2027 A Great Mountain was Cast into the Sea

Caps forecast

In January of 2027, several of Cap's friends asked her to make a forecast for the coming year. They met in the back room of a restaurant on The Hill. The Hill was the common name of an old Italian neighborhood a couple miles south west of the university.

I believe that the next challenge which we will face will be the Second Trumpet of Revelation. Chapter 8 of the Apocalypse reads like this. 'And the second angel sounded the trumpet: and as it were a great mountain, burning with fire, was cast into the sea, and the third part of the sea became blood. And the third part of those creatures died, which had life in the sea, and the third part of the ships was destroyed.' These words seem to describe a large asteroid falling in the sea. Let's break it down into parts and look at it.

The Third Part of the Sea

There comes the question, where is this going to happen. The likely answer is the Atlantic. The words "the third part of the sea" give the clue. The ancients thought that the waters beyond the Pillars of Hercules were one great sea. If the writer of Revelation could see that there were two oceans and that one was twice as large as the other, he might name the smaller of the two, the One Third of the Oceans. If he meant the larger ocean, he would have called it the Two Thirds of the Oceans.

The more recent translations of the bible use the article 'a'. As in 'a third part of the sea'. But one of the oldest translations is the Vulgate. It uses the article 'the'. As in 'the third part of the sea'. The difference could be that the more recent versions imagine that the writer is speaking about a portion of an ocean, as in 'a third of the ocean.' The older version imagines that the writer is giving the name of a place. A name which will work even after two thousand years. The ocean which corresponds to the name 'The Third Part of the Sea' is the one we now call the Atlantic.

If one substitutes the word 'Atlantic' for the words 'the third part', then Revelation reads like this: 'A mountain fell into the Atlantic. and the Atlantic became blood. And the sea creatures of the Atlantic died, and the ships of the Atlantic were destroyed.'

A Mountain

The next question is, how big will the mountain be. A mountain on average is about a half mile to a mile high and a couple miles or more long. Then the question arises, what happens when a mountain falls into the sea. The University of California at Santa Cruz did a computer simulation of an asteroid known as 1950 DA, an asteroid two-thirds of a mile in diameter. It will pass by the earth in 2880. It is possible that small changes in its orbit will cause it to slam into the earth at 38,000 miles per hour. [i]

The report says that the impact of the asteroid would produce a 60,000 mega-ton explosion. This is about 3,000,000 times greater than the Hiroshima explosion. If it struck the Atlantic, the explosion would momentarily create a crater about 11 miles wide. It would go all the way to the ocean floor and then some. When the water rushed back to fill up the crater, waves would be created of different wave lengths and frequencies. The report said that "In the movies they show one big wave, but you actually end up with dozens of waves. The first ones to arrive are pretty small, and they gradually increase in height, arriving at intervals of 3 or 4 minutes".

If the asteroid struck 360 miles from the coast, "Two hours after impact, 400-foot waves would strike the coast. The waves would be the size of a 40-story building, taller than the Statue of Liberty."

The Third Part of the Sea Became Blood

One might also ask, why would the sea become blood. The Santa Cruz Study speculated that the explosion would vaporize the asteroid. A vaporized iron asteroid would produce a thick cloud of iron compounds, which would turn the air and the water red.

The Third Part of Those Creatures Died

And why would the sea creatures die? They would die from multiple reasons. The shock wave would kill many. So, would the water, poisoned with red dust. Also, from the rapid changes in water pressure. As currents plunged into the depths, fish would die from the rapid increase in pressure. The opposite would happen when deep water fish suffered depressurization. The Santa Cruz Study says that raging currents underwater would stir up sediment. The environment would turn hostile.

