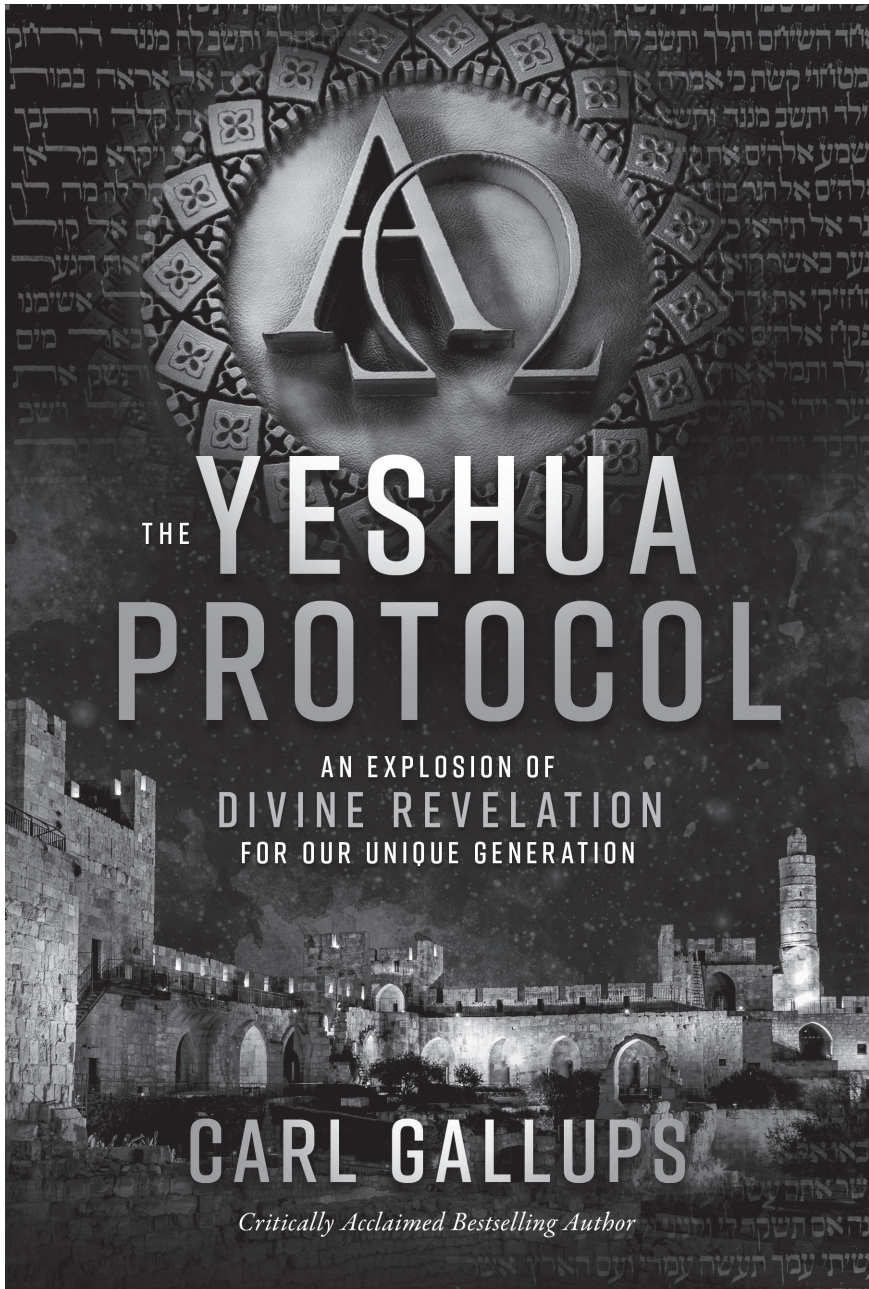


THE YESHUA PROTOCOL

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The Yeshua Protocol

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Dedicated to the eternal praise of Yeshua Ha Mashiach—
Jesus the Messiah.
The name above all names.



Let them praise the name of the LORD: for His name alone is excellent;
His glory above the earth and heaven.
PSALM 148:13, KJV

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(October 2017)

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To Jeffrey Mardis, cover designer. I am always stunned not only by the sheer beauty of your designs, but by how you so adeptly capture the essence of my books on the very first visual the readers see. Thank you for yet another home run!

And to my long-time brother in the Lord, dear friend, and associate in the Kingdom work, Messianic Rabbi Zev Porat of Tel Aviv, Israel. Thank you so much for your priceless and insightful additions to this book.



A Word from the Author

I've been prayerfully contemplating the idea for this book for the last several years. I'm grateful the Lord has enabled me to finally bring it to life.

If you've read any of my other works, you will recognize my former law-enforcement background as well as my passion for teaching the Word of God in this book's general movement and approach. Due to the combination of those two life callings, I truly enjoy unraveling profound biblical mysteries that might aid the reader in pondering the cavernous depths of God's majesty, as well as His eternal plan for our lives.

So, in the next few chapters, a biblically contextual foundation is set forth that addresses the overall premise of the journey we'll be taking. As we proceed, we'll systematically collect the evidence necessary to back up what we're uncovering. Piece by piece, we'll examine the metaphorical fingerprints, scientific analysis, and DNA evidence, as well as eyewitness testimony, expert testimony, closed-circuit television (CCTV) footage, and so forth.

The book begins and ends with several chapters of immersive narrative, plunging us into the very last days of Jesus' earthly ministry and the lives of some of those around Him. Hopefully, this technique will help us "feel" the thrill of what will eventually be unwrapped throughout our biblical expedition.

So, hang in there with me. Enjoy the ride as you savor even the smallest elements of each surprise, especially as they begin to meld into a startling glimpse of the unspeakable glory of our Savior. The deeper we go, the more stunning the picture will become.

Keep in mind that our journey is heading toward something significant and relevant concerning the days in which we live, as well as your own personal walk with Yeshua.

Thank you for turning to the next page.

C. G.



The name of God is uniformly treated in Scripture as something very different from a mere arrangement of letters or an arbitrary vocal sound. The name of God was not of man, nor from man, but of his own direct revelation.... Like the “word” of God, it cannot be dissociated from God himself. It is in some sense an extension outwards, into the sphere of the created and sensible, of the ineffable virtues of the Godhead itself.¹

~DR. H. D. M. SPENCE-JONES



From now on I will tell you of new things, of hidden things unknown to you. They are created now, and not long ago; you have not heard of them before today. So you cannot say, “Yes, I knew of them.”

~ISAIAH 48:6–7



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PART I



THE JOURNEY

Scriptural Background

On the Emmaus Road

And beginning with Moses and all the Prophets, Jesus explained to them what was said in all the Scriptures concerning himself.

~LUKE 24:27

On the Night of the Resurrection

Jesus said to them, “This is what I told you while I was still with you: Everything must be fulfilled that is written about me in the Law of Moses, the Prophets and the Psalms.” **Then he opened their minds so they could understand the Scriptures.**

~LUKE 24:44–45, EMPHASIS ADDED

At the Ascension—Forty Days after the Resurrection

After his suffering, he **presented himself to them** and gave **many convincing proofs** that he was alive. He **appeared to them over a period of forty days** and **spoke about the kingdom of God.**

~ACTS 1:3, EMPHASIS ADDED



I



THE ESCAPE

The whole thing was still a jumbled mess of horror.

