

Jonathan Fischer's Story Chapters 1-7 free PDF

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Manual:

This fiction was written for the reader to have a whale of a time. Please do not take every word seriously. "Einstein" and his friend and helper love it to pass on humorous, ambiguous and profound informations. The statement: "They proceeded at 4 a.m. or 4.14 a.m. to a 4 hour chat, to compose in the time span of 4 weeks 40 pieces of the DIN A4 formatted novel, to launch a party for 40 guests, at the 40th birthday of Jonathan Fisher, on the 14th of the 4th month", sounds more as a fairytale poem than a real incident. It is intended that the reader will ask himself over and over if the life of Jonathan Fisher really happened like that. The hero actually doesn't exist in reality, but the locations of the storyline are usually authentic. The names of the characters are deliberately chosen in a funny way. All through the constant interweaving and interchange of thoughts and experiences, which the fanciful novelists have collected, should come into being an interesting, exciting, funny, lively and instructive book. Have fun reading! The Swabian Cleverle.

Recommendation for proper use and dosage:

Walter Stein and his friend and helper of the fiction are quite comical types who were often misunderstood in their lives. They rightly got in trouble mixing truths and falsehoods with one another. The audience knew not what they should believe or should not believe, what was serious and what was not serious. In this fiction the gift of exaggeration is acted out and interwoven, connected with real places and special reports. The manufacturers recommend to everybody who can not accept this and can not cope with it, not to take the novel and to put it away immediately.

Warnings about risks and side effects:

An important warning is issued to all persons who do not understand fun and can not be sideswiped by court jesters. Probably you will find your royal character in this book. It is strongly recommended not to read further to prevent unnecessary upset connected with high blood pressure.

Jonathan Fischer's Childhood, the fiction of the life of the "Calling Gift"

On an Easter Sunday about forty years ago the hero of this story, Jonathan Fischer, was born in a hospital in Stuttgart. The baby was six days over the calculated time, had a rich weight of six kilogramme, and an amazing body length of sixty centimetre. The midwife spoke enthusiastically of a lucky kid, for why at the birth was braided a cap around his little face, coming from the amniotic sac, and an unusual birthmark in the shape of a cross adorned his chest. The doctor irritated the port-wine stains on the lower lip and the haemangioma on the forehead, which gave the infant an mysterious appearance. After eight days the baby had to undergo a surgery on the scalp, and thus got drawn a strange antenna in the front hairline, originated from the postoperative scar. And in fact, the most unusual experiences should take place in Jonathan Fischer's life. First of all, the external circumstances seemed not to be the best for a happy childhood.

Jonathan's parents had become acquainted in the Nicholas Care, a facility for the promotion of blind and visually handicapped, where they too learned to love each other. Before they married, the doctors assured that the children not hereditary have to be blind, and really they got two healthy sons. Jonathan was five years younger than his brother Thomy. That's why he tried to emulate this role model in everything. As one of the first things, he took his Lego bricks, with which he worked alone for hours. They had a nice time when Thomy took him to the Youth Center to play soccer on the sports field. At a ball game at home once even a vase broke, which was hastily pasted together to cover up the wild activities. The greatest joy for Jonathan was playing together with his brother Carrera race track or rail. When the brothers quarrelled heavily at a Christmas Eve, the Christ Child brought the two highly anticipated Märklin locomotives only after the late-night Christmas Eve mass. The only serious experience in Jonathan's childhood was a slight children abuse, and a little hardship he felt was the missing driver's license of his parents. It was a minor miracle seeing the parents mastering the everyday life. His beloved mother Anna run the household with flying colours and his father Alfred supplied the family well with his dreary day in and day out office work.

In school, Jonathan was a guy spoiled by success. He was in constant competition with his best friends, Walter and Frank, with whom he had already gone to kindergarten, who will get the highest grades. Jonathan loved to remember the day when they were children just starting school. He enjoyed the picture in the schoolyard of the Anne Frank Elementary School, where they all were holding their coloured candy-filled paper funnels. His friends Walter and Frank Stone, the throughout identical dressed twins, were staying in the thirteenth floor of the Salute skyscraper in Stuttgart Fasanenhof. Jonathan lived exactly seven floors downstairs, in a same-cut four-room apartment. Logically the three friends assembled up and down in the high-rise apartments, to spent a lot of leisure time together. The skyscraper had a huge playground where they could live out their happy childhood. In winter, they sleighed down the so-called salad hillock on the wooden slide, and in the summer they cycled on extensive bike tours through the picturesquely situated Sevenmill山谷. The only dangerous situation arose, when they explored the nearby canal tube of the Körsch river, for firefighters had to rescue the disoriented blood brethren. In elementary school, the three friends in tests almost always got straight A's. During the breaks they played football in the schoolyard, or else they duelled in little wrestling matches. Yes, even in solving math problems, doing the ordinary homework, and in their reports, each one of them wanted to be the best. The unnatural triplets were inseparable and quickly put the course to visit the high school.

The greatest joy for Jonathan was to go on vacation, visiting a farm of his relatives, in the Black Forest village of Fishermillcreek. He had a cousin named Wolfram, with whom

he made similar experiences in nature, as did Heidi in the famous children's book of Johanna Spyri. In the morning they drove cows to the hill pasture, riding on the back of the grazing animals. On the way back home they enjoyed to pursue their toy planes, which were gliding in nearly endless curves towards the valley. The boys habitually laid down under the the cows in a forest glade and tapped on their udders. With their pocket knives, they carved bow and arrow, so that they would be prepared to meet rabid foxes. The cousins loved it to be taken from their grandfather on the back of a green jeep to the hunting grounds. The surrounding forest areas had plenty of deer stands, where they walked together with Waldi, the dog. The children's hearts melted regularly, holding the small farm dogs as pet in their hands, and getting licked in their faces. As nighttime adventurer they took their battery torches to flashlight everything. Intentionally or not, a newly enamoured couple was scarred to death, as the light shone into their lonely car. Going on a run, the two vagabonds visited the neighbour's children, dormant in their outdoor tents, just to tore off the pegs from the ropes, waking up everyone. As they went, like Max and Moritz, too far and wanted to hijack the flag of a Royal Ranger camp, they were caught and tied by the night guard and under boisterous laughter thrown into the next liquid manure. Grandma Mary comforted her grandchildren the next day with her favourite egg dish dumb-is.

The happiest day of Jonathan's life was approaching. He prepared himself in unison with his cousin for the First Communion and went every day by bicycle to early mass. On the day of the feast he was overwhelmed, not only by receiving the most amazing gifts, but he even had his first supernatural experience of God. After taking the Lord's Supper he felt God's presence absolutely overpowering, so that it seemed like an invisible force was holding him in the church pew, as though he never would loose this stunning feeling. It looked strange, when he was left alone in the service, while the other boys in their blue velvet suits and with their white candles went outside in front of the baroque church. Aunt Sophie and Uncle Fritz supported Jonathan, giving a hand and finding the way out. His relatives reckoned that he had inhaled to much frankincense.

During his holidays Jonathan often went into his beloved Black Forest. This time he first visited his grandaunt Theresa Louise Fischer in the monastery. She was 84 years old. With Age 24 she bore the religious name Sister Hanna. Jonathan was invited for coffee and cake and then went into the chapel to pray a rosary with the grandaunt. They both sat alone on a front pew and recited towards the Blessed Mother's statue. At the end of the endless running repetitions the old nun took his hand and began to prophesy: "You're going to be a Catholic bishop, and even higher things are possible. With men this is impossible, not so with God. All things are possible with God." Jonathan was agreeably affected. The warm hand of his sister also touched his heart. Instead of hitting chess books, he read the Family Gift Bible from front to back. Of course he didn't understand most of the stories with the result that the matter was forgotten. Nevertheless, he adopted a basic knowledge that would be useful in later times.

Keeping on moving to the great Black Forest farm with the address Fishmillcreek 22, Jonathan was looking forward to share his time with Wolfram, as they made a lot of nonsense in the Astrid Lindgren style of Emil of Lönneberga. First of all, the horse of grandfather Sepp got shy, traversing under an apricot tree, for a jumping cracker was let off at the very moment from the scallywags. When the firework croaking was over, poor old grandpa was sitting on his wet ass in the creek. The unacceptable ass about apology forgotten, they all drove in the afternoon with the tractor in the pine forest. On the way back, making the attempt to turn into the confusing valley road, the old driver asked his guest grandchildren whether the route is clear. Jonathan had the better view for the simple reason that he was sitting raised on the wing. Handicapped by a large tooth gap

in the upper incisors the Swabian stuttered "Po-liiiiiii-ssssss" what the deaf grandfather translated as "free is" into Alemannic German. The maniac act of the clash smashed two front ends. At least the police could secure the accident without being called furthermore. The next day, after Sepp had calmed down a little, he went into his dark shed to set up his new liquor distillery. The cherries were grown to mash, the mash was distilled and got ready for the brandy. The grandfather had a bit of a guilty conscience, since he had not yet received the permission to burn. The more he was pleased in his spirit with the first taste of the illicit distilled clear cherry water. In the moment, when he wanted to mingle a little spring water, Jonathan suddenly cried out: "Po-liiiiiii-ssssss." The frightened grandfather let the precious amount of 60 liters quickly run into the collateral fish pond. The tipsy trouts of his pond, right away took a bath in the sun and breathed out the ultimate Black Forest Spirit. Jonathan proved himself to be innocent, as the neighbourhood kids on their visit, wanted simply to hear again a loud announcement of yesterday's traffic alert. At least, with the precious cherry mash, the young jesters were able to do something useful and catered the pigs. The chicken also took a fancy to it, together with the sausage dog Waldi, who habitually begged for goodies. Soon Jonathan was reminded of his carousel rides and visits to the beer tent at the Stuttgart Festival, when his eyes followed the drama. The poor animals got dizzy, stumbled to the ground and fell deeply exhausted asleep. The worst jokes happened all at one:

On one of their gold digging tours in the Fishmillcreek the two found, instead of the desired three gold nuggets, just two lead balls, which had fired a hunter. They "borrowed" an air rifle and figured out, who would be the better shooter. Jonathan took as target a black bird in 39 meters distance, which he aptly named Willibald Raven. The unfortunate bird was resting on a magic apotropaic wooden stake. Jonathan's shot was deliberately levelled 13 centimeters over the big bill of the loudly grouching crow who got out immediately. Three of the tail feathers had flown down and landed on the dung heap. Wolfram took aim with the second shot on two round pink bullseyes as targets in 50 meters distance and hit the aim point as well. According to the squeaky noise of the boar who shed tears, the beast was hit straightly in whatever ass. Granddad mowed clueless the grass and had to pay for the infamous action of his rig running grandsons. As outcome of the outrage of the furious boar, he received two canine teeth in the leg. Sepp, the Grandfather, retaliated the act and stabbed the animal with his scythe to death. The two Pumuckls and the rifle had been quickly vanished in the air. The boar, who run away like a stabbed pig, came a few months later explosively to life. The innocent grandfather destroyed two fillings in his mouth, as he was munching on the smoked Black Forest ham with the unexpected gun projectile inside.

Jonathan and Wolfram were combating to try out who is the stronger. The small and snappy heir of the farm was getting through hard labour and growing age more and more muscles. No question that Wolfram also won numerous other duels in his favourite sport of amateur wrestling. With all due respect Jonathan would never have the nerve to hook the monstrous breeding bull on the nosering, to bring him out of the stable for mating. Standing in the rain, the pubescent teenager went for further studies under the roof of the bee house, smoking a self-made cigar rolled from an exiting newsprint and filled with sawdust. The observation from bunny ads in the magazines, which had hidden the big brother in the penthouse, the two playboys approved all the same as interesting. Even more attention aroused, when a carelessly thrown away sawdust-incendiary inflamed the rotten wood. In turn the "Po-liiiiiii-ssssss" had to come back. This time, however, together with the fire department. This was the final straw, for then the two wretches were locked into two little chambers of the villages Gothic tower which was visible from afar. Jonathan sat on the left, Wolfram at the right and in the middle the

country curate Joseph Peccadillo, who heard the sinners youth confessions, one after the other, called over a piece of paper. As punishment for the next seven days, Jonathan had to clean the sheep house, a straw fork in his hand, and Wolfram transported the steaming bull shit with the ox cart to the dunghill.

Back in Stuttgart, a certain jealousy arose in the musty smelling Jonathan against the brilliant Stone-twins, inasmuch as they had begun to surpass him in their scholastic achievements. He felt it was unfair that his parents did not speak English and French and could not take him on vacation to New York or Paris, as his playmates were privileged. Also in his homework, he could not get the same support, as it was possible by the academic Stone-parents. One day, he was invited from Walter and Frank to visit the Chess Club Fasanenhof which made him upset, since they again had more experience and were superior to him in their training skills. But this visit was a mark in Jonathan's life for years, getting really addicted to this royal game. He swallowed a chess book after another and soon had an idol in the reigning world chess champion. The first successful results were not long in coming: Jonathan defeated not only his friends on a regular basis, but also the other peers. The greatest joy for Jonathan happened, when he won a Youth Tournament organized by the Dresdner Bank, making advertisement for the green ribbon of sympathy, at a horticultural country show. The reward was a valuable pewter plate and three five-gram gold bars. The big dream of becoming World Champion in Chess got confirmed. Later Jonathan really played a game against his idol in a television contest in Cologne. It was not the competition of the World Chess Championship, but the last sixteen round of the Chess Germany Cup, which the knockout German lost of course.

Jonathan spent of and on time with the twins, who come to be completely different. Walter progressed as the most brilliant in school, and Frank became increasingly interested in the female sex. Thus, the gigolo created a sensation in the Queen Charlotte High School when he impregnated the self-conscious school spokeswoman. The pacifist and opponent of nuclear power was three years older than Frank and bore the suitable name Maxima Gravid. During the school, at meetings of the peace initiative, Jonathan was over and over surprised, when the lights were turned out, so that they could grope each other in a dark game. Walter was allowed at the first time with age fifteen to participate in the National Youth Research and was promptly winner in physics because he improved the relativity theory. He bugged his teachers regularly, for he corrected them in class, and even the Ministry of Culture was not safe from him. Numerous serious mistakes in physics and math books had to be improved because of the greatness of his mind. Also great sensation was caused on Walter's homepage, where he presented his latest discoveries of science free of charge to the world. His jealous brother Frank was malicious and rebellious. He got tattoos and piercings on his illegally shaved head and wanted to know none about the joys of fatherhood. Therefore, he urged his liaison to an abortion. Thus, the two most obvious nicknames of the school in Möhringen arose. Frank Stone was called "Frankenstein", and Walter Stone was given the nickname "Einstein".

In Jonathan came up the desire to get himself a girlfriend. His fraternal model Thomy was a sort of Casanova who chatted up one pretty girl after another. His Harley Davidson license plate with the S-EX 66 would even coincide with his table of 66 conquests. The blond-haired Jonathan was pretty uptight and emotionally hurt due to his large tooth gap. Once he wanted to flirt with unfamiliar girls on the tram, but at the very moment, when he began to open his mouth, they ridiculed him. Nevertheless, he nearly was successful to get a well known female chess champion in his bed, after holding hands on a visit of the Stuttgart Beer Festival. At that night, he had an open house at his place, which led to a tender conversation that lasted into the morning hours. However, the

inamorata had enough intelligence and a precise sense of touch. The "true" love and friendship fizzled out for both noticed that he was looking just for a rumpy-pumpy.

During his military service it turned out that his tooth displacement was caused by a maxillary tumour, which had to be surgically removed. The goal in life of Jonathan was to be admitted in the Bundeswehr sports promotion section and to obtain the title of a chess grandmaster. His scholastic achievement was getting worse, while he preferred to secretly solve chess problems. The high-school graduate got privily proud about being stronger in the spirit hobby than the professor of mathematics of his chess club. Instead of preparing for the Abitur writings, Jonathan preferred to compete at a great Chess Tournament in Boeblingen during Christmas holidays. As one of his best results, he shared the second place upon three hundred participants. Happiness hormones were released until he received the results of the exam. He expected bad things, since he was mentally blocked in the German test, only writing three pages. Three times 2 of 15 possible points in the Abitur writings was a result, which made his teachers believe, that a repetition of the 13th class is inevitable. Now Jonathan's fighting spirit awoke in school. His type and character was one of an endurance kind, for he loved extensive runs throughout the forest and won many chess games, only because he was able to maintain his concentration constantly. The tactical game with 32 figures on a 64-field board often lasted 6 to 8 hours before the result became clear. Jonathan began cramming for three weeks until the wee hours. As one of the few people, he wanted to be examined orally in four subjects, in order to avoid a repeat of the last school year. Ironically, the Catholic priest in his final oral exam subject religion played the tip on the scales. Jonathan loved and revered pastor Benz, and it was mutual. The second-worst high school result, with a grade point average of 3,9, was still a cause for rejoicing and celebration for both. In contrast Einstein, his friend, was the best school pupil with disappointing grade average of 1,1. Displeased he would finish eagerly his doctor and professor in physics with the best possible results. The twin-brother Frank Stone had similar concentration problems, as Jonathan with a 3,6 Abitur. His dream to become a forest ranger had to be buried. In return "Frankenstein" got engaged as machine-operator on a huge circular saw in wood processing.

Jonathan immediately tried to achieve the ideal case, to make his hobby into a profession. At the start of his military service he received a salary from the state, even as he travelled around Europe, playing tournaments to obtain his international master norms in chess. In this time of his life the affection for money was getting bigger, for he wanted to finance and maintain a new car. Jonathan managed beforehand to smash his first car, which his parents had fully paid, whereby he almost killed himself. With a loud curse he crashed diagonally into the front of a truck, since he was driving much too fast through a sharp curve, being accompanied by blustering rap music. Like a donkey, carrying hard work as census taker and temporary mail carrier, the next car was funded. Jonathan also did not like the competition with Russian players, for everyone wanted to cut the biggest piece of cake of the prize money. He became acquainted with Evgeny, one of the top ten players and Russian Super Grandmasters, who took over the leadership in his Munich Bundesliga team. Due to this engagement the team, consisting of eight players, reached the European League. Arriving at higher altitudes, Jonathan acknowledged that he had to sacrifice all leisure time activities for his sport, to keep up with his teammates. Seeing that a coaching job came along just at the right time, Jonathan had not much to think. In virtue of the disability of his parents, Jonathan spent much time in meetings with blind people, and right now the Blind National Team was looking for a new paid coach. He took the job and achieved an excellent third place with his team in the Blind Chess Olympiad in Transylvania. A following ceremony with the Federal Chancellor Helmut Kohl and Minister for Home Affairs Wolfgang Schäuble was

utilized from Jonathan to impress a beautiful, old school friend. His self-confidence concerning women had increased not only because of his successes, but also due to an effective odontotherapy.

To whatever extent the night together in the hotel did not lead to the desired performance for Jonathan had too much awe. The latest bodybuilder lover of his attractive companion commanded all of Jonathan's respect with the threat of violent strokes, if he would not maintain his virginity, right at the departure to Palais Schaumburg. The ultimate goal to find a mate was transported in his thoughts before God. In a "Our Father who art in heaven"- prayer the hero of this story made an intercession for a fitting strong chess player as wife.

Alfred and Anna Fischer didn't know his secret wishes, and they thought it would be time of another change in searching an approved job. Jonathan agreed and focused now on building a successful career in banking. To his delight, he was class winner and was promoted in an exemplary manner from his superiors of the people's bank. The payment was better and the pressure to succeed not as big, which helped him to achieve middle-class affluence. In the mid-twenties Jonathan was making plans where to spend his next vacation. So he went to a travel agency in Stuttgart's King Street. The desire was awakened in him to fly to Kenya. Kenya was the country of many long-distance runners whom he admired. In the days, he was allowed to stay in the Bundeswehr sports promotion section in Warendorf, he was training together with the German long distance runners, living in the neighbour barrack room. Naturally they also enjoyed watching marathon running and other sport events on TV. Jonathan had a good reputation in the sports group as he easily could participate in a ten kilometer run and also outdistanced many other athletes in the 5000 meter distance run, attaining the German Sport Badge. He couldn't know, that not before long, he would make the most amazing experiences with the world most famous athletes.

The World Championships in Athletics

Jonathan Fischer was planning his summer holidays and went to a travel agency located in the shopping area Stuttgarter Königsbau (Kings building). He got hold of information about Tanzania and Kenya, to study the catalogues at home. The ambitious athlete wanted to climb the highest mountain in Africa, Mount Kilimanjaro. In the main centre of the Stuttgarter Schlossplatz (Palace square), he met a group of singing Christians whose songs he liked to listen to. A not unattractive girl approached him and gave an invitation to an open evening of the YMCA. As a Catholic, Jonathan avoided all contact with Protestant worship services, because he never could imagine to change the faith camp, as his Aunt Gertrude Elisabetha did. One way or the other, this Martin Luther gave him an unpleasant feeling, every time he was calling upon saints, like in the "Hail Mary" prayer. The official invitation was offering a multivision show about the beauty of the landscape of Kenya, followed by a mission report of the Lutheran pastor George Müller. Jonathan was speechless with amazement. The eagerly interested Africa sightseer intended to attend the event on the same evening, but to leave before the second religious part. The beauty of the images that were projected on a big screen was indescribable and exceeded his manifold impressions from television by far. In his fantasy, he saw himself climbing in the morning twilight on Mount Kenya, to observe from the top, the breathtaking view of the sensational Kenyan landscape. Later he would go into one of the many fishing boats on Lake Victoria, to document with his camera the flamingo swarms which were shimmering orange in the water. While he was dreaming he forgot completely that the time had arrived to take flight. The sympathetic voice which carried into effect the magnificent slide show started to witness about many miracles that happened on the mission field with the tribal group of the Maasai. Due to other reports, Jonathan guessed it is better to leave the proud and nomadic herdsmen with their own belief in nature, but through the positive events he was readily convinced of the contrary.

What followed then changed Jonathan's life completely. Pastor Müller began to preach about Golgotha, asking the audience, who would be ready to consecrate his life to Jesus. Jonathan never heard a man speak in the way of George Müller about the death on the cross. He sensed, as if every word of the speech was deeply ingrained in the interior of his heart, and even years later he could remember details of the discourse. Jonathan felt very uncomfortable. His narrow upper body shuddered, when the priest walked straight to him at the end of the talk and asked if he could pray for him. They went into an adjoining room of the building, owned by the Protestant Church, and took seat on two chairs. George, the pastor, put his arm around Jonathan's shoulder, requesting tenderly what would be his biggest heart's desire. Jonathan talked about his plans with the Kenya trip and how much the show had impressed him. Müller appraised the smart idea. He was interested to know if he was married or wanted to take a friendly companion with him. That hit the nail on the head. In spite of numerous friends, Jonathan felt very lonely and was about to take the journey as a single backpacker. Yes, his greatest desire was to find a wife. Spiritual director Müller reassured that God has provided just the right partner for Jonathan, and he should trust him to meet her at exactly the right time. It would be very important to ask for God's will and plans in everything that he is doing, and always to seek the Kingdom of God first. The new Jesus-disciple wanted to follow this advice unconditionally. Jonathan was thrilled to receive a New Testament, which was presented with the dismissal. Every evening he read several chapters of the paperback, reaching the end after one month with the Book of Revelation. Much in the book of books appeared to him strange. Then Jonathan also got an inexplicable sudden unrest over the already booked travel. This feeling left him only, when he cancelled the flight to Kenya with financial disadvantages. Now, he looked

crestfallen, with a two weeks vacation that he had registered at his bank, which he would soon spend at home.

By the time the next monthly open evening was held, George Müller had hired a Kenyan Olympic champion as speaker. In his African way the lanky endurance runner temperamentally started to talk about the supernatural intervention of God in his life. Apparently, the miracle runner Fixson Rudolph had polio at a young age and could not walk at all. In addition to his sporting achievements, Rudolph started a fund raising campaign for the orphan children in the Agape Academy in Kosele and Agape School in Awendo. The personal history of Fixson was hard to believe for Jonathan. All the more he got impressed and touched about a film of aids orphans, who were clapping in their hands and singing full of joy, so that the German had to empty his wallet. In his opinion this meeting was as overwhelming as the last. The newcomer loved it to sing the worship songs thrown onto a screen. There he remembered that as child he always had nice feelings, when in the church "Great God, we praise you" was chanted.

At the end of the event, a driver for the upcoming World Championships in Athletics was searched for. The period coincided with Jonathan's vacation and an indescribable feeling of joy spread through him. There was no other person who was willing to help apart from him. A private minibus, offered by a doctor of the church, was made available for him, to chauffeur a team from the USA called "Athletes for Jesus".

The first trip took him to a former military barracks in Scharnhäuser Park, which was converted into the athletes village. As a participant of international chess tournaments, Jonathan spoke English well, so he followed every word that was spoken in the minibus. The passengers were discussing a television event where famous athletes should report about their faith. The reason for the visit was, to invite as many as possible other athletes, for the event taking place at the convention centre. They formed two by two groups with the aim to distribute invitation letters at the strictly guarded athletes village. At first it was hard for Fischer to participate in this distribution campaign, for a strong feeling of anxiety overcame him. Hera Torch, the fellow American at his side, noticed this immediately and said he should only carry a heavy bag with brochures and make himself available as interpreter. Small in stature the female messenger of the gods was like a fiery torch which seemed to ignite their surroundings in no time. After three hours five hundred invitations to athletes and coaches of the various nations were distributed. Jonathan got really excited when Heike, the German series champion in long jump, willingly took his last invitation. As a reward for his courage, he received a pomegranate from Hera. In the meantime other team members met in the provisory chapel with athletes from various countries who were professing Christians. They prepared a visit to a hospital. The next day Jonathan helped to install a mixer with speakers in the auditorium of the Paracelsus Hospital in Ostfildern-Ruit. The newly formed band of the international athletes had only a short time to sample, but at the concert demonstrated such great joy, which soon spread throughout the hospital. In like manner, the colourful looking athletes swarmed out at the end of the gospel songs into the rooms of the four-winged building. They told from which countries they came from, and what sport they practised, sharing with many grateful patients company.

