



The MESSENGERS

"Remarkable."
—NAPRA ReView

— A —
*True Story of
Angelic Presence
and the
Return to the
Age of Miracles*

Julia Ingram
and G.W. Hardin

The MESSENGERS

— A —

*True Story of
Angelic Presence
and the
Return to the
Age of Miracles*

Julia Ingram
and G.W. Hardin



POCKET STAR BOOKS

New York London Toronto Sydney Tokyo Singapore

The sale of this book without its cover is unauthorized. If you purchased this book without a cover, you should be aware that it was reported to the publisher as "unsold and destroyed." Neither the author nor the publisher has received payment for the sale of this "stripped book."



A Pocket Star Book published by
POCKET BOOKS, a division of Simon & Schuster Inc.
1230 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10020

Copyright © 1996 by Skywin

Published by arrangement with Skywin

Published in hardcover in 1997 by Pocket Books

All rights reserved, including the right to reproduce
this book or portions thereof in any form whatsoever.
For information address Pocket Books, 1230 Avenue
of the Americas, New York, NY 10020

ISBN: 0-671-01687-3

First Pocket Books paperback printing August 1998

10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

POCKET STAR BOOKS and colophon are registered
trademarks of Simon & Schuster Inc.

Cover art by Stanley Martucci

Printed in the U.S.A.

This is a true story. Sara's actual name has been changed at
her request. In Book II, exact wording was used from tape
transcriptions of the dialog, except where noted.

What They're Saying About *THE MESSENGERS*

"It is with great clarity and through startling revelations that Nick Bunick and other participants in *THE MESSENGERS* act as messengers themselves, clearing our collective spiritual path of the cumulative misunderstandings that centuries have wrought, showing us that angels are alive and well in everyone's life."

—*The New Times*

"The verbatim transcripts . . . are absorbing. There is much food for thought in the unfolding story of the relationship between Jesus and Paul, a relationship that rings with firsthand knowledge."

—*NAPRA ReView*

"*THE MESSENGERS* sheds light on some very controversial doctrine. . . . Nick Bunick's stories are deeply moving and compelling. . . ."

—*The Light Connection*

Nick Bunick gives back to us an ageless message spoken 2,000 years ago when Jesus walked the earth. That message is as true today as it was then: Within every one of us is a part of God. It is that which gives us life and it is that which is everlasting. If we but look within, our own love will fashion a new and compassionate world. That message is the gateway into our next millennium.

For orders other than by individual consumers, Pocket Books grants a discount on the purchase of **10 or more** copies of single titles for special markets or premium use. For further details, please write to the Vice-President of Special Markets, Pocket Books, 1633 Broadway, New York, NY 10019-6785, 8th Floor.

For information on how individual consumers can place orders, please write to Mail Order Department, Simon & Schuster Inc., 200 Old Tappan Road, Old Tappan, NJ 07675.

Testimony of Truth

If *The Messengers* were fiction, it still would be an outstanding story for the emotions it will generate, for its overwhelming inspiration, and for the wisdom and love contained within these pages.

The Messengers is not fiction. The story is true. For that reason it is one of the most extraordinary chronicles written during the 20th century. The message in *The Messengers* is the gateway into our next millennium.

This book is dedicated to those who were unknowingly involved in the angelic plan to bring this book forward. To them we give our thanks for their fortitude and their trust.

"Each one of us whose name appears below was brought into Nick Bunick's life in a different way. Each one of us played a different role in confirming to Nick that angels are intervening in his life by the angelic experiences we personally had. We humorously refer to this experience as having come 'underneath the angelic umbrella.' Come join us."

Mary Jo Avery
Beth Ayres
Rick Eckard
Gary Hardin
Julia Ingram
Beth Jarman

Boris Lopatin
Laurie McQuary
Abe Pauls
Thomas Tsoi
Mark Wagner
Paul White



Acknowledgments

No project of this magnitude is accomplished by a few individuals. Many have contributed in ways deserving recognition beyond mere thanks. It is to those nameless many that we acknowledge the power of loving free will and generosity, working in harmony with the power of the angels, in bringing this book to print.

Special thanks is warmly extended to Beth Ayres, whose groundedness and patience kindly served those unexpectedly dazed by the wonder of angels coming into their lives.

Several professionals trusted in this project when conventionalism might have dictated they invest their time and professionalism in more traditional areas. We offer our appreciation to Joanna Hurley, Ciaran Mercier, Duane Warren, David VonDerLinn, Susi Henderson, and Jennifer Lauck. And a special thank you to our editor, Jane Cavolina, who joined with us both in spirit and effort in making *The Messengers* available to the national market.

