

The Restrainer – You Can't Lie If You Can't Breathe

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Copyright

“The Restrainer – You Can’t Lie if You Can’t Breathe”

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Bible Scriptures in this book are from the King James Version.

Chapter 1 – Tantrum at the Ticket Counter

Jerry Warden was a successful defense attorney in Carmel Indiana. He was expected to make partner at his law firm in the next six months. He had been divorced for six years and had a 19-year-old son named Frank. Frank flunked out of college and lived with Jerry. Frank had no ambition, but his computer skills were off the charts. Jerry was disappointed in his son's lack of ambition but thought a trip to Alaska might draw them closer together. He and Frank were going to fly from Indianapolis to Seattle and onto Anchorage. They were going to drive from Anchorage and to Homer and Seward. They hoped to see moose and grizzly bears along the drive and take a whale watching tour in Seward.

When it was time to board the plane, they announced that the flight to Seattle was delayed due to a storm in the Rocky Mountains. Jerry was a member of the Platinum Club and was used to being treated like royalty. Jerry went to the ticket counter and asked if

they could get a flight to Vancouver and fly to Anchorage. The girl at the ticket counter said that all flights over the Rocky Mountains were delayed. Jerry said he wanted 50,000 frequent flyer miles in exchange for his inconvenience. She offered him a free rental car, but he replied "That's not good enough! Let me speak to your supervisor."

"He is with another customer; he will come here as soon as possible."

Jerry shook his head, "We've been waiting for 45 minutes. I make 1000 dollars per hour at my law firm. Let me have 100,000 frequent flyer miles and we will call it even."

"Sir, I don't have the authority to do that. My manager is on his way. I've only been here two months. I am still being trained."

"What is your name?" asked Jerry.

"Cheryl," she replied.

“Well, Cheryl, if you don’t have the authority to make accommodations for Platinum Club members, then you shouldn’t be behind the counter. Maybe you should go back to your trailer park and look for a job as a waitress at Waffle House!”

“I’m so sorry,” cried Cheryl. “I am learning. I had to put my mom in hospice and put my dog to sleep.”

Jerry shook his head and looked at her in disbelief, “What does that have to do with us missing our flight?”

Cheryl started crying and ran away.

The crowd was in shock. The guy behind Jerry asked what his problem was. Jerry replied, “Stay in your lane, Bro.”

“I’m not your Bro,” replied the man. “How about we step outside. I will teach you how to treat people with respect.”

Jerry was about to make a snide comment, when he began to choke. His trachea closed and he was unable to breathe. Jerry

collapsed to his knees and passed out. The last words Jerry heard were “Somebody call 911! This man is having a heart attack!”

When Jerry's eyes opened, he was in a black room. He lay naked on a cold metal table. A spotlight came on. He could see for three feet around his body. Beyond that, it was pitch black in this cold room. Jerry heard the echo of footsteps. A man appeared out of the darkness smoking a cigarette. He could not see his face.

“Hello Jerry,” said the figure. “I am known as the Restrainer. I've been trying to contact you for years, but you were always too busy. Sorry I had to do this, but it was the only way I could get your attention. There are two reasons I need to contact you today. The first reason is your attitude. You are too arrogant.

I prefer people to be humble. The way you made Cheryl feel made me angry. Your arrogance has to stop. The Bible says to not think high of yourself than you ought. That's been your problem for your whole life. You cheated on your wife, Janelle. You never spent

time with Frank. There is more to being a husband and father than paying the mortgage. If Frank had a better relationship with you, he would have had more self-confidence and would not have flunked out of college. Also, the girl you berated at the airport does live in it trailer park. It's all she can afford. In the last two months, she just had to put her mom in hospice and to put her 14-year-old dog to sleep. You weren't being treated like the King of England, so you tore her life down even more. It's time you started considering the lives of other people, Jerry. Remember, you may not run out of money, but you will run out of time."

Jerry gasped for breath and was able to speak. "You are right. I am wrong. I apologize. Please forgive me. Please don't kill me!"

