

The Plan

Hidden through the ages

A Spiritcode Book

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THE IDENTITIES

Apart from the heavenly personalities, both good and evil, like those of the Godhead and the good angels, and Lucifer the dark angel, all the personalities in the story have generic names. By generic I mean that their names either reflect their personality, like John the gentle disciple, who is named 'Gentle', or reflect some kind of distinctive by which they have been labeled by the Scriptures. An example is Apostle Peter being called 'Rock Disciple' because Jesus named him 'Cephas' or 'Rock'. Sometimes a name will change through the course of the story because of the change in the role. An example of this is Mary the mother of Jesus, who starts off being called 'Blessed Daughter' and ends up being referred to as 'Mother'. (Peter also starts off as 'Big Fisherman' and ends up being called 'Rock Disciple'). These transitions are easy to follow and tend to announce themselves. The names given to Lucifer's dark followers are fictitious and are self descriptive. The following is the list of real characters.

ManchildAdam
BelovedEve
BoatbuilderNoah

Mighty Hunter	Nimrod
Patriarch	Abraham
Pyramid Ruler.....	Pharaoh
True Lawgiver	Moses
Great Prophet.....	Elijah
Blessed Daughter	Mary
Mother	Mary
Betrothed	Joseph
Earth Father	Joseph
Great World Ruler	Caesar Augustus
Despot	Herod 1 and Herod 2
Esteemed Travelers	The wise men
Proconsul	Pontius Pilate
Centurion.....	The Centurion of the Gospels
Prophet	John the Baptist
Big Fisherman	Peter
Rock Disciple	Peter
Gentle Disciple	John
Storm Disciple	James

Troubled Disciple.....	Judas
Doubting Disciple.....	Thomas
Tax Collector	Matthew
Special Friend	Lazarus
Heart Sister	Mary sister of Lazarus
Busy Sister	Martha sister of Lazarus
Killer	Barabbas

AUTHOR’S NOTE

The story of ‘The Plan’ was written to illustrate the passionate love God has for humanity as a whole, and for each one of us individually. This overwhelming love was expressed up-close-and-personal when Jesus came to earth to articulate the intensity of it, and ‘The Plan’ follows the footsteps of his incredible journey, from the beginning of time until this very day.

What I am trying to communicate in this book is that there is something incredibly fantastic on offer from God in heaven which is simple to accept. It seems to be a human compulsion to have to rationally define God, but there is no need to have to define or understand a whole set of theological or biblical terms in order to believe in the love that is on offer from God. The story of ‘The Plan’ is in essence, a love story. It is a plea from God’s heart, an overture from one person to another, for in the end, it is God’s love that

defines *us*. All the logic, evidence, or skepticism in the world cannot ever hope to define God.

There were a number of instances where I had to draw conclusions and fill in gaps in conversations and add detail to events. On these occasions, the aim was to faithfully represent the compelling consistency of God's love and justice. I simply wrote about the God that I know, both from my personal faith and from his word. I feel that I know a lot of the characters in the book as well, and I can identify with them all. The Lie is a real person with a real personality, and he has a character in the book consistent with his behavior and sinister disposition as portrayed in the Bible.

The person in the background as it were, is Holy Spirit who has been described as the 'modesty of God'. He does not promote himself but introduces people to Jesus and God the Father and reveals their greatness to us. He introduced me to Jesus and to Father God, and flooded my life with their presence one night many years ago. He has been flooding my life in the same way ever since. At the end of the book, when Jesus goes back to heaven, Holy Spirit comes to earth to join himself with us and to join us with Jesus and Father God and take us on a journey of life with them. That is why I called the last chapter 'The End of The Beginning'. The end of Jesus' time on earth marked the beginning of Holy Spirit's time on earth. All anybody has to do is ask for this amazing journey to begin for them and Holy Spirit will arrange the introductions.

Chapter One

Heaven

Heaven is the dwelling place for the Godhead. It is the place from where they brought light and time and matter, and all life form into existence. The Godhead is a relational unit like a family. The Father has always had his son Jesus, and Father and Jesus have always had another person as part of their being, Holy Spirit. Together The Three are the being of God.

Cosmic creation was an amazing event. There was a concept in the divine mind and the thought became words and the words spoke a universe into existence. First of all, angels were created. These were living spirit beings with form and strength and beauty. These beautiful creatures were invited to share with the Godhead in the creation of the material universe.

