



PARABLE OF THE VINEYARD | The Adam Fink Story

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THE PAPER SHREDDER

I HUNG up the phone with Adam Fink of Parable of the Vineyard and went straight for the writer's desk, feverishly unloading the congestion of sentences onto the electronic page before they floated off into the *forever* oblivion. It was the same with Justin Best of Christian Truthers on the following evening. I crossed the room from the phone to the coffee pot, advising my wife that it would be another long night and that she should go to bed without me.

The eureka moment is that I had one narrative to tell but from two completely separate people, each inhabiting different pockets of North America. Adam was from Missouri and Justin from Florida. Their common denominator derived from the fact

that they were friends and YouTube ministry partners advocating the Torah, just as Rob Skiba was—though not for long. My push to get this article out was a race against the ordinances of time and in the dawning hours of 2020 I didn't make the cut-off. People were falling over dead in Wuhan, China whereas here in America, Kobe Bryant exited the world stage *via* a helicopter crash. But then unbeknownst to myself or Adam and probably anyone else in the online community, Justin was already fermenting the *inner* thoughts which would, within the days and weeks to come, lead to the annulling of their partnership.

But that is not the whole of it. You had to have been there to see the shock and awe at play. Justin Best walked completely away from the faith as well as the Bible which he had claimed to defend, leading a great many people with him into the labyrinth of agnosticism. Such a shame.

This is not *that* story. Perhaps it will be told at another hour, and I believe it will. Just not today. In the very least I think you should know why I have spent the last three years holding this article over the paper shredder. Everything unraveled.

Witnesses to the wake of the wreckage will perhaps understand why the original written story, a tag team effort between both ministry partners, will remain on my shelf, collecting dust. *For now*. Some will go so far as to advise that there will never be such a moment when Justin's rise to the ministry should be highlighted, given the apostasy. I disagree. A shooting star blazes in the firmament but for a moment, lighting up the night sky. It was like that for those of us who happened to look up for Best's arrival. He came and he went, blink and you missed it. I was there for the momentous occasion in His-Story, perhaps you were there as well. But far more importantly, so was Adam Fink. Every life is a story, and in that story, there are sentences making up paragraphs, which in turn form chapters, all of which are littered with footnotes. Chalk Best's involvement up to one of them then—a note at the bottom of a page. Justin's life story may be removed from this article (it has slimmed considerably at the waistline), but the ending remains intact.

Adam and I go way back, in fact to the very beginning of his POTV YouTube channel. I have likely known him longer than anyone in the online community, though I may not be the only contender for the claim. That is to say, despite having our rough spots in the intervening years, we remain good friends. Indeed, Justin and I were also friends if only for a spiel. *Blink and you'll miss it*. His falling from the faith was terrible to behold but I will not sacrifice the memory of our good moments because of it.

Speaking of which.

My Facebook account resembles a ghost town these days. It just so happened that I returned there over the weekend, mostly to inspect the decaying infrastructure and listen to the whistling wind, when I stubbed my toe upon an unforeseen relic. An unread note from Justin Best. In fact, it was his final message to me on the Social Network in the weeks or even the days before his tragic turn, and here is what it said:

I'm praying for you.

For the remainder of this exercise, that is how I will *choose* to remember the former ministry leader

of Christian Truthers. By his own confession, he prayed for the strengthening of my faith in confusing times. Indeed, there are many people within the community who are returning the favor and praying for the renewed salvation of JB. Perhaps, if the will of heaven should shine favorably upon him once again, I will get around to publishing his faith journey, as per our interview. Because even footnotes have stories to tell, you know.

NORTH & SOUTH OF BEVERLY HILLS

ADAM Fink was born in the right place and the right time. It was the Eighties, and shopping malls were all the rage. You had to have been there. Though it probably helped that his family made a killing off of them, more on that in a moment. His mother was a farm girl from southern Indiana, one of seven siblings raised on a seven-hundred-acre ranch, consisting of hundreds of cattle. His father was Israeli born. The Fink's had reportedly been living in the land of Palestine for several generations, well into the 18th-century, and even claimed their lineage from the tribe of Benjamin. In 1979, after a two-year stint in the Israeli Army, his father and grandparents migrated to America in order to try their fortune in the clothing business. His 18-year-old mother left everything she knew in Indiana too, including Catholicism. They met in southern California. Soon thereafter, she became a Jew, and Fink an only child.

His family had already struck their fortune when he was born on February 16, 1982, according to the Gregorian. "My family was actually pretty wealthy," Fink spoke into my end of the recording. "I grew up pretty wealthy."

Fink laughed.

"If you remember the jumpsuits in the eighties; the women's fashion, the jumpsuits with rhinestones; my grandmother actually was the one that brought that to the states."

By the time the Fink's had settled down in the San Fernando Valley, a lush 260-square-mile region located just north of the Los Angeles Basin, the pastoral landscape of Crosby's World War Two hit had been radically transformed from a stereotyped stronghold for singing cowboys and Los Angelino cattle ranchers to one of shopping malls and teenagers. Between 1945 and 1980, the population

more than quintupled, a large chunk of which contained the upper-middle class. Even still, the sprawling suburbs just north of Beverly Hills and Bel Air were largely snubbed by Hollywood.

It would take *Valley Girl*, Frank Zappa's surprise radio hit of 1982 (the year in which Fink was born), to awaken American youth to the newfound cultural temple, The Shopping Mall.

Certainly, Fink's own peripheral vision did little to dissuade him from that fact. The Northridge Fashion Center, Sherman Oaks Fashion Square, The Promenade in Woodland Hills, Topanga Plaza and the Glendale and Sherman Oaks gallerias, just to name a few, not only elevated the horizon, but seemed to populate their chrome railways with Madonna look-alikes. Not forgetting the rhinestone which his own family had introduced.

With Hollywood's eventual tip of the hat, films such as 'Fast Times at Ridgemont High' and 'The Karate Kid' gloried in a seemingly untapped well of girls, jocks, and prowling hormones, thereby embodying America's vision of the high school, the dojo, and *wait for it*, the shopping mall. Soon thereafter, 'Earth Girls Are Easy', 'Buffy the Vampire Slayer', 'Encino Man', and 'Clueless' followed suit, inviting teenagers everywhere into the phenomena that Fink had inherited by birth.

