The image shows the exterior of Yankee Stadium. At the top, the words "YANKEE STADIUM" are written in large, blue, serif capital letters. Below this, a balcony with a white metal railing is visible. The main facade is made of light-colored stone blocks. In the center, the words "YANKEE STADIUM" are inscribed in gold, serif capital letters, flanked by two circular medallions. Below the inscription are three tall, narrow, arched windows. At the bottom of the facade, the words "GATE 4" are written in blue, serif capital letters above a large entrance. A crowd of people is gathered in front of the entrance. To the left, a street sign for "THE BRONX MUSEUM OF THE ARTS" is visible. A traffic light and a street lamp are also present on the left side of the image.

YANKEE STADIUM

YANKEE STADIUM

GATE 4

My Journal
by
Tony Marcino

MY JOURNAL
BY
TONY MARCINO



by
Dan Celentano

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INTRODUCTION

A parable is a simple story used to illustrate a moral or spiritual lesson.

The following story is a parable. Whereas the story itself is fiction, the premise of the story is biblically based.

You can get more in-depth information on the events leading up to the end times by downloading the book **[A Teenage Guide to The Meaning of Life](#)** located on the website *choicesforteens.com*, or you can e mail us at uptoyou@copper.net with questions you may have.

TEENAGE GUIDE



TO THE
MEANING OF LIFE

Don Coleman

The Day I Met Jesus Christ:

*My Journal by
Tony Marcino*

Where do I start? What do I say? How does one go about explaining the unexplainable?

Right now I have the TV on so I can keep posted on any more information that may come out about what happened at the stadium. I think now would be a good time to write this journal, especially when I have it fresh in my mind.

I'm not much for writing, but after all I've seen in the past few weeks, one would have to be a fool not to keep some kind of record of it. Maybe writing this journal will be helpful to someone who reads it in the future. That is if there is a future.

My name is Tony Marcino. I am 16 years old and I live in Chester Park, a small town about an hour north of New York City. I am the only child in my family. My father and mother were divorced when I was 10 years old. My father had died a year after the divorce. Now it is just me and mom. My mom has cancer. I love my mother.

When my father left the family, mom was my rock. She was there for me all the time. When I found out she had cancer, I cried for days. She is the reason I set out on this journey.

He's been here close to five months now. Everywhere he goes crowds of people follow him. It's all you see on TV; people reaching out trying to touch him, people breaking down, crying as he walks by, parents lifting their children up for him to bless. The world has simply gone crazy over him. Nothing has happened like this since; well since he was here a few thousand years ago doing the same thing.

It's no mystery as to why people love him so much. Not only is it because of who he is, but for what he has done for the whole world. People are eating again thanks to him. People can now earn a living for their family. Who knows what would of happened if he didn't show up.

It all began with what one would call 'The Perfect Storm.' I mean all heck broke loose at the same time. First, radical muslims began an attack on Israel from all sides. They came at them from Palestine, Syria, Lebanon, up from Egypt, all over. While that was happening, the economy from around the world simply collapsed. It became like the depression of the 1930's but worse. Then the effects of drought we have been experiencing for 4 years finally took its toll. Food was scarce and people were going hungry. With all this going on, there was of course no work, no way to make a living even if there was anything to buy. It looked as though the world was truly coming to an end and no one knew what to do.

Then he showed up. He literally appeared riding on a white horse from the sky. It was unbelievable. You'll have to trust me on that because words would be useless in trying to describe it.

Now you would assume that some guy walking around with a white robe claiming to be Jesus Christ would have people thinking that he was a little crazy. And you'd be right. I sure did.

But when he performed that miracle, it didn't take long for me to change my mind. And it didn't take long for the world to know that he wasn't a fake either. After that miracle, technology kicked in and the news spread all around the world. From iphones to satellites, to every technical device you can think of, soon everyone around the world knew of his return.

Now I wasn't there, but somebody who was there said that he raised his arms, looked up into heaven and spoke something in Greek or Hebrew or something middle eastern. Just then, lightening hit the ground and the sky opened up around the world causing it to rain for days on end. It was a miracle.

Not long after that, he set up a system whereby new coins and bills were made with an image of him on it to be used for currency. There are no more borders between countries so the coins and bills can be used anywhere to buy and sell. With his picture on all the currency, there was no need for the words 'In God We Trust,' that's for sure.

People have become prosperous in just a short time. Even those who were poor or with little or no work skills are prospering. No one who chooses to take part in the system he has set up would lose. All are prospering. Especially the store owners and all the other merchants. Business has never been so good.

He has returned. As remarkable as it may sound, Jesus Christ has returned.

Like I said, at first I just dismissed him as someone who had a 'few cards missing from the deck.' But like everyone else, when I saw all that he's done for the world, I too believed. And when I started believing, the first thing that came to my mind was my mom.

'If only I can see him,' I thought to myself. 'If only I can talk to him. Maybe, maybe he would heal my mom.'

I'll never forget when that thought first came to my mind.

Then reality set in; how would I be able to see him? How could I even get close to him? I mean it's not like he's going to look at a map and say, 'I think I'll stop in on that little town of Chester Park and see Tony Marcino.' Like that was really going to happen, right?

Then a few weeks ago I got good news. I heard he was going to be at Yankee Stadium in the Bronx, New York. That's only 80 miles away. When I heard this, I was pumped up. I got really excited. I had to go to the city and see him. I had to ask him to heal my mom.

I went to my mom and talked to her about going down to the city. "I want to ask him to heal you," I said to her. At first my mother was dead set against it. No way she wanted me to go. But once I explained to her how important it was to me and that I would be safe, she reconsidered. "After all," I said, "Jesus is here. Who's gonna hurt me?"

"Be careful," she said holding my hand. "You're all I have in this world. I love you. Please be careful."

I gave her a kiss on the cheek and told her not to worry. I then went to my room and searched around for all the money I had stashed away. It wasn't much, that's for sure. Between the money I had and the money my mother gave me, I had enough to take the bus to the Bronx and a few bucks left over to eat with.

The next morning I got up before sunrise all excited about my trip. I anxiously packed my backpack and then went downstairs to mom's room. Even though she was still sleeping, I managed to sneak in and kiss her goodbye. I remember how sad I was to leave her. It would be the first time I was ever away from home for any length of time.

I then walked towards the bedroom door, paused a moment to look at her once again and then turned to leave, quietly closing the door behind me.

I was now off to New York City on my quest to find Jesus Christ.

