



ALONE IN THE OCEAN

Who were those two men? Why did they save my life? God saved my life to tell you Jesus is returning soon and we must keep the Gospel pure.



I share with you an extraordinary event in my life. I am a board-certified anesthesiologist and I also served as a Captain in the United States Army Reserve Medical Corps for over six years. I have blessed with a mathematical and scientific mind. I have seen genuine miracles and I have also seen events that are mere coincidence. Although what I'm going to tell you happened more than twenty years ago to me, until recently I had told almost no one about it other than my wife. I have tried to recall the events as accurately as possible with no exaggeration or embellishment. You can be the judge as whether it was a strange set of coincidences, or two angels that saved my life. Over time I have come to believe with virtual certainty it was two angels.

In any event, my life was saved. For almost twenty years I wondered "for what reason was I saved?" I think now with the Holy Spirit revelations I recently received it was to spread a message. This message is Revelation is about Islam, help Muslims learn about Christ while there is still time, and help the Christian church get ready for much greater persecution.

GRAND CAYMAN ISLAND



My wife and I went on a week long winter vacation on Grand Cayman Island in early 1995. Late one day I was invited to go snorkeling with another couple, but my wife chose to not go along. So it was just the three of us that went snorkeling about an hour or so before sunset. I wore my own personal pair of well-fitting flippers, my personal facemask and snorkel, but no life vest. I had purchased these flippers several years earlier and they were specific to the size of my feet. I had used these particular flippers at least a dozen times before and had never had a problem with them being loose.

I used them several times earlier that week with no problems. In fact, I never lost either one or both flippers while swimming. They fit so well that I never had to make an adjustment to them while I was swimming. Although I usually wore flippers when snorkeling, I never wore a life vest. Like most people who snorkel, I thought a life vest provided too much buoyancy and kept you from being able to dive down and get a closer look at the beautiful salt water fish and coral.

We were on the far northwest corner of Grand Cayman Island, ironically snorkeling off of Cemetery beach and reef. A perfect name for what was about to happen! We waded into the water from the white sandy beach and swam about 100 yards offshore into about 10 feet of water. I distinctly recall a fair amount of time listening to the parrotfish chew on the coral.

Parrotfish are perhaps one of the noisiest inhabitants of the reef. This fish has a strong beak that resembles the beak of a parrot, giving it its name. Parrotfish feed off algae and coral, will scrape algae from the surface of the coral, creating a scraping sound so loud that you can hear it when you swim nearby underwater. You can often also hear the crunching or grinding sounds of a nearby parrotfish chewing away at coral skeleton trying to get at the coral polyps inside.

After what seemed like 20 or 30 minutes of looking and listening to the parrotfish around the coral I noticed that the companion couple I started out with had drifted about 200 yards away from me somewhat parallel to the beach. I also noticed that there were no other swimmers or boaters anywhere around us. I didn't pay much more attention but when I looked around about 10 minutes later the couple had disappeared. There was no one else swimming around me. I learned later the couple thought I had gone in to the hotel, and when they couldn't see me anymore they also went in as well. They had no idea what was happening to me and that I was still out in the ocean.

Unexpected Disaster

Soon I began to notice that I was drifting away from the beach and much farther out into the open ocean. I started to get somewhat alarmed when I was probably 300 yards or so out in the ocean. Shortly thereafter an unexpected disaster happened to me. While I was trying to swim in towards shore I felt my right flipper was working off of my foot. It moved just a bit at first but then I could tell it was about halfway off my foot. I tried to reach down and pull it on tighter but just at that moment it completely fell off and started to sink. I was in about 20 feet of water and the waves were about 3 feet high. I tried to swim towards the slowly sinking flipper but I could not catch up with it and I soon lost sight of it. I thought to myself I really needed to keep the left flipper intact and start swimming toward shore with greater effort!

I started to swim towards shore but after a few minutes I noticed that I was now at least 400 yards away from shore and drifting further out into the sea. I could keep my head above water reasonably well with the one flipper adding to my buoyancy and upward movements. As I continued to try to swim toward shore I noticed that I was going further out into the ocean and it wasn't much longer when I felt the left flipper start to come off of my foot.