Though Fink and I grew up only twenty miles removed, as the bird flies, with the I-405 seemingly making my childhood upbringing in Hawthorne a hop and a skip away from his (if traffic weren't a thing), the Santa Monica Mountains divided us almost as surely as the Berlin Wall in east and west Berlin. We also had Santa Monica and Westwood to contend with, which made our worlds entirely separate universes. The reality in which his world exemplified however quickly arrived at my own, and I remember it well. The Galleria at South Bay in Redondo Beach, a three-story, fully enclosed multi-plex, first opened in 1985; the very ground where, on November 1, 1960, democratic nominee John F. Kennedy gave a speech on the last stop of his campaign tour. He won the general election 8 days later. Upon its opening, each retailer custom designed their own store, and in 1985, even the multi-layered parking structure was breathtaking. Nordstrom alone was three stories. On its highest level, where my parents usually entered *via* an adjacent walkway, televisions would proudly display the latest MTV hits, while a classical pianist might be simultaneously heard far below on the ground floor. In its dawning hours, the Galleria

wasn't simply a one-stop destination for fashion, toys, or electronics. It included an A-1 photo service, hair stylist, optometrist, shoe repair, surf shop, even a dry-cleaners—not to mention the food court. Like Fink, a hop and a skip away in the Valley, the shopping mall became my weekly escape from the otherwise bland world of the paved parking lot existence.

After graduating from seminary in 1980, the year I was born, my father moved from Lakewood, California, America's first fully designed suburb, twenty miles west to Hawthorne, in order to take the position of senior pastor at Centinela Bible Church, a meager congregation estimating perhaps a hundred weekly attendees. The position included residence in a parsonage, which is to say, my upbringing was that of the King James Bible. Fink on the other hand was educated in Hebrew.

Rabbinic Judaism has been the mainstream face of Judaism since the destruction of the Temple in 70AD when the Pharisees replaced the Sanhedrin as both the legal and religious authority of their dispersion. And in fact, there is no Judaism without the Parashiyim. With their rise to power came the Babylonian Talmud in written form, which evolved we are told out of an understanding that Moshe received from Elohiym on Sinai the Written Torah as well as, in addition to Torah, the Oral Torah. "I was the spawn of a Jew and a Catholic. But I grew up Jewish, and I went to a Jewish private school." His school, Abraham Joshua Heschel Day School, was in Northridge, a brisk walk from Reseda. "Unfortunately, it was rabbinical traditional Judaism. Total Mishnah midrash, Talmud—all that garbage."

Still, Fink insists, it was a good school with good teachers. Admission cost somewhere in the ballpark of eight grand, "and that was in the eighties. I remember my parents talking about that. I couldn't fathom eight-thousand dollars back then. Who knows what it costs now." An imaginably elaborate field trip for any elementary-aged child might have included a day at the Los Angeles Zoo or Marineland of the Pacific, a public oceanarium on the Palos Verdes peninsula which finally closed its doors on February 11, 1987. But not so for Abraham Joshua Heschel. Fink's first grade year involved a steady build-up of pen-pal letters, passed to and fro between them and an Indian reservation in New Mexico, which ultimately culminated with a plane ride out to meet

them in person, not forsaking a side trip out to the Grand Canyon in Arizona.

But it wasn't just school where Hebrew was vocalized and practiced. Fink spoke Hebrew in the home. As an entrepreneur, his father was often absent. "He was always opening businesses and closing them. My mom—MRI machines were just coming out, and she was going through all kinds of schooling for that." Their longwinded absences often left child rearing duties to his Israeli grandparents who, rather ironically, had found more success in the new world than everyone. Hebrew was their first language. As such, they grounded him in an ancient heritage—far older than the valley which surrounded him, much less the United States which they'd adopted as a home. Annual holidays in the Fink household involved the Pascha and Sukkot.

"It was a pretty rich childhood. The neighborhood was safe. I could ride my bike up and down the street. I had tennis lessons just a few blocks away." Even his neighbors had a tennis court, and he took advantage of it. His parents put him in classes at a very early age. "I loved playing tennis growing up. I couldn't have asked for a better upbringing." Leave it to his impending Bar Mitzvah to flip his entire world upside down.

BAR MITZVAH

THE BAR Mitzvah is a rite of passage. For Adam, it would have likely landed on the 18th of February 1995, a Sabbath—just two days shy of his thirteenth birthday. During the Sabbath service, Fink would have read aloud a section from the Torah, or perhaps the Prophets. But far more important to Rabbinic Judaism, he would have been seen wearing the Tefillin for the first time. Sometimes called phylacteries, the Tefillin consists of cubic black leather boxes with leather straps which men of the Rabbinic faith wrap around their head and their arm during weekday morning prayer. The Rabbi would have addressed part of his talk to Fink, no longer a boy, and Fink may have chosen to respond to the assembly. His father would then have recited a prayer of thanks for Adam's coming of age, all of which would have culminated with a lavish party.

From that day onward, Adam Fink would have become responsible for living by the Jewish Law—the Written Torah as well as the oral. He would be

expected to accept the law in full, its responsibilities for living as well as its consequences. He would have been numbered among the minyan, and as such, he would be free to participate in all the benefits of manhood. According to Jewish law, Fink would now be an eligible bachelor.

But then he never once saw the divorce coming.

On January 17, 1994, at precisely 4:30 AM, the crust of the earth was scrambled by a 6.7 blind-thrust earthquake. Though lasting only twenty seconds, the Northridge Earthquake measured in microwave time for anyone who went to sleep in bed and awoke on top of a mechanical bull. Its epicenter fell upon Reseda, which practically made Abraham Joshua Heschel ground zero for earth's latest birth pain and could be felt as far east as Las Vegas—a distance of 220 miles. The first of two 6.0 aftershocks followed precisely one moment later. As many as 57 people died, another 8,7000 were injured. The Valley itself was ravaged with buckled pavement. Apartment buildings collapsed. Kaiser Permanente collapsed. The Northridge Fashion Center and CSU Northridge sustained heavy damage. Vast freeway networks were cracked, crushed, or crumbled, most notably the I-10. The very stretch of highway which begins at the Santa Monica pier, cuts through the heart of Texas for New Orleans, and continues on to the Atlantic Ocean by way of Jacksonville, required surface road detours for several months.

For Adam Fink, the Northridge Earthquake fell directly in line with his fractured household and is therefore synonymous with divorce. His passage into adulthood was precisely one month away. "Everything was going well until I was eleven or twelve, and I was getting ready to do the whole bar mitzvah thing, prepping for all that, and my parents got divorced, and everything changed from that point on."

The specific details are still not completely known to this day. Adam's mother apparently left over issues regarding his father's infidelity. The fallout was brutal. One day Adam was a Jew, and then it was explained to him that he would be moving away from the only world he knew with his mother. "Even my grandparents were upset. My father and my grandparents cut her off, and she wasn't done with her schooling yet." Whatever the offense that his father had committed, and however his mother may have responded to it,

Adam became the usual victim of crossfire. He too was cut off from his grandparents.

The deep-well of Jewish heritage which he relished in was suddenly stripped away. The education; the language; even their watchful care—*gone*. “I went from golden boy to afterthought,” he said. “My dad was selfish. He always did his own thing.” And besides, his grandparents lost the clothing business that very year. Apparently, those rhinestone jumpsuits were no longer selling. The dream was dead. And so, they packed their bags, returning to their homeland of Israel once again.

