

:-The Journey:-

The flight to Cyprus took almost three hours and, after only an hour in the air, Suzzan began to feel very strange. There were times when she literally felt she would explode from the sheer force of the energy running through her. Craig, sensing Suzzan's restlessness, took hold of her hand. Immediately, he felt a pulsating energy surge through his body. The sensation felt like standing next to a powerful electromagnet, in other words, a pulsating energy surge. Discussing the feeling with Suzzan, Craig learned that neither one of them knew what it meant. They did; however, both agree it had to do with the trip to Israel.

Arriving in Cyprus, it was two o'clock in the morning when the taxi dropped them at the hotel. Located on the Larnaca seafront, the hotel was clean and modern. The rooms were next to each other, and Craig took her case into the room, leaving Suzzan to explore her surroundings. The sparsely furnished room had twin beds, a dressing table, and one armchair. There was a small bathroom including a shower only. Suzzan thought longingly, if only there was a bath -- what a relaxing indulgence that would be.

She was planning to get into bed, when there was a soft knock on the door. Opening the door, she found Craig. He wanted to talk. He had experienced some weird feelings, while in transit, and wanted to share them with her. On the plane, he had sensed a great evil, which seemed to concentrate on Suzzan.

Craig, educated in electronics, often thought of life's experiences in related electronic principles. He envisioned Suzzan as receiving energy from an inexhaustible positive source. That meant there existed a chance of discharging or draining Suzzan, of energy, by contact with a negative or grounding source. Acting as Suzzan's protector and realizing God communicates through the heart to thought; Craig did not hesitate to explore these possibilities coursing through his mind.

Concentrating on what Craig had to say, Suzzan wondered what it all meant. A shiver ran down her spine, when she anxiously said, "Craig, I'm afraid of the feelings we're having. What does it all mean?" Extremely tired, she rested her head on the bed.

Watching her fighting to keep her eyes open, and realizing his words might wrongly instill fear, Craig moved closer to her. In brotherly comfort, he absent-mindedly ran his fingers gently through her hair. Before Suzzan succumbed to sleep, she sighed contentedly, the fear dissipating. Craig remained with her a few minutes after she fell asleep, then he retired to his room.

Although Suzzan had gone to bed very late, she woke up at seven o'clock. She did not realize it at first, but God had awakened her. He wanted her to go to Craig. Not wanting to, it occurred to Suzzan to defy God for the first time. Always very shy where men were concerned, the thought of going to a man's bedroom literally put "The fear of God" in her.

Nevertheless, Suzzan knocked on Craig's door a short time later. Rubbing the sleep from his eyes, Craig opened the door to her. When he asked her why she was there, Suzzan explained that she needed to talk to him. Choosing not to mention that God had sent her, Suzzan spoke of their trip. Craig returned to his bed, and Suzzan lay on the adjacent bed. They had been chatting for an hour, when Craig noticed that she was shivering.

He startled her when he said. "Why don't you get into bed with me, and let me warm you up?" Seeing her reluctance, Craig soothed, "You'll be perfectly safe. Come on, let me warm you." When Suzzan, hesitantly climbed into bed with him, Craig gathered her shivering body into his arms, and began briskly rubbing her back. After a while, Suzzan relaxed against him, resting her head comfortably on his shoulder. They fell asleep like that for several hours, both completely at peace with each other.

Waking up, Suzzan left Craig's room to take a shower and get dressed. After breakfast, they went to find a travel agent to arrange the trip to Israel. Deciding to stay in Larnaca, they informed the desk they would need the rooms for another night.

At the travel agency, Craig and Suzzan learned that for them to be in Jerusalem on the fourth of April, their cruise must include Egypt. Suzzan knew they needed to be at Golgotha at three o'clock, and asked the clerk if he could guarantee this. The clerk told them the itinerary. The ship left Limassol on the Sunday, third of April, and would dock early Monday morning in Haifa. A coach would then take them down to Bethlehem and Jerusalem. He added that there is a walking tour of the Old City of Jerusalem. The coach was due back at five-thirty, and the ship would sail for Egypt sometime after that. Arriving in Egypt Tuesday morning, they would tour the Pyramids and other sights of interest for the day. Leaving that same night, the ship would arrive back in Limassol Wednesday morning, at approximately eleven.

This itinerary gave them plenty of time. They needed to get back to Larnaca for the early morning flight to Jeddah, Thursday, the seventh of April. After Craig had ensured that they would not have their passports stamped, they booked the cruise.

It was only Tuesday, the twenty-ninth of March, and they were not leaving until April third. They had five days to kill in Cyprus. Craig expressed a wish to tour the island and told Suzzan that he intended to hire a car.

That evening, back at the hotel, Suzzan told Craig she needed to pray. He arranged to meet her later in the bar across the street. Leaving her alone in her room, Craig stopped by his room for some last minute preening, then headed across the street. Maybe matters would get back to normal, Craig thought, as he sat at the bar to order a mug of local beer.

While Suzzan was praying, God totally astounded her with, "Before you go to Israel, you and Craig must become one." Baffled, she questioned what this meant. God's reply would test her faith to the utmost limit. God told her that she had to give herself to Craig that night. When God had told Suzzan that she had to give herself to Craig before, she naturally took that to mean in marriage. Now, God was telling her that she had to give herself to a man without the sanctity of marriage. How could she believe God was asking her to do this? She had only been intimate with her husband Tony.

The Ten Commandments screamed at her, "Thou shalt not commit adultery." Praying with all her heart, she begged God to tell her she had heard wrong. God simply said, "You belong to him and always have. Now, have faith, child, and know that I would never ask you to do something wrong."

Suzzan continued to plead with God until, gently but firmly, He reminded her that He had ordained their union a long time ago, and that Craig was her Lord. She was an obedient servant, and finally stopped resisting after God patiently said, "Trust me."

