

Preparations for the Journey (the full intro)

The winds of change blew strongly, though only a gentle breeze kissed my cheek, while stepping out the door of my fiancé's place on my way to the club. The start of a typical day in the life of the 'renown' Personal Trainer, Fitness Director, Body Builder, Bouncer, Todd E. Zevotek, CPT. The chrome polished header pipes of my Aurora white sports car made that familiar sound of horse power as I revved up, and peeled off to work.

I wondered to myself, *'How could I do it? How could anyone, miss such pleasure especially in the spring morning of a new day?'* Didn't give it any attention I suppose, like the people traveling beside me on the interstate. Was there someone in the car beside me or was she just another 'drone' caught up in her routine like the rest of us? If someone at work asked me what I thought of the sky on any given morning what would I say? On the other hand, who do I know that cares enough to even ask the question? Enough internal ramblings, back to 'real' life.

After parking and putting on the proverbial mask, I hit the button to close the moon roof and left for the office. Excitedly, I closed up my morning business and made arrangements for my absence... Soon I'd be with my girl again. I smiled at the thought, on my way to pick up Tracey Renee, my fiancée, friend, lover, and companion. We were headed for a trip south in search of a future home and good business environment in the Carolinas. Our trip would then continue to Disney World in Orlando for vacation.

Always a push to be somebody. Sometimes climbing, sometimes falling, turning, pressing, retreating, praying, I had to learn the game . . . I had to be somebody? So I grew and learned the ways of worldly success. My focus was on getting to the top, and the sooner the better. "Life doesn't begin until you've "got it goin' on," so I learned from the media, news, radio, television - 'in the streets'. "You have to be something in this world ! If you want to be happy, you need this or that, him or her." What a lie. Illusions! I was chasing, searching, grasping for the wind. Somewhere in this reflection on my search to be somebody a still small voice said, *"The only condition for happiness is a choice."* Where did that come from?

Pushing that voice aside, I focused on getting ahead. I was good at it too. I knew how to read people. This was a fun ability to have, however, I used it foolishly to become 'a player'. Weaving into my style all that I'd learned from the school of this Life and from college, I got a training position at the southern tier's finest health club. Working my way

up the ladder, I also continued to apply my talents to my own training and began bodybuilding competition. This resulted in more attention. I had the taste of success in my mouth now, there was no turning back. On my way, sure to become the most successful man of my age, I enjoyed the attention, prosperity and esteem of many titles. I wore the management mask, the body beautiful, the playboy, I was 'the man'. I was living large, thinking to myself, '*I've got it going on*'.

Then I began to wake up and ask questions. Was I a god dreaming to be a man or a man dreaming to be a god? What I didn't know was that the Creator had delivered His first mighty blow to wake me up from the Illusions of a false life. She was soft and dangerously cute with a southwestern savvy, ringing in her voice that aroused my flirtations. Our first encounter began with a play on words at the dressing room door while my current girlfriend wandered the store, searching for another pair of Cavachi's for me to try on. Wondering if this playful little lady was pursuing commission or conversation, I proceeded with caution. I left Silverman's that day knowing we had unfinished business and my search for love continued. Though I'd had a lot of lovin' with some beautiful women and once or twice the 'seas roared and the mountains'. . . well . . . I wondered to myself, was this Love?

A week after our first encounter, I bumped into another 'otter', splashing around and playing in the night. We had a familiar attraction but she was with someone else. Anyhow, the unseen forces prevailed and we shared smiles. It was m'lady from Silverman's, the transcendental wind from Houston, Texas. Caught up in longing glances and pure attraction, we stayed charmed in a rose aura until nothing remained but us alone. Our friends had long since vanished, so Tracey Renee accompanied me downtown searching for the boys and my ride home. We failed to find them. . bummer dude - Not ! Soon we were dancing at the L.I.E., on the stage. We were 'gettin' down' and had just wafted apart and were drawing back together when, the music changed. Our eyes locked intensely but with softness, our noses touched and as the dance floor enviously stilled, we kissed. Unity. After we drove home we held each other in her car as The First Time played on the stereo. Refusing to let go, she asked me to wait on this song and we embraced, a harbinger of awakenings to come.

Apart from Tracey Renee, I felt incomplete, half dressed and she felt the same about me. I now know the drawing we felt was to motivate our search for each other but also to connect me to God through her spirit which was so full of Him. Wholeness. For the first time I felt whole. The Creator certainly had His hand in this, as I'm sure Tracey well knew. Though Tracey Renee was a gate for me, I would still need to come to my own relationship with the Creator, in order to maintain the wholeness I had tasted. Tracey Renee was a precious gift from Him to help awaken me to receive the fruit of the love we shared as a foretaste of His love. At the time I was too dazzled to notice or care about the details. I just knew this love was **real!**

She worked on the opposite side of the corporate park from my office. Many days would find us stealing away from our daily tasks to be with each other. The melody of the first Time would play in my soul for the rest of my life. It was a love too deep for words but was it strong enough to break me out of a life of illusions? Little did I know how urgent it was to wake up completely and soon. My eternal existence was at stake and the spirits of the unseen world warred as the battle intensified for my soul, my very life!

