

## [40] The Archon Legacy

Carla recovered consciousness about a quarter of a mile away from the installation when Ken pulled over to let the first fire engine—with siren wailing at ear-splitting amplitude—roar past. She opened her eyes, looked around in terror for a moment, then realized that they were safe and on the way home. He had to pull over and stop to let another fire engine go by, and Carla took hold of his arm. He turned and their eyes met. She was crying again, but now she was smiling through the tears.

“Look at me, Ken,” she said between sobs. “Something happened to me—something *wonderful*. Can you tell?”

“Are you telling me... ?”

She nodded, and her eyes told him what she couldn’t find the words to say. He put his arms around her and held her tight both of them sobbing now—tears of joy. Thank God! Oh, Carla—thank God!”

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Firemen found Antonio Del Sasso facedown, unconscious from smoke inhalation, in the main corridor just outside the narrow passage that led to the backstage door. They speculated that he had been felled by the powerful explosion in the theater earlier, had come to, and had been able to make his way only that far before being overcome by the smoke. Otherwise there was no explanation why, if he had escaped injury in the theater, it would have taken him so long to go such a short distance, or why he hadn’t gotten out safely along the same escape route as Carla Bertelli, the only other survivor.

Ken called the Elliotts the moment he had gotten Carla safely to his house. There was mingled joy and sorrow at the news he conveyed: joy that Carla had not only survived but had surrendered to Christ at last, and sorrow for Viktor and Frank and the many others who had perished. As firemen would later report, the all-consuming holocaust had been so fierce that only ashes had remained and little could be learned of its cause from examining the ruins. Of course, Viktor’s body—not five feet from Del Sasso—had been found as well, the only one

recovered of all those who had died.

“We have to be careful,” Hal Elliott had cautioned the gathering as he announced the news, “that we don’t imagine that our prayers have the power to frustrate completely Satan’s plans for this world. Our prayers played a part today because it’s clearly not yet God’s time to allow the Antichrist to set up his counterfeit kingdom. And we must always remember that it’s not how loudly or how long we pray that counts. We are not heard for our ‘much speaking,’ as Jesus said. What matters is the faith God gives us, and the holiness of our lives. ‘The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much,’ according to James 5:16. God won’t use unclean vessels for His work, no matter how often we cry to Him and claim His promises. And He only answers according to His perfect will, to which we must be in obedient submission or we will not be heard at all.”

To the “Amens” and nodded agreement, Hal added another exhortation. “Instead of resting on what we might imagine was a great victory, we need to spend still more time while we’re here in letting God search our hearts and perhaps reveal through His Word the significance of today’s astonishing events. Where does this fit in, if at all, with Bible prophecy? What does it mean for the future, and what are we to do about it? I think we’re at a critical juncture in world history, and we believers need some fresh insight and direction from God’s Word.”

While he agreed with Hal and was willing to continue to pray along with the others, Don Jordan had the sudden conviction that another task had been given to him at that moment. He called Ken and told him that he was coming right over—that it was urgent.

When Jordan arrived, briefcase in hand, Carla was lying on the sofa in the living room, pouring out to Ken the whole unbelievable tale. “You’re doing the right thing,” said Jordan sympathetically to Carla when he joined them. “You’ve got to get this off your chest, share it with someone right away. That’s why I wanted to be here.” He pulled a tape recorder out of his briefcase. There’s another and maybe even more important reason, also. I suspect that your version of the story is going to be very crucial in the future. You may be certain that Del Sasso will have a different tale to tell, in total conflict with yours.”

“I don’t know how far you’ve gotten,” he said, as he put the recorder near Carla and turned it on, “but you’ll have to start over— with this morning, first of all. Take us through the entire day, and don’t leave out any detail. Then we’ll go back to when you first met Viktor in Paris and bring it forward from there. Take

your time. I have no official status, and probably never will. This will be handled by the CIA to begin with—and then a federal grand jury, I would imagine— or perhaps a Senate committee, depending on which way they want to go. Tomorrow I couldn't do this, so let's get at it while we can."

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It was after midnight when they finished at last. The process had been an exhausting and horribly traumatic one for Carla, but she held up well to the very end. Then she went off to bed. Ken and Don talked a while longer. The latter would not leave the house until they had made a copy of every tape for Ken to put in his safe deposit box. Jordan took the originals for his files, to be produced if the appropriate time ever came. Having heard the story, he knew that he had done the right thing—and that he would not hesitate to take the witness stand, even if it meant his job, which he was now convinced might very well be the case someday. There were people highly placed in Washington who would rather die than have the truth come out. He was now sure of that.

