

THE PROPHECY FULFILLED.

by

Reg. A. Watson

Scene: Southern Tasmania 21st Century

The youth Elijah was at home with his father, Francis. Mother Kylie and his sisters, Phoebe, Keziah, Gracie and brother Reuben were away attending to the sick and the needy.



Elijah

Elijah was on his computer when suddenly he looked up. Father Francis noticed the jerked reaction of his son. He was puzzled. Elijah looked around, as though, someone was speaking to him, yet he heard nothing. He shook his head and went back typing on his computer keyboard. It happened again. Curious, his father asked,

“What is it son?”

Elijah took a moment to answer. “Ah nothing. It is just...it is hard to explain...I thought someone called my name.”

“I heard nothing,” replied his father slightly disturbed. Then he laughed, “It’s getting close to tea time, perhaps it was the rumbling of your tummy. Mum and the family will be home directly.”

“Maybe that’s it,” answered Elijah, though not too sure.

Francis moved to the radio and turned it on. It was Spring and the day was pleasant. “Time for the 3 o’clock news,” he said, more to himself than to Elijah. “Although I do not know why I bother. These are grave days.”

He listened intently to the radio news,

“Here is the News. The Prime Minister, Margaret Power, has announced that in accordance to the demands of the United Nations, a major portion of Australia will be given to the enormous number of refugees, which are now pouring into the country. She said that Australia, a land of wealth, has plenty to share with the rest of the world and that it is selfish to deny the demands of the United Nations. This demand falls under the covenant that she signed with the United Nations last year in reference to refugees. The land given to the newcomers will be similar to the Old Brisbane Line of World War Two.

“The Prime Minister said while the refugees will be given the northern quarter of Australia, they would also be asked to settle in our cities thus enriching our multicultural society. She said all Australians would welcome them with open arms. Church leaders have greeted her decision with enthusiasm. Ms Spencer, Moderator of the Uniting Church, has described the Prime Minister as a modern-day saviour to the millions of poor and downtrodden.

“On to international news now, The USA continues to fragment with the western southern States demanding greater autonomy because of their high Hispanic population. This follows the demand of Florida with its majority Cuban population and after greater autonomy for Afro-Americans being promised by Washington, in areas where there is a great concentration of Afro-Americans. Native Americans already enjoy autonomy in districts where they mostly reside. The American President, Gratheious Gazamenio, said she will report to the American people tonight first in Spanish, then English outlining further granting of autonomous regions to minority groups.

“While on international news China has reported that their attack on Taiwan is going well, despite strong resistance from the Nationalist Chinese. Without, however, the support of the US, which is involved with its own domestic affairs, Taiwan, is expected to fall on the morrow.

“In Africa, famine, pestilence and war continues unabated with the United Nations calling upon the Western countries to open up their coffers for more financial aid and food drops.

“In England there have been further riots in Sheffield where the coloured people have risen up against the continual racial discrimination of the white British people, who they say are not passing on economic benefits. Church leaders of the city has apologised for previous British Imperialism, which is the cause of the current unrest. In London, The Houses of Common has passed Muslim Shari law, much to the approval of the Archbishop of Canterbury. A spokesman for King Charles III said the King is happy with the development as he is the Defender of All Faiths, rather than just Defender of the faith.

“On the Continent, the United States of Europe, Brussels is expressing concern over the riots and rampages in European cities by disgruntled citizens and the rise of Nazi groups who are taking advantage of the current severe economic troubles.

“Closer to home again, food riots continue in Sydney and most capital cities...”

“Aw turn it off,” cried Francis. “Nothing, but bad news, bad news. I don’t know why I listen!”

Elijah stopped working on the computer, stretched back on his chair, extended his arms high and yawned. “I could do with a break,” he said. “I think I’ll go for a walk to stretch my legs.”

“Good idea,” agreed dad. “Beautiful day, get some fresh air in your lungs.”

The youth opened the sliding door onto the landing and put on his boots. He looked around. Yes, such a beautiful day. He was wearing shorts and a short-sleeved black tea shirt. He grabbed his Confederate-style cap, which some of his friends called a symbol of racism and left the house, walking towards the hill and pine trees. Captivated by the beauty of nature and the sounds of silence, he kept walking finally to a grove, which gave privacy and sanctuary.

He stopped, enjoying the moment. A swift wind quickly blew rustling the surrounding trees and whistling through his black hair, but strangely he did not feel cold. The wind increased its intensity until the pines seem to swirl around him, like

he had been caught into the interior of a washer. Around and around they spun, until as though drunk, he fell to the ground. Suddenly all was still. Flat on his back, Elijah rose himself on one elbow, panting heavily. He looked up from his position on the ground and saw something from within the pines. He jumped up on unsteady legs and looked towards the direction from whence he saw something. It was a light, no – it was more, it was a beam of light shining in his direction and it was coming closer, so close that it stood before him not twenty feet away. The beam subsided to a point of just emitting a low glow. Elijah could see that the light was coming off a staff held by a strange man, whom he had never seen before. The stranger was wearing garb that reminded the boy of pictures he had seen in books of mediaeval times. The stranger had long grey hair flowing to his shoulders, bareheaded and the staff was as high as the top of his head.