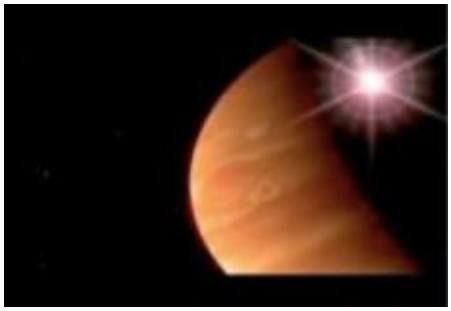
The Third Part of the Ships was Destroyed

About the ships, it would be difficult for a ship to survive a 400' wave. From the north of the Atlantic to the furthest reaches in the south, ships will be overrun by waves." Cap looked around the room to see if she had lost her audience. In many cases, people found her line of

thinking unfathomable. But this group had wanted to hear her. “Any questions?” she asked. An astronomy professor spoke up.

A Great Mountain

The problem is that Revelation does not just use the word mountain. It also uses the word great, as in ‘A Great Mountain’. One can safely assume that a great mountain could be a mile wide. Maybe two or three.



Cap asked him “So what happens when a asteroid larger than a mile collides with Earth?” He answered that “Not very long ago, in 1994, a string of asteroids struck Jupiter at about 138,000 mph. The largest member of the string, called Fragment G, was 1.2 miles wide. It created a brown spot on the surface of Jupiter. The spot was 7,500 miles wide, which is twice the width of the Atlantic. The fireball released about 6 million megatons of energy. If the explosive power were expressed in Hiroshima type bombs, the number of bombs would be equivalent to a row of bombs circling the globe 13 times.

A table published in one study theorized that an asteroid the size of Fragment G would create a 30-mile-high tsunami. [ii] It would knock airplanes out of the sky.

The Comet watching community was startled to see comet strikes so close to home. Before Fragment G, we thought we were safe. Since then, many have since recognized the possibility that if a comet could strike Jupiter, then one could strike our own planet.

But it could be larger. A six-mile-wide asteroid hit the Yucatan and ended the days of the dinosaurs. The waters of the Caribbean were thrown across America all the way to Canada. [iii]

There was a lull in the conversation. Everybody sat back and imagined water spilling over America.

St Patrick

Cap said “One might ask, what is going to happen on the other side of the Atlantic. There is a quote which comes from the *Book of Armagh*, which is an ancient illuminated manuscript associated with St Patrick. ‘Before the judgment, we shall be destroyed in the sea.’ [iv]

The implication is that Ireland will be inundated, which is what you would expect from a large impact. Even if the impact is on our side of the Atlantic, it will create great waves on the other side and Ireland will feel them first.

Additionally, St Patrick used the expression ‘Seven years.’ He said “Seven years before the judgment, we shall be destroyed in the sea.” That would put the judgement at 2033 or 34 depending on how you count. That works well with the most likely scenario.

Later, on the way to her car, one of her friends asked Cap “Do you really think that this is going to happen?” Cap answered that she really didn’t know, but that the story fit all the pieces together better than any other explanation.

The Aurora Borealis

About six hundred miles away, Captain James Norman ordered his submarine to surface. They were navigating the Greenland Sea. 120 miles north of the arctic circle, 200 miles east of Greenland and 600 miles west of Norway. It was October. Nights were long and daylight was limited.

They had passed the arctic circle earlier in the day. The Arctic Circle was the line at which the sun would be above the horizon for 24 hours on summer solstice and below the horizon for a full day on winter solstice. He was far enough north that for two weeks the sun would not be visible. The early light of dawn would brighten the sky but just before the sun would appear, the daylight would again begin to wane and dusk would advance as the daylight drifted away. The Long Winter Night would again takeover the sky.

Norman climbed up to the deck. The Aurora Borealis were stunning. Curtains of light waved and shimmered across the sky. The shimmering curtains seemed like they were about to reach down and touch the still water around him. The curtains danced across the horizon. Ruffled sheets of light appeared and disappeared. They moved in majestic waves.

In the still night air, one could hear the wavering hiss of the electrical cascade. There were deep rumbling noises. The air was electrified. Above him, high energy charged particles collided with atoms in the high-altitude atmosphere. The charged particles originated in the super-heated corona of the sun. They were carried by a diffuse river of hot plasma toward earth. At the poles, they would spiral downward and be carried along the lines of the magnet field. The charged and excited atoms would then give off photons and return to their normal ground state. It was the photons which put on the light show. Norman mused that the beauty here was so great and yet it was seen by so few.