The force of the familiar scene began pulling relentlessly at me as I worked at Scandal's Night Club, . I wasn't interested in anything significant, but the constant sexual suggestions sent my way did pose considerable distraction. The Triple Cities were not enough anymore and I looked to set up a business down south. Tracey and I were engaged to be married and the ring I had given her was taken to the Jeweler to be sized. Then, the storms came. . .

Tracey and I were to have met for another outing together. I waited for her in the parking lot of the church on the corner of Route 17 and North Road, but we missed each other. The rain battered relentlessly down in the wind, while I left to search for her and she searched desperately for me. Hours later, doubling back, we crossed into the church lot again. We leapt from our cars frantically plunging into each others arms, *"I thought I lost you!"* I cried. As the tension and emotion of my face began to relax, I saw through the tears to terror in the prophetic stare of her fiery green eyes! *"Give me the ticket for my ring Todd,"* she asserted. *"Don't worry sweetheart, it will be ready tomorrow. I want nothing more than to have it on your finger forever."* I replied, trying to reassure her. Tracey persisted, *"No Todd; you don't See! You don't SEE - Please !"*

A sick sense of tragedy settled over me. Was I sensing, could it be that this place had deeper meaning for us, for me? I didn't know but Tracey, she knew!

(quotes):

The once dull white walls, transformed, reflecting a Messianic like aura that flooded into the room . . . and Todd opened his eyes! In his eyes was a gaze of firelight. His face glowed with a transcendent presence. And Mary's thoughts immediately went to scripture, "and he knew not that his face shone as he descended from the mountain of the Lord."

Just then, the voice thundered! "*Todd! Todd!*" I was sure the house shook, that everyone inside was now awake. How could anyone sleep through this?! My thoughts raced, 'Surely others in the house would search for the source of the explosion. Was this a sign, a premonition, is everything OK back home?' I proceeded to look around the house, wondering why everyone wasn't up and in the street after such an explosion. I quietly searched the house and then called home. Everything was fine in New York. My Aunt, whom I was staying with woke up and got her Bible. "Did you hear it Diane?" I asked. "No." she replied. "Did you call me? I was sleeping . . ." and I proceeded to tell her about the voice I had heard. She gasped and said, "Todd ! God spoke to the Prophet Samuel like this too, look..." and she opened her Bible to 1Samuel 3: 3 – 12.

...wanted me to follow Him, The Way. He told me that He will do something in my day, that I would not believe, though it were told me.

Then he told me, "Write all these things that will happen, as a Herald for all to see... " I was too excited to sleep and asked the Lord to guide me in scripture. We read together in Habakkuk. . ."And the Lord answered me and said,

write the vision and make it plain on tablets, that he may run who reads it. For the vision is yet for an appointed time. . . though it tarries, wait for it." (Habakkuk 2:2-3).

. Soon into the session, I sensed there was an emotional source to this problem which I gently questioned. There was apparently an issue at home troubling her. I began to search her hips and pelvis for abnormality as this area usually manifests problems of basic issues: home, basic needs, intimate relationships etc. With the tissue, resisting my efforts, I began to consider the situation - just then I heard the voice again, "*Let go.*" My hands lay weightlessly, ethereally on Mrs. Sumter. My hands moved on their own, guided by His presence. They moved!

I knew it! I leapt with joy! I knew this empowerment that Jesus talked about wasn't just for ancient day believers. It is for all Spirit filled Believers! At that very moment I believed this empowerment was for me. No doubt, nor the doctrines of men could steal the truth from me. The Counselor reminded me that "Jesus is the same yesterday, today and forever." (Hebrews 13:8)

She began to shudder and wiggle, asking "What is that? What are you doing?"
Surprised, I asked, "What do you mean?" Instantly, she replied, "The heat, that burning."
..

Later she told me what had startled her was a vision that she was having as I prayed

During the dawn of another cold November day, my Anointing would be challenged . . .

I am awakened by a mighty presence entering my bedroom. I look up, out of my bed, to discern a being of light looking peacefully down at me, towering over me - so large that only his upper body could fit in my field of vision. Yes it was an angel, but a special kind. It was a fiery angel, with a head surrounded by tongues like fire, of different color, resembling a pin wheel. 'He wishes to share something with me'...