

## [37] World Congress 666

It was June 14—a day never to be forgotten. This date, conveners of World Congress 666 were determined, would go down in history as the day of the key event that laid the foundation for a New Age of unbroken world peace and economic and ecological wholeness. They were confident also that it would always be remembered and cherished as the day that the planet was rescued from an almost certain holocaust. For residents of an area famous for its fog, it would certainly be remembered as one of the most beautiful June days in history. The unusual weather provided the dignitaries from all over the world flying into San Francisco's International Airport a crystal-clear and sweeping view—from the Pacific Ocean and Golden Gate Bridge, over Nob Hill and the skyscrapers along Market Street, across the Oakland Bay Bridge to Berkeley, and on into the Walnut Creek area, over which Mount Diablo could be seen towering in the distance like some brooding giant.

To regular commuters that Friday morning, there was nothing unusual in the number of foreigners at the San Francisco airport, many in native dress from robes to turbans. But to the discriminating eye, the *quality* was quite remarkable. One would have to go back to the April 1945 San Francisco Conference that birthed the United Nations to find a time when a comparable number of international leaders had converged upon this part of the world. And even then the comparison failed. In 1945 only about 50 nations had been represented; on this date, high-level dignitaries from more than 120 nations poured into the Bay area. From the airport, however, these international representatives did not proceed north into the metropolitan district, but south in a steady stream of limousines whose destination was a certain secluded and, until recently, unknown CIA installation in the redwoods west of Palo Alto.

Elated, yet with unresolved conflicts still stirring within, Carla paced nervously in her office awaiting the call on the intercom that would tell her it was time to join Frank and the other VIPs to formally greet their guests. Her excitement grew as she caught glimpses through the window of the limousines

arriving one after another. There were diplomats from around the world, including those from many Third World and Communist countries (even China and North Korea were represented), as well as high-level officers representing the Pentagon and NATO. Among the first arrivals was a U.S. Army staff car with the flag of a four-star general flying from the front fender. After the two dozen parking places inside the complex were filled, the drivers had to drop off their fashionably attired passengers and then drive back through the gate to park outside. The guards were still there to check identities and to hand out the official packet of materials to each invitee, but the gate was now left open in honor of this great event. From this date forward it would remain perpetually open as a symbol of the new trust that would henceforth prevail among all nations.

There was, of course, a large press corps present, but because of limited seating capacity in the auditorium where the main meeting was to be held, most of them were required to wait just outside the gate. There nearly 200 congregated and had to be held back by police to prevent blockage of the narrow road in front of the entrance. About 30 representatives of the major media giants, each one handpicked by Carla, were allowed inside to mingle with the guests and to see this historic event unfold from the inside.

Promptly at 4:00 p.m. a justifiably proud and beaming Frank Leighton led his inner circle outside to stand beside him in a reception line to greet their distinguished guests, who had already been taken on guided tours through much of the facility. For this auspicious occasion Leighton was attired in a dark suit with almost indistinguishable pinstripes. On his lapel he wore a discretely designed badge identifying him as founder and director of the Psychic Research Center. Across the top of the badge were emblazoned the large gold numbers: 666. In the packet given to each delegate to the congress was a similar identification badge bearing each one's name, country, and office—and of course the same prominent numerical designation.

To Leighton's left stood Antonio Del Sasso wearing his long, black monk's robe, hood thrown back, smiling graciously, and projecting a captivating charm. Next came Carla, radiantly beautiful in a full-skirted, flowered silk dress; and finally, a pale and tense Viktor, feeling uncomfortable in a very expensive suit that Frank had ordered tailor-made for him. As the keynote speaker, he had to look the part.

"There's a warm and beautiful presence of love over this whole place, isn't there?" Carla whispered to Viktor. "Haven't you felt it growing stronger all

day?”

He shook his head. “I hadn’t noticed,” he said in a faraway voice.

“Are you okay?” whispered Carla. He nodded and looked away. “I’m worried about you!” Viktor’s jaw stiffened, but he made no answer.

The invited delegates filed slowly by, shaking hands, bowing, honored to meet Leighton and thrilled to shake the hand of the greatest psychic the world had yet known—the one who would lead mankind into the New Age. Carla and Viktor, too, were the recipients of repeated congratulations for their contribution to the success of the research center. In the euphoria of that grand moment, she felt herself wanting to believe more than ever before that the Plan would indeed cure the world’s ills. What a day it would be for planet Earth and its inhabitants if only that could be true!