At one of the following evenings the American team met with Pastor Müller and members of YMCA in a park in central Stuttgart. They sang English songs of praise and worship accompanied with the guitar. After that the Protestant clergy interpreted the head of the oversea mission work who was called Samuel Lay and his best friend. The matter was again that people should give their life to Jesus. Another member of the American team was translated into German by Jonathan. Suddenly, about two hundred people came to listen. The speaker, Richy Hammer, was a kind of Arnold

Schwarzenegger, for his muscle mass hardly fitted in an available T-shirt. He was the former U.S. national champion in discus throwing who gave an incredible confession. After his sports career he apparently had smuggled drugs and landed on a death row in Thailand. At the end of this very exciting story twenty people wanted to give their lives in God's hands. It was getting dark and the meeting broke up. Jonathan's last job was to give the bodybuilder and fitness trainer Hammer a ride to his host family. He was walking with his passenger through the park to the car and told him, they were passing through a dangerous area, wherein recently a drug dealer was shot. Richy looked straight in the eye of his new friend and argued that he was not afraid of his former colleagues, for where great darkness is, Christians would shine even brighter. Jonathan got a queasy feeling again, which developed many times stronger, when Hammer after a short announcement, sat down at a park bench, beside a depressed looking man, to share with him the love of God. The German translator was even more dismayed, when he noticed that the sinister looking figure had been abusing uproariously the open air meeting and once more started to curse. Suddenly the events were overturning. The furious counterpart pulled out a gun and said he would blow out the brains of Richy's head, if he would still speak one sound about Jesus or even see him again preaching to a crowd. Richy Hammer began to pray in English: "No weapon formed against me shall prosper." Jonathan had long ceased to translate, since he was scared to death. But his bold friend wanted exactly the opposite spoken out in German, in particular that they both have no fear of death. For they would immediately go to heaven, and that would be just the place where the terrorizing gun owner belongs in eternity as well. All at once, the threatener began to weep bitterly, asking if God takes even murderers with him. The atmosphere had changed completely. The three men were holding hands and prayed for forgiveness. Home in bed, Jonathan confessed to God that he will not travel to chess tournaments in future holidays, if and when life as a Christian is always as exciting. A few days later at breakfast he could not believe his eyes, when he saw an image of the oppressor from the park bench in the Stuttgarter Nachrichten (newspaper). It was the park-murderer who had voluntarily delivered himself up to the police.

The point in time of the major television programme had come, when the famous athletes wanted to tell about their faith. The convention hall was packed with World Championships participants and spectators. Jonathan agreed without hesitation to participate as a steward. Before the event, there was a huge buffet with delicious food for the guests of honour and the Athletes for Jesus team. Jonathan was fascinated how many famous people his new friend Richy knew, whom he accompanied. They both wore a red shirt with the imprint of the Sports Mission Organisation and started a small talk with different guests. Little could Jonathan have known, that precisely the most successful U.S. athlete and main attraction of the evening was a close friend of the discus champion Richy Hammer. Many admirers wondered secretly what tasty morsel the international star named Carl would take at the opening of the buffet. Carl was holding a banana in his hands, when he was asked by Richey, if he could take a photo together with Jonathan. He agreed, but first of all wanted to finish eating the tropical fruit. At the very instant an appeal was made over the loudspeakers all stewards should take up their positions. Jonathan was torn between, wondering what to do. He decided to go to his immediate service and was called to help in the parking garage. Based on the thunderous applause, he recognized that the TV show was fully a success. One consolation for him was, that he recorded the programme in his parent's home on video tape.

Jonathan was an outstanding hifi-freak. Instead of asking for a moped, like his brother, he wished from his parents a stereo system with towering loudspeakers to the sixteenth birthday. Alfred Fischer supported him as a lover of classical music, because he

benefited from the high fidelity reproduction of music in the living room himself. Other blind people benefited as well from Jonathan's passion for technology, when he wired and programmed their audio equipment for a small tip.

The desire of Jonathan, to experience the production and broadcast of a radio show inside a station, was fulfilled in the morning after the athletes television event. First of all, Jonathan was invited from Vera Fischer to breakfast together with her visitor Samuel Lay, the approximately sixty-year-old Sports Minister. They prayed for their brunch and also, that the radio interview will be a blessing. Two hours later, Jonathan was situated in a studio of the Southwest German Radio (SWR) and got all his questions apparently answered about broadcasting. The station wanted to record an interview with Samuel. The interviewer Elmar was about the same age as Samuel and had the warmest voice you could imagine. They discussed the issues. Jonathan started to translate for his English was better than that of the famous radio host. Another amazing life testimony was spread. Lay spoke about the success and the excellent status he had at work, before God's call directed him and his wife Anni to Kenya. There he made a new start, distributing bibles on a bicycle and preaching initially for one year in a tent in front of a crowd of nine listeners. When he left after twenty years the Nyanca Province, located at the Lake Victoria, towards his native land, together with his wife and seven children, he served as a bishop of one hundred churches. In this moment Jonathan became aware of the fact that the pastors George Müller and Samuel Lay came to know each other in Africa. The growth of the athlete's missionary work took place in the same way. Starting as a small prayer group in the living room, followed invitations to sports festivals at schools, appearances at athletics meetings of universities, services at U.S. Championships, and recently regular television programmes in Olympic Games and World Championships.

A new day at the World Championships in Athletics arrived with the decision in the two hundred metres race. Jonathan would have liked to see the race on television, but his job on that day was to chauffeur Samuel Lay and Richy Hammer in a luxury hotel. Based on their conversations in the car, he learned that they wanted to pray there for two native sprinters who had reached the final. Samuel had a special authorization pass along with a unique charisma, which even the hostel's staff could not resist. So it happened that the old-fashioned bus got a parking space directly at the entrance of the Inter Continental Hotel, between various luxury limousines from Untertürkheim (headquarters of Mercedes-Benz). Jonathan took place in the hotel lobby and began to read in his pocket bible the Sermon on the Mount. The English-speaking fellow Americans would need no translator in the meeting room prepared for them. After Samuel had announced his arrival on the reception, he mustered out the Bible study baby, who was far away to complete a master of theology, as he did. Unhoped-for he took the young sports fan into the illustrious circle with two world record holders in sprint. As a result of unfamiliar medical terminology Jonathan could not understand everything. Initially the prayer started for the recovery from illness of family members. Jonathan was embarrassed and totally stunned when the world-famous Leroy questioned, if he is married and has a concern for his family. Jonathan would have pronounced each of his sports comrades crazy, predicting before the World Championships in Athletics, that an American Olympic champion will come to Stuttgart and pray in a friendly intercession for a wonderful soon-to-be wife for him. A loving, humorous Father in Heaven would still answer this prayer. Now, the real concern, in particular the upcoming two hundred metres final was brought before God. Jonathan was wondering that the sprinters Leroy and Carl, who were showered with medals, not selfishly begged for the top spot, but rather wanted to be spared from injuries. Richy, who was present all the time, was reminded of the offer to take a picture. Jonathan came in the middle and was embraced

by Leroy and Carl, the world record holder in the 100 metres, for the oversize photo that would be developed later. The athletes and trainers then gathered in the hotel lobby. Samuel welcomed in addition the current four hundred meters champion Butch and hugged him warmly. The graduate theologian began openly to bless Butch in the hotel hall and the other one freely retaliated in the same way. The staff observed the two with amazement as they were shouting an Amen and inquired of Jonathan which faith the priest belongs to. Then Jonathan could shortly lay witness for Christ.

Ongoing the convoy moved in direction of the huge stadium which was filled up to the last place. Jonathan was overwhelmed, getting through his friends the permission to take place in the forefront at the press area, without having a ticket. He was cheering on the well-loved actors and noticed how they won the second and third place. The winner from another English-speaking country, posed with his abnormal large biceps before the world press and for all plainly audible shouted out, that his God is greater than the Christian God of his competitors. Boiling with rage, Jonathan had to be corrected by Samuel and Richey, for he loudly called out a faecal word. They explained that God is always in control and a follower of Jesus Christ should behave better. Jonathan was quite amazed, when some time later the blasphemous loudmouth was convicted of doping, so that his career was finished.

The last day of the World Cup came, a Sunday. Jonathan was delegated to pick up the Kenyan Rudolph Fixson, who was healed of polio, from the athletes village, to bring him in a Protestant worship service. This time, the translation for Fixson had to be done simultaneously from German to English, and Jonathan soon got in trouble. His much beloved Minister Müller preached at a pace and with the energy of a steam locomotive in drive, so that the passionate Fixson often trumpeted "Hallelujah" and applauded with clashing hands. The other visitors, many of them dark-skinned athletes, were starting to do the same. The atmosphere of the meeting increasingly heated up and was more similar to the movie "Sister Act" than a Holy Mass. At the end the service spun completely out of control, due to the fact that most of the visitors couldn't end their tipsy laughter. As soon as the collective laughter calmed down, one of the three pastor's children bend down to the floor and started to giggle, lest the whole thing started again. Jonathan not only became acquainted with the two daughters Melanie and Jessica plus son Joshua from George Müller, but also his wife Christa, who fondly prepared the lunch. The two weeks full of work off from work came to an end. Never before did Jonathan spend his holidays in such a beautiful way. He enjoyed it to play football with the two Müller-daughters in the domestic garden, while the little boy sat seesawing on the lap of Rudolph. Fixson would soon fly home to Nairobi and be accompanied by the Müller family. The Müller family had still a second house without electricity and running water, but with a unique view to the natural spectacle of the Kenyan heartland. Jonathan could sap in his memories again and again from this supper invitation and this special holiday events. He didn't suspect, that in future this would be severally necessary.

The Trip to Switzerland

The drab greyness of everyday life came back into the activities of Jonathan Fischer. He returned to his usual occupations, which were mainly determined by his job as a consultant in his Volksbank (People's Bank). His circle of friends in the Munich Chess Club was not at all interested in his supernatural experiences. Yes, they held him for a nutcase and dreamer, who has become one of the brainless victims of one of the American sects. Stupidly he lost a series of games in the chess Bundesliga, prompting the critical team manager to replace him for a while against a substitute player. Understandably his family too didn't want to share his newly inflamed religious enthusiasm. The parents took the view that once you're baptised Catholic, you must always remain Catholic. His brother Thomas attacked him sharply, because he himself had in his opinion a crazy and fanatical superior, who tried on several occasions to convert him. He was even more upset when he learned that this Vera Fischer had made herself acquainted with his little brother and even prayed with him. In summer the host Vera made here home available for the athletes for Jesus team and was also present at Christian meetings during the World Championship. So, Jonathan was predicted by his close relatives that his enthusiasm will vanish soon. In a way, they should get right.

Christmas stood in front of the door and the possibility of a fantastic winter holiday opened for Jonathan. He received an invitation to a luxury hotel in St. Moritz, which he had to owe to his best ever achieved chess performance. In the previous year, he triumphed in a tournament with ten international young talents in Lenk in the Bernese Oberland. He won seven times and drew two times, scoring the performance of a Super Grandmaster. An annual Grand Prix Tournament, sponsored by the Swiss Union of Raiffeisen Banks, was held in the Engadine resort, which was highly appreciated by the jet set. The only hurdle that had to be overcome was a ban on taking time off for all Bank staff at the turn of the year. Jonathan knew that his bank director Adolfo, who was fascinated by classical music, always ignored his own holiday ban, to make a pilgrimage to the fairy tale castle Neuschwanstein. A Wagner Festival was held there every year in the Singers' Hall, in which his gifted wife and six-time mother Anne-Sophie conducted. One of the most successful Bank Board Manager in Germany, which was not only a lover of higher art but also his sponsor, did not let him down.

Jonathan was asked by a friendly family from Kecskemét to accompany a fourteen-year-old prodigy to Switzerland. The lean World Junior Champion Peter Polgar was regarded not only as the most promising candidate to the kings crown, but also played excellent football in his army Club. Jonathan had even witnessed a rough-and-tumble at the Spring Festival in Budapest among greedy, money-grubbing chess trainers, fighting for the right to teach the wonder boy. The following Hungarian national coach and grandmaster Dr. Tamás Bozi was a friend of the Fischer family and occasionally stayed in Stuttgart during his European tours. Jonathan first bought a second-hand personal computer for the duo hosted in Fasanenhof and installed an extensive chess database called ChessBase. The case, the PC and the own alpine ski equipment were packed into the car to go in a threesome to St. Moritz. Jonathan discussed with Tamás on the highway towards Schaffhausen if he could not manage the investments of the emerging top earner Peter in the future. Accordingly, the doctorate lawyer Dr. Bozi made a joke in broken German, that he would like to open a numbered account for his ward Peter in Switzerland, when crossing the border. The humourless investigators dismantled then the Opel Kadett into its individual parts for two hours, searching empty-handed for cash and also, without results and with all possible tricks of decryption, tried to spy on all supposed numbers of bank data on the computer's hard disk. At a time like this, the three suspects started a mutual blind simultaneous tournament. Everyone played simultaneously against each

other without taking a chessboard as help, but rather keeping all moves in mind to pass them on audibly. Jonathan was pleased about winning both memory games and interpreted this as a good omen. Even happier were all three brain athletes, once a service relieving border guard turned out to be a true expert and chess friend, in order that the journey could be continued.

When they arrived with serious delay at the reception of the Grand Palace Hotel in the snow-covered Engadine, the PC and the screen was dismantled again. Intelligence officials feared that a bomb could be hidden inside. Why did they make this huge effort? The world-famous home was booked during the Christmas season as the venue for a conference especially for government and business leaders aiming for a "new world order". Therefore it was strictly monitored. The three newcomers finally got their room keys and a bar code scan card, enabling to move easier around, in order that they could go wearily to their overnight apartments.

The next morning Lady Fortune returned in Jonathan's life. The breakfast in the Grand Hall of the posh hotel was accompanied by a harpist and just at that moment two world-famous business women sat at his table. The ripe, contemporary, blonde chicks conversed in English about their marketing and sales strategies. They prided themselves with their Double-Investments in Silicon Hills, who had helped them to achieve capital wealth and splendid prosperity. Staring at their breasts in big cleavages, the devout Christian and banker got into a moral conflict and started to ponder: Was it a coincidence that he had seen both at night on TV in scenes which were prohibited by the Church? Madonna! The One was on shocking scene on MTV with her hit „Like a Prayer“, mocking the cross according to her usual practice of sex. The Other, in another nooky horror film, was riding on the devil, causing bad things to happen in whatever shock of earthquake, showing in "Basic Instinct" her best, bare-naked side, which was leading to a deadly karma.

When Jonathan floated up with the gondola to the snowy mountains of Graubünden, he could see the white towers of the fairytale-like hotel, which was located on a hill, gleaming in a reddish sunlight. Leaving the means of transport, his ski poles interlocked with those of the young, Anglo-Saxon successor to the throne, which he could not capture nor believe. Most humbly, subserviently bowing, he lifted the discarded handkerchief of the snotty-nosed kid, but he only encountered the shielding bodyguards, giving no appreciation for his attempted restitution. The displeased Jonathan put in the sticky souvenir and surpassed the aristocratic family, as he was carving swiftly and skilfully with his Fischer skis down through the black run to the valley. Jonathan could tackle this day with ease for he had agreed in advance with his side kick Tamás Bozi to play a quick, lustless draw variation. Ongoing Jonathan gave his accomplice ski lessons at a beginner lift and was amused of his numerous crashes in the snow.

The next morning buffet had to offer two erected opera singers who musically welcomed the guests. The cantors figured Tamino and Papageno and were harmoniously accompanied by a string orchestra. This time Jonathan was joined at a table with two male business people, welcoming him with a rubbing thumb when shaking hands, always ready for service as apprentices. They were two fellow countrymen who apparently took part in the political forum. One of them wanted to do away with the expensive cash and the other to remove his disturbing works council. The national economist and the mechanical engineer invented a mammon patent. The cash of the credit institution should secretly flow to the Heros of the peoples-works-council, and then be paid by these fortune messengers, to get reconverted into a scriptural money account. Thus, the two Chair Men of the Executive Board believed to be able to control two cylinders with only one valve. Hopefully, the catalyst does not strike then, recognised accounting

Jonathan who had shifted his reserves to speculate in investments of the global corporations.

In the candidates tournament the games started at two o'clock in the afternoon. The second encounter with Peter Polgar was serious, because Jonathan was fighting in an endgame with rook, knight and pawn against an overpowering queen for survival. At this instant a risen president, chosen in Yale, and his oil-governor-alumnus came into play. The two kibitzers with their eagle eyes sneaked out of their conference room crowned with a Bilderberg (mountain of paintings) into the Dutch chess hall of the hotel group. They were encircled from peaking out-and-out cameramen who transmuted the confident of victory, hysterical Polgar in elevated buck fever. The young chess god swung elegantly his king through the air for the gallery, until he immediately got in a panic, since he realized his mistake. A move with the white queen would have been more favourable.

However, the beast in Jonathan persisted on the touched-move rule, so that he could save himself maliciously in a repetition of moves through perpetual check. All the more horny, the black player felt, due to the fact that this view of the day was broadcasted in the SF Tagesschau. The admiration and the envy of many friends was dead certain for him.

Fischer lived in a Junior Suite Deluxe where the drinks in the hotel bar were initially free. On the third day, indeed, the refrigerator with the spirituous beverages were eliminated by the femme de chambre. What had happened? His next-door neighbour, the English champion player Harry Bibber got himself drunk and took the emergency fire extinguisher to over spray a ravenous, thrown out of the chamber concubine in the corridor. The powdered floor then looked like after a winter exercise of the youth fire brigade.

Jonathan was pleased about the schedule which arranged just at that day his game with the white colours against the alcoholic. It looked like Jonathan could achieve a combatless victory, for his opponent overslept the beginning of the round with a hangover. Almost an hour late, the red-haired Bibber still showed up and knocked over accidentally his black queen and his checkmated king. J'adoube - I adjust my pieces, the players generally say at such a unhandily moment. Jonathan choose the Ruy Lopez opening, which Harry, the chess playing wizard and gambler, transformed into the dreaded Marshall Attack. White wins in this gambit a pawn, but on the other hand Black takes over the opening initiative. Drenched in sweat, Jonathan felt very uncomfortable in his skin and came after two hours in big time trouble. Its intuitive, brilliant opponent, who ran to the bathroom constantly, needed only fifteen minutes thinking time. The match was voted later as the game of the year, since Jonathan couldn't prevent the choking checkmate forced by the black knight, although having a big material advantage.

On the gourmet set dinner the German who had to wear a compulsory jacket conversed with the freckled face underdog, understanding not only why he first sacrificed the cost-intensive peasant woman and then the pawn, but also comprehending that he mastered the Marshall Gambit in the sleep. The corporate analysis with the help of the computer player database in the double room of Tamás and Peter confirmed Harry's claim on the basis of many successful games. The Hungarians were thereby warned and prepared themselves better on their encounters with the Englishman.

In the endless evening, the wannabe world champion Fischer who hated to memorize long opening variations was comforted in the pay TV with the repeatedly seen Arnold Schwarzenegger science fiction action film "Total Recall" and with other forgetful mind movies.

The next day, Fischer tried as Black to maintain also a pawn advantage in a King's

Gambit against Kasparov. However, he had to admit the superiority of the world-class dictator after 33 moves. During the following game analysis in the Vodka Yeltsin Lounge, a Soviet KGB officer named Vladimir tried to defend the stupid pawn holding strategy vigorously. Indeed, this Germany ally couldn't stand up with the mass demonstration of Garry. Garry Kasparov silenced his compatriot ultimately, when he recommended with mockery and contempt, to better bring under his rebellious opponents in the judo club or to put in / putting the ball with / in the golf club.

Accidentally, the royal handkerchief sniffing Fischer picked up an influenza infection at the ski runs, which increasingly weakened him and chained him in his spare time to the bed. Also, in the chess arena, an unprecedented losing streak with four further losses occurred fatally on the following days. Fischer lost to Kramnik in the Russian Game, against Anand in the King's Indian, against Madl-Sautter in the Queen's Gambit, and finally against Leko in the controversial opening of Budapest Gambit. Jonathan's prayers for success seemed to be ignored by God. Also the occasional study in the bedside cabinet Gideon Bible brought him little word of consolation. To cap it all, his VW Turbo Warrants daily lost value and a speculation at the DTB (German Derivatives Exchange, follow-up Eurex) on Deutsche Bank proved to be worthless at the expiration date.

That was the last straw. He decided to punish God by no longer practising the Lord's prayer before going to sleep. Starting as a communion kid, this had become a holy good night tradition. Instead, Jonathan delighted in the movie *9½ Weeks*. Ironically, at one of the culinary gourmet scenes with the sexy Kim, there was an unexpected knock at his door. Viktor Orlowski, the father of his last round opponent wanted to talk to him. He offered him 600 Swiss francs for deliberately losing the next day. Jonathan had won two French games against the very pretty Judith in the past year. So the father was afraid that he might wrest her first place with 6600 dollars in prize money, just like a battered boxer shortly before the final gong. The daughter should learn nothing from the secret immoral offer. When Jonathan himself once was adversely affected by such arrangements, he had sworn never to participate in the business of the chess mafia. Nevertheless, the trade began to please him. Thus, the gentleman would just finish the event with a negative record of only one of nine possible points and in lieu he could start something stimulating with the bribe money. Even so, the following search of the white waxed fun-partner with the empty fire extinguisher did not succeed. The elevator operator said to know that Queen Teresa was gone for an interview at the Canton Health Department. That appeared odd to him, because at the lunch in the Spanish dining hall she had encumbered oneself with an statutory insurance, which she immediately and compulsively must provide at the local tax office.

The following day, Peter Polgar won also an untruly game against his second Tamás Bozi and was appointed the youngest men grand master being only 14 years old. He shared the win with the precocious women player Judith Orlowski who had received the highest chess title in the record-breaking age of 15.

The goat like Peter did not want to invest the prize money at Jonathan's Sandbank Denkenstadt eG, but followed subsequently the advice of a Swiss Raiffeisen consultant and bought Parmalat shares. What kind of stinker cheese is this?, Jonathan thought. The foreign colleagues had probably still not learned from the Südmilch and Sachsenmilch bankruptcies. Anyway, the defiant child didn't speak well of him ever since they had a dispute after their touched-move drawn game. Then, on the way back, Peter almost wetted his pants as the digital speedometer passed the two hundreds mark. Quickly had to be reached the last night train from Zurich main station in the direction of Vienna for the Hungarians on their way home. The sports car driver Fischer pursued a Speedster on the Swiss highway with car number plate S-PS 231. The black-gold winged convertible

with the logo Porsche 911 had probably twice as much boss mares power than his lowered, purple-metallic Opel GSI, which bottomed out at corrugations, based on the load of the rear luggage. Tamás and Jonathan wouldn't mind in their comfortable Recaro front seats, but the sour pupil on the back seat was shaken rancid.

A black Ford Scorpio who initially wanted to save fuel in the wake of the Stuttgart-based car turned on a portable blue light and forced Jonathan to stop at the service area of Würenlos. Goat Peter was released to pee, and Jonathan was given the opportunity to explain his tuning modifications to the nice Swiss officials on the basis of his vehicle registration. The new year had begun badly for the flu-weakened Kadett tuner, since he received a prescription costing 600 Swiss francs for driving with an excessive speed. He was even lucky that the police officers let him go further, because the two rear Goodyear low profile tires had scrubbed at the wheel arches glowing purple.

The chess professionals were dismissed as planned at the train station and Jonathan reached with pain and misery his own home in Stuttgart, where his medical condition yet continued to deteriorate. A purulent inflammation in the upper jaw erupted. In the Katharinenhospital the diagnosis was made that a tumour in the head had grown again which had to be surgically removed. Jonathan was devastated. He wept bitterly and was scared to death. He remembered his friend Richy Hammer, who was writing a Bible verse at the farewell last summer which implied that he should be courageous and strong and shouldn't fear. A large envelope from overseas was delivered at the very morning to Jonathan. Inside was the over-sized photo together with embracing Carl and Leroy. Hammer reminded the hero of this fiction in the attached letter again of the words written down in the first chapter of the sixth book in the Hebrew Bible written by Joshua. Jonathan was shocked when he was reading the lines and was reminded of his promise not to participate again in chess tournaments. The critical operation was performed under local anaesthesia, which didn't edify Jonathan with his uncomfortable feelings. An oral surgeon named Martin Anrich told his assistant Dr. Christian Finckh of an bygone effective aid mission in Albania and his plans to travel to Macao. Jonathan was afraid that the clever, filigree hands do not remove every tumour growth from its roots during the distracting holiday conversations. He promptly got to hear from the surgeon: "Hopefully I've caught everything. I'll drill now a window into the nasal sinus cavity, so that in future the inflammation does not occur so easily." Finckh, a junior doctor noticed: "Now I know how to do it. Otherwise I'll get the rest out just after my full approbation at Easter."