Cleopas and James were on the run. The two friends, members of the larger circle of Yeshua's disciples, were putting as much distance as they could between themselves and Jerusalem.

The men scurried along the narrow, rock-paved Roman thoroughfare, trying to conceal themselves by blending in with the other travelers.² They were only two among the larger throng of people leaving Jerusalem's Pass-over festivities. The men knew where they would go first, but had no idea where they would go next...or what kind of life would await them in the days to come.³

They were still in a stupor from what had transpired over the last several days. So, they ambled along the best they could, keeping their heads low and their feet moving full speed ahead. They just needed to get some miles under their belts, to try to ease the pain of the travesties they were leaving behind, and they hoped nobody recognized them as they were leaving.

Right now, Cleopas and James⁴ were headed to Emmaus. It would be their first stop. Once there, out of relative danger, they would evaluate their options. The village was only about seven miles from Jerusalem.⁵ But

that was far enough to at least get away from most of the crowds, especially the Jerusalem authorities who would surely be looking for them.

If all went well, they had a little less than a couple more hours to walk.⁶ It was still early and quite chilly on this spring morning in the mountainous Jerusalem countryside. Both men had their hoods pulled up, as did a number of other travelers.⁷ They had slipped out of the city as soon as they heard the news. The gossip was already spreading among the awakening populace. It seemed the impossible had actually happened—or, most likely, had been the result of a criminal act of theft.

Of course, almost everybody wanted to get the latest details, or to pretend they actually knew something about the affair firsthand. In any case, Cleopas and James had been drawn into the middle of the thing because of their intricate affiliation with the now-infamous group of Yeshua followers. At this point, it appeared the final outcome was shaping up to be a nasty one, regardless of what had happened to the body. Right now, they didn't care where it was. They only knew *they* didn't have it. James pulled his hood lower on his head, covering more of his face.

What a difference a few days could make. Three days ago had been the most dreadful day of their lives. *No*. Actually, it had been infinitely worse than dreadful...it had been horrific...absolutely appalling. *Devastating*.

But today, the body of Yeshua had been reported missing from the heavily guarded tomb. The prevailing powers were currently hunting down those who had been a part of what they were calling the “fanatic” group that was widely “claiming responsibility” for stealing the corpse. Of course, both of those accusations were flatly untrue.

As they made their way toward Emmaus, Cleopas tried to mentally formulate the proper words so that he might be able to reasonably explain the affair, just in case they were asked about it later...either by incessantly nosy people or the Roman authorities investigating the matter. It was a foregone conclusion that, eventually, they would be asked by someone.

Cleopas mulled over the scenario again and again. But each time he flipped through the pages of his memories, the mental picture of the

despicable situation only grew worse. The whole thing was still a jumbled mess of horror.

He glanced at James, plodding along the road as if today were to be his last one on the earth. Cleopas truly feared for the poor man. He was concerned this affair might be the onset of his friend's undoing. He watched as James' slogging feet accidentally stumbled over a rock in the road. James picked it up, and almost in a rage, slung it into the bushes with a pitiful grunt as though the incident had been the rock's fault. He continued on, but now with clinched fists dangling at his side as though he were looking for a fight.⁸

Cleopas finally conceded that the situation couldn't be properly expressed—not in real words. Not yet, anyway. It was just too soon. In fact, it was still impossible to believe the nightmarish thing had actually happened. And it was obvious that James didn't want to talk about it—not now. *Maybe later.*

Cleopas figured their futures were pretty much ruined anyway. They might even lose their lives in the days ahead—possibly in the hours ahead...or in minutes. Who knew? Right now, their immediate safety was of foremost concern. He grabbed James by the arm and picked up the pace.

James followed, compliant...but still silent, fists still balled up.



2



THE MEMORIES

Cleopas felt ashamed for the words he had just spoken, but facts were facts.

As they walked, neither man could imagine the looming task of verbally hashing back through what they had witnessed, so for the longest time, both traveled in silence. They just kept shuffling along, heads held low.

What barbaric gruesomeness! Cleopas thought. *No mercy has been shown whatsoever. Not an ounce of pity! It simply isn't right. The flogging. The nails. The rivers of blood. The raw suffering. The pitiful screaming and begging from the criminals who were crucified there with Him.*

The friends couldn't get rid of the shadowy images and haunting sounds that filled the grief-darkened hallways of their minds. Every now and then, Cleopas shook his head back and forth, beating his temples with his open hands, trying to make the haunting memories go away. But they wouldn't leave him alone. They lingered like vultures waiting for something to die, tormenting the men with their overshadowing omnipresence.

There had been no justice for Yeshua. Only vile plotting, innuendos, a bevy of corrupted politicians, self-righteous religious elite, and hideously raw jealousy that seemed to seep and ooze from the blackened souls of

everyone involved. And, for all of that, Yeshua was now dead. Beaten beyond recognition as a mortal being. Crucified between two common thieves. Cleopas had witnessed more sympathy for a pack of scavenging dogs than he'd seen given to those three poor, crucified souls.

At the end of it all, Yeshua had been roughly torn down from the cross, and the spikes had been pulled out of His hands and feet with about the same level of concern as if the soldiers had been cleaning a fish. His body was collected by two members of the Sanhedrin Council, then whisked away to a nearby tomb. It certainly appeared that Yeshua's enemies had finally won.

For several days after the execution, Roman soldiers had been guarding Yeshua's signet-sealed tomb by order of Judea's governor and the Sanhedrin religious rulers. It was as if this brutally murdered man—for that's what it *really* had been, a murder—was somehow going to escape.

What were they expecting? A ragtag band of fisherman and society's outcasts to overpower Roman authorities and take the body? What would they do with it if they *did* take it? *How ridiculous.* Why in the world had they treated Yeshua as one of the worst enemies Rome had ever encountered? And why were they now transferring that blood-lust hatred of theirs to the dead man's frightened followers?

Neither Cleopas nor James had yet expressed their thoughts aloud. How would one even initiate such a dialogue? What words would one use? The pain was simply too much to bear. But they had to somehow unload the burden from their labored spirits, and they both knew it. It was almost suffocating not to do so. After some time, Cleopas, the older of the two, finally mustered the courage and took the lead.

"James, we've got to talk about what happened...and what we're doing, where we're going, and our own futures."

James didn't acknowledge his words.

"We can't simply ignore this!" Cleopas continued with a tone of exasperation. "The pain won't go away just because we don't acknowledge its presence. Everything has changed—you *know* it has!" He looked over at his friend. Still no response, not even a glance his way. They trudged on.

Cleopas continued his musings, mumbling as he pressed down the road. “I know people are claiming Yeshua has risen from the dead,” he muttered, “but I still find that awfully hard to believe. If He had really risen, wouldn’t we and all the other disciples have seen Him by now? Surely, the whole city would have seen Him by now! If He has truly come out of the grave alive, then why hasn’t He made arrangements to take His throne as the King of all kings? Why is life seemingly going on as before, as if nothing important has happened?”

