

ARCHANGELS AND THE END OF THE AGES

I remember autumn afternoons. Lukewarm days, heat waves that echoed for the whole garden. A wonderful sensation. It seemed that the sun heated up my own soul. Above me clouds ran, quick. The contrast between the sun spaces and the place settings for the clouds created an ethereal sensation. It is very pleasant. A colder wind did alternate between the heat waves, comfortable. I remind, in that age, to have conscience of the beauty and singularity of the moment. Something that would remind for the rest of my life. And I was right. It would carry this moment for the rest of my existence. And there was a reason for such.

I remind that more or less in the same time I was making a type of 'exercise.' I tried to focus my 'interior vision' in my heart. I imagined something hot, diamond, pleasant. Little by little I transferred this sensation to my eyes and, from them, I exhaled for the environment around me. And I was rewarded by that. Amid the autumn scenes that I already mentioned they formed a personal picture and for too much valued.

I don't know why such thoughts are coming to me now. I am tired. Outside a small rain is made present. Amusing. Cozy. My blanket seems to be also more wanted. Slowly the sleep is collecting his share. Little by little it is harder remains of open eyes. The noise of the rain outside wraps still more Morpheus' call. Without perceiving, I fall asleep.

The darkness begins to give signs of images. Initially disconnected space. Gradually, forming a coherent mosaic and, more ahead, dreams in the conception of the word. Around me landscapes intricated and beautiful women are pulled the curtain little by little. Some people say that doesn't see himself colored in dreams. I disagree fully. My dreams are vivid, colors, present. Around me a green sea is revealed. Up to where the view reaches, everything is green. I feel the wind in my face. The wind runs through the vegetation, creating here and there waves that remind me the sea. The smaller bushes dance to the flavor of the drafts. Further on there is a small lake. Waves are formed in your surface. Small plants that seem rushes stand out. The lake shines just like a mirror, from where I can see. I be aware of the sun. A strong and warm sun, heating up my face. The wind, smooth, contrasts happily. I proceed to the lake. I stoop down and, putting the hands in the water, I can feel it. Cold, strangely real. More strangely because I am conscious that that is a dream. In the middle of the dream I am aware of my condition. And that leaves amazed me. In a short distance a group of trees rustles their cups. Leaves so green that seem to shine under the sun. That landscape comes of a beauty incredibly realist. To the glance among the trees, I notice a small road. And, when searching his end, in the distance, a wood house appears. Without knowing why my heart beats faster. I decide to proceed for the road. On both sides of the end of the road great forests open up. The beauty of the landscape is constant, captivating. I arrive at the house. In one on the sides, seating, there is a boy. I talk with him but, paradoxically, I don't understand my own words. He smiles and it points me the bottom of his house. My heart accelerates still more. I proceed until the end of the house and I come across a youth woman, dressing clothes of formerly. My heart seems that will leave for the mouth. She sees me. Recognizes me. I know her, yes! From where, I don't have any idea. We ran one to the encounter of the other. We hugged each other. I can fell the heat of her body, the softness of her skin, of her face. I diffuse in their hands. I feel them as real as if I was awake. We sat down in the ground and began to talk. My heart feels a joy never before noticed. The scenery, the situation, the youth, everything perfect. Who would she be? Friend? Wife? Sister? Difficult to know. My feelings are confused. It just remains the fact that I love this woman, wherever she is. I could stay there, eternally. The boy

approaches and he sits down close to us. And this is also right. I face her deeply in the eyes, green and diamonds, full of life. A radiant look that transmits peace, love and understanding. I hear a music then in the distance, that approaches more and more. We looked at each other, not understanding what happened. Suddenly I am awake. The alarm clock played. The morning had arrived. I feel like crying. I want to return, to continue, not to leave the dream. But the day bills the life that we took. And I follow my road.

My name is Guilherme Bonjour. Without jokes, please. I am tired of them. My last name gives margin to a lot of connotations. Some infantile ones. Other malicious ones. So, without jokes. Point.

Italian blood, traveler no convict, of Parma. Only to consist. Difficultly I visit my home town. And I thank the skies for that. Don't understand me badly. I adore families. As long as it is not be **my** family. I think I accepted this life that reminds travelling salesman to flee of them. And of the bill collectors. But the bill collectors are a case to the part. My life is to proceed here and there, where they need my services. Yes, yes, it can be a type of escape. Traveling this way you don't have time to constitute a family. If I like woman? Ah, is the reason of my life. My problem is that I like a lot of women, *capice* ? Variety is the youth's of the life source!