An early morning phone call from Jordan relayed the expected news. "Ken, we've just gotten orders to bring Carla in for questioning. It isn't going to be under our jurisdiction. As I suspected, the CIA will be in charge, but they want us to bring her in. Two of my men are on the way over there now. Don't wake up Carla until they get there—but I wanted you to know. I don't know for sure, but I get the impression that Del Sasso has already said some things that may implicate Carla."

"Implicate her?" responded Ken. "In *what*?"

"In the cause of the destruction."

"That's insane!" Ken felt himself losing control.

"Get hold of yourself, Ken. And make no statements to the two agents when they come. Just keep cool. That's why I called you. Okay? Pray about it, brother, and let the Lord take over. You've got to walk in the Spirit now if you ever did—not in the flesh! And not a word, of course, about the recording we made last night, or about this phone call."

It was late afternoon when Carla was finally brought back to the house by the same two agents—both of whom had previously been on duty at the Hilton. She looked exhausted—and stunned--when Ken opened the door to let her in. "Remember, you're not under arrest yet," one of the agents was saying, "but you shouldn't leave town without checking with us first." Ken opened his mouth, then bit his lip and took Carla by the arm and led her inside. She put her arms around his neck and clung to him, trying to hold back the tears.

He held her until she had stopped shaking, then they walked to the kitchen, his arm around her. He put some water on to boil and they sat down at the table. Carla wiped her eyes. “I didn’t let them see me like this, I can assure you,” she said. “I was strong down there. But it’s so unbelievable.”

“Tell me about it.”

“I can’t—they won’t let me.”

“What do you mean?”

“I’m under a court-imposed order of silence—can’t discuss this whole thing, from beginning to end, with anyone, not even with you.”

Ken’s thoughts were racing. Jordan hadn’t just been guessing. What was going to happen? This was incredible. He would fight with every ounce of his strength. They wouldn’t get away with this—whatever it was they were trying to get away with that Carla couldn’t tell him about. The shrill sound of the kettle brought him back to the present

When he had brought the cups and teapot back to the table, he said, “You can at least tell me how it went, and why you’re so upset.”

“Ken, I’m not supposed to say *anything*.”

He remembered what Jordan had said. “Are they blaming you in some way?” he asked. “Don’t say anything—just nod yes or no.”

She nodded slowly. “But there’s no way they can make that lie work!” he exclaimed angrily.

“Maybe they can. There’s something I overlooked, Ken. We all overlooked it—even Jordan.”

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The United States government had immediately set up an armed patrol to keep the curious from entering any part of the property, including the access road. A blanket of complete secrecy had been pulled over the entire affair. The fact that there had been a huge explosion and fire with the loss of nearly 300 lives, many of them well-known international leaders and top media personalities, could not, of course, be kept quiet. News reports and graphic film footage of leaders arriving for the Congress, the throng of journalists outside the gate, then the fire, were flashed around the world in a matter of minutes. Beyond that, however, the media was left to speculate on its own. Other governments, of course, whose representatives had perished in the disaster, were demanding answers. Each received the standard response that no comment was yet available and that a full inquiry might take months.

No interviews of either Bertelli or Del Sasso were allowed to the media. It

was rumored, however, from “reliable sources” that their testimony was in serious conflict and that there were major holes in Bertelli’s story. It was easy enough to speculate, and a lot of that was done openly in the press in the days that followed the disaster. There almost seemed to be a resentment by some of her former colleagues that she alone—in contrast to the 30 other media persons inside at the time of the disaster, each of whom she had personally invited—had survived. Why? Something didn’t add up. For one thing, Del Sasso had been found unconscious not far from the theater, while Bertelli, on the other hand, had made it out without even a bruise. How could she have been in the theater at the time of the huge explosion that had been witnessed by the media personnel clustered around the gate at the time, and by the two guards? Why was she the only survivor, and how could she have escaped unscathed? So the rumors flew, and when there are no facts to go by, rumor feeds upon itself.

After a week in the hospital under close guard, Del Sasso seemed to be completely recovered. The “source” leaked enough to know that Del Sasso could remember everything up to the time of the explosion, but nothing thereafter, which was, after all, what one would expect, given the force of that blast. Yet Bertelli knew all the details, before and after—and some of them were absolutely unbelievable. Science-fiction writers would hesitate to paint the scenario she had come up with, so it was rumored.

As for the giant UFO, no one had gotten a picture, and the reports were extremely conflicting. Some said it hadn’t been a UFO at all, but a huge ball of fire propelled by the explosion, and that it just seemed to look like a UFO. Others swore they had been able to make out the metal body and the windows and the classic *Star Wars* shape. Only one witness said he had seen Ken’s Jeep drive right through it, but obviously that couldn’t have happened—it had to have passed just over him.