“We had to move to a rough neighborhood in Sherman Oaks, California, a kind of suburbs of Los Angeles. I was literally like one of three white children out of over a thousand kids at my school. I didn’t care, but I got beat up almost every single day. That was a humbling experience for me. Those were some rough years because I lost a lot of confidence. I started gaining weight. My mom was gone all the time, so I was kind of raising myself, just playing video games and feeding myself. I was feeding myself garbage, and so I was gaining a lot of weight. My dad was absent. He ended up being a once a month visiting dad. I wouldn’t hear from him. He wouldn’t call. He’d come to pick me up on a weekend, take me to Disneyland and Magic Mountain, Knott’s Berry Farm, and then drop me back off. I wouldn’t hear from him again for another month or two.”

A rabbi might very well tell you that a bar mitzvah is not simply an event, it is a *state of being*. Therefore, bar mitzvah or no bar mitzvah, it can be said that Adam Fink was without an active father, a religion, or a heritage, but he was still a *man*. As such, he had obligations, and it was to follow the written as well as the oral Torah for the rest of his life. That is what he was *purposed* to do according to the traditions handed down to him. To quote from the rabbis again, his age was only an indicator which made him a bar mitzvah. The celebration would have merely bookmarked the event, had it not been canceled. But bar mitzvah, as a roadside marker, cannot be canceled. And yet, as the years passed, and his grandparents, their muted home-spoken language, and the spiritual education which his father yanked out from under him, grew smaller within the rear-view mirror of his own vision, so too did he forget about the oral law as well as the written one. Its jots and titles were the first to float away. And then finally, he forgot all about the God who authored it.

PALM SPRINGS

PALM Springs would have been a sleepy village, not quite unlike any other remote desert settlement beyond the San Bernardino Mountains, if it were not for its strategic location 100 miles east of Los Angeles and another 120 north-east of San Diego, and *mostly* Bob Hope. Actually, movie stars had begun to migrate there as early as the 1930’s. Frank Sinatra, Estée Lauder, and Bing Crosby each had homes built. And then a 1963 college romp called *Palm Springs Weekend* helped to glamorize the city into the mold of a spring break destination. The retired flocked there too. Its coldest month reaches an average of 70 degrees F, so no wonder. During those winter weeks her population triples.

Sonny Bono was no longer mayor of Palm Springs when a fourteen-year-old Adam Fink arrived, and Hope still had a few more good years left in him. Actually, Bono had already moved on to the federal government in California’s 44th congressional district of the United States House of Representatives, which includes Carson, Compton, San Pedro, and north Long Beach. Very few seem to recall that Bono occupied a seat on the House Judiciary Committee in the weeks leading up to the impeachment of President Clinton. In February of 1998, Clinton gave his historical press conference, in which he said concerning Monica Lewinski, the woman who had given him oral sex in the oval office: “I want you to listen to me. I’m going to say this again: I did not have sexual relations with that woman, Miss Lewinsky. I never told anybody to lie. Not a single time. Never.” Three weeks earlier, on January 5, 1998, Bono died after purportedly skiing into a tree.

The move was due to his mother’s marriage. Fink’s stepfather made golf clubs and ran small tournaments at Indian Wells, which was famous for the PGA tour. In La Quinta, an expansive suburban community just southbound of Palm Springs, stitched together by the I-10, and neatly tucked between Indio and Palm Desert, north of the Salton Sea, Fink experienced a vast improvement over his interim in Sherman Oaks. Its low-desert landscape, seemingly knitted into the skirt of Mount San Jacinto, was a world apart from Encino and a breath of fresh air.

At La Quinta High School, he was able to re-invest into his love of sports and drop the weight which a volatile combination of puberty, video games, soda pop and chips had so easily packed on. Turning his attention towards the Indiana farm, which his mother had earlier escaped from, became yet another relief. Her six siblings, including her aunts and uncles, had enough children to balloon Fink's number of cousins to thirty *plus*—most of them right around his own age. "Every summer and every winter I would go out to Indiana," he said. Summer trips would last a month-and-a-half. Winters as many as two to three weeks. "That became like my second home, and I loved it because I grew up as an only child. I was an only child, so there's a lot of things that come with that. I was very pampered, very well taken care of. But because I was the only one of the cousins that didn't live in Indiana, every time I came it was like, *'Hey everybody, Adam's here!'* Everything was centered around me."

Most of his aunts and uncles had left the Catholic church and turned his cousins in the direction of Protestantism. Fink noticed. "I ended up starting to ask my mom serious questions about Jesus. I didn't know Him as anything else back then. I

FAST COMPANY

IN the first grade, Adam Fink played the leading role of Moses in the school play. "And you know, we rehearsed, rehearsed, rehearsed, and then come the actual play, the night of the performance, I actually ran off the stage crying."

With the advent of 9/11, he wasn't going to repeat *that* again. The pulverized steel of three separate buildings collapsing upon their own footprint by two reported planes barely had time to cool before Fink pulled up to his local recruiter's office and enlisted. Up to that point, his graduation from La Quinta High School in June of 2000 was mostly uneventful. In particular, his aspirations in attending USC proved more of a daydream than an actual endeavor. During his senior year, he put off applying. One day, in the lazy, breezy carefree months that followed his high school experience, Fink stumbled across comedian Pauly Shore while ambling through the streets of Hollywood with his friends.

Fink cried, "Weasel!"

asked her about Jesus because I *did know* that she was different. She had different beliefs. While she did go through all the Judaism rites—she kind of converted to Judaism—she never did renounce Jesus. So, I started asking her some questions, and she ended up taking me to Indiana, where she was from, and I went to church with my cousins." During an altar call, Fink raised his hand. "And I accepted Jesus at that time. You know, it's kind of the old school way. You just say a prayer and all that." *Good to go.*

Well, sort of. There was a slight complication to the invitation. The very moment when Fink accepted Jesus, he felt something in his solar plex—a tingling sensation. Something swirling from within. "I don't know if that was just my mind playing tricks on me back then, but I never did forget that moment, and I think that the Holy Spirit might have been with me at that point and all throughout my life." Whatever happened under the wings of the Indiana altar, Fink seems certain of one thing. He was filled with *assurances*.

In other words, he invited Jesus into his life. And then he went about living it, expecting *Jesus* to play along.

Pauly rebuffed, "Yeah, man! What's going on?"

After a short exchange, the *Encino Man* actor invited Fink and his friends out to a party. "But my friends were too nervous, so I was like, 'Whatever, that's fine.'" Life in Palm Springs commenced.

As the months stacked up on the 2001 calendar, he put off applying to USC *again*. And just when he thought about picking up the application process for a possible admission in the spring, "the whole 9/11 thing happened, and that actually changed everything."

