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Author Bio

Two-Line Bio:

J.K. Sellers has been a dedicated student of Bible prophecy for many decades. His concern for his family drove him to chronicle these events in a fictional account of the last days.

Short:

J.K. Sellers is a devoted father and grandfather and has been a dedicated student of Bible prophecy for many decades. Seeing himself as a 'watchman on the tower' and his love and concern for his family drove him to chronicle these events in a fictional account of the last days.

Medium bio:

J.K. Sellers has been a dedicated student of Bible prophecy for many decades. He would often watch the news and events from around the world to see how they corresponded with prophecies found in scripture. He saw himself as one of the watchmen on the tower, warning friends and loved ones of what he observed. He came to realize that most of them were asleep, that mundane life took precedence over events regarded as fable, or too far in the future to be bothered with. So, he decided to chronicle these events in a fictional account of the last days.

Long:

J.K. Sellers has been a dedicated student of Bible prophecy for many decades. He often watched the news and events from around the world to see how they corresponded with prophecies he found in scripture. He saw himself as one of the watchmen on the tower, warning friends and loved ones of what he observed. He came to realize that most of them were asleep, that mundane life took precedence over events regarded as fable, or too far in the future to be bothered with.

So, ten years ago, J.K. Sellers decided to chronicle these events in an entertaining fictional account of the last days.

Writing became his new passion. He bought books on writing fiction from authors such as James Scott Bell and Orson Scott Card. He dissected the books of his favorite authors, underlining and taking notes. He devoured everything he could about writing. Then he wrote, edited, wrote, and edited some more. Along the way he wrote articles on Bible prophecy and started a website, [The Harvest at Earth's End](#), named after the End Times series he was writing.

During this adventure he discovered that exceptional writing is like building a high-quality house. A powerful novel begins with a solid, well thought out plan. These great stories are built on the foundation of compelling and gripping plots. Around the plot is wrapped an intricate framework of world creation, interesting settings, and political intrigue all populated with fascinating and compelling characters. This world setting is furnished with a well-crafted mixture of conflict and riveting interaction. Long hours and much attention to details results in an 'elegant home' where anyone would, not only want to visit but would enjoy immersing oneself in the intricate weave of interesting characters, overcoming intense conflict and personal danger.

This is the world J.K. Sellers created in *The Harvest at Earth's End* series.

My testimony: I know that Jesus is the Promised Messiah and the Son of God. I believe in the miracle virgin birth, that Jesus came down to show and teach us how to live and return back to the Father. I also believe that Jesus accomplished the Great Atonement through His suffering in the Garden of Gethsemane, on the cross, and with His rise from the empty tomb. At baptism, and every week since then, I personally covenant with God to take upon myself the name of Jesus Christ, to always remember and follow Him.

Speaker introduction:

J.K. Sellers has been a dedicated student of Bible prophecy for many decades. He would often watch the news and events from around the world to see how they corresponded with prophecies found in scripture. He saw himself as one of the watchmen on the tower, warning friends and loved ones of what he observed. He came to realize that most of them were asleep, that mundane life took precedence over events regarded as fable, or too far in the future to be bothered with. So, he decided to create a prophecy website, *The Harvest at Earth's End*, to share with other students of the Bible what he has learned. As a companion to the website, he is writing a fictional series of books that will tell the story of the men and women living through the last days and recounts their struggle to survive the epic battle between God and Satan. *A Half Hour of Silence* is book I of *The Harvest at Earth's End* series.

5 Fun Facts You Didn't Know About Me:

1. Growing up I owned my own horse and worked the cotton fields on our farm in Arizona with my brothers.
2. I participated and fought with several Medieval recreation groups for over 20 years. I have my own armor that I built myself.
3. I have 13 children and 36 grandchildren.
4. I love big dogs and own three, two German shepherds and a mutt.
5. I love the outdoors, the smell of a coming rainstorm through the pine trees, the sound of wind in the trees, and the thunder of a distant lighting storm.

Book Synopsis

One Line Summary:

A Half Hour of Silence is a Christian Sci-Fi thriller set in an alternate future where the battle between God and Satan is winding down to its final conclusion.

Short:

A Half Hour of Silence is a Christian Sci-Fi thriller set in an alternate future where the battle between God and Satan is winding down to its final conclusion. This gritty saga tells the story of the men and women living through the last days and recounts their struggle to survive the epic battle between God and Satan.

Medium:

A Half Hour of Silence is a Christian Sci-Fi thriller, the first book of *The Harvest at Earth's End* series (THEE). It is set in an alternate future where the battle between God and Satan is winding down to its final conclusion. This gritty saga tells the story of the men and women living through the last days and recounts their struggle to survive the epic battle between God and Satan. In the THEE universe, Satan, called Heylél by those he has chosen to represent him on earth, concludes his final designs for the conquest of earth.

Long:

My debut novel, *A Half Hour of Silence*, not only crosses genres but crosses the divide between Christian and mass-market fiction. *A Half Hour of Silence* breaks the mold of Christian fiction. The everyday Christian, as well as secular fans of apocalyptic, end of days thrillers will enjoy the gripping plots, the many compelling characters who are faced with intense conflict and personal danger in this account of the last days.

The Left Behind series demonstrated to the literary world that secular audiences can be entertained by—and will spend big money on—overtly Christian works. Not only did this series top the New York Times Best Seller list, but did it over authors like John Grisham, Stephen King and Tom Clancy.

How does *A Half Hour of Silence* cross genres? The book takes place in an alternate future where riots, fueled by violent revolutionaries, rage around the world. Wars are being fought on every continent and deep political divisions are tearing our nation apart. Unknown by the average American, these events were planned for a sinister purpose. Malevolent forces are stoking the fires of hate, creating chaos to burn our western civilization down and replace it with another. One ruled by Lucifer, who calls himself the god Heylél. He and a few handpicked men will stop at nothing to rule the world and enslave mankind.

A Half Hour of Silence, with its complex storylines, transcends a single genre. Not only is it an alternate future thriller, but also has elements of a drama, horror, mystery, crime, and science fiction.

Reading *A Half Hour of Silence*, you will experience the struggles that are waged, both in body and soul in this, the last battle of the war in heaven prior to the harvest at earth's end.

You will be immersed into the anarchy of street riots.

You will witness the bloody battle for the Temple Mount in Jerusalem.

You will laugh, cry, get angry, and fall in love.

The Harvest at Earth's End is a beautifully written tapestry of complex relationships, mystery, love, friendship, and the relationships we have with God. *A Half Hour of Silence* is the first chapter of that sweeping saga.

Press Release

FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE

A Half Hour of Silence: Book I of The Harvest at Earth's End series.



Las Vegas, Nevada, January 2021—J.K. Sellers is pleased to announce his debut of *A Half Hour of Silence*, Book I of The Harvest at Earth's End series.

Today millions of Christians and Jews see the signs of the last days and question what the end times will be like and how soon will it happen. *A Half Hour of Silence* will answer those questions and more. You will experience the struggles that are waged, both in body and soul, in this, the last battle of the war in heaven prior to the harvest at earth's end. You will be immersed into the anarchy of street riots. You will witness the bloody battle for the

Temple Mount. You will laugh, cry, get angry, and fall in love.

As an up and coming, exciting new author, J.K. Sellers, has combined the intricate plots reminiscent of George R. R. Martin, with a dash of a Tom Clancy political thriller, and topped off with a beautifully written tapestry of complex relationships, mystery, love, friendship, and intense conflict.

Reading Half Hour of Silence is like reading today's headlines. Riots rage across the world fueled by violent subversives. Wars are fought on every continent. Deep political divisions are tearing our country apart. Are these events planned for a malevolent purpose? Are there unseen forces stoking fires of hate, creating chaos to burn our nation down? Read this apocalyptic end-times thriller and discover the shocking possibilities that lie behind our headlines and our future.

