

# Jezebel

Harlot Queen of Israel

*Chronicles of the Watchers*

*Book 1*

By Brian Godawa

Jezebel: Harlot Queen of Israel  
Chronicles of the Watchers Book 1  
2nd Edition

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Scripture quotations taken from *The Holy Bible: English Standard Version*. Wheaton: Standard Bible Society, 2001.

## NOTE TO THE READER

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*Jezebel: Harlot Queen of Israel* is a standalone novel. But it is a part of the *Chronicles of the Watchers* series whose books all share what biblical scholar Michael S. Heiser has coined “the Deuteronomy 32 worldview.”<sup>1</sup>

Rather than try to re-explain this worldview within the story of each novel, I will lay it out here in brief summary. For more detailed biblical support and explanation, I recommend reading my booklet, *[Psalm 82: The Divine Council of the Gods, the Judgment of the Watchers and the Inheritance of the Nations \(paid link\)](#)*. It is the foundation of all three of my novel series, *Chronicles of the Nephilim*, *Chronicles of the Watchers*, and *Chronicles of the Apocalypse*.

Deuteronomy 32 is well-known as the Song of Moses. In it, Moses sings of the story of Israel and how she had come to be God’s chosen nation. He begins by glorifying God and then telling them to “remember the days of old”...

When the Most High gave to the nations their inheritance,  
when he divided mankind,  
he fixed the borders of the peoples  
according to the number of the sons of God.  
But the Lord’s portion is his people,  
Jacob his allotted heritage.  
(Deuteronomy 32:8–9)

The context of this passage is the Tower of Babel incident in Genesis 11 when mankind was divided. Rebellious humanity sought divinity in unified rebellion, so God separated them by confusing their tongues, which divided

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<sup>1</sup> Michael S. Heiser, *The Unseen Realm: Recovering the Supernatural Worldview of the Bible*, First Edition (Bellingham, WA: Lexham Press, 2015), 113–114.

them into the seventy nations (of Gentiles), described in Genesis 10, with their ownership of those bordered lands as the allotted “inheritance” of those peoples.

But inheritance works in heaven as it is on earth. The people of Jacob (Israel) would become Yahweh’s allotted inheritance while the other Gentile nations were the allotted inheritance of the *Sons of God*.

So who were these Sons of God who ruled over the Gentile nations (Psalm 82:1-8)? Some believe they were human rulers. Others argue for their identities as supernatural principalities and powers. I am in the second camp. In my *Psalm 82* book, I prove why they cannot be humans and must be heavenly creatures.

The phrase “Sons of God” is a technical term that means divine beings from God’s heavenly throne court (Job 1:6; 38:7), and they are referred to with many different titles. They are sometimes called “heavenly host” (Isaiah 24:21-22; Deuteronomy 4:19 with Deuteronomy 32:8-9; 1 Kings 22:19-23), sometimes called “holy ones” (Deuteronomy 33:2-3; Psalm 89:5-7; Hebrews 2:2), sometimes called “the divine council” (Psalm 82:1; 89:5-7), sometimes called “Watchers” (Daniel 4:13, 17, 23), and sometimes called “gods” or *elohim* in the Hebrew (Deuteronomy 32: 17, 43; Psalm 82:1; 58:1-2). Yes, you read that last one correctly. God’s Word calls these beings *gods*.

But fear not. That isn’t polytheism. The word “god” in this biblical sense is a synonym for “heavenly being” or “divine being” whose realm is that of the spiritual.<sup>2</sup> It does not mean uncreated beings that are all-powerful and all-knowing. Yahweh alone is that God. Yahweh is the God of gods (Deuteronomy 10:17; Psalm 136:2). He created the other *elohim* (“gods”). These “gods” are created angelic beings who are most precisely referred to as Sons of God.

