



## Prologue

# **Matthias: The Advent**

**W**hispers of my name, like wisps of air, echoed in haunting tones throughout the canal. A vortex had pierced its way through space, making a passageway from the realm of eternal light to the universe governed by time and night. A journey of extraordinary significance awaited my first steps, yet I stood frozen at its entrance, contemplating the enormous responsibility now resting upon my shoulders. My heart was filled with trepidation. Was I prepared to confront the darkness?

This darkness was not the darkness of night. It was the darkness that came from “beings” separated from the source of light. Beings who surrendered to evil and wickedness of every type. Beings who had been banished from the realm I was about to leave behind. Cloaked under the guise of a thousand lies, these fallen ones had brought utter despair to a once majestic planet, the place of my destination.

My world was bathed in ethereal light emanating from the glorious presence of the One Who created all things. It was a world of exquisite delight. There we cherished intimate

relationships with beings from home and foreign universes, bonds that grew in depth and love for endless ages. Unimaginable discoveries and opportunities for learning stretched us to grow in every capacity of our being and fueled our intense desire for knowledge unknown. Most endearing was the all-encompassing love that perpetually enveloped us in a comforting bliss of peace, confidence, and assuredness. To leave such a place to dwell within the exact opposite was a formidable and daunting reality.

Though the time had come for me to play my part in confronting the darkness and shielding the precious ones from the fallen creatures of the night, my thoughts at the moment were not of this unfortunate planet and its inhabitants. Instead, I was consumed with whether I was ready to perform the task expected of me. Was my training adequate? Will I be able to bear the sorrow and pain that will sear into my soul? Can I vanquish beings who once stood as angels of light?

I turned to face the magnificent immortal who was to escort me on this, my very first mission to the fallen realm. He was a being of dazzling brilliance. Four massive wings stretched out from his chiseled form, and his intense eyes flickered like flames of fire. Confidence, might, and power exuded from his soul. My father, Adriel, fluffed his wings and folded them toward me. Instinctively I folded mine to him, and as our wing tips touched, a force field of love developed about us. This heavenly embrace dissipated my apprehension, and my father's faith and trust in the Omnipotent One infused into my spirit as his voice rang out loud and clear, beseeching his Maker in prayer.

“I thank thee, my Creator, for the joy and peace in which we live. As we journey to Earth, I plead Your Spirit to enshroud my

son, Matthias. Enable him to decimate the demons that attempt to destroy his mission to protect and save the precious ones.”

His impassioned tone intensified. “May he find the answers to the questions that trouble him. May his eyes be opened to see through the deceptions that masquerade as truth. May he realize Your unchangeable laws are just, right, and true.”

Stunned by his words, I raised my head and peered at him. An expression of sorrow pervaded his brow.

Does he really believe my questions challenge the very foundation of our joy? Then why allow me to embark on a mission such as this one? I pondered as he whispered, “It is well with my soul. Amen.”

Immediately, the Spirit of our omniscient Creator descended upon us in a flame of holy fire, causing us to let out a shout like the roar of a lion, claiming victory won even before I had begun. As I stepped into the portal, colors of light coalesced into exquisite patterns that danced in unison with the melodic sounds this passageway emitted. Instantaneously, we spanned an immeasurable distance through the sinless galactic universe.

But instead of the usual radiant light that awaited us at the entrance to our heavenly realms, my vision beheld a surreptitious blackness. My eyes, designed to recognize light in all its luminous facets, needed to be transformed to see through the inky murkiness we were heading toward.

The dazzling illuminations dimmed within the canal, the pulsating energy weakened, and the euphonious chorales ceased when we arrived at the veil. This singularity of space

served as a wall separating the universes of light from the universe of night, and when we crossed it, I felt as if a malevolent presence was pulling me into an abyss of gloom. A sense of doom surged through my being. My spirit recoiled, and my confidence wavered. We were now on enemy ground and within the habitation of legions of demons. My father, sensing my apprehension, encircled me while uttering words of courage.

I intensified my vision to take in this minuscule and virtually non-existent planet. This grain of sand in the vast, endless ocean of space had moved all the heavens into action. This point of attraction, though a spectacle of sorrow, had secured the sinless universes of light for time eternal. Here, the Creator had revealed a side of Himself unseen in all eternity—a display of His immortal goodness confirming His beauty and love for all His created beings.

Drawing his leviathan sword in preparation for an imminent attack, my father sliced through the blackness like a blazing comet streaking across the night sky. The legions parted like the Red Sea, howling and shrieking like a frenzied pack of wild wolves chasing down their prey. These were the weaker ones with no strength to resist my father's might, and their screeching almost eclipsed a sound I had never before heard. It was the cry of a world gripped in misery, pain, grief, and despair.

Earth soon came into view. The tiny blue ball of life created to sustain its inhabitants for endless ages had disintegrated into a catastrophic state beyond repair by any human abilities. Ragged mountains, plastic-filled seas, and colorless reefs devoid of living things met my distraught gaze. A putrid odor encircled the atmosphere, bathing the cities and countryside

with its poisoned stench. Inconceivable horrors enacted by minds given to evil produced rivers of human-filled blood. Seemingly stripped of value and worth, they walked about, entrapped in their degenerating bodies. Depression, guilt, and shame draped about them like thick, heavy chains.

Sorrow and sympathy swept over me with an intensity I had never felt before, and I began to weep. Again, my father enshrouded me with his consoling light. We were not to focus on that which was lost but on that which could be gained. He pointed to the few shimmering stars in the darkness. These were not the lights of distant galaxies. They were the lives of those who reflected the source

of light and whose hearts were filled with faith, hope, and courage despite the constant onslaught of discouragements inflicted upon them by the fallen ones.

Ominous grey thunderclouds clashed together and billowed high into the atmosphere. Lightning crackled with splintering tentacles of white lights across the darkened skies. Strong winds howled while stripping leaves from branches that bounced back and forth in a disorganized frenzy. People rushed to find cover as large drops of rain began to fall.

We had arrived, and with a fury of hatred, they flung themselves at us. The ground trembled by the sheer force of energy generated from beings battling for the souls of humankind. They knew it not, for they could not see us, nor could they hear us. Most would never know we walked among them, at times as men, and at times as beings of light. Summoned from the eternal throne, we were to minister and guide the precious ones in their journey of life.

But my arrival was for a very singular purpose. A crucial truth was on the brink of revelation—a truth that could dissipate the fog surrounding the history and worth of humanity.

Bones. All that is left after they die is a pile of bones. Buried beyond sight within the earth, they are often forgotten. But all bones tell a story of the past that can impact the future, and all bones hold within them the source of life, especially the unbroken bones.