With the heaviest of hearts, Suzzan showered and dressed in black trousers and sweater. When she checked her appearance in the mirror, she observed the turquoise eye pencil she had used did not hide the shadows in her eyes. Feeling like the "sacrificial lamb going to the slaughter," she went to join Craig in the bar.

The bar was a small, friendly place with one bartender, who was also the owner. Craig, casually dressed in jeans and T-shirt, sat at the bar. When Suzzan came in, he motioned for her to sit next to him. Noticing how distant she was, he asked her, "Are you all right? You're very quiet."

Suzzan smiled weakly and said that she was fine. Wondering how she would tell him what God had told her, she decided to just come right out with it. Craig was silent while she related what God had said. Flabbergasted, he could hardly believe her words. "You are a married woman," he stated quite plainly.

Although, Craig had planned on seeking female companionship, he had never considered Suzzan fulfilling that position. Studying her face, he tried to gauge her motives.

Trying desperately to justify her position, Suzzan continued, “Yes I am, but in name only. I ceased to be Tony’s wife on the night I was a channel for you. It is only circumstance that forces Tony and I to live together.” Pausing for a moment, she continued, “It’s not easy for me to give myself to a man who obviously does not love me. It is an anathema for me to have to act this way. Were it not for the fact that God told me that you are my Lord, and that it is His wish, I could never go through with it.”

Craig’s mind was busy trying to figure out her angle. She obviously had to set the scene for some devious act. “She is playing a very dangerous game, and two can play at this,” he thought. Yet, looking at her, she seemed as reluctant as he was to engage in an affair. He knew how to be pleasant, yet appear off limits. Putting it out of his mind for the moment, he said, “I have asked the barman to recommend a good restaurant, and he told me about a place. Let’s finish our drinks and go for dinner.”

They found the restaurant easily and, to soften the tension between them, Craig ordered a bottle of wine. The meal was delicious, and they enjoyed each other’s company. After dinner, they returned to the bar and continued drinking. Craig drank heavily, aware that he was trying to blot out Suzzan’s words and prevent future events from taking place. It was very late before they left the bar and returned to the hotel.

They went to Craig’s room. Suzzan, not familiar with seduction as he was, desperately needed him to take the lead. Feeling physically sick she noticed, to her horror, that he was undressing. Rigid with fear and revulsion for what she had to do, she silently watched Craig get into bed. Lying in bed he looked over at her motionless form and casually suggested, “Why don’t you go to your room and get ready?” The words were careless, and made her feel like a prostitute.

Craig did sense she was uneasy, but the drinks and his suspicions made it easy to act without compassion. The whole arrangement did not seem right. He figured that if God really had told her to give herself to him, then it would happen, or the charade would end.

The bedroom door was open, just as she had left it. Craig had told her to let herself in. When he heard Suzzan open the door, he turned out the light, yet there was more than enough light from outside to illuminate the room. Climbing in beside him, Suzzan felt so much like a prostitute that waves of nausea struck her.

Having a past that included intimacy with several-hundred women, facades did not easily fool Craig. Curiously though, he felt there was a deep truth surrounding Suzzan. Craig did not understand what God expected from him, and he didn’t realize how frightened and vulnerable Suzzan really was. Nonetheless, asking for guidance, he decided to act on his gut instinct.

Craig seemed very cruel to Suzzan. It was not his nature to be so cold, but he had to know if he was dealing with the true wishes of God. During the act, in an attempt to feel less like a prostitute, she begged Craig to tell her he loved her. To her, it would have helped, even if he had lied. Craig, on hearing her plea, immediately stopped. The one thing he would not do was lie. “You know Suzzan, I never could say that to anyone when I didn’t mean it. Many women have asked me to do that, but I just won’t.”

She was crying, feeling raped in heart and soul. Feeling horrible, Craig nevertheless stuck to his principles, even if it was difficult. Leaving his bed, Suzzan crawled back to her room. Crying for hours, for the first time in her entire life, she was angry with God. Eventually, she fell into an exhausted sleep. When she awoke, part of her wanted to run away. She could not even pray, she felt so dirty. Getting up, she went into the shower and scrubbed her skin till it hurt.

During the past months, Suzzan’s love for Craig had grown stronger. When God had told her that they would marry, she had felt great joy. She had related to Naomi that she felt it would be beautiful between them,

not really understanding what she was feeling for him. The nightmare she had just endured, confused and bewildered her. What she had experienced with Craig was cold, sordid sex, and that deeply hurt her. That night, she learned that one-sided physical love is the emptiest feeling a person could ever experience.

When Craig came in search of Suzzan, he found her dressed and emotionally shattered. He knew that he had hurt her, and tried to make light of it. "Last night was the worst of my entire life, and frankly I wanted to get as far away from you as possible," she said bitterly. Yet, she knew he felt bad about what happened and did not know what to do about it. After a strained breakfast, Craig decided to travel down to Limassol. Arranging for a taxi to pick them up, they waited in silence together.

It was a sunny day with a cool breeze, perfect weather for a two-and-a-half hour taxi ride. Settled in the vehicle, Craig reviewed the night before. He felt an overwhelming admiration for Suzzan's commitment to God's Will. Gazing out the taxi window, his thoughts drifted to ancient times, and the countryside that filled his eyes took familiar shape. As Paul's travels came to mind, he knew he had walked this land before. Things were happening, strange things. In a sincere feeling of warmth and kindness, Craig casually laid his arm along the back of the seat, so Suzzan could rest her head on it.

Arriving in the town center, they took another taxi to the hotel apartments where Suzzan had stayed the year before. They unpacked, and then went to a tavern she had often frequented. Strangely enough, ten years earlier, Craig had spent most of his time at the same tavern.