The first thing I needed to do was get to the bus station. A lot easier said than done. Chester Park didn't have a bus station. The nearest one was in Carlton, 20 miles away. That meant hitching a ride.

I walked over to County Road 25, a road that took you straight into Carlton. I spent only like 10 minutes on the side of the road before a silver pickup truck stopped to give me a ride. I ran a few steps to catch up to it, opened the door, threw my bag on the floor and jumped in. Shortly after pulling away, the driver spoke.

"Where are you headed kid," the man asked.

I told him that I was going to the bus station in Carlton on my way to Yankee stadium to meet Jesus Christ.

"I'm going to ask him to heal my mother," I said. For a few moments, the man said nothing.

As I looked around the inside of his truck, I noticed some religious metals hanging from the mirror. There was a crucifix and a few that looked like saint metals. Then I noticed a chain around his neck and assumed it was a religious metal as well.

"I see you believe in Jesus too," I said.

"Of course, it's hard not to seeing all that he has done," he told me.

The man then went on talking about how he got saved, how he goes to bible study every Wednesday and how he knows so much that is written in the bible. This made me feel real comfortable. At least I knew the man was a believer and that he wasn't going to do me any harm. At least that's what I thought.

It wouldn't be long before I realized that all those metals and all that religious talk was a bunch of bull. He would speak like a saint but act like the devil he was.

After a few minutes of telling me how "holy" he was, he slowed the truck down and pulled over to the side of the road.

"What's the matter?," I asked. "You got a flat or something?"

He then turned and looked at me. I'll never forget the look on his face. It scared the heck out of me. Then it happened. He took some marijuana out from his pocket, lit it, took a drag and then passed it on to me.

"Naaa," I said. "Don't want any."

After taking another drag, he just kept staring at me with a strange look on his face. He then slowly put his hand on my leg and started to rub it. I have heard of kids who were in situations like this say they were too scared to do anything when it happened.

Man, they are so right! I froze.

I was paralyzed with fear. To this day, I don't know where I got the strength, but I managed to force myself to push his hand away.

"What are you doing?" I asked as I grabbed the door handle.

He reached over with the marijuana and asked me again if I wanted a drag. He then turned to flip the ashes out the window. As he did, I quickly lifted up the door handle and opened the door. As I tried to jump out, he grabbed me by the arm and began to pull me back in. I bit his hand, grabbed my pack and jumped out of the truck falling on the ground as I did. The man then reached over, pulled the truck door shut, and burned rubber out of there. It all happened so fast.

I got off the ground and ran into the nearby woods falling two or three times as I did. It was still early and the only light there was came from the moon.

As I heard the truck get further and further away, I began to slow down. Eventually I stopped and, being exhausted, I sat down to rest up against a tree catching my breath and checking the cuts I got when I fell.

I was scared, I was tired and I was hurt. I sat up against that tree for like an hour afraid he might still be out there. While I was sitting there a million things raced through my mind; 'what if he had a knife or gun? What if he knocked me out? What if he drugged me some how?'

And then I thought about all those metals and the talk about how religious he was. At first I thought he did that to gain my confidence. But truth is, I really think he meant it all. 'How can someone be such a hypocrite?' I thought. 'Why would someone act like they are so religious when in fact they are so evil. Could there be a worse liar on this planet? Could there?'

Lesson learned that day? ... Just because it looks holy and sounds holy don't mean it is holy.

After a few minutes of checking myself over, I slowly got up, grabbed my pack, brushed myself off and headed for the road again. That's right, the road. Any rational thinking person would probably ask, 'why would this kid try to hitch a ride after what just happened?' And they'd be right. Truth is, the thought of my mom was all that was on my mind so I didn't care about taking another chance. She was all that mattered to me.

Once back on the road, I kept one eye open for that silver pickup truck and the other for a ride.

After ten or so minutes, a car pulled over. This time the couple who picked me up ended up being really nice. At first they thought I was running away from home, but I explained to them where I was going and why I was going there. They were very understanding and even sympathetic. They not only wished me luck, but took me right up to the front door of the bus station.

After thanking the young couple, I quickly got out of the car and headed for the ticket counter. And just in time too. Five minutes more, the bus would have been gone.

I slowly made my way to the line leading out the door. After getting on the bus, I found a seat towards the back near the bathroom. Sitting in a seat next to the window was this elderly guy with a white beard and messy clothes. At first I thought he was some homeless guy, but later I found out that he wasn't even close to that.

After sitting down, neither of us said anything until we were just outside of Clayton, about twenty five minutes into the trip.

"Where are you headed young man?" he asked. I told him Yankee Stadium to see Jesus.

"My mom has cancer," I said, "and I am going to ask him if he would heal her."

After I said that, his eyes lowered and he seemed to react with a look of sadness.

"Hey," I said thinking he was responding to my mom's illness. "Don't worry. Jesus is going to heal her."

"You really believe in this man who says he's Jesus Christ, don't you?" he asked.

I told him of course I did. I wouldn't be making this trip if I didn't.

He paused a moment, raised his eyes and looked straight at me.

"In these end times son, things aren't always what they seem to be."

That's what he said. What a strange thing to say. I didn't know how to react. At first, I wasn't gonna say anything. But my silence didn't last long. I had to say something. Probably more for myself than for him. After what happened in the truck, I needed someone to reassure me that my trip wasn't in vain.

"You don't believe it's him?" I asked. Then I couldn't stop myself. "Am I just seeing things on the news or hearing things when people talk about the miracles he has performed? Aren't more people working now because of the new system he put into place? Didn't he defeat those who tried to run over Israel? Didn't he bring the rain after the drought we had? Only God could have done all that. I mean, what am I missing here? Am I living a dream or what?"

I kept pointing out to him all the great things Jesus has done for this world.

Then there was silence. The man just stared out the window as though he didn't hear a word I was saying. I know it was dumb, but I was mad. By him questioning the presence of Jesus he seemed to jeopardized the whole purpose of me being here and what I tried to do for mom.

The man then slowly turned, looked at me and said something weird.

"He is that of which is written: 'he shall look like the lamb but speak as the dragon.' May God open your ears and your eyes to understanding these words before it's too late."

The man stared at me for a moment longer and then turned back to look out the window.

'The lamb,' I whispered to myself. 'The dragon. What is he talking about?' I was curious about what he meant but was afraid to ask. I waited the rest of the trip hoping he would explain, but he said nothing.

