

2026 A Third of the Forests were Burned Up

Early in January, one of Cap's friends invited her to take a break and visit her. Her friend, Alice, lived on a small farm on the outskirts of Fulton, Missouri. Alice was a teacher at the Fulton College. Fulton was about a hundred miles west of St Louis, and a little north of the Missouri River. The College had been made famous for a speech Winston Churchill had given there in which he coined the expression "Iron Curtain" to describe the Soviet rule which had descended over Eastern Europe after World War II.

Her friend, Alice, had a small farm of about sixty acres. It sat a couple miles outside of town. It had a small garden, an orchard, a pasture, a lake and some woods. She was close enough to town that on a warm day she could ride her bicycle to work.



Conditions in the city were dismal and Cap wanted a change of scenery. Cap was warmly received by her friend on a cold winter day. During a cup of tea, her friend asked Cap what she thought would happen next. Cap said that the recent Solar Super flare was dismissed by many as a natural phenomenon but that she, Cap, thought that it was part of the Great Sign. Cap told her that Martin had said that the great solar event would serve as a warning for those who were renewed in heart, to prepare. There would be warning, a catastrophe, and then the tribulations.

I think that the tapestry of events leading up to the Sign was the warning. The Great Sign was the Catastrophe. Soon will begin the tribulations. The Tribulations are the Seven Trumpets.

One crisis after another

Cap sipped her tea and went on. "We are about to experience one punishment after another. Marie Julie Jahenny, the Breton stigmatist, said 'The crisis will explode suddenly. The punishments will be shared by all and will succeed one another without interruption.' Cap struck the table softly and said "one." She struck the table again, and said "two". And struck the table five more times, saying "Three, Four, Five, Six, Seven."

After a pause, Cap said "It should be remembered that Sister Lucy said about the contents of the third secret, 'It's in the Gospel and in the Apocalypse, read them.' At another time, she referred to Chapters Eight through thirteen. Lucia said that the Virgin Mary made her see clearly that 'we are in the last times of the world.' Not the end of the world but the end of an epoch.

The First Trumpet

I believe that what we are about to experience is the First Trumpet of Revelation. Some kind of fire will fall from the sky. In Chapter 8, it is written: 'And the first angel sounded the trumpet, and there followed hail and fire, mingled with blood, and it was cast on the earth, and the third part of the earth was burnt up, and all green grass was burnt up.



Hail and Fire.

The first trumpet describes what could be a meteor shower in which some of the hail is rocky material and some is fire. It is known that the head of some comets contain frozen gases like Methane and Acetylene. As they fall into the atmosphere, the rocky pieces heat up. The frozen methane turns into a slush, then into a gas. The bits of white-hot rock act like matches to set the gas on fire. The gas melts and combusts and becomes fire falling from the sky.

A Third part of the forests was burnt up.

"Russia has the largest forest reserves in the world. Russia stretches across one third of the longitudes of the northern hemisphere. Its forests represent about one fourth of the total world forest reserves. Along with the adjacent forests of Mongolia, Northern China, and Scandinavia, the total rises to about one third of the world's forests. The forests of Canada may be included too.

The Great Fire.

"A fire which burns up a third of the trees will be massive. It will be the greatest in recorded history. It might happen like this. The meteors might create numerous separate fires. Then the convergence of those fires would cause a sudden increase in fire intensity, speed and height. It is called a blow up. Suddenly the fires jump into a type of hurricane, in which the wind is blowing at 100 miles per hour. The walls of flames are one mile high and fill the horizon. The ceiling seems to be a solid wall of flames. And balls of fire are shooting about. The atmosphere itself seems to catch fire.

Russia Almost Completely Burned

Cap stirred at the loose tea grounds in her cup and watched them settle. "There was a holy woman named Mother Elena Leonardi. She had been under the guidance of Padre Pio since childhood. She said in one of her visions that "Russia will be almost completely burned." ⁱ

The Crops are all burned.

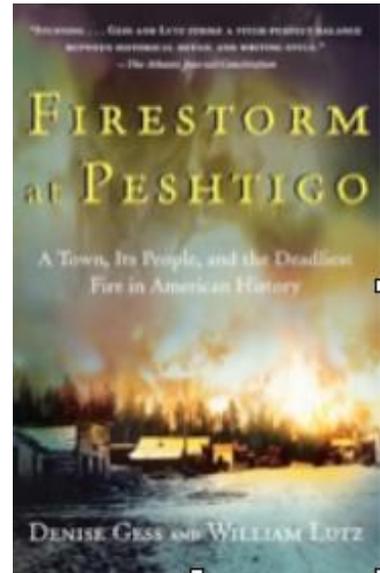
Although Russia will be the hardest hit, the hail and the fire set off fires everywhere across the globe. 'All green grass was burnt up' would mean that all the plants and crops are burned.