Almost immediately I tried to reach down in the water to tighten it but it also slipped off and drifted away. I tried very hard but could not catch up to it and I never saw it or the first one again while I was in the water. *It was almost like somebody was pulling the flippers off of my feet.* This was the only time that I had ever used them where they either came partially loose or completely came off. In this case both of them came off probably within five or 10 minutes of each other.

Now I realized I was actually in trouble. It was getting closer to sunset I saw no swimmers, jet skis, windsurfers or boaters anywhere around me and I was going further out in the ocean with no life vest and no flippers. All I could do at this point was to tread water. I did try to swim in towards shore from time to time when I could regain my strength until I got tired again, but I made no progress at all towards the shore. I probably did this four or five times.

The Two Men

I got to a point where all I could do was tread water. I also realized that I was not going to be able to get back to shore and there was no one anywhere to help me. I would not say I panicked but I also knew it was a bad situation. Perhaps there was not any time to panic. At this point all I could do was to try to keep my head above water. I do remember several times waves crashing over me completely.

Never once did I yell for help, flail about or wave my arms. I actually did not utter any sounds at all and I am ashamed to say I did not pray to God. In retrospect I was too busy just trying to keep my head above water. There were no boats, no swimmers, no snorkelers, no scuba divers, no jet skis, and no windsurfers for as far as I could see. The ocean was completely empty as I looked to my left, to my right, in towards shore, and occasionally out behind me. I must say I did not look behind me very often.

I was much more focused on heading towards where I could see land. It was getting close to sunset and I was getting tired. I could see that I was still heading out farther from shore--probably some 400-500 yards offshore in about 20 feet of water with 3 feet waves at this point in time.

I don't know why but I looked behind me for some reason and there were two elderly men about five feet from me directly behind me. I did not see them swim up. I did not see any motion. They were simply in the water behind me when I turned around. It's possible they had been there for a while--I simply don't know. They were looking at me.

I was looking mostly toward shore and it is possible they swam towards me from way out in the ocean farther behind me, but they would have been some 500-600 yards out to sea in order to swim up from behind me. Keep in mind it was late in the evening near sunset. Why anyone (even an Olympic swimmer) would be swimming this far out in the ocean without life preserver and flippers? The men looked to be about 75 years old as I remember. I distinctly remember them being elderly.

As I said I never saw them until they were right behind me and I happened to look over my shoulder. I am pretty sure they never spoke to me. I do not recall them speaking. I looked at the closest one and I simply said: "I can't get in." As I recall that was the full extent of our conversation while in the water--just a single sentence. The one closest to me swam to my left side about two feet away.

He never hesitated and he seemed to have no fear I would pull him under. He acted like he knew immediately what he was supposed to do. I was always struck at how this person had absolutely no hesitation to help me. He was not wearing a life vest. He did not speak as I recall.

I clearly remember placing my left hand on his right shoulder and we had no difficulty swimming in together. *In fact I do not remember pausing at all for him to rest as we swam in the 500 yards.* It was just a steady pace the entire time. He was on my left side and the other person was on his left. I never touched the second person as the first was always between us.