A half hour or so later we arrived at the bus station in New York. I got up from my seat, reached up to the luggage rack and grabbed my pack.

I paused to look at the old man who was still looking out the window. He then turned to me with a concerned look on his face. I can't say for sure, but it looked as though he was crying. Could it be? Jesus christ is here for pete's sake. What has he got to cry about?

"Good luck my friend," he said. "I wish you well."

"Thank you sir. You too."

I then turned and walked towards the front of the bus. When I got to the top of the steps, I paused a moment to look back at the old man one more time. He was still seated and was once again looking out the window. My heart went out to that guy. There was something about him I liked.

Shortly after getting off the bus, I headed for the nearest bench to sit and figure out my next move. I was fortunate in that the bus station was not far from Yankee stadium so my planning would be a whole lot easier. I still had the rest of the day to find a place to stay before the big event the next day.

I then figured I'd walk to the stadium in hopes there would be a spot there for me to camp out. I grabbed my pack and slowly started on my way. After a few blocks of walking, I stopped at the corner for a red light.

Out of nowhere, three teenagers came up behind me.

"Where you headed?," one asked.

Yankee Stadium I said

"You going to see Jesus,?" he asked.

I told them that I was. When one in the group invited me to join them, I was glad. Hanging with someone about my age made me feel a lot more comfortable. At least at that moment it did.

The light changed and we all began to walk together towards the stadium. As we were walking we talked about many things; how they go to church in the Bronx (although they didn't know the name of it or where it was at. That should of told me something right there.), how they believed in Jesus and what they would do if they met him at the stadium.

The more we talked, the more excited I was that I hooked up with these guys. It was hard to find teenagers who believed as I did.

We got to talking so much that I lost track of where we were.

"Here," one of the boys said. "Let's take this short cut through the alley."

Not thinking anything of it, I followed them. After all, these guys were all 'believers,' right? I had nothing to worry about in following them down a lonely, deserted, dark alley, right?

After getting about half way down, one of the boys suddenly hit me on the back of the head knocking me to the ground. I was dazed, confused and most of all surprised. I was like, 'what are you doing!?' 'What are you crazy!?'

Once I was on the ground, they started kicking and punching me. I tried fighting back kicking when I could, but it was no use. I was fading in and out of consciousness until I finally passed out.

I was robbed. Those lying so called christians robbed me. Once again I bought into the rhetoric of a 'christian' and ended up meeting the reality of a devil. How can people use the name of God and still be such lying hypocrites? Especially when you have jesus walking around. Where are these people's mind?

Meeting liars like this made me want to see jesus even more. At least I knew I could trust him.

The first thing I saw when I opened my eyes was a crucifix hanging on a wall in front of me. Funny, but at that moment, I didn't care where I was or what happened to me. My initial thought was that I missed seeing jesus.

I started to get out of bed but then my head hurt so much I laid back down. Just then, a man came into the room.

"Hey, where do you think you're going?, he asked with a thick spanish accent." Lay down. You are in no condition to go anywhere."

I told him I had to get to the stadium to see Jesus.

He said not to worry, that I didn't miss anything and that he didn't come until tomorrow.

"We're only two blocks away," he said. "Don't worry about it."

It was then I finally got around to asking the most obvious questions like "Where am I?" and "Who are you?"

The man told me his name was Pastor Juan Cortes. He was born and raised in Spain and later came to this country and became pastor of this small church where I was. He told me that he was walking his dog and found me laying in the alley. He took me to the emergency room, had me checked over and then took me to a spare room in the back section of the church where he lives.

"So," he then said. "Come to see Jesus, huh?"

I told him that I was. I have to admit, I didn't trust this guy at first.

"I want to ask him if he would heal my mom. She has cancer," I said.

The pastor smiled at me and said "I hope you didn't come all this way to be disappointed. Do you realize how many people are going to be at the stadium tomorrow? With all those people, what makes you think you will be able to talk to him?"

I told him I prayed about it. "As pastor you know about the power of prayer, right,?" I asked him.

The pastor smiled again. His smiles began to make me nervous.

"Yeah, I do know the power of prayer," he said.

"But we don't always get what we pray for. I wouldn't worry about it though. Even if you don't see him, your mom will not have to wait long to be healed."

I asked him what he meant by that.

"Why do you think Jesus has come back here to earth?" the pastor asked. "Haven't you heard him speak these past few months?"

"Not really," I said. "I've been too busy taking care of my mom."

The pastor explained: "What he was saying is what is written in the Bible. He's here to warn us to repent before the rapture takes place. Those who repent will be raptured or taken up with him to heaven. He's come back to earth to try to save those who have fallen away from God before this big event of the rapture takes place. He didn't have to do this. However, he loves us so much and doesn't want to lose any of his children. What greater love is that?" The pastor paused a few moments and stared out into space. "What greater love is that,?" he said again.

"Well," I said as I rubbed my aching head, "I know where he can look to find some people who need repenting. One place is on County Road 25 and the other is in an alley a few blocks from here."

"Well anyway," the pastor said, "once he gets the word out it's going to happen."

I asked him, 'what was going to happen?'

"The rapture," he said. "Have you ever read any of those real popular books from the 'Left Behind' series?"

I told him I heard about them, that it was when believers are taken up with God to heaven and non believers are left behind here on earth or something like that.

"Yeah, pretty much," he said. "And those who are left behind here on earth will go through 7 years of very hard times to prove their faith to God. The bible calls it tribulation. No one knows the day or hour the rapture will take place. Maybe he will allow this great prosperity to continue for years. Maybe he will give people time to get their act together now that they have seen such great miracles."

So the pastor told me not to worry, that my mom would be fine and that even if I didn't see Jesus in person, that mom would be healed in a much better place with a completely new and beautiful body when she is raptured away.

"Yeah," I told him, "but while I'm here on earth, I just got to see him."

Once again the pastor smiled. Man smiles at everything. Makes me nervous to see people smile all the time, especially when talking about serious things. But he ended up being cool.

"Why don't you relax now," he told me. "Tomorrow we'll get up early and head for the stadium."

He gave me the remote and told me to watch a little TV, get some sleep and that he'll wake me in the morning.

I took the remote, turned on the TV and laid back on the pillow. My head was still killing me. Those so called religious creeps baptized me up side the head really good.

No matter what channel I turned to, someone was talking about the return of Jesus Christ. This being satellite, I got stations from all around the world. One guy was talking about what was going on in English; another in Spanish; push the remote, another in Japanese. I have never seen anything like it. You would think there was nothing else going on in the world except the return of Jesus Christ. I guess there wasn't.