“No, I simply don’t believe that He has risen, James. If He had, there would be no hiding it. It would be impossible!”

He paused only a moment or two, then carried on, still seeming to speak aloud only to himself. “Think about it,” he said. “The women said the tomb was empty this morning. Peter and John went there and confirmed it. Still...an empty tomb does not mean He’s alive. No one could survive what we saw happen at that cross. *No one!* Personally, I think those women are crazy. I’m convinced they only saw what they *wanted* to see. Peter and John, too—same with them. The whole lot has gone mad! They just *want* to believe. They *have* to believe!”

Cleopas felt ashamed for the words he had just spoken, but facts were facts. Someone had to say it. He and James had to come to grips with reality; it was the only way to go on. Perhaps it was the only way to survive, in the end. The end? *If this nightmare would only end!* Cleopas opened the flask strapped over his shoulder and gulped down a swig of cool water. With the back of his sleeve, he wiped the excess off his face. He held the flask out, but, with an uplifted hand, James refused.

James still hadn’t uttered a word. So, the two simply carried on, one foot ahead of the other. Cleopas sank deeper into despair as he walked, hunched over, looking like a doddering and confused old man.



3



THE DOUBTS

James' crippling despair had visibly returned.

About a quarter of an hour went by and Cleopas spoke again, as though he had just completed the last words he'd spoken. "As hard as it is to admit, James, it appears the life we were counting on has come crashing down upon our heads." He may as well have said the words to the obviously famished dog that had just stepped into the road, looking for a handout by randomly sniffing the hands of various travelers.

James didn't acknowledge the beast, but he did finally cast a forlorn glance in Cleopas' direction. At least there was that. It *was* something. Maybe James was softening?

So, after a few more minutes, Cleopas spoke again. "Here's my plan," he said. "Let's go on ahead, all the way to Emmaus. We'll get a room at the inn right on the edge of town. It's on this side, so it'll be easy. We can probably slip in unnoticed."

He looked over at James. Still no response.

Cleopas sighed, shaking his head, betraying a hint of disgust as he spoke again. "Tomorrow, maybe we can find some of our friends and stay with them for a while, until we see what happens next," he said. "But we've got to lay low for a few weeks. The authorities will probably still be looking for us, even then...and they'll definitely be looking for the Eleven!"

They're probably staying back in Jerusalem. If they are, I know exactly where they'll be—at least some of them, anyway. The women might be there, too. And if they don't give up their location, if they're all very careful, they'll be safe there for a good while."

It was as though Cleopas had spoken each of those words into the wind. James seemed wholly detached. He had been looking straight ahead almost the entire time they had been walking...with a painfully apparent sense of defeat swelling in his watery eyes. At Cleopas' weighty words, James hung his head even lower, and with a still-darkening countenance, he continued to shuffle his heavy feet along the road, lightly muttering under his breath as he went.

A steady flow of humanity was still plodding on the narrow roadway with them, myriad travelers in both directions, man and beast. But no one seemed to notice the two men, or their pain...especially their pain. Apparently, even with the ubiquitous talk about the crucifixion of Yeshua, life was casually going on for everyone else...except them. Were their lives really over now? Who knew? Who cared, besides them? *Probably no one.*

"I suppose you're right, Cleopas," James finally spoke, breaking the long silence that had embraced him. Cleopas' eyes widened, but he remained quiet, allowing James to further collect his thoughts.

After a few more moments, James eked out more words. "It's just so difficult," he whimpered. "I'm still astonished by all that has happened, and I'm angry. No—worse than angry; I'm bitter! It's as though it didn't really happen—it *couldn't* have happened! *But it did.* It feels like the most horrible nightmare one could imagine. I just wish I could wake up from it. They murdered our Teacher, Cleopas! They finally got what they wanted. It's just not right. *He's gone!*" James glared at Cleopas with a look that seemed to say, "And what are *you* going to do about it?"

"I know, James. Believe me, I do." James was shocked at the river of words now freely flowing from the mouth of his friend. "But now, we've got to face what has happened. He's gone. You've spoken truth; that's all there is to it. And, because of that missing body, there's an evil wind blowing all about Jerusalem. I've even heard people discussing it along the road

this morning. We *have* to decide what we will do in the midst of this horrible turn of events, and in its aftermath as well.”

“But,” James interjected, “Yeshua *did* tell us that He was going to Jerusalem to die, didn’t He?” He looked over at Cleopas. “And that the Jews and the authorities would kill Him? On multiple occasions He told us these things! Don’t you remember?”

Before his friend could answer, for it really wasn’t a question, James persisted. “Yeshua was clear about it. He even said He would rise three days later. But where is He now? He wouldn’t just rise, then simply disappear—would He? I guess none of us took His words that seriously.”

James shrugged his shoulders in defeat, satisfied that perhaps he had answered his own questions with his last declaration. He simply continued to amble along.

Nearby, a gaggle of children, joining themselves together from within the masses of the human caravan, suddenly began screeching in delight. They had spotted the interloping dog and rushed toward him, probably just to pet him. But, their mad, mob-like lunge at the animal terrified the poor beast. Like a mangy and hair-matted version of a magician, the stealthy creature vanished into the thick undergrowth lining the roadway. The squealing youngsters chased after him, but their efforts were in vain. He was gone in a flash; only the bushes rattled in the wake of his panicked escape.

Within moments, barely noticing the commotion, James spoke up again. “Maybe we misunderstood what Yeshua truly meant? Maybe His ‘rising’ was to be viewed in some symbolic way, or perhaps it was supposed to be some kind of ‘spiritual’ experience? I don’t know. But to actually deliver Himself to death on a Roman cross—a very real death, the worst kind of death one could imagine—I still can’t feature it! There seemed to be something much more *purposeful* about it. It was as though He *knew* what He was doing! Yet...here we are. We don’t have a clue what we’re doing, or what we’re going to do from this point forward. *He’s dead*, the body’s missing, and we’re running for our lives!”

James’ crippling despair had visibly returned. Cleopas offered him a

drink of water, and this time James accepted, gulping down several huge swallows. Handing the container back to Cleopas, he faintly smiled at his friend.

Within the next few moments, however, this mournful day would meld into a memory they would talk about for the rest of their lives.

4



THE STRANGER

*Did not the Messiah have to suffer these things...
and then enter His glory?*

An unknown traveler along the way startled Cleopas and James. He seemed to have appeared out of nowhere. “Men!” the man said. “May I speak to you for a moment?”

Traveling in the same direction they were headed, the man had edged up alongside the two grief-weary nomads. “May I be a little forward?” he asked, “Could I please know your names?”

The man looked friendly enough. Pleasantness exuded from his countenance. Cleopas responded, a note of caution rising in his voice, “I’m Cleopas.” Then, nodding in James’ direction, he spoke on his friend’s behalf. “And he’s James. He’s not talking very much right now. And when he does talk, he’s a bit apprehensive. We’ve had a rough day, and I fear it’s only just begun.”

The stranger shook his head in polite acknowledgment.