In the final analysis, the UFO theory fell under the weight of the unbelievable scenario that would have to be accepted if it were true. For one thing, the witnesses—more than 100 of them--were

nearly unanimous that the object had come out of the domed roof of the theater on the right side of the main structure. Since there was no way a spacecraft of such huge proportions could have gotten inside the building, it was obvious that one didn’t exit the building either. So the object had to be not a giant UFO ringed with flames, but a huge ball of fire that by some freak of nature—related possibly to the kind of explosion or the wind currents at the time— had been propelled in a horizontal vector and had dissipated in the trees just

beyond the gate. That several treetops were badly scorched in a linear pattern leading away from the theater seemed to confirm this line of reasoning.

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Ken and Carla refused to allow government prohibitions to dictate their personal lives, especially when it came to that which mattered so much to both of them. The wedding that had been cancelled more than two years before because of Ken's conversion to Christ became a reality at long last because of Carla's conversion. There was, of course, a whole different list of guests now than had been proposed originally. Everything had changed. Carla found herself involved with a new world of friends, most of them from the prayer meeting at the Elliotts' and the church Ken attended and a weekly Bible study in his home that he led.

"As your husband," Ken had said when he'd proposed for this, the second time, "I'll be able to share secrets you can't tell me otherwise, so we can fight this thing together."

Carla had laughed. "Are you trying to justify this grand proposal? Some men marry women for their money--which I don't have. And others--well, are you marrying me for the secret information I'm privy to?"

Originally, they had hoped to honeymoon in Hawaii, but that was out of the question now with the imposed prohibition on travel. It would have been a local resort, had not Jordan intervened on their behalf. Under his pressure, the CIA relented and let them travel as far as Carmel, a mere 50 miles to the south of Palo Alto, but in many ways no less beautiful or popular with newlyweds than Maui.

During the next six months, Carla was summoned to Washington, D.C. several times to testify before a closed Senate hearing. There was much pressure in the media to lift the lid of secrecy, but the government would never give in to such demands. And it soon became clear to Carla and Ken, who always accompanied her, and to the two lawyers Ken had hired, that Carla was in deep trouble—and why.

"You're still sticking to your story," asked the chairman of the Senate investigating committee on Carla's third appearance before that body, "that it was Colonel Chernov—a man who had been dead for several weeks--who killed Dr. Khorev in the corridor as the two of you were trying to make your escape?" He peered at her over his glasses incredulously.

"As I've already explained, it wasn't Chernov." She was finding it increasingly difficult to hold her Irish temper under control. They seemed to be

deliberately insisting that she had said what she hadn't and attempting to discredit her testimony in every way they could, simply because it disagreed with that of their star witness, Antonio Del Sasso. Her demand to confront him face-to-face was repeatedly denied.

"But you said it looked exactly like him!" the chairman interrupted sharply.

"I explained that it was an Archon masquerading as Chernov."

"And Dr. Del Sasso says that the whole 'Archon scenario' was something that Viktor Khorev invented, and that you went along with it. Apparently the two of you had this agreement from the very beginning. We have, of course, your published articles to verify this. You don't deny them?"

"Of course I don't deny them. And I'm telling you once again that Del Sasso is lying. He presented himself as the Archons' ambassador-at-large to the world and stated on many occasions, including at the gathering under investigation, that the psychic powers he manifested came entirely from the Archons."

"And you expect this committee to believe fantasies about highly evolved extraterrestrials without bodies—spirit beings that you now call demons—who go around masquerading as dead Russian officers?"

"I don't have any control over what the committee believes. I only know that I'm telling you the truth, whether you believe it or not!"

"And you still stick to your story," put in another senator, "that you encountered Dr. Del Sasso in the lobby after the explosion—in spite of the fact that firemen found him lying unconscious just outside the theater, far inside the building?"

"I am—and my husband, Ken Inman, has corroborated that fact."

"Yes, we have his testimony, and it does, indeed, agree with yours—as would be expected."

At that point Ken jumped to his feet to object only to be pulled down by his two lawyers. "I took Carla out in my Yukon. There are witnesses who saw us come out of the lobby together!" he whispered to the attorneys. "And that proves nothing about Del Sasso being in the lobby!" was the stern response, with a reminder to keep cool and let them handle it. After all, that was what he had hired them for.

