

The Tribulation: Blood Moon Rising

By Mark Edgemon

The rain hammered the windshield on the old rig of trucker John Loner, as he was coming off of I-75, approaching the outskirts of Knoxville, Tennessee. He turned off the exit, and pulled into Clancy's Diner as he had many times before and parked on the perimeter of the parking lot, while waiting for the rain to let up. He tuned his radio to the national weather service and leaned back into his black leather seat while he listened for an update on the weather. He was tired of the rain. It was ruining his business. You can't drive if you can't see.

"Violent thunderstorms with dangerous lightning are wreaking havoc across the United States, blocking the sun for the third week in a row," the weather forecaster announced. "Temperatures will reach 115 degrees throughout much of this first week in December."

"Damn infernal heat," the trucker exclaimed!

"These spikes in the temperature gives me reason for apprehension," the radio weather announcer remarked?

"We all do pal," John exclaimed under his breath, impatient for the rain to let up.

The streetlights of Christville began to flicker, which startled John, who was becoming increasingly more nervous, as he listened to the disturbing weather reports.

Without warning, the power went out at the radio station that was broadcasting the weather report and all John could get across the radio dial was static. Within seconds, the streetlights and the neon sign at Clancy's Diner also went out.

Now this had him concerned! He looked around as much as he could from the inside of his truck. All he could see were dimly lit silhouettes of people walking about in the diner carrying flashlights. As he leaned forward straining to see what was happening, he heard a loud knocking on his rig's driver side window. He rolled down the window to see a short, balding man standing in the rain.

John rolled his window down and yelled, "What?"

"I'm sorry to disturb you. My name is Mack Bankston, the mayor of Knoxville," he said hoping to get the assistance he needed. "But you can call me Macky."

"Well, what can I do for you...Macky," the trucker said with a note of sarcasm in his voice.

The mayor continued, “I hate to bother you, but I’m asking several truckers to help us out by driving up and down the streets of our town and announcing through their loud speakers, that there will be a town meeting in the church tonight at 8 o’clock. We have no way of getting the word out. There is a power outage and our phones don’t work. Even our computers and cell phones won’t work.”

“What’s with the street lights?” the trucker exclaimed. “When will the power be back on?”

“I don’t know any more than you do,” the mayor replied. “Except that the national weather bureau said we’re being hit by a giant solar flare and our atmosphere is taking a beating. I hope they will be on soon.”

“Fine!” John said as he began to start up his rig in order to pull up next to the other truckers.

The truckers gathered together inside the diner to divide up the streets where they would broadcast, while the mayor walked back home to prepare for the meeting. The rain was letting up, but without a flashlight it was hard to see. He looked up to see if he could see the moon and what he saw turned his blood cold.

As the mayor gazed skyward, he trembled to see the moon was the color of dark blood. He remembered a passage of scripture that had mentioned this would be a sign of the end of time. He was scared. He considered himself a religious man, but at the moment, he had nothing to cling to for comfort. He felt alone.

Later that night, John showed up at the meeting to find people frightened and huddled together, waiting for some word of encouragement. As the mayor walked up to the podium, the room became deathly silent. Fumbling for a moment, he addressed the congregation and said, “I’m glad all you folks showed up tonight,” he said nervously not knowing what to say next. “I know you are all wondering what is happening with the power outage and when you can expect to have your power restored. Well, I’m not sure of that myself. It is my understanding this problem is nationwide, but as soon as we know something, we’ll let you know.

But for right now, I’m going to let the good pastor do what he’s been paid to do and provide a little comfort to you folks”. The mayor extended his arm toward the pastor, gesturing for him to come up to the podium.

Reverend Sinaught had been the pastor of The First Church of Knoxville for over twenty years. He would often use big intellectual words and long-winded elaborations on religious doctrine. Pastor Sinaught was pious and proud. He felt that he had the congregation in the palm of his hand. He steered away from sermons about God and talked more on superficial conversations without substance.

As he began to speak to the congregation, he felt that he could lead these sheep exactly where he wanted them to go. Calming fears was one of his specialties.

“My dear children, do not fear,” he said with a condescending tone. “The good Lord will not allow anything to happen to the righteous and to those who belong to Him”.