The next morning I woke up early and slowly got out of bed. My head still hurt and my body was aching from the kicks I got. However, today was the big day and that's all that mattered.

I walked down the hall a bit and found the pastor sitting in the kitchen along with the housekeeper who was fixing breakfast.

"Good morning," he said. "I see you got up on your own. How are you feeling?"

I told him that my head was still hurting, but that I was alright.

He then invited me to have some breakfast. He didn't have to ask me twice. I haven't had a good meal in almost two days. I ate so fast I don't even remember what I had. It was good, that was all I remember.

After about an hour or so, we decided to head for the stadium.

Even though it was early, the streets were filled with people heading for the stadium, even 2 blocks away. When we got there a large crowd mingled outside waiting for the doors to open. Some were in groups praying. Others carried crucifixes, while still others were singing.

People were coming from all over. There were families, religious people in robes and even famous people pulling up in limos; one right after the other. The famous people didn't have any clout though. Only a very few made a fuss over them, like ask for their autograph or anything. No one really cared. Jesus christ was here. Who cares about any movie star or athlete? Some of them may think they are god, but the 'real deal' was here so who cared?

After about a half hour of mingling around in the crowd waiting for the stadium to open, we heard some loud commotion coming from down the block. Curious, we went to see what all the fuss was about. When I got there I was shocked to see a crowd gathered around the old man I sat next to on the bus.

'What is he doing?' I thought to myself. 'Why are some people yelling at him?'

I started to listen to what he was saying and soon became intrigued.

"And it shall come to pass in the last days saith God, I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh. The sun shall turn into darkness and the moon into blood before that great and notable day of the Lord comes."

The first thing I noticed when I saw him was the strange look on his face and the manner in which he was speaking."

I mean it looked as though he was in some kind of trance or something. It was like his mouth was moving but it didn't seem like it was him talking. It was more like someone talking for him and his mouth was just moving to the words. Some in the crowd even accused him of being drunk.

I didn't understand what the man was talking about, but like I said, I was intrigued.

I told the pastor that I sat next to him on the bus and then asked him if he knew what the man was talking about.

"I think he is quoting from the bible," pastor Juan said.

The pastor was right. When I got back to the church later on I looked up some of the words he was saying. It was in the book of Acts. I was surprised the pastor didn't know that for sure, but I just shrugged it off.

The more he talked, the more fascinated I became. I guess the media was too because more and more TV cameras, reporters, newspaper people from all around the world were coming over to cover this guy. All you had to do is pick up your iphone, ipad, laptop, or whatever way you find out what's going on in this world, and there he was.

However, the crowd wasn't too enthusiastic about what he was saying.

"The Jesus you see is a fake and is actually Satan himself," he said.

I looked over to pastor Juan and said, "did he just call Jesus, Satan,?" Pastor Juan didn't say anything.

"The drought that caused us such great pain is nothing compared to the famine of not knowing the word of God and the pain that it will bring to you," the man said. "For those who know the word of God know the real truth of this so called Jesus."

Then someone from the crowd shouted something like: "How can you say that stuff right in front of the place where Jesus is about to show up. Can't you see all the good he has done for us? How can you stand in front of this crowd and call Jesus the devil? That's blaspheme!"

"Yeah," another shouted. "All I know is that my family was starving not long ago and now with his help we can all eat and have a decent home. Does that sound like the devil to you? We have never been happier. I say praise to you Lord Jesus Christ. Praise to you." The people in the crowd all cheered.

"I have been out of work for a year," another added. "My children were hungry, I lost my home because of the collapse of the economy and didn't know where our next meal was going to come from. We were eating scraps from other people's garbage cans. That is when other people had any scraps. But look at us now. With the help from Jesus, we were able to get a brand new house and not one, but two cars. And with the new system he has in place, I don't have to worry about my children going hungry." Once again the crowd started cheering.

The old man became quiet. I remember he lowered his head and then slowly lifted it back up. When he did that, the crowd became silent wondering what he would say next.

I became so intrigued with this man that I remember just about everything he said like it was yesterday.

"This is my testimony to you," he said. "Soon I and another will be killed. After three and a half days you will see us stand to our feet and be drawn up to heaven by God. When you see this, you will know that the lamb you see is the devil you fear. There will be fire raining down from heaven, the earth will be instantly scorched. After this, you will see the true Christ, coming on a white horse from heaven with power and great glory. For those with ears, let them hear."

'For those with ears, let them hear.' I remember that line for sure because I asked myself, 'who don't got ears?' When the man was done, someone in the crowd threw a coke bottle at him hitting him on the side of the face causing him to bleed. Once that happened, all heck broke loose.

People began to throw all kinds of stuff at him. Some even started to hit him.

The cops came in with night sticks breaking up the crowd. Can you imagine all this happening with Jesus Christ about to appear at the stadium? Peace on earth?

I told the pastor that we had better get out of there because things were getting really messy. He didn't say anything.

"Pastor," I said again. "Come on, we better leave and go to the stadium."

The pastor stood there dazed, staring out into space. I grabbed his arm, pulled him away and started walking towards the stadium entrance.

"Pastor, you all right," I asked him as we walked away. The pastor hung his head but still didn't say anything. I kept asking him if something was wrong. He finally stopped walking and slowly lifted his head.

"That man," the pastor said staring straight ahead.
"That man. You understood him, right? I mean he was speaking English, right?"

I told him of course he was. I wouldn't of understood him if he didn't. I remember thinking 'why would he ask that?'

The pastor paused for a moment and then said, "I understood him in Spanish."

"What," I asked.

"I was listening to him in Spanish. Everything he said I understood in Spanish."

I looked at him strangely. I asked him, "You mean you were interpreting what he was saying in your mind as he was speaking?"

"No, no," he insisted. "No way. He was speaking Spanish I tell you. Not only Spanish, but in the dialect of my home town of Asturian. I haven't heard that since I was a boy in Spain."

"But he was speaking English," I said.

The pastor rubbed his fingers on the side of his face like he was trying to figure something out.

"Now that I think about it, the crowd was silent when he was speaking. They were all listening to him."

"So what," I said. I told him I was kind of intrigued myself.

"Don't you get it," he said. "That crowd was a diverse crowd of New Yorkers. Many of the people in this area don't speak English. But yet they all seemed to understand him. I bet anyone around the world could understand him."

When pastor said that, I began to think maybe he was the one who was drunk, not the old man.