"We are urging you to tell the truth, Mrs. Inman," the chairman said again. "You have not had a criminal record up to this time, and I want to appeal to you on the basis of the loyalty you once seemed to have toward your country. World leaders died in that holocaust placing the stability of our relationship with other nations at jeopardy. I cannot offer you clemency—that would be for a judge to

decide—but I can offer you the satisfaction of knowing that you can at least in some degree redeem yourself from this unspeakable crime by telling the truth now.”

“I have told the truth,” was all Carla could say. She seemed to have lost touch with reality. This couldn’t possibly be happening!

“You know that it makes no sense at all,” persisted the chairman, “that Dr. Del Sasso would be in the lobby a step from safety, and then go back in to almost certain death. In fact if the firemen had not found him just in time, he would have been dead. Why would he go back? He would have known that everyone else was dead. And having come that far in his effort to escape, he certainly wouldn’t reenter a burning building for no reason.”

“Maybe he was ashamed of what he’d done and wanted to die,” responded Carla. “I don’t know. You’ll have to ask him why he went back. But since he’s obviously lying, there really isn’t much point in asking him anything. And I still want a face-to-face confrontation with him before this committee.”

That was a wish that would never be granted, in spite of the arguments Ken’s lawyers ably presented and some behind-the-scenes pressure from Jordan at considerable risk to himself.

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So the hearings dragged on month after month in very disappointing fashion, in spite of the prayers of the group that met at the Elliotts’ house that the truth would come out to warn the world. Dr. Elliott’s reminder to the prayer group that there were trials of faith and that God’s will was always best and that He was in control in spite of appearances to the contrary, were a great comfort to Ken and Carla and to everyone in the prayer group. They had confidence in the goodness of God, that they were in His hands, and that in His time the truth would indeed come out, though that seemed an impossible dream.

It was, after all, Carla’s word against Del Sasso’s. The old saying, “Truth is stranger than fiction,” certainly proved to be accurate once again. In this case, the truth was too strange for the Senate investigating committee to believe. It wasn’t that any of them were necessarily conspiring with those certain persons high up in Washington who knew the truth and wanted it suppressed. It was simply that Carla’s story seemed beyond credibility. Without an intimate knowledge of the facts, it couldn’t be otherwise.

In the meantime, Del Sasso’s entire approach had been revised. He no longer mentioned the Archons, since they were being totally discounted in the Senate hearing. Instead of highly evolved spirit entities external to mankind, he spoke of



Jungian archetypes that could be contacted through a revival of ancient shamanistic techniques—and insisted that this had been his thesis all along. By this means, he suggested, one could tap into the infinite powers of the mind that lay unused in the unconscious, but that could be awakened and developed. He formed a company called Shamans Unlimited to offer instruction in such techniques and became very quickly the most popular guru on the human potential/positive mental attitude/success motivation circuit. There were, of course, many others bringing this message to business and political leaders, to educators and psychologists, but Del Sasso had an exclusive on the psychic powers with which to bait his hook. He did, however, tone down those powers considerably in his demonstrations under the rationale that he didn't want to get anyone's expectations too high, at least in the beginning.

"It is ironic," Ken told the prayer group, "that what seemed at first to be a disaster for the Archons has turned out to be a great leap forward. It's almost as though they planned it this way. Where Del Sasso was once known to an elite upper echelon of leaders, he's now known to the entire world. Thanks to the news media, which has treated him as a hero, his name is on everyone's lips. Overnight he's become an international celebrity.

"As for the Plan, nothing has really changed that much. It doesn't matter whether you call them 'Archons' or 'archetypes' from the collective unconscious. They're still demons, and Del Sasso is still their number-one man. The end result will be the same: the demonization of countless millions in preparation for the Antichrist. Now, however, Del Sasso is using a more effective means of taking the delusion of godhood and infinite potential to the masses."

"That's right," Hal had agreed. "Prophecy will be fulfilled. Satan's 'Archon plan' has not been shut down—it has only changed form. And you can count on it. The public's appetite and gullibility for the counterfeit supernatural hasn't been shut down either—it's growing. We're just seeing a clever adjustment in the program for setting the world up for the great delusion. We're not going to stop that. We won't save the world, no matter how much praying and preaching we do. The key is the church. If it will awaken to what's happening and proclaim the true gospel, then maybe a multitude of these deceived souls can be saved before it's too late. Carla's an example. She seemed hopelessly entangled, but—thank God!" Hal's smile said the rest.

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It was nearly eight months after the fact when the committee finally reached

its verdict. The findings were accepted by Congress and the White House and communicated to the many nations who had lost leaders in the holocaust. Ken and Carla were called back to Washington to be present when the public announcement was made. “Are we going to be arrested?” they asked their attorneys during the flight.