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Sample Chapter

Chapter 1

Havasu Canyon, Arizona

Rick Dawson stood on the lip of a ninety-foot cliff, watching the water below. That's a long way down, he thought. He had dove off of the high platform of the local municipal pool many times and knew how hard water felt at the speed of a ten-meter dive. This was three times that height.

"Are you going to jump or what?" his friend, Eddie, asked.

"Getting bored?" Rick said over his shoulder to his acrophobic friend. A grin formed on his lips. "Let's go together."

Eddie barked a laugh. "Not on your life! Which it might very well be."

"I've done plenty of high dives."

"Yeah? Not like this one! At this height one wrong move could break bones or snap your neck."

Rick turned back around ignoring his anxious friend. He shaded his eyes from the hot Arizona sun for a better view of his planed landing spot between several exposed rocks and Havasu Falls, a gap of about twelve feet. From where he stood it looked a great deal smaller, about the size of his palm. Far below the wind fluttered and swayed the branches of nearby cottonwoods and mesquites that surrounded the clearing.

Should I wait for the wind to die down or compensate for the wind and just go for it?

"There's a dark storm coming," Eddie said.

He's been fretting all afternoon about that stupid storm. Rick was getting annoyed at his friend's constant worry. He looked back toward the southern horizon. Thunderheads, pregnant with rain, boiled in the distance, lightning flashing across their dark forms.

"Stop worrying, Preacher," Rick said, using Eddie's nickname. "That storm's at least twenty miles away."

"Yes, it is. But it's also forming directly over the head of this narrow canyon we happen to be camping in."

Eddie was always the more sensible and saner of the "Three Musketeers." Rick, Eddie, and their friend Tony were three inseparable young men who now found themselves on that precipice every youth reaches with trepidation—the great leap into adulthood. Rick had joined the Marines and would soon enter boot camp. His two friends Eddie and Tony were both going to college. All three decided to have one last adventure during their final summer of freedom after high school graduation, before that leap into manhood. Their choice of the leaping off point was the Havasu Canyon in Arizona, where they had visited with their scout troop years before.

Rick relished the tranquility and calm that he felt as he stood, barefoot, toes hovering over empty space. Far below, he could see the rest of his small party swimming in the large pool formed by Havasu Falls, enjoying the refreshing water. Seth Blackburn, Tony's new friend, was

in an animated discussion with Mike, Tony's younger brother. Rick began to worry as their discussion turned heated. Tony shouted something but before he could cool them down, Seth was on Mike and wrestled him down under the water.

Rick cursed. "They're at it again! Idiots!"

"Who, Seth and Mike?" Eddie asked.

"Yes!"

Eddie stood and carefully approached the edge of the cliff, but not too close, and peered down. Tony, who was bigger, was separating the two teenagers. Seth stomped up the beach, turned and pointed a finger at Mike. Even the teens 90 feet up could hear him.

"Any more lip from you and I promise that you'll never see the top of this canyon alive!"

Seth picked up his shirt and towel, gave Mike one last glare and disappeared into the mesquite trees back down the trail to their camp.

Eddie shook his head. "They've been fighting nonstop since we got down here. We need to talk to Mike and get him to stop pestering Seth."

"It's not all Mike's fault. Seth can dish out the sarcastic remarks, but he can't take it, especially if it's from Mike."

"Let's head back down before Seth returns with an axe or something," Eddie said.

"Yea, I am going down . . . but the fast way. You can take the kiddie trail back. Me, I going to make the dive of my life," Rick said.

"More like a dive to end your life."

"Remember what Grandpa Scoonover used to tell us," Rick said. "'Each time we face our fear, we gain strength, courage, and confidence in the doing.' Face your fear, Eddie, and jump with me." Rick winked at his friend.

"I'll pass."

"Adventure Magazine said that dozens of people have dived off of this cliff." Rick said.

"Yeah? How many died?"

"A few," Rick acknowledged, with a smirk.

Eddie rolled his eyes but remained quiet.

Rick's smile faded as his gaze shifted back to the water far below. "I know where the deepest part of the pool is, but it's kinda small. I have to wait for the wind to die down a little before I do the jump." Rick ran his fingers through his tangle of dark, shaggy hair.

"Hey, look who just showed up!" Rick pointed with his strong chin at the beach far below, grinning. Six girls in various forms of swimwear emerged from the cottonwoods, mesquites, and thick brush surrounding the pool. They appeared to be of college age and unaccompanied by males.

That was all it took for Rick.

"See you at the bottom, Preacher." Rick backed up twenty feet and, giving Eddie a mock salute, took off in a sprint, launching himself off the cliff in a perfect swan dive, whooping all the way down.

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Eddie jumped up and ran to the edge, fearing he would see his friend's bloodied body splattered on a rock far below. He got to the edge just in time to see Rick hit the surface straight as an arrow, arms extended in front of him and hands clasped together. Rick came up a moment later, smiling and waving at him in triumph.

Eddie laughed at his fearless friend and waved back. Eddie turned back to the trail that led to the bottom of the canyon, shaking his head in wonder at his daring friend. Rick will make an exceptional Marine. Rick planned to follow the footsteps of his father, his grandfather on his mother's side, and his great grandfather, all decorated Marines.

Rick swam over to his new audience. One of the girls seemed to be rather impressed by the athletic young man and his daring dive. Rick sat down next to her and struck up a humorous conversation, both laughing. If Rick isn't careful, the best man at his wedding is going to be a shotgun . . . held by the bride's father. He being a Marine who knows what language the father of the lucky bride would be speaking. Eddie smiled and shook his head at the thought.

After his long hike down from the cliff, the ribbing began.

"Hey, Eddie, enjoy your little climb down the long way?" Tony asked.

"Yea it was pretty peaceful after Rick left." Eddie sat on the sun-drenched beach. They all watched as Rick flirted with the college girl, who did not seem to mind the attention from the audacious young man. A small group of college-age men, whom they met the day before at the village trading post, came strutting up to the girls and Rick on the shore. Rick paid them no attention; neither did the girl he was with.

"Rick the Romeo' strikes again," Eddie said wistfully.

"How does he do it?" whined Mike.

"With practice and a staggering amount of self-confidence," said Tony.

After half an hour or so, Rick and the girl walked hand in hand along a far trail into the dense brush. Eddie just shook his head with a smirk on his face. Rick will surely get himself into trouble someday.

"Come on guys, let's head back to camp." Eddie glanced up at the ugly storm building on the southern horizon and felt his stomach churn in worry.

"I am getting hungry," complained Mike, interrupting Eddie's dark thoughts. "What's for dinner? Tony, isn't it your turn to cook?"

"Mac and cheese," declared Tony with a devious smile. Everyone groaned. They all remembered the last time Tony made that particular dish. He overcooked the macaroni to such a degree that it tasted like glue. In fact, if Eddie remembered his kindergarten days, the glue tasted better.

"How 'bout if I cook and Mike take my turn doing the cleanup?" Eddie said. The junior member of the little party immediately objected vociferously.

He winked at him with a grin. "Do you really want your brother to cook dinner?" Mike knew he won and just shook his head 'no', downcast.

Eddie made a fair mac and cheese over their small campfire. They ate their dinner with crackers and Kool-Aid-flavored water from the spring up the canyon. Seth, sullen and still bitter over the fight, joined the three teenagers. As they ate, the sun slid slowly behind the canyon wall.

Darkness filled the canyon, as the desert stars appeared sparkling bright on the northern half of the sky. Lightning danced across the dark clouds to the south. Eddie noticed the Supai Creek

steadily rising and changing from its normal mineral-laden aquamarine color to a light chocolate brown. Another strong feeling of foreboding and dread came over Eddie as he watched the swelling creek water.