Norman had a particular interest in this area because far below on the bottom of the sea laid the remains of a broken submarine. His father had been its captain. His father and his men were entombed in the remains of that submarine. One of his father's favorite Greek poets might have written a poem that this beauty was a song which the sun sang to his father and his men.

Norman's father had been the skipper of the USS Submarine Scorpion. On June 5 1968, the Scorpion was lost with 99 crewmen. Earlier in Norman's career, he had been approached by a senior officer who had served with his father. "I knew your father. I am going to tell you something that only a few men know." He told Norman the story of how his father's sub had been sunk by the Soviets in retaliation for the sinking of one of their own subs in which the Americans had been complicit.

When Norman neared the spot where the Scorpion lay on the bottom, he slowed to a crawl. The Naval Court of Inquiry revealed that the Scorpion had given off fifteen sonar signatures in its last moments. They had been picked up by the Navy's extensive field of listening devices across the Atlantic. In his mind, he could hear the fifteen explosions of the doomed craft. He could hear the first explosion, which was a torpedo that had likely blown open the officer's deck and immediately killed his father. Then there were the sounds of one bulkhead bursting after another, as the remaining crew struggled to save their ship.

The Pleiades

On this clear night, Norman gazed up at the Pleiades and remembered his father. On his father's knee, he had learned about the Pleiades. He loved to hear his father's voice. He was mesmerized by the stories his father told him.

In Greek mythology, the Pleiades were seven sisters. He knew them by name: Maia, Electra, Alcyone, Taygete, Asterope, Celaeno and Merope. Their parents were Atlas, a Titan who held up the sky, and the Oceanid Pleione, the protectress of sailing.

The sisters were the companions of Artemis, the goddess of hunting and the Moon. Once Artemis left her companions to go hunting in the forest of her father Zeus. While Artemis was away, the great hunter Orion came upon the maidens while the maidens danced and played. They fled from him. Moved by their beauty and grace, he pursued them across the earth.

Artemis heard their distant cry. She begged her father to help her. Orion was the greatest mortal hunter. He would surely capture the sisters. As the hunter closed in on his victims, Zeus transformed the sisters into a flock of doves. They flew into the heavens, beyond the reach of their pursuer, but it also removed them from earthly companionship with the goddess.

Artemis was angry with Orion for the loss of her companions. She persuaded her brother Apollo to send a giant scorpion after Orion. So, in the night sky, Orion pursues the Pleiades and the Scorpion pursues Orion.

The path of the Moon in the heavens passes close to the Pleiades, and thus Artemis – as the goddess of the Moon – has the solace of their frequent reunions

Pleiades.

Norman had inherited his father's books and his love for poetry. He recited some lines of Tennyson, which his father had taught him as they looked at the Pleiades in the night sky.

"Many a night I saw the Pleiades, rising through the mellow shade, Glitter like a swarm of fireflies tangled in a silver braid."

Tennyson was nearer the truth than he knew. The Pleiades were the brightest of a silver web of some four hundred stars braided in a beautiful nebula of color and gas.

James looked down at the still water, tinged in red. He spoke quietly "wine dark sea." He was reminded of one of his father's favorite poems, one in which the Greek poet Hesiod warns those who wish to sail in winter. He recited the lines:

And if longing seizes you for sailing the stormy seas, when the Pleiades flee mighty Orion and plunge into the misty deep and all the gusty winds are raging, then do not keep your ship on the wine-dark sea but, as I bid you, remember to work the land."

The Pleiades were winter stars. They would arise from the sea in October just before dawn. It was then time to pull ships from the water and to focus on planting and sowing, lest the angry gods of gust and gale take down the ships and crews.

He counted the Sisters out loud, as he had so many times with his father. There were only six. Once there were Seven. His father would ask him, how many are there and has the other sister come back yet? And each time, James looked to see if the missing sister had come back. Each time, he would answer that there were just six.

