

LITTLE  
JOHNNY  
GOES TO  
MONTEZUMA'S  
CASTLE



*by*

SAMUEL E. SANCHEZ

# LITTLE JOHNNY GOES TO MONTEZUMA'S CASTLE

*The Adventures of Little Johnny Series*

Episode Two



Sanchez Family  
Publishing

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## Dedication



*We dedicate this book to all the **Ministers of Christ**. We pray for their success in spreading the Gospel, so that our Savior, Jesus Christ, will return to us soon. We anxiously await His soon coming. God bless and Keep you safe.*

*Amen.*

## Copyright

The Adventures of Little Johnny Series  
Little Johnny Goes to Montezuma's Castle  
Episode Two

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3. To my loving Mother, Arlenice Carbajal, who shared with me the Love of Christ, I love you.

May the God of Heaven and Earth bless and keep you. May His glorious arms always be around you. May His Spirit always dwell in you. Amen.

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## CHAPTER ONE



### *The Journey Begins*

“ALL ABOARD CHILDREN! IT IS TIME TO START OUR JOURNEY TO CAMP VERDE” yelled out the bus driver Mr. Gaston Bealac.

It was an unusually hot spring day in central Arizona. As the children boarded the bright yellow school bus, Mrs. Priscila Bealac made sure that everyone, along with their belongings were present. Mrs. Priscila, as the children called her, was the favorite of all the teachers’ aides, in addition she was the head chef at the cafeteria, and she always spoiled the little ones.

Little Johnny was especially close to Mrs. Pricilla. Not only were the two neighbors, but Mrs. Pricilla was also Momma’s best of friend. These two families were always together, and today was no exception. As Little Johnny stepped on to the bus, Mrs. Pricilla snuck him a small brown bag, and the aroma emanating from it was making Johnny’s mouth water. As Johnny’s twin sister, Betty Sue climbed aboard, Mrs. Pricilla passed her a little bag as well. Betty Sue decided to sit next to Little Johnny in the very front of the bus, to the right of Mrs. Pricilla.

Mrs. Pricilla took her seat, directly behind her husband, just as she always did, whenever he was drove the bus.

As the last child sat down, the children's teacher, Mr. Lambert, said a quick prayer. After the prayer, the school's bus driver, Mr. Bealac pulled the handle to close the door. As the door moved, a high-pitched squeaking sound radiated throughout the bus. The children all cringed at the sound, but Mr. Bealac just laughed.

"I love that sound!" He stated.

"It tells everyone that the bus is about to take off, or that the children are about to exit the bus. It signifies the beginning, or the end of every journey." He claimed.



“Oh, Honey you’re too much.” Said Mrs. Priscilla.

Mr. Lambert moved to sit at the very back of the bus. During his walk, he felt the old bus sway side to side. He did not particularly appreciate the motion, for it made him feel nauseous. Eventually he took his seat.

After he scanned the entire bus, he placed his head on the back of the seat. Finally, he was able to relax. Then, as he took in a deep breath, , he felt the stress leave his body. The more he sank into his seat, the heavier his eyes became. It had taken a lot of effort to plan and organize this field trip, but it appeared to be worth it.

\* \* \*

This was Native American Appreciation month, and many of the classes' lessons pertained to the local Native American cultures. The last week was of a particular interest to the children, for they had learnt about many famous Native Americans, from local tribes.

Everyone in the class had heard about the Apache, Navajo, Hopi, Tohono, Tonto, and the Ak-Chin. Some of the children were aware acquainted with the Hualapai, Cocopah, Yavapai, and Gila River Tribes, but this day would be special. This day, the class would learn about an ancient tribe, one that no longer existed, they were known as, the Sinagua people.

Little Johnny had anxiously awaited this field trip, for he had written his research paper on these indigenous people. Now, for the first time, he would experience, what he had studied.

"I am so excited. We are going to see the actual place where the southern Sinagua tribe lived. Not only do we get to see how they lived, how they worshiped, and how they cared for their dead, we get to see what they built. That is amazing!" exclaimed Johnny.

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“That’s great Johnny, but I want to see how my favorite tribe, the Navajo lived.” Replied Betty Sue.

“Nah, that is not as good as the Apache. We saw the mountains of Geronimo last week when we went to Tombstone.” Said Billy.

“Give me a break. My tribe, the Gila River Tribe is the best. You’ve tasted my mom’s fry bread, right Johnny?” Claimed Sally.

“Yes, it was so good, I can still taste it melting in my mouth.” Said Little Johnny.

Then, he remembered the little bag Mrs. Pricilla had given him, and a grin radiated across his face. How could he possibly wait till after lunch to take a bite into whatsoever was causing his mouth to salivate?

As the bus headed on the three hundred eighty-seven highway, their caravan passed thru the Gila River Indian Reservation. Mr. Lambert stood up and started to teach.



“Children! We are now in the Gila River Reservation. I want you to pay close attention as to how the indigenous people live. As you can see, they are just as we are. They have houses, cars, churches, and businesses. Do you see that giant building over there, that is the Gila River Casino? To the left we have that huge structure, it is the local

hospital, and spread throughout we can see all the different businesses. As you can clearly see children, our Native American friends like Christy, speak perfect English, wear clothes, and care for their themselves, just as everyone else. They are not as many portray them in the movies.” Said Mr. Lambert.

“Well, Christy says that several times per year, their community has what are called a Pow Wows. We do not have such an event. Does that make them different?” Asked Billy.

“No Billy. It does not make them different. Keeping hold of their culture makes them special, not different. Our Native Americans families hold a special place in American history. You see children, without them, the first settlers would have all died, and America would not be what she is today. So, we need to appreciate our Native American friends.” Replied Mr. Lambert.