But you should be wondering what I do. I am a type of reporter. Something of the type. I began working as Private Detective. Pompous name but of little return. One day I ended up coming across a friend, Paolo. Great Paolo. Big , really. Almost 1 meter and 90 centimeters. Thin just like a sheer stick. But a great guy. Somewhat crazy, sometimes. But, after all, nobody is perfect. He was beginning to create a programming for a channel of these of the esoteric type. He thought I had profile to be a reporter for the channel. Deep inside, I think he was concerned of my financial standing and so wanted to help me. Of course I don't believe in my own reports. But that was in the beginning. Little by little I ended up living so many things that I walk with the 'flea behind the ears', as they say. Finally, good won, always traveling, knowing places... Difficult to find a better job. And I feel that I make some thing that is worthwhile. For me! But do we have to think in us same sometimes, I am not right? There are moments in that I think I think too much about that. There I stop thinking, I relax and take advantage of the life.

I am, now, in the middle of the flight to France. Havres. Conexion by Washington, United States. What to do? To travel is necessary. What I know it is that happened an unusual fact in a church of the city (Havres, not Washington). Something of the type oil that springs from the religious image or similar thing. I have been seeing a lot of these situation. With me it is Marco Polle. A skeptic by birth. He would not believe in an appearance nor that he saw one, personally. And he looks that already saw several. But always has a rational way of describing what happens. And, I have to admit, the guy is a genius. Formed in philosophy, history and something more, I believe. And he knows, always, what speaks. A true encyclopedia on two legs. Until today I don't know like him finished falling in the same program. Misfortunes of the life, I have faith. It is an excellent company. He grunts, snores, speaks little. The perfect companion for a boring trip. He has moments in that even speech. But it is something rare and worthy of notice. I always write down in my notebook the monosyllabic sentences that he utters. They are something of an abysmal profundity. Our cameraman (the man that carries the bale, the weight of our work) is Paolo Tomazzo. It is it contrary of the other, the boss. This is small, compact type. But agile. And that, in this work, counts plenty. Thanks to his agility we got to film things that, in another way, would be lost. They say that his largest fact was when he wrapped up with

a married woman in Rome. He had to beat in retreat in an abrupt way. And his agility saved him of some weeks in some hospital. Say (the bad tongues) that he left running, nude in hair, for the streets. But the one that imports is that he is alive to answer the fact. And he objects, vehemently. Mainly when his bride is for close. We will meet with a local team, already previously contacted by the program. I hope they speak Italian. Or at least English. My French is something poor. Horrible. Pitiful. I don't manage to do the right beaks. How can they talk in that language? Only borning there, I suppose. They were the first ones that had contact with the church where happened the fact. And they have been getting the exclusiveness. I didn't understand right the reason. It seems that the church doesn't want the fact to be published to the world, for some time. Why, I don't have a clue. That happens the whole time, in several parts of the world. I want to ask to Marco what he thinks. What a dream! The snore almost crunches me the glasses. How can a human being emit something of this magnitude? He should suffer of apnea, the poor fellow. A huge apnea. I look at my clock. Changing the time zones, melting my own spindles... Still lack 3 hours of trip. I will try to rest a little. To sleep, only in dreams. I prod the citizen in the ribs. He turn aside. *Voi-la!* He reduced the noise. There's a God in the heavens!

His name is Isaac Rathzik. The study of the religion and overcoat the Bible has been his life. Theology has been his life from when he remembers. It had been like this with his father. And his father's father. It is will be like this with his son, someday.

The last years were generous with their long beards. He had access to several Manuscripts of the Dead Sea as well as the some other ones less known. Along their studies he had several surprises. But his faith was never affected. To the opposite. Along their long years of study the concepts were if solidifying, agglutinating, developing. Isaac is rewarded by his work and he makes it with pride. Before his community he is respected. Before his people he is a prominent person. Even it is respected by the international community. Partly for his charisma. Partly for their knowledge. The respect demonstrated to several theories has been, also, a sympathy mark.

Recently he has been having some conflicts with his son. The youth's things, he always thinks. A certain rebelliousness to the old methods. An attempt of break of the family concepts. But his son always ends up hearing him, accepting their point of view. But sometimes it is as stubborn as a mule. Own Isaac recognizes that it pulled the father. But, he thinks, this persistence that ended up taking him to go ahead was exactly where many had given up. And it can, also, to help his son. The time is always the best judge.

In the moment it is leaned over in fragments of Qumraan that were introduced him by his friend of long date, Alain DeBouis. DeBouis is an eminent historian, having participated in divesas excavations with Isaac. Situations of military conflicts ended up forging a fort bow among the two. A bow that has already been lasting twenty-two long years. When he had the opportunity to work with his old friend didn't have doubts. He thanked the blessing and immediately contacted the friend. Together they work with the Manuscripts.

