

Topkapi, Hagia Sophia

He noticed a bus crossing the bridge of Ataturk to the northern side of the city. He stopped near the quay and the driver told him to sit on a tram.

For the first time he saw Istanbul, from this position, in the heart of the centre. He caught a view of the great mosques and their shiny domes sparkling in the sun. He looked towards the Hagia Sophia towers and the Topkapi palace, which marked the end of peninsula which looks toward Asia, that is, toward Asian part of the city.

Dimitrij approached a gentleman sitting in a tram station who had the looks of a noble European.

“*What can I do for you, mister?*” - asked the gentleman in a suite, even before Dimitrij said something.

“*Can You tell me how to come to palace Topkapi?*”

“Would you like to take a tram with me?” - The gentleman invited Dimitrij.

The gentleman, happy to see another European, was showing the city to Dimitrij while they were driving back to the southern part of the city across the *Galata bridge*. Dimitrij noticed a vast line of anglers lined across the bridge.

“This is the *Galata Tower*. You can take the elevator to the top which offers a great view of the city. You should do it if you find time.” – The gentleman said.

“I’ll be happy to.” – Dimitrij said. He was so delighted to meet such a good person.

“Can you tell me if there is an Orthodox Church here, in front of the Topkapi palace? It’s Sunday and I know that the Patriarch of Constantinople is celebrating the liturgy.”

“An Orthodox Church?” – The gentleman got to thinking. “Oh, yes, the Saint Irene. But it’s locked. It’s a museum now, I think. But...”

Dimitrij stopped listening to him, as he was catching the view of the first sights of Hagia Sophia.

“I’ll show you the entrance to Topkapi and then to the left you’ll see a big old brick church.” – The gentleman said.

“The Hagia Sophia is open now, you should visit it now and then you should visit the Topkapi palace. The sultan used to live there. The palace has three cloisters, you’ll see. There is a garden inside, *The Rose Garden*.”

“Excuse me, what did you say? *The Rose Garden?*” - Dimitrij asked for a better explanation, but they had to leave the tram, through the crowd.

“There is a fair today.” – said the gentleman with a smile.

“What kind of fair?” – Dimitrij asked.

“A car fair, right here in front of the Hagia Sophia entrance. I came to see it so I will have to leave you. You go straight ahead, along the walls and you’ll reach the entrance to Topkapi. Then to the left from the entrance you’ll see the church.”

“Thank you, sir. May I ask your name?”

“Bogdan.” – The gentleman said.

“Bogdan? Some people in my country are called like that. And where are you from?”– Dimitrij reacted in surprise.

“Poland. I work in the Polish Consulate. My father was a diplomat.”

Dimitrij shook hands with mister Bogdan and went along the walls and soon came to the first entrance of Topkapi. As Bogdan disappeared in the noisy car fair, it seemed to Dimitrij that during time, Istanbul became very close and intimate city for Bogdan.

*“The Rose Garden, The Rose Garden...”* it remained in his mind and neither more nor less, that same *Rose Garden*, which was located in the inner, third cloister of Topkapi as mister Bogdan said, was crucial for his purchase of not so cheap museum ticket. Among the crowd of the tourists from all over the world, his gaze swept over abandoned and ancient brick church, the Saint Irene. It used to be the headquarters of the first Patriarchs of Constantinople, after the Apostle Andrew gave the book to Saint Stahis, his successor.

It was evident that the church was closed and abandoned, but above all, it was obvious to him upon touring the church, that it was beyond the curiosity of the crowd of tourists who were walking towards the inner space of Topkapi. This ignorance of the Saint Irene, built during those ages and of the brick belonging to the times of Saint Dimitrij or the Hagia Sophia of Salonika, was the first omen of his location.

*You are in Istanbul, not Constantinople.*

He bought the ticket and underwent harassment of the overview of personal belongings at the entrance to the first cloister of the palace, just because Bogdan mentioned *the Rose Garden*. He had to leave his bag and camera there and walk through the scanner. When he picked up his belongings and placed them around his sweaty neck, he was stopped by a voice, asking him in English:

“Is this yours?”