Finally, we offer our eternal gratitude to those who have witnessed these angelic events, whose names appear in the Testimony of Truth. In an era of skepticism and judgment, we recognize the courage it takes to stand up

Acknowledgments

before the world and publicly acknowledge that the heavenly has touched one's life. Some of these people did not even believe in angels or spiritual phenomena at the time. May their personal stories and the story told within these pages give hope to the world, ever reminding us that we are indeed returning to the Age of Miracles.



Contents

BOOK I **GATHERING OF ANGELS**

CHAPTER 1:	The Manuscript	3
CHAPTER 2:	The 444s	23
CHAPTER 3:	The Sound of Wings	40
CHAPTER 4:	Visits and Visitors	62
CHAPTER 5:	A Clash of Wills	83
CHAPTER 6:	The Confession	95
CHAPTER 7:	Christmas	106

BOOK II **HE WALKED WITH THE MASTER: THE MANUSCRIPT**

PROLOGUE	125
CHAPTER 8: Young Saul	132
CHAPTER 9: Saul Meets Jeshua for the First Time	142

Contents

CHAPTER 10: A Historical Perspective of Jeshua, The Essenes, and the Early Apostles	151
CHAPTER 11: The Emerging Messiah	169
CHAPTER 12: A Time of Miracles	185
CHAPTER 13: Jeshua—The Teacher	204
CHAPTER 14: The Crucifixion	223
CHAPTER 15: The Early “Church”	245
CHAPTER 16: The Road to Damascus	266
CHAPTER 17: The Travels of Paul	275
CHAPTER 18: The Beginnings of Christianity	297
CHAPTER 19: Paul’s Final Days	318
EPILOGUE	336

Book I

GATHERING OF ANGELS

Chapter 1

THE MANUSCRIPT

From the time he was a little boy, Nick knew he was somehow different. It was not a feeling he understood, nor a topic he discussed with others. He recognized the disparities of life at an early age but chose to stand above them. Though Nick had risen from the poor streets of Boston, he did not look upon those streets with disdain. He had learned great truths on those streets, great compassion, unexpected sharing among those who had little, and most important, simple respect on those streets.

He was born to hard-working Russian immigrants who knew the value of a dollar and also understood the values a dollar could not buy. It was with silent admiration that Nick had witnessed his father give food to neighbors who had gone without eating, when his own family had little to eat. Nick would never lose this respect for his mother and father. They had fostered in Nick a wealth that money could not touch.

As a boy, he never walked the streets of his neighborhood with his head hung down. Nick's eyes saw far. And to see far, one had to look far. It wasn't just his being a high-

school football star and a scholar that had made him stand out in his early years, nor was it his ability to get a university education on an athletic scholarship. It was something else—perhaps his compassion, his capacity to make friends with anyone in the neighborhood. Some of those friends would end up in prison, some would leave the streets to become doctors and engineers. To Nick, they were all just friends; status simply did not matter. He wasn't afraid to take chances with people, nor was he afraid to take risks in business. It was as if he could occupy two different worlds simultaneously.

Now in his fifties, Nick found those two worlds colliding. His heart was troubled because he fit in so easily with the rich and powerful while those who also mattered to him sometimes went hungry or wanting. But now he felt more troubled than ever. No longer did he wander the poor streets of Boston. No longer did his differentness linger about him like an unknown, shadowy figure. His was now a world few, if any, could ever imagine.

The evening air was heavy with moisture as he jogged along the lakeside path. His head bowed forward as he watched one foot blur in front of the other. January's coolness calmed him with its misty, blanketing feeling as he seemed to drift along the path and through the evergreens of Lake Oswego. This was his neighborhood, his "digs," his creation. Nick was pleased with the land development he had fostered at this end of the lake. Here the homes were an integral part of the forest, unlike the jumbled edifices to wealth on other parts of the lake. Nature's richness interwove with the elegance of well-designed dwellings, creating a tapestry of primeval firs and hemlocks interspersed with young oaks and maple trees and civilized rhododendrons embracing homes: one esthetic balancing another. Nick liked this harmony, especially since it seemed to elude him now.