The disillusioned Jonathan was hospitalized for a week and got a visit from a charming lady. Vera Fischer had learned of his brother from his stay in hospital and started to encourage him with a basket full of fruits. Jonathan felt very flattered and started to become fond of the few years older, qualified engineer. Were the same last names perhaps a sign from the Most High?

The desired healing process by the doctors turned up. Thus, the patient could return in the usual course of everyday life. A short time later a great scandal occurred in his chess club which was founded 160 years ago. The team manager had used the entrusted wages to play poker and lost the game despite having a Royal Flush. The sponsors withdrew and the professional players had to find new clubs because they were without money. The bank specialist Fischer was happy to exercise a monetary trade and saw the event as a last advise of God to abandon tournament chess. The coming fulfilment of his life dream would be a confirmation for this serious decision.

The Trip to Albania

Jonathan Fischer started on the Internet an English Bible correspondence course on which Vera Fischer called attention to. This woman was a shining role model in faith for Jonathan who was not surprised to hear from her that she planned to go to a dangerous journey to Albania which was strewn with bunkers and ammunition remains. The atheist state had just been freed from an evil communist dictatorship and has been called the alms house of Europe. No, even wild horses couldn't drag him there, in these stretch of land well-known for blood revenge. His memories of baddish supplied Eastern-Bloc countries, which he had received as head coach at the Blind Chess Olympiad in Romania, were yet bad enough. Know, you never say never, because Jonathan was faced with an interesting decision. Eight women and a friend of Jonathan had registered for the development aid trip in the Balkan State. The Allianz AG staff Richard Frank turned out, because his employer started a new, large commission to support children. Now, Vera was looking for a male replacement as a needful protection against advances of suitors. Jonathan himself had not only cast an covetous eye on her, but also to a young student who lived in a sublet room at Vera's home. She was of British origin, named Helen Richards and impressed him as a talented singer and musician. At a meeting about the objectives and risks of the travel which was planned at Easter, Jonathan met the other ladies of which one was prettier than the other. Naturally he would come along as the protector, for violent attacks of macho men were expected that he should fight off. Jonathan had little wisdom that the Almighty God looks deep into the hearts of men to check their motivations.

The day of departure had come and the two flights leaded from Stuttgart over Budapest to Albania. Landed in Tirana Jonathan looked out the window and was searching for the airport building. His visual organs gave him the feedback that he was brought back to the fifties. "What kind of water towers were these, and where did the horse-drawn carts come from?" he asked himself intently. Mistakes are made to learn from them. Therefore, the arrivals handed over their luggage on volunteers. Those carried the loads as fast in the direction of the W123 taxis with the result that no one was surprised at the lack of a suitcase. Fortunately, only toothbrushes and toothpaste tubes were inside, which were donated by a friendly company and would now find its destiny otherwise. It was difficult enough to get the bags in the trunk of the three Mercedes-Benz, as the young carriers didn't hand them out without getting an unreasonable high tip. The speedometer of the classic car from the two hundred diesel production series indicated a level of four hundred thousand kilometres. The real acclimatization was at the hotel, where a reception committee greeted the new arrivals. The people were very warm-hearted and expressed this through hugs and kisses on the cheek.

The program of the first week played in the capital of the State on the Adriatic Sea. In her profession the engineer Vera was responsible for the waste disposal and public sanitary, henceforth she felt appointed to introduce the Swabian obsession of cleaning in the small country. In her human zeal she wanted to clean the streets of gold in heaven in her later life. For this reason a discussion started with the travelled with dentist Reinhild Scheu whether this would be necessary in paradise. The perspective of the Albanian roads was disillusioning, forasmuch the waste was thrown on heaps at the side stripes. The poor refuse workers had to scoop the rubbish in the garbage truck by hand. Evil-smelling carcasses were doused with gasoline on the ground and set on fire. Dr. Scheu attended the oral surgery department of the municipal hospital and took first photos of the outdated equipment. The setup of the establishment of a retired German dental practice was supervised by the kind medicine. The foreign colleagues were very pleased. It turned out, that the oral surgeon Martin Anrich who operated Jonathan had

left a favourable impression too at this place in days gone by. Even the couple Marika and Stefan Barth from Stuttgart had gained a good reputation through the construction of a polyclinic in the Albanian capital. Was that not the working couple which had founded the Agapedia Foundation together with his idol, Jürgen Klinsmann, recently? Jonathan's assumption was confirmed by his companion on the occasion of the football match between FC and Dinamo Tirana. The football enthusiastic Albanians loved the visiting German football stars and knew them and their friends well. Even the Germany flag was hung out from the windows of the people at major tournaments, and after German Goals they gladly shot with their illegal guns in the air.

Moreover, spending leisure activities, the National Theatre of Opera and Ballet of Albania was visited by the group. One of the most well-known Mozart works "The Magic Flute" was performed. Jonathan was astonished when he studied the opera guide and events more accurately. He suddenly realised that an attempt was made to win him for a Masonic lodge. His companions could not understand his scepticism and warbled away the world famous, known by heart "The Bird Catcher's Aria" and "The Queen of the Night Aria".

In the second week, the Group wanted to inspect the beauty of the northern mountains and went by train to Shkodër. The windows of the train were beaten up and the seat cushion ripped out, causing another culture shock to the foreign passengers. A dashing young man in the compartment was very pushy, because as soon as one of the pretty women opened a bottle, he wanted to have something according to the local custom. In Shkodër, they were welcomed by a Swedish missionary named Ulf Gouderner who established the Campus Crusade for Christ student work in the University. A small, fenced house which had only one shower serving also as a toilet drain was their place of accommodation. Getting used to it by his Black Forest farm stays, Jonathan didn't care, but the female attendants had not seen and smelled anything like this. No wonder, there was a dispute among the women about the type-of-use time-frame of this special bathroom. However, the harmonious and nice handling with each other was marred only by little.

The Swedish, German, English and Albanian speaking Northman Ulf organized a gospel campaign in the auditorium of the University. First of all, the German team performed a pantomime piece and then Helen took the guitar and started to sing some praise songs. The highlight was a dance show by four faith sisters, accompanied by Christian pop music on a ghettoblaster. Almost all of the male audience went wild with enthusiasm and demanded an encore. A short sermon on Albanian by Gouderner and an invitation to a service formed the conclusion. His weekly Bible devotions had established itself already at the University. The talented linguist Ulf had learned in two years nearly perfectly Albanian and impressed Jonathan just as strongly as it did Pastor George Müller.

On one of the following days, the group repeated the show in a public place. In Shkodër it was common for people to stroll up and down in the pedestrian zone and to meet in the evening at the central green area with a beautiful, artificial pond. It was helpful for the team that they could repeat the usual routine once more in the program run, inasmuch as about five hundred curious people immediately had gathered in order to pursue the attractive spectacle. In the end, Ulf Gouderner made a call and asked who wanted to give his life to Jesus Christ. Half of the crowd indicated this with a visible raise of hands. Jonathan and his assistants began to distribute invitations for a newly planned Sunday service. As a result they got loudly berated by some Catholics. A runty riot raised, as some of the men tried by force to get the handouts and began to tear them. The Archdiocese had a large Cathedral which was turned into a gym from dictator

Enver Hoxha during his reign of terror. The famous Agnes Gonxha Bojaxhiu was educated at the Catholic girls school of Shkodra as a child. The Saint is better known under the name of Mother Teresa. The service of Ulf was greatly blessed despite all attacks, since he was able to start a well attended church on the following Sunday in the city with the largest mosque of the Balkan.

After an extensive breakfast together the tour group went to one of the tallest buildings of Shkodër. Ulf suggested Jonathan to line up a stair race to the lookout point. The winner should get a food paid by the loser. The certain of success and well trained Jonathan fell quickly behind, due to the fact that he could hardly follow the large, blond Scandinavian. On the final level access Jonathan mobilized his last strength and confused Ulf with the scripture: "He makes my feet like the deer's feet, he enables me to stand on the heights." Eventually the finish ended in equal place. The exhausted fighting cocks got handed over a water bottle as winning Cup from the women arriving some time later. A further reward for the effort was the picturesque panorama view of a barren landscape painted in full with lakes and mountains. The following race lunch in a garden restaurant the lanky, betting Ulf had to pay for the first time himself.

The royal company at table made the way with an old VW bus driven and owned by Ulf to the Adriatic Sea. There they enjoyed the unusually high temperature while it was April. Out of gratitude, Gouderner wanted to return the favour to his new friends in sharing time at the pristine and intact Mediterranean coastline. Some Albanian families had gathered on the beach, where Jonathan watched a small group of locals playing blitz chess. Kibitzing he realised, that the men were quit strong in the rapid chess game, giving each player five minutes time on the clock. He was invited in English to play a game for money and it was clear that he should be mugged as a rich tourist. In his life, Jonathan has been repeatedly ridiculed and underestimated, which he attributed to his mischievous voice and his narrow upper body. Jonathan won not only one game after the other, but also squeezed out all money out of their small pockets. He got filled with pride, seeing that his pretty companions began to admire him, since they knew nothing beforehand of his talent. All the more the blond with the curly hair boasted on his way back about his many successes and awards. A car overtook the bus from Ulf Gouderner and forced him to stop. The four-member gang of chess players furiously opened the sliding door and demanded to return the obtained money. Ulf urged Jonathan to meet the claim and warned him of the prevailing blood revenge. Jonathan didn't want to hear after all, for he had paid his gambling debts always as an honest loser. A heated argument developed, leading in a scuffle, ending in a knockout punch.

When Jonathan woke up again Ulf was at the side in his bed and put his own heart on his heart in his chest. In the first place Jonathan was spooked, thinking that his opponent could be light in the loafers, however he received a prayer for healing. Suddenly, the clergyman asked him why he had flown with the girls to Albania. Jonathan reddened and admitted that the main reason was the desire for a girlfriend. A forgotten word of advice repeated itself: "But seek first the Kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things will be given to you as well." The pastor subjoined, "search the will of God for each day and do everything to his honour." At the evening meal Jonathan could not enjoy the food, but the more he liked to be pitied by his companions and ouch, oh how he revelled to be cooled from Reinhild on his chin.

The following day brought another, unforgettable adventure for the story-hero Jonathan Fischer. Ulf Gouderner had the idea to give away Albanian New Testaments, operated by groups of two, going through the streets and ringing at the houses. The team met first in the church rooms of the nice Evangelical Youth Minister Ares Kaftalli to fill the bags with the books about the New Covenant. According to the attractive German ladies, it wasn't

difficult obviously for Ares to motivate six Albanian adult males as interpreters. Only the group of Jonathan and Reinhild couldn't speak the national language what turned out to be a disadvantage. Understandably, the new couple was rejected particularly in Muslim dominated households linked with incomprehensible curse rants. A large concern for Reinhild caused the stray dogs in the courtyards, since their loudly barking commanded a healthy respect. Jonathan enjoyed playing the protector, while he resolutely confronted the beasts. An elderly man watched whistling the hunt and waved them over. He was very pleased. Jonathan and Reinhild had to take place in his front yard and got a Turkish coffee served by the daughter of the house on a tray. The actual host vanished into his home to get back with a small sword and a few skewers. Reinhild became running scared. Help searching she embraced Jonathan. Signalling benevolence, the Albanian retiree put aside his murder tools. He put his right index finger again and again in a circle formed of his left index finger and thumb and pointed alternately to the visitors who blushed right up to the ears. After the situation seemed to relax, the whirling dervish took the skewers and pierced the cheeks, of course his own. Jonathan felt reminiscent of one of the Filipino Good Friday processions and the shy dentist Scheu shook, whether the high risk of infection in the head. The well-intentioned ecstatic performance was way too much for her. The Germans jumped to one's feet exclaiming a hectic "Mirupafshim" which was rather meant as "Goodbye forever". "Oh my God!" sighed Reinhild, "must evangelising always be so painful and exciting?" Jonathan got the idea to pray: "Dear Jesus, help us to spread thy word without stress and strain." The encounter with the next pack of hounds revealed that prayers are not always immediately heard. Howsoever just the smallest, bouncing barker inflicted a minimum bite on Reinhilds left hand. Reinhild wept. Jonathan handed a handkerchief. A large group of pupils approached after the end of the lesson. Jonathan summed up: "Unless you change and become like little children, you can not enter the kingdom of heaven!" And Reinhild realised: "Then we pass out the writings to the youngest disciples, for they will receive the word with joy!" Thus, the distribution action came certainly to a successful end.

At noon, a spaghetti dinner was served in the community rooms. Ares and Ulf wanted to continue the prosperous postman rally, whereby they met little enthusiasm on the part of Reinhild Scheu. Such being the case, she was persuaded to accompany the experienced Swedish evangelist, while Jonathan was assigned for the change to the extremely charming Helen Richards. First of all the problems continued, since the unhappy dream couple encountered much opposition. "Helen, I feel like to be plunged in at the deep end!", Jonathan stated and got the answer: "Then we need to start to praise the Lord like **Jonah in the fish**, Jona-than Fisch-er!" Wow, what a beautiful voice this woman had. No wonder so many songs are sung in English, was crossing the mind of the German singer. The spiritual atmosphere had changed, at least since one after the other New Testament was willingly accepted. Helen rejoiced and Jonathan praised the day. An Albanian woman started to reinstruct that you shouldn't count the chicken before they are hatched. Suspiciously she scrutinized the presented book, just to bash it over Jonathan's head. She probably screamed on Albanian, that she is "katolike". The German missionary was tapping on his chest claiming also to be "katolik" (Catholic). The daughter was called who spoke as a secondary school graduate French. "Oh, mon Dieu", Jonathan dropped the subject as soon as possible, having achieved only bad marks. Helen and her companion were invited in the state parlour. Jonathan scored with his monastic relatives, in as much his recently deceased sister aunt Hanna was a nun. On the other side, the stagnant talk made obvious, that Catholics should not read the Bible, because they cannot understand it anyway. After all, only the clergy was allowed to make use of the Vulgate (Latin version of the Bible). Following these explanations, the hostess tried to matchmake her daughter Leah with Jonathan. The girl was in fact very pretty. In any

event she tried to twist Jonathan around her little finger with the charmingly flutter of her eyelashes. For a short time, Helen tried to listen more precisely, but the expectant teacher didn't get the head around. Right after the discussions had arrived at the price negotiations, for the future mom in law asked about any lands and houses in Germany, the wisecracker Jonathan favoured to take Helen with him to return home to their accommodation. The participants exchanged their experiences, right before the evening meal arrived at the dining table, where mainly Helen had much to smile about.

The next morning, the party left the area around Shkodër in the direction of the Albanian Alps. This time Ulf organized an edgy Puch G SUV model from Ares Kaftalli . The transport vehicle had also four hundred thousand kilometres on the speedometer. Another record was to transport even fourteen people in the 5-seater. At least, the spare parts supply seemed to operate in the developing country, concluded Jonathan. As a matter of fact, he loved it to get squashed between Helen Richards and Reinhild Scheu, sitting together in the vertical box utility room at the back. Wow! The soft skin of the girls at his side was tender like a baby. It was sensational to get in touch with the beloved driving up the lopes of endless serpentine. The conversation got more and more excited when they arrived at a pristine mountain lake. There they wanted to take their brought along snacks and to spend a longer time in the spring. Jonathan impressed the group by jumping into the deep end. Ulf had already announced that very hard-boiled swimmers should bring their bathing suits. Helen and Reinhild followed Jonathan into the cold water and enjoyed it to wet him repeatedly splashing in the water. At the supreme moment, when these two heavenly beings left with their wet bathing suits the clear aqua, Jonathan knew not where he should look first. It seemed as if he had never seen more beautiful curves and characteristics of the opposite sex. Hormones were released in his body. His blood began to circulate faster. The observant missionary Gouderner took the opportunity to take him aside. He showed him a passage in the Bible where Job mad a covenant with his eyes not to look lustfully at a virgin. He further explained that God would give him exactly at the right time a wife, who will share with him the most exciting experiences. Then he prayed for him that he will perform his job as companion properly with the responsibility God is expecting.

Three boys in pubertal age approached who had followed from afar the bustle on the lake. Ulf told Jonathan he had the impression that this is the opportunity to hold his first mission sermon for the mountain residents with him as a translator. The teenagers listened curiously for half an hour his experiences as a driver at the World Championships in Athletics. Before they left, each of the three Muslim-pervaded locals happily received a Bible. Two of the blond Christian dancers had the idea to pray for them before dismissing, which was immediately appreciated. After the group had spent a wonderful time in the Albanian mountains, they went on their way home. It began to dawn. Once again the vehicle was abruptly pushed aside from another car and forced to stop. Two shadowy men who carried pistols in holsters inspected the SUV. It seemed as if they were inquiring in Albanian where the passengers came from and what they are doing, for Ulf started to call the names of each one of them. One of the men opened the back door and took Helen at her arms. Jonathan freaked out and wanted to be violent again. Ulf came rushing to the aid of his friends. He calmed Jonathan down, telling them to just come out of the trunk. The two Albanian police officers sifted through the rear part, found a bottle of Coca-Cola and confiscated the smuggled good, making satisfied their way. The fact that ten people were transported in an approved five-person car, did not bother the police in this country. Jonathan had to reminisce about the day's events before falling asleep. He felt like in a roller coaster ride of emotions when he thought of Helen and Reinhild. He did not know which of the two he should choose, because each one was extremely attractive and

likeable in her own way. Instead of figuratively drawing a picture of the beauties in his mind, he saw the three boys whom he had given testimony suddenly in his head. An indescribable sense of joy surrounded him and tears rolled down his cheeks. The prediction of the nun, he would become a priest, returned in remembrance. Did not two pastors tried with their advices to make it clear that he should work towards the same goal?

The two-week Easter vacation was drawing to an end. Gouderner put the visitors in his VW bus, the luggage on the roof rack, targeting the airport in Tirana. He spoke of a coming revival. The pioneering earworm-cassette "I have loved you" from the Christian songwriter Kent Henry was played. Jonathan couldn't forget the song "Help us" and "Prayer for the Wounded". After his arrival in Stuttgart he straight away obtained the 1993 produced CD from the Charisma Shop. In this Christian bookstore Jonathan regularly stocked up with recordings and literature. Afterwards he especially enjoyed a bestseller by Ulf Gouderner, dealing with true spiritual life. The successful theological dissertation, entitled "An injured sheep is more important than ninety-nine healthy" showed church leaders and lay brothers how necessary it is to help emotionally wounded in the church. Later Ulf caused a sensation, when he returned to the far north of Sweden and founded the fastest growing church community in Europe.

The Trip to England

A month later, the beautiful participants of the adventure-journey met again to have a nice chat and to share their photos at the home of Vera. Helen Richards told Jonathan Fischer that she leads the singing in a circle of pupils and requested him, whether he would like to come along on the following Saturday. Jonathan didn't have to be asked twice after getting another broad hint. The prayer meeting started in the home of a teacher called Otto Blossom who gave lessons in Protestant religion, English and sports on a high school in Sindelfingen. Besides the three adults, one girl and three boys in the ninth grade had gathered. Helen was practically predestined as an Englishwoman to support the evangelical teacher. Blossom asked her to read a specific Bible text in pure Oxford English and then to exchange their views in their native language. The weekly school meeting continued to grow through Helen's cooperation. Soon gathered twelve people. Moreover, the Bavarian Chess Master Jonathan got the idea to attract additional students by a simultaneous tournament. His new spokesman Otto booked a classroom for Saturday, beating the big drum for the event. Tables with forty chess boards were set up in a square inside the school. Jonathan was standing in the midst of the solid square, whereby his teen opponents were sitting around on chairs. Agile as a whirlwind, he went from one board to the next. After two hours Jonathan had finished the battle against the amateurs victoriously except for one game. The clever son of a pastor, Christoph Ziegler, served not only in the BGG Stuttgart (Bible Believer Church 1955 e.V.), but also participated in the chess club SV Wolfbusch 1956 e.V., so that he turned his time lead into a masterful win. It was not surprising that chess companion Christoph came back the next week to enjoy the fellowship with Jonathan. On the other hand, to the amazement of Otto, his apartment in Sindelfingen was full to overflowing with thirty students. To be at the premium, the single was not only a very valuable, pedagogical teacher, but also a loving father-figure who practised Christian values in his own life.

Some parents were also convinced of his commitment, making themselves available when drivers were required for alternative programs. Cycling, walking and barbecues were as much on the schedule as a quarterly organized Jesus-Meeting. Three thousand participants gathered regularly in a newly built Gospel Forum. They were attracted from loud rock music to experience "More of God". The Christian band Beat Generation organized the event. Vocalist Tobi Veigel normally led through the program and drummer Simon Wörner carried on a sweeping sound. It was normal for Beat Generation to be represented with multiple songs in the charts. Likewise, the Christian musicians were on the verge of winning the German Euro Vision Song Contest. In as much as they reached the second and the third place in the phone dial election of the music show. Christians of all denominations had worked their fingers to the bone, using their cellphones to throw money down the drain to succeed in greatest music betrieb/business prosperity.

Assistant teacher Helen got a clever idea for the Christian English crammers. She wanted to organize a study trip to the south-east coast of England, since she was a friend of the pastor from King's Fellowship in Ramsgate, whose church members were willing to open their homes for the students. Tutor Blossom presented the opportunity on the occasion of a parents' evening and met great enthusiasm. In a short time thirty students, some of other classes, had signed up for the summer vacation soon exceeding the capacity. The two most ardent visitors of the pupil gatherings, Christoph Ziegler and Markus Ruf, who was a leading altar boy from the St. Nicholas Church, registered as well as their three adult role models of the Saturday meeting.

Thus, the journey led by plane to London, to be continued by train to Ramsgate. The Bible-believing Pentecostal pastor Aaron Spelton had taken great care to create a varied program. In addition to the daily lessons in the language institutes numerous excursions

were organized. Canterbury, the old university town in the county of Kent, the Eurotunnel Exhibition Centre in Folkestone, Dover Castle, and the close by amusement park in Margate were popular excursion destinations.

After the first Sunday service, the host families gathered with their fellow housemates to a barbecue at the sports fields from Wembley Park. The mostly male students were passionate football players, the girls enjoyed all the more playing volleyball with their PE instructor Blossom. Jonathan lodged with a bachelor named Erwin Vilde, who had organized the German-English football match between the church youth and the students. The match in the park stadium was even-tempered and fiercely contested, but in the end, after some controversial scenes, it turned out 4-2 for the English team. Sad to say, too keen to do well, the fullback Vilde destroyed the fortunate atmosphere through a sliding tackle with the chafed cleats of his Nike steel-shoes. Known for his aggressive style of play, Erwin originated a deep cut on the upper leg of his opposing player and guest Jonathan. Once, the German national striker Fischer achieved with his Adidas soccer shoes an overhead kick goal of the year, henceforward he had to be driven by Aaron Spelton to the hospital to have to have twice three stitches.

On the following Monday, apart from the language studies, the opportunity was offered for the stricken Jonathan to rest with the other vacationers on a barren beach located close to the ferry port. Oh happy day, highly adored Helen appreciatively massaged his back with Little-Boy-Suntain-Lotion under the brought along cooler air spending sun umbrella. The dark sunglasses bearing patient clearly delighted in the shades of her perfect upper body. Jonathan enraptured himself without interruption in his surroundings with the two English hillsides, until he no longer dared to turn around. Sunken into his King James Bible, the stand-up comedian Otto seemed to pick up on something. Unexpectedly, he asked over his shoulder if the handled leg was getting even more hardened. Jonathan retorted that a stiff forearm, caused by a one-week Spanish tennis camp, is causing yet again problems. Moreover, the atmosphere and climate in the fresh sea air in Ramsgate would be exceedingly healthful than the dusty training time with his two Stammheimer Emmerholz-Club-Colleagues in Mallorca. Charming Helen saved the day, steering the conversation in another direction, mentioning the heavenly random generator, which was rejected by theologians. She enthused about the Bible-opener-finger-pointer-game, closed her eyes, and pointed to the spot: "I beseech you, O daughters of Jerusalem. Do not awake or arise love until it so desires." Brown hairy body Otto continued to proclaim the old German scripture: "Look not on his countenance, or on the height of his stature, cos I have rejected him. For the Lord seeth not as men seeth, for man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart!" "Is he addressing me?" Jonathan pondered, took his modern Mustard-Seed-Bible, finding this mini verse: "Better is open rebuke than hidden love!" The men wanted to give over, though the bathing beauty Helen couldn't control her feelings, for she skimmed in the New Testament, the second part of the Bible: "But if they cannot control their sexual desire, they should marry. For it is better to marry than to burn with passion." Amidst boisterous laughter, Fischer exploited the situation, casting quickly his net to get the wind out of Bossom's sails. Swiftly he deliberately disentangled the famous thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians from its many registers and breathed: "Love is long-suffering, love believes all things, love hopes all things, love endures all things." The sober-minded Otto appointed the following quote as conclusion: "Seek first his kingdom and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added to you."

At dinner, Jonathan had to chew quite heavy due to the tough, overcooked pork steaks of his sizzling, heavily tattooed head chef Erwin. Did God really speak through the crazy bible game or else everything was a sham? Why was he repeatedly told off this Kingdom

of God scripture? Of course, the most important thing in his life was doubtless that he eventually gets a girlfriend. Most certainly, he had to pay heed to the first small verse just by confessing his love for Helen in an appropriate moment, otherwise they would both sooner or later surely melt with desire.