“Well then,” he said. “I hope you don’t think poorly of me, but I couldn’t help hearing you, especially as I got closer.” The man chuckled as he raised his hands in feign surrender. “I really wasn’t eavesdropping,” he said.

Pointing his finger at Cleopas, the man teased, “But you, sir, *were* a

bit loud...and with so many words, too! So, I really couldn't help but hear your laments."

The two friends glanced at each other and shrugged as they resumed walking. James, glancing toward Cleopas, joined the lightness of the moment. "Boy," he said with a smirk, "he's got your number!" Cleopas rolled his eyes, and then continued to address the stranger. "Perhaps our grief and anxiety were coarsely betrayed in the tone of our voices." Cleopas tried to insert at least a bit of polite levity into their broken lives. James said nothing else, but was quietly sizing up the man who had joined them.

The stranger continued walking in step with them, obviously wanting to engage in more conversation. As odd as it might have otherwise seemed in an encounter of this sort, something about the man put them both at ease. His present company, spiced with a little well-meant humor, was a refreshing break. It seemed that someone else along the way actually seemed to *care*.

"What are you discussing, if I might be so bold?" the stranger asked. "It sounds pretty serious."

There was an awkward silence.

The man picked up where he had left off. "Forgive me, but is the problem something I could, perhaps, help you with? I've been told I have a gift for helping others sort through the tough things of life. What has happened that has made the two of you so distraught?"

The man looked somewhat familiar to the friends, but much of his face was covered within the several light folds of his hooded garment, as with many of the other travelers, because the morning air was still chilly along the mountainous pathway. At the moment, Cleopas and James could only see some of the man's forehead, his nose, parts of his cheeks, and his eyes. From time to time, they got a glimpse of his fuller facial features. But it was *those eyes*...there was *something familiar* about those eyes.

At the offer to talk to them about the reason for their gloom, the disciples stopped in the middle of the road. Cleopas grabbed James by the arm again and, with a tone of subdued sarcasm, said, "You've got to be kidding, sir! Are you really asking us *what has happened?* Are you the only

one visiting Jerusalem who doesn't know the things that have taken place there in these last few days? Terrible things...unbelievably vile things. We thought you wanted to talk to us *because* of what happened!"

"*My goodness!* Exactly what things are you speaking of?" the stranger asked.

"What do you mean...*what things?*" Cleopas, shocked, let out a breath of exasperation as he asked the question. *How could this man not know what was on the minds, and lips, of practically everyone in Jerusalem?*

"Please, don't keep me in suspense," the man replied. "I'm not sure I know what you're talking about."

"We are talking about Yeshua of Nazareth!" Cleopas answered.

"Yes! We were indeed speaking of Yeshua of Nazareth!" James echoed, the tone of his voice indicating the depth of his incredulity.

"That's interesting," the stranger said. "Tell me about him." A faint, knowing glimmer appeared in those penetrating eyes as he talked.

Cleopas spoke first. "Well, for one thing—he was a prophet. He was powerful in word and deed, before God and all the people. The miracles He worked were astonishing—impossible things. But we *saw* Him perform them! The blind were healed, lepers were cleansed, the deaf were made to hear with just a word, a touch, or a simple command. You wouldn't believe all the things we saw. They were indescribable...miracles from Heaven! I can assure you, there's never been one like Him. Nothing like this has ever been done before."

James broke in. "But the chief priests and our rulers handed Him over to be sentenced to death, and they crucified Him. It was what they had wanted all along. Right before our eyes, we saw it all. He had done nothing illegal. But, you see, we also hoped He was the One who was going to redeem Israel. And what's more, it is now the third day since all this took place."

"Right!" added Cleopas. "And, in addition to all that, some of our women amazed us. They went to the tomb earlier this morning, just as the sun was rising, but didn't find His body. They came back and told us they had seen a vision of angels. They claimed one of the angels told

them Yeshua was alive! In fact, Mary Magdalene, one of Yeshua's close disciples, later claimed to have seen Him, and to have spoken with Him!" He paused, trying to steady his trembling voice. The stranger listened intently and nodded at Cleopas' words.

"But," Cleopas still struggled to speak, "we're not so sure we believe He *actually* rose from the dead. We didn't think He meant He would, or even *could*, do that in any sort of physical way. I'm really not certain what the women saw. *Angels*, really? Who knows? A ghost? Perhaps. An imagination gone wild, because of grief? Most likely. Any of those things are conceivable."

"All I know," Cleopas continued, "is that He hasn't appeared to us. We've not laid eyes on Him. We've not spoken to Him. I for one, would want to see His hands and feet, the nail scars—but, I don't know..."

He gulped to catch his breath. His emotions grabbed at his throat. Tears began to trickle from his eyes. He wiped them from his face, appearing agitated as he did.

While Cleopas collected himself, James filled in the rest of the story. "I know it sounds crazy, but Cleopas is correct. Some of our companions went to the tomb and found the state of it just as the women had claimed, but they didn't see Yeshua, even though the tomb was empty. Except for what Mary Magdalene told us. But, I've always wondered about her trustworthiness...after all, she *did* have seven demons driven from her."

After a brief pause, Cleopas added another detail. "And...the men who went to the tomb...they didn't see any angels, nothing of the sort. All they found was that the body was indeed not there!"

James smirked. "He's right," he said. "No angels. No resurrected Yeshua. And the Roman soldiers were not there either. And now we find out the authorities are literally hunting down the disciples. Hunting *us*! They blame us for stealing the body! *Imagine that!* Fishermen and tax collectors defeating the Roman regiment, as well as the Sanhedrin council and their Temple guards, stealing the body of Rome's latest worst criminal—then hiding it so no one could find it. What would we want with

a mangled, beaten, bloodied corpse? This is madness! The whole Roman world has lost its mind!”

James hesitated a few seconds, then explained, “That’s why we’re leaving Jerusalem. We’ve got to get out of here. It’s just not safe for us to be here, at least not right now.”

“My friends,” the stranger said to them, “I understand your concerns. But how unwise you have been in this matter. And how slow you are to believe all that the prophets have spoken! Did not the Messiah have to suffer these things...and then enter His glory? You should, by now, understand these things...you are a part of something that is spiritually earth-shattering, whether you know it or not!”

Cleopas and James halted in their tracks and stood looking at the man, astonishment dripping from their countenances. *Who is this? How uncaring can he be...to call us “unwise” and “slow to believe.” Where has he been these last three years? Who is he to judge us in such matters?*

The man continued. “The world will never be the same because of what has happened here. And those things happened in *your* lifetimes. Indeed, *you* were a part of making them happen—wonderful things! Just wait...be patient. You’ll soon see!” The stranger’s eyes sparkled as he spoke.

Cleopas was dumbfounded, “So, you *have* heard of Him? And...you *do* know about this?” The stranger shook his head, slightly raising his eyebrows in agreement with what Cleopas had said.

Then, with most of his face still obscured, he winked at them. “Yes, I know,” he said. “Believe me. *I know...*”

The two disciples still had no idea who the traveler was. In fact, they had not even thought to ask his name.





THE TEACHER

They could scarcely believe what they were hearing. But the more he spoke, the more they understood that what he said was true.