“Not from the information we’ve received,” they were assured, “but you’re going to be very unhappy with the findings.”

Indeed they were unhappy when they met with the committee and learned its verdict. They were not allowed to reply—all arguments having ended—but were required to listen silently as the list of charges against them was read. They were then told that due to lack of evidence, the charges were being dropped, but that the investigation was not over. Then they went outside to mingle in the crowd and listen to the public announcement

It was a cold and blustery February day, with leaden skies threatening to dump considerable snow on the nation’s capital. Nevertheless, the announcement was made from the Senate steps. Public clamor for the facts had precluded revealing the verdict at an ordinary news conference. The public demanded to be present, and thousands had gathered in the chill wind, some of them to wait several hours for the long-expected pronouncement. The president of the United States was meeting with his Cabinet at Camp David, so the vice president, as leader of the Senate, read the prepared remarks in his place. They were brief.

“The full, written report will be available to anyone who wishes to go inside after this statement and pick it up at the information counter,” he announced into the microphone that carried his voice over loudspeakers to the vast throng. “In brief, the conclusion the committee has reached is this: The deaths of 289 persons and the destruction of the psychic research facility near Palo Alto, California, last June 14 were due to an explosive device planted by Viktor Khorev who had only recently pretended to defect to the West. He was not however—and we want this to be very clear—acting as an agent of the Russian government, but as part of a plan engineered by a certain Colonel Alexei Chernov without the knowledge of his superiors in Moscow. When their first attempt to destroy the psychic research facility failed and Chernov was killed through the heroic efforts of Dr. Antonio Del Sasso, Khorev—acting with other persons unknown—accomplished that goal with a powerful explosive device. We have the assurance of the Russian president himself that Khorev and Chernov and certain other rogue agents were acting on their own and without the

sanctions or backing of their government. Intensive investigation with the help of our allies overseas has verified the truth of that declaration.

“Well-known journalist Carla Bertelli, now Carla Inman, has also been implicated. It was she who helped Khorev and Chernov stage what we now know was a fake escape in Paris as part of Khorev’s phony defection. She was a close friend of Khorev during the time they were together at the facility, and apparently joined him in the conspiracy to destroy it. She published articles presenting Khorev’s fake thesis about mythical beings without bodies, called Archons, to use as a cover for their plot and even tried to convince the Senate investigating committee that the ‘Archons’ were the ones responsible for the destruction. Bertelli escaped without so much as a scratch, something even Khorev failed to do, so it is at least presumptive that she knew when the explosion would take place and left the theater in time to avoid it.

“Reluctantly, the Senate investigating committee has decided not to indict Mrs. Inman and her husband at the present time, for lack of evidence. The investigation will continue, however, and if at some future time that evidence is ever put together, then they will be arrested and prosecuted for their part in this diabolical scheme. In the meantime, they are free.

“I know that the media representatives here today have many questions, but this is not the time or place for asking and answering them. The president is meeting at this very moment with the Cabinet to discuss this vital matter and how it affects our relationships with other nations, many of whom lost some of their top leaders. He will hold a press conference next week, and at that time he will answer your questions.”

Ken and Carla’s attention was distracted momentarily from the vice president’s droning voice when a reporter from *The Washington Post* who had known Carla for years wormed his way through the crowd to reach them and started asking questions.

“I was really shocked by what we just heard,” he said to Carla. “And very sorry. I find it unbelievable. Do you have any comments?”

“We can talk now that the gag order has been removed and I’ve been falsely accused publicly—and we will. In fact we’ll do more than that,” said Carla. “I intend not only to defend myself from the slanderous accusations you’ve just heard, but to clear the good name of Viktor Khorev as well. My husband and I will not give up until the truth has been told. You can count on that!”

The vice president was just concluding, and what he was saying caught their attention once again. “One more thing, ladies and gentlemen. Dr. Antonio Del

Sasso, the only survivor of the blast and the one who heroically risked his life in attempting to carry Dr. Khorev to safety, is here with us. The president will be awarding him a medal in a special ceremony at the White House later this afternoon. I want him to stand here beside me where you can all see him. Ladies and gentlemen, please show your appreciation to this man for his efforts to bring prosperity and brotherhood to this planet.”

The crowd went wild. Now garbed in a turtleneck sweater and tweed sport coat, Del Sasso inclined his head slightly and smiled. Yes, the Plan would go forward. The few lives that had been sacrificed were only the beginning. It was all part of the Plan, all necessary to keep it moving. Nothing could stop it now. Of that he was certain.