"As I said earlier, I think it is time to prepare." They sat at the table and looked out at the fields in the grey winter light and the barren forests beyond them. Cap said "Let me tell you about the Peshtigo Fire."

The Peshtigo Fire

Cap took an essay from her briefcase and slid it across the table to Alice. "On the evening of October 8, 1871, about nine o'clock at night, something like streaks of bloody mist began falling from the sky in Peshtigo, Wisconsin. ⁱⁱ

"What followed was the deadliest fire in American history. Nearly 2,000 people died in one night when their town and the surrounding farms and forests caught fire. It was far deadlier than the Chicago fire which happened the same night. At the same time, fires broke out across Michigan and the surrounding area.



"There is a theory that the head of a comet exploded over the Thumb" region of eastern Michigan and spread out in a V shaped pattern, much like a shotgun burst. The affected areas fell within a triangle starting with the Thumb on the east, Chicago on the southwest and Peshtigo on the Northwest. ⁱⁱⁱ Many of the towns within that triangle 5 caught fire that night. For them, it was called the Great Michigan fire. The same hour in which the fire was observed in Oleary's barn, fires broke out in Holland, White Rock, Manistee, Port Huron and a number of smaller towns. Millions of acres of timber went up in flames. Huge swaths of forest were left in cinders. In some places, the towns were burned to the ground and there wasn't even enough wood left in the countryside to rebuild. ^{iv}

There is a theory that part of Comet Biela split into two pieces. One entered the atmosphere. It consisted of frozen methane, acetylene and other volatiles which melted and exploded. This would explain why people reported that there was a peculiar odor and that the sky was on fire and that it seemed to burn from the top down. There were fire balls which shot through the air. They exploded with great heat and ignited the objects they struck.

"The Peshtigo story is sad. So many people suffered." Cap read an excerpt from *Firestorm at Peshtigo: A Town, Its People, and the Deadliest Fire in American History*:

'The survivors would never forget the sound. The sound 'of judgement,' some said. The sound of an angel heralding the end of the world, blasting gusts of fire from his horn. Like a thousand locomotives rushing at full speed. Like the devil had opened his mouth with a deafening, persistent roar that never stopped but kept getting louder, or a pounding waterfall or a sullen roar, like an earthquake ... more than deafening, it was grand; it was like the thunder and the roar of the sea all combined. It was fearfully sublime.'



Cap told Alice that people were combusting. "There was a 16-year-old girl named Helga Rockstead. Several neighbors saw Helga running along the boardwalk away from the flames. Her long waist length hair was streaming out behind her. Her hair caught fire from the cinders flying in the air. Then her whole dress and body burst into flames.

People reported that when fireballs struck a tree, the tree exploded and sent flaming arrows into the neighboring houses. The high winds whipped through town filled with flaming debris. A house was lifted from its foundation and thrown into the air a hundred feet when it detonated midflight and sent strips of wood flying like shrapnel. The local priest put his hand to his gate and realized that he had waited too long. His gate, the fence and loose planks were blown away into space. He saw a bright light approaching about the size of a half bushel basket, like a ball of fire. It passed over the house and disappeared into the darkness. Then they heard a great explosion and the ground shook. Outside, the air was on fire along the top of the barn, the top of the house and the tops of the trees but not on the ground. Survivors reported that something like streaks of bloody mist began falling from the sky.

Sparks were flying from room to room making a sharp detonating sound. Fr. Pernin was convinced that the air was saturated with gas. He said that "I could not help thinking if this gas lighted up from mere contact with the breath of hot wind, what would it be when fire would come in contact with it."

Around town, fire crowned in the trees. And then large darts of flame could leap hundreds of yards. Survivors reported that they saw a five-mile-high wall of flame approaching.

One local girl, Maggie, wrapped herself in wet blankets and ran for the river. Everything around her was ablaze, the fence, the house, and the barns. Burning charcoal fell like hail. Someone bumped into her crying out loudly. Maggie parted the blanket to see. The woman was on fire. Maggie fell. She could hear the woman's flesh crackling.

A small boy was separated from his family. He knelt in the street to pray. A moment later, fire lit his body. Another man found a little form, roasted to a crisp. It was his son who had run off a minute before.



Another girl sat down in a clearing beneath her wet blanket. The woman next to her said “Nelson, I am on fire.” She burst into flame from head to toe. “Women were especially vulnerable. In this era, fire was the second greatest cause of death among women.

Clothing would readily catch fire and was difficult to remove quickly. The fat in women’s bodies would cause them to burn like candles.

Some families attempted to survive under wet blankets in the middle of plowed fields. Everywhere was the hiss of burning sap and sounds of people crying in the distance. Superheated resin in burning trees would explode and send flaming branches and splintered trunks flying through the air.

