

# SEER

*Rendezvous with God – Volume Five*

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*Discussion questions have been included  
to facilitate personal and group study.*

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## CHAPTER

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# ONE

DON'T ASK ME which came first, the pounding in my head or the *hiss-click* of the hospital respirator. It doesn't matter. Both were minor league players compared to the searing pain in my gut.

*Am I dead?* I thought.

"Please," came the reply, "my reward program is better than that."

I recognized the humor and tried opening my eyes. But they were sealed so tight I had to raise my eyebrows to pull them open. When I succeeded, the brightness was blinding. I squinted until it dimmed into details of an ICU room—beeping machine above and to my right, a bedside table pushed aside to my left. Beyond it, the smallest of windows. And beside me, in a chair wearing his trademark robe and sandals, sat Yeshua—casually reading a book.

I tried speaking but my mouth was dry as sand. My throat, raw hamburger—the tubes running into my nose and down didn't help.

*So, I thought, I'm alive?*

Yeshua glanced up, smiling. “Can’t pull anything over on you.”

*How?* I scowled. *Back at the prison. You gave me a choice. Free will . . . I said I was ready to go and . . . and . . .*

“That’s what your mouth said. But your heart had other ideas. Blame Siggy, he’s the one who tipped your hand.”

I closed my eyes recalling how my golden retriever refused to leave my graveside service. It hadn’t been a dream or vision. It was more like one of Yeshua’s multiple dimension things—watching my possible funeral in my possible future which, apparently, never occurred. I re-opened my eyes and thought, *The prison riot—the guy with the knife.*

“Hate,” he sadly shook his head. “It brings such suffering.”

*You have no idea*, I thought until I spotted his hands. The shiny scar tissue filling the holes always stopped me. I changed subjects. *What are you reading?*

“Your book.”

*My book?*

“Volume Four.”

*Volume Four? I never finished the first one.*

“Not yet.”

Before I could respond, I noticed movement to the left. With effort, I turned my head to see someone standing on the bed railing above me. Not sitting. *Standing.* He leaped into the air and landed on my bedside table—in

a handstand! First two hands, then one. The only thing more bizarre than his action was his appearance—flowing blonde hair and a sculptured torso clad in a white gymnast leotard.

*Drugs, I thought. Definitely the drugs.*

“Nope.”

*Then what . . . Who is he!?*

“My partner.”

*Your partner!* From what I’d read, Jesus Christ had no partners—unless you counted the Father, which this person definitely was not. Or . . . I watched as the gymnast leaped from the table, simultaneously snatching a printed form off it, and lighting upon the small nurse’s cabinet near the foot of my bed. *That’s not . . .*

Yeshua looked on with amusement while the gymnast somersaulted in the air landing on one hand while folding the form with another.

*Is that . . . the Holy Spirit?*

Yeshua chuckled. “Only as you see him. Actually, it’s not a bad interpretation. Artistic, creative. Energetic.” Shaking his head in amusement he added, “And he does like to stay busy.”

The gymnast had folded the paper into an origami bird and tossed it to Yeshua who caught it with a grin.

*What is that?* I asked.

“It was your DNR.”

*My . . . ?*

“Do Not Resuscitate.”

I blinked.

“I know it’s a lot to take in. For now it’s best you get a little rest. We’ll have plenty to do soon enough.”

*To do? We’re not done?*

Yeshua smiled and tossed the origami toward the window. It flapped its wings and flew across the room, effortlessly passing through the glass into the bright morning sky. Only then did I notice the grisly giant of a soldier standing at attention next to the window. He had a jagged scar, from his left eye down to his jaw. Besides wearing battle fatigues, he was decked out with more weapons than a Texas gun show.

*Wait. Who’s that?*

Closing the book, Yeshua said, “Your battalion commander.”

*My—*

“Protection detail.” Smiling, he turned from the soldier to me. “Really? That’s how you see him?”

I didn’t answer but was looking past the soldier to the dozens of similarly dressed men floating just outside. *Are those, are they like—angels? What about the feathers, wings? Where are their swords?*

“Don’t blame me; it’s *your* interpretation.”

I stared a moment then turned back to him. *And you?* I thought. *Are you also my interpretation?*

“If I didn’t appear as a man you wouldn’t talk to me as a man.”

*I saw the real you once, didn’t I? On the mountain with Moses and Elijah.*

“So terrifying that you, Peter, and the guys all did face-plants.”

*I never felt such fear.*

“Exactly. It’s hard to carry on a conversation when everyone’s groveling face-first in the dirt. Well,” he said, rising, “we have plenty to do. And a brand-new book to work on.”

*Another adventure?*

“Your best yet.”

*You always say that.*

“Have I ever lied?” He had me there. “What do you think all your training has been about?”

*My training? For what?*

“In time. For now, you need to get some rest.”

*At least tell me where I’m going?*

“If I did you’d just get out of the car and try to push.” With a twinkle he added, “And we’ve both seen how well that works.”

*Right, but—*

“Sleep.”

*But . . .* My eyes fluttered then closed. They did not reopen for thirty-six hours.



“Please, Uncle Will . . .”

As I drifted back into consciousness, I recognized the voice.

“Stop being so selfish. My birthday’s next week.”

And the attitude.

I forced open my eyes to see the same ICU. Only now, at the side of my bed, was Amber, my fourteen-year-old niece—hunched over, small and helpless, “I need you. Me and Billie-Jean. Please . . .”

Despite the weight of the IV port, I moved my hand, actually just my fingers, until they touched hers.

Startled, she looked up. “Uncle Will?”

I tried to smile.

Wiping the streams of mascara from her face, she cried, “You’re awake!”

The smile would still not come.

“It’s a miracle!” she cried. “A miracle!”

I closed my eyes and slept. Enough excitement for one week.