The biblical narrative is as follows. The Fall in the Garden was not the only source of evil in the world. Before the Flood, some of these heavenly Sons of God rebelled against Yahweh and left their divine dwelling to come to earth (Jude 6), where they violated Yahweh’s holy separation and mated with human women (Genesis 6:1-4). This was not a racial separation, but a

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<sup>2</sup> Michael S. Heiser, *The Unseen Realm: Recovering the Supernatural Worldview of the Bible*, First Edition (Bellingham, WA: Lexham Press, 2015), 23-27.

spiritual one. Their corrupt hybrid seed were called “Nephilim” (giants), and their effect on humanity included such corruption and violence on the earth that Yahweh sent the Flood to wipe everyone out and start over again with Noah and his family.

Unfortunately, after the Flood humanity once again united in evil while building the Tower of Babel, a symbol of idolatrous worship of false gods. So Yahweh confused their tongues and divided them into the seventy nations. Since man would not stop worshipping false gods, the living God gave them over to their lusts (Romans 1:24, 26, 28) and placed them under the authority of the fallen Sons of God that they worshipped. Fallen spiritual rulers for fallen humanity (Psalm 82:1-7). It’s as if God said to humanity, “Okay, if you refuse to stop worshipping false gods, then I will give you over to them and see how you like them ruling over you.”

Deuteronomy 32 hints at a spiritual reality behind the false gods of the nations, calling them “demons” (Deuteronomy 32:17; Psalm 106:37-38). The Apostle Paul later ascribes demonic reality to pagan gods as well (1 Corinthians 10:20; 8:4-6). The New Testament continues this ancient notion that spiritual principalities and powers lay behind earthly powers (Ephesians 6:12; 3:10). The two were inextricably linked in historic events. As Jesus indicated, whatever happened in heaven also happened on earth (Matthew 6:10). Earthly kingdoms in conflict are intimately connected to heavenly powers in conflict (Daniel 10:12-13, 20-21; 2 Kings 6:17; Judges 5:19-20).

So the Bible says that there is demonic reality to false gods. Just what this looks like is not exactly explained in the text of Scripture. But since those Sons of God who were territorial authorities over the nations were spiritually fallen Watchers, that makes them demonic or evil in essence. So what if they were the actual spiritual beings behind the false gods of the ancient world? What if the fallen Sons of God were masquerading as the gods of the nations in order to keep humanity enslaved in idolatry to their authority? That would affirm the biblical stories of earthly events with heavenly events occurring in synchronization.

Psalm 82:8 hints at the final judgment of these fallen gods when it links their disinheritance of the nations to Yahweh “arising” and inheriting the nations from them. He will literally take back their territorial rights and power.

The messianic connection is obvious and explained in more detail in my book, *Psalm 82*.

That is the biblical premise of the *Chronicles of the Watchers*. The pagan gods like Baal, Astarte, Asherah, and others are actually fallen Sons of God, Watchers of the nations, crafting false identities and narratives as gods of those nations. The ultimate end of these spiritual rebels is depicted in the series *Chronicles of the Apocalypse*. But for now, they plan, conspire, and fight to keep their allotted peoples and lands, all while seeking to stop God's messianic goal of inheriting all the nations (Psalm 2:1-9; 82:8).

One other word for those who share my high view of Scripture. My goal is to use the fantasy genre to show the theological reality of spiritual warfare while being faithful to the biblical text.

In the interest of focusing on the story of Jezebel, I had to skip over some other narratives that did not include her. I condensed and telescoped some events and people, but kept true to the essence of what was occurring. I had to use creative license occasionally. Otherwise, the story would be too long and fragmented for a novel.