Even in the river, logs were set on fire. People ran for the river and stayed under water as long as possible. On shore, they saw the town on fire and all around the woods on fire. Overhead was an almost solid ceiling of fire. They said “the sky looked like an ocean of fire.”

One man in the river survived by breathing under a wet blanket. When his blanket caught fire, he reached out with his arm and splashed water upon the blanket. In the brief time that his wet hand was exposed, he developed burn blisters.

Cap showed Alice pictures of the town after the fire. Everything was gone. People could not even tell where their homes had been. The wind and fire had swept everything away, leaving only piles of ash.

Surviving witnesses reported that the firestorm generated a tornado which threw rail cars and houses into the air. The fire had split boulders in two, melted church bells and railroad cars. It turned sand into glass. The ship Hutchinson sat at anchor two miles out from shore. Her decks were covered with cinders. Some of her rigging had caught fire. The Schooner Atlanta sat at anchor seven miles out in the bay. Her decks were covered with roof tiles torn from homes carried by the wind for miles.



“This is what might happen to Russia.” Cap paused and remembered the line in Apocalypse which said “All green grass”. She looked at Alice and said “If we are to believe the words ‘All green grass’, then the fire will fall upon us too. It will burn up our yards and our fields.”

Fire In the Midwest Rain of Glowing Fire.

The next day Alice asked Cap what it might be like for them if fire fell from the sky. As they sat beside the fire, Cap made up a story. She had thought about the many elements of what might happen. She put them together and told Alice this story:

It was a beautiful summer’s day in the Midwest. It was mid-August. Crops were ripe in the fields and ready for harvesting. A few clouds dotted a beautiful sky. Then the sun began to darken. People came outside to look at the sky as they sometimes do to look upon a severe storm in the making. They looked towards the sun. It was approximately 10 o’clock in the morning. It was not the usual solar eclipse but a kind of fog in the solar system far outside of our atmosphere.

Then a few small hot rocks began streaking across the sky. At first, the people did not seek cover. It was so unusual. The rocks were widely separated in the places where they fell. People would scurry over to look at them. One would fall, then almost a minute would pass before another would strike the ground. The novelty of the experience caused people to pause and wonder what they were looking at. The rocks looked like iron. After a minute on the ground, one could pick them up and hold them in their hand. They were cool inside.

They had never seen such a thing. Then the hot rocks began to fall more frequently. In a few minutes, people had begun to digest the strange phenomena and slowly retreated from the outdoors.

The rain of hail continued to grow for several hours. The size of the hail grew larger. Soon the hail was a half inch in diameter. Then one inch. One could hear the clatter of hail pelting the roofs and the windows and walls. Many were the size of pebbles or like charcoal briquettes. The largest were as big as iron tennis balls. When they struck, they would pass right through a house.

Sonic booms and explosions.

As the sun began to set, larger meteors began to fall along with the smaller ones. Some were traveling at 30,000 mph when they entered the atmosphere, faster than the speed of sound, they created sonic booms which could rattle windows twenty miles away. The air pressure in

front of the meteors was so great that it crushed the meteors. Some of the larger meteors exploded with the force of about three kilotons of TNT, which was about a fifth of the size of the first nuclear bomb. The pressure wave from the airbursts also shook houses and shattered windows in towns along the way.

The smaller meteors were striking cars parked outside and bouncing off. But once in a while, one would land and stay in place. It would sizzle in the paint and give off smoke for a minute. On the porches, the coals would begin to smolder on the wood. People would run outdoors to pour water on them and then run back indoors. In the fields, smoke began to rise from the ground. In the country, the coals would bounce off barn siding and fall to the ground. As they accumulated, they set the underbrush on fire.



Then the barn siding would catch fire. Then the fields caught fire. And the dry forests. In the country, one could look around at columns of smoke and hear sirens near and far.

When the field caught fire, the fire would race toward the woods. There they would kindle the perimeter of the forest. Where the forests were dry enough, they too would blow up. First the edge, then the interiors. Soon whole forests were ablaze.

Then the fires stirred up the atmosphere. Winds shifted. Clouds began to form and rain began to fall. The clouds had soaked up so much of the fine iron dust that they turned red. They were red clouds. When the rain began to fall, the drops were blood red.

The source of the problem was a diffuse cloud of small particles widely separated in space. The particles were separated by hundreds and thousands of miles. But the speed of the cloud relative to earth was hundreds of thousands of miles per hour.

On that note, Cap ended her story. She paused and remembered Jahenny's comment about one crisis after another. She told Alice that this would be the next crisis and there would be more to follow.