Light appeared and time had begun. Then came matter and movement and form. A musical note sounded, solitary and mellow yet able to pierce dense matter. More notes sounded and went out into the ether as straight lines, which then began to curve. These were called song lines and they had the creative force of divine energy. Behind the lines flew the angelic forms of

beauty, shining and strong, in their tens of thousands, and from these beings came more song lines which radiated out into the waiting cosmic space. The lines of formation of the angels were perfect yet ever fluid, changing in what seemed a random sequence.

Sound, light and form suddenly became static. They were waiting for the next command, the order of the galaxies. Creation was tuning up for this opus, and the angels were given creative song lines of beauty to sing. Two mighty angelic beings led them. Their names were Lucifer and Michael and these two were always within the shining splendor of the radiance of God. This shining splendor of radiance is called 'Glory'. Glory is the display of goodness, beauty and creativity that is God's nature, which is experienced as a tangible presence. Michael Angel had the role of marshalling the hosts of angels and he had a pure and selfless admiration for Lucifer, his peer at the highest level of angelic rank. He admired Lucifer Angel because of his beauty and his ability to create heavenly music from within his being which gave so much glory to God. Lucifer was in command of the angelic music that filled the heavens, and all movement was preceded and accompanied by, or echoed by, music.

The song of the galaxies was about to begin. The angels, also known as Morning Stars, were about to sing this song, which flowed from the creative word that came from Jesus. Galaxies of stars and planets were sent out to dance in space with vibrant and dynamic movement, but yet they seemed to stand still, suspended in the cosmos. Such was the awesome speed of their movement, as they were catapulted into their designations by

the lines of song, that their sheer velocity placed them beyond our meaning of time. Galaxies were billions of years old in a day. The thought and word of creation controlled light and its effect on time and space, and as yet it bore no relation to our perspective of time and space. We would wonder at a later time, gazing, listening and guessing, about an event which happened in an instant.

Another song was the song of the deep. Wispy strands of sound became matter, which were then blown by wind and formed into glinting volumes of water. Some stayed suspended majestically in the air in a cloud-like form, while another huge mass settled on the earth as ocean, serenely reflecting its gleaming sheath to a lit sky.

The angels took part in the creative song of light and matter and form, but when Jesus began to sing the song of life they became captivated spectators. They had seen movement before, but never like this. This movement anchored itself into the earth and became what we call plant life. It reached up to drink of light, from wherever it was, and then coiled around itself and burst forth with color and multiplied its variety a million times over. When it drank light it wove its tapestry from seven prime moods that we call colors and then daringly tossed them all together. Each form followed its appointed design and declared its presence as if lining up to be named. It would then remake itself, delighting in even more diversity and motif.

Jesus then sang more life songs, greater than the one before. These songs

lifted life from out of the anchorage of the soil and gave it freedom of movement. An accompanying song from the angels resounded as this astonishing chapter of life appeared - life that moved and swam and leaped and flew even as they did. The distinctive beauty and wonder of this life form was at one time movement, at another time sound, and at another time form. Some lumbered and bellowed, some sprang and chattered, while some screeched and glided. Some hovered or darted beneath the deep, others ran in the sun and pounced, and others stayed in the dark and survived. The angel song was joined by sounds from the earth as if the earth itself seemed to be singing with them. The creation of every living thing was almost complete.

Universal creation was waiting for its crowning glory. God had a plan. The beginning of the plan was the creation of a new living being, a living, thinking and loving being, mankind, the species we call humanity. God breathed his own life into this creation, and a soul was born, setting this species apart from every other species of created being. The end of this plan is that the world of humanity would be brought into the world of eternity where Father God, Jesus God and Spirit God dwell. These new beings were destined to become God's own children, and then his friends, to share with him everything that he had.

Between the beginning and the end of this plan, much would have to happen, both on the earth and in the heavens, but the crowning glory of creation was ready to begin its journey - Mankind – male and female. God created a Manchild, and he gave to this Manchild a Beloved. This was to

be the species that would live above instinct, feel with empathy and compassion, judge with justice, and plan with imagination.

Chapter Two

Rebellion

When God spoke into existence a universe of light and movement and matter and form he crossed the boundary of pure spirit into the realm of the material. Physical expression became the fullness of spiritual expression. From now on, all spiritual activity would seek to express itself in material form. The new things that appeared would be seen and heard, tasted and touched and the nerve center of this activity would be humanity.