Hollywood admittedly guided his patriotism. 'A Few Good Men', 'Platoon', and 'Full Metal Jacket' were regularly injected into his VCR. 'In the Army Now', Pauly Shore's attempt at duplicating Bill Murray's success with 'Stripes', likely showed up as a blimp on his radar. Demi Moore's 'G.I. Jane' glamorized the training of a Navy Seal to no end. And now, "I wanted to be a part of *this*," he said. 9/11, whatever that was. And everything that was rehearsed in his VCR. Not forgetting 9/11. "Maybe the movies were hyping things up for me, but I was feeling really patriotic. I wanted to go all the way, and so I decided the Marine Corps was the place for me." Plus, the girl

Fink was dating at the time said that they had the best uniforms. “So, I said, ‘Marine Corps it is.’”

As an infantryman, Fink’s MOS was that of machine gunner. Actually, he ended up in a specialized unit called FAST Company, an acronym meaning Fleet Anti-terrorism Security Team, “almost like a Marine Corps Navy SEAL Team.” Duties included flying and jumping out of helicopters, as well as training with sniper rifles. At the end of each day, the Marines actually succeeded at filling in the gaping hole left from an absentee father and a home life gutted of religion. The Marines “built a lot of character for me, because I missed a lot of core father years.” In the dangling intermission between his canceled bar mitzvah and the turn of the Millennium, the alarm set-off by 9/11 gave him a renewed sense of purpose and direction. “I didn’t have a lot of the good discipline, manners, respect, and promptness” one might expect of a young adult. “The military really did fill-in a lot of those holes for me. I think it kind of completed me as a man.”

Unfortunately, learning to become a man by method of government programming had its side effects. “I was a pretty good kid in high school. I did have a few friends that taught me bad things, but I got punished, and I didn’t want to be punished anymore, so I wouldn’t do bad stuff.” *Not so* in the Marine Corps. In the Marine Corps, Fink learned to drink. He learned how to party. And he found a particular fondness for clubbing. Despite a childhood in the Valley and a teenage interval in a notorious party town, “I’d never really been exposed to it. And I really-really liked it.”

While his fellow Marines were shipped to Afghanistan, others the Arabian Peninsula, Fink continued training for a war which never seemed to come. “Interestingly enough I deployed, but not to the Middle East. So, I actually had nothing to do with the war.” Considering why he joined in the first place (9/11 and all those VHS tapes) the detour seemed like a let-down. And yet presently, he paused to consider the alternative. “I think that was from above. I think Yah just wanted to keep me from war. What would have happened had I done precisely what I was trained to do and still lived to tell of it?”

“Maybe I wouldn’t have been in the right frame of mind to speak His Word,” he seemed to shrug, referring to the revelation still to come. “And to think I might have missed out on the joy of

knowing. In hindsight, that is the most nightmarish thought of all.”

MONEY FOR NOTHIN’, CHICKS FOR FREE

THE Marines had planted Adam Fink in Norfolk in 2002. Jamestown, Williamsburg, and the Revolutionary hotseat of Yorktown, where Cornwallis surrendered to General George Washington and the French Fleet in 1781, makes up what is known as the historic triangle. Centuries earlier, Christopher Newport, my thirteenth great-grandfather according to genealogies, was commissioned by King Jimmy of the KJV to found an English colony along the Virginian coast. For whatever reason, Newport chose a swamp. The land is still encumbered with lush woodlands and marshes to this very day. John Smith was on his boat. *John Smith, meet Pocahontas*. The rest is history. Long story short, there’s a saying in those parts: *Virginia is for lovers*. Fink fell for her charms. A decade and some change following his stint with the Marines, in fact thirteen years thereafter, he found his niche selling cars in Hampton Roads.

Chevrolet.

It was far from his true calling, which he’d only partially experienced years earlier at Hebrew school. But he was good at it. He was *darn* good at it. His very first fiscal year, while only twenty-three years old, Fink raked in \$91,000, and he’d started in April. Fink pocketed the money as it gushed in, and there he remained on the lot, turning sales. He never looked back.

“I was really good at it. And I was good at it because I was actually honest with people, and I actually treated people right, and I wasn’t your typical cheesy salesperson. I’ve always liked people. I’ve always been a people pleaser, which was a really interesting reason for me to go into sales, because it was really against the grain. I’ve always been—actually, I’m very introverted.” Visions of Moshe standing before a live audience swirled in his head. “A lot of people could never guess that about me, especially watching me on live stream. Although I can act extroverted and I can play the part, at the core of who I am—I’m actually very introverted.”

Despite preferring the transcendent calm of minimally stimulating environments, and likely

feeling drained after wheeling and dealing each day on the lot, a constant flow of six-figured-numbers and the *extra-benefits* which they attracted certainly helped fill-in the gap. “I never quite pressed at \$200,000 in any given year, but I made *a lot* of money, and that was a really bad combo, because I was a pretty decent looking guy. I made a lot of money, and I spoke well. I had pretty much any woman I wanted. I was able to get nice cars, nice stuff, and it was pretty much like a theme park for me out there in the world. Unfortunately, I was an awful—*awful* sinner. I mean, there were times where...” Fink paused. “Let’s just say that I was with *a lot* of women.”

“It was just something that I couldn’t stop—I didn’t want to stop having so much fun. You know, you watch these movies growing up. Looking back and thinking about the music that I used to listen to; going back and thinking about the movies I used to watch; I was literally living out the lyrics and living out the scenes from these movies. These movies teach you that sex is the pinnacle of life. Having nice things and having sexual partners is what life is all about, and I’m sitting here thinking that I’m doing well.”

The fact that he had shunned Judaism, and with it, his rich Hebrew heritage, by dedicating his life to Christ ten years earlier, or rather, inviting Christ into his life, seemed to make little difference. If anything, Fink had wandered in the opposite direction of every possible religious experience offered to him. A lack of mentors in his life only seemed to exasperate the situation. His father had completely abandoned him only moments before his bar mitzvah, essentially chucking him into the rubbish bin of the Judaic faith. On the protestant end, his mother never showcased any maturity. The man she ended up remarrying wasn’t into it either. With his parents’ divorce, Fink was set adrift.

In time, he forgot completely about the Creator God.

“Here and there I would pray to Him if I was in trouble, especially while in the Marine Corps, when I was in some tough times. I did kind of get reacquainted with Him, but it was just for convenience’s sake. It was just because I knew that’s what you do when you’re in trouble, or if you’re in a bad situation. But I left Him for a *long time*. I lived through my twenties, and I lived it however I wanted to live it, and I did pretty much everything I wanted to do.”

Marriage did not hamper nor dissuade his preference for booze and women. Despite meeting Shannon and then marrying her in 2006, his rotating door policy continued. Their marriage would not last but four years.