On the next cloud-covered day, on the occasion of a cliff coast walk along the seven Victorian bays, the house of Charles Dickens in Broadstairs was inspected. Downstairs, in the cellar it was rebuilt into a pirate museum. Moreover, it gave a lot of insight into the working life of the best-selling author of *Oliver Twist* and *David Copperfield*. Jonathan hurt the wound on his leg. However, he decided to hike back to Ramsgate at the side of pretty Helen, clenching on his teeth. Best, he liked to put on a promise ring on his sweethearts wedding finger. Though, in the large group the peaceable opportunity couldn't yet arrive for the lovers to confess their affection.

But first Jonathan went through a kingdom of God experience he never thought could happen. He guessed that the speaking Lord of creation had approached him at the following event:

A highlight of the two-week trip was a special youth service in the middle of the week. Becky Spelton, the pastor's daughter with the high voice led a youth band in which also Helen Richards participated. For half an hour English-language songs were presented. All students could easily join in singing for the texts were screened with an overhead projector. Afterwards, the seventeen year old Becky tried to explain the function of the Holy Spirit on the basis of many biblical examples, being translated into German on the second mic from the interested Jonathan. Down the road, additional intoned chants got going and Spelton's vocal chords and tongue started to sing in a strange language. Gino Padre came running excited to Jonathan. The German pupil who was born in Rome translated simultaneously the following phrases which were repeatedly sung from Becky in an Italian interplay: "My dear children, cleanse yourselves, because soon I will do great wonders. I will pour out my spirit upon you, and ye shall prophesy and have dreams. Do not be afraid, for as the water cover the sea, my glory will be very heavy on." Jonathan asked Aaron whether his daughter speaks Italian which he denied. The chanted sentences of the song were passed on to the guest Pastor Spelton word for word from Gino and Jonathan. Aaron recorded every detail. His conclusion was that God has planned something very special with the European Community.

The next morning, the Stuttgart tourists travelled with the train to London to partake in the international sightseeing tour. The students enjoyed the view from the upper deck of one of the numerous double-decker buses on the many attractions. Jonathan had with Helen, his female passenger in the adjacent seat, the most competent and charming tour guide. Chauffeured to Tower Bridge and Westminster Palace, they still listened to the bells of Big Ben. There were many interesting places to see, like the Parliament Square and Trafalgar Square, until they passed through the most famous place, Buckingham Palace. They had the vast fortune to enjoy a feast whereby the monarch Queen Elizabeth II was celebrated in a white Rolls Royce Phantom. Many photos were shot by the delighted students with the good-humoured Royal Head of State waving to the people. Before Chinese lunch the primarily female part visited Madame Tussauds wax figures, while men were more interested in the progress of the London Transport Museum.

A free afternoon time was scheduled by Blossom, before the participants should return to their five o'clock train to Victoria station. Otto explained that he places great confidence in the students when they go through London's streets unsupervised, and he expected that everyone comes back just in time. Helen took advantage of the offer in order to spend some time quite alone together with Jonathan. She invited him to see

her home church in Kensington Temple and to visit the Christian bookstore in the basement. Arrived, Helen redeemed coupons from Kingsway music to get a "Champion of the World" CD performed by her uncle Noel Richards. Jonathan was interested in a book called "Bible study with vision" by Rick Prince. Accidentally, the Senior Pastor Colin Dye, who was also shopping, welcomed them friendly. When he heard that Jonathan comes from Stuttgart, he advised him to read the autobiography "In the Potter's Hand" by Paula Gassner. The founder of the Swabian BGG Biblische Glaubens Gemeinde had apparently spent some time in the thirties in London and worked as a missionary in the Hyde Park.

All this hit Helen on the idea to invite Jonathan in a cafe of the large city park. The destination of the excursion offered a terrace with a romantic view over an artificial lake, where a cuddling pair of swans swam his laps. Jonathan's gaze remained fixed on Helen's pink blouse with such a deep cutting that his great grandmother from above would have considered too daring. He drew the perspective to a Christian book both had read by Derek Warren, which was about a life with vision. He remembered a passage in which the author reported to have preached for several years at the Speakers Corner in London. Helen knew that this place was quite near. They called the waiter, paid and walked toward the north-eastern end of the royal park. The conversation about the New York Times bestseller repeated oneself very harmoniously, since they realized that they coincided in all questions of life. Jonathan looked deep into the bright green eyes of his smart-looking conversation partner, took his heart in his hand, and asked her if she wants to be his girlfriend. Moved to tears, Helen confessed that she had fallen in love with him at the end of their trip to Albania, and for that reason she wanted to take him along to England. The newly enamoured felicity happily joined their hands, making their way, in order that nothing could stand against their amicable fate. The two tenderly connected draw close to the place where anybody was allowed to give a speech, who was not dragging the Royal Family through the mire. Once they perceived Christoph and Markus in the audience, they quickly let go their hands. The students who both wanted to study theology listened if someone was speaking about the Christian faith. Two crowds had gathered. Obviously, individuals talked about two other world religions. Altogether, the four-membered Salvation Army decided to sing a few English worship songs, which Helen struck up. Only a few people stopped and listened. Those were probably Christians, thought Jonathan and took up his courage. He began to witness how God had changed his life and shared his supernatural adventures. He promised the listeners that they can as well personally experience God. This stout-hearted appearance on the scene impressed Helen much more than his chess skills. A homeless alcoholic came along to give his life to Jesus in prayer and began to weep bitterly. The new friends wanted to take care of him further, but the time began to get short. After they had bought him something to eat at a booth, they went to the Marble Arch tube station and entered the retracting underground railway. It was extremely embarrassing to them, when they, after one change of trains, arrived five past five at the central station to meet Otto and the other pupils. Inasmuch as they were responsible that everyone had to wait an extra hour for the next train. "My dear swan," said Otto Blossom. Ill at ease, Helen Richards went bright red with Jonathan Fischer and with shame, because both knew that a leader is always setting a good example.

Back in Ramsgate the lovestruck couple was groping in the dark together with Otto, who was seeking the Honeysuckle Inn Pub. Reaching the point, they tasted a dark Guinness Extra Stout craft beer which bitter taste didn't please the "sweet couple". Eventually, they explicated to the alcohol-debaucher that they became close friends and explained in detail the reason for the delay. The smart and preppy Otto, who had secretly cast an eye at Helen, gave the advice not to go too far with the exchange of affections, for a close physical contact will cause great pain after separation. He quoted from the book

"God creates marriages" by Derek Warren, that God is a matchmaker and especially blesses each pair which remains virginal until the wedding night. Helen found it funny that this author of all people was quoted. Therefore the soon-to-be wife felt a confirmation that Jonathan was the right man. What she still could not know was, that in fact the wedding bells would ring for her in Ramsgate some time later.

Another Sunday service with precious singing took place. In the final stages Deborah Beesweet, the hostess of Markus Ruf, submitted an impression of the Holy Spirit. She claimed there was a thief in the church, who secretly took money from the offering for himself, as Jesus-disciple Judas did. She reminded of a world-renowned Nigerian apocalyptic prophet named Daniel, who saw in a vision how deceased employees and co-workers of churches were tormented in hell, because they did not steal money from people but from Almighty God. Now the purifying age of the King's church has dawned. The all-consuming zeal of Jesus for his house, the temple of God, being the believers themselves, would soon break out like fire. Therefore, the transgressor should repent today rather than tomorrow, before it is too late as with Judas. Aaron Spelton confirmed the prophecy by informing the church members that a burglar had really stolen the cash box a night before. If the thief was among those present, he should return the money and everything would be fine, for Christians forgive one another and grace triumphs over judgment.

Helen Richards started with a passionate voice in front of the shocked audience the solo "Refiner's Fire, Come to the Mercy Seat" by Charity Hill and Erwin Vilde, who was an usher in the King's Fellowship, handed the basket for the offering through the rows. In the afternoon, Jonathan met with the majority of the male students in Deborah's house in the Pensacola Street to be in full cry after a televised Formula 1 race. Afterwards they watched the videotape "The Cross and the Switchblade" with two more impressive contraries than Damon Hill and Michael Schumacher. The true story about the drug-addicted gang leader Nicky Cruz and the New Yorker pastor David Wilkerson evoked great fascination. Another harmonious day was drawing to a close. Beesweet had the idea of a common prayer, in which the students dedicated their lives to God and asked for protection from harmful addictions.

In the apartment of his host Erwin, Jonathan was invited to a fine Ceylon black tea. Vilde, who shifted a shot of Pusser's rum in his pot, provocatively declared that the English import the delicate tips of the plant leaves from Sri Lanka, though the stupid Germans do not pick up on that they pick poor-quality ground stems up in their tea bags. Jonathan noticed during the further discussion that the former skinhead Erwin had a strong alcohol breath. He seemed to be emotionally injured, because his grandparents were killed during a German air raid.

Jonathan went to bed with many thoughts crossing his mind. A playback of the past day brought warm feelings in the remembrance of charming chanting Helen. It was a great pity that he couldn't see her longer this day. The female circle of friends preferred to go on a nautical trip with the trip. East Frisian Otto was born in Emden, where he was used to hire fishing cutters. Despite the cuddly nap-help in form of a Ottifant, Fischer could not sleep just because he was constantly reminded of the strange prophecy of Deborah Beesweet. Could there indeed be a crook in the King's fellowship? At the very moment he heard how Erwin left the apartment. This was unusual, since it was one o'clock in the morning. Jonathan also decided to take a walk and strolled toward the church. Being a converted cinema, the church building was naturally located in the centre of Ramsgate. Deep in thought, the sleepwalker was utterly amazed, seeing a burning light in the building, which has just been wiped out. Flabbergasted he kept a bald head under surveillance who locked the big entrance door. He followed him discreetly and observed

how he took an object out of his pocket, directed it thereupon to his face, and threw it next into a hedge. This had to be examined more closely. The crime scene inspector discovered an empty bottle of Sangria. The whole case seemed to be very weird. Once home, he surprised the child of the devil - Vilde - in the dining room, as he spread straightforward a bunch of pound notes on the dining table. Hell of a long time, they looked deeply shocked straight in the eyes, until Erwin was crying bitterly and collapsed. Pastor Aaron was called by phone and a lengthy discussion ensued. Erwin Vilde restored all the stolen money, feeling confident to start an alcohol withdrawal. The name of the Christian drug rehabilitation centre that immediately took him was appropriately translated "way to freedom".

The most exciting personal experience for Jonathan was not this worldwide spreading, awe-inspiring history which convicted of sin, but the second youth service. It started once again with a time of intense singing before the throne of God, which is called in English worship. The German collective improvisation imitated the British juveniles in lifting hands and raising their voices up the heaven with the song "Purify my Heart" by Brian Doerkson. Jonathan Fischer and Markus Ruf, standing side by side, followed their example and sang with all their might. A quieter more meditative song started. Jonathan began to forget everything around him. He was not only deep in love with Helen, inasmuch as he constantly repeated in his heart: "I'm in love with you Holy Spirit. I'm in love, sweet Holy Spirit, I'm in love." An invisible force he had never experienced before overshadowed Jonathan. The sentiment of a ungraspable heaviness overwhelmed his body. He fell forward. The same thing happened with his neighbour Mark. Otto Blossom hastened to the rescue, seeing that they both hit the ground as if they were struck by lightning. Therefore he was very worried. When he saw the smiling faces of the two transfigured younglings all fear disappeared. The educational theorist of religion knew from centuries of church history that such ecstasies in humans could occur. The other attending young people were also affected internally. They went on their knees and wailed and sobbed for fifteen minutes. Then they spontaneously began to laugh. The normality returned. Jonathan and Markus had regained consciousness and got up. Jonathan felt in his heart that he should not immediately tell what had happened when it really floored him, and bowled over Mark was too overwhelmed to bring forth a voice. Becky, the keyboard player, claimed to have seen a light like from a heavenly spotlight on the ecstasies. Her father Aaron illustrated that the hot spot and the stumbling block in the house of God, where the two transfigured fall asleep, would have turned into a holy place for a time, where he even saw angels climb up and down.

Jonathan Fischer and Markus Ruf went to sleep in their shared room as happy as they had never been before. Due to the incident with the reformed Devil Erwin, Jonathan had moved to Deborah Beesweet's house. In the night, the two Catholics dreamed the same things that they had previously seen during their illumination of the soul. Ruf was very surprised on the next morning and told Fischer the following visitation: "I was in a city that was surrounded by large walls, for the people inside were terrified of something. I climbed on the battlement of the wall and saw a giant Cyclops. He had a single triangular eye on his head, putting the people through his threats in great horror. I became very angry and decided to confront this giant in front of the city gate. The oppressed citizens didn't want to allow me through the door, until I got dressed with a black robe from above and suddenly had the look of Martin Luther. Outside, my appearance changed again in a red-haired, curled shepherd boy. When I saw myself how I put five spiky stones in a sling, I knew that I had fallen into place of King David. The heavily armed giant came with his huge sword against me to strike me dead. In the manner of the thrilling Goliath-records the slung stone hit him on the forehead. Only that in this case the centre of the giant triangle eye was hit. Due to an massive

explosion, the intended target was shattered into thousand pieces. The giant toppled down forward so that on the back part of his armour a five-pointed engraved star with a special word was apparent. Control was written in big letters. Despite some distance the besieged inhabitants could easily read it. The gates of the city were opened, the people came out, and a great festival was celebrated."

Jonathan had a similar dream and began to describe: "I found myself also in a frightened town. However, the houses consisted to my surprise of church buildings. The city was protected from a wall with three gates. In front of them were also giants. The first giant looked like a magician with a ball in his hand, the second looked like a witch on a broom, and the third like a horrible, blood-stained monster. I also wanted to fight outside to encounter the enemies. A big meeting was called with thousands of people on which I should speak. My appearance changed in that of Martin Luther King, so that I likewise reported of a great dream that I have. At this moment, the many small churches changed to a large church with a huge bell tower and a platform on the roof. The bells began to ring loudly. A blustering battle cry was raised. Three groups were formed who simultaneously stormed out of the city gates. Standing on the observation deck of the tower, I watched from above how the three giants were overthrown. With one stroke they lost their lives and fell down like cardboard dummies. On the back of the great magician was written manipulation, on the back of the witch dominion could be read, and the ugly monster bore the name jealousy. The cardboard dummies were set on fire and burned completely until only ashes remained. An unprecedented liberation feast was celebrated in which people were constantly kissing on the cheek and hugged themselves. Jonathan realized that it was no coincidence that he and Mark had almost the same dream. He had the impression that both will be used in a mighty way by God, but it was very important to maintain meekness. Mark felt the same call and interpreted the point with the preaching gown in the way to first study Catholic theology in Tübingen.

Like usual, the pupils met every morning in front of the Language Institute and had only one topic, in particular the incidents of the youth meeting. Otto was repeatedly questioned how such a thing could happen and had his problems to explain this. Aaron got the idea to meet again in the afternoon in the church with the velvet-covered folding chairs. This time, Spelton was translated by Blossom. He started to talk about issues of a life seminar. The faith-shepherd had already held the Alpha Course from Nicky Gumble for newly arrived visitors of his church as a life-course, so that people may discover a life of abundance. The students liked this kind of religious teaching so much that they still wanted to learn more exciting news in the next two afternoons. This intellectual curiosity pleased the adults, since it was best bathing weather and not normal to cram again after lunchtime. Aaron explained the important prophecy from the scroll of Isaiah, which was laid out from a disciple named Philip for the rich finance minister from Ethiopia. It was about the turn toward God, leading to adult baptism. Afterwards, all students repeated a prayer for salvation in the name of Jesus. A desire arose to be baptised too. Spelton was deliriously happy while Blossom's jaw fell, due to the fact that the whole meeting moved without thinking to the beach. Helen, whose deceased father Charles Haddon was a Baptist pastor and writer, stroke up one cheerful song after the other with her guitar during the following open air service. Blossom was lifting his long trunk and tried with a loud "töröö" to forestall that at one go one pupil after the other was submerged. Aaron was holding the upper body of the students in his hands to immerse everyone of the German group at his side with a word of blessing. This sensational assembly could not remain hidden from the ears and eyes of the world and in Ramsgate's Newtown. Coming along with a racing motor scooter and a cheery "Hello there!" Karla Kolumna wanted to exploit the incident for her newspaper column.

Enjoying the sun and the cool water, she started to take photos from the bathing ceremony with her elephantine camera. The fear of Blossom increased when he saw that the Benjamin of a Turkish family was last in line. In his delusion, Blossom even started to see white mice. He was alarmed of upcoming problems in Germany. All the pupils had to promise solemnly that they will not tell their parents about the for centuries controversial re-baptism and respectively adult baptism. The point of departure, ending these beautiful holidays, came far too quickly for the participants. Jonathan would have liked to stay longer, but on the other hand he was happy to spend more fellowship time with Helen, who was placed at his side. Wow! What a feeling, he was tenderly holding her soft hands on the return flight to Stuttgart, exchanging never ending endearment. Over the clouds freedom is boundless in a well known German song. They were the happiest couple you could imagine and provided by their perceptible affections plenty of discussion for the not homesick feeling adolescents.

On the first working day in his Volksbank in Denkenstadt, Jonathan came to the ears an interesting affair. An older women customer told the account manager of her difficult search for a new tenant. She wished to get a fair and square girl in the close to the historic bank building located flat. Jonathan, who was unable to fulfil the first desire, played anyway with the idea to leave the parental home, which was located many kilometres from his workplace. For this reason the friendly consultant asked the widow Hilde if she could not imagine to accommodate a trustworthy young couple close before engagement. This idea pleased the caring chaperone on the condition that the common copulation is carried out only after the wedlock. This, and the immediately inspected three-room apartment in the Castle Street 21 was pretty promising for Jonathan. The playground area leading to a deadlock was the best place Jonathan could imagine. Jonathan's parents were initially surprised by the sudden removal plans. None the less, they supported him with a considerable sum for the furnishings. Also Jonathan's brother Thomas helped him with all his might. Endowed with manual skills, he assembled a new parquet floor and instructed the wallpapering and painting. Jonathan loved the family of his brother, who had three cute daughters whose sponsor he was. On this point he wanted to emulate the role model family, for he wished to have multiple kids too. Jonathan regaled the local hardware store with his top-selling visits. Hence, he couldn't take once again vacation, instead he worked daily late into the night. In this situation, there came a cry for help from Otto, who desperately wanted to meet with Jonathan and Helen. Otto told him of the great pressure that he got from his principal in the high school and worst attacks of some parents. Indeed, even a school assembly was convened concerning the trip to England.

What had happened? Becky, the pastor's daughter, stroke up a close friendship with a girl named Denise. The two were almost inseparable during the holiday season. As a farewell gift Becky gave her mate a seven-armed candle holder, which was wound in a newspaper. The mother of Denise was first happy about the gift and excitedly helped to unpack. No wonder, she disposed coloured candlesticks and glowing stones herself in an esoteric shop she owned. Unfortunately, of all things Becky had used the provincial newspaper with the report of the baptism. This article proverbially jumped to the eyes of Jezebel, the one and only legal guardian mother. Cooking inside, she went nuts and to the barricades. Immediately, a Muslim-dominated family was informed by phone, understandably proceeding the parents rebellion on track.

Jonathan promised to meet with his fellow sufferers in the ice-cream parlour of the Stuttgarter Königsbau on the next evening. He guessed the heated matter would chill down again, since time heals all wounds, as is generally known. At one and the same time the relocation and renovation stress of Jonathan became greater and greater. Finding plenty of work to do, he didn't know whether he was coming and going. "Just so,

excuse me!" he informed Helen and beseeched her to go as a pair with the well-deposed Blossom in the Mövenpick Restaurant. All ends up with Jonathan who was fooled and deceived. The turmoil stroke such high waves that even tabloid newspapers widely reported with pictures of the Ramsgate baptism. "English Crusaders at Erwin Teufel High School. Protestant religion teacher constrains Muslim children to convert and even forced baptism!" could be read among other things. To dodge a further onslaught, the official Otto blossom was temporarily suspended from employment to apply for other jobs. A recently built independent evangelical school in Göttingen was quickly found as a new employer for the cherished high school teacher. The much-loved Saturday meeting broke up what Jonathan saddened. Furthermore, he would no longer benefit strongly from his friend and mentor, while Otto also moved and lived far away. But on the other hand he still had Helen. Home sweet home, an immense feeling of happiness overcame Jonathan in his own four walls. He began to make wedding plans with Helen, who should settle in Denkenstadt later on. The future couple intended to visit his parents on a bicycle tour. First they were seated in the picturesque Amor-Temple, then they crossed the paradisaical Körschvalley at an idyllic maison de plaisance, until they came to a big, beautiful avenue of trees. There they imagined, how they would ride with a royal horse carriage through the majestic promenade up to Hohenheim Castle, where the wedding party would wait for them in the courtyard.

As is well known, thoughts are free, also dreams can not be prohibited by law. Indulging in the illusion, Helen had finished successfully her education as English and history teacher at the Pedagogical University in Ludwigsburg and straight away was able to start her triumph in the dream job. However, Jonathan didn't know whether he should rejoice or weep, when clever Helen just found a job in the ideal Christian school facility in Göttingen. Sadly, both couldn't see each other so often in view of the physical separation. Previous phone calls lasted for hours, but all along the topics of conversation went out.

On St. Nicholas Day, the 6th of December, Jonathan was delighted with a surprising gift. Lovely Helen had shortly announced via mobile phone to come for a visit. As special present gorgeous Otto booted in with booted out mermaid Helen, who was courted by both sides. Once more, what a pleasure felt Jonathan to run across the sweetheart. When they altogether slurped a herbal tea in the living room, beloved Blossom put a stunning fact bluntly: "I am awfully sorry, but Helen fall passionately in love with me. Despite our twelve year age difference, we perfectly fit together and want to celebrate our engagement on Christmas Eve with your agreement. Believe me, I do not want to hurt you brother, for I feel the pain myself." "That's a fine mess!" philosophized the Christ child. Jonathan's eyes were getting bigger, as he felt like a naughty kid, getting a strike with the rod from Santa Claus. He wept. Helen put her hand comfortingly around his shoulder. Had he not said that love bears everything? Once again the im-patient had become the loser in a relationship game.

The Trip to USA

Jonathan Fischer renewed his focus more on his professional development. He wondered, whether he should seek for advanced training in banking business administration or a theological career. But as is well known, the Lord is able to give his beloved everything even in their sleep. The heart-throb got another brilliant idea. In addition to some very beautiful, new, younger students, who had started after the summer break their bank training and shamelessly sought bodily contact during their interactive instructions, there was a woman who appealed to him most. Of all customers the physically and financially attractive Maria Müller was extremely good-looking and even seemed to like him. In their money discussions she often looked deep in the eyes of her trusted counterpart for several minutes, signing in the conclusion any suggested contract without hesitation. The only problem was that the elegant brunette actually did not meet his idea of type. The end justifies all means, for this reason Jonathan began to write a love letter. The main inducement was receiving himself a billet-doux from the class-best come-not-too-close-to-me-cutie with the nice surname Schätzle. Some literary calligraphy passages, written of an autograph book, could be readily well copied from the expectant wordsmith. In addition, he had learned during his visit to England, open rebuke is better than hidden love. Truth be hold, he began to like the steamy rainmaker all along. Especially, as he kept in mind her Bentley Continental convertible, the Princess 66 motor yacht on Lake Geneva, and not forgetting the recently inherited real estate assets.

On the occasion of Miss Maria's thirtieth birthday, Jonathan received the order to deliver a bouquet of flowers in the name of the Sandbank Denkenstadt eG. In the same procedure as every year, ninety year old butler James well-conducted through the security wing of the mansion, meeting unimaginably dinner guests like the Bavarian Minister President. The Black Forest, catholic civil peasant-graduate knew this kind of luxury already from the SDR-SWF-VIP-Highness-Hotel-TV. The great-looking Maria Müller offered a glass LVMH "La Grande Dame" champagne with a smile in her face for her admirers. Hereafter, the appetiser of the birthday menu "frog legs in garlic butter" could be tasted. Most of the guests came later. After a philosophical smalltalk with the Jesuit-Black-Jack about good old money, the allegedly fasting Heart-Jack-Jonathan remarked towards the Trump-Queen: "Oh, before I forget, I have versified something for your birthday!" He pulled out the pink letter from his sack coat pocket and kissed her hand, dismissing from the highly revered, hilarious, great and gracious lady.

What would possibly come to light at the bank meeting scheduled next week, together with her new business consultant? Jonathan felt stupid as a crossbreed of a jackass and drowned rat, when the chairman of the supervisory board Karl Kempe introduced himself as the newly-birthday-engaged asset manager. Based on the conversation and Maria's conspirative wink of the eye, the stultified sponger meant to realize, that she kept the flattering, pink-flowered pass as a secret. Nevertheless, the brave bankers lost half of her demand deposits despite vehement defence efforts to a illuminating, stinking rich, central land bank, which reallocated the dough into U.S. housing market investing hedge funds. The remaining other half was invested in railroad apartments and used for door-opening party donations, as Jonathan later learned from secret documents. About the smart guy Karl, who was also a successful real estate agent, a short time later press rumours circulated, because of his dubious real estate dealings with the Scientology sect, whereby he also could be an undercover church member.