Mankind was to be made in the image of God. This was to be more than just a splendid reflection of God that could be seen, more than just an echo of his voice to be heard, more than just an infusion of his sweetness to be tasted, more than a feeling that a human soul could touch. This was to be a true heartbeat that would join the heart of mankind to the desires of God's own heart.

This bursting forth of the explosion of God's love into a physical dimension would leave the angels behind in their world of pure spirit. All they could do was watch and wonder. But Lucifer would not be left behind by anyone,

not even God. Angels had been given the freedom to think and to choose. Lucifer could stay within the order of the creator of all things and give him glory and honor, or he could choose to rebel against this order. He chose to rebel. This act of rebellion became the essence of all evil. It carried within itself the pride of his independent thought and it wrapped itself in the darkness of tragic untruth.

“No! No! No!” A howl of rage burst out from Lucifer Angel. He was furious. Another being was to be given preference and favor over him, with a mysterious and divine destiny. This other being was not even to be created as a heavenly being, but an earthly being, made out of the dirt of the earth, inferior in so many ways to himself. It was ludicrous. “This cannot happen to me. I outrank every other created being in the cosmos, and I was not even consulted. This is outrageous and unfair, and I will oppose it!” he said to himself. He summonsed power from within himself, looking for the energy to propel the intense feelings of rage and jealousy that surged through him. He found the energy. It was called darkness. He drew from the darkness and he became the darkness. The birth of this darkness was the advent into the cosmos of deception, rebellion and pride, and this was Lucifer’s stormy exit from the domain of love and light and life.

“I was destined to be worshiped. I was destined to be above every other created being. I was destined to become as great as God. I can rule the universe.”

As this arrogant defiance exploded into the universe, thousands of thousands of admiring angels were captivated by their command and by Lucifer's powerful magnetism of charisma and beauty. One third of all the angels were drawn in to the back-draft of those words which he breathed into his being and were now bent into the sinister shape of this new and dark distortion. They were hissed inwardly to a presence they had never felt before, terrifying but at the same time daringly awesome and heady.

Lucifer the master musician commanded this dark legion to play music to mark this great moment, the birth of a new and powerful kingdom of evil. A dissonance shrieked out and things in heaven shuddered and a world wobbled, for the first time in time. Not even Lucifer had imagined that a sound like that could exist. It caused angel beings to flee in all directions. It was too belligerent and hostile. It was hideous and grotesque, but it left a strange residue of appetite. It was raw. It was power. It was war! And there would be more - much, much more. Lucifer was enchanted by the sound, The Noise.

Michael, the warrior angel, soared in towards the piercing shattering sound. He saw his friend Lucifer, the most beautiful of all the angels in the center of this maelstrom of noise. There was something in the countenance of Lucifer that Michael had never seen.

“Why are you looking so upset, what is happening?” asked Michael.

“I am outraged at The Plan that God apparently conceived of in eternity, before we were even created. It is a weak and puny plan using weak and

puny people. This kind of destiny is for someone like me, and even you Michael. Don't you agree?"

Michael listened intently to Lucifer. He was horrified that the angel who was just about the closest to The Three, would even entertain any negative thought about what God would want to do. This was new. What could be happening? Anything God wanted was fine by Michael. He saw Lucifer's face begin to change, and he could hardly believe the transformation. First it was the eyes that went dark and sank back into their sockets, then the face seemed to twist, but it was all over in a flash. It was then that Michael knew that Lucifer was the architect of The Noise.

Lucifer's voice rose as he dared Michael further.

"Don't you see Michael? We were part of those beautiful song lines that created this explosive phenomenon of light and matter. I know creation has been given its final expression in the form of Manchild and Beloved, but they are of a lower order than us yet they will get to rule over the entire universe with God one day. We are to serve them. Can you believe it? They are so puny. They don't even know anything."

"But Father is teaching them about everything isn't he? He wants it that way. Manchild has already given names to all other created life forms. He is learning fast."

"They are stuck Michael. They are stuck in a physical prison. They cannot see into the spirit world. They are useless."

"But one day that will change, and you must accept that. It will mean the end of you if you oppose Father God."

"They will never make it," Lucifer retorted.

“When Father God says something will happen it is as though it has already happened – don’t you understand that Lucifer?” But Michael knew from that moment that Lucifer had entered the world of darkness and no longer understood the greatness and the power of God.