The Russian Professor

Russia had the world's largest forest reserves. In 2012, the Food and Agriculture Organization of the United Nations and the Government had done a study and decided that Russian Forestry Industry was grossly underdeveloped and that there was a potential to greatly increase Russia's share of the global trade in forest products.

One small part of the effort was to expand the breadth and depth of studies at the Russian University of Forestry at Krasnoyarsk. Krasnoyarsk was located about half way across Russia, midway between Russia's eastern and western borders, about the same latitude as Moscow and Glasgow. If one flew across the planet to the same latitude and opposite longitude, they would land in Manitoba, a few hundred miles north of Minnesota. Further south of the Krasnoyarsk was a point where the east point of Kazakhstan almost touched the western most point of Mongolia. In between stood a small slice of northern China. Chekhov had called Krasnoyarsk the most beautiful city in Siberia. Krasnoyarsk stood on the southern edge of a vast plain of trees.



Next to the library stood the faculty building. On the second floor, the last office on the left had a sign which read: Professor Sergeevich Kievanitsky, Professor of Forest Studies. His windows looked out onto the campus quadrangle. On the other side of the quadrangle was the auditorium. Beyond that one could see the distant outline of the mountains.

Sergeevich was a professor of history in the field of forest studies. He knew more than anyone else in Russia about forest fires.

Sergeevich was an amateur artist. On his walls were copies of some of the most famous of the Wanderers paintings. The Wanderers were 19th century realists who excelled in landscape painting. His favorite was Oak Wood by Shishkin. He liked to look up and see the pictures of wide rivers, forests, and birch clearings, which captured the spirit of the forests which seemed to stretch endlessly to the north.

Occasionally he could hear a train passing along the Trans-Siberian Railroad. The distant lament of its horn seemed like a summons for him to abandon his desk and his office and come out into the woods.



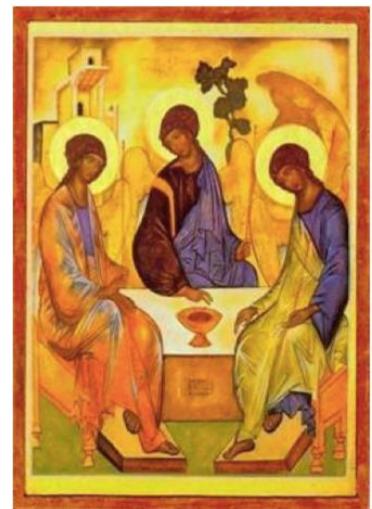
He loved to go off into the forest for his holidays and find a place to set up his easel. From his field chair, he would admire the tempest of light and color as it changed minute to minute throughout the day. He

would chase a scene. He would see some cast of color and shadow and try to capture it. He would carefully apply some color to the canvass. When he looked up, the scene was gone. Another had taken its place. He would then try to capture a small part of the new scene. He would follow it throughout the day. At the end of the day, he was exhausted.

One would look at his work and think that they were looking at a picture of a moment captured in time. In reality, what he did was to paint the picture as it changed throughout the day. It was a series of layers. Each was a collection of glimpses. He felt that the picture he wanted to paint was always running away. Like a shy girl who would let him capture just a small part of her before she scampered away. Another would appear in her place. She too would stay for just long enough for him to notice some small part of her posture or her apparel.

Trinity Icon

More recently he had added to his wall collection the Trinity icon by Andrei Rublev. He imagined that the spirit of Rublev roamed the endless forests beyond the town. There were times when he would hike for miles to find the right place to set up his field chair and easel. Often, he sensed that someone had just walked through the area moments before. He imagined that he could sense their presence and hear their fading conversation.



On this day in August, Sergei was awoken about three am by a phone call from a friend in Moscow. Meteors were falling all over the world and some of them were setting fields afire. And it seemed to be increasing not lessening. The friend said that nobody knew what was going on. Serge pulled back the blinds. After a few seconds he saw a meteor. It streaked irregularly across the sky. In few seconds more, there was another bright flash and then another.

Sergei hurriedly started the coffee maker and tuned into the Moscow meteorological report on his short-wave radio. Reports were coming in from all over about the hail of fire. He dreaded hearing the word fire. As he listened to the reports, he sought to comprehend what might become a worldwide fire.

Sergei lived in a small wooden framed house in an older section of town near the river.



In his neighborhood there were a few old log structures which reminded one that the city was once a fort of log cabins sitting on the edge of the Russian frontier. He loved his old neighborhood with its history. During the czarist years, Krasnoyarsk was a place where political exiles were banished. Some of the Decembrist revolutionaries had lived a couple blocks away. They had been deported from St Petersburg in the czarist period. Two of the forced labor gulag camps were built east of town. In the great patriotic war, the local economy received a boost when factories were shipped there from the Ukraine.