“The stream has risen at least a foot since we left the falls,” said Eddie to no one in particular. He stood near the fire and holding his arm by the elbow with his other hand and turned toward Tony. “Maybe we should move our tents to higher ground.”

“We’ll be okay,” said Mike. “If there was a danger of a flood, the Ranger or someone from the village would have said something by now.”

A feeling in his gut had been building up all day and was now screaming at him to get everyone out of harm’s way. Was it the Holy Ghost warning me of imminent danger or was it simply an unfounded fear?

Eddie decided to go off alone to pray and ask God if there was danger near, when Rick came strutting into the light of the campfire whistling a popular tune, a wide, teeth showing smile on his face.

“Where’ve you been?” asked Mike.

“Oh, just visiting with our very friendly neighbors up the canyon.” Rick’s grin grew even wider. “I had a steak and potato foil dinner. What did you guys eat, Tony’s mac and cheese?” Rick guessed and laughed. Mike threw a wet sponge he was using to clean the pot at Rick in mock outrage, who dodged it with ease.

Seth cursed under his breath. Tony shook his head and smiled. “You are a veritable heathen, Rick.”

“Yes, and proud of it. At least I was able to enjoy an exquisite dinner with company much better looking than you four.” He grinned at the other boys as he stretched his arms out wide. “I am worn out from all the, ah . . . exercise,” Rick said, feigning a yawn. “I think I’ll hit the sack.” Groans echoed around the campfire at Rick’s swaggering braggadocio.

“Sleeping out in the open again tonight, Rick?” Tony asked.

Lightning flashed, followed by thunder echoing in the narrow canyon. The dark thunderheads now covered half the sky, blotting out the southern stars.

Rick glanced up at the cloud. “No, not tonight. Looks like it may rain.” He turned to Tony. “You got room in your tent?”

“Why don’t you go back to your ‘friendly female neighbors’? I am sure they have room,” sneered Seth.

“Actually, she did invite me to stay, but I didn’t want to stress you guys out by staying away all night. Particularly with ‘Preacher’ over there worried about a little rain.”

Everyone laughed. Except Eddie. An ominous feeling overcame him. He knew something disastrous was coming. He turned to Tony and saw worry on his face too. They both knew the dangers that a torrential rain shower could pose to anyone trapped in a narrow canyon. Eddie worried that their own campsite was too close to the water and right next to the rising creek.

Mike stood and threw in the last log onto the fire.

“I’m gong to find some more firewood.”

“Don’t go too far and get lost in the dark,” his older brother warned.

“Yeah, Mommy and Daddy want you back home so the nasty rain doesn’t get your tootsies wet,” teased Seth with a smirk.

“Shut up, Seth” exclaimed Mike. “At least I didn’t get lost while taking a leak.”

Seth’s face burned red as he remembered how he had gotten lost on the first night here and screamed for an hour until they found him.

Seth jumped out of his camp chair in a flash. He took Keith to the ground and beat his face with his fists before anyone could react. It took both Tony and Rick to get Seth off the bloody Keith.

Seth erupted in a tirade of foul language. “I’m not done with you, Mike! I’m going to. . .” He paused realizing he had an audience and cut off his threats. Seething with venom, he strode over to his tent. Turning, he shot a glare of hatred at the younger boy, nostrils flaring. He violently flung the flap aside and stalked in without another word.

Mike wiped the blood from his split lip with the back of his hand, straightened his shirt and stomped off away from camp.

“Where you going!” Tony yelled.

“Going to find some more firewood!” Mike said without turning.

“Well, don’t wonder off too far.”

“Why! You think I’ll get lost!?”

“No. It’s getting late. Remember the mountain lion tracks we found earlier this morning? Stay close to camp.”

Mike never responded and disappeared into the trees with his sullen head bent down searching for sure footing in the dark. The light from his bobbing head lamp faded down the trail as dark clouds drew across the moon, drenching the landscape in total darkness except for the island of glowing firelight around their camp.

“Gees, Tony,” Rick whispered. “Mike’s going to get his head handed to him if he keep pushing Seth.”

“Yeah, I know,” said Tony. “I’ll wait up for Mike to get back. I’ll have a talk with him. You guys might as well go to bed. There’s no need for all of us to stay up.” He sat heavily in his camp chair, worry on his face and brooding eyes following after his younger brother into the darkness.

Rick glanced at his friends, Tony and Eddie, nodded with unspoken agreement and headed with his sleeping bag under one arm for Tony’s tent.

“All right, I’m tired too. I just got to drain my bladder first,” Eddie said. He walked into the brush away from camp.

Actually, he had another purpose. He wanted to kneel down and pray to ask God if they would be safe that night. He wanted to know if the ominous feeling he was experiencing came from God or if they were simply his own idle fears. A sudden bolt of lightning and its immediate roar of thunder seemed to punctuate his fear and add to his urgency.

After doing his business watering the local shrubbery, he took his time and walked further away from camp out of earshot and found a small clearing near the cliff face of the canyon. The night darkened as the storm clouds slowly ate the stars above them, spreading like a ravenous monster come to devour the sky. Kneeling, he offered a vocal prayer to God.

Soft rain began to pat around him sending desert scents and dust into the air. He thanked God for the beauty of the world He created for His children. He also thanked God that he and his friends made a safe journey thus far. He asked God to soften the hearts of Seth and Mike and temper their anger. Eddie continued by directly asking God if they were in imminent danger.

A sudden overpowering feeling of urgency to leave the area came to his soul. It was as if a still small voice was saying, "Get out now. Go to higher ground, Eddie, a flood is coming." He knew that his prayer had been answered, confirming what he feared to be true. He jumped up and ran back down the trail to camp, his head lamp lighting the way. He thanked God for His answer as he ran and prayed that his friends would listen to him.

The rain intensified and another thunderclap shook the trees around him. Arriving at camp, Eddie expected to see Tony by the campfire. No one was in sight and the fire was down to glowing coals, sputtering in the rain.

"Hey, everyone get up! There's a flood coming, hurry, get up NOW!" Eddie called to his sleeping friends, running back and forth from one tent to the next.

He panicked as the feeling of urgency overpowered him. Danger was stalking the canyon and he feared for their safety, for his friends. He heard muffled sleepy voices coming from the stirring boys in their tents.

"We have to leave, now. There is a flood coming!" He repeated louder and more desperately now, shaking their tents.

"What are you babbling about . . ." began Rick as he poked his head out of his tent. Seeing Eddie's haunted face, by the glow of his headlamp, hair plastered to his scalp, he realized something was terribly wrong.

"We have to get out of here . . . now! There's a flood coming!" Eddie repeated desperately.

"How do you know?" Rick said, wide awake now.

Not sure how to get Rick to move and not wanting to lie directly to his friends, he said, "Someone higher up told me. Where's Tony?"

Seth stepped out of his tent with boots in hand.

"He must have gone to help Mike," said Rick. "Let's go find them. Seth, grab my emergency bag in the equipment tent and some rope and follow us, we may need it." Rick and Eddie sprinted along the trail towards the direction Mike had gone.

"Mike . . . Tony! Where are you!"

As they ran, following the path to the rising creek, they stumbled into a man shouting in panic. "The Redlands Dam broke! Find higher ground now! Flood waters are coming!"

Rick stopped the man from the village and paused long enough to tell him where the girls were camped. The man left Rick and immediately ran in the direction of the coeds' camp. After catching up to Eddie and now Seth, Rick joined in the headlong race to find their friends before it was too late. They ran into Tony a few minutes later headed their way, his arms filled with firewood.

"The dam broke," Eddie cried out, pointing south. "Forget the wood. Where's Mike?"

Tony dropped the sticks and turned back down the trail looking for his brother.