ABSOLUT VODKA

DRINKERS have a name for your standard 750 milliliter-bottle of distilled liquor, and it’s called a fifth. That’s nearly how much Adam Fink would guzzle down in one night. Think twenty-five one-ounce shots, sixteen if he were using a 1½ ounce glass. Alcohol is not digested like other foods. Once alcohol is ingested, it travels down the esophagus into the stomach and the small intestine, avoiding the normal digestive process so as to go right into the bloodstream. Fink would drink a toxic amount of alcohol until it poisoned his blood, and he passed out. *Absolut* Vodka. That was his brand name poison. For all intents and purposes, Fink was an alcoholic, and a very good functioning alcoholic at that—at least, up to a point. He simply didn’t realize how far he’d fallen yet.

If he drank, it’s because he was depressed and feeling empty inside and desperately needed someone to share life’s disappointments. His marriage to Shannon at twenty-six had already produced two babies, and his career as a Chevy salesman in the Hampton Roads afforded him everything he’d ever wanted. Fast cars. Big houses. Lose women. Though, technically speaking, Fink had only sold Chevy’s for two years. He was promoted to finance manager in 2007, but then just as quickly bumped up to sales manager, a position he would stay in for the remainder of his run. It was a good gig. “And I know how empty it is because I had all of them, and I could not have been more depressed because it was just a constant bandage.”

I need fifty-grand, is what I need.

That’ll make me happy. That’ll get me through my fix.

On certain nights, when the *having* begun to turn its gaze back upon him, his Hampton friends might show up to save the day with drinks. A night of pubs or clubs would immediately ensue, only to wake up in bed the following morning feeling empty again. If he was exhausted from clubbing,

and he had a day off of work, he might sit home playing video games—and watching porn.

He was an adulterer too.

“Shannon left me because of that,” Fink said.

His wife didn’t simply divorce him though. In order to escape his destructive habits, Shannon moved her children halfway across the country to Missouri. “I was separated from my children for a couple of years, and I didn’t move because I wanted to continue this lifestyle in Virginia. I was there for my children financially though, because I was making a lot of money, I was sending my ex-wife almost three grand a month. But I wasn’t *there* for them, not at all. Missouri was thousands of miles away. I’d fly out maybe twice a year, that’s it. I wasn’t being a dad to my kids.”

Meanwhile, in Hampton Roads, his depression spiraled, and his drinking increased until finally, at thirty-years old, Adam Fink woke up one morning and realized that his drinking habits were no longer functional. “I would get hammered. It wasn’t until my late twenties that I started getting hangovers.” With the cyclic ceremony of intoxication, his consistency slipped, and his salesmanship shriveled, along with his reputation for turning cars out on the lot. The recent turn of events undoubtedly exasperated his own depression and reinforced his need for Vodka. *More* vodka. The money trickled out. With the money gone, the girls stopped calling. He lost the motorcycle. His car was repossessed. His glory days as a Chevy salesman were over. If he denied it then, he couldn’t refute the fact that the Chevy dealership had fired him. Absolut Vodka had failed to make the pain go away. Come to think of it, he wanted to kill himself. He tried to lay off the vodka. But he had indebted his soul to the bottle and the bottle would not let him go. “I wanted to stop, and I couldn’t. I couldn’t stop.”

It was time to pay up.

After Fink stopped making mortgage payments, the house foreclosed. “I lost everything. All my lovers had fled. All my idols had abandoned me. And I remember being drunk. I was *still* drunk. Everything kind of happened within a few months, and looking back, that was probably one of the best moments of my life. Looking back, thank you Yah for letting me lose everything, because I was so stiff-necked and hard-hearted that I had to lose everything in order to finally, for the first time in my life, get down on my knees and cry out. I was

drunk and I was depressed, and I had had thoughts of suicide. I wanted to kill myself.”

What a disgusting life you’ve lived, Adam Fink—

“I don’t even know why He answered that prayer. Probably because He knew that this was a sincere prayer. I was drunk and I remember being on my knees looking up, and I was having one of those crying fits, snot just pouring out of my nose, and I looked up and I called out to Him. I was like, God, I know that you didn’t create me for this. I know that I was made for more than this. And I know that this is no kind of life that you want me to live. I need help because I can’t stop. I don’t want to die.”

Within the matter of 48 hours, Fink recalled, he received the most severe pain that he’d ever experienced in his life. The misery would not leave him. “The pain was so severe that I was going to call an ambulance. I ended up having my roommate take me to the hospital.” Fink was diagnosed with an unknown autoimmune disorder. But for all practical purposes, his doctor informed him that he’d had a fling with gout.

Fink seemed confused.

Gout... What’s gout...?

His doctor said, “It’s an inflammatory arthritis that affects the joints of the body, from the hands down to the feet. Normally, uric acid is passed through the kidneys and expelled through the bladder, but sometimes, uric acid builds up in parts of the body—a condition called hyperuricemia—because the kidneys aren’t functioning properly.”

Fink looked at his doctor, probably still confused.

So, his doctor said, “It comes from alcohol abuse.”

Aside from his violent drinking habits, Fink was furthermore encouraged to avoid red meats, which have high purine levels and therefore contribute to high blood levels of uric acid.

“You would think that I would stop drinking right then and there,” Adam recalled. But that’s when the denial rang his doorbell again. This was just a *passing phase*, he convinced himself. It had to be. Volatile weather—that’s all. He was too young to be an alcoholic. He’d bounce back, *somehow*. Either the gout would go away, or he’d naturally learn to stomach it. And so, he kept to the routine of his nightly bottle, hoping to sail into his thirties with his eyes closed.

COLONIAL PARKWAY

THERE is a stretch of road alongside the York River where Adam Fink *should* have died. A foxtrot with gout did very little to grab his attention, despite not being able to walk on it for three consecutive weeks. The drinking continued. In the summer of 2012, he met some friends at a Hooter's in Williamsburg, hoping to land a fantasy football draft. That night, Fink started the nearly thirty-mile drive back to Gloucester. It was two in the morning as he made his way along the Colonial Parkway, heading east. York was to his left. He'd been driving it for three years, and knew the stretch of road intimately well, including its bends and turns.

But this time he was drunk.

Fink said, "This road goes right along the river. I mean, there's literally these guardrails right there, dropping off 40 feet to the water. It's a federally protected land, and so strict that you can't even drive a commercial vehicle on it with phone numbers. In the three years I've driven across that road, I'd never seen an abandoned car in my entire life. That's how clean and pristine this road is."

The parkway coiled away from the river. At nearly sixty miles per hour, Fink managed to stay within the lane lines. The road then wound right back towards the water. Fink fell asleep at the wheel while making the turn. He drove straight for the guardrail.

"I really believe that I was supposed to die that night," he said.