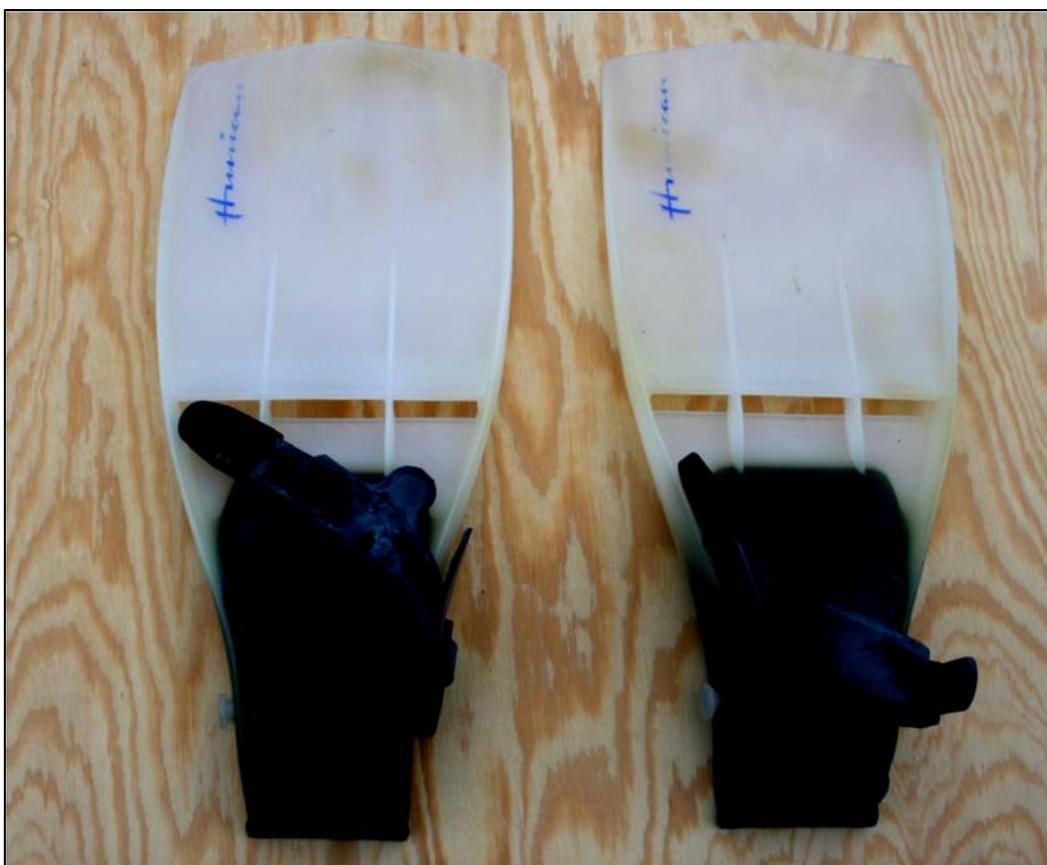
I suppose it took about 10-15 minutes to swim in. It was not a fast swim but it was a steady swim. We had absolutely no trouble moving through the water, that just minutes earlier I made no progress whatsoever and in fact was going the opposite direction. I was quite puzzled by this.

It seemed like a very short time and I could see we were much closer toward shore. I absolutely remember the first time the water was shallow enough about 50 yards offshore (about six or seven feet or so deep) and I could bob down and touch my feet on the coral reef. Then I was sure I would live!

As we came out of the water I took a more careful look at the two men. Both men looked to be about 75 years old. The only thing I could think of the time was how could these old men swim so well? Why were they so far out in the ocean when there was not a young person to be found anywhere? The man closest to me was completely gray with a pleasant, but aged, somewhat round shaped face.

I don't remember much about the other man other than they looked about the same age. I remember mostly looking at the man nearest to me. He was wearing a pair of swimming trunks (no brilliant white robe with a sash) and a facemask. For some reason he had the facemask on the top of his head and it did not cover his face.

After we got on the beach I do not remember either one speaking to me, but I am sure I told them thanks. They themselves did not impart any great wisdom to me. They just walked off and I never saw them again. A few minutes later my two flippers washed up on shore and were lying on the beach not more than about 4 feet apart. I collected them, still have them, and I know that this was not a dream. I have never worn them again. We were on Grand Cayman a couple more days and I never saw these two men either in the hotel or on the beach.



Twenty Years Later

Over next twenty years I often wondered why my life was saved. Over time I increasingly came to believe that it was no coincidence but that it was an actual miracle. I simply cannot believe two elderly men would be freestyle swimming that far out in the ocean when no one else was anywhere in sight. I can tell you with certainty had they not helped me I would not be here today. Yet I really could not come up a concrete reason as to why I was still here.

About a month before Christmas 2015 I began to routinely wake up during the night and have the message or understanding I needed to look at Revelation. This continued for over two months. Every time I would read a chapter of Revelation and become puzzled, I would pray for guidance as to what did that specific verse mean. I asked God for two things. I asked for an understanding of what the passage was trying to say and also for the wisdom to never promote a false idea or doctrine. Typically the next day I could understand something that seemed impossible.

Often after a very restless night I would wake up early in the morning with a clear understanding as to what the passage was trying to say. I would then write these things down. The most amazing revelation to me concerned the Two Witnesses. I recall waking up and understanding immediately that I needed to read about something called Operation Ezra and Nehemiah. I had actually never even heard of Operation Ezra and Nehemiah, and yet they are miracles unto themselves. These actions effectively brought all of the trapped Jews out of the Islamic countries in three and a half years from 1948 to 1951. The odds of this happening successfully were tremendously against these people.