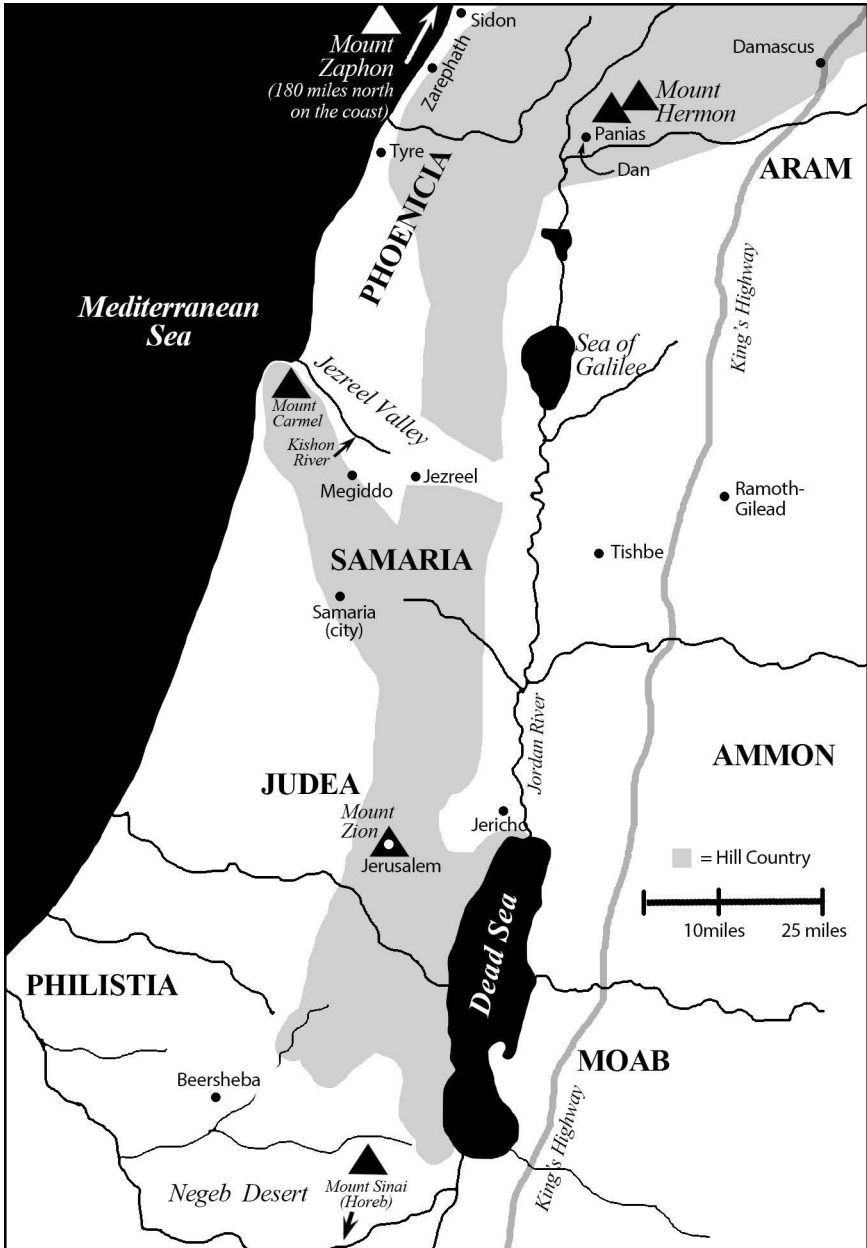
I seek to stay true to the spirit of the text if not the letter. For instance, I cut out a large part of Elisha's ministry and telescoped the final events of Jezebel's demise with the end of Elijah's narrative because the focus of this novel is on Jezebel vs. Elijah (and Jehu). Elisha's ministry could warrant his own novel.

Thank you for your understanding of imagination and faith.

Brian Godawa

Author, *Chronicles of the Watchers*

# MAPS



# PROLOGUE

## **Tohu Wabohu**

The great beast came up from the depths of the sea. It rose like a king to its throne, the king over all the sons of pride. Its scales were impenetrable shields of war. Its teeth were terror. Its body iron muscle and sinew. Its heart as hard as stone. Its seven heads were the guards of the spiritual realm where it ruled.