The Restrainer nodded his head. "Good. Now, here is the second reason I contacted you today. The end of the world is coming. Bad things are happening. I want you and Frank to help me. You

thought a trip to Alaska would heal your relationship. However, the mission I have for you two will make you closer than ever before. I will give you more details when the time is right. Your body just arrived at the hospital. You have no brain damage because I only stopped your oxygen for 90 seconds. When you wake up, Janelle and Frank will be crying at your hospital bed. I'm giving you one more chance to make things right with Janelle and Frank. Don't blow it. Apologize to your family and pray they forgive you.”

The spotlight went off. Jerry heard the footsteps of the Restrainer as he left the room. Jerry opened his eyes, and he was in a hospital bed with Frank and Janelle by his side.

“Dad?” said Frank. “It’s me, Frank. Mom is here too. Do you know where you are?”

Jerry grabbed both of their hands and hyperventilated, “Oh my gosh! I am so sorry for the way I treated you! I was so selfish. I treated you both like dirt. My sins are my fault. Frank, I am sorry

for being a bad father. Janelle, I cheated on you. You are everything I ever dreamed of and prayed for. I threw it all away."

Jerry wept bitterly as he held both of their hands.

The nurse came in and gave Jerry a sedative to make him sleep. "Jerry will be fine, but we need to keep him overnight for observations. You can come back tomorrow during visiting hours."

Frank and Janelle left the room. Just before Jerry fell asleep, he called out to the nurse, "Nurse, if you see the Restrainer, tell him I am ready to listen."

The nurse figured he was loopy because of the trauma and medication. She smiled and walked away.

Chapter 2 – A Painful Discussion at Spencer’s Auto Repair

Howard Spencer and his mechanic, Craig Littleton, were watching “The Price is Right” on a small TV in the waiting room of his auto repair shop. Business was slow, so they decided to relax. Howard was nearing retirement. Craig was in his late thirties and was hoping to buy the business from Howard. Howard and Craig were both ex-military. Howard was in the marines for 22 years. Seventeen of those years were in counter-intelligence. Craig served as an amphibious assault officer in the marines for six years. He hoped to make the military his career, but he blew out his knee on a mission in Cambodia.

“So,” said Howard, “What are you gonna do this weekend?”

Craig got a grin on his face, “Oh, nothing in particular.”

Howard looked at him and smiled, “Son, you’ve got the worst poker face of all time. Spill it!”

Craig laughed, "This is why I never come to your Friday night poker games, Boss." Craig reached in his front pocket and pulled out a small container. He opened the lid and showed an engagement ring to Howard.

"Mmm Doggies!" said Howard. "I'm flattered, but I can't accept this, due to our age gap, religious differences and the whole nepotism in the work force thing."

"You dork!" laughed Craig. "I am gonna pop the question to Tracy tonight!"

Howard tried to act excited, but Craig could see the look of disappointment on his face.

Craig looked at the floor. "Look, I know how you feel about Tracy, but I know she is the one God wants me to marry. Her husband cheated on her and left her alone with a three-year-old daughter. Why wouldn't God want me to take care of her?"

Howard looked at the floor and took a deep breath, "That is an admirable attitude for you to have but I think you just want to be in

love with anyone. Unless the Lord builds the house, the builders labor in vain. Do you love her, or lust after her?"

"I am attracted to Tracy both spiritually and physically," replied Craig.

Howard took another deep breath. The next words out of his mouth might end their friendship, but Craig needed to hear it. "Son, if Tracy lost her leg to cancer, and you had to push her around in a wheelchair, would you still stick around?"

"Absolutely!" replied Craig.

Howard nodded his head and looked at the floor. "If you lost your legs in a car accident, and Tracy had to wipe your butt, do you think she would stick around?"

The blood drained from Craig's face. He looked at the floor and started sobbing uncontrollably.

Howard stepped out from behind the counter and gave Craig a bear hug. The truth hurt, but this band-aid needed to be ripped off. Craig needed to accept the fact that Tracy was not in love with him.