"I don't *think*. I *know* Yahuah had mercy on me. This is the only time that I'd ever seen an abandoned car on that stretch of road. So, instead of hitting the guardrail and dropping straight down 40-feet into the water, I hit this abandoned car—and going 55 miles an hour head on. I would have died because of the electronics; because I was drunk and passed out. By the time I would have woken up," *if* he had woken up, "the car would already be sinking and the electronics would have been off, and I probably would have drowned."

The abandoned car saved his life.

While Fink attempted to make sense of his bearings, the most peculiar car imaginable slowed to a stop. Lights of red and blue illuminated his

rear-view mirror. "I know this sounds kind of crazy, but I really believe the cops showed up *immediately*. Like, a minute later they were there, and I really believe that they were angels, because they were consoling me, they were taking care of me, they were asking me some really weird questions."

Their actual line of questions are kind of fuzzy, Fink admits, "but it's like I *knew*. It's like Yahuah put in my heart that I knew these were angels, or maybe not even real officers, or maybe the angels had embodied those officers, or however that worked, I don't know." The point is, Adam Fink was drunk. *He* knew it. And *they* knew it. And then, after consoling him for a little while, asking the sort of questions which incited spiritual incarceration rather than arrest, they let him finish the journey home. "That *never* happens. That doesn't happen in the modern day. They don't let you off. They don't just let you slide by. And I don't know why Yahuah would let me actually slide in that regard, but not long afterwards I moved to Missouri to be a father to my children. Had I received a DUI, had I gone to the courts, it would have been an entire year, and I wouldn't be able to move and be a dad to my kids. And so, I think that's maybe why He gave me a pass, and He didn't let me fall into the hands of the court."

The drinking continued.

That's not to say that those two events, the prayer, and his car accident alongside the York River, ceased from swirling around in his skull. As the following days turned into weeks, and finally months, while the bottle saturated his blood and slowly ate away at his brain, Fink would toss and turn in bed until three or four in the morning, seemingly incapable of sleep. He thought about the written Word, which even then sat in some drawer, *unread*. He considered his Jewish heritage and those strange visitors in the night whom, if he could recall of his Hebrew education, also visited Abraham on the road to Sodom. He thought about the girl lying next to him in bed, and probably any other number of girls, of both the flesh and electronic variety. He thought about that and the endless pursuit of sexual intimacy in errant contrast to Yahuah, whom he'd forgotten.

Essentially, Adam Fink was wrestling with Yah. And more importantly, Adam Fink knew he was wrestling with Yah.

And he was going to keep at it too—so long as he had the strength within him.

THE FINAL COUNTDOWN

UPON its release in 2004, Adam Fink *hated* Michael Moore's anti-war documentary, 'Fahrenheit 9/11'. Hated it. He begrudgingly watched the film with the rest of right-wing America and then cursed the liberal Canadian fatty who made it.

Stop stomping on our flag, fatty.

The 9/11 Commission report might as well have been a nuke detonation for some of flat earths earliest revivalists, it seemed to do very little for Fink. But none of that mattered anymore. The year was 2014 now, and the latest iteration of the flat earth awakening was nearly busting at its seams. In various chat boards across the Internet, the fuse had been lit. And for most first generation flat earthists, there was some serious last minute catching up to do.

Even while lying in bed at night with a woman beside him, his thoughts were consumed by a whirlwind of regret. Fink recalled, "I'd stay awake until 3 or 4 in the morning, not able to sleep. Just tossing and turning." Yahuah filled the inner cracks and crevices of his skull. "I'd just start thinking about Him, and how He's got a written Word, that I hadn't been reading it, and I had forgotten about Him. I even left my Jewish heritage."

Adam was taking a drive one day and reached for the radio knob. Only this time he didn't dial the volume up. He turned the world off completely. His commute to work, a new sales position, was forty-five minutes each way, which allowed ample Scripture readings on audio. As he listened in upon the words of Yahshua, he began to get convicted about a number of pressing issues, including the woman he was living with and the premarital sex they were freely enjoying. For the most part, his reading of Scripture remained casual.

But getting back to Michael Moore, albeit indirectly. It would take yet another careful glance at 9/11 in order for Adam Fink's quest for truth to blossom. "I was one of those mockers. But this time Abba gave me eyes to see, and I saw 9/11 for what it is. I was hooked instantly on Truth."

In 2014, the inside attack and the propaganda surrounding the 9/11 event consumed his devotions. "I stayed on that topic for

two months—*easily*. I wanted to learn from every angle. *Is this true? Is this even possible?* That was a big hurdle for me. With Abba, I think that's where I had to start, because I was *so* patriotic. I mean, I love this country. I loved it. I couldn't thank Him enough for being born in this country and being part of this country. Even though I wasn't a war veteran, I was still very prideful about being a marine."

From there, Fink lent his ear to learning about the Illuminati and the Rothschilds and the DuPont's, the Federal Reserve, the money system, and the fiat currency, the stock market and how the entire world was a stage. He started learning about *real* money, and then he put his learning to good use by buying gold and silver. It was 2014, and the whole spectrum of truth, GMO's and Vaccines and the medical tyranny system, including *pharmakia*, began confronting him along the roadside of his journey.

For some, the alarm went off in 2003.

For others, 2009 or 2010.

Point being, it was 2014, and for most, there was a lot of catching up to do. People *everywhere* were waking up from a terribly long winter, rubbing their eyes in the dawn of a new day. A flat earth video popped up in their YouTube feed, and so, they clicked on the link thinking to debunk it.

THE FLAT EARTH

IT was the summer of 2015 and Adam Fink stumbled upon a video by somebody named Mark Sargent. "I saw Flat Earth Clues as a recommendation on this side of my screen, and I was like, 'What... flat earth?' By this point I realized that I didn't know anything about how the world *turned*. It was all so new, and I realized then that everything needed to be relearned. I watched it and I knew. I knew right away."

And so, what was left on the agenda but to tell his girlfriend? Which brought a swift and somewhat immediate end to their relationship in case you're wanting to know.

"I saw the vitriol and the hate. I'm glad because it was right about that time that I actually moved to Missouri to finally be a dad—a physical dad. It was the fall of 2015. Though I was financially always

there for them, they never went without it, I was trying for once to be a physical dad.”

The quest for Truth had also become Fink’s fascination as of late. What seemed absolutely certain is that car sales would pull him away from the hunt and back into the void of the lifeless idols he’d only recently escaped. “In the car business, I worked like sixty-seventy-hour weeks, but I still wanted to do something in sales.” Fink ended up working for a contractor that specialized in home remodels. Sunroofs and room expansions, that sort of thing.

Even better than the reduced working hours, his boss needed a salesman willing to take in-home calls and make pitches on the road. He used the six hours of driving each day to listen to YouTube videos and Truther material. It was there, however, listening to the words spoken to him from behind the wheel that he shifted away from conspiracy material to actual Scripture. “For me, the way my brain works, when I’m focused on the road, and I have the Scriptures in audio, it’s like osmosis for me. It’s like I learn it three times better from the audio rather than reading it for myself. So, I was able to pack in a lot of Scripture to the point where I was memorizing verses and connecting passages.”

