are done with your walking around, call me and I will come and pick you up wherever you are. I am assigned to you for the entire day since you are the studio’s guest all day. Therefore, this limo and I are available to you until around six or so. I will give you my card with my cell number and I will pick you up when you’re ready.” He passed back his business card through the space in the privacy glass. I took it, glanced at it, and placed it in the side pocket of my sports jacket.

“I appreciate that.”

He then pulled into the studio parking lot, drove up to the studio door, and stopped the limo. Putting the vehicle in park, he got out of his door and walked over to my side door of the limo. As he opened my door he said, “Good luck on the show and I suppose from what I hear, you are the luckiest man alive, winning the two lotteries with the exact same number. Wow! Wish it would have been me,” he added.

I just looked at him not really knowing what to say, for even today I still was not sure how this had all come about anyway. A chance meeting that I now knew had been deliberate. Here and now, a few weeks later, as per the instructions that were given to me, I was

about to go on national television and shock the entire world. However, not about the lotteries, which were only my tickets to a national television appearance and to fund what I was about to do. All of this was a carefully laid out plan that had been in the works for a very long time.

I graciously told the driver thanks then pulled a hundred dollar bill out of my pocket for a tip. As I handed it to him I said, “I appreciate your good wishes and I will call you when I am ready to go back.”

The driver replied, “Thanks.” We shook hands. I started towards the studio door where a security guard was checking the information of everyone going in.

As I walked up to the door the guard looked at me and then at his clipboard and said, “Good morning, sir. You must be Jack South, the lottery winner.”

“That’s me.” I handed him the stage pass that had been left at the hotel for me. He looked at the document, waived me in, saying, as he pointed down the hallway, “The orientation room is up on the second floor; and the elevators are just around the corner over there. They are expecting you. There is also a buffet set up for the guests today. Oh, our producer, Mr. Jonathon Langer, will be in soon to give you an orientation about your interview.”

“Thanks, I appreciate you being so helpful. By the way, has my attorney, Mark Anderson, shown up yet?”

He glanced at his list before replying, “Not yet sir, but he is on the list. When he arrives, I will tell him you are here and send him up.”

“Thanks, I appreciate it,” I replied as I started walking towards the bank of elevators.

Moving towards the elevator, I thought about what I was about to do and how here, in the twenty first century, not the days of Genesis, I was about to make the world stand up and take notice. Gabriel and Ariel had laid out an elaborate plan in a whirlwind meeting several weeks ago. Now here I was, after much soul searching, a plain old average citizen, Jack South, fifty-eight years old, married, with five kids, and about to pick up where someone had left off over two thousand years ago.

A few months ago, I was more concerned with finding a good job and having a nice life. Things change, but not like this. For now, everything I was, knew, and believed in, was completely shattered. My whole life's purpose had changed. I was just your ordinary man, not rich, but comfortable. I was not that well educated, but I read a lot so at least I could function around just about anyone and feel comfortable in any conversation. I stood about six foot one with a lean body, blue eyes, and gray hair. I considered myself healthy, with just one bad habit, and that was smoking. Why, I really did not know. I just liked it and I really wanted a smoke right now; but figured we could not smoke here.

Most of my career had been in sales and I had been quite successful in the computer industry. Unfortunately, the business became entrenched with foreigners until eventually, the jobs, along with the big bucks, just stopped. The imported immigrants worked for next to nothing and computer sales and consulting just went away. In other cases, the work was outsourced to other countries for even cheaper labor. Since that time, I had sold everything from home improvement services to advertising, and even wrote a book that was not quite as successful as I had envisioned.

As I was waiting for the elevator, my thoughts were interrupted when a woman walked up carrying a couple of dog cages. She was accompanied by a man who appeared to be a porter. He was pushing a cart with two larger cages on it. She was babbling at him about how upset the dogs were getting. She seemed quite rattled and did not appear to be in a good mood at all, at least to me. As I was standing there, waiting for the elevator and watching her fumble with the cages, I asked her, "Are you part of the show today?"

She rather snapped out a, "Yes!" Then, realizing that she was somewhat impolite added, "My dogs are quite upset and things are not going well so far this morning. We just got here late last night. The flight had a three-hour delay, and I have not had time to get my bearings. The dogs are so restless. I hope they will behave when I do the interview. You never know about how dogs are going to react."

"Are you a breeder or a trainer?"

“I breed Labradoodles in Indiana. They are a new breed that people are wanting so I was invited to talk about them on the show today.”

“Is it a special breed?”

“Yes, they do not shed very much and so people who are allergic to dogs can keep them. They’re a cross between a Labrador Retriever and a Poodle.”

As we were talking the elevator door opened. I helped her place the two loose carriers inside. The porter pushed the cart on with the other ones. She responded with a quick, “Thank you.”