Stunned, he looked at the unknown young man giving him the black chaplet from Athos, which must have dropped from his hand as he was putting the bag down.

“Ah” – Dimitrij sighed with joy.

“Thank you, thank you!” He took the chaplet from the young man’s hands and kissed it.

“Ah”- he said to himself as he embraced the chaplet – “what would have happened if I had lost it? God, please don’t let me lose it!”

Father Varnava gave him this gift in Chilandar.

*Jesus Christ, Son of God, have mercy...*

Ever since he spoke to those two Russian monks on the ship, he was constantly repeating the same prayer as the Monks from Athos have been repeating for thousand years. The source of the prayer emerged in his heart and in Istanbul, which was no longer Constantinople, he prayed and prayed.

*Jesus Christ, Son of God, have mercy...*

He constantly prayed using the chaplet, while was rushing through the gardens and interiors, along the cloisters and palaces of the Topkapi. Actually, without knowing why, he was searching for the third garden, the Rose Garden.

He became aware that he was on the very same place from which Turkish sultans had governed their mighty empire. This empire had thrust its spear in the depths of Bosnia, led battles around Sisak and besieged Vienna.

Topkapi became the centre of the Ottoman Empire after the fall of the Constantinople in 1453, when conqueror Suleiman the Great allowed the Patriarch of Constantinople to continue with his services, but not anymore from Hagia Sophia (which replaced Saint Irene in the early Byzantine Empire). Instead he had to continue with his services from Fatih (later it will be transferred to Fanar), but its location was no longer the Constantinople of the Byzantine Empire. The location now became the centre of the great Empire, Ottoman Istanbul.

*Five and a half centuries of Istanbul*, Dimitrij calculated while he was observing this complex which was starting point for many European ambassadors and generals who wished to visit the sultan. In the old times, before the Constantinople was besieged, the Ottoman Empire had its centre in the Bursa, in Asia Minor. But after the besieging, Topkapi was rapidly built as the new metropolis. The Turks have attacked from this place Athos, Meteora and the Byzantine Empire of the Two Eagles. *Bosnia*. Europe.

The presence of tourists made him feel kind of strange. It made him wonder about their purpose of visiting Topkapi. “The Rose Garden, the Rose Garden” it rang in his mind. The sultan and his army made no paintings, shaped no sculptures, therefore Topkapi is no Schonbrunn or Versailles. True, there is their jewellery and their treasury (for which he bought no ticket), but everything else is nothing but arcades and their pottery decorations

with baths, harem, third yard where sultan's generals paraded with horses... He filled this void with the sound of the chaplet:

*Jesus Christ, Son of God, have mercy...*

In the third cloister he walked under the arcades into a hall which was filled with portraits of the sultans, starting from the first one which ruled around year 1300, in Dante's era, to the last one, which died after World War I, in 1922. Sultans used to order the portraits from the Venetians and during around six hundred years there were thirty six portraits (sent from the school of Tintoret in Istanbul) of sultans, who have conquered Bosnia, besieged the walls of Sisak...

He stopped, deep in thought, in front of Tintoret's portrait of Suleiman the Great. It was a profile of a skinny man on a gloomy background, with a curved nose, wearing a turban. His smile looks as if it is distorted while fading in this darkness.

Hence, a gallery of 20<sup>th</sup> century sultans: turban is gradually replaced with a Turkish cap and sultans are no longer holding their sword: they are becoming more similar to the Europeans. Those from the 19<sup>th</sup> century are already caught in European culture, women are reading Goethe and some elegant individuals become sultans, thus inviting European architects to build Dolmabahces and other palaces.

It's strange, he contemplated while touring this gallery, that friend of mine, Danilo from the hill Athos has suffered a lot from the Turks, just like his old man German, just like many other monks either on Athos, Meteors or anywhere else in Greece. Even back then they had been breaking their spines and tortured them inhumanly, while these sultans were building a bridge with European enlightenment culture, with the "Orientalists" from the West, just like they were shaking hands in a culture, which is in an environment that was anything but Christ like. There is a certain similarity with nowadays, he kept contemplating, when university art historians from Zagreb explain us the path to European Union and its culture, without realizing that the *new sultan of the last ages* is going to be inaugurated in a Jerusalem scenario.

