

**The Prophecy
of a Common Man**

1937-1945

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1 In the fourth year of the longest reign, the reign of our thirty-second prince, on the twenty-seventh day of the month of Spring, I was among the exiles by the River Meschacebe, and Behold, I saw in the heavens an open door, and a voice called unto me, bidding me "Come upward." And I understood the words, and had understanding of the vision. And the wind lifted me up, and I saw the glory of God.

And the vision was like a throne in shape, but it was not solid. Its colors were like sapphire, carnelian, jasper, and gold. And I heard praises to the Holy one, whom I felt all around me.

"Holy, Holy, Holy is the Lord, the world was filled with his Glory!"

And I heard these words, and I understood them.

Then I felt a burning sensation on my forehead, as if I were burnt with fiery coal. I did not see the coal, nor the hand that held it; I only felt the burn, and the mark it left.

I saw then in front of me a sealed scroll, and the heavenly voice called unto me a second time: "Unseal and read this scroll and understand its bitter contents, for in this way you will know what is to come, and why it is to come."

I opened the seal, but another appeared, I opened that and yet I saw more seals. I opened seven seals before I saw the writing. It was in a language that I didn't recognize, a script I knew not, but I understood the meaning of the scroll.

When I finished reading I wept, for the scroll revealed bitter prophecies. I felt that I had already known all of what was now revealed to me. I felt sick in my stomach.

For the third time the voice called unto me, and told me to get up, and go to the River of the Plains, which is not far from the River Meschacebe. I

was commanded to go there, near my home, and to reveal what I learned about what is to come, and why it is to come.

2 I did not want to prophesy to the people, for I was frightened; I wanted to flee westward. I cried for I knew I could not flee, and the voice called unto me another time: "Arise and go to the city, and deliver to them the report of the slaughter that is to come."

So I went to the city, and spoke to the people of all the things that God showed me, and of all the things I read in the scroll.

"People, heed my words. Now I am not a poet, and the son of a poet I am not, but my words, though bitter in form and content, are important for you to hear.

"The war that we fear, with the powers of the East, it is soon coming to pass. It can not be avoided, for the evil of the hooked cross can not be sated.

"The fire is coming, friends, the fire is coming, raging with winds full of evil. All of our brothers across the sea will be put to flame, and you will stand there, looking on as the fire burns. Their towns will burn, their houses of prayer will fall, and no one will take pails to quench the fire.

"The storm is raging across the sea, friends, the snow will fall, and Spring won't come until years have passed. The snow will fall, but it will not fall on everyone equally. It will be cold indoors, and still some will be left homeless. The only warmth will come from the unquechable fires, and that warmth will only be temporary, bringing with it a lasting coldness."

I spoke in parables, and the people did not understand, so I decided to make my words clear.

"They, the evil ones, want more land and more power, and we will give it to them. They will take even more land by force, and we won't stop

them, not until it is too late. They will take hold of everything in their reach, and they will kill anyone who stands in their way. And they will kill many who don't stand in their way. Jews, gypsies, homosexuals--these and others will be the victims. But none will suffer as will the Jews.

"Yet they won't suffer immediately. They will want to flee, and they will be able to flee, and if we are to be innocent, we must help them escape."

The people heard my words, but they did not listen. They agreed, but they did not act. They went to their homes, and to their houses of prayer, and leaves began to fall across the sea.

3 As the leaves began to fall, I would still speak to the people, and still they would not hear my words. It was toward the end of the Fall when another vision came to me. I was in a large city at nighttime; it was a starry night, and leaves blew with the wind. Suddenly, from the North, six men in brown uniforms with truncheons brandished appeared in the street, and an officer was with them, with a notebook in his hand. The officer with the notebook pointed toward certain buildings--shops, houses, synagogues--these were objects of their attack. I saw the men as they smashed windows, burned books, and desecrated synagogues. I saw these men attack people, young and old, especially the old. They only attacked targets that were marked, marked with a six-pointed star, or the word "Jude." Pages of holy books blew like feathers through the air.

In silence, I cried out to God, "Houses are being destroyed and the courts are filled with the slain, will all be annihilated?"

And God answered my cry, saying: "The iniquity of the world is great, the land is full of crime, and the city is full of corruption. I see all these things, and you too must see all these things."

I spoke to God a second time, saying: "These people are suffering, they are dying, and you are talking to me, talk to the evil ones, and save the people!" I spoke harshly, for my woe was great.

And God answered me immediately, saying: "The people are not suffering alone, for my suffering too is great. I cry for the victims and I cry even more for the evil that victimizes. I wish for the day when the man who trusts in man will be blessed. Now go, and speak again to the people, and tell them all these things."

Once more, I went to the people, and I shared visions with them. I described to them exactly the things I had seen, and they showed me photographs of what I described. They knew what I knew, and yet they wouldn't understand what I understood.