"He was right behind me!"

Racing along the trail, all four heads turned as one. A vague sound approached from behind. It sounded like a faraway freight train rapidly closing down upon them. Knowing the danger they were heading into, Tony, Eddie, and Rick increased their headlong sprint, not caring if they tripped on the dark, uneven trail or not, yelling at the top of their lungs, "Mike, get out of there!"

Seth hearing the noise behind him panicked and turned and ran for higher ground, abandoning the desperate race to warn Mike.

Eddie felt the wind first. The ground shook, making the rocks and sand vibrate under his feet, almost tossing the him to the ground. The overwhelming roar of the flood took all thought away. He turned his head to point his headlamp up stream fearing what he would see. His nightmare came to life. A wall of foaming black water, thick with trees and other debris churning within, rose high out of the darkness and came rushing upon them. Tony was behind by five yards when the wall of water hit him first and swept him into its deadly grasp.

“Tony!” Eddie yelled as he tried to grab for his friend when the debris-filled torrent swept him away too. All Eddie could hear was the thundering sound of the avalanche of water as it buried him and Rick in turn. Tony disappeared from view, swallowed by the dark, swift water. Eddie heard Rick yell something as he too was swept up by the raging river, trying to keep his head above the violent chaos of the rushing water, filled with trees, rocks, and pieces of the village from up river.

The water spun Eddie on the torrent, driving him into bushes and rocks as it buffeted him along its course. He struggled to rise to the surface, desperate for air, praying that he and his friends would survive. His head finally emerged. Grasping for breath he sought for signs of his friends. He sighted Rick’s headlamp as he too struggled to stay above the surface now a few yards behind him. He saw no sign of Tony, Mike, or Seth.

Beginning to panic, Eddie examined the water up ahead for something to grab. He thought that if they didn’t free themselves from the current soon, they would all drown. He said a quick prayer for God to assist them when a flash of lightning ahead of them illuminated a large cottonwood tree looming out of the darkness directly ahead in his path. It stood out of the water, fighting its own struggle with the debris-choked current. Wreckage built up in its branches, the torrent pushing the debris against the big tree. The massive cottonwood held its ground . . . for now.

Eddie felt a flicker of hope. If I can only reach one of those branches, I can get out of this. He began a strong side stroke toward the tree through the debris-filled water hoping Rick could see the tree as well and was following. As he grew near, the current pulled him away from the tree. With all the energy he had, Eddie dug at the water with his hands in powerful strokes and kicked his legs towards the tree branch he was aiming for. As the turbulent current swept him past the branch, Eddie made one last kick to get into arms’ reach of the limb.

He missed.

Eddie panicked. The branch swept by. He felt a large log pass under his left foot. Finding a foothold he pushed off against the log with both feet. With the last of his remaining strength he leapt up out of the water to catch the last branch of the tree with his right hand. Holding onto the branch with both hands, he desperately sought for his friend in the rain-streaked darkness and yelled out Rick’s name in the crashing noise of the flood.

Eddie saw a head and an arm speeding by and reaching out toward him. Not willing to surrender to the battle they faced, he tried to catch the arm but missed, only to catch the back of Rick’s shirt collar. The strength of the current pulled at Rick, whose shirt ripped from the tug of war between he and the torrent of water. He felt his grip slip on the branch. Desperately holding onto the tree and Rick at the same time, he wrapped his legs around Rick’s torso and reached up to grab the branch with both hands. Struggling with all his strength, Eddie began a slow hand-over-hand trip up the branch in a frantic effort to escape the cold clutch of the water.

A small mesquite tree, uprooted by the floodwaters, swept into the two young men struggling to escape the treacherous waters. The smaller tree caught in the large branch of the cottonwood that Eddie was struggling to hang onto. He yelled in frustration as the mesquite tree pulled them away from their precarious perch. His progress stopped, Eddie strained with the last of his strength to hang on as the mesquite pulled at them. He desperately prayed as he felt his fingers begin to slip away from the cottonwood branch. He could feel the mesquite tree pulling as if it was a living monster trying to break their hold and drag them to its lair at the bottom of the river to feed upon their corpses. He could feel Rick's struggle as he kicked at the enemy to keep it at bay. Every violent movement Rick made loosened Eddie's leg lock around Rick's waist. His fear was that Rick would slip out of his hold and be caught in the death grip of the mesquite and carried down into the floodwaters.

He almost gave up hope they would survive the contest against the torrent and its evil spawn when the mesquite suddenly let go of them as if commanded by an unseen master. Eddie gained newfound energy and worked his way slowly up the branch until Rick could reach the branch himself and assist in their escape from the floodwaters.

With his arm around the branch and Rick with a firm handhold, Eddie paused, panting and exhausted from the struggle against the cascading floodwaters. After a short rest, they assisted each other out of the water, gasping for air. Sitting on the waist thick branch next to the trunk, they stared at each other with the unspoken knowledge that they narrowly escaped death. Eddie silently thanked God for their deliverance from the dark, swirling hell below them. He knew it was not luck that saved them.

"Did you see . . . where Tony went?" Eddie asked. His breathing heavy from exertion.

Rick shook his head and yelled above the roar of the flood. "We have to climb out of this tree . . . before it goes too. Then find Tony and the rest!"

Eddie nodded in vigorous agreement as the colossal cottonwood leaned dangerously from the weight of the debris building up in its branches.

Both teens looked around seeking a way to escape their temporary refuge. Rick nudged him and pointed away from the water. He immediately saw what Rick found. One of the branches almost reached the shore.

Rick, with Eddie directly behind, worked his way around the trunk using the thick branches as foot- and hand-holds. Once they got to the branch that led to the river bank, Rick stopped.

"We have to go one at a time," he yelled. "It won't support both of our weight."

Eddie nodded. Rick jerked his head for him to go. "Hurry. The tree is starting to go!"

Without a word, Eddie turned and scampered along the narrowing branch. The branch was wet and slick, and he slipped after several hurried steps. We got to get out of this tree before it falls into the water and takes us both down with it.

Halfway down the branch, he heard Rick shout in panic. Turning toward him he followed the direction Rick was frantically pointing, eyes wide. Eddie saw it. Tumbling through the water, end over end, was a small house headed right for their tree.

"Come on!" Rick shouted, while frantically waving his arm at him to hurry.

Eddie took one last look at the approaching house and sprinted ahead of him, scrambling over the branches, trying to stay out of the water. The two friends now clambered over the branches, half in and half out of the water.

Eddie felt more than saw the house looming over them, ready to crush them as it rolled over the tree.

“God, help us,” Eddie prayed.

They scrambled through the branches in a desperate race with death. Even though Eddie didn’t shout the words over the din of the flood waters, he knew Rick heard it. For the rest of their lives, Rick and Eddie would remember what happened next.

The house bounced over the tree, as if picked up by an unseen force, and dropped it right behind them in the water. The tree leaned on the house long enough for the boys to scamper along the narrow branch to dry ground.

Both boys fell panting to the ground, and amazed, watched both house and tree slip into the raging river and disappear from view.

The two friends looked at each other in astonishment. Eddie knew with all his being that God had answered his prayer. He could feel the affirmation within him. His face must have showed it. Rick gave him a strange look and nodded. Was Rick, the avowed atheist, acknowledging the existence of a Supreme Being? Eddie dared to ask a question Rick would have rejected in all the past ten years he had known him.

“Can we pray, Rick?”

“Grandpa Scoonover would have said that God answered your prayers and saved us. And after what I just saw I won’t argue with you or Grandpa.” Rick shrugged and nodded at Eddie to go ahead.

Eddie nodded in thanks, bowed his head and prayed on the muddy shore.