It's strange, he contemplated, while praying using the chaplet:

*Jesus Christ, Son of God, have mercy...*

There he stopped in front of unusual painting showing *a thirty six sultans tree* starting from 1300 to 1992. He observed this Tree of Ottoman Empire, thinking about the history of Europe, especially 20<sup>th</sup> century and wondered:

What happened after (1922)?

Inner voice answered: "Ataturk Kemal Pasha, who was a member of the Italian Masonic Lodges."

"The Dragon bestowed upon him the creation of Turkey after the Sultan."

Inner voice continued: „*The Ottoman Empire was, by God's providence, a spear that strikes at the Empire of the Two Eagles and then it lost its strength because it carried no*

*eternity within itself, just like the empires from prophet David's vision: a Statute made of gold, silver, brass and iron... But, after its death God allowed the incoming Beast, which would replace the Dragon, to give power and strength to Attars Turkey.*

Under the impression of these words, Dimitrij left the halls through the arches and saw two gardeners watering the garden with roses, mostly red, but there were pale purple or pale blue roses as well...

The Rose Garden.

He went around the peninsula, looking across the Bosphorus to Asia, which was full of outdoor cafes similar to European style.

He went to the second *museum*: Hagia Sophia, through the crowd on the fair.

He stopped praying the rosary, which he was still running through his fingers, as he saw the interior of the place which was once the centre of Christianity.

I can't believe it, he said for himself, as he went to the place under the huge dome where the location of Sanctuary and – the Presence was.

He tried to understand this place, which left him breathless, although he has seen so many churches, but nothing like this. The interior of the church is descending downwards, as the emperor Justinian was ordered *by the angels in his dream*. Based on this church Dionysius Aereropagita has created foundations, which Dante used in creation of *Paradise*, for *the hierarchy of the 9 angel choruses* which descended from Cherubims and Seraphims to Archangels and our Guardian Angels.

Dimitrij continued to meditate like in *visio beatica* about the space of the church which was descending from top to floor, just like the Empire, unlike those who *go from floor to top*, searching for the cornerstone.

*"In the beginning, this Church was Mine, the centre of My Church, My pride"* – he heard the voice inside him.

*"I am not present here anymore."*

*"Havoc in the Sanctuary."* – The voice went on.

*"I, the Jesus, am not present in the Sanctuary, look."*

Stunned, Dimitrij stood in front of the illuminated gold in the area where tabernacle was supposed to be.

The tourists were taking pictures and he starred at the golden gates with oriental decorations. Near the gates there were *two pillars just like in some Masonic temple*, looking at the East.

*"This is the figuration of the recent havoc in the Sanctuary, this will happen everywhere."* – He heard the voice again.

He read the sign with the name of the artist-calligrapher who made this piece:

*"1607-1608 tarihli Hattat*

*Fakir Mehmed Efendi*

*tarafindan yazilmistir"*

Again he felt solitude, the solitude of his own cognition as he realized in horror that the tourists aren't noticing anything. He once again observed the dome, searching its top for the Christ Pantokrator, the Christ emperor of Vaseljene: but he couldn't see him because they have built giant steel construction similar to the tower of Babel in order to reach the top of the dome.

So what, they are working on the restoration, just like anywhere else – a tourist would say, unaware of the reality unlike Dimitrij.

*“No, they are not restoring, they are taking Me down, although emperor Justinian ordered the correct construction, from the top, while My Empire is held by the angels, and under them twelve Istanbul’s patriarchs.”*

Dimitrij was stunned by this cognition, he felt like he was in a huge cave which was one giant fraud. He understood the message: they want to turn the Empire of the Christ in the den of thieves, to put Christ down. And on his place... enthrone...

*“Anti-Christ will be enthroned. This is the path towards Jerusalem and the Temple.”*

*“Da Vinci’s Code is a precursor of the havoc in the Temple, prophesied since Daniel. I have created the Architecture from the above, they are creating it from below. Everything, entire culture and literature. Draining the literature from the Declaration, from the Holy Spirit. The Masons are controlling the bookshops, everything...”*

Deeply shaken by the torrent of cognition, as if someone had taken his heart from his chest, he rushed along the spiral paved uphill to the galleries of this cave, which still looked fabulous, but in a completely human way.