“Elijah,” said the stranger softly. Elijah had no feelings of fear, just curiosity.

“That is my name,” came the simple reply. “Who are you?”

“Orlaf, wizard of the Namukes from ages past. I am appearing to you for the time has come.”

“Time? What time? And who are the Namukes.”

“The Namukes were an ancient people, a people of divine wisdom and of insight. Their sages could foretell the future, to the end of this age. Their prophecies were written down in a book called the Oracles of the Nams. Among many things, it tells of the terrible days before before the end. It also tells of a boy who is to be called. That boy is you.”

Elijah shook himself. *This can't be happening*, he said to himself.

“I am Orlaf, my mentor was Merlin, the greatest of wizards. It was Merlin who entrusted me with the Oracles, which are now in the hands of a servant of the people.



Orlaf

“I had been given the task of appearing one more time before I leave to the place of eternal rest from which I shall never return. Happy am I that it has come to this point in time, for I am weary, so weary for I am three thousand and twenty two years old.”

“Wow!” Exclaimed Elijah.

“It has progressed to the point in history that your mission must be revealed to you,” continued Orlaf.

Elijah was bewildered. *What did it all mean? Mission? What mission? And who was this dude straight out of the pages of The Lord of the Rings?*

Orlaf raised his staff as high as he could and while doing so, the swirling bursting wind returned, flattening Elijah again to the ground. Then an amazing experience occurred, as though a moving picture was being shown to him.

“Listen to me,” commanded Orlaf. Hear what I have to say. Before you is your ancestor King Elijah the Great. Observe and learn.”

As though history was being played back before his own eyes, young Elijah, the Tasmanian boy, saw how his ancestor, together with the mighty Knight Templar, Sir Reginald, fight against the evil ones, many hundreds of years ago. Elijah cringed when he saw the Knight being slain by the demons of Genghis Khan and Attila the Hun and that he had given his life for his (then) prince, St George and for England. The scene then continued to when the son of King Elijah the Great together with the bold Teutonic Knight, Sir Reginald, the son of the original Sir Reginald, Knight Templar, both fought heroically against the forces of the Supreme Evil One and then against Count Huzzledorf and his army.

“What is the meaning of all this?” he pleaded.

“Hold. There is more. Watch, listen and learn,” commanded Orlaf.

The scene, played eight hundreds years previously was repeated before Elijah’s eyes. The scene at the death of Sir Reginald senior and the revelation of the prophecy given to Prince Elijah, later King Elijah the Great....

The Knight, panting quickly, uttered, “Before...before (he coughs) I...die, tell the prophecy while I linger, so that I will die in happiness.” The Prince turned and looked at Orlaf.

Orlaf rose. “The prophecy says this, my Prince. That you will become a king and that the land will enjoy such blessings under your rule and that the true God will be worshipped and the power of the Church shall be broken.” But he had more to say, “Even though this is a great prophecy, that is not all, for the second fulfilment of it must take place many years hence.” He paused, and then continued, “Another prophet many years ago Isaiah, spoke of a land not yet discovered, Terra Australis, but will be peopled of your own kind. After you die many years hence, you shall sleep, as I shall, as shall the greatest of all kings, Arthur, until England and its people need you. At that time, it shall be the greatest suffering that has befallen upon the world; oh terrible will be that day! It will be then, void of leadership and guideless, you as we, will return, lodged from our long sleep, woken by the lamentation of the people. Arthur and I shall remain in this fair land, but you, you shall be taken to a land, an offshoot of England, to wait your call, many centuries to come. The prophecy states that you will be boy who will grow up in a land that has in its flag, the badge of the Lion of Judah and containing crosses of the Union of Jacob. You will grow sturdy and when a man, after waxing strong, I will return to you and call you to your mission and that is – restoration all that is good in the world. Your father’s name will be – Francis and your mother’s Kylie. You will have a friend who will help you in your mission, Reg, a man of letters, but brave and bold.

“So now I have returned and have called you to your mission. You will restore good to the world. The Supreme Evil One because of the wickedness of the world and because good is in retreat, is at loose.”

The boy said, “But there always has been evilness in the world. What is so different now?”