“Father in Heaven, we earnestly thank You for answering my prayers by helping us escape from the water and that tree. We now humbly ask You to help us find our other friends, Tony, Seth, and Mike so that we can help them too. I am so sorry for ignoring Thy warnings. Please forgive me and help us.” Eddie closed in Jesus’ name and glanced up at Rick.

Rick nodded but didn’t say anything. Eddie could feel the glow of the Holy Ghost around them. He could see it reflected in the eyes of his doubting friend. Maybe there’s some hope for my friend after all. In a heartbeat Rick’s countenance changed. His face grew harder and a smirk appeared.

“Come on, you don’t believe in all that hocus-pocus, do you?” Rick said. “That house bounced off an underwater rock or shelf that shot it up in the air.”

“Are you going to deny what you just saw and felt?” Eddie asked, astonished.

“I saw the house bounce off a rock over the tree . . . and felt relief.” Before Eddie could try and help him see God’s hand in their survival, Rick interrupted.

“Come on, lets go find the rest of the guys.”

Eddie gave up knowing the Rick wouldn’t listen. Besides, it was more important to find their friends who may be in grave danger.

Eddie and Rick both turned their headlamps to the floodwaters, searching for any signs of their missing party members. Behind them, they heard a shout. Thinking it was Tony, Eddie turned to find Seth on the same bank of the raging, flooding river. This was the first time I was ever glad to see Seth. He had Rick’s emergency pack on his back, a rope in one hand and a flashlight in the other. He turned towards them as they both yelled his name.

“Let’s get out of here!” Seth’s eyes were wide in panic as the hand holding the flashlight shook.

“No. We have to find Tony and Mike,” Eddie insisted. He gave Seth a blistering look.

“That’s right!” Rick said, his face hard.

“I doubt that they’re alive.” Seth stared wide eyed with a haunted look. “You two barely made it. I saw how you almost d . . . drowned back there.”

“We are all they have right now. I will not leave until we find them, no matter what!”

Eddie did not want to think what the “no matter what” might mean. They have to be alive, he told himself, refusing to imagine any other alternative.

Eddie took Rick’s more powerful Maglite from Seth and searched the debris on the shore and the few trees struggling to stand against the floodwaters. They called out their friends’ names, barely audible above the roar of the torrent and the rain.

Eddie led, as the three boys made their way along the thinning riverbank searching for their friends. The canyon soon began to narrow, as his hope faded. The muddy floodwaters now filled the canyon from wall to wall.

“It’s hopeless. We must go back,” insisted Seth with relief in his voice, seeing their path blocked by floodwater.

Saying another silent prayer, Eddie asked God what they should do. A feeling prompted him to shine the light up the side of the cliff. In the dark, he discerned a ledge above their heads. Shinning the light left and right, he saw that a rock shelf formation ran parallel fifteen feet above the canyon wall.

“Rick, see that ledge?” asked Eddie. “That could be a better vantage point to find the rest of the guys. Can you make it up there in this rain?”

“Yes.” With a curt nod, eyes narrowing, Rick examined the face of the wall in the glow of his headlamp. Finding what he was looking for, he reached for the rope in Seth’s hand and climbed, swiftly picking his hand and foot holds. Rick, being the best rock climber of the group, easily reached the top of the ledge with a speed and agility on the wet, slippery rock that amazed him.

Rick disappeared from view for a few moments as he secured the rope. He reappeared and tossed a coil of rope down to the waiting boys. Seth ran to the rope, shouldering Eddie out of his way, and caught it before Eddie could. Eyes wide in panic and without a word, he scrambled up the rope to safety. Eddie, shaking his head, waited until Seth reached the top before joining them on the ledge.

As he reached the rock shelf, the rain began to ease to a drizzle. He saw that the ledge was three feet at the widest and followed the cliff’s face for as far as he could see in the light of the Maglite. The three boys cautiously picked their way around rocks and boulders as they followed the shelf downriver.

They found Tony fifteen minutes later, barely clinging to a rock outcropping not far from the ledge. The raging current tugged at him fifteen feet below where they stood. He appeared pale and weak as he turned his head toward them when the light hit him. He feebly raised his arm in supplication and said something. Eddie couldn’t understand what he said over the roar of the water but understood his intent. Tony seemed to be pointing down the canyon as if to say someone else needed help.

Rick made a twirling motion with the rope to Tony, pantomimed tying the rope around his waist, and pointed at Tony, who nodded and waved for the rope. He coiled up enough rope to reach Tony and threw it using the skills his grandfather had taught him over the summers of calf-roping. The loop of rope flew toward the rock where Tony clung. The rain and wind caught it, forcing the loop to land in the water behind him. Rick hastily re-coiled the rope and tried again, this time compensating for the wind. Tony narrowly caught it and tied it with difficulty around his waist with a bowline knot, grimacing in pain. It took all three of the boys straining with difficulty, to pull their heavy friend off the rock, up the cliff face, and onto the shelf. Tony grunted and moaned in pain all the way to the safety of the ledge.

In the light from their headlamps, they were able to now see how terribly injured their friend was. Tony had a flap of skin the size of his palm hanging from the back of his head and many facial cuts. His arms were covered in cuts and bleeding gashes. His shirt and pants were ripped to shreds and the worst part was his right leg. It was at an odd angle, as if he had two knees, his femur sticking through his skin and pant leg. Seth took a step back, turned his head, and vomited.

Rick took the emergency pack from Seth and assessed the damage to Tony. Rick, with Eddie's help, immediately used their first aid training. They bound the most grievous wounds to staunch the bleeding and then went about stabilizing the leg.

Rick retrieved a hatchet from the pack and turned to Eddie.

"Go get two forked branches, at least two inches thick, off that mesquite tree," Rick said, nodding at the shadow nearby. "One six feet long and the other four." He knew exactly what Rick wanted and quickly retrieved the branches they needed to set Tony's leg.

Rick crouched down next to the broken leg, touching and probing. Tony grunted in pain through clenched teeth, eyes tearing. He understood what Rick was doing and endured the agony.

"Can you feel this?" Rick asked, tenderly touching the skin, avoiding the jagged bone sticking through his pant leg. He began at the foot and went up past the bone to his waist.

Tony briskly nodded his head with his eyes shut tight.

"Okay, there doesn't appear to be any nerve damage or major internal bleeding. You're lucky. Now the fun part—we're going to have to set and splint the leg, so we can carry you out. You ready?" Tony grimaced and nodded.

Rick took the longer branch, placed the fork under his right armpit, and carefully laid it out next to the broken leg. Next, he placed the fork of the shorter branch in Tony's crotch avoiding any delicate organs down there. Both splints extended past Tony's heel by at least a foot. With the rope from the pack, he secured the splints at the chest, hip, and waist. At least twelve inches past his foot he attached a short crosspiece of wood to both splints.

Next, he tied a loop around the ankle of the broken leg, holding the ends of the rope in both hands. Rick sat down near the crosspiece at end of the splints, facing Tony, and placed a booted heel against each splint and braced his legs. Rick readied himself, taking out the slack, and looked up at his injured friend, with a fierce, tight grin on his face.

"Tony, I'm going to pull your leg and put it under traction to set the bone. Are you ready?"

Tony hesitated then nodded, dreading what was coming.

"On three. One . . . two . . . three!" Rick, facing his injured friend, leaned back, leg muscles tensing against the pressure on the splints as he pulled the rope tied around Tony's ankle,

stretching the leg back toward him. A scream of pain escaped Tony's clenched teeth as his thick thigh muscles stretched, pulling the bone back under his skin.

"Is it far enough?" Rick asked through tight jaw muscles, looking up at Eddie.

"Yes, the legs are the same length. Tie it off."

Rick quickly tied off the rope to the cross piece to keep the leg in traction and the bone, hopefully, in place until they could get Tony to a doctor. Eddie looked over at his injured friend and found him unconscious.

