

# RESURRECTION — AN AMERICAN JOURNEY

Book II in the Resurrection Trilogy

## PROLOGUE

By

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5:42 AM, July 19, 2012. Washington, DC. Nine days from now:

*What a fucking horror show, Leila Freyan thought. Is there something in the air here in DC that drives everyone insane?*

Sitting in the quiet of the empty office, Freyan sipped her coffee, trying to make sense of the events transpired in the last two weeks. The twenty-seven year old math genius, having risen throughout her life on the power of her own mind, felt a strange tension flooding her brain in cascading waves of emotions. Primal warnings from deep in her unconscious. The usual intensity of her sky-blue eyes returned as she refocused on the handwritten papers Kirk Danner had left her. She noted her hand began trembling again on contact with them.

She brushed back blond hair, slightly disheveled from her rush to the office at Kirk Danner's call, waking her at the Four Seasons Hotel. The joy and relief of hearing Danner's voice asking her to come had instantly vanished when she looked into his eyes.

Her brief meeting with Danner had broken upon her like a tidal wave, washing perceptions of the reality she thought she knew over her life. She'd detected from the first Danner was a keeper of secrets who moved in worlds beyond the world she knew. *But this!* she thought, looking at the handwritten pages on the legal pad, *This is ruthless insanity!* Freyan suddenly recalled Dave Hollis' favorite saying, "Between heaven and hell, there are worlds, unimaginable."

Something was happening. Freyan knew it as fact without facts to prove it. The events of the last two weeks had left her mind clouded. And now, Danner had become – *What?* she thought. He had discussed his plan with his usual calm but, *What he had said?!* The most frightening aspect was that he appeared so rational, so clear. *But the look in his eyes* she recalled. Eyes without constraint. *Relentless.* Had his collapse and coma induced a psychosis? Has he become insane? She picked up the stack of papers Danner had left her. What the hell is he planning? Why? Could he be trusted with this much power? Could anyone?

As she turned the last page over on her desk, she was startled to find another page of writing, carefully printed. Across the top Danner had written boldly:

*Leila,  
Our accidental empire started in 1945. Eisenhower warned us in 1960.  
Our brothers have been killed. Seventy years is nigh at hand!  
Burn the myths. I don't ask you to trust me.  
I ask only that you trust yourself.*

She continued reading, eyes widening in astonishment:

*Farewell Address to the Nation*  
President Dwight D. Eisenhower  
January 17, 1961:

“Three days from now, after a half century of service to our country, I shall lay down the responsibilities of office as, in traditional and solemn ceremony, the authority of the Presidency is vested in my successor.

This evening I come to you with a message of leave taking and farewell, and to share a few final thoughts with you, my countrymen. Like every other citizen, I wish the new President, and all who will labor with him, Godspeed. I pray that the coming years will be blessed with peace and prosperity for all.

Our people expect their President and the Congress to find essential agreement on questions of great moment, the wise resolution of which will better shape the future of the nation.

My own relations with Congress, which began on a remote and tenuous basis when, long ago, a member of the Senate appointed me to West Point, have since ranged to the intimate during war and immediate post-war period, and finally to the mutually interdependent during these past years.

In this final relationship, the Congress and the Administration have, on the most vital issues, cooperated well, to serve the nation well rather than in mere partisanship, and so have assured that the business of the nation should go forward. So my official relationship with Congress ends in a feeling on my part, of gratitude that we have been able to do so much together.

We now stand ten years past the midpoint of a century that has witnessed four major wars among great nations. Three of these involved our own country. Despite these holocausts, America is today the strongest, the most influential and most productive nation in the world. Understandably proud of this pre-eminence, we realize that America’s leadership and prestige depend, not merely upon unmatched material progress, riches and military strength, but on how we use our power in the interests of world peace and human betterment. Throughout America’s adventure in free government, such basic purposes have been to keep the peace; to foster progress in human achievement, and to enhance liberty, dignity and integrity among peoples and among nations.