Jonathan remembered the words: "But seek first his kingdom and his righteousness!" A small Bible correspondence course from the USA was already successfully completed, and now he wanted to participate in an English full-time Bible school. His YMCA soccer

friend Tobi Veigel was always enthused by a Master's Commission training program in Phoenix, which he himself had attended in the state of Arizona. Tobi told of an encounter with the well-known pastor Tommy Barnett in Stuttgart, where he organized a take along food from the Wienerwald restaurant. During an event of the Jesus-Meeting the American Barnett mentioned that he gladly would like to try a Viennese Schnitzel with French fries, which Veigel got promptly, instead of Spätzle with Saitenwürstle. Thereupon the surprised guest speaker had invited him to come to Phoenix. Arriving there, Tobi was received so graciously that he even got a free private accommodation for one year. In return, he helped as a music teacher and in the kitchen. Now Jonathan had planned to attend the First Assemblies of God church at Carnival on the occasion of an interview. First Jonathan disposed his Mercedes-Benz annual car. After an advertisement in the Stuttgarter Zeitung it was sold immediately to a Polish goldsmith from Pforzheim, who was not happy with the car, since it was already stolen at the first home visit. Often looking out the window, his landlady couldn't understand the trade. Anyway, he laid back the four hundred meters to the People's Bank always on foot. Jonathan knew that a car can soon become to an idol in the most successful car inventor country of the world, for he scrubbed and polished his blue-painted C-Class station wagon with the flashing star logo weekly. The widow, who always had observed this activity witnessed in a double sense: "Now you have lost your dearest little!"

Jonathan enjoyed the beautiful, awe-inspiring view of the Grand Canyon from his window seat of the Boing 747 Jumbo Jet. He thought, if it did not work with an English woman then it will be probably an American. Bobbi Zimmerman, the young secretary of the Bible school with German ancestors, had strongly encouraged him to come. She was very friendly on the phone and sent to him many brochures, containing also photos of employees. Of course, the reliable planner would arrange everything for him, he should only seek her in the office. At 6 p.m. local time the Atlantic high flyer had arrived after a long delay in a yellow taxi at the Bible school office. Longer than predicted, the travel time for the groggy feeling German ran up to eighteen hours. Unfortunately, the doors of the municipal offices were closed and no one to see. Jonathan was previously sure to get a private accommodation. He believed to have heard God's gentle voice in his heart, likewise to be received friendly as his friend Tobi was. But now he had to leave with the taxi cap, seeking a hotel. Barbara, his chauffeur, was a lovely woman who happened to belong herself to the First Assemblies of God Church. Using her car phone, she spoke something on the answering machine of her comrade Charlie, until he yet decided to pick up the phone and to receive Jonathan in his 10 miles away home. Once there, Jonathan soon fell asleep on the living room couch after a brief acquaintance. Thus, he was able to recover well from the exertions of the long journey.

The next day the temperature climbed to anomalous 86 degrees Fahrenheit. Another lodger of Charlie, the motorcycle evangelist Brian Tate, invited Jonathan in the cooler morning hours to get a first image of the First Assemblies of God church which is located in the Cave Creek Road. After the Honda Gold Wing was turned of in one of the many parking lots, the visitors could get a better view of the entire system of the church with a heart. The modern octagonal service building was huge for German conditions, for it provided space for four thousand people. The constantly irrigated park, the gym, and the kindergarten also left a good impression on the real estate appraisers. Brian wanted to teach this morning at the Bible school and showed the German student the corresponding office buildings. Once there, Jonathan Fischer became acquainted with the already married Bobbi Zimmerman and the head of the Bible schools Chris Immendorfer. Chris wanted to refresh his foreign language due to his long time at Youth With A Mission (YWAM) in Germany. He talked for an hour with Jonathan about his mission visits during and after the 1972 Olympics in Munich. First he became the director

of the school for evangelism in the newly acquired castle in Hurlach, until he started to organise the Bible school work for JMS youth, mission and social work in Altensteig. If Jonathan wants to learn more of God, the Bible correspondence course graduate should not only visit Master's Commission, but also see Pastors School. The offer of Chris to participate during the week free to sample the lessons of the discipleship and pastor school was fantastic. When Fischer looked around in the classes, he got reminded of his vacation to Albania. The students welcomed him warmly, and especially the coeds hugged him as oncoming creatures. Instead of following the instruction on the blackboard, Jonathan's eyes caught shamelessly again and again at the future female classmates. The revivalist Brian Tate noticed this and suggested to him to come along at evening for bowling at a special single meeting. Brian, who led the lesson on evangelism, was a cool guy in the manner he took his King James Bible as a beating sword in the stretched arm at the end of the hour, proclaiming the must memorize verse: "I can do all things through Christ who strengthens me!"

In the evening the housemates made their way to the bowling alley. The head of the house and police officer Charles Pugliese had a special heart for people. A dark-skinned young man named Creflo Shomari Obama pleaded in front of the sports complex for a change, for he got fired - despite his job as a shoe salesman - from Landlord Herbert Walker out of his barracks and ended up living on the street. Warm-hearted Charlie invited him not only to the bowling, but also to his home to take a temporary refuge. Powerful Brian, in the pink of his youth, succeeded one strike after the other in knocking down all ten pins. His skilful approach actually led to successful advances with a new, scantily-clad flame named Sharon. My oh my! What a sight, such a long-legged, long haired blonde Jonathan himself had dreamed of. Funnily enough, the heterosexual European befriended not with a fair-skinned girl but with a dark-skinned youth. This easygoing Obama was likeable from the first moment with a funny big mouth you could listen for hours.

On the way home in Charles chiselled Chevrolet Caprice the four bachelors vigorously beat around the bush, which continued in the district detached house with a cursed game of Monopoly. Stupid enough, the same night the air conditioner of the one-storey, wooden building in the Park Place breathed its last to give up the ghost. As a result, Jonathan welcomed the invitation of Creflo to accompany him to his cool workplace in the huge Paradise Mall after ingesting a combined Quaker cereal breakfast. Becoming close friends, the two went up in one of the many buses, while Jonathan admiringly watched the driver, as he manhandled with all his might a wheelchair on a lift. Creflo Obama was an employee with a distinctive sales talent in the largest shopping center of Phoenix. Jonathan noted that he was a fan of Jürgen Klinsmann, whereupon he got packed a full football equipment from Bayern München with the squad number 18 at the final selling price. Actually, he wanted to get only a few soccer shoes for his weekly workout in the sports hall. However, now he was able to match with Tobi, who was running around with a sweaty, signed shirt from Marcelo Bordon, which the Brasil fan regularly wore on the occasion of his YMCA- and Jesus-meetings. On the basis of a favourable DM-dollar exchange rate, Fischer anyway had planned a day for shopping. Now, he heavily dragged many shopping bags which were hard to handle. For this too there was found a solution in sales manager Clinton, who personally brought his staff member Obama with the newly acquired goods to his new white house.

As usual, businessmen Fischer wanted to control the stock market prize of his VW-Warrants, wherefore he was visiting a Citibank high-rise branch in downtown. Once he was passing heavily armed guards at the entrance, a strange queue system with white ribbons opened up in front of him. On his turn, the professional colleague at the counter

couldn't help him in the beginning. Not comprehending his concern, the waiter recommended to inquire an Alamo car rental. Yet again, the car-sharer assigned half an hour later to an appointment in a higher advisory office. Right after answering and subscribing a required twenty questions analysis of his aims and wishes, the tourist came to the point that he only want to know a security price. Nonetheless, the colourful computer images and the database software was very advanced compared with German conditions. Jonathan coaxed his young counterpart, entreating to put the six-digit securities identification number in his system, which was not possible in the environment. On these grounds, Jonathan gladly caught at the offer to sit himself in front of the internet-box. Then he gave the greenhorn a masterlesson about the access to the stock-quote service of OnVista. Regrettably, his turbo securities still didn't move into gear. But on the other hand, in the evening opened up a fantastic opportunity for a wicked ride.

Brian Tate told at the dinner that he drives the next day with his new acquaintance Sharon to Las Vegas to convey her caravan to Phoenix. Charlie, the vigilant, whose phone rang only twice before the answering machine turned on, because a stalking, non-stop calling protégé in psychiatric treatment regarded him as God, strained his ears. Everything developed into a heated argument between Pugliese and Tate, for it was frowned upon religious circles to date alone so quickly. Brian claimed that Jesus had shown him in person last night that the singing fashion model Sharon will be his wife. Grinning Creflo pulled out of his doppel kit a hackneyed Penthouse edition with Sharon Farrow on the cover, which portrait Jonathan would have liked to gaze longer. Killjoy Charlie didn't deign to look at the the architectural ideal built, wherefore he shredded the magazine into the trash can, though the curious Brian had not received the sexually graphic cover photo to face. "If she is really intended by God for you, you'll see her naked. At the moment she is rather a poisonous snake as seductive Eve for you," was his well-meant advice. Now Jonathan, who had considered beforehand to visit the Grand Canjon or even Las Vegas with a rental car, horned in. "Take it easy, no problem with Jonathan the watchdog. On the dangerous mission field in Albania, I have successfully beaten the mafia and risking my life, I have saved eight women from death," boasted the brave hero. That took the heat out of the discussion, although the air cooling of the domestic breeding was still down.

The next morning, a black and white monster of a Dodge Ram 3500 pickup drove up, which looked like a mixture between a sheriff and devil vehicle, inasmuch as two white pentagrams decorated the side doors, an airbrush grim reaper the hood, and imitations of hell fire the oversized fenders. The ultimate all-wheel giant had a 8.0L V10 engine with 700 newton meter of torque. The two men suddenly felt very small and were smitten with amazement when the raised cabin door opened, and leggy Sharon, who wore not much more than a micro-mini skirt, pointedly waved with the ignition key. Taking place at the rear, Jonathan could use the buffalo leather back seat as a bed. Suited in a Hugo Boss cashmere pinstripe suit, he started dreaming to visit the casinos in Las Vegas. The "blind Simson" charioteer "Ben Tate" used as double counterpoint a "Bikers for Christ" vintage leather outfit. Cool, the powerful air conditioner didn't refrigerate only the cabin in the car but also the beverages in the minibar. Jonathan got into raptures over a Pepsi and the unlimited good sound of the Infinity Kappa reverence loudspeakers, whereby Brian wasn't fascinated by the melancholy song "The Ballad of Lucy Jordon" from Marianne Faithfull as Fisher and Farrow were. After all, Tate's countenance darkened evermore. Indeed, Brian didn't want to be persuaded to make a walk on the wild side with a slight detour on the contradictory route 66 to Sedona. The simple distance thus increased from three hundred to four hundred miles. All the better, overseer Jonathan on the back seat could tip the scales through a democratic decision.

Then the passing desert landscape with its many cacti and hills, the holiday maker sensed similarly stunning, as the bubbling engine sound of the 23 liters swallowing, six-meter-long monster.

After two hours, the differently dressed group arrived at the Diablo Hotel in Sedona. Sharon, who was donned like a whore, wore a stunning transparent blouse with a bra which virtually wasn't one. In that case, she wanted only to pick up a few personal objects from the grubby room of a friend. Therefore she asked the two gentlemen to assist her to bear an antique table with Ouija board. A magnum shot gun in his hands, the saluting womaniser Hunter, who opened the door, had pretty much the nastiest mien that Jonathan had ever perceived. Mercifully, the situation calmed slightly. The unique copy, who was tattooed all over his body with Hells Angels and snake images burst out laughing when he saw the writing on Brian's motorcycle jacket. "Just so-so, do you want to change fronts and to prostitute with a guru? Yeah, come on, lets smoke a joint and meditate about it!" "No, for good and all, it's over. Now, give me back my Ouija board," was her resolute response. The ensuing run-in to fisticuffs recalled the spectator Jonathan in return to his trip to Albania, solely that this time round the opposing party was knocked out to the ground from the preacher man. Thereupon the three trespassers took to one's heels. The troubled ruffian Brian wanted to continue the journey immediately, but Farrow insisted to pick up a number of pre-ordered, clairvoyant thoth tarot cards in her favourite store. "Have those things not all the same esoteric colourful pictures?" Jonathan asked himself in his Swabian accent. This attracted the attention of two answer giving German compatriots who had observed him in his inspection of the 78-card Crowley-deck. Elymas and Magdalena accidentally came also from Stuttgart and rejoiced with him about how small the world is. The smart suit-wearer Jonathan just wanted to explain why he was aiming for a spiritual education in the USA, when the likewise black clothed, big ankh-cross-carrying goth couple cut in and commended that it is a must-do to stay longer in the vortex area of Bell Rock with its four electric vortical, helical spiraling energy centers. The former high school graduate in physics, who had no clue what they were meaning, explicated that he was in a transrapid hurry. Hitting his floating foot on a forgotten tool box, he left by way of trial, escaping from magic magnetic fields he only knew from mystic Emsland and didn't want to get visible by dowsing rods from New Agers. Time pressed. In a KFC drive-in restaurant the stripping Fischer's whydah got three roasted chicken and would have liked to speak longer with her pipe smoking teacher Wilhelm Bolte. By the way, two bored scoundrels waiting in the car run the next rig. Indeed, during the departure nearly a second brawl broke out, when Brian pushed the button of the windshield wiper system too long and thus splashed the tailors, bakers and farmers, who were having a picnic under a billy witch tree in their launch break.

Thank God, the six-hour journey passed soon. The third wheel on the car tried to learn from Sharon, why she came to the Christian bowling meeting and how long she believes in God. "An eternity long," replied the taciturn co-driver beauty, who was programming the psychedelic Beatles song "Helter Skelter" on the 6 CD-changer. Driving over speed limit for long on the straight road, Jonathan felt bored like ultra-cool actor James Dean, who also crashed in his Porsche 955 Spyder through the American prairie country. By way of change, a motorcycle convoy clandestinely had joined them on the desert highway. Unmistakable the gang was about to overtake them. With panic anxiety Brian grabbed his cell phone and called seldom phone picking up Charlie. Doing penance, he cried on the Ignis-answering-machine that Charlie had been right about everything, but now most urgent his prayer was needed, for it was about life and death. Jonathan concluded that the policeman and Christian psychotherapist got another confused patient in his phone queue.

But once again, sitting as fellow passenger in a car, the hero of this life-fiction was forced from the road. For they had to turn on one of the spooky, deserted roadcrossings more or less voluntarily from the wide highway on a narrow dirt road. This time, they were surrounded by a military helmets wearing, black olive horde of 39 gang members. The pivoting rifle barrels of threatening pump up guns signalled an invitation to a small talk. At the forced exit, sweat dripped down from Jonathan, what was not necessarily due to his too hot for these sunnier climes goat wool suit. Brian, the stage director who was about to lose control, would have liked to savour his attachment with the superwoman who choose to separate for safety reasons. Still standing at his side, Jonathan preferred to remain quiet, while his brotherly death row inmate prayed one last time screaming: "Do not touch her. No weapon that is formed against us shall prosper," at which the first shot from the magnum of Sonny Hunter banged. Reminded of poor Lazarus, Jonathan awaited to be slaughtered like a silent lamb as grinning Hunter once again pulled the trigger with his index finger but missed him first. Galloping away like a runaway horse, Jonathan would give anything up to a kingdom to return whole to the Solitude, to warn his unbelieving, Davidson handling brother Thomy (help finger) of the dangerous Harley garden tools from his kind US-motorcycle-buddies. Yet, his last wishes couldn't be attested. In return, he could unendingly understand the story of the rich man and the poor beggar. Five shots were fired at the doomed man who felt like a scapegoat sent to the dessert making sidesteps as a rabbit. Ran out of steam, Jonathan figured that everything around would be darkened, or that he will feel how his soul leaves his body. Instead, a roar of laughter resounded from the black widow, the love her to bits ex-bridegroom, and the bikercrew. Blank ammunition were bullying the German watchdog.

"Darling, you have forgotten your travel bag under the bed. I make any bet, that you will return home tomorrow with our vehicle," were the last words of the gang boss ere the motorcycle snake moved in circles. "You reap what you sow!" was the dry comment of the climbing up to the steering wheel Bible teacher who was eased one's conscience. His student however would have liked to know what was in the heavy bag, which wispy Sharon burdensome heaved to the load platform of the pick up. Turning down his help he once more got no answer from the tight-lipped vocalist. Moreover, on the proceeding of the journey she provided information why her caravan was in Las Vegas. She would have sung the leading role of the give over musical "Dance of the Vampires", claiming that she soon starts her initiation as an actress with a supporting role in the revival of the horror film "Rosemary's Baby" in Phoenix. "Jesus Christ has crushed the head of the snake once and for all, no matter how many times the film industry will rebirth the Antichrist," was the comment of the old form regaining Brian. "If so, you comedian can play Jesus in the remake of Life of Brian," was the tit-for-tat response of Sharon Tate. Sorry, typo devil mistake! The soon-to-be was still called Sharon Farrow.

The sky darkened for a storm broke lose. There was a hurricane warning on the car radio, when the team arrived at the thirteen meter long maxi-bedroom trailer at the gates of Las Vegas in Hellfire Valley. Crossing the rocky ground through the pouring rain, the men comprehended quickly why a monster-truck was needed as donkey. Little Joe wanted a wee-wee in the palatial powder room of the lounge container, whilst Big Brother Brian inspected the precious mahogany furniture and controlled the record collection, calculating a total of fifty thousand silver drachmas.

The two lovers quarrelled again violently. Brian had claimed that Farrow is a witch and commanded shouting, that a legion of demons should get out of her. Not amused, Sharon manifested forcefully, for when Jonathan opened the door of the bathroom, he saw her shaking with rage and with a butcher knife in her hands to stab Brian's chest. This time,

the travelled with minder and Bible student Jonathan proclaimed the "No weapon shall prosper" verse from the 54th chapter of Isaiah. How in the world could Brian stay so cool and do not defend oneself at all? With a humdrum ha-ha ha-ha hysterical hoochie had harped on about him and with a murder weapon which indeed wasn't made of rubber. But it looked as if she runs against a wall. Brian now boldly demanded: "Sweetheart, trust me, you will marry me and we will have three children. Jesus has shown me everything in a dream!" The blonde model sank to the ground and burst into a flood of tears. "This is not so simple. I have devoted myself with blood to the devil. His infernal and earthly subjects get me sooner or later," was the fear of the demonic possessed satanist.

Unto a terrifying roll of thunder joined from outside threatening rumblings of underground. Jonathan dawned tremendousness. He drew back the curtains to explore the sphere. A vortex of wind reached from the sky to the earth, moving forward as tornado. Moving to the window, forward-looking Brian kept one's head to answer the phone. He beseeched recalling Charlie to bind with him together the power of the devil over the whirlwind, whereupon the earth began to shake stronger. The outpost of hell trembled. Directly in front of the entrance door opened a rock crevice. Experienced Charlie commanded on the phone to destroy all occult items, what Brian immediately transacted by smashing to pieces the black vinyl discs with a hammer. Jonathan observed the whirling twister of the flashing storm circling six times around them, until at behest he also helped to break the withstanding records with his feet. Oh man, that really hurts. Lo and behold, not only the bloody cuttings of Slayer or Iron Maiden, but also the revered recordings of Rolling Stones, Guns N' Roses and Metallica. The raised destructive frenzy of Brian didn't calm down, even when a splinter hurt his earlobe, till the last work of destruction was finished. Blowing everything away, the hurricane still threatened them, once Charlie got a crazy word of knowledge on the phone. They ought to go out into the raging storm, because the most accursed things would be in the car. Exiting Jonathan, who nearly fall in the cleft, promised to take care of the helter skelter CDs. Approaching at the back, Brian shattered the antique table and destroyed the witchboard. Sharon, who was trembling in every limb, took her heavy bag from the loading and seemed to commit suicide in falling down the opened cleft in front of the caravan. "What is in the bag?" the hastened lover who grabbed her arm wanted to know.

The wind became so strong, that the luxury camper was torn and hurled 78 meter through the air. In the event of impact on the ground exploited the gas tank and ignited a blazing fire in the motorhome. Jonathan watched the spectacle from the cockpit of the fuel-eating Dodge-Ram-Monster, expecting the same fate coming to him. Sharon grabbed a skull from the burial bag and threw it down in the burial crypt. Brian helped her with many other bones and urged his frightened German helpmeet also to come and participate. The summoned black-suit-carrier threw the mortal remains into the subterranean realm, holding his first funeral speech: "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust, you came naked into the world and naked you leave it. Rest in peace." A final powerful thunderclap with instant lightning forced the three on the once more vibrating soil and dissolved the smouldering, dying, fluorescent Fire-Devil-Pentagram-Paint in smoke. The rock crevice closed down again and only the blazing fire of two iron chariots was heard whispering in the wind. An indescribable peace concluded and the sun emerged. Jonathan sensed an abysmally peace and deduced that the same feeling Bapu Gandhi and the sixth Dalei Lama wanted to reach in their meditations.

My goodness! The adventurer guessed that his family at home wouldn't believe a word of his story. In fact, later his first listener, brother Thomy, advised to become better a science fiction author than to be a fairy tale teller. Nevertheless, to whom belonged the

skeleton? Sharon explained that as a medium she was able to get in touch with the spirits of a murdered Indian clan chief, but gradually lost control over them. Even her friend Sonny was attacked from visible poltergeists, getting anxiety states in sleepless nights instead of getting rid of them. The fire brigade arrived with sirens and doused the remains of the car and caravan wreck. Much work was not to do, since the gas and petrol stocks had already vanished into the air. Being destitute, the three thankfully appreciated the offer of the fire extinguisher to be taken to their headquarters to downtown Las Vegas. Brian telephoned with his parents Abraham and Sarah, who operated the Canaan Ranch in a 170 miles distance. The happy sheep and goat farmers immediately made on the way to pick up the hands holding two fresh enamored. Funny, prophetically gifted Father Abraham with the smurf pointed cap caused a special sound through the handy loudspeaker, which his servant Salomon had programmed: "Love is strong as death and passion irresistible as the realm of the dead. Her ardour is fiery and a flame of the Lord." In the warm and shielded atmosphere of the family home, located in the plains, the former witch should experience permanent relief from evil powers and flourish in the attachment to the Bible like a beautiful flower. When the de-thorned Rose of Sharon, who completely lost her heart to closely entangled Tate, gave a long tongue kiss to femoral fondling beloved Brian, Jonathan could at least discharge one's duty. The watchdog warned they should not arouse or awaken love until it so desires. Having himself no effect on them, the jealous chaperon stepped in. He wanted to flip and snatch everything moral guardian Charlie. Yet, in the book "God is a Matchmaker" the instruction is given to wait until the wedding night with the exchange of intimate caresses. At least this Blossom-Honeysuckle recommendation slowed down the pleasure for a time. Later it spread around the world that this marriage was really initiated by God. Till the first child Isaac was born, the missionary couple visited all continents. The ministry was remarkably enough recognized in the necromancer continent of Africa, where many medicine men and witches were freed from their demons and burned their voodoo fetishes. An ever higher level of awareness reached neighbouring India in the support of the fast growing Sharon Fellowship Church.

Jonathan had to say goodbye to the waiting couple which was sitting at a bench of the fire service. Unselfishly devoted, they besieged him to get to the bus station, to reach one of the last Greyhound buses back to Phoenix. Sauntering past a Bank of America, he took 170 dollars from the ATM and queried at another fingertip monitor the security prize of his investments. Shoot! The warrants seemed to have almost halved. Arriving at the public telephone booth of Caesars Palace, he called his friend and collaborator Jürg to check the prize once again. Due to the time difference, he was not at the workshop, but elsewhere, i.e. in bed with his wife Pamela. Fear of losing even more money the sceptic was leaving a message on the vibrating phone storage device to dispose everything at the earliest moment.

Invited at the entrance of the "All roads lead to Rome" hotel complex, Jonathan was offered to be treated like Caesar. For this reason he had to brood over the bargain: Was hereby meant the Julius who was killed by the Senate, or silly self stabbing Nero, or maybe the more favoured Christians liberator Emperor Constantine? The sceptical history-speculator was one of the worst students of high school mathematics, excluding his special hobby probability calculation. He knew for sure that the imperator-casino wins throughout. Notwithstanding, he wanted to extend his glorious monetary territory with a pool of 100 dollars, which really didn't hurt him. The clever fox, representing the savings and loan association (Bausparkasse Schwäbisch Hall), took a seat with his newly acquired chips. At the Black Jack table he was aware to have the best winning chances with the 312 card game. Without fail, the Lord would make him to a millionaire through gambling, giving him all these supernatural experiences. In 17 and 4 addition, he had

celebrated precisely at the Seventeenth in the fourth month of year seventy-eight his First Communion in the Roman Catholic Church, where as last hint he also wore his best three-piece suit with a bow tie. Finding more coincidences, Swabian land pirate foxy Fischer could plunder the money floating casino - believe it or not!?! Indeed, the dealer was just replaced, since the players robbed him blind so that the session ended early in the evening. Jonathan became acquainted at the table with three new friends, having a very lucky hand. Sitting at the right hand of the dealer, the ringleader called himself with good reason Dollar-Centurio, inasmuch as he already won one hundred thousand greenbacks in the recent days. Therefore he was watched suspiciously not only by a crowd of spectators, but also of the secret casino cameras. The ultimate goal of the banks is in fact not just to increase their clients' money but to fill the money bin - imitating greedy Scrooge McDuck! Nothing at all, Jonathan sextupled his money with a simple tactic. He observed his crafty neighbours who seemed to memorize the unremarkably cards, having himself problems with only 32 Skat cards in the nudist club home in Fasanenhof with two co-players. The strategy to increase the stakes, likewise the soldiers of fortune periodically did, proved to be dead right.