He saw the Blue mosque with its dome and minarets through the window.

*“They have imitated my Church from the outside and you can see the results of that imitation.”* – He kept hearing the voice inside.

*“But they can never imitate You from the inside”*, Dimitrij spontaneously responded with clenched fists. *“Human can only imitate Divine from the outside, by building from below. Without Your Presence in the Temple, oh God, we only have a shell, a cloak...”*

*“This shell holds no Light anymore, because it comes from within and you felt it on the Athos, The Holy hill of My Mother, you will also feel it elsewhere and in the cave in Patmos. The Empire of the Two Eagles is a guardian of uncreated Lights, and this Light has inspired emperor Justinian whose sole fragment of the mosaic has been saved.”*

Really miserable, something screamed in Dimitrij while looking at the fragment of the mosaic.

*“But behind it all, I am. I am the same yesterday, today and tomorrow. Look left...”*

Dimitrij noticed door through which were passing the members of the three Councils of the Vaseljen Church held in Istanbul: the second, the third, and the fourth.

*“Here were held three out of Seven Councils – Pillars of Wisdom, Sophia. As a Judge with Seven Candlesticks and with Seven Spirits sent all over the world, I spoke to Ivan on the Patmos.”*

It happened here.

Silently, as if he was entering the most sacred place, Dimitrij sneaked through the door and observed the gallery which looked at the bottom area.

*“This is the place where masses were served in the true Divine Church, which was the Byzantine; Two Eagles flew over the timpani with the pictures of the Patriarchs. And the Pope of Rome breathed with them in the same Holy Spirit...”*

*“So where did it all disappear...?”* – Dimitrij asked, like he was in a dream in which contours were fading away.

*“It did not disappear. A woman cloaked in Sun, Sophia with the Seven pillars of Wisdom, ran with a little boy in the desert, with two eagle wings... My Church, My Remainder is there-today.”*

*“In the desert?”*

*“Go on, you will comprehend. The Angels are guiding you. Pray...”*

Dimitrij passed the place where the former emperor and the empress of the Byzantine watched the Divine mass turned to the altar, while the Presence of the Most Holy shone towards them, like the Sun...

He left the Hagia Sophia with his fingers on the rosary:

*Jesus Christ, Son of God, have mercy...*

He saw the illustrations from the past times; the Turks were entering the Hagia Sophia...

The exterior of the church was so ordinary. Near the exit there was a red and white rose bush.

Exhausted, in the crowd at the fair, he sat and ordered a cheeseburger and water.

He waited for some time for his fatigue to subside, and then he took envelope that Ivan gave him, before he went on the journey, from his bag.

“Open this on your birthday, when you visit the patriarch of the Istanbul.” – Ivan told him, when he gave him the envelope.

Today is my birthday, Dimitrij realized, and opened the envelope.

A folded birthday card with the picture of a ship sailing said:

*Full power ahead in another year of life!*

And then, in the inside, Ivan wrote a prayer with a fountain pen:

“Lord,

I would like to find courage

To build bridges

Between me and those

That I fail to understand,

Who don't trust me or have let me down,

Between me and those

With whom I have quarrel.

Bridges

Between my circle and their circle,

My generation and their generation,

My social state and their social state.

Bridges from those by the side,

Disappointed, trapped in prejudices,

Renegades, mockers, enemies.

I would like to find courage

To build bridges where that is not popular,

Across the iron curtains of fear

And conceitedness.

Please give me the courage to build bridges!”

Then, on the other page, with the red and orange fountain pen the same hand wrote:

“Dimitrij, happy birthday!

I am grateful to the Two Most Holy Hearts

That I can build bridges with you-

The New Jerusalem!

Thank you for standing up for those that belong to God,

For others, for me.

Thank you for your trust, help, love...”

Dimitrij closed the birthday card eager to kiss it, but then he noticed a drawing of a heart and *two wings* on the back of the envelope.