As he ran, a mood of spiritual peacefulness teetered

against the thoughts racing in his mind as the birds overhead echoed their cries across the steep Oregon hills surrounding this end of the lake. He wanted to call back at them, but their wings reminded him of the phone conversation earlier in the day, the source of this wonderment that captured his thoughts. As wet patches of dead fir needles, decayed oak and maple leaves rhythmically squished beneath his running shoes, Nick's attention once more turned to digest the significance of all that had happened this day. What was he to do about it? Perhaps there was nothing to do but run.

His thoughts stopped, his feet stopped. With his hands on the waist of his jogging shorts, Nick stared out across the length of the lake to its opposite end, which peeked into downtown Lake Oswego. The evening shadows were tucking the lake to sleep. Reflected clouds softened the black surface of the water. To the north, the city lights of Portland were beginning to dominate the edge of the sky. Nick's labored breathing was the only sound to be heard. Even the birds had departed for their nightly havens. "Why don't I just enjoy this for now?" he gasped between breaths. "After all, how often do you get to speak to your angels?" He glanced up into the trees, half expecting an answer.

The pronouncement seemed to end the struggle between head and heart. Yes, some things should just be enjoyed. Nick continued his jog, taking the last leg of the outing up the hill and back to his house. As he rounded the turn into the cul-de-sac, the street lamp next to his house flickered to life.



As dusk eased into night, Nick found himself gazing out through the glass French doors, which opened onto the high deck suspended above the lakeside escarpment. The few lights across the lake twinkled on the waters below.

The Messengers

The phone rang, stirring him from his euphoria. The voice on the other end seemed hesitant. "Nick?"

"Yes, this is Nick."

"Are you all right? Is anything wrong?"

It was Abe Pauls calling from his hotel room in Switzerland. "Everything's fine, Abe. Why?" There was a short pause. It was obvious that Abe seemed a bit unsettled, perhaps confused. His sleepy voice hung in the air as he tried to begin his next sentence.

"Nick. I have absolutely no idea why I am calling you. In fact, I am embarrassed." Abe cleared his throat. "I was fast asleep. It's the middle of the night here in Geneva. Something woke me up from my sleep. I looked at the clock, it was 4:44 a.m. and something told me, 'Call Nick right away. You must call Nick.' I have absolutely no idea why I am calling you."

Both men were silent, each for different reasons. Nick knew right away what was going on, he just couldn't believe it was already starting. How was he going to explain this to Abe? After all, Abe was a business colleague, not an old friend. He did not want to lose credibility with this man. Nick pondered the possibility of losing Abe as a business associate. Would he be able to understand? Should he be told? Of course he should be told. Why else would he be waking up in the middle of the night in Geneva, Switzerland, compelled to make a phone call he had absolutely no reason for making? Nick knew the reason for the call. But how could he tell Abe?

Nick decided to break the silence, beginning slowly yet deliberately. "Abe, do you remember the copy of my personal manuscript I gave to you?" Because Abe had not mentioned a word about the document since being handed a copy a while ago, even this route of conversation could prove costly. The manuscript was a chronicle of events that had surrounded Nick two years earlier. Few had been allowed to read the document since its completion. And

with good reason. The contents could destroy Nick's career, maybe even threaten his entire financial domain. It was a chance Nick took in yielding a copy to Abe. He was fond of Abe and trusted him. Knew Abe to have a good heart, a good soul. But perhaps the information in the story conflicted with Abe's own spiritual beliefs.

"Do I remember it?" Abe croaked with incredulity, the sleepiness still hanging in his throat. "I've read it three times. In fact, it's sitting on the nightstand next to my bed here. Why?"

A half-smile crept across Nick's face as he began. "Rather than tell you why, let me explain what has happened." Nick sat down as he tried to figure out where to start. A brightness eased across his face as he began collecting parts of the story in his head to share with Abe. In moments like this, Nick appeared ageless, one might even say innocent.

"A little more than a week ago, I received a phone call from my daughter, Kim. She had been down in Southern California to see the University of Oregon play in the Rose Bowl against Penn State. One week after the game, Kim returned to Oregon and called me." Nick wasn't sure why he was giving such detail, but it somehow seemed necessary. He wanted Abe to fully appreciate the broad picture.

Nick continued, "Kim asked if she could come over and talk to me. She said she had something very important she wanted to share with me." He described for Abe how his daughter had driven right over, breezed through the front door and presented him with a cassette tape. How he had asked what it was for, and how she had insisted he play it to find out. While getting the cassette deck ready, Kim informed him how her girlfriend had told her about a gifted lady who lived in the Los Angeles area—a lady who could speak with angels. Nick paused a bit at this point in his story to see if Abe had any reaction—then continued.