4 The snow came, and it stuck to the ground for months and years. I spoke to people but they did not listen. Then during the ten days, in the second year of the war, I received another vision:

The hand of God must have come upon me, for a wind took me out and set me by a valley, in a beautiful forest by a large city. It was dark. And there I saw crowds, naked, standing in lines. The naked ones were commanded to stand in front of the valley, they looked on as locals rummaged through their clothes and valuables. In the valley I could see bodies, naked and bloody, and I could see as the ones standing were forced to join their brothers in the pit.

In the cities and towns, I saw ghettos, walled areas where the unaccepted were forced to live. Their hunger was rampant, disease was common, and corpses lay in front of every door. I saw mothers orphaned, as

their children are taken to the valley. I heard their cry. And I heard a lullabye, a song sung by a stranger to a child she did not know--the remnant of each of their families. And I saw a man, hiding in a coffin, I thought he called out to me, but then I saw the coffin no more.

I felt like making a prayer, and though many images rushed through my mind, no words left my lips. I knew that what I saw, God also saw, and so I wept. I went to tell people of my vision, this time I went to the leaders, and not to the crowds.

I spoke to the leaders, and I told them what I had seen in my vision. They showed me photographs, pictures of the Valley of Death, of the bodies in the valley, and of the machine gunners that were responsible for it all.

I asked them if they had pictures of the locals, rummaging through their neighbors clothes for a few pennies. They said they didn't have such pictures, and it didn't matter, for they said only the man with the gun was responsible. They said there was nothing more that they could do.

I tried to make them understand, but they would not listen, and they would not do anything.

5 Years passed, and on a winter day I received a third vision. The wind lifted me, and took me to a town. I had seen this town years ago, before the war, and now I saw that there was a new wall built not around the town, but within the town.

At the gate I saw a line of Jews waiting to enter their walled city. Those in line were searched by Germans and by other Jews, and when food was found on someone, he did not enter the gate.

Inside the gate I saw on the snow-filled street men with bloated stomachs, women about to die. The dying sat with the dead, and there were

so many bodies that I could not tell if the dead outnumbered the dying. I turned to a smaller street, and I stepped on bodies frozen stiff, lying like felled trees.

Time passed, and now the roads appeared empty of life, and for a moment it seemed as if winter would pass:

Troops of soldiers came through the walls, and marched along the empty streets. When I heard a single shot, a soldier slowly fell to the ground. The soldiers came to herd out the Jews like cattle, but I saw them leave empty-handed.

In front of my eyes, the few stood against the many, the weak against the powerful. My heart throbbed as I saw the suffering become heroic.

And God spoke to me and said, "Mortal, what do you see?"

I answered God saying, "I see the strong in heart fighting against the strong in arm."

"Arise and go out from these walls, and tell me what you see."

On the other side of the wall, I saw a city full of people. I wept, because they acted as if they heard not the shot from inside the walls.

A train past me by, and I followed it. It lead from the city to a town far away. At the station, I saw thousands unloaded like cattle into a stockyard. The thousands stood in line, and when they reached the front, a hand directed them to the right and to the left. One side led to death, and one side led to slower death, and I followed those who went to the slower death.

I saw barracks, snow covered the roofs, and it was cold indoors. I saw prisoners, emaciated and bald. They wore striped uniforms and thin, used jackets. Boys of fourteen were men, and men of twenty looked aged, yet I

saw no aged men. The barracks were crowded, tens to a bunk. There was a stench--I felt death all around me.

And I spoke to the people of all the things I had seen, and they cared not to listen. Such things were too evil to be true, they thought.

6 Spring had come, and the wind came again, and I had another vision. I stood where I had once stood before, but the snow had melted. The barrack was destroyed, and only a few of its inhabitants remained. They pointed me to a mound. I walked toward the mound, and it seemed to climb toward the heavens. The wind died down, and the sun set on a blue sky. I begged for a wondrous sign but none came.

I approached the mound, shaped like a pyramid, yet its bricks were bodies, and its mortar blood.

The bodies looked like skeletons, but they had flesh and sinews on their bones. I turned to heaven, and asked, "O Lord, can these bodies live again?" There were millions, senselessly murdered.

And He spoke to me: "Son of man, I can not make these bodies live, for I was not the one who drew the breath of life from them. Your brothers died here, and that grieves me, but your brothers built this place and your brothers ignored those who built this place--that grieves me more. I can undo only what I have done, and man can not undo what he has done. Therefore these bodies can not again come to life. Son of man, do not forget these words, and do not let this image leave your mind."

And when God had finished saying these things to me, I looked again at the mound, and I heard a loud noise--bulldozers pushing the mound into a fresh valley, a giant abyss, a communal tomb for the nameless millions, and a monument to the power of human evil.