It is puzzling whom television morning shows will have on for guests and what the show finds interesting or informative. So far, they had a lottery winner and a dog breeder. Goes to show you how much they would scrape the bottom of the pot to continuously feed the desire for information of any type to the viewing public. It may seem stupid, but the way it was.

As we rode up in the elevator she asked, “Are you a guest today, too?”

I replied with a simple yes, which seemed to temporarily, satisfy her curiosity. I really did not want to discuss it, and thankfully, the elevator door opened before she could ask for any further details. I helped her with unloading the dog cages, as we were met by a nicely dressed woman wearing a business suit and holding a clipboard. She began spitting out questions, almost as soon as we stepped out of the elevator.

“Hello, I am Michelle Richards, Assistant to the Producer, and you are?” directing the question to the dog person.

“Molly Sifers, from Indiana Breeders.”

“And you must be Mr. South?”

“Yes, I am. Pleased to meet you.”

Michelle fit the stereotypical assistant producer I would expect, looking like she had just stepped out of the pages of Glamour Magazine. She was around five feet five inches tall, with perfect facial features, long blonde hair; wearing a tailored suit perfectly fit to her body and a smile as big as Texas. She was, if nothing else, pleasant to look at and acted and spoke 100% business. Looking at her, I guessed that she had probably taken this job in hopes of

being discovered by a major producer while working as an underling on the show. With her looks, I was sure she would be a hit on TV at any level. I wondered however, if Michelle really was an assistant producer or just a very attractive greeter; probably the latter.

“If you will follow me please, I will show you to the orientation and buffet room. It is right down the hall to our left. Do you need any help with the dogs or the cages, Ms. Sifer?”

“Thanks, but no. The porter is helping and the rest I can handle.”

To help, I picked up one of the cages that were not on the cart. Molly smiled at me in thanks as we followed the porter, pushing her cart with the other two cages down the hallway.

Michelle then said to Molly, “You can’t bring the dogs into the orientation room, but since we have animals quite often, we have a different area where you can care for them. If you like, you can drop them off there and then go on to the orientation room and have some breakfast.” Turning to me, she pointed to a door that was open. I assumed that it was the orientation room. She said, “You can wait in here, Mr. South.”

Not waiting for a response from me, Michelle continued down the hall to a double glass door, which opened into an outside garden. Since I was already carrying one of the cages, I followed Molly and Michelle instead of going into the orientation room. Michelle opened the door into an area that I assumed was only a rooftop, now redone into a sort of garden. There was some green space and in another area was a patio set on a deck. A gazebo covered the furniture.

Turning to Molly, Michelle said, “This is the area you can keep the dogs in. There is a dog run over there.” She pointed to a chain-linked area about six feet side by twenty feet in length. Then, pointing to another area, she told Molly there was a table set up for grooming and caring for her dogs.

I set down the one dog carrier and Molly came over and opened it up. She let out a furry black puppy that looked like it had a perm in its hair. It started running around the area avoiding its master who was trying to snap the leash onto it. With a little coaxing, the

Labradoodle eventually returned to her. She snapped the leash onto the dog's collar and then handed the leash to me.

Molly said, "Thanks for helping; I really appreciate it."

"No problem. What is the dog's name?"

"Skyez, pronounced Sky-zee," but then she added that when the puppy was adopted she would probably be renamed.

I asked her where the name Skyez came from and she replied, "Well it was supposed to be just Skye but since she was the last puppy in the litter we added Z to the end to be creative."

Well, I thought to myself, that was a different way to name a dog. Therefore, I joked with Molly and asked, "Did the mother have twenty-six puppies at one time?"

She smiled and sort of laughed and said, "No, she just had six. I guess you have a nice sense of humor, and again, thanks for helping me today."

Michelle, I noticed, seemingly impatient with me playing with the dogs and wanting to move me along, said, "Mr. South, we can go to the orientation room now if you like."

"That would be fine, Michelle. Has my attorney, Mark Anderson, made it here yet?" I asked, although the door attendant had already told me he had not.

Michelle looked on her list before replying, "He has not checked in with me yet." She then turned her attention to Molly who was fiddling with the other cages, getting the dogs out. "Molly, I will send one of our assistants out to help in a few minutes. I need to get Mr. South to the orientation room because he is scheduled before you."

She glanced at her watch and told Molly she had a little over two hours to go. "You are on at about 8:20." She then turned to me and asked me to follow her.

As we were leaving the area, I looked back at Molly and the dogs, realizing that after what I was going to do today, Molly and her Labradoodles would probably not make the show. Too many other things of greater interest would be happening at that time and neither she nor The Network had any idea what was about to take place.

The Gentile Witness, Enoch Book 1

The other thing I thought was that Molly would probably never forget who I was for the rest of her life; and she would always say that I helped her or, then again, maybe not.

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