As he left his house, he could taste the acrid residue from wood fires. Smoke settled in the hollows. As he drove slowly west, he passed the famous old orthodox cathedral. Past a neighborhood of Uzbeks. And past the Chinese bazaar. In the distance, he could see the mountains rising out of the smoke. To the south and west, Krasnoyarsk was surrounded by forested mountains which rose 1300 ft above river level. Among them stood Chornaya Sopka, an extinct volcano.

At seven am, he drove onto the university grounds. The university was built on the higher ground in the western side of town. As he left his car in the parking lot, ashes were falling like snowflakes. The smoky air burned his eyes. Faculty and staff were beginning to pour into the faculty lounge for breakfast and to discuss what was to be done about the fire.

An announcement was made that classes were dismissed due to the fire. Students were free to return home. However, volunteers were asked to stay in the event that the fires posed a threat to the school.

People gathered in the staff lounge. The large tall windows along the side looked west. Hour by hour, conditions worsened. The number of fires on the mountain was slowly increasing.

One of his students offered to take him to the western crest of the mountains. The same forces which had created the volcano had pushed up the land mass around it for many miles. It stood above the surrounding terrain. One could see in good weather for sixty miles. Sergei knew it was reckless to leave the safety of university but he wanted to see the great sea of mountains to the west. It took about a half an hour to reach the crest. There was little traffic. What he saw caught him by surprise. The whole landscape was spotted with fires. He stood for minutes stunned and then turned and walked quickly back to the car and drove back down to the university. All along the way, there were fires in the woods.

People were leaving to go to their homes. Sergei decided to try to save his own house too. Driving back to his neighborhood was much slower. People had begun to drive toward the river in the event that the fires broke out of the woods.

Once at home, he began to spray his roof and his yard in the way that he had seen done on the news by people in California.

2026 Russian Farmer

In early August in Russia, only twenty per cent of the grain's crops had been harvested. As Sergei struggled to digest the hail of fire that was falling on his country, farmers all over Russia were looking toward the sky. They had been awoken by the sound of sonic booms. Windows rattled and houses shook from the explosions of the big ones. On estate after estate, the farmer would grab his clothes and hurry outside. He would see meteors streaking across the sky.

On a family farm near Novosibirsk, about 250 miles west of Krasnoyarsk, one farmer, Yuri Moyzakin, sat in stunned admiration of the spectacle above him. His wife came out of the house in her robe and sat beside him. A while later, his two children came outside too.

He was amazed at the crackling sound as the meteors passed through the heavens. He winced at the booms. His cows complained in the barn.

He had gone to the local university and served in the summers as a smoke jumper and forest fire fighter. Later he had served in the navy. He knew that what he was watching was a greater display than anything he had ever seen.

About 4:20, the first light of day began to touch the sky. The stars began their daily retreat behind the approaching glow of day light. The first bird began his morning song. He knew from his navy days that this was called astronomical twilight, when the first light of dawn touches the sky. The sun was 18 degrees below the horizon. It was an hour and a half before dawn.

He continued to watch the parade of light. He expected that the meteors would begin to diminish. Instead they continued. Occasionally, one of them would ping against the tin roof of the barn or thud against his house.

A half an hour later, he could see the outline of nearby buildings and in the distance, he could see the edge of the mountains. The meteors continued even as the smallest stars faded from sight. In his navy days, this was called nautical twilight, the point when a pilot could see the outline of ships and islands on the horizon. The sun was only 12 degrees below the horizon. The whole chorus of birds began to sing.

After another half an hour had passed, the time was 5:20. It was civil twilight. Dawn was thirty minutes away. The sun was six degrees below the horizon. He could clearly see his farm yard. He could see his chickens plucking in the garden. He had hoped that daylight would banish the meteors. Instead, there were greater numbers of the big ones. Out of habit, he began his morning chores. About the time that the sun first rose above the horizon, he sensed a peculiar smell. It was some kind of faint gas.

Then he smelled wood burning. He saw a column of smoke rising from the edge of the barn. He quickly raked the pile of straw apart and stamped out the few pieces which were smoldering.

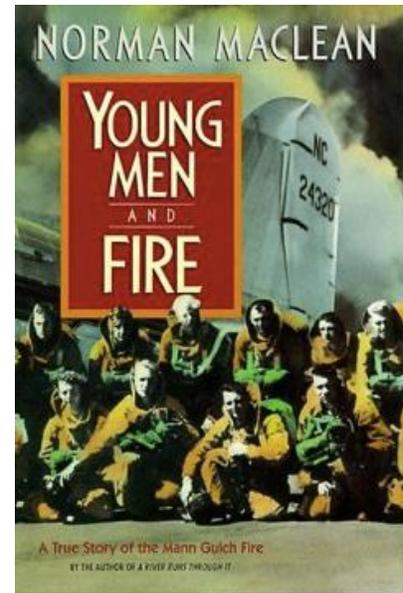


A few minutes later, he saw a curl of smoke in the fields. He ran to stamp it out. On the way back to the house, he put out another. Over the next hour, he ran from one smoldering fire to another. Then he mounted his tractor with a sprayer and drums of water in the wagon behind. He set off for the distant corners of his four-hundred-acre farm.