The creature's purpose was lawlessness. To disrupt. To dismantle. To destroy the created order. It moved with serpentine ease through the black waters below as the dark sky above churned with swirling clouds and thunder.

It broke the surface. Its breath kindled coals. Its nostrils sneezed smoke, and a flaming torch of fire belched forth from its mouths with a fury that challenged the storm above. It was the sea dragon of chaos: Leviathan. Its destination was the Land.

The creature was there in the beginning after God created the heavens and the earth. Darkness was over the face of the deep until the Creator separated the light from the darkness, separated the waters above from the waters below, separated the land from the sea, other creatures from man, female from male. The heavenly host sang together. The Sons of God shouted for joy. The sea and its mighty denizen were tamed.

Leviathan was there at the Red Sea as well when Yahweh, the God of Jacob, established his covenantal order. With the roaring of the waves, the dragon was pushed back in the parting, its heads crushed, chaos held at bay. Its body was feasted upon in the wilderness of the heavens and earth of the Mosaic covenant, embodied in the tabernacle and written on tablets of stone.

But now Leviathan, the incarnation of chaos and destruction was back, resurrected by a supernatural call from the unseen realm. It headed toward the coastland where a city rose from the sea. An island city guarded by powerful ships and fortified by massive stone walls.



Tyre was the chief city of a confederation of coastal powers from Sidon and Byblos in the north all the way down to Mount Carmel in the south. This powerful trading confederation was Sidonia, also called Phoenicia by their Greek trading partners. They ruled the seas and grew rich with merchant trade from the wealth of nations. They had a cosmopolitan culture that drew the best from every trade partner on the seas, from Egypt to Greece and even as far as Tarshish. Their ancestry and bloodlines were mixed with all people groups as the Phoenicians intermarried with their trading partners from distant shores. Tyre's architectural structures were world-renowned for their sophistication and design. Especially their temples.

On the southern part of the island city, a stone temple to the god Melqart stood. Known as Herakles to the Greeks, Melqart was the god of Tyre and had been since the days of Lord Hiram's trading with the great king Solomon. He was also called the "Watcher" of Tyre, as gods watched over cities and nations as their territories. Melqart stood near his temple on the rocky shore with the goddess Astarte at his side awaiting the arrival of Leviathan. Melqart was muscular and striking in appearance with a bearded face and robed in a lion's pelt tunic. He grasped a massive club in his mighty right hand.

Astarte was considered the Queen of Heaven, the consort of the storm god Baal. She was voluptuous in her naked form with pale white skin and a hairstyle like that of the Egyptian goddess Hathor: black in color, full, but tightly coiffed to just above her shoulders, looking like its own headdress. A uraeus rose from the golden band around her head, another Egyptian symbol of royalty: a rearing cobra, its wings spread, ready for striking. Astarte's feminine traits were both seductive and deceiving for she was the goddess of both sex and war. She loved and she killed.

Unseen by human eyes and unheard by human ears, Melqart and Astarte and her guardian lion were silhouetted on the shore against the stormy skies. Sensing a surge of spiritual power, the gods gave one another a knowing look. The creature they had summoned was near now and they were empowered by its presence.

# CHAPTER 1

*My name is Jehu, son of Jehoshaphat, son of Nimshi, of the people of Israel, and I will tell you a story. It is a story of creation and fall. Of gods and men. Of kings and queens. Of miracles and lies. When future generations look back upon my day, they will wonder. But will they believe?*

*Will they believe stories of fire and brimstone? Of plagues and parting waters? Of fallen giants and falling walls? And if they heed not the warnings from heaven, what then will they believe? Will they gain the world, but lose their souls?*

*Listen to me now, and I will tell you a story of the rise and fall of the most powerful queen in the land, a woman who transformed her world and changed the course of history. Her name was Izabel of the Sidonians. She was born to Ethbaal, the high priest of Astarte, who became king of Tyre through a most common means of royal ascent.*

## **Tyre, Phoenicia 874 BC**

Ethbaal followed his king, Phelles of Tyre, through an underground passageway, protected by five armed palace guards. Ethbaal was thirty-four years old, in his prime, fit and disciplined as high priest of Astarte. At age fifty, Phelles was a fat, soft man of luxury whose family dynasty should have been over long ago. He was the last of four sons, who had previously slain his older brother to take the throne. His mere presence disgusted Ethbaal, but Phelles was king, and the high priest obeyed him.