“Flat earth is really when I knew that the Word was completely the truth, and I knew that this world had nothing but lies, and that was the vehicle that catapulted me into literally just throwing off everything, and turning off movies, and TV, and football. I mean, that was my last year of caring about football. Everything—I just threw it all off, and I said concerning Scripture, “This is it.” So, flat earth was huge.”

His girlfriend’s vitriol reaction let him know how deeply spiritual the globe earth lie was, and that convincing others of it wouldn’t be easy. Initially, when it came to the big move, he had saved up enough money to take about six to eight months off, wherein he might devote himself to the pursuit of knowledge. Fink began the rotunda of each day with a pot of coffee—7am, central time. Sitting down at the table with his laptop opened up, he would clap his hands together: *What are we going to learn today, hmmm?*

Beside him was a notepad scribbled with notes, complete with names and phrases he’d recently learned such as Steve Quayle and Nephilym giants. Genesis 6 led him to Rob Skiba and then to what Fink has described as the biggest catalyst in

his spiritual life. It was in discovering Skiba that he realized “I needed to value my Savior, to start to follow Him, to guard his Commandments, and keep His way.

“I was still pretty rusty. I messed up. And truth be told, I was still into pornography back then. Praise Yah, I’ve been delivered from that. I haven’t masturbated or looked at pornography since December of 2016. I was still messing up back then, but I finally became convicted about this kind of stuff, and just so thankful for the flat earth truth because our faith is spiritual, but I believe Abba gave this to us in the last days as something tangible. I mean, literally tangible in that you can test it for yourself, and then you can just know. You can just absolutely know that His Word is a hard Truth, and Satan has his complete grip on the world, and nearly everyone is lost. Almost everybody is blinded by this. And you just start to see it in every single movie. They start off with a spinning globe, and every TV show, and then it’s inserted into commercials, and you just put your hands over your mouth and go, *Oh my God*. This is such a huge deception.”

For six to eight solid months, Fink sat down everything but the quest for Truth was placed upon the backburner. Fink was being prepared for the ministry to come. “I was in prayer, and I was talking, talking, talking, and it was like something just made me zip it. It was like: *Shut up, Adam. Stop talking.*

Fink had a vision.

In his vision, he was teaching on YouTube.

“Whatever you call it that I do; a teacher, preacher, pastor, Scripture reader, call me what you want; I had visions of it, and even though I had this experience, I was still very hesitant, because I’m still an introvert at heart. And while I was very good at sales, I mean, I was a sales manager, I was conducting meetings, speaking in front of 10 or 15 or 20 guys I’ve never spoken to a lot of people before. But He showed me. He showed me that I was going to start teaching.”

With his newfound revelation, Adam took his research to a whole new level of concentrated focus. “And I used every single day of that eight months or so that I had, and I didn’t have to work, and I still have, I’ve got notebooks full of notes.” He followed the hoppy bunny rabbit, video surfing from topic to topic, whatever popped up into his feed next, always taking notes. One such topic

involved Paul. As in the apostle Paul. More specifically, Paul the false apostle.

This is how he would begin his YouTube channel. Paul was a false Apostle. “Thankfully, the Spirit just yanked me back, and he showed me that wasn’t right.”

Though quickly backpedaling away from his anti-Paul sentiments, he still had the matter of the flat earth to attend to. “My family actually used to listen to me, and they’d be like, ‘Adam, love, LOVE what God is doing through you. He has obviously anointed you to preach but chill out on the flat earth. I can’t share this stuff.’ I’m like, don’t share it. I’m called to speak the truth. I can’t censor the truth here.”

It was during this time that I tuned into Adam Fink. As one of his earliest followers, when the subscriber count was low and notably in the hundreds, I was there when he flipped on his camera (sometimes from the driver seat of his car) to let us know about his latest discoveries. From my perspective, the flat earth was often delivered with soft strokes and great hesitancy. But then there was Enoch and 2 Esdras. Adam would read through their pages like a boy being let loose in a candy store. From the get-go, there was never a doubt that his greatest joy, and in fact where he truly let loose, was when finding himself submerged within the pages of Scripture. It was then that we connected, being equally bewildered by these rarely read texts, and I can distinctly recall the weekly concerns from his Indiana family in the comments section.

Slowly, one by one, his family fell away from watching his YouTube preaching project. At one time his mother was a devoted viewer, but she too could no longer handle his persistent flat earth talk.

In Indiana it was the same. Over the course of his videos, a hundred familiar voices descended upon him. *The flat earth was disproven centuries ago, Adam. It’s not the truth. You’re tainting all that God inspired stuff. You’re embarrassing God.*

Gravity.

The moon landing.

Haven’t you heard of satellites?

Ships disappear at sea, you know.

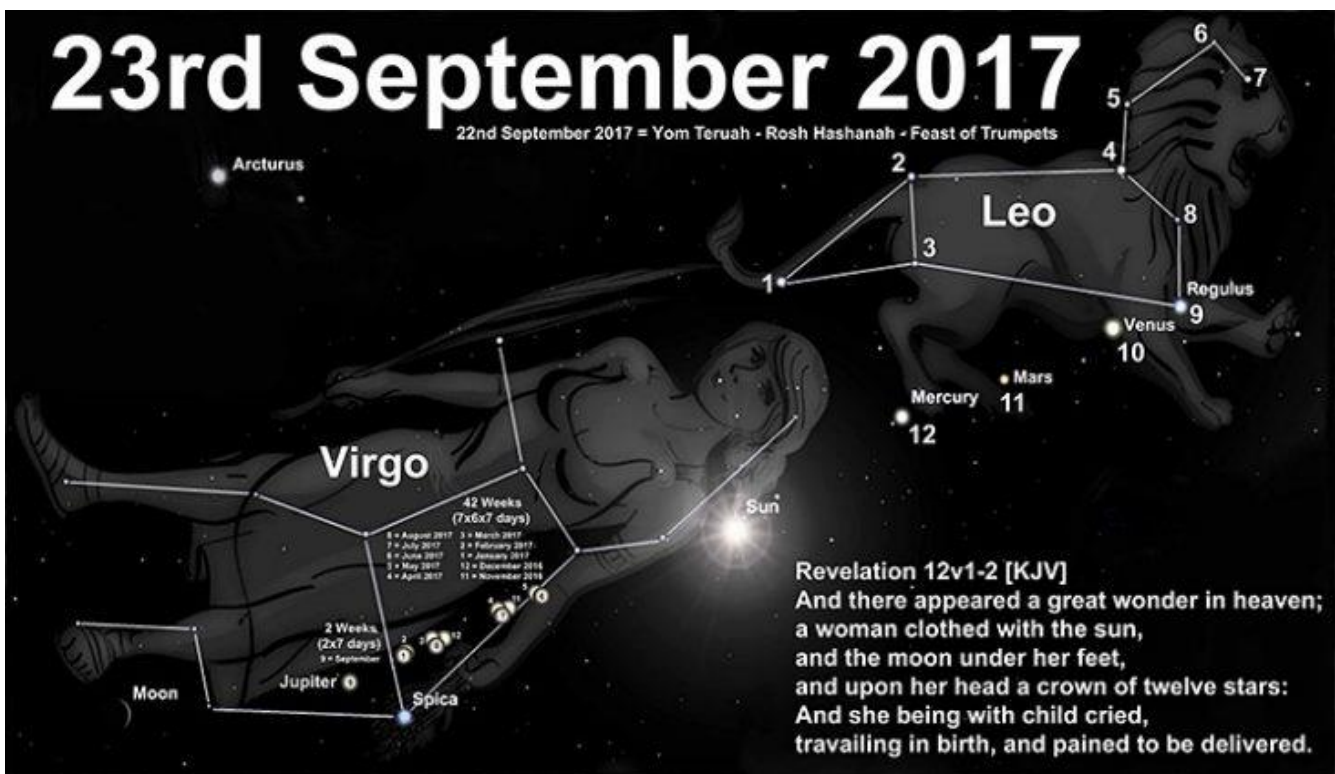
Think of the astronauts!

