

THE END OF THE AGE

A Vision of Iron and Faith





MAN K I N D ' S B R A V A D O .

It was a salvage dump for a civilization once known for its inventiveness, now known for its waste. Mankind, for all its bravado, busied itself with petty feuds, mindless of the silent beast that had already eaten and was now digesting it.



THE GROUND OF THE BOG
SPLIT OPEN LIKE A RIPE MELON.



The enemy revealed. From the depths below, and the heavens above. The cliff dwellers were trapped.



They were led by a line of exceedingly old men...
The soldiers were in tatters, armed with rakes,
shovels, hoes, and other nonaggressive tools.



I could barely make out the names of the
various Christian denominations that once
I could barely make out the names of denations



As if they were not able to see...
the Elders moved toward the bombings.
Flesh-melting slaughter awaited them.




"BUT YOU WILL NOT
RESCUE ANYONE!"
I SHOUTED.
"THEY ARE GONE."

"RESCUE THOSE BEHIND YOU!"

The Elder shouted, “Behold our numbers!”



But from that height, the truth was clear.
“We were not prepared for this level of warfare, nor were the Elders.”



From the midst of mounting catastrophe,
I looked up to heaven and cried out, “Father, help us!”



Suddenly a huge hand of light reached down from above and
and began lifting me out of the encroaching slaughter.

Exiting the killing zone in this way,
I could see further and further afield.
The whole world seemed to be burning.



A person in a white robe with wings stands in the center, facing away from the viewer towards a brilliant, golden light. The light is intense and radiant, with rays of light and sparkling particles emanating from it, creating a dreamlike and ethereal atmosphere. The person's wings are spread slightly, and their silhouette is clearly visible against the bright background.

IN THE BLINK OF AN EYE,
I WENT FROM DARKNESS INTO BLAZING LIGHT.



Unceremoniously, I was plunked down before my Father's throne.



The fortresses of iron will rust. The banners of men will fade.
When all human strength and tradition fails, rescue is not found
in our numbers, but in a single cry to Heaven.