

Preparing for the Fiercest Battles

Anna Rountree completes her visions of heaven trilogy in an excerpt from *The Warrior King*, giving readers a glimpse of heaven and how events happening in the earth today correspond with activities in the spirit realm. Her first two books, *The Heavens Opened* and *The Priestly Bride* revealed mankind's chief enemy, our flesh, and how our heavenly Father raises up warriors for the fierce battles to come.

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Warfare Visions

I found myself on an embankment overlooking a bog. Huge wheels and hulls of massive equipment were half-sunk or piled in the mire amid rust-coated water and plants.

It was a salvage dump for a civilization once known for its inventiveness, now known for its waste.

A massive cliff city of iron lay beyond the bog—rusted. Its uncoiled wheels grated loudly.

A cloud of red dust suffocated its internal streets and its recessed buildings.

Years before, much of mankind had fled to iron-fortified cliffs such as these and continued life as though the corrupt evening of the world had not overtaken them.

Here, crows perched atop the bog's silenced machinery, calling to one another a false tattoo that all was well.

Suddenly the ground lurched violently beneath me, throwing me onto my hands and knees, knocking the breath out of me. I gasped, struggling to fill my lungs with the bitter metallic air.

Below, the ground of the bog began to split open like a ripe melon. One after another, the huge pieces of machinery tipped as though they were behemoths stumbling into the cavernous opening.

The fire within its rip looked like a smelter's furnace—with the iron of the rusted machinery adding to its eerie glow. Stagnant water joined the machinery, causing a fry of steam to rise from the molten depths.

City Under Siege

In the nearby cliff city, people crammed onto balconies or packed open windows to gape. Many screamed when they saw large, hyena-faced demons coming up from the molten depths and clambering over the falling equipment. These beasts were powerful, swift and hungry. They headed for the city.

At the same time, dark rope ladders uncurled from the second heaven, allowing sinewy black demons to climb down. Grappling hooks were slung over their backs so that they could pull themselves over and climb into the iron city once they reached their destination.

The cliff dwellers were trapped.

Bone-splitting shrieks rose from the besieged city. Horrific! Animal reflex snapped me into a low crouch, ready to run.

It was then that I saw a large straggle of soldiers trudging across a nearby ridge. They were led by a line of exceedingly old men clad in various pieces of armor. These were riding massive draft horses that looked like they had just been unhitched from the plow to carry these elderly fighters into

battle.

The soldiers were in tatters, armed with rakes, shovels, hoes and other non-aggressive tools. The elders leading them seemed battle-worn and as ancient as the pieces of rusted armor they wore. Each elder held aloft a staff from which a faded canvas insignia popped in the agitated air. I could barely make out the names of the various Christian denominations that once emblazoned the fabric.

Far in the distance, a large city was under what looked like nuclear attack, and the blasts of air rolling over us were from atomic explosions.

As if they were not able to see or were too stunned to understand, the elders moved toward the bombings in the city. Flesh-melting slaughter awaited them.

Involuntarily, I bellowed: "No!" as I ran toward them, waving my arms in a warning to stop.

I struggled to run fast enough to reach the last elder in the line.

"Stop!" I cried.

"We cannot," he shouted back. The elder did not look below at the hyena-faced demons swarming toward the cliff city, but I did.

Army in Peril

I paused a moment, looking behind, as the demons began to scale the slick outer walls.

The inhabitants of the cliff city were screaming down at them and throwing anything they could lay their hands on to stop them. It was gut-wrenching but far beyond my help. I shuddered as I turned to continue my run toward the elders on horseback.

With a final heave, I reached the last of the massive, 20-hands-high draft horses and grabbed part of its tack in a desperate attempt to steady myself. I could see that those demons would be coming for us next.

The elder on the horse looked down and shouted: "We must rescue those in the great city."

"But you will not rescue anyone," I shouted. "They are gone. Rescue those behind you!"

Then seeing that I was determined to hang on and be dragged if necessary, he reached down, grabbed my arm and pulled me up behind him onto the broad back of the horse.

"Look behind me," he called loudly. "We can defeat anything. There are thousands of us!" Then, seeing that I was straining to turn enough to see adequately, he shouted, "Stand up. Behold our numbers."