He's in shock!

"Tony! Wake up! You gotta stay awake, buddy, or you'll die." Eddie patted Tony's cheeks trying to keep him alert. Tony's eye fluttered. His skin felt cool and clammy. He grunted as Rick tied more ropes around the splint to keep the leg immobile. They laid his head on the ground and carefully propped up his legs to help stave off shock.

"I thought I heard Mike yelling from down river," Tony mumbled through swollen lips and clenched jaws as his friends finished tying off the splints. He shivered and started babbling about seeing snakes in the flooded river. Eddie took from Rick's pack an emergency blanket and covered his friend before he could succumb to the shock.

"What did he say? Did he say sn . . . snakes?" stammered Seth. He looked around him in fear.

"Forget about the snakes," Eddie said. "Take this flashlight and rope and see if you can find Mike. We'll take care of Tony." Eddie knew Seth would be less than useless aiding their injured friend in the panicked state he was in. "Tony said he heard him just a little ways down river. Go find him."

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Seth would have rather run the other way but knew he wouldn't get far without the help of Eddie and Rick. He was stuck in this hell-filled canyon until they got Tony in shape to be carried out. Seth reluctantly nodded to Eddie, took the light and rope and picked his way carefully along the narrowing ledge. Every shadow seemed to have slithering snakes lurking in the darkness. Each time he shone the light on the imagined snakes, it turned out to be a branch or tree root. Periodically, Seth did a quick, obligatory look into the raging river for the boy.

All I need to do is to go far enough away from Eddie and Rick, wait a suitable amount of time, and then return to inform my friends that I was unable to find the moron . . . much to everyone's sadness. Seth soon noticed that the rain had stopped, and the moon had peaked from behind a cloud.

Why should I stick my neck out for that idiot? Anger replaced the fear he had felt now that he saw that the water had stopped rising, the danger for him having passed. He wouldn't listen to anyone and left camp looking for wood we didn't need. If it wasn't for him, we'd all be high and dry right now and safely away from this cursed river.

Seth, after following the ledge for roughly fifty yards, decided that was far enough. Sitting on a large rock, he stopped and rested, looking out for snakes. A faint sound barely audible above the freight-train sound of the thundering river, tickled his ears.

Did I hear something?

Standing, overcome with curiosity, he shone his light out toward the river. To his surprise, he saw Mike below him at the edge of the torrent, clinging to a scrub oak bush growing from a crack in the cliff with one arm. He appeared in deplorable shape, bleeding from countless cuts and gashes. As soon as the light hit him, Mike feebly yelled for help. He was just below him, maybe fifteen feet from where Seth stood.

Seth remained there motionless, considering.

This imbecile is the reason for Rick and Eddie almost drowning in the flood and for all Tony's injuries. Who knows, he could be dead by now, just because of the acts of this idiot. Seth shone the light back the way he had come to make sure no one was there. Rick and Eddie were out of sight and earshot further back around the bend, trying to save Tony's life. Up ahead a short distance the shelf ended.

What would Rick do? Seth asked himself, mocking the brave hero of the group.

He'd tie off the rope to this rock at my feet, climb down and rescue the cretin. A scornful grin grew on his lips.

Does he deserve it? Could I do it if I wanted to? Yes, I could.

If I wanted to, he thought darkly.

That was the question.

As Seth was deliberating whether to save the young man or not, he was bathed in bright light.

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Mike, with the crook of his arm locked around the scrub oak he was clinging to felt his strength going. With desperate hope he fished around in his pocket with his other hand and found his water-proof flashlight. He knew he did not have much strength left and needed assistance soon or be swept back into the flood waters to drown. He shined the light up to the cliff, wondering what the people above him were doing. He spotted a figure standing above him on a ledge. It was Seth!

"Help me, please, I can't hold on much longer!" he yelled desperately.

Seth didn't move. He stared down at him with dispassionate eyes, like a reptile regarding an interesting bug he was about to eat.

He just stood there . . . turned off his light . . . and waited!

"Seth, help me, don't leave!" Mike cried. He was exhausted from hanging onto the bush against the strong current for what seemed an eternity. His grip began to slip.

Mike yelled one last time. "Seth, please!"

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Seth watched for nearly five minutes for that stubborn Mike to give up and let go. He sure is taking his sweet time. As he watched, he felt a hand on his shoulder. Seth jumped and almost fell into the water himself.

"Why are you just sitting here, Seth?" Rick demanded. "Did you find Mike?"

Seth, realizing he'd been caught, recovered quickly.

“Yes, he’s down there.” He now turned on the light and pointed it down the cliff. “I was just trying to figure out how to get him up.”

Rick looked down the rock face and swore at Seth. He spun Seth around and pulled out the other rope that was in the backpack he was wearing. Rick made a loop around the rock Seth had been sitting on and then threw the rest of it off the rock face.

With a disgusted face, Rick glared at Seth.

“Make sure that rope doesn’t come off that rock or the knot slip, Seth,” he said with a commanding tone. He placed the rope behind him, jerked the rope, and leaned back to make sure the rope would hold in place. Rick, with the rope looped behind him, prepared to rappel down the cliff to save his friend. He leaned back on the edge, and pushed off the cliff, giving Seth a last warning glare.

He felt Rick’s scathing look as he disappeared from view. I hope he drowns with the other idiot. Seth stood, and forgetting all about snakes for the moment, walked to the cliff ledge to see what Rick was doing.

He had already rappelled down to Mike and was tying him off to the other end of the rope. How is he going to get him up this cliff? Does he think I can pull them up all that way?! Why help him in the first place? He’s the reason we are in this horrible situation. Mike is barely conscious and looks like he might be dying. Good!

Seth looked behind him at the loop of rope around the rock. It was taut but holding. It would be a shame if the rope broke, he thought slyly, or if the knot came undone, wouldn’t it?

Seth walked around to the back of the rock and with his toe tested the hold of the rope. It slipped a little. As he pushed up harder with his boot, the rope gave some more. It was close to the top.

A few more inches and I can be rid of both of them. A smile formed on his face.

Seth gave one last hard push with his toe. The loop lifted and almost slipped off the rock. It stopped just an inch from the top. A small protrusion was stopping the taunt loop from sliding off.

Seth swore under his breath.

He tried again. The rope wouldn’t budge. It was too tight, and the protrusion wouldn’t let the rope lift free.

Is that Rick yelling? I better hurry before Hero Rick gets to the top. Seth could see the rope moving jerkily back and forth.

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Rick rappelled down to his young friend and saw how desperate and close to death he was. Mike was bloody from countless cuts and barely holding on.

“Hold on, Mike,” Rick said.

He made a quick knot to secure himself, then took the loose end of the rope and tied it around the young man. As soon as he did, Mike collapsed in fatigue, no longer able to hold onto the little bush. He fell back into the water, the current taking him down river.

Rick caught the rope and struggled to bring him back to the rock face, trying to keep his head above water. He was tired from the exhausting ordeal he had just gone through, and was barely able to get Mike above the water.

“Seth,” Rick yelled up the cliff, “we need your help! Seth!”

Rick looked up at the empty sky in frustration. He swore. Where’s Seth! I’m stuck. I can’t pull both of us up by myself!

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Seth bent down to pull at the rope but couldn’t get his fingers under the taunt loop. Seth sat and thought for a minute. If I cut it, it would be too obvious. Maybe I can untie it.

Seth hurried over to the other side of the rock and tugging at the knot, loosened it between his fingers.

Yes! Its beginning to go free.

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Rick tried to tie Mike to him, but the current was too strong and he was too heavy. He no longer had the strength to get enough slack to do it. Now Mike had passed out. He was dead weight, the river pulling them both back into its depths.

All Rick could do was hang on to the rope. He couldn’t feel his fingers anymore and his arms and back were beginning to cramp.

