

# DISCOVERY IN THE DESERT

It Will Shake the Nations

TOM THIELE

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The Jesus Solution  
Media

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## TO

Juanita Thiele, my loving and tolerant wife, who allowed me to *get lost* in this project for several months. I love you and thank you for being you!

## AND ALSO TO

Terry Brinson

Marlene Kelly

Pat Kelly

Kathy Kitch

Carolyn Moore

Laura Popper

Scott Smith

Mark Taylor

Darla Valenti

### **About the Cover**

This is a photograph of Masada in the Judean Desert of Israel. It was taken by professional photographer, Eyal Bartov. Feel free to visit Mr. Bartov's website to view a large selection of his work at [www.eyalbartov.com](http://www.eyalbartov.com).

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# CHAPTER 1

## PROJECT 13-03

During the summertime in Houston, Texas, the humidity can cause many a *summer day* to seem more like a *sauna day* than your average Houstonian would care to admit. This is especially true during the dog days of August. So, being the comfort-focused society that we are, the solution to this sauna-like dilemma is easy: you just crank up the AC and convert your home into an oasis of cool.

David and Angela Hart, a young married couple living in Clear Lake City, knew this summer drill all too well. Both had grown up in the Houston area and knew the proper way to live as natives. Clear Lake City is one of the many suburbs of Houston, the fourth most populated city in the U.S., and is located on the city's south side.

Home of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, NASA, Clear Lake City is quite a unique little town. There aren't many places in the world that can boast of citizens that are *bona fide* astronauts who have actually walked on the surface of the moon or spent months in the International Space Station. David Hart was employed by NASA; however, he didn't have the glitzy occupation of serving as an astronaut. Many of David's fellow

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employees did consider David to have a glitzy job, it was just *different*. David was somewhat of a superstar at NASA, joining the organization in 2009, and now just six years later serving on the management team of Project 13-03.

Over the last four years NASA had undergone quite a shake-up. With large amounts of government money being diverted away from space travel, NASA was forced to redefine itself. This was no easy task.

NASA was synonymous with space travel to most of the thousands of diehard employees and contractors who had devoted their lives putting men and women into outer space for Uncle Sam. A new chief administrator had been named to lead NASA in late 2011, chosen and appointed by President Obama himself. John Stuart had served in the Air Force for thirty years and was a decorated pilot who worked his way through the ranks of the USAF all the way to the top. Stuart had the look of a military man. He kept his head and face clean shaven and preferred to wear military fatigues over executive office attire.

After two weeks of being in-charge at the NASA facility, Stuart had been labeled *hard-ass*. And a hard-ass he was, but with time, his reports grew to respect him because he not only looked like a military man; he walked, talked, and lived the life of a *military man*.

When Stuart took over, he made it clear that this was no longer an arm of the government focused on space travel. The higher powers in Washington D.C. had decided that NASA's spending for the 2012 budget year would be 70% national defense and 30% space. And furthermore, the defense spending would be focused on new technology. Stuart liked to use the phrase "out of the box thinking" and this is what he wanted his new NASA troops to do: get out of that box and bring him creative ideas. When 2013 rolled around the agency was spending 90% of the budget on defense.

This is how Project 13-03 came into being. It sounds like some weird code name, but the way that Stuart named the classified military projects that were sanctioned was really quite simple. The names reflect the budget year and the order of

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sanctioning. So this project was sanctioned in September 2013 and was the third classified project sanctioned that year.

The Project Leader had immediately chosen David Hart as his Chief Technical Director. The leader, Jesse Black, had worked with David shortly after David came on board in 2009. Jesse was a NASA veteran with twenty-eight years of service and had a stellar reputation. Jesse was single and joked that he was married to NASA. Jesse was approaching fifty years old, but had the personality of someone much younger. He was short and pudgy, and seemed to wear a permanent smile. When fully engaged in a project, Jesse brought a child-like exuberance to the table.

Jesse knew that David was one of the brightest assets NASA had brought on board in the last decade, even though David was an “Aggie”. Jesse had graduated from “The” University of Texas in 1985 and was a devoted Longhorn. The Aggie and Longhorn dislike of one another has been a Texas tradition for years. Regardless, once Jesse saw David perform on projects, especially when it came to knocking-out technical obstacles, his opinion of this Aggie was one of respect.

Once Jesse had assembled his team, he brought the team up-to-speed on Project 13-03. This *indeed* was a classified project and all aspects of their work were to remain confidential. No sharing with co-workers outside of the team, family members, or friends. The *classified* nature of the project didn’t bother David one bit; he just wanted to confront and solve the technical challenges and build something. He had no idea how challenging this assignment would become—it ranked right up there with impossible. You see, Jesse informed the team that their mission was to build a *time machine*.

This project was Jesse’s *baby*, he had been pushing for time travel funding for years, and finally his dream had some backing. Time travel was something that Stuart labeled as not necessarily *out of the box*, but more like *out of your mind*. Stuart liked it though, it was cutting-edge, but he would only continue to support additional funding if real progress was made during the first year.