Smart people retire at the peak of their careers or change the scope of activities, the amateur soccer player had learned from Jürgen Klinsmann and other famous athletes. Only the sandbank employee didn't want to bury one's head in the sand and to build his house on the sand, whilst his stakes disappeared in the sand, so that he did with ease lose 600 dollars in the sand, where his little ostrich head belonged to. Reminded at his unsuccessful pilgrimage to Saint Moritz in Switzerland, he further mused that there are simply not only winners in life. At that instant, the unhappy European Caesar pondered if he should go for new Cleopatra chips, qua Joshua Augustus, the casino boss, knocked over the table. The spy had heard how the three victorious soldiers identified each other as Centurion, Optio, and Principalis. After the examination of the shared hotel room he found out that they are faggoty, autistic, Boston student scammers. Well, at right, were the imperial soldiers allowed to spend the already booked night in the Forum, but then they would be "Persona non grata" in the Roman Empire. Downcast master mind Fischer inquired of the three fortune seekers, who were encashing their Egypt coins, if at the advanced time a bus is still driving to the just as hot city Phoenix, what they negated.

Good luck replaced fading fortune in Jonathan's life, since he was invited for diner in Caesars Magical Empire from the sympathy sharing, euphoric, hyper play partners. In the afternoon, nearly escaped death, the ghost driver had not yet eaten. Instead, he was swallowed in the creepy eating-place from a scary fate elevator, to be guided from a fortune-teller in a catacomb maze with ten idols dedicated dining rooms. No wonder, the fantastic three course menu wasn't properly digested from the German yellowbelly, inasmuch as he repeatedly imagined how his bat friend Brian would immediately knock to pieces the occult Merlin statue with the glowing ball in the hand. The apathetic bachelors bore the hocus-pocus either, for the Optio and the Principalis cheated the time with a small travel dice game, instead of regarding the magic tricks of the jugglers, and the Centurion began to hold his left hand. Jonathan's face went pale and his eyes got really wide. In his Munich Bundesliga time he met cute, lederhosen wearing, shy, gay chess players. Should he got out of hand with the pushy species?

"You may address me by my first name Oral. What a nice chess clock you have," purred the leader. The international chess champion showed his unsaleable Swatch watch with the motif of the International Chess Festival Biel. Yet, exact on this timekeeper Oral Dollar had designs on. Making an effort of charity, Jonathan gave away his timeworn talisman. He had himself received the plastic watch free of charge from his friend and chief editor of the Swiss Chess Magazine in remembrance of two victories against two

renowned grand masters. The matchless success of the young nobody at the biggest tournament of Europe was even broadcasted in Swiss television and recorded on video by him.

Sure enough, after a further, final magic show the indisposed guest wanted to take a powder. However, he got the attractive dollar offer to visit the far superior David Copperfield show on the Strip in the Circus Maximus Theatre completely free. "We have only three cards," interposed Kenneth and Toufik, the two backgammon cupping passengers. So the master commanded to cut into cubes the also-run. After three attempts, in which everyone had always diced a six, the previous backgammon loser Toufik had been elected more or less democratically. When Jonathan traced the gruesome "Dreams and Nightmares" pairing illusion show of the dark, Claudia Schiffer worshipper Copperfield, the true shock experiences by the end of the day occurred in fact like a dream. Which couple will inherit the glowing future? No siree, Bob! Disgusted Jonathan shove away the caressingly hand of his pink, round Elton-John-Glasses bearing side seater.

As is well known, compulsive gamblers never go to bed early. Therefore, the reunited casino professionals discussed after the performance where in the night they could get going. Waiting outside, Toufik enjoyed a glass of champagne, reading in the stars that pussycat doll Paris Hilton will appear on the scene on her 27th birthday in the Pure Nightclub. This was the heavenly sign for Jonathan to take flight from youthful indiscretions and to jump of in seeking a cheaper hotel room. Even so, in another case he was tempted by a fishy offer from the Centurion, who wanted to have his Metzinger factory outlet store garment. He promised to play a game of chess with the international master with his bargain prize money of 100 dollars against the Hugo Boss suit. Citing as excuse, the defier explained that he has vowed to play no more chess tournaments, also the fine twisted fabric from Italy was not for sale. "Money will make the mare go and is not to be sniffed at! Then I raise the stakes. What is thy request further?" asked the all-bountiful U.S. dollar Croesus. To shake off the pungent admirer, the alleged victim demanded six thousand six hundred dollar prize money, two nights in the King Suite, the invitation to the Siegfried and Roy show with a followed celebrity dinner, and to stretch everything, the paid back trip to Phoenix with a wedding limousine. Sexy Oral, on the other hand, wanted to go into the deal in case that Jonathan will in the event of failure disrobe - except for his panties - and blow the measure on the trumpet. "Does God come now really into play or was it a coincidence?" the high school graduate asked himself. In effect, in the music lesson Fischer really stripped down to his United-States-flagged underpants in saluting protest about Madame Spasski. Since the chubby Russian teacher compelled him to perform a unifying "The Star-Spangled Banner" dance, which was accompanied by a military band. "Okay, I'll clinch the deal, if a draw is enough to win," said the former coach of the German national team for the blind and visually impaired. "Agreed! But we play two correspondence chess games to eliminate a draw chance hit. And we play in the head without taking checkerboards as help, whereby two draws or one victory is enough for you to win the bet," the homosexual lunatic was certain of success.

As venue of the competition the hotelsuite in the Forum was logically chosen. To keep full concentration, Fischer put his veiled face under a blanket on the sofa of the living room. Oral Dollar had carefully worked out, that the game histories are recorded on the laptop in the bedroom as corpus delicti for the correct transmission of the moves. Kenneth and Toufik were appointed as mail carrier adjutants, since they should deliver the masterstrokes on a slip. In his game with the white pieces Jonathan quickly fall behind with a modern Ben-Oni (Hebrew: son of mourning) chess variant, cos his

opponent played with the precision of a machine, and also the inconvenient English descriptive notation caused problems. The former Bavarian chess master was jazzed and got mixed up so much, that he overlooked a double attack through a Knight fork and gave up quickly. With the black, in the brain projected stones, the tired thinker chose the Marshall Attack, taking a lot of risk. However the notation of this special Ruy Lopez variation was more basic and easy.

A Millennium-old proverb teaches to first calculate the relative strength and the costs before going to war. Did the German underestimate his American enemy, such as an other cross confident commander? The crux or crooked twist in the case was that Jonathan didn't reckon to embark with the world champion of correspondence chess, who was used to all possible facilities. That one revealed his secret with a sardonic laughter ringing out the room door. The two bored adjutants insisted to take a bath in the tub, what crestfallen Jonathan used for a nap. In a short dream vision the tired fantasized how he was found on a deserted potter's field, being attacked from a terrifying, roaring, white, two-winged lion, who tore his clothes off with his sharp canines. Instead of devouring his victim, the beast transformed in two blood sucking, sizzling snakes and afterwards in three slimy toads, licking him with their tacky, tarred tongues all over his body. Feeling like Pitch Mary, the next moment a modern Mother Holle appeared for aid in form of Harry, a familiar English sorcerer's apprentice. Thirty redeeming silver coins were shaken from a bed sheet above his head, as the supposed Good Luck Mary was abruptly shaken from sleep. Precisely at this moment, Jonathan was leaked awake on his nose by strong woman perfume using ex-Muslim Toufik. Even the ex-Jew Oral wanted to speed the matter, for he sat down closely connected with the ex-Christians Kenneth in the second sofa. Now awoke the old fighting spirit in Jonathan, who proclaimed: "Who laughs last, laughs best!" Just this moment he got out ready a redemptive Marshall plan. Faithless, gum chewing Toufik just let fly a silk bomber-short towards the poor, Berlin doughnut eating German and bluffed bare that the battered boxer should jog with them to Phoenix through the desert. The economic aid with panhandled card coupons would be over, for the low blow champion Schmeling must take of his held in pledge suit. "Gens una sumus, we are a family. Let us run to end the game," the Roman lead wolf remarked, intervening with the motto of the FIDE - World Chess Federation. The encounter lasted only six more moves until a winner was determined. As it is common in chess, the two players went into the bedroom to analyse the fantastic game together. Jonathan was surprised to find some "Encyclopaedias of Chess Openings" on the chest of drawers. When he noticed that the gambler used the chess program Fritz from ChessBase on his laptop, he saw things in a clearer light. But this time the German had defeated the downcast American with his 33th move, a smothered mate with the King Knight (N-KB7). Delightfully he took one of the Sahovski Informators and showed the game of the year between Jonathan Fischer and Harry Beaver in St. Moritz, which had repeated again, but this time with reversed roles in favour of the happy German.

Watch out kids, pay attention! The following satirical piece of fiction is obviously extremely unlikely, so that parallels to real-life events and persons are not to be taken seriously.

The honourable loser, who actually played 1-1, paid to the overfatigued competition winner 6600 dollars in notes of one hundred and tried to book a king suite in Caesars Palace. Since the Centurion had a house ban, he was referred to the Egyptian Hotel Luxor, whereto he requested a taxi for the winning single fighter. Arrived, the new guest was quite amazed about the black glass pyramid hotel, which showed the strongest beam of light in the world with its 39 Xenon lamps focusing the heaven. Seeking in vain

the luggage to spiritual crossing, the porter and ferryman of the hotel defined that according to Egyptian mythology the spirits of the people are carried through the light into the afterlife. Once the Germanic archaeologist examined the spectacle, which was visible way down to Hollywood, he meant to face millions of dancing moths in the headlight-film-projection illumination. "Aha, I see! Thus the Pharaohs and their subjects have turned into mosquitoes," was his sarcastic comment. Drawn through the water, "Moses Fischer" would have liked a camera to film on the trailing Nile cruise the lit-up Sphinx, the obelisk, and the tomb of Tutankhamun. First of all, the creepy skeleton ghosts of three construction workers entered perfectly balanced the scene, so that the bones burying people liberator nearly fall into the blood-red turned water. Brought in the ferry to the hotel lobby, his slumbering spirit was shown the room. Incoming with a diagonally upward running inclinor elevator he reached the Jacuzzi-Whirlpool-Suite, which - mind you - he used alone, immediately falling asleep.

Life with God is thrilling, exciting and very exhausting, Jonathan reflected the next day in his oversized jetted tub, in which he tried to catch a flea or a louse that he got from the hotelboy. Perhaps his itchy bumps were only bloody mosquitoes bites, the stricken patient diagnosed, while it rained outside first grasshoppers and then frog-large stones, which turned off the light in the pyramid for a while. Despite widespread mad cow disease (BSE), the pennywise Swabian took a hamburger bun fast food lunch in the fourth floor of the entertainment level, when he was discovered from three check-in friends. Dollar Centurion held one's promise in getting the last three tickets for the SARMOTI-Show at the Strip located Hotel Mirage. Now arose again the wretched, unsolvable problem, who should abandon the indulgence of the magic Siegfried and Roy, Masters of the Impossible show. First and foremost they diced 666, then everyone pulled the same ace from a deck. Moreover all mill, draughts and chess games with each other ended in a draw. In the meantime ho-hum Fischer set out to the hotel pool to take off his shoes for a bounce-back in a beach lounger. Inexplicably, the hedge beside him had ignited, what was the command for him to return barefooted to the Memphis Restaurant. The consuming fire illusion which was indelible for firemen gave Jonathan another firewood idea. He got three matches and inspired the tired U.S. warriors for the simple children playoff game in which the loser Toufik again drew the short straw. "One is always the - Oiner isch immer d´r" by sweaty foot - Schwoißfuaß suitably was played on the jukebox.

Oral still had a crush on Jonathan, because he invited him to a common ski tour in the scorching dessert. At the summit on the icy vantage point Jonathan met again the Anglo-Saxon, brown-uniformed hereditary prince, who this time threw away a snuffy swastika band, sniffy running up the blue twelve-stars-banner, and saluting the victory-hail to bring back the lost European colonies. After a successful downhill ride with their Fischer skis, the expedition participants scaled a 1000 meter high ziggurat, from which they flew down with their paragliders to land on the airfield of the mirage. "The show must go on," wrote a magic hand on the wall. By command, white tiger Darius kissed one of homo sex and really best magicians of the century, whereas trapped Toufik hid under a white satin blanket. Detected from Belshazzar, the white lion heartthrob Toufik was weighed and found wanting. The Lion made an end of his days, more or less ripped of his clothes, and dragged the primogeniture under big applause from the spectators in Daniel's food den. The audience got out of hand in loudly calling for an encore, for a larger illusion show was only offered in the Coliseum by Emperor Vespasian or in Jonathan's dreams. Centurion and Optio did not shed a tear for the runaway, lost gladiator son, since then the ticket problem was solved for the evening event.

Hence, the three apprentices went into the United Nations belonging 800 meters high

Rotary-Clubtower. It was a safe bet, that they not really joined Thomas Gottschalk (many love you, joke, sorry), who was guiding through the secret meeting. After the guests walked through the walls of an ancient magic door, which was figured with winged lions and dragons, they were thrown on their faces. Except for Jonathan, who was suddenly ill with a heel injury, the lodge members had to bow down in front of a gold-plated, on iron-clay feet standing, bronze bull. Angela, the half-naked, angelical Miss Europe, just decorated the silver horns with flowers and posed in all positions like a Zeus God statue in front of the risen photographing idolaters. The international funeral feast in the full assembly hall offered waiters, whose distinctive mark was a white apron with the squared and encompassed names of honourable U.S. presidents. By the way, the food was excellent.

The illustrious circle of rulers, heads of states and kings already knew each other, since they had previously met at the funeral of one of their big bosses. The United Nations General Assembly was entertained by an unbelieving foolish TV presenter with white gloves, who arrived after a silver platter menu at the headquarters bet. He, who rides and keeps longest on the electric bull, shall receive the sceptre of the Lions Club, as a sign of the new world order. As we all know, it is impossible to keep on an angry, beating out, horned bull. However, a homely, small Nobel Peace Prize winner stood up and gave a fiery speech, with which she would stop the greatest genocide in history. Abortion is a work of the devil and the most violent and worst bestiality that ever was done on children, as life already starts in the womb. If the child murder continues, similarly to the order of insane Herod, Jesus will come back soon. This time, at his second coming, he will be accompanied by countless angels as "the Lion of the tribe of Judah" and "the Judge of all Mankind". With loud booing from the members of the not with Judah sympathizing lionsclub, Saint Agnes was disqualified without even climbing on the terrible beast. Next, an unsuccessful award winner failed, who was an idiotic Arab terrorist elected for president, making his fortune with equally idiotic international assistance. Also other military uniform bearing, grown rich through fraud, otherwise brainless dictators were overthrown with great laughter from the formerly promoting mean machine. Neither the black belt, nor the Texas farm riding training, helped the various heads of governments to be thrown over the shoulder or to keep in the saddle. European royal rulers, who likewise came along on their high horse, were again thrown to the ground, as in dusty times. The poor, doomed, outdated, religious leaders, were separately considered suspicious. Were there - beside the famous representatives of world religions - not money loving televangelists and other crosses and swords carrying forced conversion knights? Specially surprised was the theology student over the black pope (does he really exist or has he to be elected first?), the black shoe salesman, the sex and foreign affair spouse of his manager, and the young blood loving senior walker of the not really most powerful man of the world. The clever, cunning clown used his fist as shield, once he overturned a buckler, to be elected again after a second windows-ballot-vote-count. In conclusion he anyhow failed to win the war against drugs, terror, countries and other lion-lodges-friends. Looking like little bit battle-ried, beer belly banking bosses or impressive, influential, international industry moguls had anyway no chance in the gruelling combat. That's why the famous Hollywood science fiction action heroes rolled up one's sleeves and got to work. In this particular case the earth had to be saved - kicking over the traces - as electric horsemen, whereat the scienter logy dumbest, shortest actor, who supposed to be very intelligent in wearing a blazing uniform with numerous bulbs, made the all-time-low. At the end of days, a JC-muscleman, whom people considered stupid, but truly was smart, established a new record as urban cowboy falling from the mechanical bull. After the final Grönemeyer song "Children in power" the lion-mane-Lord-joker handed over the iron government

staff symbolically to a fantasy baby lying in a child-cradle, who had not the charm of the leggy, revealing assistants or the short-legged, scantily wrapped in a diaper baby Jesus in the nativity story.

Therewith, the aristocratic circle of thirteen family bloodlines, whichever controlled the largest federal world bank, didn't want to leave alone. Therefore a greenback-presentation was held by their president Greenberg, how on earth the lions club can gain world dominion. The oil price should be pressed by a cartel over the hundred greenback mark, and inflation should be boosted up to total depreciation of money. Thus a new single currency could be easily inducted after the intended collapse of banks and corporate bankruptcies. As a result all insoluble immensely high government debts would be off the table. Then a new beginning with a new Messiah could be made. This extraordinary inspired alongside Jonathan seated Centurion, who this time held hands with Optio. First of all he wanted to invest his assets in artificial transactions on rising commodity prices, and in the second place he wanted to participate in the once existing gold reserves of the Federalbank. Foreign Minister Fischer successfully took part in the discussion that followed by his brilliant proposal to name the new world currency Eurodollar, which was carried unanimously. Seeing that age demented thinkers will not believe the story anyway, the authors grant the hero a sleep in the Luxor Pyramid Suite and continue the fiction in a moderate gear.

Actually, groundhog Jonathan had to drop off well on that day in the water-bed of the triangular hotel, but instead the cynic got one nightmare after the other. Repeatedly he slew in defending intention an Egyptian leader, followed by an unsuccessful assassination attempt on him, he was forced to flee into the desert, and so on and so forth. To escape the time loop and to switch the skivvies, he jumped out of bed to set an example at six o'clock. Without breakfast, he left the hotel for the waiting silver Lincoln Town Car stretch limo. He was relieved to be able to say good bye to the Egyptian culture and to his shifting for a living Roman friends. "Sorry to decline," the dismissed probability calculator refused the co-partner offer in the gambling industry. Yet, the real purpose of his trip to the United States was theological training.

During the five hours drive back to Phoenix, the adventure hero Fischer found an attentive audience in the steering African-American Colburn. Describing himself illiterate, he still presented astonishing insights of life. When Jonathan arrived with the big sedan in front of Charlie's house, Creflo was wonderstruck, and also the family of three of Mike Werthan staggered. Mike was a single father, who had to carry out of financial need two jobs. He too just arrived from the day care centre with his son Donald and the daughter Daisy in a threesome, like Huey, Dewey & Louie on the bike. At the end, the nice Jewish chauffeur Hoke invited all residents to make a test drive around the block with the comfortable seven-passenger vehicle, offering cooled, kosher Fanta.

Charlie, who seemed exceptionally not to enjoy the tour, kept his bad mood, for he invited Jonathan to come to his bedroom to have a conversation between you and me and the gatepost. The religious-police-man claimed that God had shown him repeatedly how Jonathan fell into sin and in great danger. Yes, even snakes and scorpions had attacked Jonathan in the spirit, what Charlie prevented through nonstop prayer. "Now you need to see a psychiatrist, I have done nothing illegal. On the contrary, I even prohibited that Tate impregnates Farrow too early," the indignant argued to his defence. "Brian and Sharon are doing well in the land of Canaan. They just got married on the trial-by-fire-day in Las Vegas with Abraham and Sarah as witnesses. But thou hast been in bewitched Egypt and in debauched Rome. Right?" asked the three angels called forth Charlie. "Wait a minute, a couple of games in the hotel, a few entertainment shows, and

a bit of delicious food doesn't hurt nobody. You're just jealous because I've won so much money." In response, Charlie prayed that the Lord would open the eyes of the blind Samson before he enters a deadly collapsing house of cards. Thus, the conversation was over.

The national coach preferred to give outdoor football lessons for the Disney kids, while Mike prepared a delicious meat and onion pot which was so big that it would last out until the next day. Jonathan's appetite was gone thoroughly. Therefore, he announced to fast and pray in order to find the will of God, as he sipped a tisane. All the day long watching TBN (Trinity Broadcasting Network), Mike gave him the appropriate book "Fasting" by Larry Prince, which the hungry pastor's pupil devoured immediately. Soon after, the insatiable supplied himself with Derek Lea's two classics "Pray with me for one hour" and "Hear God's voice".

To find more peace in the cool of the evening, Jonathan climbed via a ladder on the roof of the worship place and regarded overhead the numerous, in the sky projected aircrafts. It was getting darker. Innumerable stars appeared in the sky. First of all Jonathan enumerated the newly learned eight Hebrew names of Yahweh from the Old Testament. Next, in bold faith, he urged to hear the voice of the God of Abraham. What was that? He meant to hear something from his chest or was it the rumbling stomach? The thoughts that were carried into his brain sounded that he should distribute his entire, recently won money to people in need, then he would get it back at a glance at home. Jonathan got more excited when a blurry image of his long-awaited woman was formed in his mind. Lying in bed, he tried again to bring it forth from his subconscious. He was eagerly interested in the colour of her eyes and hair. Was she like the favoured Sharon blond and blue eyed, or even like Maria dark coloured and brown-eyed?

On the following Sunday another figure fascinated Jonathan eminently. It was the senior pastor Tommy Barnett. Never had he experienced a speaker who could motivate people so much to contribute to the voluntary work and who supervised such a blessed work. Every person who honourarily wanted to help in the church with a heart on Saturday was appointed as a deacon and given freedom to live out the God-given talents. Two hundred different services were initiated, of which the free, weekly bus pick-up service was the most popular one. A former employee who had taken on this matter was Bill Wilson. His continuation in the Metro Ministry in New York, where thousands of children in need are taken care of by volunteers, later got an equally strong global popularity. Jonathan had already swallowed up some books from Tommy Barnett, of which he most liked "The miracle is in the House". Like a baby nursing at the mother's breasts, he was hungry for the word of God. In Germany he knew no place with the same charismatic atmosphere.

Tommy Barnett conducted an unloved act which is typical of American preachers. He collected plenty of money. The offering baskets went around. "So then, faith cometh by hearing, and hearing cometh by the word of God," the motto of the sermon had burned in Jonathan's mind. Without knowing what he was doing, he took two thousand dollars from his wallet and put it in the braided bucket. As in his first communion, he fainted and had to sit down. Charlie, one of many ushers in the church, attributed this to his fasting. "My God, what if it was the voice of the devil to give all the money?" the doubting hero had never donated such a high sum.

After the impressive piece of music "No other name, but the name of Jesus", led by a huge orchestra and choir, the Evander Holyfield friend Barnett reported of his plan to jog as a long-distance runner through the desert to Los Angeles. He begged for a financial support to every run distance mile for the work of his son Matthew. Matthew Barnett just began a service among marginalized groups in one of the most feared places of Los Angeles. The church bought and renovated the formerly Catholic Queen of Angels

hospital. When Jonathan subsequently heard the pastor's son preaching for a short time, a spirit of jealousy spread out in him. Secretly he thought himself that this optimistic, blue-eyed beginner would never repeat the success of his father, for he will be pushed only due to his family ties into this job. The time would convince Jonathan of the contrary, because Matthew Barnett is now at least as famous as his father Tommy. The same jealousy was repeated at the herbal tea lunch, since Joel Osteen of Lakewood Church preached in the background in the TV. Never would this tongue-in-cheek, better to wear glasses, golden boy and sugar sweet milksop repeat the success of his father John Osteen, Jonathan was positive about. For the moment at least.

At the subsequent monopoly game with Mike and his children, Jonathan related his blackjack and chess experiences and asked the father what he thought of it. Mike claimed that all money gambling is from Satan and showed a little amusing dice game site from the New Testament. Thereunto fitting the epic film "The robe" was shown on TBN, or Daystar, or GOD TV in the background. Then the conversation focused on the future plans of the lone, former junkie. He also had been kicked out of his apartment, since he could not pay the rent. That surprised the "Yes we can" my battle-tested Shomari Obama, who studied in the CFR Jesuit newspaper the results of the democratic primary election, not. Making his next joke, Creflo begged for a change, claiming that money would have ears, if yes, we can cry loud enough. "Lord give me a white house with a pet dog," was his newest, white-teeth, wide-mouth wit. Just as if drawn by an invisible hand, Jonathan drew twenty hundred dollar bills out of his wallet and handed it out. "Lord grant me two thousand dollars for my new apartment," came out from the mouth of Mike Murdock (Sorry, confusion. The poor day labourer could not show his donations phone number on all Christian television channels and was known with his surname Werthan). The charitable money spectacle was repeated one more time: "Lord give me six hundred dollars for a new air conditioner," Charlie came in addition, but first didn't want to accept the money. "No!" Jonathan assured that the Lord has given him the order for this. Charlie added a Solomonic wisdom proverb, saying that quickly obtained wealth is also again quickly lost. Oh man, you could have bought a hailed VW Corrado VR6 Turbo with the dubs, went through the mind of the gift circle gambling patron, who packed one's bag in the evening.

On the next morning, the richly rewarded friends laid their hands on the shoulders of their sponsor and blessed him so extensively and loudly as Jonathan had never heard or seen before. "Yes, he would certainly pray for him further for years and be very delighted when he moves in Brian's room in the future," was the farewell of Charles Pugliese, once he delivered the stunned student at the airport terminal.

During landing on Stuttgart airport, Jonathan could overlook the Filder townships and even the widow's house in Castle Street. With unease, he wanted to dissolve the rented flat after a short time. Moreover, he wondered how his patron and chief Adolfo Massonico would respond to his request to take a sabbatical year. A personal interview was scheduled with the superior, who was a devout preacher in Mormons and Jehovah's witnesses circles, wherefore he was not rapturous with the Pentecostal training requests. His directive was not to emigrate to the U.S. and just to think carefully whether he is called at all to preach in other languages. His blind parents were horrified by the project and reminded him how much they have financially supported the change of residence. In principle he owed them money. Even his first minister, the Protestant pastor and missionary George Müller, advised in an email from Kenya not to move into the United States. Cluttered with charismatic temple moneychangers, the wrath of God would certainly soon break out over the den of thieves. Jonathan was torn. He wanted to run with his head through the wall, finally he decided to stay in his home country. In

the Letter of James he had read that God's wisdom causes humility that is submissive and not selfishly seeking the own benefit.