Then he found a copy of a text about Merz written by Dušan Žanko, with Ivan's note for Dimitrije above it:

*“Lord has assigned you with the task of continuing sanctification of God's people in your own nation. The new paths, the new misunderstandings. Therefore, in the Lord's Cross a man sees his light, solace and strength. The Cross attracts other people as well, so you will never stand alone under the cross...”*

“You will never stand alone under the cross”, Dimitrij silently repeated Ivan's sentence as he placed this text on his chest. Then he realized, like an echo of the voice that spoke to him in the Hagia Sophia, which all of the sudden was Hagia Sophia no more:

“You are in exile, but you are not alone.”

Then he threw a glance at Žanko's text about Merz:

“As young David with a sling, you fight the dreadful modern Goliath with all your heart. That heart had “dreams and action” – as Maritian said about Psichari – “dreams like swellings of some inner fullness, not some weakness of mind; and action like dreams.” You told us Catholics that the secret of success lies only in *supernatural* and that any thing labelled as “catholic” could turn against us if it holds no supernatural power from the mystery of love.

“In order to divert catastrophe of a lot of things labelled as “catholic”, you tried to explain supernatural core in literature, in organisation, in social life, in morality customs, in church apostolate, in politics...

But there, the heaviest cross waited for you-the cross of loneliness...”

Surprised, Dimitrij crossed himself, kissed the text before he put it in his bag, paid the bill and went through the crowd from Hagia Sophia, which was Hagia Sophia no more...

,’’0’0

Ivan felt inspirations in his heart to continually pray for Dimitrij in his visits to Most Holy sacrament, in the Heart of Jesus chapel, placed within the theological school.

During the Holy mass that Sunday, more than ever he prayed for Dimitrij, although it confused him that he wasn't receiving text messages from him for some days. But he supposed that he failed to send messages from Istanbul (or Constantinople), although he had written them.

The last one he received was before he entered Athos, from Ierissos. It was a reply to Ivan's message about Saint Christopher: that he will enter Athos on (catholic) holiday of Saint Christopher, who carried baby Jesus across the Orontes River. To Ivan it seemed as if Dimitrij was carrying this Baby, he felt it in his heart and although he received no message from Dimitrij, he followed him with his spirit.

He followed Dimitrij by praying for him in front of Presence of Jesus because he was irresistibly attracted to his journeys. His unselfishness, which had its source in honest heart that longed to give itself completely to Jesus and Mary's Heart, caused those two Hearts to cherish him with epiphanies and encouragements, as well as with strong inspirations bringing him in return abundance of insight, which was rather unusual in the times he lived in.



He understood Dimitrij's soul at a distance: his loneliness, his present moment of dryness and solitude, where his apostolate brought him. The Holy Spirit made him understand the state of soul of an apostle who was dedicated a lot and was given to *feel vainness and defeat*, followed by an abundance of temptations, dangerous for his spirit and his soul. "*Lord, pave the way for him and renew his strength, let his youth renew like eagle's youth*", he sincerely started his conversation with God, in the silence of Theological school chapel.

He kneeled and at first he silently opened to the elements of the Presence of God in the Holy Communion. Then, as it was his custom, he invoked the Holy Spirit whose holiday was celebrated at the Mass that day.

*"Come oh Holy Spirit, come by the mighty advocacy of the Sinless Heart of Mary..."* Then he invoked help of *all the saints from East and West*, being the only one who lived it and practiced it with serious vigour. While he was invoking help of Saint Andrew, the leader of apostles who preceded the patriarchs of Istanbul, recognizing him as the apostle of unity – once again he felt in his soul this Great Unity of all saints, with whom the early Church was *vitaly connected*, because the Holy Spirit shaped the Church as a living community of saints in action.

As he enrolled the Theological school, a lot of information about the history of the Church made him realize that today we, the lay-brothers, have lost that initial closeness. A sentence from Revelation of St. John echoed in his mind:

*It was easy for the Beast to make war with saints and to defeat them...*

To defeat them. It is the will of God, in order for a greater good to rise from that temptation. In his prostration in front of the Most Holy he sensed that we are living in the times of the saint's defeat, apparent to be true, but still a defeat. The Beast is in charge, because it defeated the saints whose power wasn't effective anymore.

