



March 2009

“From a Train in Italy”

12th Month 6008

Dear Torah Fans,

**I am in Italy.** I have been praying about this excursion for weeks. My course was set in motion exactly two years ago when the Israel Customs Department informed me that my 10-year-old car was too old to register in the land and would have to be deported. This week was my absolute deadline. There is a certain Divine timing and expectation woven into this trip. Yet, making even the most basic plans has been out of my control. For the two days preceding my departure I was running a high fever and could not even think clearly. The two weeks before were consumed with details surrounding the armed assault and robbery that occurred at our home in the Galilee.

When I left for Italy, I had nothing under control. With my stolen computers and recording equipment deep inside Arab-occupied Israel, the only weapon in my spiritual arsenal is a PVC pipe stuffed with over 13 feet of professionally printed mathematical proof charts that precisely document the final three layers of Daniel’s *seventy shavuim* prophecy. Before this foray into Europe I was compelled to pray that I would be given **Divine direction** so clear that I could not inadvertently foul up His Heavenly plan – or that I would be given absolutely **no choice** in the matter and thereby would not circumvent it through ignorance. I have been led by the Spirit both ways many times, and neither way is particularly easy. One way, I have a tendency to second-guess the “still small voice” of revelation; the other way, I tenaciously fight against Heaven until I finally recognize that it is not the devil who is withstanding me.

Arriving in Milan yesterday, I travelled by train to the port of Monfalcone to pick up my car, only to find that the ship had been rescheduled to arrive three days later. I had no choice. I decided to get on a train to Venice and roll out my charts on the old city streets for a few days of impromptu teaching to English-speaking wayfarers. (My last attempt at this same activity in the Old City of Jerusalem had landed me in the pokey for five hours until the head rabbi tired of ranting to the police captain went home.) After an hour on the Venetian train, my Israel cell phone rang. An Italian family from Argentina (who studies our Spanish materials) had moved to Milan several years ago. They were calling to discuss translating the materials into Italian to reach out to their extended family. They asked if I would visit them in Milan and teach their family about “**The Mikveh.**”

At that moment the train began slowing down to the **only** transfer station on the entire route. I had exactly one minute to make a decision as to whether to continue on to Venice or get off the train and transfer to one going in the opposite direction. I had to think fast. **Sightseeing** was not a consideration – I want to **see sight** restored to the blind eyes of the lost sheep of the house of Israel. I want to **see** Heaven’s intervention into the mundane, which will make it impossible to tolerate the wasting of one more day of my depleting life span. What stirred in my mind in those few deciding seconds? What did the angels do when visiting Sodom? Stay in the infested streets – or go to Lot’s home where they were invited? Yahshua didn’t tell his disciples to go door-to-door; he said, “And into whatsoever city or town ye shall enter, enquire who in it is worthy; and there abide till ye go thence.” I prayed, “Stop me if I am missing Your plan!” I grabbed my gear and headed for the door as the train came to a stop. The ticket agent said that the next train to Milan was due in six minutes. It would take five minutes to get to the platform. Perfect.

My contacts met me at the magnificent Milano Centrale Railway Station, and we began to get acquainted. In moments I perceived that English was not going to be much help, and my command of Italian is much worse than my occasional recognition of Spanish. Learning that these two men were of Italian descent but had grown up in Argentina, I attempted to find common ground upon which to build a relationship. I gesticulated with my hands in true Italian fashion toward the peak of the monstrous railway station edifice and said, “I know **one** person in Argentina. I went to college with Ricardo Caballero, and we became good friends. His father was the Presidente of the Argentine Railway System.” Carlos replied, “You know Ricardo Caballero? My sister worked for Ricardo Caballero!!” He paused and glanced downward, “The Way International – si?” I was stunned. I knew just one person in a nation of tens of millions, and a twisted cult linked a chain that stretched over 35 years and two continents. It was an uneasy moment until he looked me in the eye and queried, “**Weirwille was loco – si?**” (referring to the leader of “The Way”). With a sigh of relief, I responded, “**Mucho grande loco!**” We both laughed in a way that only delivered former cult members could begin to appreciate. (Those who have not heard my two-hour testimony of deliverance from the cult “The Way International” will surely appreciate the emotional roller coaster video: **Michael Rood Exposed – Confessions of a Cult Leader**, now on DVD.)