Phelles had recently claimed his right to the Sacred Marriage, a fertility ritual where the king would copulate with the high priestess of Astarte as a symbol of marrying the goddess. This ensured good crops for the people and affirmed the sacred stature of the king as a member of the divine family.

What repulsed Ethbaal most was that this slobbering, lustful beast was giddy with anticipation because a new high priestess was to be anointed in a few days and he would soon have her.

Unfortunately, that high-priestess-to-be was Ethbaal's own daughter Izabel.

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Izabel of Tyre was led through the streets by a procession of *qedeshim*. Qedeshim were male and female "holy ones." A male was called a *qedesh* and a female a *qedesha*. They were temple servants whose cultic responsibilities included both temple upkeep and prostitution. Qedeshim were very popular with the people.

The new high priest of Baal walked beside Izabel. His name was Hamilqart. He had been groomed for the position and now carried himself with a confidence of his worthiness. Eighteen years old, he was slim with a boyish face and the golden hair of his Greek ancestry. He had grown up with Izabel and had stolen her heart. They had been secret lovers for the past year, finding every hidden location they could to indulge their youthful infatuation with each other.

Izabel shared a glance with Hamilqart as they walked, trying to keep their regal poise, trying not to let their secret be apparent. But the truth was that Hamilqart looked much more desirable to her in the official uniform of the high priest: gold-gilded blue robe, gem-studded conical headdress, and carrying the sacred golden mace in his hand. Yes, much more desirable. She wondered when they might find a moment to be alone together again.

Izabel and her entourage arrived at the gate of the temple of Baal. Though Melqart was the patron god of Tyre, Baal was the Most High of the Canaanite pantheon and as such required his own temple. Since Astarte was Baal's consort, her new high priestess Izabel was to be Baal's own. Baal was also known as Hadad the storm god or Baal Shamem, Lord of Heaven—Baal for short.

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His house was classic Phoenician in design, a long stone rectangular structure of ashlar masonry, huge stones cut to fit without mortar. It rested in the midst of a large courtyard with porticos around the perimeter. The actual temple was about seventy feet long, forty feet wide, and fifty feet high with two large bronze pillars at the entrance, where Izabel now stood.

A cadre of qedeshim surrounded her with shaving razors in their hands. She bowed her head, and Hamilqart poured oil on her, the anointing.

She had turned sixteen only recently, but she felt already a woman of age. Perhaps this was because of her sexual experience. Or because of what her father Ethbaal had taught her since her mother had died years ago. He had treated Izabel as he would a son, teaching her how to maneuver the politics of royalty and how to strategize and rule, but with an important difference.

It was more difficult for a woman than for a man in this world that men controlled. A woman had to be much more discreet and clever than her male counterparts if she was to achieve her goals. Her father had taught her well to use her feminine traits to her advantage and to use the system against itself. She'd even practiced some of those tactics on Hamilqart, who responded ever so predictably like a loyal puppy.

Izabel closed her eyes as the qedeshim shaved her head of all her long, dark hair. It would take years to grow back, and she felt the loss deeply. Her hair had been her pride. But the sacrifice was worth it for what she would receive in return as high priestess of Astarte.

She saw sadness in Hamilqart's eyes. He had worshipped her flowing hair. He stared at it lying on the stone porch as if he would never be happy again.

An offering of one ox and six sheep was performed by the priests on the altar in the courtyard. Then Izabel returned to the bath for her cleansing.