The Noise wailed and shrieked again. The Noise was a blackness of energy that drew things toward itself in a squall of rushing confusion. It amassed and then dispersed and when it dispersed it became the accompaniment to all things that would now and forever be called 'lost'. Lucifer had fallen. He had become ‘The Lie’.

Lucifer turned away, and Michael soared back into the presence of God. Now everything was perfect and complete again, or was it? He came before the throne in front of Jesus God, where he so much loved to be. He marveled at the wisdom and beauty of their wonderful Plan, to ultimately share in the experience of human life on this earth and to touch that life with their own, captivating the human heart with their love and passion.

Only The Three really knew what love was. They alone understood the sacrificial nature of wanting to exist for the good of another. They lived for one another and none sought for any power over the other in their perfect domain of justice and love. This was the domain into which Manchild and Beloved, and all who followed them, were invited. They were invited to live a life of love and justice in the earth. Love would be the perfect way

for humanity to express its true nature and its reason to exist. But this love would have to be tested and the challenge would be whether mankind would respond to the love that God had for them and trust in it completely. They could let their trust in God and in his love for them guide their hearts and minds, or they could choose to live selfishly, independent from God and from one another. Mankind still lives with this choice today. The freedom of choice that God had given to Mankind and Beloved was a risk. Yet this was the only true test of whether love and trust would triumph over selfishness and independence.

Lucifer had chosen independence and there was no redemption from his stand. Angels were pure spirit beings, and were given the privilege of being able to see God in the clarity of pure spirit light, and so their judgment was greater. To make an independent stand in the midst of such truth and light meant that there could be no redemption. Mankind, created a little lower than the angels, did not have this kind of vision and would have to be content with the vision that came by trust alone. They had to see God with the inner eye of faith. This did not mean that they would not know. It just meant that knowing would be a matter of the heart, in response to the loving heart of God.

Lucifer had become the extreme of self sovereignty. He had become the archetype of rebellion, the embodiment of pride and independence, and the genesis of darkness and deception - The Lie. These qualities were now at large, and they would seek to invade the world of thinking mortals. This spirit being would now live to deny mankind of its food of love and starve

the soul of its peace. As a consequence the soul of mankind would be plunged into fearful isolation. The strategy of The Lie would be to alienate the mind of mankind from the life giver that sighed life into him.

Chapter Three

The Garden

Father God placed Manchild and Beloved in the midst of a magnificent garden, where they shared the beauty of that place with all the other living beings of creation. This garden was oriented towards the east because that is where the watercourses, the four great rivers, would flow out of the garden. It was also the point at which the hot desert wind would meet the fresh breezes that came over the mountain range near the sea. The resultant warm fresh breezes were caught and held till they were infused with the scents and aromas of the lush variety of plant life, and then they were blown through the cool channels of tall trees into the expanses of sunlit glades for Manchild and Beloved to enjoy. Father God gave Manchild the task of managing this garden for him. He taught him how to look after the plant life and the birds and animals that lived there. Part of that role was to give names to each of the other created beings in the garden; the fish, the birds and the other leaping, crawling, walking, running and sliding things.

This creative insight that Manchild possessed was of such an elevated order that he was able to speak every creature's name onto itself as an

expression and description of its distinct personality. But this was more than just a naming game - it was an outworking of the design of God for humanity - that humanity would be given the responsibility to care for and nurture the animal kingdom. The two happy people enjoyed life together in this luxuriant garden, getting to know one another, walking and talking together, and enjoying the antics of the other playful creatures.

At times Father God would join them in the garden. He would talk to them about his creation and answer questions about how he and Jesus God and Spirit God created the universe. He formed their fertile minds with knowledge, and he formed their character through the challenge of moral choice. There was one unique choice that he commanded them - not to eat of the fruit of one particular tree. This tree was called the tree of the knowledge of good and evil. They were allowed to eat the fruit of all the other trees except that one tree. He told them that if they ate from that tree they would die.

Manchild and Beloved did not know what it meant to die. They also did not know that the fruit of this tree would give insight and cunning to their minds and that insight and cunning would be passed on to the minds of all mankind. A mind poisoned in this way would not think of trusting someone else to totally love and protect them and provide for all of their needs. Instead there would be a fearful grasping for self advantage and self survival and mankind would be steered away from being a giver into becoming a taker.

Lucifer, always out to seize an opportunity to spoil God's loving intention for humanity listened in on the conversation that day, as he often did, and he heard the warning about the forbidden fruit. His dark mind knew what had to be done. Get them to eat the fruit! Not only would the fruit corrupt their souls and minds, but that choice would be an act of defiance to Father God.