How to endure this *God's silence* and this exposure to demons?

How to find a prayer in Dimitrij's soul, an élan of the Holy Spirit, after all of this? Holy Andrew was the first to go towards the Lord, he was the first to hug the one expected by all.

What's left of him today?

*There was no answer.*

Kneeling with arms open and looking towards Tabernacle, towards the Light – gave nothing specific, but...

Ivan understood.

He showed himself, as he is, once again to God, Jesus and Mary. Let it be God's will with him, in the unity of saints from East and West, and for Dimitrij's and *their* mission.

Ivan, compared to Dimitrij, has been going through probably the hardest temptation, which showed the difference in viewing from *above* and from *below*. He had vividly felt it in that transition phase, when he had left his home and went to the Theological school.

It would have been ideal if he was placed in God's presence, straight from his home, carried by the angels. But this transfer process contained hard and rough moments, which settled as he entered the nest of protected Theological school. After that you could start to observe everything from *above*, from the Eagle's eye. Although it is possible to observe the reality from the God's perspective, that still *doesn't make you a protagonist*, that is, a significant participant in the struggle for God's interest. It wasn't a coincidence that they talked about the monks from the Hill of Athos, who by finding their spiritual father, would find the God's plan for themselves.

Ivan's big temptation was already a need to reach through souls, to speak to them, to transfer his knowledge to them, cognitions and meditations or, in one word, to gain benefit of his new, theological school-social state. However, that was possible, in Dimitrij's area, which was *already clearing space* for spiritual expression, even for some sort of spiritual leadership. It was possible due to the fact that Dimitrije was literary active in wide geographical areas for decades. Therefore, with the strength of his charisma, he gathered a greater flock. Although he knew that he was surrounded with pastoral results, he was tempted to use them. He noticed, painfully, that priests have done it before in his friend's life. But, Ivan was astonished by the fact that in spite of all humiliations, slanders and even cheats, the number of souls gathered around that star hasn't declined.

"One needs to be able to define charisma, right?", he asked Dimitrij while walking down the bank of river Sava, when they talked about Ivo Mašina, torture of Croatian youth, and apostolic legacy among Eagles which need to fly again.

"Sure, because that is what spiritual people do" said Dimitrij.

"You feel cheated, because they imposed you authority, ignoring charisma", he asked him.

"Well, nothing similar could happen to Chiara Lubich when she accepted Giordano as a cofounder of the movement. She wasn't jealous, but fair", he replied.

"What are you going to do if Chiara doesn't show up, in your case", he asked.

"Nothing, I'll continue creating, even if I stay alone, all alone. In fact, it is about to happen", he answered.

"You believe that God is generous when people feel that there is something missing", he wanted to know.

"You see, people meet angels more and more and they give people what they need in order to reach the heaven", he replied.

He wanted to ask him if he knew which angel he was about to meet, but he didn't... A few years later, he would experience an amazing moment with a young man, whom he met at the exit of Theological school in Zagreb, after appearance of Sign in Medjugorje and Istanbul patriarch's murder in Jerusalem.

That young man quoted a paragraph from Bible to him:

"And divine angel rose, standing in front of camp and between camp of Egyptians and Palestinian people, so that they couldn't meet each other."

He added: “We know how sea split apart in that time and people of Israel were walking on dry land, while Egyptians were knocked down by the waves. This is the power of God’s protection in misery.”

Ivan was stunted by these words. Who is he? – He asked himself walking through the dark of Kaptol, realising that these words are spoke about a confrontation in Church.

“So,” he asked, “which one are God’s in this confrontation?”

“The ones that belong to real Israel”, young man answered, “because the Church is shelter for the depressed, forgiven, repressed, and the ones who have no one to take care of them. *Holy Church of the final times* turns its cheek and transforms into a sacrificial Lamb.”

Ivan’s heart was stabbed by a sword. He understood everything.