The manager, Yannis, recognized Suzzan immediately and, pausing, he seemingly also remembered Craig. This amazed her; Yannis must see, each year, a fair amount of tourists. For him to have remembered Suzzan was odd enough, but to remember Craig from ten years ago was little short of astounding. Not so astounded, Craig quickly surmised that Yannis must think that he was Suzzan's husband. "I'm not, Tony," Craig offered.

"I know," Yannis replied.

"I'm Craig. I used to come here years ago. Remember Doug? Has he been here lately?"

Moving closer, Yannis elaborated further. "I knew you couldn't be her husband. I realized I recognized you from before." Hugging each other, Craig felt he had revisited a long lost friend.

They had lunch in the warm spring sunshine. Yannis sat with them, enjoying a beer. He reminded Suzzan of Father Christmas, with his curly, thick white hair and his rotund stature. He had a jolly nature, and he immediately made one feel welcome. That had been the main reason that Suzzan had chosen to dine there.

After lunch, they returned to the hotel. The apartment was much larger than the one in Larnaca. There were two bedrooms, a lounge, kitchen, and bathroom. Once inside, Suzzan stifled a yawn. Seeing how tired she looked, not to mention that he was tired himself, Craig suggested they take a nap. Physically and emotionally drained, she readily agreed. Walking into the roadside bedroom, she lay on the right side twin bed and pulled the blanket over her. Shortly after, Craig entered the room and gently gathered her into his arms. Suzzan did not resist, as he was warm and comforting. They slept for several hours.

Waking to the dark, Craig asked, "Do you want to have a drink with me at Yannis'?"

Stretching sleepily, Suzzan replied, "No thank you. I need to think, and I want to pray. You go ahead. Enjoy yourself, I'll be okay."

On his walk to the tavern, Craig thought about what he could say that would make matters clear. He portrayed himself as a man that did not care what other people thought of him. However, he did care what good people thought. He felt that Yannis did not understand the situation. Being with Suzzan still made Craig feel uncomfortable, and he just knew everyone was thinking bad thoughts about him.

Entering the open-air part of the tavern, Craig was relieved to see Yannis. It was not busy, so both took a seat at a table. “You know, Yannis, it’s really good to see you again,” Craig stated. “I suppose you’re wondering what I’m doing with Suzzan. Aren’t you?”

“No, it’s none of my business,” Yannis argued.

“Well, I’m not sure what it’s all about myself,” Craig confided. “We both felt the need to travel to Jerusalem, and just ended up together. I have no intentions of getting married again, so I don’t know what will happen. I’m not trying to take advantage of her,” he added.

Yannis merely said, “Sometimes you never know what might happen. Maybe you could be happy with her.”

Confused by his statement, Craig said, “No, it’s not like that. I don’t want to be with anyone.”

The conversation was cut short when three groups of people entered. Getting up to wait on them, Yannis parted with, “You never know.” Nothing more was said, and Craig sat there, sipping his beer.

Suzzan was an attractive woman who deserved a good man, Craig thought. Convinced that she was honorable and had experienced a difficult situation the other night, he decided to make up for his suspicious behavior. He didn’t have to marry her, but he could be nice to her. After all, God had initiated the intimacy, and he had been in Saudi for six months without a woman. Maybe this was the meaning of, “God’s gift of love.” Just before leaving, a woman came by, selling roses. Craig bought one for Suzzan, said good night to Yannis, and headed for the apartment.

Earlier, Suzzan, finding strength, prayed to God, asking Him to help her understand what was happening. God said, “There is a very good reason Craig and you had to become one.”

Flippantly, Suzzan said, “If that’s what you mean by Craig and me becoming one, it leaves an awful lot to be desired.”

Always patient, God gently said, “I understand how you feel, but you will always be obedient to me. Right now, you don’t understand the reasons for being intimate together. However, it will become clear after you visit Jerusalem. I know Craig hurt you, but you must trust me.”

Returning a couple of hours later, Craig delighted Suzzan by giving her the flower. Not knowing what the rest of the evening had in store for her, Suzzan resigned herself to her fate. Leaving everything up to Craig, this time, she prepared for bed. Choosing the right-hand side bed again, Suzzan felt shy when Craig climbed in beside her. She did not share her conversation with God, and wondered what Craig thought.

Nevertheless, that night, Craig was infinitely gentle. Finally realizing just how difficult it was for Suzzan, he wanted to make it easier for her. Without discussing the situation, he had decided to accept her statement of God’s wishes. As a result, he was more involved with her, though feelings of uncertainty still occupied his mind. For her part, Suzzan was still uncomfortable with the situation. She had always believed that the most precious thing a woman can give the man she loves is her body; and this should only be done when there is a deep feeling of mutual love.

Spending the next few days in Limassol, Craig and Suzzan sat by the ocean and talked for hours. Every day they were growing closer to each other. Friday, the first of April, Craig expressed a wish to visit the Turkish side of Cyprus. To do this, they would have to drive to Nicosia, so he hired a car. He had heard of a beautiful little seaside-fishing village called Kyrenia and wanted to visit it.

They reached the border of Nicosia at twelve o'clock and soon discovered it is not difficult to visit the Turkish side. Once through the border, Craig arranged for a taxi to take them to Kyrenia. The journey through the beautiful countryside only took thirty minutes. Arriving in Kyrenia, Craig told the driver to come back for them at four o'clock, giving them enough time to get back across the border by five-thirty, when the border closed.

While they had lunch, Craig and Suzzan noticed a large castle perched on the hilltop. After lunch, they learned the building dated from more than a thousand years ago. As the castle was closed for lunch, they walked around the harbor, waiting for it to open.