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Ethbaal, King Phelles, and his guards came out of their underground passageway into a sacred shrine room for Astarte, Ethbaal's patron goddess. Astarte's temple stood near the house of Baal in the massive court surrounded by porticos. As consort of Baal, Astarte was privileged to have her own shrine within the temple complex, though smaller than Baal's, of course.

The guards remained outside the shrine as Ethbaal and Phelles were accompanied inside by four priests of Astarte. In the vestibule entrance, they all donned masks created for libation ceremonies. Ethbaal wore a cattle skull that had been altered to be worn over the priest's face. The others were artistic creations of leather, wood, and plaster. Phelles wore a bull mask, a symbol of Baal. The other priests wore various zoomorphic faces: a lion, a horse, a stag, and an ape.

They entered the inner sanctuary of the shrine in silence, their costumes looking like an eerie herd of anthropomorphized animals.

Incense was lit on the censers. Ethbaal carried the wine that Phelles would pour out to Astarte as a libation offering of preparation for his Sacred Marriage to the goddess.

An image of Astarte stood before them in the holy of holies. An eight-foot-tall white alabaster stone sculpture, she stood naked and voluptuous upon the back of a tamed lion. A serpent wrapped around her legs up to her waist. Full-bodied black hair replicating that of the goddess Hathor indicated Egyptian influence, and her eyes seemed to look down upon the masked priests and king with ghostly awareness. Ethbaal could feel that Astarte was here with them.

“Queen of Heaven,” Ethbaal prayed aloud, “Our Great Lady Astarte, we bring the king before you to receive your judgment of his worthiness for the Sacred Marriage.”

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Stripping off her robes, Izabel descended into the steaming bath, a large ten-foot by ten-foot square filled with fresh water and surrounded by a portico of colonnades. Her bald head felt strange to her. She'd always had hair, and she now felt more naked than she'd ever felt in her life. It was unsettling.

Two qedeshim sponged her body clean. She thought of the large tattoo she'd recently received on her back of the sea dragon Leviathan. She still felt residual sensitivity from the ink needles piercing her skin. One of the servants poured soothing water down her back.

Looking into a double mirror positioned so she could see her back, Izabel admired the colorful image of a flowing serpentine body that ended in seven heads poised for striking, several of whose mouths flamed with fire. It inspired both beauty and awe, the very reaction she wanted to elicit from others in her life.



In the shrine room of Astarte, Ethbaal watched King Phelles take a plate of breadcakes a priest handed him and place it onto the small stone altar: a food offering. The king then took a deep drink of wine from the golden chalice he would use for libation to the goddess. Ethbaal knew the king was picturing in his mind the many ways he intended to sexually abuse Izabel in the Sacred Marriage rite. Ethbaal knew this because the king had told him often enough to make Ethbaal boil with anger.

Ethbaal kept his eyes focused on Phelles as the king poured the wine over the food offering, mumbling a prayer of thanksgiving.

The king broke off his prayer with a grunt. Dropping the chalice to the ground with a clang, he clutched at his abdomen and dropped to his knees, his expression one of excruciating pain.

Ethbaal had poisoned the king with hemlock.

The king looked up as he began to convulse, and his eyes found Ethbaal. No one moved to his aid. He wretched and vomit oozed from the mouth of the bull skull, an image unworthy of the mighty god Baal.

Surrounding the king, Ethbaal and the four other priests withdrew daggers from their dark robes. Ethbaal made the first strike, aiming for the heart. Phelles groaned in pain.

The others joined in by plunging their blades into the king's torso—over and over. The king fell to the floor, still convulsing from the poison as his life left his body. This small group of assassins looked like a pack of silent animals thinning the herd. It was a scene that struck Ethbaal as quite natural.

Ethbaal spoke mentally as if to the king's spirit, *You are unworthy of Astarte. You are unworthy of my daughter. You are only worthy of Hades.*



Izabel's body was dried from the bath. Her qedeshim then applied cosmetics to her face. Dark kohl around the eyes to emphasize them as Egyptians did. Ground beets to redden her cheeks. Metallic bluish eye shadow and red lip coloring.