Now that he was grown, he knew that the sister wasn't coming back. And he knew why. In Vedic literature, there is a story about a strange fire in the Pleiades which grew brighter and brighter for five days. The fire clapped it hands several times and many people fell down. A horse's head appeared in the sky and breathed fire upon the earth. Commerce stopped. Celebrations and sacrifices ceased. Scholarly studies stopped. People could not express themselves and wandered off. The cities emptied. Villages burned down. Bones and Goblins filled the empty places.

In memory of his father, he still continued to count the six remaining sisters.

The Meteor Strikes

Just then, the eastern sky burst into light as if a giant light bulb had been turned on. It seemed that the sun was suddenly advancing from the northeast.

There was a deep rumbling noise. Norman was surrounded by strange hissing, swishing and popping noises. Before he could comprehend the source of the great light, a meteor shot across the sky and disappeared into the horizon in the south west. He stood in amazement. The meteor left a deafening sonic boom in its wake.

He jumped back into the sub and ordered it to descend to one hundred feet. He figured that the meteor was a larger than normal. Although it had plowed into the Atlantic on the other side of the horizon, it still might create a sizable shock wave or tsunami. He wanted to be cautious.

Norman told his people what he had seen and made his way to the sonar compartments. He told the sonar operator to tell him what his instruments had to say. Just then the panel jumped alive with bright lights. “Loud explosion... It’s a big one. 250 miles southeast. There are continuing explosions. It sounds like the crust of the earth is being ripped open... The earth is ringing like a bell. The repercussions are bouncing around inside the earth. We should feel the shockwave in about ten minutes. Better issue an alert. It will be a big one.”

The meteor was an iron rock about two miles in length. It first entered the atmosphere over Norway traveling south easterly at 38,000 mph. As it descended deeper into the atmosphere, it drove into a denser and denser sea of molecules. Concentrated air pressure built up in front of the meteor. Air friction began to melt and disintegrate the leading surface.

The meteor plunged into the Atlantic 200 miles east of Boston and exploded. It created a crater in the water 20 miles wide. The crater reached all the way to the seafloor, which was three miles deep in that area. It excavated another half mile of seafloor.

The meteor created a 7 million megaton explosion. It was the biggest explosion since the K/T impact, which ended the age of dinosaurs 65 million years earlier. And yet, by galactic standards, it wasn’t so big. There were many more out there which were larger. The Impact created a mounting series of waves which would strike New England an hour later.

The force of the meteor tearing through the atmosphere and the sudden release of energy upon impact played havoc with communications. It knocked out power and telephones in New England. Boston was suddenly dark. They didn’t know the wave was coming.

The night was clear. Some of the waves were a hundred miles wide, and a mile from front to back and 3000 feet high. The main deep-water wave was a mountain range of water.

The mechanics of asteroid impacts are such that a deep-water wave crests when it reaches shallow waters. It then becomes a tsunami. Tsunamis are about 28 times taller than the deep-water wave. This tsunami would be 40 miles high.

When the deep-water wave reached landfall, the first waves of water raced across the runways of Logan airport. In a couple seconds they buried the hangers and terminals. Some of the planes bobbed briefly in the turbulence.

The water poured into Boston Harbor and tore many boats from their moorings. The captain of Boston Harbor Cruises was moving his vessel into position. He was accustomed to the rocking of waves but his perspective was jolted. He couldn't comprehend that the vessel had lifted ten, then twenty feet in calm water. He was stunned. Water poured over the docks. He had never seen that, except in a hurricane. It kept rising dozens of feet per second. Water was soon swallowing the two and three story buildings along the waterfront.

His vessel was swept toward Charleston. The whole neighborhood appeared to be sinking. Water raced up Bunker Hill. His vessel bumped the Bunker Hill Monument as the monument sunk into the water. All around him, boats had broken free of their moorings. Old Ironsides floated nearby. A part of him did his normal routine of checking instruments and struggling to navigate, at full throttle, away from land. Another part of him was completely disoriented by what was happening. He watched as Boston's proudest buildings sank beneath the turgid surface.