Just then the doors of the stadium opened and the hordes of people began to file in. None too soon either. The pastor sounded like he was losing it.

No more was said about him speaking in the language of the listener. At this point the excitement of what was about to take place was all that mattered. Will I be able to see Jesus and tell him about mom or would my trip have been a waste of time?

Making our way through the crowd we finally found a place to stand. They filed people in down to the field first and then out onto the seats. I didn't mind standing because we managed to get close to the perimeter of the circle they blocked off where Jesus was to be.

In the circle was a large platform. On the platform was all kinds of different color curtains made of fancy linen. Towards the front of the platform was a podium with a speaker's stand and microphone on it and a man speaking into it testing its volume.

Standing on the field was a thrill for me. I mean the Yankees baseball team plays here. People like Derek Jeter and Ramon Flores played on this field.

That was exciting alright, but nothing compared to the thrill that was about to come. Nothing.

After a while the stadium was just about full. Took long enough. It was loud. It was crowded. And it was hot. The shape of the stadium kept all that heat inside like an oven.

Then it happened. There was no announcement. There was no fanfare. There was no music. He didn't walk up an isle. He didn't come down any steps. He didn't descend from the ceiling. Nothing. There was nothing to indicate someone this great was about to make an appearance.

He just...was there. It was like an image that just magically appeared out of thin air and showed up on the platform. I saw a magician do something like that on TV one time. But this was no magic.

There he was in person...jesus christ. Man, what a rush it was to see him.

When I saw him, my heart began to beat faster, my palms began to sweat, my body became numb and my mouth opened slightly in awe.

'Wow,' I thought to myself. 'Wow! There he is. It's him! It's really him!'

I was intoxicated with reverence. It was really him. He was clothed with a pure white garment down to his feet. Around his waste was a wide belt of gold. As for his face, it seemed to light up and can be only describes as one we have all become familiar with in paintings and drawings.

When he appeared, the crowd reacted in such a way as I have never seen before in all the times I went to Yankee games. At first there was silence which was immediately followed by a noticeable collective gasp that resonated throughout the stadium.

There was no clapping. No one cheered. Just the sound of shock and awe that was chilling in its own way.

Some people placed their hand over their mouth, stunned at what they saw. Most genuflected or bowed or just knelt where they were, while others made the sign of the cross, tears streaming down their faces. Many with small children boosted them up on their shoulders so they could get a better look. One lady next to me fainted and was help up by her husband. I never saw anything like it nor will I ever again.

It was almost frightening to stand there. Such a large crowd of people to react in such an outpouring of shock and restrained reverence was a sight to see.

After a few moments, he spoke. I mean he wasn't even close to the microphone but yet you heard him as clear and loud as if there was a dozen microphones in front of him.

His voice was soft, non threatening but yet forceful and smooth.

"Repent," he said, "for the time is now to repent."

"For those who wish to share in the kingdom must repent of your sins. You know not when the rapture will occur. Only the father. Repent my children. Repent."

When the crowd heard this the stadium became even more silent as though each person was taking personal inventory of their conscience. It was amazing how such a large place with so many people can become so silent. It was like nothing else the modern world has ever seen. But the best was yet to come.

Shortly after he finished speaking, he began to walk into the crowd. Not only into the crowd, but towards where I was standing. I was like, 'oh my god, could it be?' As I watched, he kept walking in my direction. People reached out to touch him while some lifted up their child for him to bless. Most kept their distance either out of respect in giving him room or in fear of not knowing how to react to him.

"Naaaa," I said as he got closer. "Naaaaa, can't be. He'll never come this way. He'll never come this way. He'll turn around or disappear or do something like that. He'll never get to me."

In spite of my skepticism, he continued to walk towards me. The closer he got, the more my heart raced. When I was little, I remember how I felt when my dad was coming over to spend time with me after the divorce. The anticipation of him coming and going to the movies or out to eat was euphoric. However, I would have had to multiply that feeling a thousand times over to match what I felt when I saw Christ walk towards me.

As he came closer the crowd around me grew silent. Thousands of people in the stadium and yet I heard nothing. All I could see was his face. All my focus was on him. All else around me became just a blurry mass of silence.

Finally, he was just a few feet away from me, just about ready to pass by me. I thought about what would happen to my mom if I let him walk by. I had to talk to him.

'This is it,' I said. 'Don't blow it. It's for mom. Don't blow it.' As he came near me, I fell to my knees and grabbed the hem of his robe.

"Sir," I said with my face towards the ground, scared to death as to how he was going to react for grabbing his robe.

"Sir, please wait," I said. "It's my mother sir. She has cancer and is dying. Please sir. I read sometime that you healed a young girl by just saying the word. You didn't even need to go to her house. Please, just say the word and my mom will be healed as well. I know she will."

As I was talking, I was shaking uncontrollably. I started to cry and yes, yes, I did all I could not to wet my pants and I had succeeded....somewhat.

Then he spoke. "This is the kind of faith that is needed to enter the kingdom," he said.

When he was done speaking, he gently grabbed me from under the arms and lifted me up. I raised my head and looked at him for the first time. I couldn't believe it. There he was, right in front of me. Jesus christ. I was looking into the face of jesus christ. Wow, what a rush!!! No words in any language can describe how I felt. Put yourself in my shoes. How would you feel if you were eye to eye with jesus christ?

Soon after I made eye contact with him, the strangest thing happened. I slowly began to stop shaking. My heart was no longer racing. My mind was no longer cluttered with the awe of his presence. I was at peace.

Then he said the words I've been waiting to hear all this time. The words that made the beating and the pick up incident secondary in comparison.

"Your faith has healed your mom. Go in peace."

At that moment, I thought I heard the heavens open and angels sing.

I smiled at him and started to cry thinking about my mom being healed. I knew immediately that this was one person who wasn't a hypocrite. How could he be? He was Jesus Christ.

After he said those words, he began to walk away. It was then that things turned from heaven into hell. As he turned to walk away, I heard some screaming not far from where I was standing. A few seconds after, two popping sounds, like the sound of firecrackers going off. 'Pop, Pop.' One right after the other. This is where it gets a little strange for me. After I heard those popping sounds, I turned to look at Jesus. I don't know why I turned to him at that very moment, just a reaction I guess. But when I did, I saw him flash an ever so slight smile on his face as he looked down toward where all the commotion was. He then turned, walked away and was suddenly gone.