His house and barns were bordered on three sides by his fields and on the furthest side by a forest. If the small fires continued to grow, at some point they would explode into a general fire. He knew from his smoke jumper days that a firestorm was nature's nuclear explosion. He had seen ferocious walls of flame. The old timers claimed to have seen fires a mile high, and five or ten miles wide. Traveling at high speed. Hurricanes of fire. The heat could turn sand into glass.

They taught him that the only thing you could do was to get out of the way. But he couldn't. He had watched the storm slowly brew. In the distance, in every direction smoke and fire filled the horizon. He knew that the fire was coming for him and for his family.

While in the smoke jumpers, Yuri had read the book, *Young Men and Fire*. It was about a group of American smoke jumpers in Montana in 1949. When the young men saw the fire tornado climbing up Mann Gulch toward them, they decided to run uphill away from it. It was a fatal mistake for all but two of the young men. Wag Dodge, the crew leader and base camp mechanic, was older than the rest. He knew he could not outrun the fire. He did something that no one had ever done before. As the boys passed him by, he knelt down and set fire to the tall grasses around him. As the fire roared toward them,



he collected grasses into a torch, and ran from place to place setting fire to grasses nearby. In the last seconds before the fire struck, he laid face down in the black smoldering ashes. The fire hit like a tornado. Several times it lifted him inches off the ground. The grassland around him was engulfed in a forty-foot-high wall of flame, but his area largely escaped. After a couple violent scorching minutes, his hair was singed and his clothing burned, but he had survived. He rose from the smoldering ground and brushed off a few burning embers. Looking up hill, he saw the bodies of the boys up the hill a quarter of a mile away, lying where they had been overtaken by the fire and fallen. Just feet away from the crest.

With this in mind, Yuri jumped on his tractor and began spraying the fields closest to his house with gasoline and set them on fire. He called for his wife to move all the food and valuables into the tornado shelter and to get ready to take the children down to the small marsh and pond a five-minute walk from the house. Once the fields near his house were burned to a stubble, he began spraying in wider and wider circles. He meant to starve the fire when it arrived nearby. He hoped it would pass over him and his house and barn.

When he started, he had to nurse the fire. He sprayed a band immediately next to what he had previously set on fire. But as he went along the fire was growing and he was skipping five feet, then ten feet. He could feel the heat of the wall of fire approaching him. He had made a rough circle five hundred feet from his house. Then he drove back through the burning and smoldering fields. He drove the tractor right into the pond till the water was up to his chest and over the engine. Then he swam to his family. His wife had blankets. They soaked them in the water. As the edge of the forest burst into flame and the fire galloped toward them, Yuri led his children into the pond. They put the wet blankets over them as a kind of tent. The fire

produced a deafening roar as it passed over head. The whole sky was a sea of flames. Yuri could smell the blankets beginning to catch fire. He reached outside and began splashing water on the blankets. Even though his skin was wet, the heat was so great that his hand was blistered.

Sergei gets Ready

As Sergei was spraying his roof, temperatures continued to rise. The wind was beginning to gust. He looked back at Sentry Hill. The whole mountain range was on fire. It presented a mass of orange, red and black. The lady who lived next door came to him and asked what she should do. He said "Take some valuables and make your way to the river". At that point, he admitted to himself that the cause was lost. He hurried into his house. He hastily gathered some winter clothes and dropped them in the tub and turned on the water.

His two most prized possessions

Sergei took his two most prized possessions. One was an early copy of the "The Vision of Youth

Bartholomew" by Mikhail Vasilievich Nesterov. He placed it carefully in a shallow vault which he had built beneath the basement floor for just this purpose.



The Vision was the first and best-known work in his series on Sergius of Radonezh, a medieval Russian saint. *The Taking of the Veil*

On top of it, he laid pillows and bedding. And on that, he reverently laid a picture which had been his mother's. Nester's "*The Taking of the Veil*". Sergei then sealed the insulated vault.



Sergei then took a sheet and laid it on the living room floor, then quickly gathered all his valuables and put them in the sheet. He pulled the corners

together hobo style and took the sack to the other end of the basement and set it in the corner. Then he took all his sheets, pillows, clothes and towels and covered his pile. Then he began spraying them. He turned on several of the spigots and began filling pots, and then he went back upstairs and packed a suitcase. He put on his wet winter clothes. Water streamed from his clothes as he put them on. His wet coat and sweater weighed him down. He put on a wet stocking cap, a wet towel over his head and another around his neck. He walked down the hall and across the living room, leaving a trail of water dripping behind him. Just before he closed the door, he looked back at his house knowing that he might never see it again.