Pursuing his usual work, Jonathan wondered where the settlement of his VW-Turbo warrants remained. His older colleague Jürg Schwarz, who had a sense of occasion and special know-how in forward transactions, kidded him with the reference to the actually existing restraint not to place securities orders on the answering machine. The true background why he had done nothing was that Porsche was close to insolvency and VW was just on the way to acquire a thirty percent majority. Induced by securities analysts and the stock market, who positively received the takeover rumours, the warrants had doubled in a short time. But why then was the displayed price in Las Vegas almost halved? "You jackass still had to convert the price of dollars in DM," was the explanation of his schoolmaster Jürg, who knew him already as a trainee. Jonathan decided to sell the many years, daily pursued leveraged securities before the actual due date and reaped in this passed time a tax-free speculative profit equivalent of USD 6600. How could it be otherwise - to the summarily new purchased car only the right woman was missing. More to follow in the next chapter.

The Trip to China

The money-saving Schwabe and banker Jonathan Fischer revolved in the mind what to do with his funds on the eBank-instant-access-account of the Volksbank Plochingen eG, which offered a much better interest rate as his Sandbank Denckenstadt eG. In the use of his Mercedes-Benz disposal and the successful speculation in the VW-Turbo warrants he had accumulated a sum of DM 66,000. Once he got the calculation of the R+V Versicherung of the insurance premium for the rich+very fuel consuming VW Turbo sports car, he quickly rejected the first idea of a fun-making Volksporsche.

Furthermore he wanted to start a family with children like his fraternal model Thomy. Anyway he was surveying several car dealerships and devoured glossy sales brochures, so that an advertisement in the Esslinger Zeitung stimulated his appetite. One of the nearby EU new car dealers offered a grass-green-metallic Opel Vectra with 115 horsepower imported from Italy for 33,000 DM. Inspecting the extensive equipment list and the five-door family car in Untertürkheim, the calculator in Jonathan concluded that he can sell the auto without much loss in value, even if he still attends a Bible school in overseas. Jonathan felt a special sense of happiness when he turned up with an odometer reading of 8 kilometre in the gas station. There he regarded his new baby, becoming attached with the round bent hood and its fluent passing headlights plus side mirrors. Right now, only the right woman was missing on the right passenger seat. "Hey you! Don't fall in love again with your car," hailed Vera Fischer, who incidentally parked at the flanking petrol pump. All the same, she wanted to behold the beautiful masterpiece from inside. By the time the brunette, brown-eyed slimming queen with the endlessly long legs treated into, the matching song "His banner over me is love" by Francois Botes was played on the steering wheel operated CD-radio. All the pain of losing his erstwhile bosom buddy and boarder Helen was gone, in the case of friendly hugging, cheek pecking Vera, who dismissed in her red VW Golf Cabriolet. "Oh, before I forget, on Sunday afternoon there will be a China prayer group in my home. Do you come over?" invited him his old acquaintance. Of course, he visited her at the weekend in her beautiful, already paid-up apartment in Heumaden. He had just learned in the tape series "How you win your bride" by Joyce Hickey, that love is a decision, regardless of the shape of cinema and television preferences. Many singles would accuse God in their mind that he had given them no partner. But later they would once see a heavenly screening with a perfect soul mate they had blindly rejected. Withal, the Holy Spirit in form of servant Eliezer has in a long pasted time already arrived with the veiled Rebecca on the field of keep watching Isaac. People should renew their minds, giving heed to the inner beauty of the heart, rather than to expect a Marilyn Monroe or a copy of Richard Gere. The Still-Single-Prince-Charming thought he had found a mistake in the friendship seminar. Instead of the famous, blond and blue-eyed sex symbol, the brunette, brown-eyed Pretty Woman Julia Roberts had to be mentioned, he assumed at least.

Jonathan wondered whether the invitation of Vera for the China prayer meeting was a broad hint by the time he rang the bell. Why did they meet accidentally after such a long time? Had the friendly Swabian girl cast an eye on him? When Jonathan met Vera for the first time at the World Championships in Athletics he straight away thought: this woman I would marry immediately. He didn't go further into this question only because she was seven years older and he couldn't imagine such a large age disparity.

In the three-room apartment of Vera, located in Stuttgart-Heumaden, Jonathan was initially welcomed by another old friend who opened the door. Reinhild Sheu was present. The bathing memories from the Albania holiday were shaken up again when he shook hands of the near and dear one. She's the limit, with her velvety, soft skin touching his fingers. Most likely he wouldn't leave her.

Meanwhile the main attraction rang at the door. A smart Chinese entered, greeting Jonathan estimated mid 40. His discourse was of course about China. One adventure chased the next, one sign followed the next miracle in his story. He received the name "Heavenly Men Diao", since two angels delivered him without keys out of a Chinese Maximum Security prison. He was imprisoned there for years and experienced the supernatural relief after 40 days of fasting. As he looked into unbelieving faces he backed up his allegations in stripping to his waist. He could tell a particular story to every scar and injury of his upper body. Someday seven bullets hit his torso by a firing squad, he even claimed. He showed seven small red scars on his chest, of which each one appeared like a stork bite. Jonathan still did not know whether or not he should believe this thing. He remembered a confession of the well-known Asian Pastor Benny Cho, in which he did public penance for his tendency to exaggerate. David Diao continued with a familiar scripture for Jonathan. Then I prayed: "No weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper, and every tongue that shall rise against thee in judgement thou shalt condemn." As a result the bullets were not able to harm him. A prayer time was rang in. Rotational, the four were standing or sitting on chairs in a circle, took hands and prayed for three hours. Jonathan wouldn't withstand these endurance demanding time, if he had not felt constantly beside him Vera's and Reinhild's hands. Such a strong and persistent prayer of the leading Chinese he never had experienced before. Heavenly man Diao explained that the persecuted underground church meets in rural areas often for days to pray for their tortured brothers and sisters in the concentration camps. He still had many friends who were enslaved in re-education camps and prisons because of their faith in Jesus Christ. A follower of Jesus should not always think in prayers of himself and his wealth, but instead enter into intercessory prayer for all worldwide persecuted Christians. Watching the admiring gaze of Vera, Jonathan could see that she fall in love with David. That was not at all bad for him, for he had intense emotions for Reinhild, who looked more like the photographic model Sharon Tate. David Diao told that he will speak further about his experiences with God during the occasion of Easter at a large Christian conference in Lüdenscheid. He invited everyone to come along to the city of light. Vera was not to be asked twice, and Reinhild was also right there. In his human unselfishness Jonathan had not to be asked whether he wants to or not. The auto expert suggested to give his friends a ride in his brand new Vectra. Down the road, the offer was straight away gratefully accepted. Living around the corner, Reinhild asked Jonathan for another favour at her house. She showed a double garage with the inside standing gold metallic BMW Z3 M-Roadster. The car alarm had triggered several times so that the factory owner's daughter not dared to open the steering-wheel lock. Also its non-functioning dashboard lights apparently needed a new fuse. Jiggling the key to success, the technical expert quickly detected that solely the lighting dimmer was adjusted too weak. Thereat he showed the manner of functioning of the theft warning system. Sitting behind the wheel, Jonathan readily accepted the invitation to move the chubby coupe coach, driven by 321 horses, to the ice cream parlour of Sillenbuch. Entering the parking site, the sports car driver put one's foot on the floor to blow the roaring sound of the four-tube exhaust system and to press his pleasant passenger for a last time in the bucket seat. In doing so, he startled a winsome elderly gentleman, rising from his Mercedes. "You Foreign Legion man probably passed your drivers test in Africa," was the comment of the witty nostalgia Lord Mayor. Licking together Coppa Dolomiti ice creams revealed further interesting cross-over conversations with the Knight Commander of the Legion of Honour Manfred Rommel.

On the way back to the end-terrace house the attentive lighting expert willingly helped to repair a no longer functioning halogen ceiling lamp which only had a small contact problem. The Volksbank real estate expert who produced exposés and inspection reports

estimated the tastefully furnished new construction at a value of one million Deutschmark. Thus he exactly guessed the purchase price, which the maybe parents-in-law, who rang unheralded at the door, had paid for it a year ago. For shy Reinhild it was embarrassing that Jonathan and her tin can producing father exchanged for an hour about the banking and credit system, sharing a Stuttgarter Hofbräu Export and saltsticks. Daddy Bernd was always unhappy about his only child who didn't want to follow in his footsteps. Now he was pleased with Fischer, a possible successor to set on land. Mother Sonja, who had a handsome bronzed body, racked one's brain where else in the world she yet came closer to Jonathan. After a great deal of toing and froing the price skat playing clarified that firsthand they met in the fogged sauna of the Filderado Leisure Centre. In effect, the young at heart mom Scheu repeatedly sniffed at Fischer, playing cards and outdoor chess in Fasanenhof. Once being again heated, Jonathan was dismissed from all involved persons with a bright red head.

On the way home, the many moves forward calculating thinker found the idea funny that the tidying engineer of the Stuttgart Waste Management will marry the Chinese preacher, who was thrown out of his environmental technology studies. Definitely he, the international chess master and clever banker, will fit better to the age-matched dentist and millionaire. And AWG (All Were Glad -:) pretty much as the slogan of a textiles company. Indeed, the wedding bells for all four would sound once.

Not beating about the bush, Vera made sheep's eyes at idolised shepherd David, on Good Friday, on the backseat, during the four-hour car ride, inducing twosome happiness. Arrived in Lüdenscheid, to see and to be seen, they roamed interested hand in hand around the booths of the global mission societies. Co-driver Reinhild and handlebar holder Jonathan, who would spend the night on ground pads separately for women and men in gymnasiums, initially took more time to come closer. At a common dinner, the three participants of the Albania travel reported the miracle-minded David the exciting adventures of their journey. Holding a last chat before sleep, the blue-eyed blonde confessed Jonathan that she especially likes him. In the first place it started on the mountain road, when he vehemently wanted to protect her in the trunk from alleged attacks of the Albanian police.

On every day over the Easter weekend there were three services with various speakers. Jonathan had never heard women preach in such a heartbreaking and moving way like Heidi Hatting, Jackie Baker and Suzette Pullinger, who were world famous in Christian circles. Also David Diao thrilled the audience with the stories Jonathan already knew, wherefore he felt not quite excited. The keynote speaker Walter Cunningham of the youth and missionary society became a talking point with his unbelievable vision that thousands of young people bring the Gospel of Jesus Christ to Mongolia. He claimed the way had been already prepared through a huge concert in the Gobi desert with a heavenly music band called Tengerin Do, performing not before men but countless present angels. Jonathan impressed even more to learn about the weighty relief goods to the poor country. A friend of David was allowed to speak on the microphone in front of the 4000 mostly young conference participants. His name was Andrew Taylor, 70 years of age, and awfully respected as the founder of a relief organization for worldwide persecuted Christians. He had made sure that David got political asylum in Germany. The British Brother Andrew called his mission work "Donkey for Jesus Ministries" and explained why. The only mammal Jesus had required for was a small donkey he rode on Palm Sunday in Jerusalem. The hearers should behave not as stubborn and smuggle the word of God, which is a synonym for Jesus according to the Gospel of John, into China. Brother Andrew was called Smuggler of God, due to the fact that he managed through an action to bring a huge shipment of Bibles unnoticed by the authorities to the Chinese

mainland. He testified that it was very risky but also worthwhile to play the donkey. 14 Years ago he was thrown into a Romanian prison for one year, because the punished truck driver wanted to convey a cargo with banned Bibles. After a year the Prime Minister Margret Thatcher had personally freed him from his prison during a State visit of Ceausescu in Bucharest. For all that, his arrest was even a blessing. His ministry had grown disproportionately, since his name appeared in the newspaper every week and the opportunity arose to shoot a documentary with the BBC. In the following years he had built up the big Christian revival church in Hong Kong and learned both Cantonese and Mandarin. The simplicity of the Chinese language he substantiated to the animated assembly in singing Chinese praise songs. Thereupon he taught the listeners how Jesus loves you is pronounced in Mandarin. At the end of the sermon he asked in an appeal who was feeling a call to China. Then he prayed for anyone who had signed up via hand signal. Reinhild and Jonathan were the two last ones he put his hands in blessing on the head. Thus the Easter Conference was finished.

On the way back from Lüdenscheid to Stuttgart, Jonathan began to annoy David in the car with his many questions about Taylor, cos the chosen one preferred an endless flirt with Vera. Stubborn Reinhild also disturbingly chimed in the conversation about the donkey service to set the destination for the next summer vacation.

Jonathan and Reinhild had booked the cheapest flight with China Airlines from Frankfurt to Hong Kong for their three-week summer holiday. The economical banker Jonathan learned that not only the price, but also the entire flight time including intermediate stops is vital for the emotional well being. They flew over Kuala Lumpur to Taipei and arrived at Hong Kong after twenty-three gruelling hours. The Schwarzenegger and Cruise world saviours aircraft movies tore Jonathan as little of the stool as the award-winning turtles romance "Happy Together", which reminded him more of the Roman soldiers of his United States trip, than to awaken pleasurable feelings for China. To get something out of nothing, Jonathan and Reinhild could claim now anyway to have been in Kuala Lumpur/Malaysia and Taipei/Taiwan. Arriving in Hong Kong, the captain of one of the most unsafe airlines of the world announced the infamous checkerboard approach, matching to Jonathan's former hobby, and somehow managed to glide above numerous skyscrapers in the Victoria Harbour. At the Kai Tak Airport fortunately a German employee called Peter Anrich picked them up. "Erm, I have seen that guy somewhere at some time in my life," Jonathan pondered. "This Peter comes for our rescue, for I will never find the way with these strange characters," Reinhild realised. As a matter of fact they drove safely first by bus and then by train to their first hostel in Fan Ling. Jonathan lived together with guide Peter in a two-room apartment. Reinhild was assigned a place in the nearby called smuggler's house. After the couple had recovered from jet lag, they spent time together in the outdoor swimming pool of the Northern District. Reinhild could crawl faster with her perfect female frame as gawky Jonathan who preferred breaststroke. At the mere sight of her bikini body, Jonathan recollected the model on the prospectus of the SDK Health Insurance, which they had completed as valid precaution. Once in business, he got embarrassed looking longer at the oversized image on the brochure stand in his Volksbank. Just now hormones over hormones were poured out in his flesh again and again that he almost melted internally with desire. That was not only unveiled before the Heavenly Father, but also without prior notice come along Peter Anrich could perceive this love hints. Peter asked how they first met and wanted to know if it goes well with Diao, the heavenly man. He was delighted to hear that David had become engaged in record time and about the plans to establish together with Vera a new free evangelical church in Stuttgart. Peter highly recommended the turtle-doves to spend a beautiful resting time on the ground, since he needed them for a fast delivery order on the next day.

In the evening, curious Jonathan wanted to hear from horse's mouth - namely Peter - what was on the upcoming labour schedule. On his Sony MiniDisc Player he just had heard the song "Light the fire again" from the singer-songwriter Brian Doerkson on Vineyard Music. Peter got the impression that Jonathan should listen to a tape on his Sony Walkman before falling asleep. Just so the small Japanese devices changed the playing owners. Jonathan lived in a small room with a mosquito net protected window where the cupboard and the two bunk beds hardly fitted into. Now he was lying quite alone at the bottom of one of the beds and listened to the sermon. The recording was taped at one of the big conferences for singles and Lester Murdock, who was speaking about his divorce, declared that we should not negatively think of being alone, for in the positive case we are all in one. Jonathan had never felt this way, since his greatest desire and dream was to get a woman and to marry. In the small plugs of the earphone music started to sound. Lester Murdock played the grand piano and chanted the words, "I'm in love, I'm in love, sweet Holy Spirit I'm in love." Jonathan was reminded of his stay in England. Even without hormone distributions he got the most beautiful feelings. The much talented singer continued, "there is a man who listens to the recording at a time later. I see a door is closed in front of you. I think it is a new friendship. The Lord says to you, don't be sad. The woman is not intended for you, but for your friend." Jonathan tried quickly to fast forward. After all, the cassette had anyway arrived at the end.

The next morning, Reinhild, Peter and Jonathan met in the smuggler's house. It was filled in the basement with pallets of Bibles, Christian books and brochures. Peter showed them a four-sided advertising of the Full Gospel sponsored by German businessmen, in which was explained the divine inspiration of the Bible and the belief in Jesus Christ. They wanted to distribute the sheets in the surrounding high-rise buildings and areas. The 99-year lease of the New Territories between Great Britain and China ended, so that governmental bans on such evangelism methods were expected. Therefore many Christians emigrated out of fear from Hong Kong to the West. The only problem that resulted in folder issuing was to pass the gatekeepers and caretakers of the skyscrapers, who didn't like waste paper in mailboxes. Jonathan had put on his Hugo Boss suit with tie and hid the flyers in a briefcase. Each door of the 20-storey Scharoun-architecture-replica building was equipped. If someone approached him he bowed and said "Jesu ei ni" likewise Andrew Taylor taught in Lüdenscheid. Peter recommended that Reinhild should come along with him in the neighbouring tower block, 'cause women who do not speak Cantonese were more endangered. In fact, the language with six different tones was extremely unusual. Anrich mastered it quite well, since he worked one year as skilled surgeon for Suzette Pullinger in a drug withdrawal clinic and an after-care-house in the neighbouring Portuguese colony of Macau. After three days the buildings were assembled wherefore the three decided to go in the rural villages of the New Territories. Jonathan wouldn't have thought that there are farms in Hong Kong, reminding him of his beloved Black Forest family. The pigs not only stank abominably, also they oinked vociferous. Peter told his fellow Germans that it is tradition in China to use always both hands and to bow while transferring a thing. In the traditional way the recipient had not to worry that somewhere is hidden an unwished-for letter knife.

Everywhere dogs strayed around and barked at them loudly. Jonathan knew that these animals can smell the fear of people based on their sweats and acted therefore cool. With Reinhild, the thing looked different, because she was deeply frightened after her Albania experience. She didn't trust Jonathan to protect her again and therefore insisted to return home in the smuggler's house. Instead, the supervisor Peter proposed that he and Reinhild go back to the small town to look for the houses there. Jonathan wanted rather to complete a four-kilometre circular track that led to several small

farms. He wanted to parade his excellent sense of direction by grabbing the map and cutting one's own path. Beside a smoky, fogged, Buddhist cemetery, never in a thousand years he had expected to find a Rolls Royce Phantom. Hong Kong is a city of the rich, but this pile of junk was a discarded car wreck. "Too bad," Jonathan thought, "isn't it a royal car?" He felt less royal at the sight of the next pack of hounds. This time, the specimens were larger, and that he was alone seemed not to be conducive to health. The beasts felt that he got scared and growling started to bite off a piece of his trouser leg. "No weapon and no dog that goes against me will succeed," proclaimed Jonathan and then he spoke out: "I'm in love with you, well beloved Holy Spirit," since the animals with sharp teeth and the soft skin might even be petted. The owner supervened, gratefully accepting a brochure. In such moments evangelists can enjoy their lives. The three question marks detectives met as agreed at a bus stop and after the done work they contentedly returned in their lodging. A group of three Australian men had been billeted in the room of Jonathan and wanted to buckle down to the next task. First arrived a day off. Jonathan was curious on Sunday how the church looks like. The revival church met in a converted theatre which had the same red folding velvet seats as the King's fellowship in Ramsgate. Andrew Taylor preached about the sanctuary Moses had built in the desert. Jonathan remembered that as a boy he didn't understand at all the detailed descriptions in the Torah and extremely bored skimmed over it. Based on the explanation of the burnt offering altar, the bronze laver, the seven-branched candlestick, the table of showbread, the altar of incense, and the ark of the covenant, he realized that the Catholic church buildings were built almost identical. This was fascinating. It would have been better to pay attention to the religious education of parish priest Hermann Benz, instead of solving chess problems under the table. Brother Andrew went on to tell that David and his men were persecuted by King Saul and found refuge in the tabernacle, well received by the Levites. These priests had given the hungry men their bitter showbread to eat and would have been killed a short time later from the enemies as a result of their assistance. Even the Lord Jesus would relate to this incidence in the New Testament. Taylor presaged the Western visitors, they should not be surprised if they, as donkeys for Jesus, were likewise pursued from the Chinese secret police. This would be only a proof to have community at the table of the Lord with his body. Jonathan got alarmed: "We may accept as well the worst," because on Monday they had booked a two-week journey to the interior of China.

The tour group consisted of the three Germans and three members of the Hillsong Church in Sydney, who rhapsodised about Darlene Zschech. They met in the smuggler's house to mix many Bibles in their numerous heavy luggage. Before border control, at the river that separated the city of Shenzhen from Hong Kong, the group scattered in order that not everybody blew one's cover, if some bibles were detected in the scanning process. Everything went well. The continuation of the journey from the train station in Shenzhen to the south-west part of China could start. Before the train ride, Peter had rammed into the participants that they never may pronounce the word Bible or Jesus in public, because otherwise they would be discovered by the spies of the secret police. After 14 hours they arrived in a beautiful valley. They visited a German missionary named Karin Dagmar, whose name and exact location for security reasons is changed. Karin maintained an orphanage and arranged the medical care for needy people. Doctor Reinhild had brought her obligatory case with plenty of toothbrushes, many toothpastes, and far too little dental devices. The children of the high-altitude, tropical valley gathered to attend a humorous presentation from Peter about brushing one's teeth. Then the learned could be implemented in white foam. A small temporary surgery was established in one of the houses in which Reinhild got her hands full of work. Many of the children's teeth were rotten and had to be pulled out. When Reinhild finally

expected to get a breathing pause the adult population came forward. The foreign visitors were repeatedly hugged and learned in their private quarters a never experienced hospitality. The few that this tribe had to offer on food or clothes was given as a present to the guests. Sometimes four people in a family shared one bed, which was now made available for the attendees. Reinhild and Jonathan laughed as they were dressed in the typical traditional costumes to get a funny snapshot. Jonathan thought to himself that this vision perfectly fits on the front of his marriage invitation letter. No wonder, Peter wanted also to have a common picture with the professional colleague in the appearance of a fashion model. Dr. Peter Anrich had a great deal to do too, since he was not only helpful in the medical field, but also had to manage all language translations. Many amusing difficulties arose, say the Australians tried with hands and feet to make clear that they searched for the toilet. Out of sight, out of mind, there was no closet. This was perceived as greatest deprivation for each outdoorsman.

Emptying the tubes, the one-week stay went by speedily. The group choose a new destination to take the lion's share of Bibles to another convenient place. At a remote rural location Chinese leaders of the underground church were waiting for their prey. The last part of the journey, the six tourists had to travel undercover in the cargo hold of a seemingly unsprung van to attract no attention. Otherwise, due to their appearance and their size, they would have been easily noticed among the smaller slit eyes. Agent Peter told that he once fall asleep in the coffin of a funeral car, since he was driven well camouflaged to a distant destination. Always in high spirits as taking heavenly drugs, this Peter was a very passionate man of God. His father Peter-Christoph Anrich was also a physician. The entitled Professor Doctor headed the Sports Clinic in Freiburg. Golf playing "Peter Senior" called his primarily on the same terrain walking son first not Peter, but as outstandingly written in the birth certificate Martin. In the strict sense the fiery evangelist was named Martin Peter Anrich. He was arrested on one of his many transport services, sent for a month into prison, was registered, and expelled from the People's Republic. As a result, Martin Peter returned to his German residence. In the public office of the city administration of Filderstadt a nice lady called Julia Rüger exchanged his firstnames in his new passport. In a white lie he had claimed before to be addressed generally with the second preferred forename. Yet, the secret police in China was not up to every trick. But in the same manner as the German Stasi, this totalitarian surveillance authority tried to have the eyes everywhere, in sending its many spies to all places. By the time Jonathan heard this story it became clear where he knew Martin Anrich from. Fate brought them together in Jonathan's most difficult phase of life. Dr. Martin Anrich had operated him in the upper jay, removing a tumour successfully, after his afflicted trip to Switzerland. Smiling the smooth operator confirmed everything. In his humbleness Peter Martin didn't tell this before, for he didn't want to swagger in front of his career colleague Dr. Scheu that he was senior physician in the Katharinenhospital.