“Mankind makes his choice. He can either choose to be good or bad; he can either choose to do the right thing or the wrong thing. Down through the ages, there

has always been good to counter-act the bad, but today, men think evil continuously, the time of the end is at hand. I go now and another who will call you will replace me. I go not because I oppose He who comes, but make way for Him. I say one last thing, there is a man, a man of letters, and a direct descendant of the Sir Reginalds of old, and his name too is 'Reg'. Contact him. He will know how to help you and what to do. To him, have been entrusted the Oracles of Nam."

"But sir..." as Elijah spoke Orlaf vanished among the trees and wind. His time was over.

Perplexed Elijah gathered himself and looked at his watch. What seemed like hours was but a few minutes. Somewhat shaken, but feeling a marvellous peace he walked back to the house. By the time he arrived, his mother and sisters had returned. He entered the lounge room, "Elijah," said his mother, Kylie. "Your room is a mess, why haven't you tidied it? What business have you been up to?"

"I have been about my Father's business," he simply replied. "Then why hasn't he been of help to you Francis?" Questioned his mother. Both parents looked at him. There was something different about his countenance, as though a light shone from his face. His father, well aware of spiritual matters, said, "Tell us son, what has happened?"

Elijah informed his family of his experience. His father looked at his mother, his mother looked at his father. Francis had always sensed the specialness of his male child and over the years saw a boy grow into a youth of perception and one who is searching, but for what exactly? Perhaps that searching is now over.

"But father, I am but a youth."

"Was not Samuel but a boy when he was called? And was that not what Goliath said of David?" Replied his father wisely.

"What shall we do?" questioned his mother.

"We shall do what was told. Let's phone Reg."

Francis moved to the phone and dialled. At the other end Reg, Tasmania's leading historian and author, answered it. After the normal courtesies, Francis explained the reason and nature for their telephone call.



Reg

Reg answered merely, "It is time then."

"Then you know?" asked Francis.

"Yes. Do you think my friendship was just friendship? True it is, but there was also more. It was by design."

"How?" came the incredulous cry.

"In my possession I have been given for safe keeping the original Oracles of Nam, passed down through my family from first son to first son. I am looking at

them now. Best no further talk. I am leaving immediately and will be down at your house within the hour.” The phone hung up. The Walton family waited.

As promised within in the hour, Reg had pulled up at the Ryan home in his car.

He was immediately led into the family room carrying what appeared to be an ancient book under his arm. He sat down at the dining table surrounded by the family. He opened the book, which was clearly hundreds of years old, and he told the story of how he was in possession of the Oracles of Nam.

“You see,” he sighed. “My people thousands of years ago left Israel, fleeing from the invaders and wandered. In time they became a part of the folk known as the Royal Scythians, even later to become known as Saxons, the son of Isaac. My family many years later settled in what is now known as Germany, and with William the Conqueror went to England in 1066. Then they were known as Walfhere, later Anglised as Watson. Your family and mine are related in that we come from the same root. Hundreds of years ago, before the reign of Elijah the Great, an ancestor of mine was entrusted and chosen by Orlaf, a sage of the Namukes, of the great sacred works of those people, which was called the Oracles of the Nams. Each generation of my family passed these sacred works down from father to eldest son. The first Watson to come to Tasmania in 1826, Brereton Watson, brought the Oracles with him. From him it was passed to each seceding generation. When my father was dying, he beckoned me to his bedside and though weak called me to his ear. He whispered with his dying breath that I should search in a special drawer and there I would find great secrets. He exhorted me to promise to do as I was instructed, which I said I would. On that promise he revealed that the Oracles contained great mysteries and that I being the eldest son and indeed the only son of my father, the responsibility of these sacred texts fell into my hands and that it was not to be taken lightly. Indeed my existence in life was to be a caretaker of the work. I can still recall his last words to me...

Here Reg recounted those words, “Son, remember what I say to you. I am going to depart my life. You must be in charge of the Oracles. The time of their fulfilment is near. It will happen in your lifetime. Study the Oracles and learn them as is most necessary. Recognise the time when they are to be fulfilled. After you have done this, you will know. A boy will come into your life, by the name of Elijah. You most gracious ancestors were friends of his ancestors. You are to serve him, for the Lord God Himself decrees this. If you do not, the world is lost to evil. Promise my son, this you will do.”

“And I promised,” said Reg through moist eyes.

“But what is to happen now?” Asked Francis.

“I don’t know,” replied Reg.

“You don’t know! Then what is the point?”

Reg looked out the window. “Elijah what did Orlaf say again?”

“To contact you.”

“Yes, but before that.”

“Let me think. Yes, oh yes, ‘another will call you’.”

“Ah! An angel.”

“A messenger you mean,” stated Francis.

“Yes. You will be contacted again Elijah and then we shall all know what is to happen.”

“When though?” asked Kylie.

“Soon, very soon,” said Reg. “It has to be soon.”