“Come,” the mysterious one invited them. “I’m going the same direction as you. Let me explain what those Scriptures say concerning what you’ve just been through and what lies ahead. Let me see if I can help you. Okay?”

The two disciples looked at each other in disbelief. How did he know so much about the Scriptures—and about *them*? Was he a rabbi? A sage? A Sanhedrin spy? Maybe even an angel? How did he just “happen” upon *them* as they were absconding from Jerusalem? Had they spoken too quickly? Had they told him too much?

Furthermore, where exactly had he come from? It seemed as though he had materialized out of nowhere. But that couldn’t be true...could it? Neither could recall seeing the man approaching. However, considering their state of depression, they could have simply missed him. Perhaps he had been near them all along, in the midst of the mass of people. At any rate, at this point, what could it hurt to listen to him?

“Yes, please join us,” Cleopas responded. “We would love for you to tell us more. We’ve got nothing else to do. And we certainly need some cheering up. Our future is not shaping up to be very promising at this point.”

Then it hit him. "Please, sir," he asked the stranger, "what is your name? I'm sorry we didn't ask you earlier."

"Think nothing of it!" the man said. "Some just call me 'teacher'—that'll do for now. Many people know me, believe it or not. So, I'm also traveling with the hope that I won't be recognized right now. You understand, don't you?"

Cleopas responded, nodding his head. "Oh, yes. We understand." James managed a faint smile.

While they strolled along, the teacher resumed his lesson, starting with the book of Genesis. He lingered over its first sentence, dissecting the well-known passage as he quoted it word by word. He told of a number of marvelous truths about Messiah, things hidden in that passage since ages past, but were now being revealed by this *knowledgeable one*. The men were flabbergasted by what they were hearing. How had they not seen or known these things before?

In the days to come, they would recall it was at this very moment when they had wondered why God would hide things such as these from His own people until a time far into the future. The sage then turned to them and said, "Why do you wonder to yourselves why Elohim might conceal certain matters, only to reveal them more completely in the future? Have you not read what the Lord said to the people of Isaiah's day?"

The mysterious teacher knew their exact thoughts at the very moment they were thinking them!

Then he quoted the prophet Isaiah:

From now on I will tell you of new things, of hidden things unknown to you. They are created now, and not long ago; you have not heard of them before today. So you cannot say, "Yes, I knew of them."¹⁰

Before they could respond, the teacher went on. "Or what about the prophet Daniel; surely you remember what he said." Then he quoted:

God gives wisdom to the wise and knowledge to the discerning.
He reveals deep and hidden things.¹¹

“And *this*...also from the prophet Daniel:”

Roll up and seal the words of the scroll until the time of the end.
Many will go here and there to increase knowledge.¹²

“Do you remember these passages?” the teacher asked.

Of course they knew them! The rabbis frequently read them and expounded upon the traditional interpretations of each. But they had never dreamed those words might also have been meant for them...especially in any literal sense. But that understanding was changing rapidly, even as this teacher was instructing them.

As their journey continued, the stranger disclosed a string of intricate details about prophetic fulfillments they had never considered. Now they were finally beginning to recognize their significance! The light of truth slowly but surely illuminated the very core of their beings. The only time they had felt this sensation before had been back when they listened to Yeshua speak of the Scriptures.

They felt as if what they were now hearing was somehow meant to have been decrypted just for them. These were amazing revelations, and they unraveled what the ancient Scriptures had declared—even in their most mysteriously veiled meanings—especially concerning Messiah.

The teacher then spoke again. “I can tell you this, my friends,” he said, “here is what you’ve been discovering today. Until heaven and earth disappears, not the smallest letter, not the least stroke of a pen, will by any means disappear from the Word of God until everything is finally accomplished. There’s a message in those words, to be sure—and, in many places, there’s even a deeper message as you consider those words more closely, much more closely, and then ponder over their real meaning. Meditate upon them. Write them out, from your memory. You’ve learned them in your synagogue lessons! Look for the connections. They

were meant for you to understand, especially *after* the things you are now experiencing have happened! These mysteries were placed in God's Word *for you*...as well as for the generations yet to come. You'll see!"

Haven't we heard something like this before? "Not a jot or tittle of My Word will pass away." *Yes! We heard that declaration from Yeshua Himself! Had this man been in the crowds while Yeshua was teaching?*

With his powerful words and vivid imagery, the enigmatic stranger unfolded before them additional mysteries of the Scripture's most veiled disclosures. He opened their spirits to the undeniable connections of various fulfillments from all the prophecies. Many of those prophecies had come to fruition throughout the last three years—several even in the last few days!

They could scarcely believe what they were hearing. But the more he spoke, the more they understood that what he was saying was true. There was no denying it.

He continued to teach them in this same manner for the rest of their journey, then, as they were finally approaching the village of Emmaus, its small buildings and houses already in view, the teacher spoke as if he would continue down the road toward another destination. But Cleopas wasn't yet ready to part from his company. "No," he urged, "*please*—stay with us, at least a little longer! It's already afternoon; let's eat together. We really want to know more. Our souls thirst for this kind of knowledge and revelation. Our faith is already being strengthened. You've been such a help. You have spoken truthfully; you have a gift!"

The men pointed to a small inn just ahead where they could get a quick meal. The sage agreed to stay with them a while longer and eat with them. As they entered the diminutive establishment, the teacher thanked them for their hospitality, his cloak still covering a good portion of his face.

6



THE UNVEILING

*Weren't our hearts burning within us while
he talked with us on the road?*

They had been walking in the brightness of the sun's glare for hours, so as they stepped into the dining room, their eyes had to adjust to the dimly lit interior. So far, they were the only patrons in the place; for now, they would have the communal table to themselves. That fact would probably change within the next thirty minutes or so, but right now they still had a little privacy with their newfound friend and teacher.

After the late-afternoon meal had been laid out before them by the elderly innkeeper, the teacher reached for the bread, hooked his finger in the side of the basket, and pulled it across the table toward him. He took a piece, gave thanks, broke the bread, and began to serve it.

It was at the moment the innkeeper had stepped out of the building to greet a friend when their traveling acquaintance casually pulled back his hood and let it drop to his shoulders. His head was held low. He took a huge bite of bread, raised His head, and, with His cheeks swelled, making Him look like a chipmunk with a mouthful of acorns, He grinned. His full countenance now gleamed before them. In that moment, their eyes were opened and they recognized Him. Sitting before them was the Risen Yeshua! He was serving their meal...and eating with them! *How could this be?*

His presence in front of them, revealed in such dramatic fashion, put both men in a state of terror. Were they looking at a ghost? James shoved his chair back and fell to the floor like a rag doll as he toppled backwards. He was barely able to get himself up, but finally, he stood, gawking, eyes and mouth wide open.

Cleopas had also propelled himself away from the table at the shocking revelation, the legs of his chair screeching across the hard wooden planks of the floor as he did. He dropped to his knees with a dull thud, and cried out, “My Lord and my God! Yeshua, be merciful to us! We didn’t know! We weren’t expecting...we watched You die! We never dreamed it could be You speaking with us! How can this be?”