“And of course, like always, the blinders, the brick wall. I’m kind of a laughingstock with the family too. And it’s a big family.”

Adam paused over the phone.

“There is one,” he said. “My mom’s side of the family is pretty big. When you count the cousins, and now the new generation babies, there’s about a hundred and twenty of us.” Out of that number there arose one worthy of the cognizant challenge—a cousin by which Adam was capable of sharing his newfound discoveries with. “When he turned, his life completely turned around too. There’s only two of us out of a hundred and twenty or so that understands the flat earth and the Scriptures. Everybody’s Christian. The whole family’s Christian. But they’re all unfortunately stuck in modern-day Christianity.”

The flat earth was a sledgehammer capable of busting the hibernating Matrix of churchianity wide open, making passionate disciples of them, and everybody in Adam’s circle could see it. It simply wasn’t the path they wanted to take.



SEPTEMBER 23

SCRIBBLED within Adam’s notebook is a *chapter and verse* reference which early subscribers to the Parable of the Vineyard YouTube channel know intimately well. Revelation 12. It was during his eight-month reconnaissance mission in the Matrix that he stumbled upon Scottie Clark. The Revelation 12 sign theory in case you need to be caught up to speed, was Clark’s baby. Notably, it was a celestial alignment of the sun and the moon as well as the planets within the womb of Virgo on September the 23rd, 2017. Perfect date for The Rapture.

Using Clark’s research as a springboard, Fink had found his very first niche.

“I actually had a dream about it, and I probably had maybe five or six dreams that I believe are from above, that were supposed to help direct me. And it really helped me to hone-in on this Revelation 12 sign being big.” For Fink, it tied in perfectly with the flat earth. “I studied Genesis 1:14 very astutely, and knew that the sun, moon, and stars were there for signs and seasons, days of years, and knew that it was His clock.”

Fink’s video, ‘The Revelation 12 Sign in UNDER 15 minutes!’ received well over a hundred-thousand views. In prominent prophetic circles, it

put Fink on the map. Titles such as ‘Revelation 12 The Great Sign | If you only had 6 months left... Being a ready and wise servant’ followed. The countdown to September 23 and The Rapture intended to complement it was a slow and steady crawl. It felt like the day would never arrive. For Fink’s growing audience, September 23 was an untapped future wherein anything was possible.

“I never spent much time focusing on how it could be the rapture, but more like, *hey*, here’s Revelation verses 1 through 12. This is what it says. *Hey*, this is what’s going on up in the stars, it matches it perfectly—wake up. It’s time to wake up. I believe that we all have individual tasks of what we’re supposed to do with the body, and for me it was to reignite the flame in his in his newborn believers, and I was like, this is it! This is how I wake up ‘the lukewarm’! Look up! We can see this for ourselves! And of course, we used the Solarium program to predict it and what not, and I got to tell you, I looked at that thing frontwards, backwards, side-wards. People would debunk it by saying this happens every year. Well, I would look at it almost every single year, and it never happened this way except for the time of Adam and Eve. That was the first time it happened. This was the second time, which was in September the 23rd, 2017.”

In January of 2017, he married a woman from Missouri and her name was Vicki. In preparation for the inevitable sign to come, they plotted a

family and began having children. “Had I been Tora observant at the time,” he added, “we never would have gotten married.”

Rob Skiba was Torah observant. Jon Pounders at NYSTV was Torah observant. And then there was some of the other guys, like Steve Moutria at 119 Ministries—all Torah observants. But you know who wasn’t Torah observant? Scottie Clark. In the coming years, Scottie Clark would become an active antagonist against Torah obedience, and to the point that only Paul’s 13 letters were applicable for our lives.

Adam Fink carefully jotted those names as well as

THE AWAKENING

FROM their front yard in Coco Beach, Justin and Jacquie Best could observe the sporadic rockets catapulting above nearby Cape Canaveral and Kennedy Space Center, lighting a trail of fire into the night, like one of Nimrod’s own flaming arrows pointed at the HaShamayim. While flat earthists across our motionless plane debated the specifics of the Falcon 9, the Atlas V, and the Minotaur IV, among other past and present launch vehicles and payloads (asking such questions as: are they really balloons?), Justin and Jacquie stood and watched, astonished by the mysteries before them.

Seemingly undisturbed by the shadow which NASA cast upon him, Justin Best of Christian Truthers called Adam Fink up on the phone.

the little tidbits associated with them down into his notebook. *Probably a deception. Who really knows, though? It may very well be legit.*

Best to put it on the backburner... for now.

For many, the long-awaited arrival of the Revelation 12 sign and no rapture was a crushing blow, particularly. “All the build-up,” Adam reflected upon the whirlwind year. So much emotion and excitement. “The solar eclipse, and then September 23rd, comes and goes, and I’m like—*now* what?”

“What’s up?” Fink wanted to know from Missouri. There was a pause from the other end.

“You know that Torah observance thing?”

Uh-huh. Fink.

“I don’t know what to tell you, man.” Best’s breath held weight to it. And if it quivered, the dire possibility of a broken friendship was dutifully commented upon. “But I think it’s *legit*.”

Best waited while Fink grappled with the sound of his own silence. He waited. But then it arrived, suddenly and without reservation, with all the toots and whistles of a freight train. Fink seemed to explode into his receiver.

“I knew it!”