Suzzan had been feeling strange all day, and attributed it to being Good Friday. She was always moved on the anniversary of our Lord's crucifixion. Going into the castle, their exploring soon led them to a small Byzantine chapel. The air itself seemed old, and they had the eerie feeling that they had been there before. They continued exploring. The final thing they wanted to see was a ship from the Crusades. It was in a separate room, to be reached by a steep staircase. Suddenly feeling unwell, Suzzan knew that she could not climb the staircase at this time. Searching her face Craig noticed her discomfort, but at her insistence, he left her alone.

Looking at her watch, Suzzan saw that it was two o'clock. She thought there must be something very wrong with her; she felt so ill. When Craig returned, he took her outside on the battlements to get some air. As Suzzan stood looking out over the sea, a piercing pain in her side doubled her over. Then suddenly, she saw a vision of Jesus Christ on the cross. Suzzan felt as though she was literally there and caught her breath when the ripping pain increased. Craig, knowing there was something wrong, put his arms around her and held her close against him.

Resting her head on his shoulder, Suzzan heard God's voice. "Let the pain go through you. Let yourself feel it, and don't be afraid. It will soon pass."

The pain had only lasted for fifteen minutes, but to Suzzan, it felt like hours. Finally the pain disappeared as quickly as it had come. Seeing she was more comfortable, Craig took her hand and led her back down to the harbor. They ordered a drink and sat watching the little boats, until it was time for them to meet the taxi driver.

Arriving where they had agreed to meet, the driver was nowhere around. One man approached and asked if they were waiting for a taxi. Craig explained that they had arranged to meet a driver here at four o'clock, but he had not turned up. This man told them he was a friend of the driver they had arranged to meet, and that his friend's taxi had broken down. The driver had sent his friend to pick them up, instead. Craig and Suzzan thought it was a very considerate act, and wondered how many other taxi drivers would do the same.

The sun was setting when they arrived back in Limassol. Deciding to have dinner at Yannis' tavern, they went to the hotel to shower and change. The tavern was not very busy that night, as it was a cool evening, so not many tourists were out. During the meal, Yannis joined them. The previous night they had told him of their planned trip across the border. He had informed them that Kyrenia had been his hometown before the Turkish occupation.

It was obvious to Craig and Suzzan, he was anxious to discuss their trip to his hometown. Drawing a map of the harbor, he showed them exactly where he had owned two properties there. They told him that they had not seen any sign of devastation. It still was a very beautiful place. That seemed to please Yannis, and he explained what happened at the time of the Turkish occupation.

As it was a cool evening, Yannis decided to light a fire. Suzzan thought it was lovely, sitting opposite Craig in the firelight. Feeling greatly moved by the trip and engrossed in their thoughts, neither had noticed the restaurant filling with people. Looking up at the increased noise, Suzzan noticed a beautiful young woman

sitting alone. Feeling compelled to speak to her; Suzzan politely asked Craig to excuse her and, without a further word of explanation, went over to the woman's table.

Introducing herself to the woman, Suzzan felt a great empathy between them. Molly was a petite woman with startling blue eyes ringed with thick black lashes. The short dark hair gave her an impish look, which only added to her beauty. Molly explained that she was vacationing alone, and she was taking the same cruise as they were. Suzzan asked Molly to join them at their table, as she knew Craig was very curious about what was going on.

Craig felt equally enamored with the young woman, liking Molly on sight. After she had introduced Molly to Craig, God told Suzzan Molly was Sarah. The three of them got on famously and spent a very pleasant evening together. Toward the end of the evening, Yannis, again, joined them for a drink. When he got up to leave, Yannis' parting words amazed Suzzan. Gently placing his hand on her shoulder, he said solemnly, "In a few days, you will find your destiny."

Suzzan, not knowing what he meant, had a haunting feeling he was right. They said goodbye to Molly and arranged to meet her on the ship. Craig planned to stay overnight in the town of Paphos the next day, intending to return in time to board the ship.

The drive to Paphos was perfect for Suzzan. The road runs along the coast for most of the way, and the sun glistened off the crystal blue water. Craig had stayed in Paphos ten years earlier and wanted to find the hotel in which he stayed before. That was a vain hope, as Cyprus had changed a great deal in ten years.

While trying to find the hotel, they drove through a lovely area called Coral Bay, where there was a large hotel complex. As it was already late afternoon, Craig booked a room for the night. After they registered, Craig drove them into Paphos to have dinner. After dining, they wandered through the town, looking for a leather briefcase. Tony had given Suzzan the money to buy one for him, because Cyprus is famous for its leather products. After finding one, they drove back to the hotel.

It was much cooler in Paphos. Craig had been trying to shake off a cold for a few days, and the change of temperature did not help. Suzzan noticed, with growing concern, that he was getting worse. By the time he parked the car, he was running a fever and coughing. Not feeling at all well, he decided to go straight to bed. Suzzan, feeling restless, said she was going to have a drink in the nightclub and listen to the music to help her unwind. In the club, she ordered a glass of wine and relaxed, listening to the live band.

After a little while, she asked a waiter to take a glass of hot milk and brandy to their room. Suzzan recited what she thought was the room number. The waiter returned fifteen minutes later, saying the man in the room refused to accept the drink. Puzzled at Craig's behavior, she asked him to take it to the room again, but this time, tell the man "Suzzan" had sent it. Again, the waiter came back with the drink, saying the man had refused. She was completely baffled and, thanking the waiter, ordered another glass of wine. Suzzan did not stay very late, as she knew they had to make an early start in the morning. Getting back to the room, she discovered her mistake. She had reversed the last two numbers of the room.

She giggled, while opening the door. Craig, now awake asked, "What's tickled you?" When she explained, they both laughed.