To strive for less would be unworthy of a free and religious people. Any failure traceable to arrogance or our lack of comprehension or readiness to sacrifice would inflict upon us a grievous hurt, at home and abroad.

Progress toward these noble goals is persistently threatened by the conflict now engulfing the world. It commands our whole attention, absorbs our very beings. We face a hostile

ideology global in scope, atheistic in character, ruthless in purpose, and insidious in method. Unhappily the danger it poses promises to be of indefinite duration. To meet it successfully, there is called for, not so much the emotional and transitory sacrifices of crisis, but rather those which enable us to carry forward steadily, surely, and without complaint the burdens of a prolonged and complex struggle – with liberty at stake. Only thus shall we remain, despite every provocation, upon our chartered course toward permanent peace and human betterment.

Crises there will continue to be. In meeting them, whether foreign or domestic, great or small, there is a recurring temptation to feel that some spectacular and costly action could become the miraculous solution to all current difficulties. A huge increase in the newer elements of our defense; development of unrealistic programs to cure every ill in agriculture; a dramatic expansion in basic and applied research – these and many other possibilities, each possibly promising in itself, may be suggested as the only way to the road we wish to travel.

But each proposal must be weighed in light of a broader consideration; the need to maintain balance in and among national programs – balance between the clearly necessary and the comfortably desirable; balance between our essential requirements as a nation, and the duties imposed by the nation upon the individual; balance between the actions of the moment and the national welfare of the future. Good judgment seeks balance and progress; lack of it eventually finds imbalance and frustration. The record of many decades stands as proof that our people and their Government have, in the main, understood these truths and have responded to them well in the face of threat and stress.

But threats, new in kind or degree, constantly arise. Of these, I mention two only.

A vital element in keeping the peace is our military establishment. Our arms must be mighty, ready for instant action, so that no potential aggressor may be tempted to risk his own destruction.

Our military organization today bears little relation to that known by any of my predecessors in peacetime, or indeed by the fighting men of World War II or Korea.

Until the latest of our world conflicts, the United States had no armaments industry. American makers of plowshares could, with time and as required, make swords as well. But now we can no longer risk emergency improvisation of national defense;

We have been compelled to create a permanent armaments industry of vast proportions.

Added to this, three and a half million men and women are directly engaged in the defense establishment. We annually spend on military security more than the net income of all United States corporations.

This conjunction of an immense military establishment and a large arms industry is new in the American experience. The total influence – economic, political, even spiritual – is

felt in every city, every Statehouse, every office of the Federal government. We recognize the imperative need for this development. Yet we must not fail to comprehend its grave implications. Our toil, resources and livelihood are all involved; so is the very structure of our society.

In the councils of government, we must guard against the acquisition of unwarranted influence, whether sought or unsought, by the Military Industrial Complex. The potential for the disastrous rise of misplaced power exists and will persist.

We must never let the weight of this combination endanger our liberties or democratic process. We should take nothing for granted. Only an alert and knowledgeable citizenry can compel the proper meshing of the huge industrial and military machinery of defense with our peaceful methods and goals, so that security and liberty may prosper together.

Akin to, and largely responsible for the sweeping changes in our industrial military posture, has been the technological revolution during the recent decades.

In this revolution, research has become central, it also has become more formalized, complex, and costly. A steadily increasing share is conducted for, by, or at the direction of the Federal government. Today the solitary inventor, tinkering in his shop, has been overshadowed by the task forces of scientists in laboratories and testing fields.

In the same fashion the free university, historically the fountainhead of free ideas and scientific discovery, has experienced a revolution in the conduct of research. Partly because of the huge costs involved, a government contract becomes virtually a substitute for intellectual curiosity.

For every old blackboard there are now hundreds of new electronic computers. The prospect of domination of the nation's scholars, by Federal employment, project allocations, and the power of money is ever present – and is gravely to be regarded.