"They will become like me - that's what I call a plan," he thought to himself.

Michael heard The Noise again. He felt it as much as heard it, as it careened into him and echoed around him. Michael saw thousands of thousands of dark angelic beings hovering in a shadowy formation, looking down on the garden. They were looking on their idol, Lucifer, feasting on his magnificence, worshiping their hero, their new god. Some had fists raised, while others chanted, some softly, trance-like, some more loud in their insolence. They watched as Lucifer shone and sparkled like a ghostly chameleon in the Knowledge Tree. Michael looked on in amazement as Lucifer began to transform himself into a majestic serpent. The serpent was the most cunning and enchanting creature in the garden. Michael watched in dismay as Beloved approached the Knowledge tree. The hovering angels looked on in anticipation.

"How daring!" they thought to themselves. "How bold! How clever!"

Lucifer looked up at them, drinking in their adoration. Michael watched as Lucifer, the master of deception, went to work. Michael wanted to protect Beloved and to tell her to flee from the place, but he had been told by Jesus

God that that the test of love and trust towards Father God had to be Manchild's and Beloved's alone. He could not interfere.

Beloved's beauty and innocence struck Lucifer to his core and he hated it. He was once the most beautiful of all creation, but he had become distorted with pride and rebellion. He wanted to destroy this other creation and plant those same attitudes in their minds. He felt new powerful and destructive emotions sweep through him as he dug deep into his being, searching for that energy that he had sucked into himself just a little while ago. The Lie surged into action, empowered by his own potent essence of darkness and deception. Michael watched as Beloved and Lucifer got involved in an energetic conversation. Lucifer now appeared to have her transfixed, as she just stood there looking at and listening to the captivating distortion of reality that faced her.

“Did God really say that you were not to eat any fruit from the trees in the garden?” asked The Lie. He knew that God had not said that. He knew that they were only told not to eat the fruit of the tree that he was now sitting in, but he wanted to see how naïve she was, and how she would react to his provoking question.

“No, we can eat of any tree we like, except that one you are sitting in.”

“Is that all he said?” baited The Lie. “Is there anything else, or can't you remember?”

“Of course I can remember,” flashed back Beloved.

“We can't eat of this tree because if we do we will die.” She paused then added

“In fact we are not even allowed to touch it.”

The Lie smiled to himself. She had overstepped the mark. He knew that God had not forbidden them to touch anything. They were only commanded not to eat the fruit.

He pulled off a piece of the fruit and threw it to her. Beloved instinctively caught the fruit deftly in her hands.

“Hey, you’re not dead, and you touched the fruit. Maybe Father God was mistaken,” said The Lie tauntingly.

Beloved looked down at the piece of fruit in her hands, feeling defensively perturbed at the mocking jibe from The Lie. The Lie was talking again.

“The truth is that even if you eat the fruit you won’t die either. Father God knows that if you eat that fruit you will be just as powerful and as wise as he is. You will know all there is to know about good and evil, and you will become the perfect judge of all things. That is real power. And besides, it tastes good too.” He smirked as he watched this bribe snare the human soul into the compelling payoff.

Michael watched in shock and apprehension as he saw Beloved sink her teeth into the luscious orb of fruit and he kept watching as he saw her sink herself into the abyss of her own isolated fear. Lucifer had sown the corrupt seed of a lie, a distortion that said that God was keeping the best from them, and they should no longer believe what he says. Beloved believed that lie and in that moment mankind betrayed its trust in a loving God. Beloved did not recognize the feeling of shock that assailed her mind. She had never known shock. Something had been lost and Beloved felt lost. She felt alone for the first time and separate from everything around

her and everything within her. She felt feelings of despair rise up within her. She was an alien inside her own body, which also felt distorted, and she felt shame. She wanted to cover herself and hide her body so that nobody would see the shame she felt. She felt panic and anxiety, then she knew why. She had invited the darkness of the Lie into her mind and driven Father God out. Her world was darkness.

Manchild appeared beside her, looking confused when he saw the half eaten fruit in her hand. His confusion turned to dismay when he realized what beloved had done. She held the orb towards him with a resolute set to her face. He ate, and followed his Beloved into her darkness. He despised her and loved her at the same time, feeling the same despair and torment that she did. But most of all he knew he too had driven Father God out. He had become a partner with the lie, and now his world too was invaded by darkness and death and fear. They ran from that awful place and found somewhere to hide. A lying word of destruction was sown into the life of humanity that day and it would live on, bringing separation and distance from God in man's mind, a tragic alienation. While ever time remained God would be working to restore that gap.