Craig was very loving with Suzzan that night. He wanted to hold her and, at her concerned inquiry, assured her that he was feeling a lot better after resting. If God wanted them to become one, then obviously, Craig did not understand. Usually comfortable with such interludes, Craig pushed on. He knew this expression of love had to be different. He knew his perspective must change.

At one point, during a moment of deep and tender love reverence, his eyes fixed on Suzzan's. In her eyes he saw something that transferred his mind to another time, Craig recognized her with a heartfelt love that warmed his very soul. He realized his eyes had pierced the depths of time. Relaxing in the bliss and silence,

Craig felt relieved. Could it be true? Was God truly guiding them, and could the woman in his arms really be his lost love? For the first time he began to think the answer just might be yes.

Checking out of the hotel, Craig drove straight to Limassol. He ordered a taxi to take them to the ship, where they discovered, at the dockside, three huge liners. Rumor had it that a record number of tourists planned to visit Israel that Easter. Boarding the ship, Craig and Suzzan were promptly stopped by security because their passports had Arabian stamps in them. Questioned and searched for an hour, both were grateful when the officer finally released them. Due to the delay, they barely had time to find their cabin and change for dinner. Because of the sheer volume of passengers, meals required two sittings. Luckily for Craig and Suzzan, they were assigned to second sitting.

Molly assigned the same meal sitting as Craig and Suzzan, joined them for dinner. During a sumptuous meal, she explained why she felt the need to visit the Holy Lands. Delighted, Suzzan said, "I have had strong feelings to go there ever since Christmas." Hesitantly, she added, "I know this is hard to believe, but God has told me to be at Golgotha at three o'clock tomorrow afternoon. He also told me that you are Sarah."

Craig could see that Molly had a hard time swallowing that. To her credit, she smiled and said, "We all have our own beliefs, and it doesn't matter what anyone else thinks or believes."

After dinner the three of them went upstairs to the ship's ballroom, where they spent a thoroughly enjoyable evening together. Unanimously, they decided that all needed an early night. Their schedule was to dock very early the next morning in Haifa, with coaches leaving at eight o'clock to take them to Jerusalem. Craig and Suzzan left Molly at eleven o'clock and retired to their tiny cabin.

Craig took the top bunk, leaving the lower for Suzzan. Bunked beneath him, she found it impossible to sleep. The waves of energy that had been running through her ever since they had arrived in Cyprus were growing in intensity. She eventually fell asleep in the early hours.

"Craig." Did someone call my name, Craig wondered? Awakened from a sound sleep, he listened to the quiet sounds of the ship and Suzzan's breathing. "Craig!" This time, the voice sounded loud and clear and he was sure that it was not coming from outside.

"God, is that you?"

"Yes, Craig, it is," was the reply.

"Is it really you speaking to me?" Craig cried. "I've waited so long to hear your voice! Thank you Heavenly Father, for speaking to me."

"You're welcome, Craig, or would you like me to call you Paul?" God teased.

"Craig," he answered. Then he questioned, "Do you speak to Suzzan? Has she told me the truth about everything?"

"Yes Craig, I speak to her, and she has spoken the truth to you. Now, go down to your sister and become one," God commanded. A tremendous surge of energy shot through his body, doubling him up from the sheer force of it. There was no mistaking the feeling for pain, or anything else. It was God's confirmation.

Suzzan awoke to hear the ship docking in Haifa. Staring at the bunk above her head, she realized that the ship docking was not what woke her, the man above her did. Craig was tossing and turning in a great deal of distress. Her concern increased when he suddenly cried out. She asked, "What's wrong?"

Craig replied, "I can't talk, at the moment. Give me a little time, and I will tell you." Apparently, the conversation was over. All Craig could think was, "Oh man, I finally have God speak to me, and now he tells me to become one with my sister. What is this "sister" business? Things really never turn out like I want them."

His answer perplexed Suzzan. She lay quietly, listening to him. Then, she heard him climbing out of his bunk, before getting into hers. The bunk was very small, so the only way they could lie in bed together was in

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each other's arms. Craig was trying to come to terms with what happened. Feeling the warmth of Suzzan's arms, he smiled and said, "God just spoke to me and told me to go down to my sister." He explained, "Everything you told me was the truth, and we will marry on June the fifteenth, just as God told you."

Suzzan, speechless, could not believe it! It was a miracle! She had begun to think that she would have to go through the whole journey alone. Having battled with Craig for such a long time, she could not believe he was telling her he was going to marry her! They lay there, silent for a moment. Then, unexpectedly, Craig started crying and then doubled up.

As suddenly as it came on, it was over. Craig gathered Suzzan closer to him. An incredible sense of peace washed over both, and all the pain and doubt of the past months disappeared. It was very dark in the cabin, yet Craig saw a pool of blue water with rocks, green stalks, and small fish swimming through gentle bubbles. Simultaneously, he felt unaware of his body and became part of the vision. He became aware of his body just in time to feel himself melt into Suzzan's. He could no longer tell where his body stopped and hers began. The next thing he knew was the experience of knowing they were now the water vision. Craig never experienced more soothing, peaceful beauty.

Suzzan was trying to come to terms with God's speaking to Craig. This changed everything. Now he would be able to ask God, himself; "What a relief," she thought. She had not experienced the vision with Craig. But when he described it to her, she gasped; "Now I know what God meant by his words, 'we had to become one before we went to Jerusalem'!"

Still amazed at the early morning events, Craig saw what seemed like a movie start to play. As he stared at what used to be darkness, he could see the vision of a barren hill with graves in the distance. Suddenly, he was on all fours above a central grave, looking down into the dirt. The wind began to blow the dirt away, slowly at first. Quickly, the wind mounted force, blowing away more dirt. A skeleton's outline emerged from the shallow grave beneath him. In a moment the whole figure lay exposed, and he experienced the smell of familiar soil.