U.S. Marines in dress uniform strolled among the guests, carrying large trays loaded with a variety of drinks and hors d’oeuvres. Long tables holding the same fare had been set up on the expansive lawn on the right side of the drive. There the guests mingled with one another until at last all had arrived and gone through the formality of the reception line. Leighton then moved to a microphone set up on a small platform.

“May I have your attention, please!” The babble of excited voices died down. “Before we go into the auditorium to proceed with the activities of this historic occasion, Antonio Del Sasso would like to welcome you and say a few words about the badges you are all wearing. By the way, is anyone not wearing a badge?”

There was an anxious flurry here and there as delegates who had forgotten to put on their badges did so. In the meantime, Del Sasso stepped to the mike.

“Welcome to ‘World Congress 666,’” began Del Sasso in a warm but booming voice. “You are all aware that the very name and date and substance of this gathering was decreed by higher intelligences who have been watching our progress for millennia. They have chosen to intervene at this crucial time in order to rescue us from a probable nuclear holocaust and to lay the foundation for a revolutionary new political and economic system that will usher in a New Age of peace and prosperity and freedom for all peoples.

“I’m sure you all know the name Pierre Teilhard de Chardin, the Jesuit priest rightly known as ‘the father of the New Age.’ You may not know that he predicted this day would dawn—the day when mankind would take a quantum leap on its journey toward the Omega point where we each realize our true godhood. This has been the hope of all religions. Yet there are certain, shall we

say, 'badly-informed' fundamentalist elements among Jews, Christians, and Moslems that will not accept this great truth. Such negativism cannot any longer be allowed to hold back the development of the race. There will be specific instructions concerning this later. In the meanwhile, the destruction of the Antichrist myth, which we are together accomplishing today, is the first step along that path.

"You are each wearing—and with great pride and dignity, I trust—the number 666 on a badge, along with your name, country, and office. The significance of doing so has already been communicated to you in the literature you received with your formal invitation. Yet many of you, in coming through the reception line, had questions about this and some seemed quite confused. Indulge me, therefore, while I give a brief explanation of the monumental importance of this moment. Those of you coming from the East may not realize it, but the Western world has lived for centuries under the haunting fear of a coming Antichrist taking over this planet and requiring every inhabitant to wear the number 666 on pain of death. Your courage and conviction in identifying yourselves today with that dread number has broken that powerful taboo and has delivered the entire world, from this moment forth, from the debilitating Antichrist superstition that has enslaved so many in the past. The world can now break free from the negative ideas of sin and redemption and the demeaning delusion that man is dependent upon some mythical 'God.'

"Your brave example will be followed by men and women of goodwill everywhere, who will identify themselves with the New Order by wearing a similar badge. So I congratulate you on the role you are playing today. Let us all drink a toast to each other and to the glorious freedom from the destructive religious beliefs that have for too long strangled progress and fostered intolerance."

The applause was followed by good-natured banter and the clinking of glasses. Carla felt someone tap her on the shoulder and turned around to look into the smiling face of George Conklin. He raised his glass to touch hers, and with a wink said, "Here's to the peaceful use of psychic power!"

"Coming from you, George," she laughed as she raised her glass to touch his again, "that's the biggest compliment I've ever gotten!"

"I really mean it," he said. "Thanks for getting me inside. There's an incredible presence of love in here. I felt it the moment I came through the gate, and it's growing stronger!"

"Beautiful, George! Isn't it fantastic?"

“You know I’m not given to superlatives, but this is really uplifting. I’ve never felt anything like it!”

“You can’t even imagine what you’re going to see this afternoon!” added Carla. “You’re a tough nut to crack, but believe me, you’re going to be completely boggled—and converted. There won’t be any doubts after today!”

She turned to touch glasses with others of different complexions, dress, and culture as the guests toasted the new era of peace each was convinced was dawning. Swept along as on the crest of a wave of overwhelming love and ecstatic optimism that had all but submerged the conflicts still stirring within her, Carla found herself touching her badge with pride. It was such an honor to shake hands with and hug and exchange sincere expressions of brotherhood and sisterhood with these men and women of world renown, each thereon behalf of the scores of countries that had sent representatives. It was like getting a sneak preview of the new world soon to be realized through their joint commitment to the Plan.