From a military and national defense perspective, Stuart truly believed that time travel would provide substantial value to the country. Imagine traveling into the future and bringing back technologically advanced designs for superior weapons yet to be invented. Or better yet, travel back in time and steal the enemy's plans for an upcoming confrontation or surprise attack. Could something as horrific as the terrorist attacks that occurred on September 11, 2001 have been prevented? There was also excitement growing regarding advances in medicine, bio-medical engineering, computer technology, and environmental protection. Stuart preferred to ignore the bigger moral questions related to the project. For instance, would the tool allow man to *change* history or *steer* the future in a different direction?

David poured himself into the project, which meant spending a significant amount of time reading, since Texas A&M had yet to offer a degree in *Time Travel*. David had graduated with a degree in Physics with a minor in Aerospace Engineering, *Summa Cum Laude*. Much to his surprise, however, David discovered that various branches of the U.S. military had actually made some tangible progress in time travel research. The general public was completely unaware of this since all the findings and the research was classified.

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David had met Angela at a local pub shortly after he had landed the job at NASA; she had quickly labeled him *nerd*. And a nerd he was. David was quite the Aggie Engineer, sporting out-of-date clothes and a hairstyle that would have made an 80's tennis star proud. Angela, however, thought that he was kind of cute underneath that nerd exterior. David, on the other hand, knew that Angela was a beauty. She had an athletic build, but she was still petite and feminine. David would sometimes get lost as he stared into her beautiful blue eyes. The two ran with the same group of friends and they were always bumping into each other.

Angela reluctantly began to date David, and more importantly, she began to change him. Not his core being, not

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the person of David, just the external shell. In a few short months David was sporting trendy duds and a short, corporate haircut; and Angela was not only proud of the changes in her man but was falling in love with this NASA brainiac. This *updated* version of David was quite handsome. Shortly thereafter, wedding bells rang in Clear Lake City.

Angela was a young professional as well. After graduating from the University of Houston in 2011, she went to work for Pfizer pharmaceuticals as a Marketing Representative. She had built-up a significant clientele of doctors and hospitals in the Houston Medical Center during her short four year tenure with the company. Both David and Angela were borderline workaholics. Their jobs and personal success were very important to both of them.

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As David educated himself on time travel, Angela noticed how her *bookworm* was spending even more time with his nose in the technical journals than normal. This was the first classified project that David had worked on, and Angela was fully aware of the rules. So she exercised self-control and only asked a few occasional questions which David successfully deflected with non-substantive answers. She did, however, glean from the titles of the work that he reviewed, that the project related to the study of time, the fourth dimension of this three dimensional world we live in.

As the team became fully engaged with their new project, Jesse was tickled. His dream of taking an agency recognized as the leader in space travel and transforming it into the only entity capable of time travel was becoming a reality. The personalities of the handpicked team members were quite similar, so to no one's surprise, they began to *live* their project. It was not uncommon for a team member to put in seventy hours a week.

The prior military research on time travel had determined that objects *could* be launched into time by achieving a specific velocity combined with a specific outer body temperature. The

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specific temperature required was based on the mass of the object while the speed would determine how far through time the object would travel. The big unknown left unanswered by the prior research was; *How do you bring the object back to the present?*

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After fifteen months of painstaking effort, the construction of the prototype one-man capsule was complete and the launching mechanism was almost 50% complete. The fabrication crew had grown to two hundred sub-contractors and Jesse and team had blown through \$500 million. This was a BIG number, but just a drop in the bucket in Stuart's mind, since his annual budget was \$20 billion. The "machine" utilized a mechanical arm some one hundred fifty feet in length. The capsule was placed in a cradle at one end of the arm, with a crane-like contraption, while the other end attached to a central hub. When activated, the central hub began spinning the arm much like a ride at an amusement park.

The team's computer models had indicated that once the rotational speed of the arm exceeded 350 m.p.h. at the cradle, the vessel could be launched into *time* by raising the temperature of the outer shell of the capsule to exactly 612° Fahrenheit. This was accomplished via millions of miniature heating elements placed throughout the capsule's skin immediately underlying the shell. The outer shell was composed of a modified carbon steel alloy that could withstand temperatures in excess of 1,000° F.

The *time* destination of the capsule would be pre-programmed by simultaneously achieving the 612° F requirement when the angular velocity of the capsule was at a specific speed. The required temperature, 612° F, was based on the mass of the capsule itself, the bulkier the capsule the—more temperature required. Clockwise rotation would launch into the future and counter-clockwise rotation would launch into the past.

Jesse had sought and obtained Stuart's approval to officially name the capsule *Hercules*. Meanwhile, Jesse had charged David with engineering how Hercules would be brought back to the present day on return trips from wherever and *whenever*, it had

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gone. David had designed a brilliant type of “capacitor” that would store a tremendous amount of the kinetic energy created when the device was launched into travel. This energy was converted from kinetic to potential energy and then stored as electrical capacitance. The capacitor would also provide the capsules energy needs while *on location* during a mission.