There was a pause in action, then the motion was reversed and dirt started to cover the skeletal figure, until only the head lay exposed. He found himself poised, eyeball-to-eye-socket, as muscle and flesh formed on the skull. Again, slowly at first, and then faster than before; in a flash, the figure was whole, and stood at the far end of the now open grave. Craig, on his back in bed, looked down toward his feet. The "movie" was still playing, and each stood positioned on opposite ends of the rectangular hole. Off the left, another grave repeated the exact process as just described, with Craig being transported to that site, then returning to the original site. This process continued four more times, moving in a clockwise horseshoe-pattern around the original grave, each time, increasing in speed, until the whole process became a swirling blur. For just a moment, action stopped, and Craig could see the first body across the grave from him, with five other sites in similar fashion around his position. With swirling force, the wind howled to the backdrop of the moonlit scene, and each body lined up behind the first. These bodies, one at a time, merged into the one across the grave from Craig.

The figure seemed to move out of the picture and position itself in the cabin, at the foot of the bed. God informed Craig that Paul must physically come into him. The figure now attached at Craig's feet, perpendicular to his reclining body, folded down into him. A familiar smell of earth and a tightness of the chest made him cough.

When he recovered from the coughing spell, Craig relayed the unimaginable experience to Suzzan. Overwhelmed by all that was happening, she lay silent for a moment. Concerns for his health moved her, and placing her head on his chest, she confirmed his labored breathing. He could not shake his cold, and that dreadful cough was getting steadily worse. Now he sounded completely congested. Craig took her by surprise when he said, "God has told me to ask you to heal me."

Suzzan immediately prayed, and asked God to confirm his words. God's urgent reply was, "It is imperative that you do."

Placing her hand on Craig's chest, Suzzan prayed to God, saying, "Father, if it is your Will, let Craig be healed."

Craig knew that healing depended on the faith of each. Suzzan's faith was never in question and, after all that had taken place that morning; his faith was at its strongest point ever. He felt her pulling the congestion from his lungs, as the tightness of chest left him and his breathing became easier. Suddenly, his nose clogged and his head pounded. When she moved her hand to his head, Craig felt the nasal pressure clear. The pounding was also gone, but the congestion seemed to have moved back into his lungs. They discussed what might be happening and, after about ten more minutes and several switches between head and chest, everything remained clear. Craig asked her what she felt during the ordeal. "A strange tingle in the center of my palm." Suzzan explained.

It was time to get ready, and Suzzan got up, leaving Craig in the bottom bunk to think about his morning. They decided to fast, but went to the dining room anyway. After Molly's breakfast, all three of them went in search of their coach. When they got on the coach, only three seats remained unoccupied. Unfortunately, none of them were together, so Craig and Suzzan were separated.

The tour guide was a pleasant Israeli woman who gave a running commentary about the country on the drive to Bethlehem. However, when she started speaking over the microphone, Molly, who was sitting in front of Suzzan, said that she could not understand what she was saying. Consequently both Suzzan and Molly joined the guide at the front of the coach.

She described the tour planned for that day. When Suzzan heard her say, "You will walk in the footsteps of Christ," she nearly fell off her chair. It was the strangest of feelings. God had told her months before that she would walk in the footsteps of Christ, and here was this stranger telling her the same thing.

Molly was experiencing very powerful emotions, herself, and was discussing the World religions with Suzzan. Molly was a Buddhist and had a very open mind. They were speaking about the four main religions: Christianity, Judaism, Islam, and Buddhism. Suzzan said, "I have always thought it such a shame. Millions of people believe in the same God, yet refuse to be tolerant of each other."

As Suzzan said the words, a tremendous emotion went through her. She heard God say, "Today is the unification of the religions."

Craig, seated in the last row of the bus and unaware of Suzzan's feelings, was experiencing the magic of the day as it was unfolding. Arriving in Bethlehem, the coach parked at a store just down the hill and across the street from the site where Jesus was born. All three went into the store, where Molly surprised them by buying a rosary. Suzzan also purchased two rosaries, because Edith and Maylee had asked her to bring them back for them. Molly further amazed them by saying she wanted her rosary blessed. This obviously was why the coach had stopped at the store first: to enable people to purchase rosaries and crosses before having them blessed at the church.

Back outside, Suzzan and Craig walked over to the coach to get away from the rest of the people. In the lot was a group of Palestinians selling jewelry to the tourists. Two approached them to sell their jewelry. Craig politely said he did not want any. They were so persistent that he tried to give them money, but the proud young men insisted on giving Craig the jewelry. In speaking, they learned that the young men could not get good work in Israel. Proudly, they stated, "We have no alternative but to try to make a living any way we can. We have children to feed." While they were talking to the Palestinians, God told Craig and Suzzan one of them was the reincarnation of the Apostle John.

Where once stood a lowly stable, now the Church of the Nativity stands. Built over the remains of the holy site, the huge church completely encloses the stable. When Craig and Suzzan's group stooped through the tiny door leading into the main area, they discovered hundreds of people already in the church. In the center of the church, there were stairs, which lead down to the tiny preserved stable, where a Silver Star that marks the designated place of Jesus' birth. It was there that tourists would place their crosses and rosaries for blessing. However, many people also wanted the blessing of a priest, too. This was the case with Molly, who joined a line to see a priest. Consequently Craig and Suzzan found themselves separated from their group. After the priest's blessing, the three of them, pushed along by the throng of people, negotiated the very steep, stone staircase into a small candle-lit room.

Standing at the bottom of the stairs, Suzzan did not feel the stir of emotions that she expected. Loving Jesus all her life, she thought that being in the place He was born would move her beyond words. Perplexed at her detachment, she moved forward with Molly to place the Rosaries on the star for their blessing. The Silver Star is situated on the floor, inside a type of brick fireplace, necessitating that a person go down on all fours.