Reg departed, willing to return upon notice. The family retired for the night, Elijah, one would have thought, would be far too excited to sleep, but this was not the case, for a deep, deep slumber fell upon him. During the early hours of the morning Elijah was awoken with the soft call of "Elijah. Elijah." He woke, rose and went to his father, "Did you call father?"

"I did not call my son, go back to bed." To which Elijah did.

Once asleep again, the call was repeated. Again, Elijah went to Francis and said, "Here I am for you called me."

Francis said, "No, I did not, return to your bed."

For a third time, the call was made and again, Elijah went to his father and said, "Here I am for you called me." Perceiving something supernatural, Francis instructed the young boy, "If you hear the call again, then remain where you are and say, 'speak for I hear'."

Puzzled Elijah returned to his bed and slept soundly. Soon there was the soft call of "Elijah, Elijah." As instructed he answered, "Speak for I hear."

Wide awake, Elijah was amazed to see the room become illuminated with a bright haze and within the haze an image of a figure, angel-like. Instead of being frightened, even terrified, Elijah felt calmness and a joy.

"Elijah," the image began, "The time has come for you to fulfil your mission, for which you were born. You must listen and then act upon what is said to you, for I will appear but this one time."

Elijah was in awe, wide-eyed.

"It is as was in the time of Noah. Man has chosen this path because of his wickedness and decadence. It has just been the beginning of the great troubles of the earth. My people I will remove to a safe haven. As in the time of Noah, you must call the faithful and others with the message, which I will tell you. It will be rejected.

"In forty days time you must gather your family here at this house and any other who will listen to your word. You and your family and any other who is with you, I will take from this place to another to be safe from the disaster, which will occur by the choice of man. Fear not, for I shall be with you. You must tell your church of this message. You will be mocked like my servant Noah and jeered, but you must tell them, as all must have the opportunity. This message will then travel throughout the nation and then to the world. Those who respond will be safe. But you are chosen to lead. I will take you to a place of haven, called Avalon, where you will stay and lead my people until I return, fulfilling what it is said, 'as it is in heaven so it shall be on earth'."

"But Messenger, how do we go this place of refuge?"

"Gather your family and Reg, who will gather other members of the family." Here the Messenger chuckled, "Yes, Elijah I do have a sense of humour. Were you not made in my image? I chuckle when I think of Reg, he reminds me of the brothers James and John, the sons of Thunder, with his temper. Concern yourself not about how you will leave this place. Take nothing, for I will transport you all in a whirlwind. Understand this, in my dimension there is neither time nor distance. In an instance you will be transported. As the message travels through the nations, others will join you at this enchanted place. There you will watch over my flock until I come.

"Take My people, o' son of Jacob. Even though the land is filled with gold and silver and there is no end to their treasure, their land is filled with idols. They have made boys their princes and babes rule over them. The people oppress one another and the youth is insolent to the elder and the base fellow to the honourable.

Women rule over them. They proclaim their sin like Sodom, they do not hide it. Therefore go into exile. Woe to those who call evil good and good evil and put darkness for light and light for darkness.

“When you see change, fear not, for I shall deliver you from the deadly pestilence and I will cover you with my pinions and under my wings you will find refuge.

“That is my message. Until I come again...if you do not believe surely you will not be established.”

Then the light and Messenger was gone. Elijah once again ran to his father and mother’s room, asking whether they heard the message, but they had not. Nonetheless, they believed.

Because of the wickedness of the world, the Supreme Evil One was once again freed from his chains and let loose to stalk the earth. His time would soon end and never again threaten the world and mankind.

AFTERMATH.

Those who believed and accepted the Message were indeed transported to a place, which we would know as the Sacred Isle of Avalon. It was here, two thousand years ago, in the year A.D. 36, that Joseph of Arimathea and his dedicated companions settled and was given by King Guiderius 1,920 acres. The land became the most hallowed acres of Christendom. After arrival the early settlers made their way up the hill, which became the Glastonbury Thor. At the time of Elijah and his people’s arrival, there were magnificent ruins of Glastonbury Abbey; the remains of a beautiful church that was erected over the very spot where the great uncle of Jesus (Joseph) built their first altar of wattle, thatched with reed, as was the custom of the time. This was the first Christian Church erected above ‘ground’ to the glory of their God, dedicated to His Mother. These ruins were re-erected by Elijah with the help of his builder father, Francis. The Ryan family and the Watson clan and others who believed, took sanctuary at this place, while the world around fell into disarray. Here they became a community unto themselves and even though the world threatened, they thrived and were happy. Reg chronicled the progress to tell of those who came when the earth was at peace of the history of the world before.

Under Elijah’s stewardship, Avalon was protected by the might of invisible hand of Supreme Good One, until it was time of His coming. Here Elijah grew to a man.

THE END OF THE STORY

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