

Ken Meets Lorraine

Ken travels to Anatole, the center of technical research by the Dark Forces, to use the high-tech library there. He meets Lorraine, who works in the library, and invites her out for dinner.

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Their small talk continued, and they finally stopped at the Meridian Restaurant. Lorraine said it was not bugged like the library area. Ken asked the maître de for a secluded table. He wasn't so much concerned about a romantic evening, it was just that he didn't want to be too visible or overheard; at least until he knew what was happening. Ken helped Lorraine to her chair, accepted the menus, and sat himself. It felt good to relax after his tiring day. Taking advantage of the rest, he looked across at Lorraine as she studied the menu. Her glasses did not detract from a certain classic beauty that seemed to pervade her features. The long black hair, the high cheek bones, and the blue eyes reminded him of another girl he used to know years ago. Lorraine looked up from the menu and smiled with a quizzical look.

"Lorraine," he said, "you were a major asset helping me today. You are very gifted in managing information – finding those agates on the beach I mentioned. I expected it would take at least three days to do what we did today."

"That's my thing, Ken. I love doing it."

"What's your vision with that, Lorraine? Where do you want to go with those skills?"

"Ken, what's in the computer is data. When it is applied to make decisions, it becomes information. A skilled person using a computer for information retrieval becomes a major asset in Church ministry today. Kingdom work is always a heart thing. God is after my heart, your heart, and the hearts of others. So is the Enemy. Never forget that. Identify where God is working and find out why. Map it, do correlations on it, leverage it with prayer and discernment. Finally, act on it."

Lorraine continued, "Ken, my faith journey is very important to me. I actually live out in a suburb and on the weekends I go to a community church there. During the week I'm in town and living in that apartment. That little church in the suburbs is critical to my growth in my relationship with Christ, God, and my friends there. Here at the library, I can research things that I see with the information I glean."

"Ken, what are you doing here?" she asked, "That research today. Why did you come here and use the library access terminal for those questions instead of using your computer at your hotel?"

Ken didn't know how much to tell her. She was an obvious asset. Telling too much was as bad as telling too little. He decided to share what he could without mentioning Sunodia, since he'd been warned many times and in several ways not to let information out.

"Are you with the CIA?" she asked.

"No!" Ken laughed, "Let's just say I'm with a special community. We are receiving certain messages that could be a danger to certain leaders. I can't go to the CIA or FBI. They may be

involved. We don't know who is involved. My faith journey is also of high importance to me. And there seems to be a plan afoot to steal our churches and even America from us. The operation needs to be stopped. I need help in finding out what is going on, and it seems to be based, at least in part, from Anatole."

Lorraine was obviously surprised.

"Ken, I'll tell you this about what you were researching today. I've lived here for many years and I don't believe Frank Benson's death was an accident. Don't ask me to prove it or who is involved. I just know it wasn't an accident."

Ken suddenly noticed the waiter standing near him and realized they hadn't ordered. In fact, they hadn't even talked about what to order. "Perhaps we'd better order," Ken smiled.

They placed their orders, the waiter left, and they continued.

"Sorry. I need to keep a better watch on who's around me. Lorraine, from your background, did you see anything from what we did today?"

"Yes. What I saw in the city's history seemed strange. That is, there are things missing in that history that should be there."

"Like what?"

"Take Benson's death. Why was high-level information suppressed as to the cause? Was President Mike Henderson involved? Who was involved? Why were high-level people in the political arena moved, their names changed, and they disappeared off the radar. That's like the Benghazi incident of 2012."

"Right, Lorraine. I'm going to try to visit Mrs. Benson tomorrow and find out what she knows."

"If she is still alive, Ken, I'll bet she knows nothing. That's why she is still alive."

"You are wise on that, Lorraine. If I can see her tomorrow it will be after that before I'm back at the library."

Lorraine, "Be careful. You could lead trouble to her door."

The waiter returned with their dinners. Suddenly they were both very hungry, and their conversation dropped to less technical things as they demolished their meals.

Ken continued with more questions on how this Anatole library search engine worked. Lorraine tried to answer them.

"Ken, what the engine returns is based on several things. You can give it key words, like Google, but also you can simply ask it a question, such as 'Was the death of Frank Benson an accident?'. When you start with a question, the system uses an artificial intelligence system to convert the questions to related phrases for your results. The results that you get, either way, and the amount of information depends first on your access level. As a student, you only were given an access level of 3. When I upgraded your card, you now have been given an access level of 7. You would get more results to answer your question on most searches than with that 3. In addition, you have a profile you created that also determines what is returned. By using your user name, password, and access level the system filters against you at a very personal level. For example, with that question 'Was the death of Frank Benson an accident?', you may or may not get the right answer, based on your access level and user profile."

“Wow. Does the system track what I search for?”

“In all probability, yes, Ken.”

“That is scary. Somebody could watch what I am doing, putting me in danger.”

“Yes, Ken. And for that matter me as well, as I searched with you on much of the same things.”

“Does that bother you, Lorraine?”

“No. Using information in the right way to advance the Kingdom of Christ is the safest place to be. That is my calling.”

“Right.”

After the meals, they were both tired. Ken walked Lorraine to her apartment. Ken continued with more questions as they walked. At her place he thanked her again, gave her a great hug, and left, and traveled back to his hotel for the night. From his room he filed an encrypted report on his laptop and emailed it to Sunodia.

Across town, one lonely man continued to scan a database that recorded the profile of Ken’s research.

“They knew exactly for what they were looking,” he mumbled. “Doesn’t look good.”