Standing up, Molly and Suzzan rejoined Craig looking at the various sacred icons. While there, a little man walked over to the brick structure, threw himself into the opening on the floor over the star, and prayed. Other tourists growing impatient began to cough loudly and make rude comments, voicing their displeasure.

To Suzzan, the man looked so frail; her heart went out to him. She felt ashamed of the people who were coughing and making noises to try to hurry his departure. It was obvious he was having a deeply spiritual experience, and most of the people just wanted to take a picture of the star. Eventually, the man struggled out of the small arched opening on his knees, paused to catch his breath, and then raised to his feet. Suzzan and Craig had been watching him closely. She slowly walked over to him. Placing her hand gently on his shoulder and smiling warmly at him, she said, "Be blessed." No one was more surprised at her actions than Suzzan herself, but the man looked at her, smiled back, and kissed her hand.

Turning on his heels, the man went back upstairs, as if nothing had happened. The three of them followed, and when they reached the main floor, he came over to them. Italian by nationality, he could hardly speak any English. This was not a problem, as words were not necessary. Craig, as if acting on a divine cue, moved toward the man, and they embraced each other warmly. Molly followed suit, as if a great understanding transcending all communication was embracing the four. A few minutes later, saying goodbye to the man, they had to run to catch up with their group.

The first sight of the City of Jerusalem was like a step back in time. Built on hills, its dwellings of white stone sparkle in the sunlight, making it a truly beautiful sight. The coach pulled up outside the walls of old Jerusalem, as you cannot drive through the old city.

Once inside, the high walls create a maze. To avoid separation, the guide headed the group, carrying a red flower on a long pole. She also enlisted a cheerful Englishman to bring up the rear, and ensure that everyone in the group was in front of him. They began the tour in the so-called Christian Quarter. This part of the tour included a visit to the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, to see the five stages of the crucifixion of Jesus Christ.

Like the Church of the Nativity in Bethlehem, the Church of the Holy Sepulcher is a large building that accommodates tourists. Suzzan and Craig walked through the church in a daze. The guide gave a running commentary about the church and its history. Unfortunately, all she could think of was that it was now one o'clock and, in two hours, they would be at Golgotha; consequently, the guide's words went in one ear and out the other.

Leaving the church, they went through the Moslem Quarter, finally ending in the Jewish Quarter. In the Jewish Quarter, the group stopped at the site of the Wailing Wall, where Craig, Suzzan, and Molly prayed. To leave the city, the group had to pass through security gates. It was a grim reminder, to all three, of the unrest that exists in the city.

Walking down the hill toward the coach, Suzzan noticed that it was two-thirty. God's instructions had been crystal clear; "You are to be at Golgotha at three o'clock." When she reached the coach, something stopped her from getting on.

Turning to Craig, she said, "Craig, ask the guide when we are going to Golgotha."

Her answer was quite a shock to them. "Why, we have just come from there. The Church of the Holy Sepulcher is built over Golgotha."

Craig listened to the guide in amazement. Suzzan, dazed, said, "I have to get back to the church."

Stepping up on the bus to buy time, Craig asked the guide, "Can you recommend a way we might go to the church and get back to the ship? We have to be at Golgotha at three o'clock."

Surprisingly, she probed, "Do you have an appointment with someone?"

"Yes," he truthfully replied.

"Well, I don't know what to say. Maybe you can call this person and arrange a meeting at another place," she offered.

"No, that's not possible," Craig quickly stated.

"I'm sorry. I have nothing to recommend to you," she said apologetically. She went on to explain they were expected back in Haifa by five-thirty. The ship would sail at six o'clock, sharp.

Craig, ever practical, was running all the possibilities through his mind. He knew, at a minimum, it was a two-and-a-half hour drive back to Haifa. The guide broke into his thoughts, saying, "AI cannot be responsible for you if you leave the coach. If the ship sails without you, then you will be in Israel illegally."

"Thank you for your help," Craig sincerely responded. "You have done everything to try to discourage us from leaving the tour. I release you of any further responsibility for us." He knew what missing the ship meant -- a stamp placed in their passports. With Israeli stamps in their passports, they would never get back into Saudi. This would mean the loss of his job.

Knowing it was the most difficult decision he had ever made in his life, Craig stepped off the coach. He believed it was a test of his faith, and an extreme test it was. The voice of God earlier that morning gave him the strength he needed to make the right choice. Suzzan, not even considering the possibility of not going back to the church, asked Molly if she wanted to go with them.

Molly replied, "This is your mission. I'm not part of it."

Giving himself up to his fate and the Will of God, Craig watched the coach and, possibly his future, drive away. He could not let Suzzan go alone, and he knew with absolute certainty that she would have gone with or without him.

Racing back up the hill, they looked for a taxi to take them back to the church. Finding a free one at the top of the hill, they told the driver where they wanted to go. Unfortunately, the driver did not speak very good English. However, he had a friend who did, and the driver's friend said that he would lead them back to the church. All piled in the taxi and headed out. It was a short ride. Thinking ahead, Craig arranged for the driver to also take them to Haifa. That meant he would be waiting for them when they returned from the church, since getting there required a walk.

Their Palestinian guide led them back to the church. Passing through a maze of alleyways, Suzzan thought that they seemed so old; it was as if no one had walked down them in years. Craig, trusting God and suspecting man, tried to dispel the thoughts of vulnerability plaguing his mind. One thing for sure, if not led, they would never have found their way in or out of the maze.