Where did he go and what was up with that smile; that ever so slight smile. It bothered me. I'm sure it was nothing but it seemed strange at the moment.

In the meantime, things were getting increasingly out of control in the stadium. My thought was to get out while I could.

Soon the cops came rushing in trying to push their way through the crowd to get to whatever was happening down on the field. By now, there was pandemonium all around me.

I headed towards the front of the stadium shoving my way through the crowd. This was one time I was glad I was skinny. Pastor Juan was no where to be found and to be honest, I wasn't looking for him. I just wanted out of there and I knew it wasn't going to be easy.

Over an hour. That's how long it took me to get out of Yankee Stadium. Over an hour. When I got out on the street, I immediately headed for a nearby bench to stand on to look for Pastor Cortez. All I saw were people walking around, looking confused, some in a daze no doubt wondering what was going on in the stadium.

I stood on that bench only for a short time. It didn't take long for me to realize that there were just too many people to ever hope to see him.

I stepped off and then made my way back to the church thinking he might already be there. As I was walking to the church, I noticed more cop cars, news vans and TV reporters pulling up to the stadium. I'm sure people around the world were watching. How could they miss with all those cameras?

When I got to the church I called out to the pastor, but he wasn't home. I then decided to turn on the TV to see if there was anything on the news about what was happening at the stadium. It didn't take long to find out. Shortly after turning on the TV, there he was. A shock flashed through my body as though lightning struck me from the top of my head going through the bottom of my feet. It was him. The old man along with some other guy laying on the field. Both had been shot. Both were bleeding from the head. I couldn't believe it.

The first thing that went through my mind was how mad he made people when he said Jesus was Satan. I guess it was just a matter of time before someone got revenge. But shoot and kill him? And right in front of the place where Jesus was appearing? What's going on here? Jesus is back. Don't these people want to be raptured with him?

Then it hit me. I remembered what the old man said in front of the stadium:

'Soon we will be killed. After three days we will be drawn up to heaven by God. When you see this, you will know that the lamb you see is the devil you fear. You will see fire rain from heaven. Then Jesus Christ will come to earth riding on a white horse.'

I'm not sure if these are his exact words, but pretty darn close.

'Could he be right,' I asked myself. 'Could he be telling the truth? Or could he just be another one of those hypocrites I have become all too familiar with?' The pastor would know.

When the pastor came back, I immediately asked him what he thought. He didn't think anything the old man said was biblically based and I shouldn't worry about it. That made me feel better. He's a pastor. He must know what he's talking about. On this trip I couldn't trust too many people, but two I did trust were the pastor and of course Jesus Christ.

Pastor Juan managed to get a ride for me to the bus station the next day. I arrived home early evening. It's now close to three days since the two have been shot.

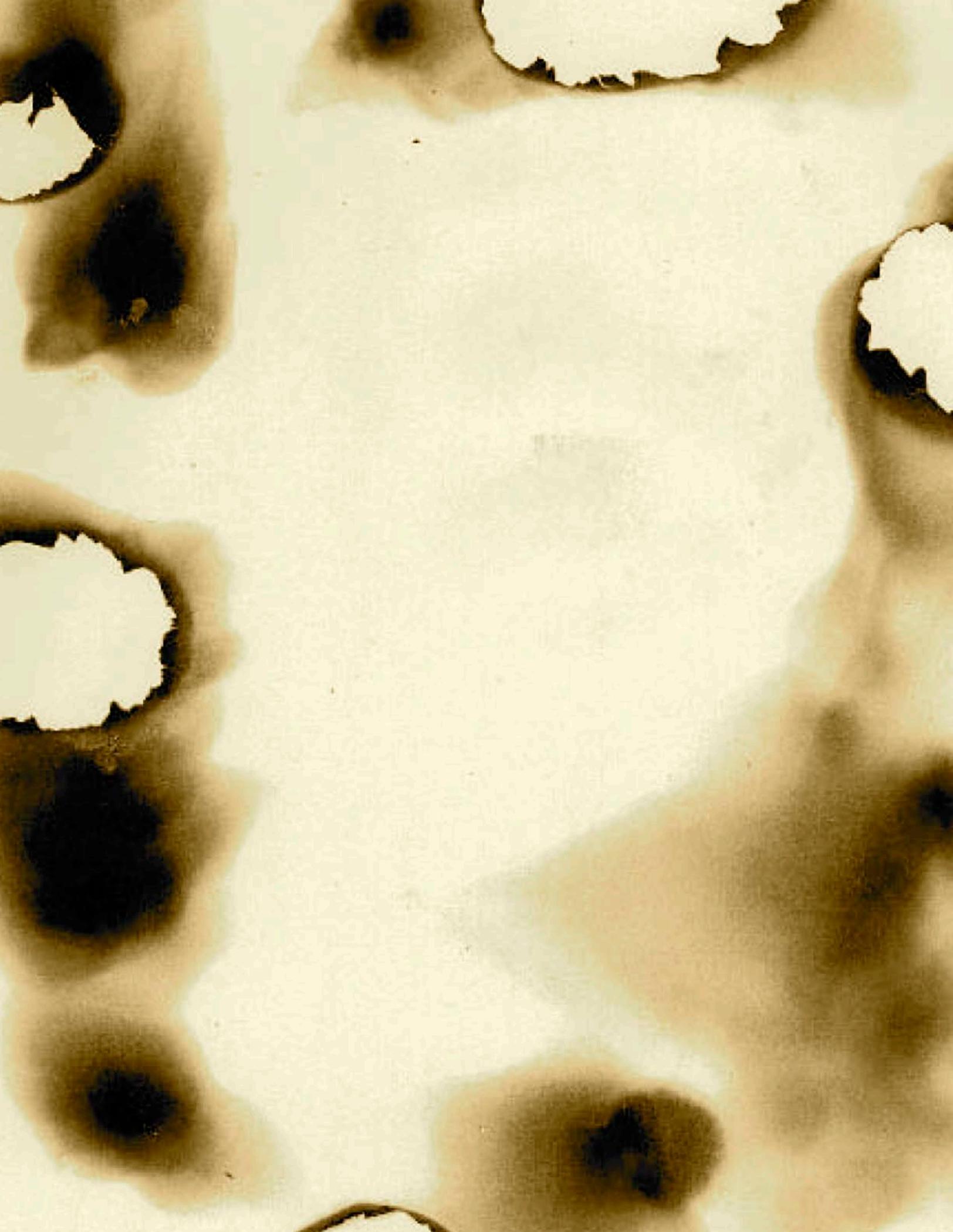
When I got there I was disappointed to learn that Mother is still sick. Actually she seems to be worse. But I'm not worried. I'm not worried. I'll never forget what Jesus said at the stadium. You just don't forget something like that.