The Noise crashed into the atmosphere again. It howled and wailed and screeched and screamed and bellowed and echoed back and forth and rushed everywhere all at the same time. All created things shrieked and shook within The Noise, trees, animals, birds, and even rocks and stones. All created things were torn apart that day, and the beautiful garden was now a mess of debris. The dark violent breach of trust from mankind

toward God had impacted all of creation. It could have been so beautiful if only darkness had not entered. But darkness had entered the human soul like a negative energy swallowing up light and truth. It was into this darkness that Manchild and Beloved retreated. Father came to look for them in the ruined garden. He called out to them but they were hiding. They now had a compulsion to hide. They did not like what they saw inside themselves. It was something that had been deformed and put out of shape, and this was their experience of shame. Their innocence and their child-like ability to trust had been stolen from them.

“Where are you?” came Father’s voice. It was not the voice of a judge but the voice of a father, except that they heard the voice of a judge, and so they squirmed and they lied, and they blamed each other. Manchild even blamed Father God for giving him a Beloved who had just caused him all this trouble. Beloved blamed The Lie. Father God looked at the shining one, the sparkling serpent, still coiled insolently in the tree and as Father’s eyes pierced the shining form, the serpent fell to the ground and slithered into the dust. This act of open defiance by Lucifer brought him into direct confrontation with God, who then removed all of the good will from Lucifer that he had ever bestowed upon him.

The removal of good will and blessing is called a curse. Lucifer was now the enemy and God declared war on him. Father God promised that The Lie would be destroyed one day by an offspring of Beloved’s. The Lie heard it and he was warned. He would be ready for this promised offspring, whoever or whatever that might be, and his entire existence would forever

be consumed with the destruction of The Promised One.

Father then looked sadly upon his own creation that had once looked so perfect and beautiful, and he withdrew his blessing from that as well. This curse was upon the ground, the soil, the womb of all plant life. It would be marred by thorns and weeds. One day the blessing would be restored, but for now creation would sit under a curse and would have to wait until The Promised One came and The Plan was finally fulfilled. Manchild would now have to labor and sweat to get his food out of the earth, and womankind would experience pain and labor in bringing life into the earth.

The Lie sat in the sparkling shadows as thousands of thousands sat around him, intoxicated with success. They formed their own amphitheatre around him. The smaller ones sat up behind the larger ones in an ordered gallery of horror. The largest ones of them all were Archons, or Rulers of Darkness, then came Prince Powers, then the other powers. Lucifer loomed largest of them all. He swept them with his gaze. His chin jutted forward as he declared solemnly and pompously,
“We are at war!”

Fists were raised as the dark assembly went into a frenzied uproar. The horror gallery hollered on, and slowly the din subsided. Then the strangest thing happened. He began to fix his gaze upon one of the dark beings - any one of them - and the being would immediately become transformed into

whatever strange and bizarre shape The Lie imagined! Sometimes they looked gruesome and horrific, and at other times elf-like and puckish. Lucifer drank deeply of the brew of command and control that he now held over their thoughts, their identities and their destinies. Nothing had ever tasted so good!

Their cries swooned out in awe and incredulity as transfigurations materialized from place to place, sometimes entire rows of them were changed all at once. Shouts of praise and adulation resounded. Lucifer knew he was created to receive this kind of worship. He continued to transform different ones here and there among the thousands of thousands. He laughed as he thought of The Plan, for God to one day transform weak humans beings and to make them like himself. He was convinced that God could not match this newfound power of darkness that he had so newly acquired. It was too easy! The Lie had the power to make beings change. He had already changed Manchild and Beloved into a distortion of what they had been, and he had just performed amazing transformations amongst his own dark followers. He was now more convinced than ever that he had made the right decision.

“Creativity and inventiveness has evolved into a new dimension - my time has come.”

He looked over at some of the Archons, the Rulers of Darkness.

“Who do you all say that I am?” he asked.

“You are the god of this world,” replied a chief Archon.

Lucifer loaded a new found weapon of destruction with this dart of death

and gloated to himself.

“And on this revelation of yours, I will design the soul of this world”, he declared.