Arriving at the church with just five minutes to spare, Suzzan stopped. Tired and confused, she tried to make sense of the strange scene. In her vision, she had been kneeling at a cross in a green field. Now, here she was in a massive church. Leaving their guide at the church door, Craig led her upstairs to the first stage of the

crucifixion. There was an altar in front of a huge mural on the wall. It depicted Jesus being nailed to the cross, with Mary Magdalene laying prostrate at His feet and His mother standing over Him.

Walking over to the altar, Suzzan knelt to pray. Completely different to her vision, she still somehow knew that it was where God wanted her to be. Kneeling there, a need to make a declaration aloud overcame her. She declared passionately, "Father I submit to thee, take me to do thy Will."

Craig had knelt down by Suzzan's side to pray with her. He wanted to experience the moment with all due reverence, but his practical side kept him aware of time. Confused as to why she was kneeling in front of the first stage for so long, he tried to move her. Standing, he held her shoulders and tried to raise her, saying, "Shouldn't you be at the next stage, praying?" The second stage was the actual crucifixion.

Suzzan did not answer him and would not move. An incredible energy held her rooted to the spot. It started in her fingers and was now spreading through her entire body. As the strength of the energy increased, she found it very difficult to breathe.

Appointed to take care of Suzzan, Craig noticed her breathing was rapid and deep. Still on her knees, he gently but firmly pushed her down until she was sitting on her heels. Struggling with thoughts that nothing was happening as it should, and suspecting she might hyperventilate, he got to his knees beside her. Suddenly, it was as if something pulled Suzzan forward onto the marble floor, with her arms thrust straight out from her body.

Reacting immediately, Craig was able only to lessen the force of the blow, as her head struck the hard surface. While she lay face down, in the form of a cross, he tenderly lifted her head with his right hand and took her outstretched left hand in his. A small group of people passed by, and some took pictures. Throughout the ordeal, Craig's thoughts focused on Suzzan and the fact the cool stone floor would aid in her recovery.

In closing her eyes, Suzzan had seen Jesus Christ standing in front of her, His hands outstretched toward her. Then, she felt a very strong pulling sensation concentrate in her chest. So powerful was the force that it pulled her forward headlong onto the floor. She had no chance to protect herself, as she hit the marble tiles. Though totally conscious the entire time, Suzzan was unable to speak or move. Aware that Craig was holding her, she felt deep sadness. To her, it literally felt like she had the sorrow of the World within her. She started sobbing, her body convulsing with emotion.

After a while, a beautiful feeling of perfect love replaced the deep feeling of sadness. Seeing she had stopped crying, Craig gently helped Suzzan to her knees; however, he was unsuccessful when he tried to get her on to her feet. When she had been lying on the floor, she had seen flashes of light from the corner of her eye. Sitting up, she realized the lights were flashbulbs going off, as people took photographs. The entire incident did not last more than ten minutes, but to Craig and Suzzan, it had seemed like a lifetime.

There were only a few people left in the church, as Suzzan knelt there, trying to understand all that had happened to her. Looking over to her left, to her astonishment, kneeling at the next station was the little Italian man she had touched in Bethlehem.

Still on her knees, the energy left Suzzan's chest and concentrated in her hands again. Craig was looking anxiously at the clock. It was now ten past three. The church bells rang out and, again, he attempted to raise Suzzan to her feet. Looking up into his concerned face, she said, "Bring the man over to me." Following the direction of her glance, much to his surprise, Craig recognized the man. He seemed quite comfortable to be led back to Suzzan.

Unsure of what she was doing or why, Suzzan waited for the man to join her. When he knelt by her side, she placed one hand on the top of his head. Taking hold of her other hand, the man held it to his chest. To any onlooker, it would appear that both of them knew exactly what they were doing. This, however, was not so. Suzzan, moved by forces more powerful than she, recited Psalm Twenty- Three.

To Craig, the few people left in the church did not seem at all perturbed by what they witnessed. Watching the minutes tick by, Craig did not interfere with what Suzzan was doing. Yet, after five more precious

minutes passed, he could no longer control his impatience. Gently pulling the man to his feet, he embraced him again. Then, the man simply turned and went to kneel in front of the cross again.

Craig then literally yanked Suzzan to her feet and supported her with his arm. She felt she could not walk a step but, of course, she could. Before leaving the church, she noticed a Greek Orthodox priest sitting in the corner. Realizing he had witnessed the whole thing, she told Craig she needed to go to him. Again, not knowing why, Suzzan knelt at his feet and kissed his hand, saying, "Thank you Father." The priest smiled at her, but said nothing. As they left the church, God told her that the priest was Simon Peter.

It was now well after three, and Craig did not want to miss the boat. Because of the taxi driver's poor English, Craig decided to ask their Palestinian guide to accompany them to Haifa. Suzzan knew that something momentous had happened, but she was not really clear on the details. Craig, forgetting God had spoken to him, was a little annoyed that what she had told him in the vision had not come true. Suzzan, for her part, felt completely at peace. Exhausted, she slept. He could not understand how she could be so calm. It was now half past three, and the ship was final boarding at half past five. As he gazed down at Suzzan's serene face, Craig recognized her lack of concern. Praying for God to strengthen his faith, he finally relaxed, and accepted that God had taken hold of their lives.

Pulling up at a set of traffic lights, the Palestinian guide recognized the driver of the coach alongside them. The other coach driver just happened to be taking passengers back to the same ship. After their guide explained the situation to the other driver, he told the taxi driver to follow him in to the port. He would explain to the authorities that Craig and Suzzan were passengers on the same ship, and that they had missed their coach.

Reaching the dock where the ship was, Craig and Suzzan saw their original coach unloading its passengers. Spotting their tour guide, they thanked and blessed their two companions, then ran to catch her. When she asked if they had met the person they were due to meet. Suzzan smiled and replied, "Yes."