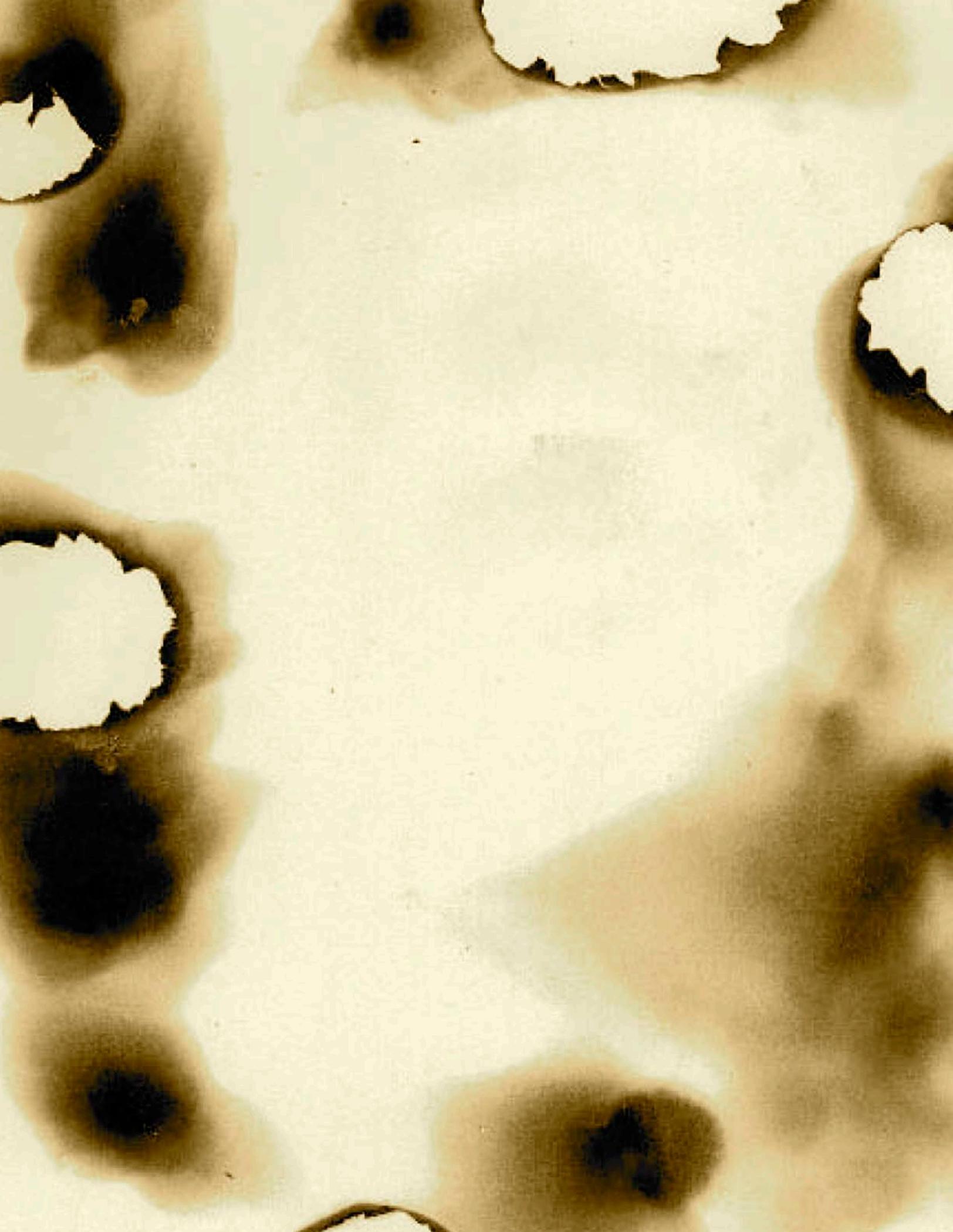
"This is the kind of faith that is needed to enter the kingdom," he said. "Your faith has healed your mother."

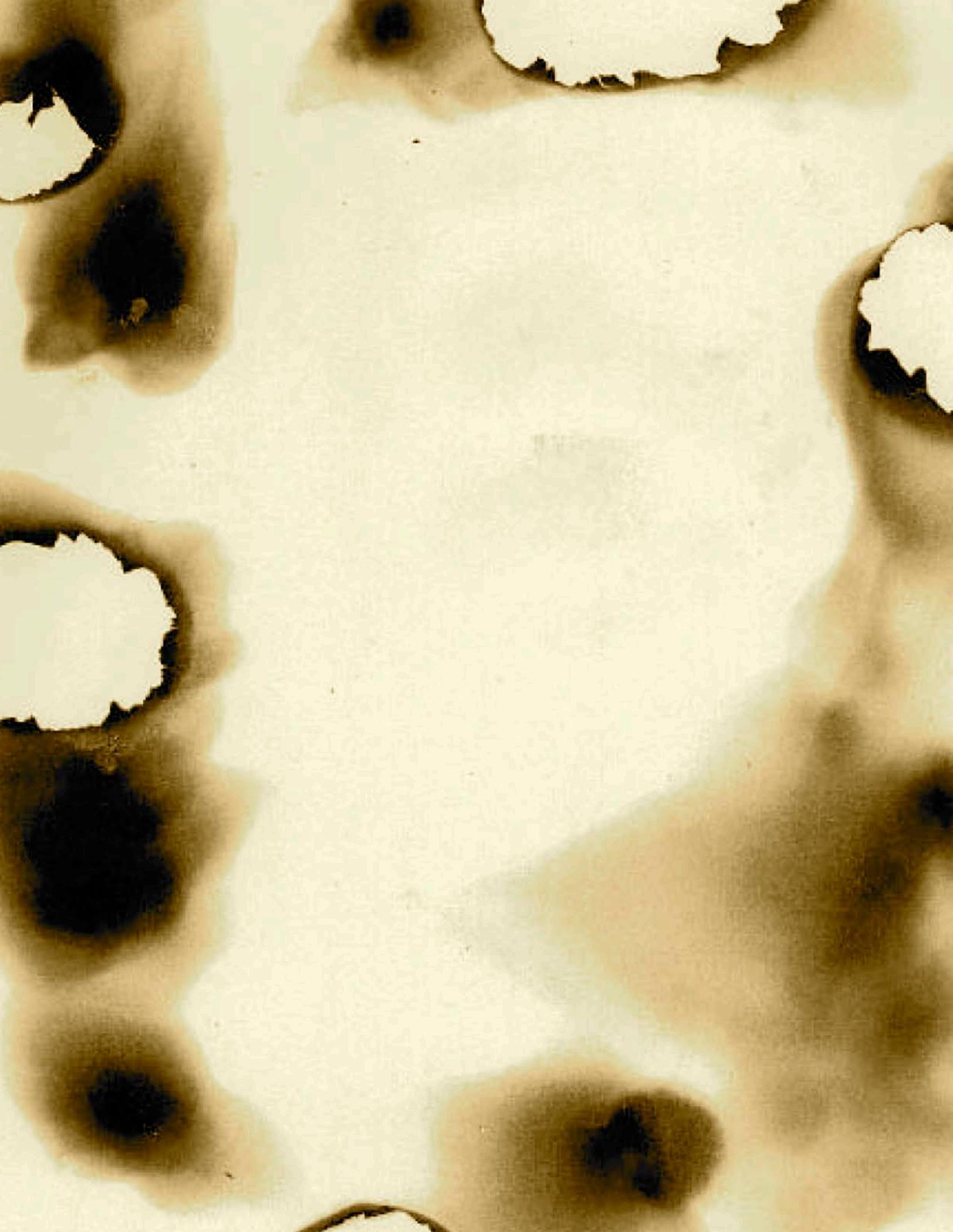
If Jesus said that my faith is what is needed to heal my mom, so be it. I will have faith. Even the fire coming down from heaven the old man talked about won't shake my faith. If those two so called witnesses who were shot were telling the truth, it would mean that the Jesus I saw at the stadium was a lying fake and was no different from all the other liars I met on my journey to Yankee Stadium. It would also mean that the 'left behind' or rapture or whatever the pastor was talking about was fake as well. The pastor is a man of God so he can't be wrong. And what about my mom. It would mean my mom is not healed. I refuse to believe that.