In the uprising workers' and peasants' state worked effectively farming estates with destitute working people, and not only the American Express Travelers Cheques changing millionaires, Jonathan met at work, who were not allowed to be at work according to Karl Marx. At the destination it was no wonder that the leaders of the banned church movements received the rich western team most cordially with their precious literature in the baggage. In China, there was a system in which it was allowed to go to the government controlled three self church and to purchase a Bible. In practice however, the house churches were persecuted unto blood, and out of disrespect even Catholic Archbishops were imprisoned and tortured like the German martyr Cyrillus Jarre. Through the reports of Martin Peter, Jonathan learned much about the history of the Middle Kingdom. The greatest lesson he should get granted on the next morning during

his longest, seven hours lasting worship service. Now he understood why the heavenly Diao was so tirelessly. The assembled church leaders prayed to the Lamb of God on the throne for two hours in such a strong intensity that in a wink heaven seemed to come on earth. In one moment the whole overwhelmed assembly fell on the face by an invisible force. Jonathan was about an hour on the ground and had the same dream vision as in England. Also Reinhild was totally overshadowed with the power from above that sent her from one rapture into the other until she started to groan in birth pains. Currently eating and drinking was unthinkable. The gathering once again started to praise the Lord. Jonathan cherished when seven wind players tuned in the combined chanting, just like a varied mixture of the James Last Orchestra with the WBB Brass Ensemble of the Württemberg Brethren Church. He had never felt before such a great intensity of enthusiasm for the making of music and the singing of hymns. There was something in the wind that had to be erupted. The seven trumpet players had seven singers at their side, who chanted alternately one solo after the other. Since the Westerners didn't understand at all the vocals, Peter translated that they should pray fire down from heaven with their different tongues. About 240 zealous people who had gathered in the converted barn started to cry in excitement. This cheer of joy reminded Jonathan of the Bundesliga match between VfB Stuttgart and Bayern Munich, when Jürgen Klinsmann had just achieved his notably brilliant overhead kick goal. Martin Peter claimed in Mandarin and German that he could see through his spiritual eyes how tongues of fire came down upon each individual. The Jesus People shouted even louder. Jonathan could hardly understand his own words. In the vocal pitch something had changed from three sheets to the wind. In fact, the Chinese faith sister Miriam - standing between Jonathan and Reinhild - spoke and sang at once in German. Jonathan could understand every word. She recited the worship themes of revelation from Alpha to Omega. The whole issue repeated itself even seven times. This time Jonathan wouldn't need to ask whether she is proficient in German, for all locals didn't master a foreign language. In addition, he thought that the woman wasn't capable of learning everything by heart. Upon further listening Jonathan remembered a beautiful ride to St. Peter's Basilica in Rome. Clergyman Benz had organized for his pupils a study trip to Italy where they were able to spend some time at the Vatican. Jonathan recalled the common rosary prayers in the Vatican Basilica. In his flat he had hung up a special photo which he had taken from the roof of St. Peter's Basilica. The Saint Peter's square with its oval-shaped column arches and pillars and the all dominant obelisk in the middle was to see. Instead of diverting his recollections, Jonathan fell into trance and totally gave over to the flow of events. How time flies! Almost seven hours had passed when even more extraordinary things happened. Without wanting, Reinhild started at once to jump on her right foot. This was done with a swing and a pace that the bystanders couldn't grasp. Therefore they made way on the spot. Scheu hopped around like Rumpelstiltskin about his fire. Once Jonathan looked closely, he realized that she was pulled by an invisible force. More precisely, on the surface, she superficially jumped not in a circle, for a distinctive heart stood out against the dusty ground. The service seemed to have turned into a children's jump rope, as Peter Martin imitated on his left foot the same movements. A second heart was outlined on the sand floor of the barn. Out of jealousy Jonathan tried to imitate the whole thing. However, he could not jump as fast and as long as the other two. The Chinese sister Miriam, who had spoken without knowing German, saved the day by grabbing Jonathan from behind on the shoulders. Pushed forward Jonathan caught on that he should lead a Polonaise. Wiggling like a snake, a long line was formed, which could be interpreted as a Chinese dragon parade. The joyful chain running wanted to have no end, topping Jonathan's Carnival experience on lengths. Seven hours of service went by in China faster than the often boring forty-five minutes at home. After these events, all participants decided to fast until the next morning, because they expected

even greater signs to happen.

Another unforgettable day started for Jonathan. As before, he loved it to break out for hours into the worship of God. He had heard that the transcendently meditating Buddhists would probably have similar beautiful experiences through the quest of their own identity in an approach of self redemption. As the trumpeter had stopped playing, a time of silence returned. Unintentionally, Reinhild interrupted the tense calm, roaring with laughter. In an analogous manner Martin Peter and the whole assembly were contagioned. The only person who had to cry for an hour, constantly shedding tears, was Jonathan. He couldn't understand why he was unable to join the majority. But then the others began to cry too. Peter Martin explained that the meeting had now received God's heart for the lost. A few women struck up to bend as in labour pushing, turning the upper body back and forth. Alike most of the others, Jonathan was on one's knees, reminded of a television program, in which clad all in black Orthodox Jews seesawing prayed in the same manner. As the burden for unsaved people declined, the actual occasion of the day started: training on prophecy. Martin Peter's detailed explanations were recorded on an old tape machine. Unfortunately, Jonathan could understand nothing at all. For that reason, the prophecy teacher Anrich had previously shortly declared in English that he would deal with many biblical passages regarding prophecy. Afterwards, all present had the opportunity to prophesy themselves. The instant of time had come for Martin Peter to blow the shofar. The listeners knew that with the last sound of the ram's horn they should exclaim without thinking. Straightforwardly, they should open their mouths, speaking the words of God, the Holy Spirit had put in their hearts and not in their minds. The signal came and Jonathan acted on the advice without knowing what he would say. Stunned he listened to himself: "My dear child, a door is closed before you, which will make you very sad. Do not be discouraged, for a hundred other doors will open for you." Even as Jonathan spoke, he knew that Reinhild was meant. But then it would be better for their sake, the many other doors remained closed. A funny natural conjuncture in the congregation was that there were quadruplets, who had been recently thrown out from a re-education camp, 'cause a revival under the inmates broke out. Upon arrival, the humble sisters had managed the wardrobe, baked goods, and served coffee after previously washing their feet. To be as alike as four peas in a pod, the quad virgins were highly respected in the underground church for their gift of prophecy. Prior to this, they faithfully performed their service in the province of Phil Ippi Us (German: Feuerbach/er). Deborah and Hanna had their stall in Jacki givi, Miriam in Pretzli givi and Judith in Coffi givi. Henceforth, the tape should record all of the four prophecies. It was announced that they speak as fast under the trance of God, so that it's even impossible to write everything down shorthand. Those gathered stood in awe of the sisters, because not all, but already many personal words of encouragement and global predictions had been fulfilled. Jonathan had the business idea to compile the prophecies to carry on commerce in Germany. He had arranged already a joint photo with the fours, that would look nice on a CD cover. The spectacular play would possibly sell well as a download on the Internet.

It wasn't easy for the techie to erase the brought along MiniDisc with "Change The World" and "The wonder years" by Michael W. Smith. Howsoever, he needed the empty space for the longplay voice recording mode. The device from Sony could capture now no less than two hundred forty minutes in good quality. He wouldn't have expected that this would be necessary, since each of the four prophesied about an hour without a break. The Australian countrymen had left the assembly for it was useless to them. They couldn't understand anything and were both hungry and thirsty. Nevertheless, Reinhild and Jonathan pursued the unique, opaque matter further holding hands. Wow! These velvety hands with the beautiful soft skin Jonathan never wanted to let go, until Reinhild

politely asked for it, based on his natural sweating. In the course of the prophecies, Martin Peter first was initially delighted and smiled a lot. Then he seemed to become anxious, what was also evident from the expression on his face. After the meeting he was rather in shock and awe. He recommended to the Chinese sisters and brothers to delete the tape section and first of all not to tell about the things heard. Everyone should keep everything in mind to proof it, for sites of great disaster were mentioned. Foremost prophesy would be for the edification and the comfort of the church and then for exhortation.

The resting group was lying down. On the next morning they enjoyed a delicious breakfast. It was tangible that Martin Peter felt uncomfortable and therefore he started: "It was prophesied that we are arrested and expelled from the country. I am not sure if we should conduct the sheet sowing. We still have 4000 little "From Minus to Plus" gospel brochures with us, which I would like to distribute in a big city, putting them into the mailboxes of the skyscrapers." The Australians were frightened and asked to be allowed to leave early by train to Hong Kong. Martin Peter agreed and reminded them not to talk publicly about faith. Reinhild said: "The whole lot remembers me of the book of Acts, where Paul still went to Jerusalem, although Agabus gave him before a warning of his upcoming arrest. I am not afraid too of being captured. I will go and participate in the tract bombing." Jonathan preferred to join the Aussies, but then he had to leave Reinhild alone with Martin Peter. Besides, he would always be her protector as in Albania. At this moment occurred a never before seen sign. One of the brothers jumped along, carrying around with himself a strange problem. He called himself Da Sju and could not move properly after waking. His arms were stretched in the way, as it was ritualistically used as a welcome sign in a dark age for the glory of an occult German leader. Anyway, Jonathan had to laugh, because both index fingers and both middle fingers were crookedly bent, looking like the ears of Easter bunny. He was born on Easter Sunday and loved the batter-bunnies prepared from his mother Anna for the afternoon coffee at this holy day of obligation of the resurrection of Jesus Christ. The two German doctors examined the patient, breaking almost his bones. Regardless, his upper arms were still stiff as a corpse. Martin Peter tried no longer to bend down the arms of Da Sju. He began to pray instead. At this instant the hands turned 180 degrees and modified the curved index finger and the little finger from Da upwards, with the thumb, middle finger and the ring finger touching each other in the middle with their fingertips. Something dreadful happened, since brother Sju started with a hissing voice like a snake to call out his surname: "SjuSjuSjuSjuSjuSju." Martin Peter told that this must be a demonic possession. Other brothers and sisters were summoned who joined prayer in a noisy intercession. The German exorcist commanded demons to leave, while amazed Jonathan realized that he had now landed in the middle of an exorcism. For an hour nothing seemed to help. Then one of the quadruplets, Hanna, got a so-called word of knowledge. Thus she had the impression that the luggage of Da Sju should be inspected. Therein would be a demonic book, which would be responsible for everything. They searched for his backpack and emptied a Bible. "Great," thought Jonathan, in the book of books is indeed written a lot of demons, but yet this is not the occult sixth and seventh book of Moses. Still, Sister Miriam did not give up. She found a secret compartment in the lining of the backpack. Inside was a tiny book with many small scribbled Chinese characters. Sister Judith tore up the notebook and sister Deborah burned it in an oven, which looked like a barrel. Instantly lowered the arms of this tortured creature. Da began to weep bitterly, as it had done Erwin in Ramsgate. It seemed to be clear to everyone what had happened - except for Reinhild and Jonathan. Martin Peter explained to them with a smile on his lips, that the notebook contained the names of all present leaders, and that brother Da Sju had confessed that he was a spy of

the Chinese secret police. "Really cool," guessed Jonathan, since the underground movement got its first double agent, after this notable unmasking and veritable repentance. From then on, Da Sju was called with his true name Pleh Hcum.

After several hours by train, the Germans arrived in a well-known city in southern China and booked a quarter in a slab built hotel. The rooms were stinking of alcohol and smoke and only had one shared shower on the floor. They stayed on the 14th floor and set the alarm clock at four in the morning. The Mission of the tract delivery was much faster carried out than in Hong Kong. In return it was much more dangerous. Hong Kong was still in British hands, and there was freedom of religion, which later didn't change negatively. The Communist regime in China wanted to prevent the power of propaganda by any means, what they proved with the bloody smashing of the pro-democracy and student movement in Beijing. Introducing Bibles with thousands of pages was not as much anathema to the communist party as society penetrating, better understandable small booklets. The mission was highly successful. The six-o'clock train had left on time to Shenzhen. Apart from shameless looks in the compartment of smart ex-chief physician Dr. Martin Peter on Reinhild's shining eyes and perfect set of teeth, by buttonholing her in dental technical discussions and investigations, Jonathan was in high spirits.

Unfortunately this changed at the planned border crossing in Shenzhen. They were arrested, guided in a classroom, and interrogated by a uniformed woman who was called Dragon Lady. The Chinese military princess Li Si had already convicted some Bible smugglers with the scanning machine and her everything piercing eyes. But at the cross-border control back to Hong Kong solely Reinhild's medical bag with numerous forceps was discovered and inspected. Certainly, the smugglers had got rid of any incriminating evidence of their initially heavy paper cargo. Now they were led into a room, in which the three Aussies sat on their chairs like fettered monkeys. One had a bandage around the eyes, the second around the ears, and the third around the mouth. How did they get into a hell of mess? The Australians were on their way back in a railway compartment with a dense, grinning Chinese captain who had a large tooth gap like the American Bishop T.D. Jakes. He understood no word of what they said they thought at least. In Shenzhen they were transferred to the contrary, as he delivered them to the secret police and explained that there are pirates in Hong Kong, loosed of wives, but quite understandable in English, who love to earn a barrel full of rum for the crew. "That doesn't disturb a seaman, no fear, no fear,..." was the farewell song of the submarine diving off captain.

The only Chinese speaking Dragon Lady with the code name Rosemary put to the side two red-clad, yellow-star helpmeets, looking like Shaolin monks, as interpreters. The three newcomers were allowed to wash their faces and hands in a large bowl. Singing Bruce Chan offered towels and Jackie Lee took them, on a tray again dancing. (Sorry, the artists have problems with punctuation). Jonathan thought that the atmosphere was getting relaxed. Gladly he assured the interrogators that there were no espionage data from military barracks on the silver mini-CDs and gave a sound sample of the song "Be Strong And Take Courage". Beloved Reinhild was asked whether she had carried out with her pincers abortions as a gynaecologist in China, and if she can recognize the sex of embryos with an ultrasonic applicator. The respondent explained forthright in English, what a wonderful tooth-pasta-teeth-pull-out-support action she had carried out with the previously screened instruments and other souvenirs. The name of the mountain location none of the Germans remembered, which was anyway of no use for the Aussies already had babbled it out. Where the thereupon visited farm was situated any road no one exactly knew, despite the speechless Martin Peter, who was on one's guard to say something. The chain-smoking dragon party member, who was conducting the

interrogation got impatient and uncomfortable. She took the passport in which Peter Martin Anrich stood and lit it with her lighter in the ashtray. Despite toxic pollution the energy-hungry Chinese seemed to be satisfied with the warming, smouldering fire. Instead of speaking "Jesu ei ni" in right pitch, Jonathan accidentally said to the informants, that they were pigs who must be slaughtered. Martin Peter gave up his Chinese Wall and added perfectly in Mandarin, the wild nymphomaniac should go with the hot monks thirteen times below deck to produce bad boys, in place of a tamed princess, through their conjoint undercover womb examinations. That took the biscuit respectively capped it all off. Crucial were not only the mocking comments, but the unveiling of the regional language mastering Martin Peter, who closemouthed understood priorly every word of the opposing conversation. For a Confucian there is nothing worse than losing the face. Therefore, the unmasked, pregnant, Taoist Gold Dragon submerged the handcuffed doctor in the brass water bowl and at the same time tased rushing to help Jonathan with a deadly-claw pointer on his head. Reinhild feared the worst, for her colleague seemed to be killed by drowning and her beloved seemed to be driven over the edge. She began to cry heartbreakingly and thus stopped the iniquity. Making huge impression, she spoke something about a universal declaration of human rights and the Geneva Conventions, whereby heavenly peace returned through the gate to the square. Brother Lee prescribed a sedative pill for the abbess, for she had an attack of breathlessness and convulsions, brother Chan served as excuse a wild, failed Kung Fu stunt. The upshot was that the visas of the invaders were stripped. Also the passport numbers were registered in order to no longer give a new entry permit. Thus, the whole affair was a close shave. Jonathan rejoiced even a little about the matter. Now he could boast at home of being arrested and tortured by the Chinese secret police.

Back in Fan Lin, by late evening, the international team scattered in a floodlit outdoor volleyball game with the church youth, supported from Martin Peter. The beach volleyball players from Sydney could give free rein to their rage and frustration in clearly dominating the match against the Hong Kong residents. Certainly not intentional, athletically Anrich actually got three times a smash in his face. To make amends and as revenge the four foreign housemates had to memorize a Bible verse a head. Martin Peter had a huge file box with little cards on which Chinese characters were painted. This way it was more easy to learn by rote. On the back of these memory cards, selected English Bible verses were written by him.

Jonathan was not particularly happy with his quotation: "Do not arouse or awaken love until it pleases." Approaching their departure date in two days, the Aussies were also hit between the eyes by the extant "see no evil, hear no evil, speak no evil" advices.

The last holiday week had begun. A well-deserved recovering in Hong Kong could be spent by the smugglers of God. The couple visited the Victoria Peak, using the funicular railway, and photographed the breathtaking view over the skyline of the Central District. Jonathan was peculiarly interested in the Bank of China Tower and the HSBC building, which through its Lego brick structure could be shipped to Taiwan or Japan, when a feared Communist dictatorship arrives. Reinhild resolved to her intended spouse that the eight trigrams principle, the five elements doctrine, and the better-known yin and yang philosophy is incompatible with Christianity. Therefore the priceless architectural icons caused not at all admiration in her. Hong Kong is a large shopping paradise with one shopping centre next to the other, which ensnares misled visitors to become hooked on purchasing goods. Pietistic leanings favouring Reinhild chose headscarves and skirts from the Mong Kok Ladies' Market, and Jonathan bought silk shirts and ties in the Temple Street Night Market in Kowloon. Hard packed the embracing twosome came back late at night in their quarters. In Jonathan's room the state of emergency had to be declared,

for his fellows of the fifth continent had done the same. Packing their overloaded suitcases they now were afraid to be asked to pay up by the Qantas Airways and the local customs.

The next morning, the Bible smugglers made an ultimately common excursion with the suburban train to the city centre of Hong Kong. Bidding farewell at the airport, they clapped on the backs of the embosomed Aussies. Martin Peter wanted to pick up a new travel document at the German Consulate-General and the remaining duo had agreed to a talk about marriage preparation with Andrew Taylor. The glass office of brother Andrew was located in one of the numerous skyscrapers which were basically built upon the Feng-Shui principle. Jonathan had never been before in a more orderly lounge. On the wall were neatly and tidily fixed the portraits of Andrew's co-workers, for whom he just prayed, kneeling on a bamboo mat. He invited the guests to join his intercession for Martin Peter, in order that he gets through a miracle a new permit of residence and a passport from the local authorities. Afterwards they sat down at a conference table and reported amazed Taylor their China Inland Mission experiences, as well as their operation in Albania, where they first had met. Andrew wanted to know from the clinging couple if they can accept each other a hundred percent. Reinhild affirmed only hesitantly. She had an external problem with Jonathan's four missing teeth, causing an unaesthetic dental bridge, which wasn't really so bad. Jonathan felt guilty in another case. He drew attention on his mini disc player. He asked if it is allowed to publish and sell the recordings of the prophetesses, which he started to play on his headphones. The older brother Andrew was fascinated by the technology of the tiny recorder. Impressed, he wanted to listen the entire four hours. Usually he spend many hours a day working in front of his PC in answering the emails of foreign visitors, who wanted to come as a donkey for Jesus. But now, he sat down in his leather chair and greatly devoted annotated the important Chinese predictions in his diary. To keep his guests from boring, he gave them a calling card from a friend, who ran an interesting business in the vicinity. When Jonathan and Reinhild arrived at the tailor's shop, they were sold on the idea to get a made-to-measure suit and costume. The known fast-paced rhythm of the city guaranteed a pick up within 24 hours.

Back in Andrews Office, they met frustrated Martin Peter, who had to return to Germany, because his destroyed passport could not be issued so easily to continue his job as aid worker in China. Remorseful Jonathan apologized to his guide for secretly making the recording which he wanted to delete. Instead, Martin Peter and Andrew recommended to publish the divinely inspired prophecies free of charge at the right time, but never ever to start a selfish, egomaniacal trade with God's word, as many prosperity preaching televangelists do. Now, the emancipated Reinhild wanted to get a taste of the predictions of her faith sisters and begged as long until Andrew read something from his notices. In the barn Deborah gave Martin Peter the forward-looking advice to practice again his learned profession in his country and to work in the free time as volunteer assistant in the Kingdom of God. On top of this, he would marry at home a beautiful, more appropriate German co-worker, and not one of the four admired slant-eyed, sly prophetesses. "Time will tell," with a chuckle Jonathan dismissed from Andrew.

On the way home, the three German good news admirers ambled past the waterside promenade of Kowloon, meeting two English speaking black suit carriers, who asked in their white shirts, if they knew the golden plates of Joseph Smith. A half-hour conversation was the result, in which Martin Peter tried to convince the young American Mormon missionaries that the book of Mormon was inspired not by angels, but by demons, and for this very reason the jupiter talisman carrier, belonging to a secret society, would have taken a bad end. After a few more steps they met two female

Filipino migrant workers, who had left the Catholic Church to zealously distribute the Watchtower. This time, the same-sex Reinhild joined the conversation in spreading out her testiest religious beliefs, whilst sharing Bible passages about Jesus Christ, who is both God and man. Thus, she tried to prove that the "New World Translation" had distorted the Bible. Jonathan knew from doorstep discussions with the not unsympathetic Jehovah's Witnesses that those lively debates can last for hours, for indoctrinated people even find flimsy excuses for falsely predicted doomsdays. Therefore, the connoisseur took a banana cream from a fly-pitcher and watched the debate, balancing on the retaining wall. If he would like, he could commence another one-on-one watchtower-granite-temple-bank-interview in the Room of Silence with his revered director and faith-pope Adolfo Massonico. Or maybe, superior, he could muse with the charming, conducting wife Anne-Sophie about her aristocratic ancestors. Born in Karlsruhe, the Mormon and Wagner devotee had downwardly compatible researched that she is a descendant from Charlemagne and King Ludwig II, and her lord and master Adolfo is ranked among the French Sun Kings and the Spanish Nicolaitans. Jonathan was balancing straight on a part of the Chinese wall, in which a hole was hewn out for the better pass-through of ghosts. "Ouch, what bad luck!" the artistic gymnast who allowed his cogitations full bent, for a split second didn't watch out, fell on his ass, and dislocated his hip. This caused the cancellation of separating contentions among the bystanders, because now all the religious fighters pitying inquired after his health.

Went out courting, Jonathan felt very uncomfortable at night and couldn't sleep abed, letting his imagination run free. The words of Lester Murdock came back in his memory, he shouldn't be sad, for a friendship is breaking, since the woman would be intended for his friend. Then the promise repeated in his mind: "One door closes for you, but a hundred others open up!" Finally fallen asleep, he dreamed of a ladder which led into a shining, splendid castle with countless doors, where he was immediately led through from two flying angels, carrying him on their hands. In every room there were the most beautiful and most wonderful gifts, but unfortunately there was no time to linger. Disappointed coming back down to earth with a bang, he heard his Father's words: "What no eye has seen and no human mind has perceived, I have prepared for my beloved children."

The next morning the hip pain had increased. Jonathan didn't want to go as scheduled to the miracle church service in a sports arena. Martin Peter besieged him still to come, since a famous healing evangelist came flying in with his private jet to pray necessarily for his recovery. The music and the sermon was so loud that Jonathan preferred to stuff Tempo paper handkerchiefs in his ears to get rid off the whistling in his brain. The empowered Flewy Hinn preached skilfully, blowing many visitors on the stage in their faces, waving with his arms, so that they might fell backwards to rest slain in the spirit. The final straw in the fog-filled "take the veil from my eyes" hall was, when the spectators should hold hands and by a loud, rude "bam, fire, power" cry were thrown back into their seats. The patient who couldn't sit nor stand without pain was grabbed on his arms by his better half Reinhild to the right and Martin Peter on the left. Thus, without wanting, he got knocked over too. "That's really smashing, and yet you two great doctors should make me healthy instead of killing me," complained Jonathan. Subsequently he was brought to X-ray into a hospital, where a pelvic fracture was diagnosed, wheresoever he had caught. The stationary admission was inevitable. Jonathan phoned with the head office of the SDK health insurance in Fellbach and obtained a first class ticket for the Lufthansa flight back to Frankfurt. The familiar surroundings in the Paracelsus hospital Ruit were indicated better for a surgery.

The exceptional benefit to be a patient was now that Martin Peter and Reinhild packed

his bags and carried him and everything to the Kai Tak Airport. Before his return flight Jonathan transferred his other flight ticket to Martin Peter at the China Airlines counter. Crying in pain or because of the separation, the wounded lover wished all the best for the remaining couple. "I think you two are destined for each other by God," were his parting words.

Never before Jonathan had to withstand such intense pain as in his 11000 metres high reclining seat. Converted to a bed, he was lying on it and on his stomach. He tried to sedate the merciless stings in his bum with the proffered free champagne and with a distracting video. The successful love parody "four weddings and a funeral" was screamingly funny and appropriate to his situation. For in his fiction also three wedding couples took shape with Helen & Otto, Vera & David, Reinhild & Martin Peter, and the fourth pair with the story hero Jonathan & ?. Phoebe, the attentive Greek stewardess with a heavenly impression was courageous enough to hearten him with a Bibleverse, even though she did not know that he's a believer. In the Epistle to the Romans would be mentioned in chapter 8 that all things work together for good for those who love God. Dearly beloved from the invisible Father and not from desired virgins, the obstinate child Jonathan replied that he feels like a corpse carried to his grave, who is buried from Mister Bean or another gay pastor in utmost sensitivity paired with British humour by the poem: "Let aeroplanes circle moaning overhead. Scribbling on the sky the message he is dead." Arrived in Frankfurt, the black haired, perfect measures displaying hostess Phoebe pushed the embosomed patient on the wheelchair to the ambulance, which brought him to the operating table. The well versed Greek Orthodox sister gave him at 12 o'clock a last uplifting message from Romans: "I beseech you therefore, brother, by the mercies of God, to present your body as a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable to God, which is your reasonable service."

In order not to disappoint the female dime novel readers (the life fiction of Jonathan Fischer may be printed free of charge for private use), and in almost the same manner as in television series. Yes, there is a delay from one ending episode to the next, but this much may be revealed: there is and will be also a fourth wedding. Swiftly recovered Jonathan is no longer on sale, since he is married off in the next three chapters.