James, trembling and weeping almost inconsolably, could be heard muttering, “I’m sorry. I’m sorry. *I’m so very sorry.*”

Yeshua stood to His feet. “Don’t be afraid,” He comforted them. “It is I!”

He made no attempt to purposely display His hands; they were just there, with the nail scars visible. How had they missed seeing those marks as they had been walking? Had they really been that blind?

“Now do you believe?” Yeshua asked, eyeing them both.

Cleopas opened his mouth to respond—and to apologize yet again. But then, in an instant, without moving from His place, Yeshua dissipated from their sight.

As His visage melted away before them, they had seen His penetrating gaze. Those eyes were full of the deepest love they had ever experienced: Understanding. Kind. Forgiving.

Cleopas, still in shock, whispered under his breath, to no one: “We have been with Him all day long and didn’t even know who was talking to us! How foolish we have been!”

After composing themselves enough to at least speak to each other, James blurted out, “Weren’t our hearts burning within us while He talked with us on the road and opened the Scriptures to us? That’s when we should have known! Only *one* has ever taught us the Word like that! Think of it! We have just spent the better part of the day with the Risen Yeshua!”

Cleopas now had a plan. It seemed he always had a plan, and he was good at formulating the schemes necessary to carry them out. He went over his intentions with James, who agreed without hesitation. Reaching into their coin satchels, the men quickly withdrew the necessary amount and paid the bill to the owner who had just now reentered the building. Then they bolted out the door, setting out on the road again, headed toward Jerusalem.

The innkeeper, thoroughly confused, ran to the door and shouted as they were sprinting away, “Where’s that other man—the one who came in with you?”

Cleopas shouted back, “He’s risen! Yeshua has risen! We’ve seen Him!”

As he ran, James was beaming.

The innkeeper shook his head. “Crazy young men,” he mumbled. “Probably suffering from too much sun or something.” Then, in a quick afterthought, he looked into the empty dining area, which was illuminated only by a few oil lamps. *Where in the world is that man who was with them?* he thought. *I know fully well that I didn’t see Him leave with the other two! Oh well, at least they paid for His meal.*

The old proprietor ambled over to the dining area to collect the bowls and clean off the table. Sitting there, in the middle of the table, was a basket larger than the one he had brought out to them. It was brimming over with bread...and fish.¹³



7



THE ARRIVAL

“Just wait until we tell you what He told us!”

What they had to tell couldn't wait. It was imperative that they get to the other disciples—especially the ones from within Yeshua's inner circle. They needed to know; they needed to hear. *They must hear!*

Cleopas and James had been with the Risen Lord, and the men and women in hiding deserved to know every detail of what they had seen, heard, and learned. The two friends were no longer afraid of anything, of anyone. What they experienced in that inn had changed all that, and more.

On the way back to Jerusalem, they were eventually able to catch a ride on the rickety cart of a merchant who was headed to market with his goods. The man barely had enough room for them—and for a price, of course, as was customary along the Roman roadways. A couple of cantankerous, talkative mules pulled the creaking contraption. However, the current travel arrangement certainly beat walking—or running—and it gave them time, along with some relative comfort, to go back over all that had happened on this day.

It was in the early evening when they finally arrived back in Jerusalem. They leapt from the back of the cart, waving and thanking its owner as

they hurried to find the other disciples. Cleopas had a good idea where they would most likely be.¹⁴

He was not mistaken. When Cleopas and James arrived at the door of the house Cleopas had sought, they knocked, looking over their shoulders, scanning for spies or government officials who might have seen them arrive. When Matthew eased the door open and peeked outside, James and Cleopas found the room filled with almost all the disciples!

“Come in...James! Cleopas!” Matthew turned to the others in the room. “Look who’s here!” He quickly shut the door behind them and eased the heavy wooden lock-bar into its cradle. They were safe—for a while longer, anyway.

“My brothers!” Peter yelled as he stood from the table. “It’s so good to see you! You have no idea how good it is to have you with us. Join us at the table—have something to eat. Refresh yourselves!”

Before the travelers could get a word out, the rest of the disciples had jumped up from the table as well and surrounded the pair, offering hugs, hearty slaps on the back, and kisses on the cheek. They told Cleopas and James that Thomas was still absent from them. Some had seen him about the city a few times, but he was still in hiding...and sulking. For now, though, even several who had been outside of what was left of the Eleven were also there, including some of the women.

“No matter what anyone else might tell you, it’s true,” Matthew belted out. “The Lord *has* risen indeed! He has appeared to Simon—and Mary Magdalene has seen Him, too! She was overflowing with excitement as she described her encounter to us! She should be here later this evening—then you can ask her about it yourselves!”

“Yes!” James responded. “That’s why we’re here. Yeshua appeared to us as well—just a few hours ago!”

“Just wait until we tell you what He told us,” Cleopas chimed in. “You’ll never believe all we have to share with you—and everything we’ve learned from Him. It’s all true! Yeshua brought the Scriptures to life for us as we walked along the road to Emmaus.”

“Tell us!” Peter pleaded. “*Please!* Tell us everything!”

So, Cleopas told the group what happened as they had been on the way to Emmaus—and at the inn, and during their brief meal—and how they had recognized Yeshua when He broke the bread and finally pulled back the hooded part of His garment. They told of how they had glimpsed the scars on His wrists, as well as how Yeshua had disappeared from their presence in the twinkling of an eye.

While they were still talking about these marvels and celebrating among themselves—some praying, some openly worshiping, others weeping and praising God—the One they were talking about suddenly stood among them.

Yeshua simply materialized; it was as though He had been there all along.



8



THE REVENANT

“Come! Sit with Me,” He entreated, patting the floor beside Him.

Those in that room of communal hiding were momentarily unable to move. They were speechless, flabbergasted. *This can't be! There He is! Yeshua is right here...in the locked room, with us!*

Where has He come from? How did He get here? Is this some sort of hallucination? Is it a ghost? How in the world?

“Peace be with you.” The familiar voice was uniquely His. *No—this isn't a vision! He is literally right before us!*

To say the men and women gathered there were stunned is an understatement. A few were on the verge of fainting from the shock. Others had their senses awakened more vividly, hair standing up on the back of their necks.

It was in this moment that Yeshua said to them, “Why are you afraid, and why do doubts arise in your minds? *Behold My hands. Behold My feet.* It is I! Touch Me and see! A ghost does not have flesh and bones, as you can clearly see that I have.”

As Yeshua was saying this, He was rolling up His sleeves and unlash-
ing His robe to show those in the room His hands, His feet, His side. But they no longer needed the proof. Once they recovered their bearings and returned to normal breathing, they knew. This *was* Him!

Their momentary fright turned to indescribable joy. Now there was an unleashing of unrestrained emotion. Raucous laughter. Open weeping. Praise and adulations. All of it brought the room to a glorious new life.

Then, suddenly, in the midst of the rising jubilation, Yeshua matter-of-factly asked, “Do you have anything to eat? I’m famished! What smells so good?” Many of the gathering chuckled at His request, while Andrew darted to the table, snatched up a bowl, and offered Him a piece of broiled fish.