In the downtown area, the waters traveled relentlessly across the landscape. The pressure of the water against one side of an office building and the vacuum on the other side caused the tallest buildings to topple one after another like dominos. As the tallest fell against the neighboring buildings, the smaller were crushed. One fell against another in a cascade of destruction. It was as if a giant hand had pressed against the side of a building. They were built to withstand winds of 160 mile per hour. But water, however, presented 1000 times the force of air. A wall of water against the face of a building would push it inch by inch out of position. Like a lever, the taller the wall of water, the less force it would take to tip over a building. Archimedes might have said, "Give me a tall enough wave, and I will topple any building." In a terrible choreography, the buildings of downtown fell one after another.

Soon all the buildings were submerged. And the water kept coming. Carrying the captain

further and further inland. He labored to keep his vessel away from the leading edge of destruction.

New York and Long Island were already depopulated from the bombing of Manhattan, and more so, later, from the tsunamis of the mid Atlantic rift. It would soon suddenly find itself again deep beneath the waters. The wave struck Long Island twenty minutes after Boston, and then, the city. What the Bomb and rift wave had left, the Big Wave toppled.

The water rushed across New Jersey and flattened Philadelphia.

Maryland

A mountain range of water surged across the eastern shore of Maryland, over the Chesapeake Bay, and easily over Annapolis and Baltimore. A few minutes later, it raced over Washington DC without pause or respect.

All along the eastern seaboard, moving south, mile by mile. Across the lowlands of the Rappahannock, then the York and the James. Upriver over the historic settlements of Yorktown, Williamsburg and Jamestown and onward and over Richmond. Over the Colonial and civil war sites. Racing across the inland hill country. Overcoming the ridges along the Shenandoah Valley and then inland as it challenged the three and four thousand-foot ridges of the Blue Ridge and Alleghenies.

An hour after the first waves struck Boston, a 30-mile-high wave struck the Carolinas. In moments, Charleston, Hilton Head, and Savannah were submerged. The water raced inland across the lowlands for hundreds of miles, sweeping over the lowlands on its way inland toward Tennessee and Georgia.

Florida had experienced depopulation from a series of traumatic hurricanes. The Great Earthquake had caused the Rift Tsunami and the Canary Island Tsunami.

When the Great Earthquake had struck Florida, much of the land area had subsided in some places as much as fifty feet. The tsunamis had washed over eastern Florida and swept away the lives of most of its east coast inhabitants. Most of the east coast had been abandoned.

The central highlands kept most of their population. The central line of cities had elevations higher than 100 ft.

Two hours after Boston, a ten-mile-high wave struck Jacksonville. With an elevation of only 30 feet, Jacksonville was quickly swallowed. The wall of water raced across the lowlands at more than one hundred miles an hour. Each mile swallowed a couple feet of the tidal surge. Fifty miles inland the tsunami was still almost ten miles high. The waves came on relentlessly, one after another, submersing the whole state.

Florida had two hours' notice. By 9 PM news reached the media that there was a disturbance at sea. It aroused little interest in far off Florida. At 10 PM the waves had struck Boston. With the power out, it was another half an hour before coherent news reached the media. The information was chaotic. At 11 PM, news reports arrived about of the inundation of Washington DC and the tidewater of Virginia. It was happening so fast that no one was in charge of estimating the extent of what might hit Florida if at all.

Public officials were awoken and made their way to their offices. Military and the Coast Guard were called. Alarms were set off. A decision was made to order an evacuation of all coastal communities to the central highlands nearest them. There was little hope of going north. There wasn't enough time, and the roads would be gridlocked.

A few people who heard the news sensed some concern. When they heard that it was heading south, a small number headed north at top speed.

When all was said and done, the water had reached inland about three hundred miles along the whole of the east coast. Finally stopping after inundating large parts of New York, Pennsylvania, Virginia, Carolinas, Georgia and Florida.

[i] https://news.ucsc.edu/2003/05/355.html [ii]

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[iii] Ibid

[iv] https://www.returntofatima.org/2017/03/st-patricks-day-2017/#more-8366