

The President stepped to the stage with Gloria and read the initial prayer of Nehemiah from Nehemiah 1:5-11. Then the President returned to his seat.

The curtain opened. A beautiful blue light lit the entire scene that looked much as a garden, with trees, bushes, flowers and birds singing. A morning fog rolled across the stage. As a lonely flute began you could see a young lady, apparently Gloria, on the ground praying front left. She was bent and sobbing, but clearly visible above the fog. She began singing, sobbing with a choking, but clear voice as she sang. Overhead screens carried close-up views of her weeping face.

*Dear Lord and Father of mankind,
forgive our foolish ways;
re clothe us in our rightful mind,
in purer lives thy service find,
in deeper reverence, praise.*

*In simple trust like theirs who heard,
beside the Syrian sea,
the gracious calling of the Lord,
let us, like them, without a word,
rise up and follow thee.*

*O sabbath rest by Galilee,
O calm of hills above,
where Jesus knelt to share with thee
the silence of eternity,
interpreted by love!*

*Drop thy still dews of quietness,
till all our strivings cease;
take from our souls the strain and stress,
and let our ordered lives confess
the beauty of thy peace.*

*Breathe through the heats of our desire
thy coolness and thy balm;
let sense be dumb, let flesh retire;
speak through the earthquake, wind, and fire,
O still, small voice of calm.*

As the song progressed, you could hear sobbing beginning from the audience. Joy went to the floor and was weeping there. Evelyn soon joined her. Some in the audience moved to the aisles and were praying on their knees. Other people just stood and prayed with their hands raised to heaven. The lonely flute continued.

Eventually, the song concluded, but the weeping continued. The soft flute faded out. Then, in the distance, they could hear the faint hoofbeats of an approaching horse.



Gradually they grew louder until the horse with its rider burst through the fog and stopped abruptly at the weeping lady. The rider looked like a soldier in armor prepared for war. Over his heart was a huge breastplate, He carried a shield before him. A helmet covered his face. At his side was a sword, glowing and ready. As the soldier's sword moved, its laser-like glow seemed a moving beam that swept across the audience.

An intense bright light seemed to radiate from and bathe the entire soldier figure. The lady turned, staring at the figure and overcome by the light and began pulling away. The soldier began singing in a bold baritone, March cadence, to a hidden orchestra.

*Once to ev'ry man and nation
Comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of truth and falsehood,
For the good or evil side;
Some great cause, some great decision,
Off'ring each the bloom or blight,
And the choice goes by forever
'Twixt that darkness and that light.*

*Then to side with truth is noble,
When we share her wretched crust,
Ere her cause bring fame and profit,
And 'tis prosperous to be just;
Then it is the brave man chooses
While the coward stands aside.
Till the multitude make virtue
Of the faith they had denied.*

*By the light of burning martyrs,
Christ, Thy bleeding feet we track,
Toiling up new Calv'ries ever
With the cross that turns not back;
New occasions teach new duties,
Ancient values test our youth;
They must upward still and onward,
Who would keep abreast of truth.*

*Tho' the cause of evil prosper,
Yet the truth alone is strong;
Tho' her portion be the scaffold,
And upon the throne be wrong;
Yet that scaffold sways the future,*

*And, behind the dim unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow,
Keeping watch above His own.*

Then, in what seemed like magic, the lady stood and reached both arms up to the soldier. The soldier reached down and as the audience watched she practically flew up, landing on the horse behind the soldier. She put her hands around the soldier's waist, held tight, and the soldier gave the horse a swift kick. The two shot off the stage. You could hear the hoofbeats of the horse again as they departed in the distance with the hoofbeats fading.

The audience was staring at the empty stage. The orchestra was silent. The lights slowly dimmed, and the stage went black as the curtains closed. Then the lights came back up.

An applause, and then a standing ovation began from the audience. Some were shouting "more, more". Gloria stepped out on the stage with the "soldier" beside her, still in armor. The applause began to swell. Gloria gave a bow. The soldier held her hand, and very humbly they both bowed together. As the applause began to swell again, they broke in a duet, singing the first verse again together.

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As the applause crescendo finally became quieter, the soldier left the stage. Ken saw the President dash out a side door, weeping.

After that, Eric led them in a closing prayer. Those who had the ticket to the after-party time drifted downstairs. There was a food buffet there and also a small orchestra. Gloria showed up with the President, and the two were doing some soft dancing while the rest of the crowd entered, talking as they began to dance. Eventually, Gloria left the President, and before Tom knew it Gloria was in his arms.

"It was a very unusual sensation," Tom said later. "Some type of intense energy radiated from her. Very powerful. Warm. An aura enveloped her. Whatever it was, it was hitting me. Almost knocked me over and I started to fall backward. I felt like I was holding fire in my arms. She held me firmly, not letting me fall. I wanted to ask questions, but I couldn't speak. Eventually, she spoke, and the voice was angelic, heavenly, or something like that. Weird. She told me God was out to do a number using the President- whatever that meant. Then the next minute she vanished. She was not even in the room any more. She was very focused."

After his encounter with Gloria, Tom drifted to Miriam.

“Miriam, did you get the identity of the soldier?”

“No. He flew in and showed up at a backstage door with some baggage. Gave his name to Security as Aragorn and asked for Gloria. He had a heavy coat and a hat shielding his face. Gloria came and gave him a wristband. He waved it at the door sensor as the guard stepped backward. As he disappeared inside with his baggage, Security said his face was visible for only a brief moment. The face was very bright as if on fire. Gloria laughed, told the guard Aragorn was playing with his laser sword. It can temporarily blind the security cameras and everything else. That’s the last Security saw of him. He left immediately after his performance. Alvin or Joey won’t talk. I haven’t reached the President yet.”

“Miriam, I’m off with Gloria and the President to D.C, in minutes. I have every expectation they will try to bring Gloria and the soldier back next week. I also expect to find out who that soldier is. There is a story here, a big one. With Ginger, go ahead and do a press release on this and upload the skit to the Internet. I will let you know more when I get back or before.”

Tom turned and caught the President’s signal, told Miriam he was off with the President now.