She had lost sight of Viktor and wondered whether he had been similarly stirred. *Do the Archons know whatever it is that he has up his sleeve? Will it be detrimental to the Plan? If so, what will they do to stop him? Should I tell Frank that Viktor has a plan of his own? Wouldn’t it be for Viktor’s own good as well as for the good of the whole world?*

Carla sensed that someone was staring at her. She looked up into the eyes of Antonio Del Sasso who was now moving slowly through the crowd a few feet from her. He was smiling. She returned his smile and blew a kiss in his direction.

Frank stepped to the microphone again. “We will go inside in a few minutes and there you will all witness for yourselves the awesome capabilities that reside in Antonio Del Sasso, who is mingling among you right now to give you an opportunity to converse with him personally. As you already know from the White House report that was sent to each of you, Dr. Del Sasso has powers that no other person, dead or alive—including Krishna, Buddha, Jesus Christ, or Mohammed—has ever displayed.

“Our purpose is not to worship him. Neither is it his to solicit our worship. He is a very humble man whose only desire is to serve mankind. Antonio continually reminds me that he has been chosen by higher intelligences merely as a prototype of the millions and eventually billions of others who will, through his example and guidance, in due time develop the same godlike capabilities. This is the heart of the Plan and the only hope for a new world of peace, love, and genuine brotherhood among all peoples. Only then can we be accepted into

the intergalactic community of planetary civilizations that has patiently awaited for centuries our long-overdue coming of age. What a heritage to pass on to our children and grandchildren!

“Whenever you are ready, you may begin to move to your right through the two entrances to the auditorium where you see the marine guards standing. Have your official badges prominently displayed for entrance. We’ll convene in there in about 15 minutes.”

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For more than a week, Ken had experienced a heightened concern for Carla. For that concern he had concluded that he no longer had any recourse except fervent prayer. They’d had little contact in the last few days as she daily seemed to become more and more withdrawn and uncommunicative. He’d been reluctant to try to break into her private world, sensing that he must leave her to deal with her conflicts alone. Neither prayer nor persuasion could force her to make the right decision. It would have to come willingly from her own heart. Arguments and coaxings—he’d given her more than enough of those in the past. She knew the truth, and it was now a matter of acting upon it without any further influence from him. As the day of the Congress drew near, he had agonized for her in prayer that God would leave no stone unturned in confronting her with the truth.

She had showed him her badge at breakfast on the morning of the thirteenth, making light of the large 666, and he had been appalled. “I can’t find words to express my horror at this!” he’d said. “You’re trifling with your eternal soul!”

“Back off, Ken,” had been her instant response. “I’ve never seen you react like this.”

“Carla—your mother, if she were still alive, would be far more shocked to think of you wearing the number 666 than by your father’s unfaithfulness!”

She had put the badge back in her purse without another word and had left the table, leaving her breakfast untouched.

“Those who take that number,” he had called after her as she had hurried down the hall, “will suffer ‘the wrath of the Lamb’! Don’t bring the just judgment of God down upon yourself, Carla, please!”

She had left the house without another word.

With an urgency verging upon despair, Ken had appealed to Hal and Karen Elliott, whom he looked up to and respected as his father and mother in the faith. “Prayer isn’t going to change her mind,” Hal had said. “But we can petition God to intervene and prevent this diabolical Plan from coming into being, at least for now, so that the world will have a little longer to turn to Christ.” With this in

mind, it had been decided that as many as could would take the day of June 14 off from work and would spend it together in prayer and fasting.

Carla and Ken met only briefly at breakfast that morning. Ken's mother had tried to get a conversation going, with little success. Ken had waited until breakfast was over to lovingly attempt once again to impress upon Carla the seriousness of what she was about to participate in. She had politely thanked him for his concern, then had hurried off to the installation, calling over her shoulder as she went out the door that this was the "big day." A few minutes later Ken and his mother had driven over to the Elliott's house for what was to be a "big day" for them as well.

It was a solemn gathering of about 20 who met together in the familiar living room. "I'm convinced that this is the greatest challenge we have ever faced as a group," said Elliott as they prepared to pray. "As you all know, this is the long-awaited day when the attempt will be made by Frank and Del Sasso to persuade delegates from around the world to turn their countries over to the Archons. I think you're all familiar with the fact that Archon is the Greek word in Ephesians for 'principalities' in the King James—the demons that Paul identified as directing the evil powers of darkness over this earth. The delegates, of course, don't realize it, but to embrace the Archons 'Plan is tantamount to turning the world over to the Antichrist. They are even being persuaded to wear the number 666 in order to mock the prophecy warning against this in Revelation 13. I believe there's a great spiritual battle being waged in the heavenlies right now, and our prayers could play a significant part in its outcome.