I had never stood on the back of a horse, but in the panic of the moment, I thought I might be able to stand after all. I needed whatever assurance the elder was trying to give me. The horse did not flinch as I shakily stood on its rump.

Behind the elder, I saw a vast number of men and women trying to move forward to confront the enemy. They were naively brave but poorly armed and poorly equipped, already bent down by the blast of a storm that came from a city that no longer existed. The elders did not understand because they were doing what they had always done. In the past, they had gone out in the name of Jesus: His banners went before them, His elders led the way.

However, now we needed Jesus. We needed Him leading His army, Him to guard our flank and Him to be our rear guard.

This battle was too great. Now, we must have the captain of the host leading His people.

Warrior by Commission?

Sometime later, I had the privilege I had long awaited: entering the throne room of the one who rules over all.

Brilliant with light was the throne and He who sat upon it. I seemed exceedingly small as I gazed up into the dazzling light that hid my heavenly Father's face. His chest, arms, legs and feet glowed with an equal inner light; His flowing garment spilled out onto the sea of glass.

I dropped to my knees with my face to the floor.

"Daddy," I said in a choked whisper.

"We have been waiting for you," He said.

I lifted my head slightly. "Daddy, terrible things are happening on earth."

"And what are you going to do about them?"

"Me?" I gasped in shock. I looked up and saw Jesus standing to the right of our heavenly Father. He was clothed in gleaming silver armor, intent on my answer. Before Him stood a huge sword on which He rested both of His hands. He seemed primed for battle and concerned about the loss of any minute given to discussion instead of action.

"Who am I, Daddy?"

"Who indeed?"

Jesus spoke: "Anna, you cannot defeat the supernatural with bullets or bombs. This enemy is immortal."

"We must do something." I pleaded.

"Now," my Father said in a manner used to transition from one subject to another. It was as though my arrival had broken into court business, and He was ready to reengage it. "As to

the matter that has been brought before us: Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?"

I realized that He had moved on to broader concerns, concerns of the kingdom—perhaps of the world. What He asked sounded vaguely familiar.

Then I remembered the call that went out in heaven in Isaiah's day when Isaiah boldly answered before the others assembled, saying: "Here am I. Send me!"—and he who was not a part of the heavenly court was allowed to go.

Could I do the same?

Surging Fury & Indignation

Suddenly I felt emboldened and flushed with the thought that I might be able to help.

"I will go, Father," I said—in the zeal of the moment.

"You, Anna?"

There was a rustle among the angels and the redeemed. Jesus spoke to clarify the mission.

"Anna, We need an emissary that will extract a beneficence that was locked away in Our garden when it was shut to mankind and its entrance guarded. After the flood, it was taken and hidden in black caves. This was many years ago. In this hour, We have need of it for the coming battle."

"Now that you have heard the need, Anna, do you still wish to go?" my Father asked.

"Yes!" I exclaimed, hardly able to contain my excitement. Then I thought, "Where is it?"

"Stolen," Jesus said, reading my mind. "We received a taunt this very day."

A taunt? Who was arrogant enough to taunt the living God to His face? I remembered that the enemy used taunts in biblical times. But this would not unnerve Almighty God. It was an affront, that's what it was—Satan was mocking our God. I felt a fury growing in me even as David did when the giant challenged the God of Israel, mocking Him.

A wave of consternation ran through those assembled.

“Father, it is underground,” Jesus concluded.

“Anna?” my Father questioned as if giving me another chance to refuse.

“I will go,” I said, now burning with indignation. A cheer went up among the redeemed.

“Very well. So be it,” my Father confirmed.

“Bless you, My child,” He said. Then He removed His hands. I leaned into the light, overpowered by His love.

To read more of Anna Rountree's visions in The Warrior King, visit .

Anna Rountree spent many years in pastoral ministry with her husband. Before accepting Christ, she graduated from Baylor University and the Royal Academy of Dramatic Art in London. She later became an actress in New York City and wrote the screenplay for Stephen King's first book, *Carrie*. After coming to Christ, Anna and her husband spent several years helping bring pastors together for monthly prayer gatherings. She is currently writing several books as well as a monthly chronicle of the spiritual history of the Moravian Falls House of Prayer.