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THIS COULD BE TOMORROW

By; Rev. Speaker Gerald A. Polley

Justice MacClain was a very satisfied man as he sat in the arm chair of his plush livingroom looking out the open balcony doors to the starry night sky. Tomorrow he would make a decision he had waited years to make, prayed for the opportunity to make. Tomorrow he would help others put his nation back on a true moral track, and stop the yearly murder of thousands of unborn children.

"I'll make for myself," he thought, "an honored place in history. I will be revered by decent men for years to come."

He took another sip of his fine wine and then his thoughts were broken by a strange sight. A dark dot began to appear in the sky. In moments it grew into the shape of a six foot tall winged Being that descended with a light touch, to the Justice's balcony, and stared at him with a sad expression. Plush, golden fur covered the being's body, except for around the face and the palms of the hands. It wore a garment like a human tunic that clung to its muscular and well-shaped body. The Justice finally managed to find his tongue.

"Who are you?" he stuttered, "What are you?"

The Being smiled. "Over the passage of years," it answered, "I have been called by more names than there are grains of sand. But so you may address me, you may call me Messenger, for that is what I am; a Messenger sent from the future in the hopes that you will hear the cries of those unborn, and alter the course of this history you are about to make."

The Justice sat down his glass and spoke timidly.

"Come ye from God?" he asked.

"I come from The Light of The World," The Messenger answered, "from The Givers of Truth. What you choose to call It, is your choice, not mine."

The Justice thought for a moment and asked another question.

"Are you of the Fallen?"

The Being spread his arms. "So YOU would say," The Messenger answered, "but before you judge, I ask that you see what I have to show you, and know what I show you is true. And then you can decide for yourself whether it matters or not that I am no longer loyal to the House of Haven. And I swear by The Lord of that House that once you have seen what it is you need to see, I will return you safely, unharmed, to this time and to this place."

The Messenger extended his hand, and the Justice found himself rising. He hesitated and The Messenger spoke again. "You must come

of your own free will. I cannot force you."

Suddenly the Justice felt compassion from this Being, overwhelming trust welled up in him, and without another thought he extended his hand. The Being took it. In a moment his feet lifted from the floor and with incredible speed they whisked skyward.

One-thousand rainbows surrounded them, and when the rainbows faded they were descending to the ruins of a once-great city. They came to light atop the twisted remains of a great skyscraper, and the Justice looked around him in disbelief.

"What is this place?" he asked.

"This is Fortress Invincible," The Messenger told him. "the last stronghold of the True Church of God United, in the north-eastern United States. The Church's five year reign of butchery and terror is coming to an end.

Six months ago the rebels rose up against them, and the Church's forces have been defeated in battle after battle. Fifty-thousand of them hold this last fortress, mostly women and children. There are boys and girls of ten and eleven years old in the bunkers, ready to protect the rights of the unborn, and to keep the lies of the unholy out of their schools, to protect the divine right of their Bishop to rule. Of course they don't know about the concentration camps, the torture chambers, and the Bishop's private sex palace. They know only what the Church controlled television, radio, and newspapers have told them. In the morning one-thousand bombers will blast open a gap in the defense wall at the head of the peninsula, and naval vessels in the river will blast the defenses in the peninsula's end. A million troops will attack both positions. The battle will last three days. The rebels will suffer moderate casualties, the defenders will be butchered.

Once they are done here, this army will split in two groups. Half will go south, drive the Church's forces out of Georgia, the other half will go north and cut them off from the Canadian border. They will be pushed further and further south, until only a small pocket remains in Texas, Louisiana, and Mississippi. The last of their naval forces in The Gulf of Mexico will be destroyed, and in utter desperation they will launch their last and most terrible weapons. But only three of them will get through. But for one-hundred-thousand years the dead in those cities won't even be able to be buried, and the land around them will be death to every living thing.

The rebels will not be cruel, but they will be harsh, and, just. The trials and executions will go on for months. The horrid truth of what the Church did with its power will be told to the world. The United States will be financially ruined. It will fall from the place of world leadership, to the place of a third rate nation, and for the rest of history Europe will have to treat it like a crippled relative that must be given aid and comfort."

"Who caused this?" the Justice asked. "How could this happen?"

"YOU caused it," the Messenger told him. "YOU made it happen. The decision you made taking away a woman's right to control the use of her own body set in motion the Church's rise to power. That victory gave them courage to strive for other victories. In time they altered the Constitution to give them absolute power, suppressed any that disagreed with them, until finally those who had been bloodied rose up and brought their religious empire crashing down,

taking fifty per cent of the population with them. This is what your decision did. This is what it WILL do. Yours was the deciding vote. Yours is the name of infamy on every man's lips out there.

Let me show you someone," The Being took the Justice's hand and in moments they stood on a roof over a campsite. "Here is America's next President," The Messenger announced, pointing to a bearded man with sad eyes sitting alone by a fire. "He will put this shattered land back together, crush corruption, and make a new and stronger Constitution. He is a man full of bitterness, a gentle man who was driven to war because his daughter was tortured to death by her captors, because she would not denounce her father for supporting women's rights."

"But this was not what we meant!" The Justice cried. "This was not what we intended. We only wanted to save the unborn, to protect the right of the innocent to live."

"It doesn't matter what you intended," the Messenger told him. "THIS is what you made. THIS is what you did. When you give in to the desires of fanatics, when you impose your will on others, rather than using persuasion, THIS is what you get."

"It's a lie!" the Justice screamed, "It's a lie! It can't be true! It can't happen!"

"I cannot convince you," the Messenger answered, "you can only convince yourself. But this is all true. This is what is, and, what will be. Now your time is done. I must take you home. I have done what I can. The rest is up to you."

He took the Justice's hand and in a few moments the Justice found himself back in his livingroom. The Messenger turned and started to leave, and the Justice stopped him.

"Answer for me a question," he pleaded, "what if I make the other decision? What future will THEN be?"

"Those are only shadows," the Messenger told him. "There will be strife and irritation, small pockets of violence, but without a victory to unite them, the Unified Church will never be. Better contraceptives will be developed, sex education will be improved. The need for abortions will drop dramatically and the issue will slowly die. It will simply become a bitter and forgotten period in American history."

"If I could only know you are real," the Justice wept. "If I could only know you are real."

"You know full well," the Messenger told him. In an instant he was gone.

The Justice went to bed, rose in the morning in a daze, made his way to the court chamber. He was about to enter when a young man approached him, accompanied by a girl in her teens.

"Justice," the young man said, "I just wanted to say it's been a pleasure arguing before you, and whatever way the decision goes, no hard feelings."

The Justice half nodded, then something in the young man's eyes brought back a memory. The face was younger, unbearded, but it was the same face, the same man. The Justice shook the outstretched hand, and walked off. He took his place on the bench as the other Justices gave their opinions, and finally it came to him. A gruff voice spoke.

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"Justice MacClain, the Court awaits your opinion!
Justice MacClain, what is your opinion.....?"

THE END

If you were Justice MacClain, what would your decision be? Are you thankful that you're not him, that you do not have to make such a decision? Well, unfortunately EACH of us has to make such decisions every few years, when we choose those who represent us. We can choose those who represent the rights of EVERY American, or we can choose those that listen to a loud and unjust minority who desire to force their religious ideals and opinions on others.

I am not a prophet, I only read the flows of probability. The future described here CAN be changed. If we choose to change it we can fight those who would impose their will upon us with the ballot, or, with the bullet. The choice is ours.

We choose the ballot. Join us, or, join others that are doing likewise. Speak now, while you can, before you have to fight. The future belongs to your children; give them a worthy one.

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