As the servants carefully painted her, she stared at a small ivory carving by the large mirror. It was one of the most popular images in Canaan, called "the woman at the window." Framed by a square sculpted window with pillars

beneath it, the face of a painted woman with a Hathor wig on her shaved head looked out at the viewer. She represented the goddess Astarte. The image was also a popular reference to qedeshim as prostitutes in the service of Astarte, providing both fertility and life.

When the qedeshim were done with Izabel's make-up, they sprayed her with perfume made of frankincense, myrrh, and other rare herbs to incite the king's desire.

They hung gold earrings in Izabel's ears, the storm god's gold ring on her hand, the black hair of Astarte on her head, and lastly a purple robe of interwoven wool and cotton over her naked body. The Sidonians had become known throughout the entire world for their unique purple dye that was made from the murex shellfish found only off their coast. Its rarity and high price made Tyrian purple a symbol of power and wealth and a favorite of royalty.

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Ethbaal stood on the steps of the royal palace before the people of Tyre to receive the crown. The murder of King Phelles had been kept sufficiently discreet, and since Ethbaal was of noble blood and well connected, he was the most popular choice for a new dynasty. It had taken but a day for the elders of the city to acknowledge his claim to the throne. Now here he was to receive it.

As Ethbaal's head was anointed with oil, the audience of Tyrians applauded with hope for a new era. He had planned and calculated for years to become the sovereign, and he was not going to waste one moment. He intended to create a lasting legacy that would cement Tyre's supremacy in the annals of history.

Now he was king of Tyre.

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Veiled like a bride, Izabel was led on the arm of high priest Hamilqart through the streets. A group of singers went before them and she was followed by the current high priestess, now wearing humble white linen and carrying "the divine weapon," a golden axe. Crowds of Tyrians lined up to watch the procession all the way to the large pillared courtyard filled with hundreds of residents who watched a sacrifice of ox, sheep, and lambs upon the stone altar before the house of Baal.

As Izabel paused before the two large glorious bronze pillars at the top of the steps, the crowd cheered their new high priestess. She offered two golden figurines as an offering to the priests before entering the house of Baal.

Hamilqart escorted her through the tripartite building, three sections, each with a purpose. The first was the entrance. They walked over giant footprints, several feet long, engraved into the marble floor. These represented the god's own feet leaving an imprint as he entered into his house. Izabel noticed Hamilqart was walking at a delayed pace, noticeably slower than usual.

Then they reached the second room, the holy place of the temple, a long-pillared room where smoke from burning censers filled the air. Izabel felt herself get light-headed from the incense as she made her way up to the third section, the holy of holies.

In this section, a huge bronze image of Baal stood before a fire pit with burning coals in it. About fifteen feet high, the image of Baal in human form, a muscular male deity seated on a throne. He wore the conical-shaped *Atef* headdress common in both Egypt and Canaan. He also sported bull horns as a symbol of deity. He had long, braided hair and a long, squarely cropped beard. His hands were held out over the flames at his feet to receive the dismembered parts of the bull sacrificed on the altar in the courtyard.

The smoke that filled the temple obscured what Izabel could see. Had the image turned its head down to look at her? The drug-like effect of the incense must be producing hallucinations. She tried to clear her head just as her father, now King Ethbaal of Tyre, approached them.

Hamilqart squeezed her arm tighter as if he wasn't going to let her go.

"My daughter," Ethbaal said. "Welcome, my new high priestess."

He held out his hand to take her from Hamilqart. "I have waited too long for this moment."

"Yes, my father and my king." Izabel felt Hamilqart hesitate to release her. Looking at him through her veil, she saw eyes of sadness like a dog who had lost its owner.

Hamilqart finally released her.

Ethbaal grinned with pleasure. "Let us consummate the Sacred Marriage of king and goddess."