The young man continued:

“By order of God, I had struck one hundred eighty-five thousands of Assyrians in order to save real Israel, which God reckoned as his people. In addition, I used to descend into incandescent stove with three young men, in Nabukodonosor’s times.

Ivan was astonished and looked into his eyes carefully. An abnormal lightening came from him.

He continued: “I stand in under the mark of the great angel of contradiction, as an avenger of all prisoners and oppressed and I guide the God’s people to the right side of the Judge.”

“Have you been with our condemned General?” – Ivan asked.

“Yes. The right side is reserved for him.”

The last thing Ivan asked him before he faded away was:

“What’s your name?”

“*Pharim*” – he answered.

----

He felt great silence in his heart, like a deep pit, a cut surrounding things and events.

For the first time, that day he thought about *the stars*, first about those from the Revelation where the fall of two thirds of the stars was mentioned and about the stars Jesus talked about with Luisa Piccarete.

He fell in love at the first sight with Luisa Piccarret and the teaching about God’s will which she received from Jesus, and that love never abandoned him. “That’s what all is about” – he used to say.

He found out that Jesus taught Luisa that her soul is *the sky upon which she places stars*. There will be as many stars on the sky of soul as the acts of God’s will, which she fulfilled. If she performs one thousand of such acts, there will be one hundred stars.

You have to fill the sky of your soul with a multitude of stars, so it wouldn’t become inferior to the sky blazing over your horizon, over your heads.

Under this light, Ivan could see clearer, that multitude of falling stars in the Revelation: those were the inner betrayals of Jesus’ teaching about God’s will. Even the members of the church, those who are Christians on the outside, but inside working for the enemy, betrayed it. They haven’t had stars in the sky of their soul for ages. They live underground or using Luke’s and Dimitrij’s dictionary, they are within the levels of the reverse pyramid, whose peak is down there, on the ground.

But certain individuals were allowed to compensate for even such fall of the stars, in the great renegade from religion, which occurred in the hearts of many. Some individuals can have the sky of their soul sparkled with thousands of stars, in the same proportion in which they performed acts of God's will, if Jesus allows them. Indeed, an individual, a single man *could be an entire city, an entire kingdom*, Jesus told Luisa.

It fascinated him, and he gladly listened to the lectures about St. Augustine and his two cities, Jerusalem and Babylon, earthly and heavenly city. Things mix up, he commented for himself, because God allowed cockle to grow with wheat. All those whose stars have fallen down to the ground, deep in the ground, those who are still loyal to the Pyramid – still say that they belong to the Jerusalem, to the Church. But it is not so.

“Isn't this the deepest secret of ecumenism?” he asked Luke when they met again on the prayer community, in the chapel in the woods.

“Isn't the *Camp of the Holy*, which Dimitrij speaks a lot about, actually a gathering of stars sparkled in the sky of the selected souls of the last times, where *separation of the souls without the stars* is about to occur? And doesn't that *Camp of the Holy* spark like the Heavenly Jerusalem coming down to earth?”

“Well, that is certainly real.” - Luke answered. “It's an inner, spiritual ecumenism, which current Pope calls for. But current Pope spoke about that theology of the stars in the Jerusalem, when he was still a cardinal, at one Jewish convention, ten years ago.

“He spoke about the stars in that kind of manner?”

“Exactly, completely in that spirit. It was a Jewish Christian conference, and he gave a lecture about a star leading the Three Kings to the newborn King. Which would, according to the catechism of the Catholic Church, mean: *all nations follow the Star of David on the way to the unity in Christ*. Something like that.

Ivan, fascinated by this, became silent

“David's star. Jerusalem?” – He repeated.

“It's all about the Heavenly Jerusalem, about the stars on the sky of souls that belong to God, which have learned how to fulfil His Will.

“That would be it, as our current Pope spoke ten years ago.” – Luke said. “But, there were people with other opinions about Jerusalem, and maybe even about stars; take Cardinal Maestroani for example. It was like he was expressing a different vision of spiritual leadership, and concerning the Jews...”

“He didn't mention...the stars?” – asked Ivan in shock.

“I don't know because I have only read the text of the cardinal who is currently Pope.” – Luke answered.