“He wants to eat!” Peter cried out. “*He really is back!*”

After an explosion of laughter at Peter’s jab, Yeshua nodded at Andrew in thanks, took the fish, and let out His own uniquely infectious laugh... one they had heard so many times before. He stood there and ate the food in their presence, savoring each huge bite that He took, playfully smacking as He ate. “Well!” He said, “Will you not join me? Or, will you simply stand there and watch Me eat this whole bowl of fish?”

His friends and followers couldn’t stand it any longer. They rushed to Him at once, wrapping Him in embraces. Some started weeping again. Others broke into laughter. He was really here! Alive! And with *them!* And eating... *fish!*

As soon as the joyful commotion had settled a bit, Yeshua began to speak. “This is what I told you while I was still with you,” He said. “Everything must be fulfilled that is written about me in the Law of Moses, the Prophets, and the Psalms.” He looked around, surveying the floor for a place to sit so that He might speak.

“Come! Sit with Me,” He entreated, patting the floor beside Him. “Get cushions for everyone! We have a lot to talk about!”

When all were finally seated around Him, Yeshua said, “I have many things to show you—mysteries hidden in the Word, and even within creation itself. The revelations are deep treasures, hidden since the beginning of time, but now unveiled for you—especially for you. You will share some of them with the world in the coming days, and you’ll learn more over the years. Others after you, many years into the future, will continue

to uncover the deepest truths of those treasures as the days of My return draw nearer. The manifold wisdom of Heaven will now be revealed to the coming church, and then, through that church, it will be dispersed to the ends of the earth!”¹⁵

Like wide-eyed children on their first day in a synagogue Tanakh¹⁶ class, Yeshua’s audience sat at His feet and listened, clinging to every word He spoke. It was really Yeshua! They longed for this moment to never end.

Yeshua began teaching with these words: “So now you will see, now you’ll understand, like never before. This is what is written: ‘The Messiah will suffer and rise from the dead on the third day...’”

Then He shared with them, one after the other, what used to be mysterious passages from the Tanakh that were now being brought to life from the mouth of the Living Word Himself. He cited all the Scriptures wherein repentance for the forgiveness of sins would be preached to all the nations, beginning at Jerusalem and eventually spreading to the global population of the last days. He assured them that this gospel of the Kingdom would survive until the very end, and it would be broadcast throughout the growing world, among all the nations and peoples—even those living in the last days.

Cleopas meditated on these wondrous revelations as he looked across the room while Yeshua was teaching. James was listening, too, thinking to himself, *What a difference a day can make! I thought our lives were over. Now I realize, we’ve actually just begun to live, really live!* Just then, he let out a sigh of overwhelming contentment as he savored the moments at Yeshua’s feet.

Several hours passed, but they seemed to be only moments. Then, as Yeshua wrapped up His teaching, He declared, “You are now witnesses of these things.”

He looked into the eyes of each of those sitting around Him. “Not many days from now,” He said, “I am going to send you the gift My Father has promised, the Holy Spirit of God. He will continue to lead you into all truth.

“But for now, you must stay in the city until you have been clothed with power from on high. Also, there are still a few from our closest circle who must hear Me and see Me before these things happen.”

He looked at Cleopas and James and laughed. “No more running off, okay?” The two men looked at each other, their faces flooded with expressions of delight.

“Soon, you’ll see our dear brother Thomas,” Yeshua said, and concluded with an instruction: “Tell him I want to see him. Bring him here to Me, if he’ll come. Be gentle with him.”

Then, in the same way it had happened with Cleopas and James hours earlier at the inn in Emmaus, *Yeshua was gone*. It was as though He had easily passed from one realm to another.

For a long while, none of those present dared to move. What a holy moment this had been. The Resurrected Yeshua had been among them. *He was alive!* This was exactly what they had been yearning for. And now they were living in the midst of their answered prayers. They knew this was no dream, vision, hallucination, or ghost. They had *all* heard Him, eaten with Him, touched Him, and learned from Him...for hours.

Cleopas caught James’ attention, then made a fist and held it to his heart. James’ face radiated a newfound zest for life. But there was more to come for these two friends, and for the others as well. Yeshua would appear to them again several times in the coming days and weeks. Many others would see Him, too. Hundreds of others would experience His physical presence among them.

But for now, these in the Upper Room would simply bathe in the holy moment of *today*.

Part II



THE LINKS

The mystery that has been kept hidden for ages and generations,
but is now disclosed to the saints.

~COLOSSIANS 1:26





9



VITAL CONNECTIONS

*No, we speak of God's secret wisdom, a wisdom that has been hidden
and that God destined for our glory before time began.*

~1 CORINTHIANS 2:7

What if I told you that a mysterious prophecy in the Old Testament book of Daniel directly connects with another prophecy in the New Testament book of Matthew—one spoken by Jesus Himself—and very few people have ever made the crucial link between the two? Additionally, what if it was clearly demonstrated that these two passages, whose connections were hidden for thousands of years, were ultimately meant for you?

How It Works

Here's an example of how connecting revelations work in real life. When the angel Gabriel visited Mary and Joseph, telling them what their own eternally famous place in history would be, they had to have been overwhelmed by all they heard. But their incredulousness would be put on a dose of adrenaline once the truth finally hit home.

Can you imagine what they must have thought when it dawned on them that the words in the book of Genesis were about *them*,



specifically, and had been about them since the beginning of time? God had announced to Satan, “And I will put enmity between you and the woman, and between your seed and her seed. He will crush your head, and you will strike his heel” (Berean Study Bible; see Genesis 3:15). Mary and Joseph now understood! Their personal lives were actually veiled within the Word of God, spoken out of the mouth of humanity’s Creator in the Garden of Eden thousands of years ago. *Mary* would ultimately be that one woman out of all others who would finally bring forth the One who would crush Satan’s kingdom!¹⁷

Or, how about when they made the link between their own lives and Isaiah’s enigmatic prophecy that speaks of Mary’s state of virginity at the outset of the bearing of the Christ child: “Therefore the Lord himself will give you a sign: The virgin will conceive and give birth to a son, and will call him Immanuel”¹⁸ (see Isaiah 7:14).

I also wonder when the same prophet’s words foretelling the birth of what now was to be *her Son, the Creator of the Universe*, hit Mary and Joseph as also being about them. Think of it! They were going to give birth to the One who would be known for eternity as “Almighty God and Everlasting Father”! (See Isaiah 9:6–7.)

Surely both Mary and Joseph had heard, read, and studied all these Scriptures in synagogue classes since they were children. Yet, until Gabriel’s visit, they never dreamed those prophecies had been about *them*. Nor could they have even considered, before this moment, the specific manner in which those prophecies would now be fulfilled. Pretty amazing, wouldn’t you agree?

Hidden Knowledge?

Don’t forget this tidbit: More than seventy times within the pages of the New Testament, the authors of the Scriptures proclaim—either with these exact words or something like them—“This was to fulfill what the prophet said...”