Wall of fire

In the time that Sergei had been inside, the fire had gotten worse. He looked at the distant tree line. A wall of fire hundreds of feet tall was advancing toward the town. He turned and headed for the river. At the corner, he saw that groups of people were heading down the street toward the river. Instead of going with them, he changed direction and cut across their path. He was heading toward an old restaurant several blocks away.

Cars and people moved slowly forward, sometimes bumping into cars in front of them. At times, they could only see a few feet ahead.

People looked like shadows moving in the smoke. Embers were falling like snowflakes. As he cut across the street, he bumped into a friend. The man said “Sergei. You are going in the wrong direction.”

The man had tears in his eyes and a

look of terror. He was fleeing for his life. Sergei raised his voice above the din and said that he was going to the Wayfarers Restaurant. The man looked at him like he was mad and disappeared into the smoke. Sergei knew that people in fires do strange things. He knew that in the Chicago fire people fled across the bridges with the strangest things. One woman fled with a pot of soup. Another with her wedding dress.



He was heading toward the restaurant because of a story he had read about a fire that occurred in 1942 in Boston at the Coconut Grove Night Club. A busboy lit a match while replacing a light bulb. Within a few minutes the basement was engulfed. The ceiling was decorated with paper mâché. Fire raced across the ceiling of the first floor.

The Club had been a speakeasy. Doors were bricked or bolted. The only access was a revolving door. There were 1000 people present that night in a space certified for 500. The fire spread so quickly that some diners died in their seats with a cigarette or drink in hand, having been struck by the smoke and toxic gases. Nearly 500 died.

Five people had survived by hiding in a walk-in refrigerator. Sergei was a student of fires. It was this lesson which stuck with him. He remembered that at Peshtigo people had died in the river of hypothermia. He didn't think he could survive the cold water. He decided to take his chances with the cool room.

As he scurried along, he saw a bright light approaching. It was as large as a half bushel basket. It looked like a ball of fire as it passed over him. It disappeared into the darkness. A moment later there was a large explosion and the ground shook beneath his feet.

Fire then ran along the top of the garage, the top of the trees and the top of a house.

Coals.

In the last couple blocks of his journey, something began falling from the sky. He could hear the sound of hail or rain striking the road. He hoped it was the rain which was so desperately

needed. It was not. It was hot coals which were raining down. They began striking yards and houses, like matches falling from the sky.

As he hurried down the street, he could see that the neighborhood was catching fire. He passed many people making their way to the river. There was panic afoot. Wind speeds were increasing. He passed the middle of another intersection. A couple people hastened along leaning into the wind.



Across the river, the ridge line was all on fire. So were the hills to the south. And all of the western ridge. The town seemed to be covered with dark dense clouds that were themselves on fire. There was a peculiar odor. It was a mix of gases.

He found that the front door of the restaurant was still open. It was a solid one-story brick structure. Things had deteriorated so quickly that some people were still catching up to the reality of the danger. A cook scurried past him as he entered. A couple men sat at the bar. Everyone else was gone. He walked to the back and opened the refrigerator. There was a little room inside.

He walked back to the two men. He thought he should tell someone. The television was showing pictures of the fire. A news announcer looked alarmed. Sergei pointed to the back. One of the men left and the other waved negatively, as if to say I will be gone soon. Sergei stepped out the door for one last look at his town.

More material began falling. He stepped back into the safety of the restaurant foyer. It was recessed a few feet from the face of the building. Roof tiles and burning fences and torn lumber were falling into the street. A bucket bounced by carried by the wind. The building shook with the sound of freight trains.

He watched as a woman ran down the street and her jacket caught fire. She threw it away. A couple passed by covered by wet blankets. Trees began to catch fire. The resin inside the trees would rise until the tree suddenly exploded. He watched this happen one after another. They sounded like muffled cannons. He braced himself against the brick wall.

From his studies, he knew that elsewhere the fire was creating uprising currents. New air richer in oxygen was taking its place and feeding the fire. As the winds increased, the fire increased and vortexes were created. Fire tornados were sucking articles high up into the sky. They were falling miles away.

He watched in amazement as a house was torn from its foundations and thrown one hundred feet through the air then burst into flame. It exploded sending strips of wood and streaks of light flying in all directions like shrapnel. Just before he turned to go back inside, he saw the flash of homes igniting on the next street.

