



Tuesday began like any other weekday. As the sun brought dawn to each meridian, billions of people around the globe would open their eyes to a diversity of conditions—from greeting a humdrum workday, to dealing with human maladies or natural disasters; others preoccupied with dishing out or ducking acts of military, criminal, and personal violence.

Every minute of every day, people were becoming increasingly dependent on the media, or were sifting through innumerable sources of sophisticated intelligence— *all* of whom had ears cupped to the slightest murmurs that could pose a threat or affect change.

Yet with all such global vigilance aside, who would have thought that on this balmy, summer morning in downtown Chicago, something as mundane as a bagel would be the catalyst to unveil a Gnostic vestige nurtured high in the Himalayas for the past four decades. But it did— for the apocalyptic seed that lay dormant for over two thousand years had sprouted, and was about to envelop the planet.

Richard Crippen, a slender, well-dressed, distinguished gentleman of fifty-two was seated at a cafe table within Union

Station's mezzanine food emporium, sipping a hot latte while engrossed in Chicago's Sun Times' headline story:

MURDER TRIAL UNLIKELY ALLEGED MOB BOSS TO GO FREE

The front page featured a picture of Dante Ippolito, the brash and flamboyant legal counsel for reputed mafia kingpin, Frank "the skate" Scapezza, who the Sun Times quoted as saying: 'Where's their witness? They have none; it's all a charade; political grandstanding by the D.A.'s office. Judge Allen will have no option but to grant my motion to dismiss. My client is innocent of all charges.'

But Crippen knew differently; his time had come.

Earlier in the morning, he had boarded a Metra from Cicero with plans of being more than a passive courtroom spectator. Years of abstruse enlightenment had matured, and driven by overwhelming supernal forces astir within, he had intended to reveal his purpose for existence at the hearing—when a chance expletive prematurely launched his mission.

"Shit!" exclaimed the diminutive Juan Gomez, an ex-jockey watching helplessly from his wheelchair as a buttery bagel squirted from his grasp, wobbled across the aisle, and came to rest against Crippen's ankle like a leaner in horseshoes.

All eyes seemed to follow the errant roll; its path pointed out by a little girl seated at a table in front of Crippen, who giggled and ignored her mother's admonishing shush.

.....and so the story develops; revealing who Richard Crippen really is, what message he brings, and how he's about to affect virtually every life on the planet... a time when all mankind is destined to become his own judge, jury, and executioner as the prophetic beatitude is proven true— "...as the meek shall inherit the earth."