

Mark's Address to the Media

Lakewood, Seattle

Mark turned and faced the audience. Both of Mark's hands gripped the rostrum, his eyes flashed as he looked over the sea of reporters and then he turned and smiled at his friends and took a deep breath. There was no teleprompter and no notes.

"Today the time of tyranny in America is over; but the battle will not be easy. I think back to the early days of our nation. By the 1760s, Americans were getting more than angry with their relationship with England, with the Revolutionary War beginning in 1775. In 1776, it was Thomas Paine who used a press to print a series of articles called *Common Sense* that rallied the colonists of America to throw off their yoke of slavery and be free:"

"These are the times that try men's souls. The summer soldier and the sunshine patriot will, in this crisis, shrink from the service of their country; but he that stands by it now, deserves the love and thanks of man and woman. Tyranny, like hell, is not easily conquered; yet we have this consolation with us, that the harder the conflict, the more glorious the triumph. What we obtain too cheap, we esteem too lightly: it is dearness only that gives everything its value.¹"

"America, this is where we stand today; against tyranny, immorality, taxes – much higher than the taxes over which those early colonists went to war. Whether to engage in war is not an option. Open war is upon us, whether we choose it or not."

"It is not a political party we fight or a fallen President, but the Enemy himself. We must fight for the hearts of the men and women held captive by the Enemy's power. As a reporter or staff member here, it makes no difference. You will have to decide where your heart lies and stand there, whatever the cost. This is not a political game."

Mike paused, took a deep breath again.

"There is a line in Tolkien's *Lord of the Rings: Return of the King* where three of the heroes are dying in the Houses of Healing.² Aragorn has left with his friends on the Paths of the Dead, from which no man has returned alive. Ioreth, the elder nurse in the Houses of Healing, is weeping with Tolkien's Gandalf as she looks at the three dying friends."

"It is said the hands of the king are the hands of a healer. And so shall the rightful king be known."

"Unknown to them, Aragorn *has* returned and waits at the destroyed gates of the city, asking permission to come in. When one the messenger tells him his friends are dying in the houses of healing, he enters the city and restores them.

Like Ioreth (who was a healer herself), I am looking for the servant healers. I want to learn from them. Our land needs healing, and that will require a battle with the Enemy. We'll need all of the Good Lord's heavenly host in that. ”

“In the next few days I will be meeting with many leaders, particularly leaders from various faiths – Evangelical Protestant, Catholic, Jewish, and Islamic. One question I will be looking at in my dialog with each of the leaders will be whether they are a healer. My second question is whether they are servant leaders. And my third question is how they have lived that out. These are the three questions I have for each.”

As Mark ended his speech and turned to leave the rostrum, the audience stood and began a loud applause. Some whistled and shouted. Some even started trying to dance in the crowded room. Some of the reporters tried to surge forward with their questions. A group of security men, however, moved between them and Mark. Mark seemed to disappear in the crowd as the security men protected him as he left the stage. The crowd dispersed; but Mark was not there.

Ken stared at the scene for a long while, teared up and slowly turned and talked with others as people began leaving. Finally, the crowd became much smaller. He saw Sandy and went to her. Before Ken could speak, Sandy interrupted.

“Ken, there is a man in a room down the hall asking for you and your friends. Ken quickly grabbed Tom, Roger, Melody and Lorraine; and they followed Sandy down the hall, and then through a door to a room where a man sat alone in a chair, weeping convulsively.

The three stood staring at what they saw as Sandy turned and left, closing the door.

“My name, my name....,” the man tried to speak.

Finally he pulled himself together.

“My name is George Clayton.”

There was dead silence in the room except for his sobbing.

The group just stared in astonishment. They are looking at one of the top men at the Anatole complex. Ken recognized him as the man who stepped from the PRT in the park in Anatole and threatened them.

George looked up at them with tears pouring down his face.

“I was the one behind the mask in the park that day in Anatole. Please forgive me.”

“Sure, George,” Ken said as he knelt beside George and put his arms around him.”

“George, what happened?”

“That night. That night after I met you in the park,” he sobbed, “I had this dream. A man in a white robe came up to me in the dream. This man said ‘I love you, George’, and then ‘I need you, George’, over and over again. All night this was repeated. I could not sleep. What does that mean?”

“The next morning I was all over the place at work trying to understand the dream. I wanted to know what the dream meant and who was the guy in the dream. I thought you folks were dead. There were obituaries, memorial services. Then a few days later all hell breaks loose at work and lots of people were arrested. Yesterday I found Ginger, and she told me the man in my dream was Jesus and that you were alive. She told me of her salvation experience. She said she saw Lorraine, Ken – the whole gang the previous night and they led to her to Lord. I thought you were dead.

Right there at work that day she led me to the Lord. I asked her what I should do next. She said I needed to find you and ask your forgiveness.”

Roger spoke. “That man was Jesus, George. It means Jesus loves you, wants you, and He is asking you to surrender yourself to Him. He’s got a job for you.”

“Really?” George asked. “He will forgive me?”

“Sure. We will forgive, too. Jesus wants you to surrender yourself to Him.”

”How did you find us?” Tom asked.

George broke down with convulsive sobs again. Ken just held him. Tom turned to Lorraine.

“Lorraine, will you find Ginger and bring her here?”