Suddenly as he spoke, the earth shook with a loud and powerful earthquake. The sun’s helium had ignited an explosion on the far eastside of the sun, sending a core fragment of the sun’s mass hurtling toward earth. The abrupt loss of the sun’s matter changed the gravitational force of the planet, causing the earth to revolve backwards and to the northwest, throwing the earth off its axis and on an entirely new orbit.

The force of the blast shattered the large neoclassic stained glass window, located directly behind the pulpit, which showed Michael the Archangel throwing Lucifer out of heaven. The stained glass had been reduced to thousands of glass specks, which reflected the frequent lightning bursts outside, as they cascaded downward, causing a multi-color light show effect.

However, a shard of glass, which showed the smiling face of Satan, the only piece of glass that was not completely shattered, fell with the sharp side pointing downward and lodged in the skull of Pastor Sinaught as he was standing behind the pulpit. He fell as if in slow motion, to the left of the podium hitting the stage hard with his face toward the congregation. The smiling face of Satan in the stained glass remnant, was illuminated every few seconds, back lighted by the flickering lightning bursts, now pouring through the hole in the window where the stained glass used to be.

The mayor, horror-stricken, cried out in fear as he fell to his knees beside the dead pastor. The people ran forward to the front of the church and fell to their knees.

The core fragment of the sun was beginning to burn up as it continued to plummet toward earth’s atmosphere. Minutes later, the inhabitants of earth saw the ball of fire heading toward them and a resolution of death came over those who watched.

Much of the gaseous ball burned up in the earth’s atmosphere, leaving the remaining remnant approximately twice the size of the state of Texas in diameter. As the super nova fragment entered the earth’s inner atmosphere, there were only seconds to determine geographically where it was going to hit. There was no time to escape.

The earth shook as it was once again knocked further out of it’s orbit when the sun’s remnant hit Greenland, causing a powerful quake at approximately 72° 00' N. latitude and 40° 00' E. longitude at 8:15 P.M. Eastern Standard Time. The searing ball of fire burned into the earth’s crust and continued to do so for hours. When the remnant had dissipated, it had created a chasm through to the center of the earth.

Black smoke billowed out of the abyss, which darkened the sky. Every living thing perished within a 500-mile radius of the pit. The waters that were flooding in from the coasts of Greenland evaporated in seconds, once they came in contact with the searing heat rising out of the new access to the earth’s core.

A substance like molten lava began shooting out of the pit like a lava geyser, spilling over onto the rim of the landmass. Unlike molten lava, the searing ooze that poured out of the pit was somehow poisonous and every living thing that came in contact with it died.

The impact of the super nova remnant created earthquakes on the ocean floor, which generated tsunamis throughout the world, submerging coastlines of continents under hundreds of feet of water, killing the inhabitants who had no time to escape.

Scientists at the Danforth Observatory named the super nova remnant “Wormwood”. Everything that lived in these contaminated waters was killed from the poison spewing from the pit, including all living creatures and plant life. The waters were undrinkable, even after purification. In time, the affected waters looked as if they had been turned to blood.

Back at the church, the people had stopped praying when the great earthquake hit, which shook their world and their faith. Part of the roof collapsed above the podium, killing all of the townspeople who were praying underneath it at the time. John Loner was safely tucked away in a protected pocket of the back corner of the church, when a large piece of lumber fell in front of him, which held the support beam of the roof, keeping it from collapsing.

As he pushed his way out of the rubble, he could see nothing. The atmosphere was even blacker than before. He had a penlight in his pocket, which he used to find the front exit. Having stepped outside, he realized for the first time that these may be the prophecies spoken of in the Book of Revelations. He wasn't particularly scared. He believed what would happen, would happen.

He stumbled as he walked down Main Street heading back toward his rig, which was parked back at Clancy's Diner. There had been an explosion at the gas station; the gas in the tanks underneath the pumps had ignited, turning the pumps into large torches that lit up the darkness and filled the environment around the station. John realized he wouldn't be able to gas up his and wondered how much fuel he had left.

As John walked down the sidewalk, he observed that the town looked like a scene from the apocalypse. A frightened woman ran down the street while holding a baby wrapped in a blanket. John looked upwards towards the sky seeing the dark red color of the full moon. Whatever would happen next, he knew things would never be the same. He also believed that the worst was yet to come.