I imagine those writers—especially Peter, John, and Matthew—received most of their understanding of those revelations from Jesus Himself. The disclosures would have been given during His lengthy teaching sessions, especially *after* His resurrection. Those men were, after all, a collection of fishermen and tax collectors. They certainly were not theologians with formal training in the rabbinical interpretations of the Scriptures. Who was it, then, that made them privy to the myriad intricate and previously hidden connections of the most perplexing passages in the Bible? Jesus Himself, of course! The Bible tells us it was Him, but we seldom even consider that morsel of revelation.

Jesus said to them, “This is what I told you while I was still with you: **Everything must be fulfilled that is written about me** in the Law of Moses, the Prophets and the Psalms.” **Then he opened their minds so they could understand the Scriptures.** (Luke 24:44–45, emphasis added)

Some time back, I was seeking the best scholastic information I could find to begin the tedious research for this book. In so doing, I landed on a trusted site that I had quoted in some of my previous works. Imagine my shock when I read the writer’s bold assertion: “God condemns *any method* of discerning hidden knowledge.”

I knew in my soul this certainly was *not* a biblically correct statement. I wondered if I had misread or simply misunderstood what I had read, so I kept reading. As it turned out, I hadn’t missed a thing. The writer meant exactly what he stated, evidenced by the fact that the only proof text upon which he illustrated that conclusion was a single verse from the book of Deuteronomy:

There shall not be found among you anyone who burns his son or his daughter as an offering, anyone who practices divination or tells fortunes or interprets omens, or a sorcerer. (Deuteronomy 18:10)

The writer of the piece appeared to be saying that searching for disclosures of God's hidden mysteries was tantamount to some form of witchcraft!¹⁹

No Denying It

I use the illustration of that article's summary only to demonstrate a greater truth. Even though we have the Word of God by which we can make contextual comparisons, Yahweh also tells us—*within the pages of that very same Word*—that He truly does keep some things veiled. Sometimes He obfuscates the ultimate fulfillment of His Word only until it's the proper time to reveal the mystery to His children. Even the early church became aware of that, and Peter wrote about it with great emotion.

Concerning this salvation, the prophets, who spoke of the grace that was to come to you, searched intently and with the greatest care, trying to find out the time and circumstances to which the Spirit of Christ in them was pointing when he predicted the sufferings of the Messiah and the glories that would follow. It was revealed to them that they were not serving themselves but you, when they spoke of the things that have now been told you by those who have preached the gospel to you by the Holy Spirit sent from heaven. Even angels long to look into these things. (1 Peter 1:10–12)

Above all, you must understand that no prophecy of Scripture came about by the prophet's own interpretation of things. For prophecy never had its origin in the human will, but prophets, though human, spoke from God as they were carried along by the Holy Spirit. (2 Peter 1:20–21)

In other words, there were occasions when the ancient prophets themselves didn't understand the details of the great obscurities about which they were instructed to write. They knew they were writing and speaking

to people in times other than their own. Even the angels of Heaven didn't understand many of the details of the prophecies. So, how are God's people, through the ages, supposed to discover the revelation of those mysteries—secrets, temporarily veiled revelations, coded words, and so forth?

The answer is that we must search out the obscurities by using sound protocols of biblical investigation, and we must seek with great diligence to discern the times in which we're living. The Holy Spirit then guides us, sometimes incrementally, into the truth that applies to our own specific time.

Then, only when the time is right, the fullest and ultimate fulfillment of those divine mysteries will be right in front of those who have the spiritual *eyes to see*.



IO



PROBING THE MYSTERIES

And he said to them, “To you has been given the secret of the kingdom of God, but for those outside everything is in parables.”

~MARK 4:11, ESV

Think about the prophecies of the expected coming One who would, only in God’s own timing, be made manifest in the flesh of Jesus Christ.²⁰ The Old Testament was filled with detailed announcements concerning that appearance. Yet, the religious elite, for the most part, missed the event when it finally occurred. The Apostle Paul described the wonder like this:

Though I am less than the least of all the saints, this grace was given me: to preach to the Gentiles **the unsearchable riches of Christ**, and **to illuminate for everyone** the stewardship of **this mystery**, which **for ages past was kept hidden in God**, who created all things. His purpose was that **now, through the church**, **the manifold wisdom of God should be made known** to the rulers and authorities in the heavenly realms. (Ephesians 3:8–10, emphasis added)

The bottom line: God *encourages* us to seek His hidden knowledge; these are His treasures of purposely placed mysteries. He even says He delights in us when we do so—but only if our seeking is done within the confines of the precepts of His Word.

To illustrate, here are a few validations from both the Old and New Testaments.

- The **secret things belong to the Lord** our God, but the **things that are revealed belong to us** and to our children forever, **that we may do all the words of this law.** (Deuteronomy 29:29, ESV; emphasis added)
- It is **the glory of God to conceal things**, but the glory of kings is to search things out. (Proverbs 25:2, ESV; emphasis added)
- From now on **I will tell you of new things, of hidden things unknown to you.** They are created now, and not long ago; you have **not heard of them before today.** So you cannot say, “Yes, I knew of them.” (Isaiah 48:6–7, emphasis added)
- See, the former things have taken place, and **new things I declare; before they spring into being** I announce them **to you.** (Isaiah 42:9, emphasis added)
- I will give you **the treasures of darkness, riches stored in secret places, so that you may know that I am the Lord,** the God of Israel, who summons you by name. (Isaiah 45:3, emphasis added)
- He gives wisdom to the wise and knowledge to the discerning. **He reveals deep and hidden things.** (Daniel 2:21–22, emphasis added)
- But we impart a **secret and hidden wisdom** of God, which **God decreed before the ages for our glory.** (1 Corinthians 2:7, ESV; emphasis added)
- And he said to them, “To you has been given **the secrets of the kingdom of God,** but for those outside everything is in parables.” (Mark 4:11, ESV; emphasis added)

- Now to him who is able to strengthen you according to my gospel and the preaching of Jesus Christ, according to the revelation of **the mystery that was kept secret for long ages**. (Romans 16:25, ESV; emphasis added)
- So then, men ought to regard us as servants of Christ and as those **entrusted with the secret things** of God. Now it is required that **those who have been given a trust must prove faithful**. (1 Corinthians 4:1–2, emphasis added)
- **The mystery that has been kept hidden for ages and generations**, but is **now disclosed** to the saints. To them **God has chosen to make known** among the Gentiles the glorious **riches of this mystery**, which is Christ in you, the hope of glory. (Colossians 1:26–27, emphasis added)
- No, **we speak of God's secret wisdom, a wisdom that has been hidden** and that God **destined for our glory before time began**. None of the rulers of this age understood it, for if they had, they would not have crucified the Lord of glory. (1 Corinthians 2:7–9, emphasis added)
- **These things God has revealed to us** through the Spirit. For the Spirit searches everything, **even the depths of God**. (1 Corinthians 2:10, ESV; emphasis added)
- How **the mystery was made known to me by revelation**, as I have written briefly. (Ephesians 3:3, ESV; emphasis added)

The Lord reveals that kind of information to His children only when He determines the moment has arrived for its disclosure to burst forth into fruition. Only He knows the day and the hour.

Now, before we dive into our own mystery-solving quest, let me offer a taste of what's in store in the chapters ahead.