Ivan thought about it.

“European Union Constitution referendum failed in France.” – He said looking at Denis and Ann.

“Yeah. It's a great victory!” – Denis concluded.

“And it was also the St. Joan of the Arc's day, can you imagine!” – Ivan added.

“Well, the sky is filled with stars!” Ivan said, smiling.

Ivan jumped off the seat in the chapel.

“You are right! You are right!” he shouted, shaken by his epiphany.

“The sky of souls is filled with stars and the Constitution can do nothing about it.” – He repeated. “Because the existing stars won't let it. They won't let... The pyramid to intrude.”

“But they will search for another way to, by fraud, install the police state.” – Luke warned him. “Besides, have you noticed that Catholic press still believes in that kind of Union, because they mention that mostly Muslims, numerous in Europe, and other groups, have voted against the Constitution.”

“Yea, numerous stars fall. But you said...to install by fraud. And...how will they do that?” – Ivan confusedly asked.

“Well, like in the previous police states, but more cunningly, because the prosecution of those who carry stars in their hearts will be more cunning, and on the other hand more forceful. *They will invent terrorists.*”

“Invent terrorists? But they have already invented them!”

“There will be more, until the people, driven mad, agree to fight along the unique global battlefield – against the terrorists. So, the Constitution may fall, but the Super-state will rise.” – Luke said.

Ivan remained silent for a few moments, and then he said:

“You mentioned the most cunning and...”

“...the most forceful...”

“...prosecution... of those who carry the sky with the stars in their souls.”

“Yes.”

“Nicely said. Very nice.” – Ivan concluded, deeply in his thoughts.

“So, the ones who have sparkled the sky of their souls with stars and not only for themselves and their salvation, but for the others... Are they prepared?”

“Of course. They are the ones whose faith is the deepest: the patriots, the priests with charisma and laymen. Soon, *they will be the most prosecuted.*” – Luke said.

“Because the antichrist is endangered by the stars in the sky?”

“Of course. The president of the Super-state wants all the *stars to fall down*, on the ground. That’s the whole point of the civilization and the culture of the Union.” – Luke explained.

“You see, have you read in *the Planet* that Tom’s father, The Contractor is in the Holy Land?” – He continued.

“Yes, now they claim that he is there!” – Denis, who always reads papers, responded immediately. “It’s a *secret service product*. And probably Jewish Mossad had fingers in it too.”

“It is obvious that in Israel, state leaders are the ones who are cooperating with...*them*. Besides they are Zionists. Tom’s father is their toy, he’s in their hands. But what’s important to emphasize at this moment is that a big scenario is being prepared...in Jerusalem.” – Luke continued

“Great star fall scenario?” – Denis asked.

“Luke you are brilliant. I have learnt more from you and Dimitrij then during my entire education in the Theological school. But, do you know what crossed my mind?” – Ivan added.

“What?”

“Dimitrij mentioned the stars in the night above the Trški vrh, before we started to pray the Rosary, while he was driving me in the car. He told me that they impressed him marvellously. Just like the night above a small city in the north of Croatia, in the hills, just like – those stars, and the lights of the cemetery under the Trški vrh.”

“That communion in Trški vrh was the first experience of prosecution for Dimitrij...in that sense.”

“What do you think? He’s going to be in Fanfar, at the patriarch of Istanbul.”

Ivan looked at them, and they nodded their heads, confirming that they have understood.

“The Two Witnesses. Right there, under the Trški vrh, he realized that the Two Witnesses are alive and that they are the carriers of stars on earth. And Dimitrij is going towards the Second Witness, just like, eight years ago; he walked with other two kings to the First Witness, carrying gold, frankincense, and myrrh, following the Star.”

Ivan became silent, looking at the distance, just like the other three.

“Fantastic!” – He then commented. “The building of the Heavenly Jerusalem.”

“Let’s say a prayer, so that the skies become completely filled with the stars!”

They kneeled and started a rosary to Divine mercy, invoking the saints from the East and West, all the Holy Popes, and all the Holy Istanbul patriarchs together with the Holy Three Kings.