David’s capacitor onboard Hercules would store the bulk of the energy until the traveler was ready to return to the present. At that time the external shell of the capsule would be heated to 612° F and then the massive amount of stored electrical energy would be released in a twinkling of an eye. The capsule would then trace the exact flight path that was taken to get to the destination for the return trip back to present day. If all the modeling proved to be correct, Hercules would land, or more specifically *appear*, back in the launching cradle from whence it had come.

So many obstacles over the last fifteen months had been overcome with meticulous planning and intellectual foresight. Now, an unforeseen problem had surfaced from thin air! A problem so obvious, so elementary, that the team had completely overlooked it. Who, or what, would be the first *astronaut*, or more specifically—the first *chrononaut*? The capsule’s state-of-the-art instruments and flight computer could only be operated by a trained individual. How could the team progress any further? Not even Stuart with his *get-er-done* mentality would place a human being in harm’s way without some type of successful pre-flight test.

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Early on, the team had envisioned that the first prototype would be much smaller than Hercules. They wanted to initially perform trials with small, relatively inexpensive capsules. They could just launch the capsule alone into *time*, no cargo aboard, to test if it indeed exited from the here-and-now. Once the team had fully educated itself on all the prior research conducted on time travel, however, it became obvious that the capsule could not be *small*.

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According to the previous research, in order for the capsule, and its contents, to remain intact during flight and not disintegrate required a mass of no less than 15 tons. Hercules weighed-in at a modest 17 tons and came with a price tag of \$200 million. Launching a device of this size had never been attempted; the required size to maintain integrity was based on computer modeling.

During prior research, military scientists had launched bb's, bullets, and other relatively small objects into time. So the team felt comfortable with the correlations generated from the prior experiments, along with the fact that the items did indeed leave the here-and-now. It was all about the temperature, speed, and mass of the object to be launched. The challenge was to have the capsule *return* from the journey.

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Hercules looked like one humongous, bright silver bullet. It was about the size of the main fuselage of a King Air private plane, forty feet in length and sleek. The main pilot's hatch was centered right on the top of the vessel, similar to the location for a submarine. It had necessary supplies of drinking water and military MREs (meal, ready to eat). The pilot's seat was designed not only for time travel but also for sleep. The capacitor, insulation layering, and computer equipment occupied the majority of the capsules interior volume.

Now back to the *big problem*: sure, you could launch a lab rat out into *time* in a \$200 million piece of government hardware to ensure that a living thing would launch, but the success of the project hinged on conducting a round trip, not a one-way flight. What good would it serve if eventually your pilot traveled through time but never came back? It appeared that a man, or woman, would be the only acceptable candidate as a time traveler capable of programming the capsule for the return flight. One-way trips would burn through a lot of \$200 million capsules in a hurry.

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The day that Jesse realized he needed to share the *problem* with Stuart was indeed an ugly day. After pacing back and forth in his office for hours, Jesse had reluctantly headed to Stuart's office to share the bad news. The rest of the team sat around Jesse's office sulking and staring at the floor. Jesse returned from his meeting with Stuart, and to everyone's surprise he was *smiling*. Stuart himself had "saved" the project with his very own *out of the box* idea.

The first flight would be no-frills, it would be very simple. It would, however, not use a person. If this inaugural flight was successful, the team would then receive clearance to launch a human chrononaut. "So...", Jesse exclaimed, "We're gonna train a monkey to fly this baby! Or should I say, to program this baby for the return flight."

Once the team realized that Jesse was serious, they immediately sought to pinpoint the lucky monkey—the monkey, whose success would ultimately determine whether their project was a winner or a waste of \$500 million. "Winner" is an understatement, how about "the most ingenious invention in the history of mankind," David would often think to himself.

And, oh by the way, Stuart had informed Jesse that, "some heads were gonna roll," if the monkey didn't bring back the \$200 million craft. So the monkey business (training) began in December 2014. The launching mechanism, now officially named *Catapult*, was projected to be complete in May 2015.

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From December 2014 through July 2015 the project had transformed from one of prestige to one of embarrassment. David was beside himself with anger. Catapult had now been completed and tested. The team had designed and built one of the most technologically advanced *machines* of the modern era. Yet, over the last eight months, working with world renowned animal trainers, the team was on their third monkey, and he was proving to be just as inept as numbers one and two.

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The joke going around NASA was that Project 13-03 had been renamed Project Monkey-Business. Pretty soon the project would be scrapped and some had quipped that “NASA would have its very own amusement park ride with the largest price tag of any ride in the modern world; Hey maybe NASA could sell tickets for \$100,000 each and recoup some of the wasted cash spent on the project.”

Stuart was getting frustrated and threatening to pull the plug. Everyone on the team was disgusted, especially Jesse, who had begun taking frequent two-martini lunches and spending many an afternoon with his office door closed. Jesse’s child-like exuberance had given-way to child-like immaturity.