## CHAPTER 2

In the spiritual realm, the storm god Baal watched father and daughter leave the holy place for the shrine of Astarte outside. Unseen and unheard by the human priests, Baal turned and sank his fangs into the bull sacrifice on the arms of his bronze image.

The sculpture was a good likeness of himself, though not entirely accurate. He did indeed wear the same conical hat and horns as well as the leather battle skirt. And he had the same long hair and tightly shaped beard. But, Baal found the face created by the human artisans was far less handsome than his own. And he was much more muscular than the image. They'd also failed to include Baal's weapon he wore strapped on his back; a mighty war hammer he'd named Yagrush, which meant *Driver*.

*Well, humans are a feeble lot. They often don't get things right.* Baal sucked more of the blood from the offering, feeling it surge through his being like his own life force. Sacrifices worked that way. When humans worshipped the gods, it gave those gods more power and control. Baal had been feeling stronger than ever. As Most High god of the pantheon, he'd already been allotted as his inheritance the Sidonians, Arameans, Philistines, and everyone who surrounded Israel and Judah. Now even that crawling infestation of Hebrews was descending further into idolatry and farther away from Yahweh, their allotted inheritance.

King David had almost wiped out the Canaanite pantheon with his successful campaigns to regain the land originally taken by that monstrous Joshua, son of Nun. The Hebrews called it conquest. Baal called it theft. But thank the gods for David's son Solomon, who had married so many pagan wives he'd become corrupt to the core, incorporating the worship of the pagan gods Astarte, Molech, Milcom, and Chemosh into his religion.

Because of that spiritual harlotry, Yahweh had split the House of David in two, crippling them as punishment. Which was just fine as far as Baal was concerned. He couldn't have asked for a better setup for victory than a divided

kingdom. Rehoboam had ruled the southern tribes of Judah and Benjamin while Jeroboam had ruled over the northern ten tribes they now called Israel.

But both of them had also been “filthy idolaters” in Yahweh’s eyes. Rehoboam had maintained the temple in Jerusalem, but he never tore down the high places, which were altars built in the surrounding hills as places of worship and sacrifice unto the gods of Canaan. He had even placed an asherah in the Jerusalem temple itself. Totems of the same name as the mother goddess Asherah, the asherim were wooden poles carved with images and crafted to look like a sacred tree of life. But they represented the goddess who had been worshipped as a wife to Yahweh by all twelve tribes for the last hundred years.

Jeroboam had been no better than Rehoboam. The leader of Israel in the north had forged two golden calves as images of Yahweh in direct defiance of Yahweh’s own commands. He had placed one in the city of Dan in the north and one in the city of Bethel in the south. Jeroboam had also failed to destroy the asherim and high places all around Israel.

This fell right into the plans of Baal and the rest of the Watchers. Their goal was two-fold. First, take back the land of Canaan that Yahweh had stolen from their allotted inheritance. As the Hebrew authorities and their people were drawn away from devotion to Yahweh and toward Canaanite deities, those deities regained power within those territories. The authority of heavenly principalities and powers was reflected in earthly authorities and powers. On earth as it was in heaven.

The second goal of the Watchers was to destroy the chosen seedline of the Messiah, the one promised by Yahweh to ultimately crush the head of the serpent and inherit all the Land. That would be done by attacking the House of David, the bloodline of Messiah, down in Judah.

Since the Hebrews were squandering their inheritance, Yahweh’s influence over them was waning, Baal and the Canaanite pantheon were waxing stronger than ever. The angels of Yahweh had become scarce in the land. They didn’t show themselves much these days.

Baal came out of his thoughts just as the hands of the giant bronze image were moved with mechanical means by the priests. As the arms lowered, the sacrificial meat rolled into the pit of flames below. Sparks flew. Flames licked the statue, turning it red hot.

Now was the perfect time to strike with everything they had against Yahweh. Pulling out his war horn, Baal blew its supernatural call throughout the unseen realm, unheard by earthly ears, but very much heard by heavenly ones.