We must also be alert to the equal and opposite danger that public policy could itself become captive of a scientific-technological elite.

It is the task of statesmanship to mold, to balance and to integrate these and other forces, new and old, within the principals of our democratic system – ever aiming toward the supreme goals of our free society.

Another factor in maintaining balances involves the element of time. As we peer into society's future, we – you and I, and our government – must avoid the impulse to live only for today, plundering for our own ease and convenience, the precious resources of tomorrow. We cannot mortgage the material assets of our grandchildren without risking the loss also of their political and spiritual heritage. We want democracy to survive for all generations to come, not become the insolvent phantom of tomorrow.

Down the long lane of the history yet to be written, America knows that this world of ours, ever growing smaller, must avoid becoming a community of dreadful fear and hate, and be, instead, a proud confederation of mutual trust and respect. Such a confederation must be one of equals. The weakest must come to the conference table with the same confidence as do we, protected as we are by our moral, economic, and military strength. That table, though scarred by many past frustrations, cannot be abandoned for the certain agony of the battlefield.

Disarmament, with mutual honor and confidence, is a continuing imperative. Together we must learn how to compose differences, not with arms, but with intellect and decent purpose. Because this need is so sharp and apparent I confess that I lay down my official responsibilities in this field with a definite sense of disappointment. As one who has witnessed the horror and the lingering sadness of war – as one who knows that another war could utterly destroy this civilization which has been so slowly and painfully built over the thousands of years – I wish I could say tonight a lasting peace is in sight.

Happily, I can say that war has been avoided. Steady progress toward our ultimate goal has been made. But so much remains to be done. As a private citizen, I shall never cease to do what little I can to help the world advance along this road.

To all the peoples of the world, I once more give expression to America's prayerful and continuing aspiration: We pray that the peoples of all faiths, all races, all nations, may have their greatest human needs satisfied;

That those who have freedom will understand, also, its heavy responsibilities. ...

Now on Friday noon, I am to become a private citizen. I am proud to do so. I look forward to it. Thank you and good night."

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Freyan put down the paper. *Kirk may be insane, but he's right! It's MY generation's time to cast off the ghosts of the past! It has to be us*, she thought.

"It's our time now!" Freyan suddenly exclaimed.

"What was that, Leila?"

The question startled Freyan looking up to find Vanessa, the Hollis Company's managing director, standing at the door, smiling.

"Oh...I didn't hear you come in Vanessa. I...uh...was just thinking out loud," Freyan, embarrassed, stammered. Never having seen Freyan flustered, Vanessa's smile only widened as she walked in and looked at Danner's handwritten recital of President Eisenhower's farewell address.

“Kirk left this for me before he left. It’s...” Freyan began, before Vanessa, with a quick scan, quietly cut-in.

“Yes, dear. I know what it is.”

“Have you ever read it? It’s really amazing. Eisenhower saw it all happening fifty years ago. He warned us all where our nation was heading,” Freyan continued.

“I watched the President give that farewell address on TV,” Vanessa, the smooth skinned, ‘seventyish’, deep-hued black woman replied with a subtle laugh. “It was a turning point in my life. An eloquent warning in a far more innocent time. A time when Presidents were leaders instead of the best politicians of the day. I decided right then to enter government service.”

Vanessa’s compassion and calm authority bored into Freyan’s defenses, releasing her from her hesitancy. “Vanessa,” Freyan suddenly asked, “Do you trust, Kirk?”

“Yes, Leila, I do,” Vanessa replied knowingly. “But that really isn’t your question is it?” Seeing Freyan was still struggling with her ego’s defenses, she continued.

“What you really want to know is if *you* trust him.”

“I’m...yes...you’re right. I’m unsure if...if I do.”

“No you’re not, child,” Vanessa replied, gently cupping Freyan’s cheek. “Follow your heart. You already know the answer.”

Vanessa gently kissed Freyan’s forehead, and silently glided from the room.