

## **Prologue**

None of it made any sense to Urie. Wasn't He God, wasn't He gone to earth though wholly man yet still wholly God? Wasn't He Jesus, the one they loved, adored and revered in worship, captain of the heavenly host?

How then could it be that mortal man had been given power to torture and torment Him with seemingly no consequence? And now, they were about to crucify Him and Urie could not believe what He was seeing. He almost shook his head to confirm that what he was seeing was actually what was happening.

He looked expectantly at Michael the archangel. 'Surely' he thought, 'any minute now, the command will be given and we will swoop down and smite those dark forces of hell.' But Michael was silent, though as always ready for battle, he just looked on.

Urie watched in disbelief as Jesus was laid on the cross and the nails begun to pierce His hands. He heard the manic shrieking of demons as they laughed at Jesus; taunting, mocking Him and even spiting at Him. 'How dare they?!' he thought and itched for a chance to wage war against them; put them in their rightful place and watch as they fell over themselves fleeing.

"Michael, how long are we going to watch this?" a voice behind him spoke up. It was Raphaen and by the look on his face and tone of his voice, Urie was glad to know that he was not alone. Quickly scanning the multitude of warrior angels that had gathered, he could tell by their expressions that majority of them – just like he – were burning to swoop down and put the enemies of Jehovah in their place.

Michael slowly turned to face them and just like many times before, Urie was in awe of him. Michael was indeed a sight to behold; one of Jehovah's archangels, he was bigger, more powerful than all the warrior angels and when at full fighting flight, he brought trepidation in his wake. But the thing that Urie admired most of Michael was his unwavering devotion to Jehovah; his instantaneous obedience to Him and his worship of Him. 'Surely' Urie thought, 'Michael must also be feeling what we are feeling.'

One look at his face confirmed Urie's instinct. For indeed, Michael's countenance was not as it usually was. It was visible to all just how difficult it was for Michael to watch his beloved Captain, the one he reported to and received direct instructions from, treated this way by heaven's enemy.

Nonetheless, he spoke with conviction and purpose; "not for long Raphaen, Lucifer has been given this hour to do his bidding – it is his hour. But pretty soon, ours will come....ours will come" he said turning back to look at the going on's.

Urie was struck by the silence that seemed to surround him. Though he was not at the throne room of Jehovah, he could not hear the singing, the praise and worship that was the hallmark of heaven. It seemed to Urie that all of heaven had come to a standstill. Nothing moved, nothing stirred and Jehovah Himself remained silent.

Then darkness filled the earth - for even the sun had stopped shining - as Urie heard He who he knew to be God cry.....'Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani!' Then Jehovah roused and Urie watched in disbelief as God Almighty wept – Oh how it hurt him to see this; Jehovah grieving for His son's tribulations.

A single teardrop made its way downwards and at the same time Jesus said in a loud voice 'it is finished!' and gave up His spirit. In an instant, the tear of God hit the earth and shook it violently; massive rocks split into two, tombs were open and the temple's curtain was ripped down the middle.

Then Urie heard the sound he had been waiting for — the trumpet call of the archangel, the clarion call of war. Their hour had come.