A strange thought came to Rick at that moment. He remembered how he felt when Eddie had prayed after getting out of the tree. Rick had felt something he never thought he would ever experience. It was hard to explain. It was like a quiet peace. Just like now, he thought in wonder. Here he was, barely hanging on to a rope with two lives in the balance, a raging torrent all around him, and he was at peace. Rick felt as if he was in the eye of a hurricane. Even though chaos and death was so close, he felt a quiet, calm peace in a circle all about himself and Mike.

Is this how death comes? Maybe the “dirt nap” isn’t so bad. Rick looked up into the empty sky and waited for the inevitable death that seemed so near.

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As Seth quickly tugged at the knot, he began to compose the story he would tell Eddie and Tony. I found Mike and climbed down to save him, but he was too heavy. Rick showed up, tied the rope to the rock, and came down. He told me to climb back up, but as I did the rope came loose and Rick and Mike both fell into the river. I barely made it up by myself. See, look at all the scratches I have. Yeah, that should work.

Seth finally undid the last of the knot. The rope slowly slid around the smooth rock like a snake slithering next to him, heading down into the raging river.

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“Eddie, you don’t need to stay and baby sit me,” Tony said through his pain. “Go see if you can help Rick and Seth find Mike.”

Eddie shone his light along the ledge where Rick and Seth had gone for the hundredth time, hoping to see them returning with Mike. He had a strong feeling that they needed his help.

“You sure you’ll be okay?”

“Yes, just go. The river stopped rising and the throbbing pain in my leg is keeping me awake. Go help Rick.”

Eddie nodded. He made one last check to see if Tony had stopped bleeding from his many wounds and headed along the ledge to find his friends.

That feeling of dread came back, even stronger now. He started to run along the rough terrain of the rock ledge, ignoring his own safety. “Hurry,” a soft voice kept telling him and “Grab the rope.”

What did that mean?

Once Eddie saw Seth kneeling next to a rock and a rope disappearing down toward the water, he knew what he had to do. Eddie jumped at the rope as it slipped over the edge and barely caught it before it fell out of sight. He grabbed the end and quickly pulled until there was no slack. Once the slack left the rope, it pulled at him dragging him to the edge.

“Seth,” Eddie yelled, “come here and help me. They’re too heavy!”

Eddie saw a spark of reluctance in Seth’s countenance. He hesitated for a second, then came forward and took the rope behind Eddie.

“Wrap it around the rock,” Eddie said. “It will give us better leverage.”

Seth did as he was told. Once the rope was around the rock it was much easier to pull the young men up. Inch by inch Eddie and Seth, were able to bring the two boys to the cliff edge. Rick climbed up the rope and helped Eddie and Seth finally get Mike up to the ledge. Once on top they all lay back, panting with exhaustion.

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Sometime during the night, a National Guard Blackhawk helicopter, searching for survivors of the flood, flew overhead and plucked the five boys off the rock shelf. Luckily, the flood waters had begun to recede as they waited. The rescue team took them to the Havasupai trailhead where the National Guard had set up a makeshift aid station where ambulances took the most seriously injured to the nearest hospital in Peach Springs. Helicopters came and went all night long, picking up stranded hikers and villagers in the flooded canyon.

Rick found the college girls at the aid station. They told of a harrowing rescue, but all were safe with nothing but a few cuts and scratches. They had camped closer to the canyon wall and had been warned in time by the runner from the village. Miraculously, all of the hikers, one party of kayaker’s and the villagers were all accounted for by the search teams.

Tony lay in a drug-hazed silence on the gurney of the ambulance as it sped along Route 66 to the hospital. Seth, Eddie, and Rick accompanied him in the ambulance. Seth refused to ride in the ambulance that carried Mike. He hated him and didn’t like the accusing glances he shot his way every time he was around him. Seth stared off into the distance avoiding Eddie’s eye contact as he watched him in judgment.

Rick sat in nervous energy, relief overwhelming him that everyone made it out alive. Why hadn't we listened to Eddie's repeated warnings? He was so sure that their last adventure together would have been one of cheerful remembrance. They'd sure remember this night all right. A living nightmare never to be forgotten! He glanced at the hunched over Eddie, who was staring unseeing at his boots.

After helping to carry the wounded boys from the helicopter to the aid station, Rick found Eddie alone, brooding behind the large Red Cross tent. He had tried to console his friend. Eddie blamed himself for the injuries to his friends and for not being more insistent on leaving earlier for higher ground.

"It wasn't your fault," Rick had told him. He placed an arm around his friend's tense shoulders. "We are the ones who made fun of your warnings, especially Mike."

"It's not your fault!" Rick insisted more forcefully, giving him a reassuring squeeze.

"I knew deep down I should have done something, but I didn't have the courage to act on what God warned me to do," Eddie said. "I ignored His warning to me. You guys merely ignored the warnings from a fallible friend, me. I ignored the Holy Ghost's prompting from God. I'll never do that again," he said, turning to look into Rick's eyes. To Rick, his words sounded like a promise, not to him, but to God.

As they rode in the ambulance, Eddie reached over and took Tony's hand as he lay in the gurney. His eyes were unblinking, as he gravely looked into Tony's.

"No matter what happens, buddy, I will always be there for you," he said with unshakable conviction.

"Thanks. That means a lot to me, Eddie," Tony mumbled. "I've got your back too, buddy." Tears welled up in his eyes.

Rick reached over too and placed his right hand over their grip. "No matter where I am, I'll be there for both of you," he said, adding his promise to his two friends, who meant more to him than life.

"All for one and one for all," Rick added softly, as the beginning of a smile grew on his lips. How many times have we they said that before? Must be hundreds of times. This time he felt the words deep within him. He looked into the others' eyes firmly, each sealing that promise into their souls.

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Seth sat in silence as he heard the oath. Oh, brother, the "three stooges" should realize you can't depend on anyone. Sooner or later they'll stab each other in the back. Where will their precious oath be then! If life has taught me anything, it is to not depend on others, especially family and friends. They'll stab you in the back the first chance they get!

I am done with these self-righteous Boy Scouts, he thought derisively.

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Tony and Mike, over time, recovered from their injuries. Rick, Tony and Eddie learned valuable lessons that would serve them later in life. And Seth—well, the four thought they would never see him again.

They were wrong.

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Sample Interview Questions

1. What is your book about?
2. Why did you decide to write Half Hour of Silence?
3. I noticed one of your characters, Eddie, is fighting porn addiction. Why did you choose that?
4. Rick, one of your main characters, is an atheist. Isn't that a little strange to have a character as an atheist in a Christian Sci Fi thriller?
5. In the book you claim that Satan still thinks he can win the battle against God. Didn't he lose when Christ accomplished the atonement and resurrection?
6. You have a secret cabal called the Mustirmahani, in your book. Do you really think there is a secret satanic order behind everything?
7. Why did you create a fictional valley in Utah?
8. How long have you been interested in Bible Prophecy?
9. You write a great deal about a future Third Temple in Jerusalem. Why?
10. Is Half Hour of Silence one of those typical Pre-rapture Christian Sci Fi novels that are on the market today?
11. So, do you know when Jesus Christ will return? Many others have tried. When do you think it is?
12. Why do so many people try to predict that date of the rapture or the Second Coming?
13. Isn't that what you are trying to do with your books and prophesy website?
14. What is the best way to prepare for the last days?
15. What are the ways that we can connect with you?

Q & A

Q: What is your book about?

A: *Half Hour of Silence* is a Christian Sci-Fi thriller. It is the first book of The Harvest at Earth's End series. It is set in what I like to call an alternate future where the battle between God and Satan is winding down to its final conclusion. It tells the story of the men and women living through the last days and recounts their struggle to survive the last battle between God and Satan.

