

**AMAS**

**THE LAST PROPHET**

**(OF THE WESTERN WORLD)**

## AT THE COVER



This book handles with two extremes: the total destruction for The Western World, because they left their roots of Christianity and went back to the Pagan Hedonism; and the only salvation to this ordeal; to bring water to the people in the desserts of this Planet; to let the desserts and those people flourishing. To reach this goal, the Western-World, together with The-Middle-East, have to build Solar-Desalination-Plants, for free, on the beaches, all over the Globe...

The cover illustrated this message; an artificial spring; (called the jellyfish); of freshwater, pumped up in the “dry-dessert-dunes” at the coast of Holland; pre-cleaned from a lake 40 miles away, to sink in the “dry-dessert-dunes” of the North see for further natural cleaning; and after a last cleaning ready for use to the population.

So that’s the message of AMAS; THE LAST PROPHET; (of the Western-World); sitting in a humble position at the scene, with the cross of Jesus on his shoulder; it’s a humble but unconditional request to the prosperous countries; as a penance for their sins..... ; and to survive the destructive ordeal.....

# VOCATION



**SPRING 1960; AGE 7-8 YEARS; 200m FROM HOME**

*Walking westwards to the basic school, on a bright and sunny spring morning;  
Birds are singing, insects, daffodils and butterflies zooming all around;  
Fish are splashing, frogs jumping; gently one hand caressing the flourishing grasses;  
Reaching a point where farmer-house, fishers-home and mansion stand gently together;  
The total sight is overwhelming, the scene serene peaceful and beautiful;  
Then a thought suggest the total opposite: **-IF EVEN NOTHING NOT WAS-**;  
The mind and body come to a hold, captured in this momentum;  
The thought is too much to handle, too transcend for a schoolboy;  
Then the body and mind slowly turns a semicircle to the southeast;  
Where the Morningstar is sparkling;  
And THE-CREATOR gives comfort; so the path can by continued.*

# FIRST ANGEL-ENCOUNTER



**SPRING 1961; AGE 8-9 YEARS; 600m FROM HOME**

Again on the way to school, but now one year later, and further from home; and this time not alone, but walking with brothers and sisters; and reaching a point where a long and small and instable wooden bridge had to pass over. Some acquaintances from our Parish were busy with construction works nearby. When they saw us coming, they came to the path to greet us. The next moment it was a total Papist meeting. Next to the acquaintances stood a more dignified person; who seems to participated in the conversation; but what came out of his mouth was an unarticulated murmur; but on the tones of this murmur the whole body was filled whit a nice warmth; so immediately I knew that this person was an Angel. (Luke 24:32. And they said one to another, did not our hart burn within us, while He talked with us by the way, and while He opened us the scriptures?)



**SCHOOL-IMAGE FOR SIMILAR SCENES AT SMALL BRIDGES...**

## SECOND ANGEL-ENCOUNTER



**SPRING 1962, AGE 9-10 YEARS, 800 m. FROM HOME**

Still on the way to school, again one year later, and now almost at school; but this time with a neighbour-boy, he was a Protestant and a few years older. And he came with “red ear” information... Anyway, we went dawdle, and when I once looked up, I saw nobody on the street, so I notice we were already late. At the same moment I saw the same Angel like one year ago in the complete same outfit: A middle-aged man, with a light yellow raincoat, grey pants, and on the head a sportive hat. But what I did most catch were his shoes: I recognized those shoes as the same shoes our family doctor had on; handmade shoes of high quality, only wear by the notables. Anyway, we had to hurry, **so I warned the others**; and we made it on time to school.....

**QUOTE: SO I WARNED THE OTHERS=VOCATION IMPULSE**