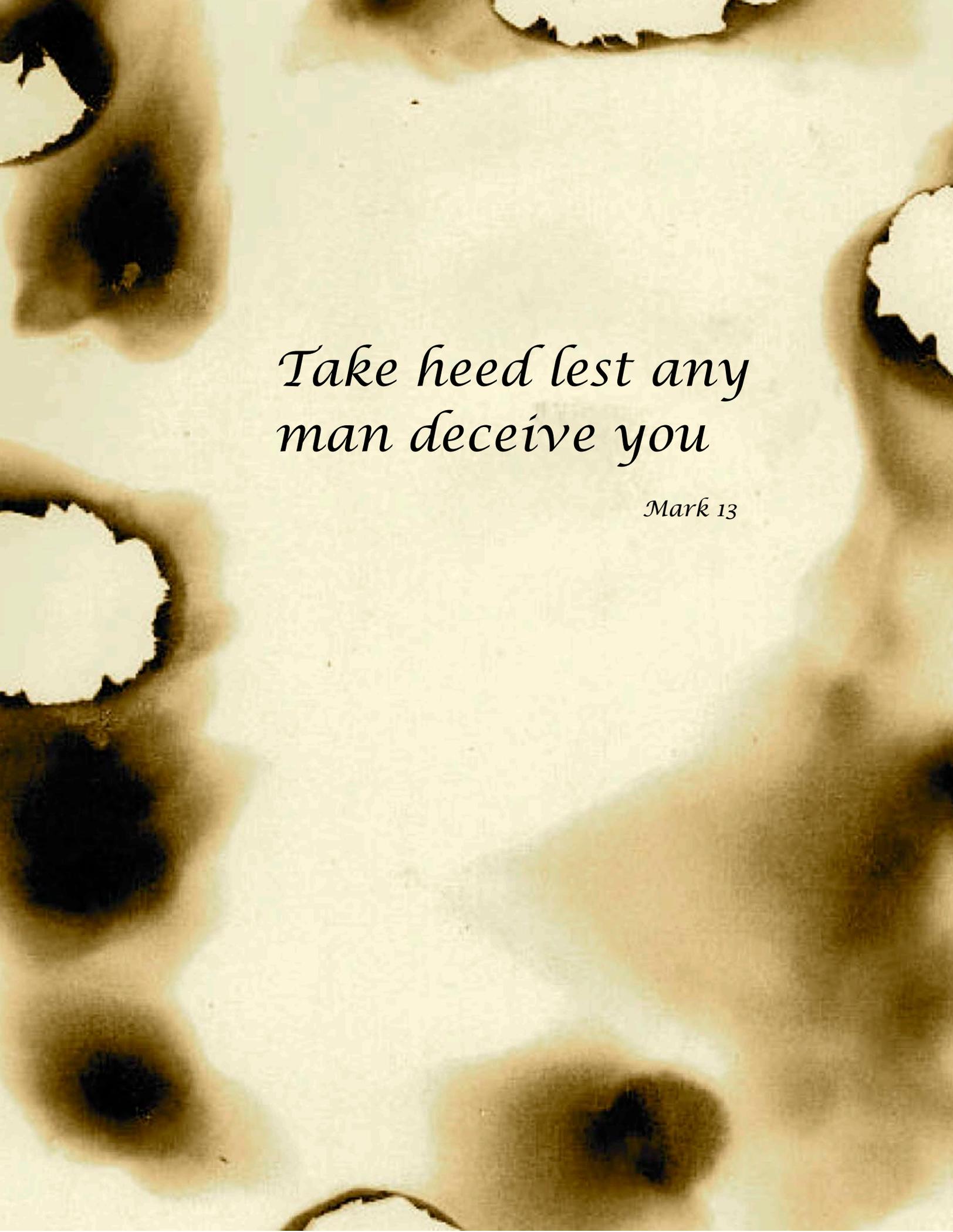
I still have the TV on and have been trying to watch it and write at the same time. I don't believe what I'm seeing now. It's those two witnesses and they're still lying on the ground. The two guys that got shot are still laying there. Why doesn't someone get them out of there? It's been almost three days now. Why would they just leave them laying on the ground? Man, that ain't good. Hope someone gives them a decent burial soon.

There is something now happening around the two dead bodies, a lot of commotion. People are backing away from them. Wonder what is going on









*Take heed lest any
man deceive you*

Mark 13