Q: Why did you decide to write *Half Hour of Silence*?

A: I have studied Bible prophecy for many decades and just like every student of the scriptures I have often pondered on the prophecies of the end times. I would watch the news and events from around the world to see how they corresponded to scriptures. I saw himself as one of the watchmen on the tower, trying to warn friends and loved ones of what I learned. I realized that most of them were asleep, that mundane life took precedence over events regarded as fable, or too far in the future to be bothered with. So, I decided to chronicle these events in a fictional account of the last days to make it more interesting to the reader.

Q: I noticed one of your characters, Eddie, is fighting porn addiction. Why did you choose that?

A: Eddie not only struggles with porn addiction but also the alienation from his wife and the despair of the withdrawal of the Holy Ghost from his life. Eddie represents each of us as Christians who want to feel a closeness with God. Porn harms our relationship with our spouse and with God. It separates us from the influence and direction we receive from the Holy Ghost. It will be personal revelation that will be of the utmost importance to weathering the coming storm. Porn is one the greatest factors that destroys the connection we have with God. So, Eddie is a typical Christian who struggles with the secular, sex obsessed world and tries to get closer to God so he can hear that still small voice. This is the personal demon he must fight in *A Half Hour of Silence*.

Q: Rick, one of your main characters, is an atheist. Isn't that a little strange to have a protagonist as an atheist in a Christian Sci Fi thriller?

A: Every Christian has a friend who is either an atheist or agnostic. I wanted to include most of the points of view on religion in *Half Hour of Silence* whether they be Catholic, Protestant, Evangelical, or even atheist. No point of view should be ignored in a book about the last days. Rick isn't evil for his atheism. There are many good and honest atheists. He was raised a Christian but left because of the many trials he faced and the unanswered questions he had. Will he stay that way through the coming trials? You'll have to wait and see.

Q: In the book you claim that Satan still thinks he can win the battle against God. Didn't he lose when Christ accomplished the atonement and resurrection?

A: I've always wondered why, if Satan lost with Christ's atonement and resurrection, then why is he still fighting and trying to destroy mankind. Revenge and hatred are motives given to his actions but

are they powerful enough to last 2,000 years and more? That's a long time to seek vengeance. In *Half Hour of Silence* I have another motive for he and his follower's efforts—they may actually think they can win. That's what the first book is about. Satan and his minions' plans to win the war that began so long ago.

Q: There is a secret cabal called the Mustirmahani, in your book. Do you really think there is a secret satanic order behind everything?

A: Using secret combinations is a common plot device in fiction. Literature is replete with 'bad guys' wanting to control the world. My Mustirmahani will fit right in next to Ian Fleming's SPECTRE, the Sith in Star Wars, HYDRA in the Marvel Comics universe, and the Second Foundation, in Isaac Asimov's The Foundation Series, just to name a few.

Is it possible that there exists a powerful and wealthy group of people who want to influence the direction this country and the world takes? Yes, of course there could. Is it possible that Satan, in his desperation to win, have chosen and called on mortals to help him in his fight against God? Again, Yes. Why would he not? If he wins, he can promise power, wealth, and immortality to his mortal servants. Do they exist in reality? I don't know but wouldn't be surprised to find out that they did.

Q: Why did you create a fictional valley in Utah?

A: I wanted a place that was a microcosm of America and a future safe haven in the coming storm. I thought that a valley in a branch of the Rocky Mountains would make a great place to weather the storms of the end times. Of course, no place will be without its differences or troubles. The Sanpedro valley will have many future plotlines during the hard days ahead. Sanpedro has it all—ranchers vs developers, white supremacists vs Hispanic workers, Polygamist extremists vs Mormons and their Christian friends, gangs of looters vs the Sheriff Pose. Besides America, *The Harvest at Earth's End* will also deal with the events in the Middle East and Jerusalem in the series.

Q: How long have you been interested in Bible Prophecy?

A: I've been fascinated with Bible prophecy ever since I read Hal Lindsey's *The Late Great Planet Earth* in High School. After that I was hooked and began searching the scriptures for answers to the many questions I had. That was 50 years ago, and I am still searching for answers.

Q: You write a great deal about a future Third Temple in Jerusalem. Why?

A: The building of the Third Temple is the canary in the coal mine. Its fulfillment will be one of the key prophecies that will alert us that the time is close at hand. Just a few decades ago the Jews were scattered all around the world. Now they have a homeland where they speak the same language and worship the same God as they did 4,000 years ago. This too was fulfillment of prophecy and accomplished against great odds. As persecution continues to increase, millions more Jews will flee to Zion for safety. It's only a matter of time when the prophesied Third Temple is built. Many Jews are clamoring and preparing for that day as we speak.

Q: Is *Half Hour of Silence* one of those typical Pre-rapture Christian Sci Fi novels that are on the market today?

A: Actually no, it is not. *Half Hour of Silence* and the entire *The Harvest at Earth's End* series explores the possibility that the rapture, or the taking up of believers to heaven, occurs at Christ's Coming rather than the more popular pre-rapture theory of 7 years prior and before the tribulations begins. I like to refer to it as an alternate future. Fiction is all about the big 'What If'. My series is 'What If' Christians must live through the tribulations of the last days rather than be lifted up to escape it. Jews and Christians have endured intense persecutions in the past under Antiochus IV, Hitler's Holocaust, the Armenian Genocide, and now in today's atrocities against Christians in the Middle East and North Africa. I believe we will all experience it again. This is what *The Harvest at Earth's End* series explores.

Q: So, do you know when Jesus Christ will return? Many others have tried. When do you think it is?

A: As Jesus said, no one knows the day or hour, but it is not hard for a student of the Bible to know that we are close to that time. If you use the Book of Revelation as a timeline, I would say that the 7th seal has been opened and we are now living in the half hour of silence that occurs before the seven angels begin to sound the trumpets. Thus, the name of the book.

Q: Why do so many people try to predict the date of the rapture or the Second Coming?

A: I think we all want to see the marvelous times Christ will usher in when he returns. A thousand years of peace and harmony sounds great just about now. The hope for the end of strife, war, murder, crime, is a powerful desire. Some have twisted the meaning of many scriptures and taken them out of context to use that hope the people feel to gain notoriety, fame, and fortune for themselves. Some of it is misguided. Others are deceivers. On the other hand, there will be those who will lose heart, seeing and then experiencing the great tribulation and will despair and complain that the Lord delays his coming. (Matt. 24:48)

Q: Isn't that what you are trying to do with your books and prophecy website?

A: I've stayed away from the minefield of predicting the date of the Second Coming. My books are set in the near future, 10-20 years from now. On *The Harvest at Earth's End* prophecy site I don't set a time for the Second Advent. My main purpose is to prepare those who are looking forward to Christ's return, what they may face, and to prepare for it both spiritually and mentally.

Q: What's the best way to prepare for the last days?

A: Two things: Be ready spiritually and temporally. There is a great effort to have food, medical supplies, guns and ammo, but that will mean nothing if we don't prepare spiritually and have the guidance of the Holy Ghost. It will be He, if we listen, who will warn us of danger, guide us to lost loved ones or a path to safety. It will be indispensable to have the personal revelation of that still small voice. In my free monthly newsletter, I have two sections on being prepared. One is called, Come Follow Me, with faith promoting articles and about the importance of being a disciple of Jesus Christ. The other is on Emergency Preparedness, how to prepare you and your family for any disaster.

Q: What are the ways that we can connect with you?

A: You can email at, jksellers@theharvestatearthsend.com or you can contact me on either one of my websites; theharvestatearthsend.com or jksellers.com

Author Photographs



High Res Photo (300 DPI): Download Here:

<http://www.theharvestatearthsend.com/jksellers/Images/Media-kit-foto1.jpg>

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