Time prohibits immediate detail of the ensuing exploits in Italy, but they will be forthcoming in my personal video diary of events which are still transpiring. This is a Divine appointment that I could have easily messed up if I had decided to visit the pope in Rome.

Next week I meet with believers in Germany who want to translate our materials into German. These same saints labored in Mongolia for 20 years to translate the Scriptures. Seven hundred years ago, Kublai Khan asked Marco Polo to have teachers of the Gospel sent back to Mongolia. The two that Rome sent died walking in the mountain passes towards Mongolia and never reached the nation that later turned to Buddhism. ***I want to answer Khan's plea for a teacher*** – I feel completely qualified to teach the true, leaven-free Gospel. By mid-March I will be in South Africa where we will begin manufacturing all our materials to get to the rest of the “Dark Continent.” This summer I want to return to South America to restore the ministry's Spanish work; and I hope to return to Iceland, where our programs are broadcast via satellite all over Europe. I want to shake up sleeping England with ***The Jonah Code***. I need to feed India, where dozens of Messianic congregations are springing up all over the former British colony and contacting our office asking for our teaching support. I want to torch-up some brimstone down under in Australia. I want to visit you in America in May to unveil the final charts of the ***Jonah Code Seminar*** that detail the three prophetic layers of Daniel's ***seventy shavuim*** prophecy – including the Divine restoration of the ***shmittah*** and Jubilee cycles, which provide the final proof of the upcoming economic and thermonuclear disasters that will usher in the most exciting race to the finish line.

I have to pinch myself on a daily basis – could it really be true that we are on the threshold of the time that “those who know their Elohim will do exploits”? Are we really approaching the “latter rain” when we will see the double portion of the Spirit poured out upon the righteous servants of Messiah “who keep the commandments of Yahweh and have the testimony of Yahshua Messiah”? The trauma experienced by those who are under the messianically-prophesied delusion of a secret pre-tribulation rapture (Greek: *tameion apocalupsis*) will cause them to lash out like tortured scorpions when the brimstone hits the fan. These system-deluded individuals will eventually come to their spiritual senses if they are truly called to the Kingdom. No matter what happens – keep the faith. No one is getting out of here until the last trumpet sounds – and the earliest date for that to occur is Tishri 1 in the fall of 2017. No one gets out of here until the last trump – period.

Now, I need serious help. Will you stand with me in this adventure? I need \$230,000 *yesterday* – and that is NOT to buy a new car. I urgently need resources for translations into Russian, German, Italian, and to finish the Spanish project from which others have fallen away. That means paychecks, computers, and specialized gear. I have *done much with very little* according to the standards of both the broadcast and religious world. Now, I need *a lot to do much, much more*. Is there anyone who can spare a million dollars ***now*** if it is all going to go up in smoke over the next eight and a half years? Imagine what we could do with five million dollars – that is less than one month's budget for Benny Hinn! We could change the world. That is what I am planning to do anyway – whether I have the money to do so or not. I need transportation around the world and back to meet with you in America. We need Spanish, Russian, German, and Italian sites that mirror our English site. I need your help now. ***If you do not believe in the seriousness of our ministry or our goals to teach the leaven-free Torah and the Gospel of the Kingdom purged from papal bull, then please check out of our mailing lists and go find a comfy church pew in which to fall asleep. I am in a fight, and I need ammo now. I am a dead shot. Keep your head down if you must, but please hand me another clip of ammo and I will send you a video of the enemy carnage as I head down range.***

Running and gunning until the smoke clears,



Michaelé Roodò

P.S. I can now honestly report that “all things” are working out for good and two of the violent robbers are going to be out of commission for years to come. I am posting a video update on the ***Aviv Moon Network*** ([www.AvivMoonNetwork.com](http://www.AvivMoonNetwork.com)) on my personal page. If you keep the Sabbath and the Feasts of Yahweh according to the Creator's calendar, you are welcome to join the network and connect with other believers around the world. (After years of loneliness, one family met their likewise isolated ***next-door-neighbors*** on the network.) I am shooting a ***video journal*** of this spiritual adventure into Europe. If you would like to join me in the festivities in the comfort and safety of your own home, please write for “***Shaul's Fourth Missionary Voyage – Without Shaul***” as I clarify his letters to the churchianically confused descendants of Shaul's first three missionary voyages as they battle their way out of Constantinian paganism to follow the true Messiah.



**To Request the DVD**  
**“When the Brimstone Hits the Fan”**

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