I am a Christian and have read the Bible a few times. Although I believe in Bible prophecy I certainly did not have any great understanding of all the prophecies in the Bible. I did attend a David Reagan prophecy seminar about 15 years ago at our local church and I found a lot of his ideas about the end times very interesting. I also found them at the same time very confusing. David Reagan is extremely knowledgeable and strongly believes the end times are from a revived Roman Empire. This empire does not really exist today but may emerge sometime in the future. It is all way in the future. Or is it something else?

I never gave a lot more thought about the end times other than I knew Christ would triumph. I have tried to read Revelation a few times, but never usually getting past about the third or fourth chapter before giving up over its almost unintelligible symbolism. Do you take Revelation literally or is it all symbolic? Is it a mixture of both? What do the symbols mean? Are angels really going to physically kill a third of mankind?

What does it mean a mountain falls in the sea and the sea turns to blood? Why are third of the trees destroyed? How can stars fall to earth? Why does the Beast have an image that people will worship? Who is the false prophet? Who is the harlot? Why does the harlot city sit on seven mountains?

Many churches today teach Revelation is a merely a generic message whereby the "Beast" is an almost endless series of godless governments that persecute Christians and murder people. Examples of this as repeated over time could be the Roman Empire, Adolf Hitler, the Ottoman Empire, Communism, Joseph Stalin, Mao, the Viet Cong, ISIS and many others. Bad governments have been in place since day one and will always be in place. Under the generic thinking the "False Prophet" is any system or false religion that takes people astray, such as Scientology, Atheism, Islam, secular humanism, Hinduism, etc. The "Harlot" is symbolic of the evil desires of the world, such as drinking, parties, casual sex, Las Vegas, iPhone apps, MTV, etc.

But there are several significant parts of Revelation to John that are not adequately explained by this generic approach. The generic approach does not explain the very specific three woes, nor does it explain prophecy that centers around the restoration of Israel in 1948 and the liberation of Jerusalem from Islamic troops in 1967. Nor does it explain the miraculous saving of nearly one million Jews trapped in Islamic countries in the three and half years from May 1948 until November 1951 by operation Magic Carpet, and Ezra and Nehemiah.

The specificity of the descriptions seems to point to a specific problem (Islam), rather than a generic narrative, as I have come to understand it. There is no generic system of governments or religions in history that match all the specific (if symbolic) features of Revelation--other than Islam itself. Listed below are just a handful of these specific items that only Islam matches:

1. Why are very specific timelines, yet distinctly different in durations and sequence included, such as five months or 1260 days?
2. Why is such an emphasis made on an important object hurled to earth in the future?
3. Why are one third of trees and water destroyed in the first woe?
4. Why does the first woe last five months?
5. Why is one third of mankind "killed" in the second woe?
6. Who are the two witnesses?
7. Why do they spring to their feet after three and a half days?
8. Why is such emphasis made on the mark of the Beast?
9. Why would so many people worship the image of the Beast?
10. What person was the false prophet?
11. Why does Paul in 2nd Thessalonians write about a very specific "Man of Lawlessness" in the future that is being held back by the Holy Spirit?
12. Why are so many of Daniel's prophecies specifically describing a Babylon-Persian 10 nation confederacy that is also in Revelation?
13. Why do the Revelation Islamic timelines work out to be mathematically perfect against astounding odds?
14. Why do those who follow the Beast in the first woe wish for death, but death will elude them?
15. The generic narrative omits the rapture, yet clearly believing Christians are harvested by Christ just after completion of the second woe, and before the third woe.
16. Why is Babylon a very specific place by the Euphrates River?

So in summary my life was saved by what appears to me to be two angels. I believe my wife was not supposed to go snorkeling with me so that I could be fully tested. Twenty years later I have been given the understanding that I need to help people understand Revelation is about Islam, facilitate ways for Muslims to learn about Christ while there is still time, and help the Christian church understand the Beast will persecute them.

The Bible is true. Jesus is returning sooner than most people understand.