However the fragments sent by DeBouis are... strange. They seem to flee to the writing sequence from the Essens. And they seem to be the oldest up to now recovered. Paradoxically, however, it seems to be more conserved than most. The packaging in the vase in that one found was sensibly superior to the others. Punished by the time but in way still recoverable. The same is not able to one to say of most of the writings found in Qumraan. The style is several times that he already read.

The focus seems to be something different. Concepts, ideas and only thoughts appear in these new ones written. DeBouis had already noticed this discrepancy. So much that he requested the friend that studied such documents personally, jointly. The authenticity and dating of these documents was corroborated. The writings had already treated of the fight of the Children of the Darkness against the Children of the Light. Many believe that the Essens would have considered themselves the Children of the Light and they would be getting ready for the conflict with the Children of the Darkness. Some still conjecture that the Essens would have, in the end, imagined that the Children of the Darkness would be the own Romans and that, like this, the Apocalypse would have arrived. These new ones written, however, they focus the Children of the Light and Children of the Darkness in a different way. And it is exactly this looks contradiction that as much him as DeBouis they are trying to understand and to join to the that was already obtained in a concise way. According to DeBouis there is still another element, as old as this that now study, in his power. It will be the next challenge of both.

“The world picture comes deteriorating in an accelerated way in the last years. Although the social inequalities have always existed, the abyss that separates acquires them, now, abominable outlines. At the same time in that rich nations waste opulence and prosperity we see countries of the third world suffering poverty and nonpareil privations. In parallel these poverty corruptions are followed every time larger. No that the developed countries them they don't have, far away from this. But in a scenery already disturbed strongly by the social and economical unevenness a load corruption turns the atmosphere absurdly inhospitable.” (Dennis Reuber-Newspaper 'The Authority')

“Although a world war still don't have if shown clearly, we see a world war no-declared. Successive interventions of powerful countries (and, sometimes, no so powerful) in inferior nations it has been causing crescent alarms. Run nuclear for poor nations (vide the race India x Pakistan) it has been elevating the feeling of imminence of conflicts. Countries that accomplish nuclear tests without consent of the world opinion (it is read France). Republics center and South American with disputes and visible political retreats. Several African countries, even in poverty situation, spend their scanty resources in armed combats from where winner doesn't appear some. Country-keys in the maintenance of the environment get lost in fights of words and faded lies. The destruction of the Amazonian Forest is an example of this. The amount that comes daily being destroyed is much larger than is published officially. Countries of great economical power continue his intrusion politics and slow conquest. In several areas of the turbulent globe they are born, grow and kill thousands of people. A lot of times without at least to know the reason. The call NeoNazi has been surfacing vastly in the recent years. We fells, in the air, the sign of black days to come for all the humanity” (P. Lavignier-Reviewed “L'Echo of Munde”).

“Although the human technological sense is in constant evolution we see the spiritual worsening. No that the technology doesn't aid us to live in a better world. But the cost has been of the spiritual estrangement. We are living in a world more and more lacking of the true sense of the religion. I don't speak about the Catholic religion, Muslim or other specifically. I speak about the religion, of that feeling that really approximates us of God. This religion has been lessened and lacerated, without mercy. Many speak today in religion. The great majority for the curiosity. Without what it is more important, be which is the religion: True faith!” (Daniel LeFonte-Newspaper “Faith Today”).

“The world is in a reservation of a better future. As well as the jump of the technology in the end of the Century XIX created better life conditions and smaller mortality, we see the development today every time larger of the technology in our days, in our work, in our life. In a short time we’ll can create organs starting from our own fabrics, avoiding all and any rejection. Or we can create clones to serve specifically as a repository of our needs. The man more and more approaches his lost divinity, creating new drugs, new resources and same, new life “(Dr. John S. Liebard-Reviewed “Science and Life”)

“The globalization was a factor of enormous force. And the results, the best ones possible. However with larger prominence to the countries more developed. What we saw in a global world is the deterioration of several economic models, unemployment, inflation and a larger inequality in the distribution of the resources. The world nations hugged this new economic model as a salvation board. But she might have revealed a nail more the in the coffin of the underdeveloped savings” (L. Colien-Newspaper “World Market”)

(1) *Morpheus* – Mythical being that it would command Kingdom of the Dreams.

(2) *Nephilim* – Son (or sister) born of the carnal union between woman and angel

(3) *apocryphal* - Texts that existed in the Bible and were along the history extirpated, sometimes considered of heretics and most burning. However survived Greek versions of the old Hebraic texts that were rediscovered recently.

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