"Of course, if this is God's time to allow Satan to take over, then our prayers will not change that. Somehow I can't believe that time has come yet. If it had, I'm convinced we would already have been raptured out of here, and that obviously hasn't happened. So let's pray in faith and bind the forces of evil in the Name of Jesus Christ from deceiving those who are at all open to the truth. Let's pray that Satan's purposes will be frustrated, that the Plan will not take shape yet, that there will be at least a little more time left for the gospel to be preached and for many more to come to Christ before it's forever too late."

"And please pray two specific things for Carla," Ken added, "that her eyes will be opened completely and she will have the courage to turn from evil to Christ and that she will be kept in physical safety. That whole scene out there is a powder keg. Almost anything could happen. And pray the same for Viktor Khorev, the Russian, as well—and for Frank, and for the delegates from these many countries, that they will have their eyes opened also and be delivered from

the lies and persuasive influence of seducing spirits.”

So it was that while Frank, his team, and a vast assemblage of world leaders savored their moment of destiny out at the installation, a humble group of suppliants was kneeling in prayer that these same high hopes might not come to fruition.

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While the delegates proceeded through the outside doors, Carla and the other staff members who were to be seated on the platform entered through the front lobby. Turning to their left along the corridor past Leighton’s office, then to the right past the main lab where Carla and Viktor had first seen Del Sasso demonstrate his powers, they branched left again down a narrow passageway that led them onto the stage by a back entrance. Joining Leighton, Del Sasso, Viktor, and Carla in special seats on the platform behind the podium were Mike Bradford, head of security, his assistant Leighton’s personal secretary, and former Cal Tech professor Dr. Chris Burton, who had recently arrived to take over as head of the labs in place of Kay Morris.

From her place of honor on the platform, Carla watched in fascination as the representatives from more than 120 countries hurried to claim the front rows in the small 250-seat auditorium. These sophisticated personages—many of them world renowned seemed as eager and excited as children jostling their way into a Saturday movie matinee. To think that the president of the United States had been deluged with requests from around the world from ambassadors, members of parliament senators, and Congressmen to attend—and that thousands had been turned away for lack of space! Such an outpouring of acceptance and support at this early stage—even before the full story had been told to the world—had had a telling effect upon Carla’s own thinking. In fact it had been one of the key influences during the past two weeks in easing her doubts and renewing her commitment to the Plan.

An army of sound and electronic technicians to supplement their own staff had been brought in and could be seen at their posts throughout the auditorium on video machines and in the sound and recording booths. Then there was the rewiring that had been done to put earphones at every seat for simultaneous translation in 20 languages by the 40 translators who had been brought in, some from other countries. They were now seated in their specially constructed booths along the curving rear wall between the huge, laminated-oak beams that supported the domed roof. And behind her, looming up to the sloping ceiling from its base on the platform, was the newly installed, giant, curved television

screen.

For Carla, it was awesome to see it all laid out before her now and to remember the events that had brought her to this incredible point in time. How quickly it had all developed—and now the culmination, with the eyes of the world upon them! And to think that it had all begun because she just happened to have a car in the right place at the right time in Paris to rescue Viktor Khorev, the man sitting beside her at this very moment—the man who was to give the keynote address to this august gathering. It was an honor and responsibility he surely had never anticipated when he made the crucial decision to defect! She desperately hoped it would be for him a time of vindication and honor and acceptance by the world, which he so justly deserved, and that it would bring the happiness he so evidently lacked.

Her train of thought was broken by Frank's low, whispered voice as he leaned over close to Viktor. "Are you feeling alright, Viktor?"

Viktor waved him off. "Just nerves. I'll be okay once I get to the podium." Frank seemed satisfied and went back to his seat next to Del Sasso to await the moment when he would officially convene World Congress 666.

Carla looked over at Viktor in concern. He was going through his notes, underlining key phrases with a red pen. There was no point in telling him again that she was worried, or in warning him not to do anything foolish. She had already said that too many times. She would understand "when the time comes," he had told her. Apparently that moment in history had now arrived. She was excited—and suddenly terribly afraid.