Sergei stumbled backwards. He walked haltingly back to the refrigerator knowing that his town and all that was familiar to him was going up in flames. He quickly changed into dry winter clothes. One window broke. And then others. Wind and fire began to tear through the restaurant. He stepped inside and closed the door. The last he saw of his old world was a couple of the chairs catching fire.



As he buttoned up, he thought his chances of survival were high. The structure had been built during the war when there was the fear of bombardment. The brick walls were twenty inches thick. The pillars were eighteen inches in diameter. The floors were thick concrete. He made his way into the far corner of the refrigerator and huddled in the corner.

In the refrigerator

As Sergei sat in the corner of the refrigerator, he huddled inside his clothes to stay warm. The ground and the whole building were shaking. He dozed off for a moment and imagined that a freight train was going by. He was telling himself that the noise was too loud. That he should move away.

In his dream he heard what sounded like an earthquake. It sounded like the voices of judgement day. Like an angel blowing a trumpet at the end of the world. Like a thousand locomotives shaking the ground. Like the greatest waterfall. Terrible and sublime.

Goodman

On the other side of the world, deep in Cheyenne Mountain, Colonel Goodman was quietly monitoring what looked like the end of the world. He knew a terrible fire was in progress. Most of his weather sites had ceased sending information and had probably gone up in flames. The sites in the arctic were still broadcasting. There was nothing there to catch fire. From the information that was coming in, he knew that earth had intersected a debris cloud of icy Methane and Acetylene. Pockets of these gases had caused the atmosphere to ignite in numerous places. He knew that Russia was taking the brunt of the storm, but the rest of the world was experiencing the same fiery clouds. Fields were on fire almost everywhere. As he

went about his work, he wondered when it would end. It was with great relief that he noted that the tide of gases began to recede about 24 hours into the crisis.

Serge Awakes

Sergei slept through the night. When he awoke, it was quiet. He felt the wall, it was warm but not hot. He opened the door an inch. There was no bright red fire. He opened a little wider and had to push against debris to get the door open wide enough to pass through. The windows and doors were gone. Light poured in from multiple gaps in the ceiling. The furniture and interior walls were gone. A car had fallen through the roof. The rest was a big empty space filled with dust and ashes.

He made his way forward, feeling the place could collapse at any moment. Then he stepped through where the door had stood and down the few concrete steps and onto the street. All the houses were gone. The telephone poles and cables were gone. It was like he had been transported to the moon.

He walked back to his house. He counted the streets. Along the way, he passed the remains of a few people, small calcinated remains or a pile of ashes barely enough to fill a shoe box. He passed what remained of a church. It was a pile of stones where the walls had fallen down. Just the church bell remained amid the rubble.

Railroad cars had entirely burned up. Only the wheel and axles remained. At his own house, everything above ground was gone. In the basement under the layers of wet laundry and household articles, his pile of valuables remained. Everything else was gone.

At the end of his block, there was a boulder which had been left by the retreating glaciers. The heat of the fire had caused it to split. Still, it provided something on which to sit. Everything else in the block was gone.

2026 Tornado Shelter

Half a world away, Cap and Alice climbed out of the tornado shelter. Alice's house had escaped the fire. Many others had not. The fields were blackened and burned. The crops were gone.

Russia will burn.

Later that evening, Cap looked at her notes. She found a quote from Sister Aiello " 'See how Russia will burn! Before my eyes there extended an immense field covered with flames and smoke, in which souls were submerged as if in a sea of fire!'"

Fire from the Angels.

“And all this fire,” spoke the Madonna to Sister Aiello, “is not that which will fall from the hands of men, but will be hurled directly from the Angels (at the time of the great chastisement or “housecleaning” that will come upon the earth).”

Cap thought out loud as Alice listened. “The Rain of Fire burns all green things. It follows that if the Rain of Fire burns all green things, then all the crops will be burned and there will be a year without crops or food. The result would be food shortages and high prices.



Not enough food

“There will not be enough food,” Cap told Alice. The next day, Cap went to the farmers supply. She purchased four fifty-pound sacks of cattle feed, two of oats and two of corn. When Alice saw them, she said “We don’t have any cattle.” Cap answered that “They are not for cattle. They are for us. Two to keep. Two to give away.”

ⁱ <http://www.mysticsofthechurch.com/2011/09/blessed-elena-aiello-mystic-stigmatic.html>

ⁱⁱ Firestorm at Peshtigo: A Town, Its People, and the Deadliest Fire in American History By Denise Gess, William Lutz

ⁱⁱⁱ Wood, Robert (February 23–26, 2004). “Did Biela’s Comet Cause the Chicago and Midwest Fires?” (PDF). 2004 Planetary Defense Conference: Protecting Earth from Asteroids. Orange County, CA .

^{iv} http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/The_Great_Michigan_Fire