“Ok sir.” Said Billy.

\* \* \*

As the bus exited the reservation, it entered the desert. There were bushes, cacti, and hills of sand everywhere. As Mr. Bealac continued driving, a small convertible went zooming passed the bus. Suddenly, another vehicle, in the opposite direction, was seen approaching. The little convertible attempting to pass the bus, found itself in the truck's lane. Quickly and without warning, the little

convertible darted back into the right lane, barely missing the bus, and swooshing past the oncoming truck.

“Oh, Thank God! We were almost killed.” Said Mr. Bealac.

Immediately Mr. Lambert and Mrs. Pricilla jumped out of their seats. They walked up and down the aisles, ensuring that every child was unharmed. What they found was that the children were unaware of the potential accident. They had continued in their laughter and conversations during the near catastrophe.

“I am so glad we asked Jesus Christ for traveling mercy.” Declared Mr. Lambert.

“We can see that His angels are here with us Mr. Lambert. God would not allow any harm to fall upon his children. We are as safe as if we were in His arms. Is not our God wonderful?” Asked Mrs. Pricilla.

“Yes, He is, my sister in Christ. Yes, He is?” stated Mr. Lambert.

“Is everybody ok back there?” Yelled Mr. Bealac.

“We are all fine my dear. No one is hurt. Only Mr. Lambert and I are aware of what happened. We do not have to worry my love, Jesus is here with us, and He is guiding your responses.” Stated Mrs. Pricilla Bealac.

\* \* \*



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As the bus entered the city, everyone noticed the large sign which read, "Welcome to Gila River."

The children became excited. There was so much to see, so much to do, so many places to visit, and so many people to meet.

"Big city life must be wonderful." Said Johnny.

"Not always Johnny. Yes, there is lots of excitement, unfortunately, with this abundance of stimulus, there is also an excess of anxiety, distress, and panic. This often leads people, who reside next to each other, to remain isolated, separated, and suppressed. I know what it is like to live in the big city, and I would rather live in our small town." Replied Mr. Lambert.

"That is true Little Johnny, I came from a small village in Philippines, where I know and love everyone. I have a caring relationship with all my people. Now I live in our small town, and I have a loving relationship with almost everyone in it. I think it is a better way of living. Besides, Jesus Christ came from a small town. He only went to the big city, Jerusalem to worship." Said Mrs. Pricilla.

\* \* \*

As the bus continued down the freeway, the children broke out in song. They sang Old Mc Donald's Farm, Row-Row-Row Your Boat, and a Hundred Bottle of Milk on the Wall. The laughter was

contagious, and soon everyone, even Mr. Bealac found themselves singing along.

As they passed the smaller cities that surrounded the Phoenix area, there was so much to see. The architecture was beautiful. The buildings glistened as the sunlight reflected from them, on to the windows of the bus. The background colors were predominately copper and green. It reminded Mr. Bealac of his time in the Sedona Mountains. What a special place. What a wonderful example of the tapestry that is nature.

Finally, the bus reached the City of Phoenix. It was an awesome sight. The children saw skyscrapers everywhere, and new ones were under construction. When the bus passed Cardinal's Football Stadium the children began to applaud.

"We have the best team in the league, and we are going to beat them all," said Little Johnny to Mr. Bealac.

"That's right son. We finally have a quarterback that can take us all the way to big game." exclaimed Mr. Bealac.

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## CHAPTER TWO



### *Montezuma's Castle and Ranger Rick*

AS THE BUS ENTERED THE HIGHWAY, IT STARTED THE JOURNEY NORTH. Shortly after the turn, the scenery began to change. It was no longer the dry hot desert; it was now the dry hot meadows. The hills were covered with green bushes and trees. The homes were more distant one from another. There no longer existed the abundance of traffic, it almost felt as if the bus was alone. The scenery reminded the children of home, the small town of Arizona City.

After a few minutes everyone witnessed the sign. It read, "Next exit, Montezuma's Castle."

The excitement raised as the children conversed about the fun they were going to have. They had lost their interest in the previous conversations. No longer did they care about the latest fads, or what they had seen on television. All the children could think about was Montezuma's Castle, and the indigenous people that built it.

As the bus exited the ramp, everyone could see the National Park's sign, which read, "Welcome to Montezuma's Castle, an American National Park."

This caused the children to cheer, and their voices increased by decibels. Their noise level was proportional to the level of their excitement. Within seconds, the sound was deafening. Once Mr. Lambert could no longer hear himself think, he took action.

"Children, settle down." He spoke softly.

Unfortunately, the children's noise had overwhelmed his voice, and the children failed to hear him. Additionally, their excitement caused them not to notice him get out of his seat. Normally this would have been a warning to the children, but this time it went unnoticed.

"Ok kids, settle down." He repeated a little louder.

Again, the children's behavior remained unchanged. They continued happily in their bliss.

"KIDS, PLEASE BE QUIET!" Screamed Mr. Lambert.



This startled the children, and Mr. Bealac, causing the bus to swerve. Mr. Bealac reflexes quickly recovered, and he was able to regain control.

Suddenly, all eyes were upon Mr. Lambert, even Mr. Bealac's, from his rear-view mirror.

"I am sorry if I startled you children, but you could not hear me when I was attempting to converse with you. If you look towards the front of the bus you can see the Visitor's Center coming into view. We will be spending about an hour in there learning about the people who built this incredible structure. We will learn just who they were, how they lived, and why they abandoned this place." Said Mr. Lambert.

"But before we start our tour, everyone please go and use the bathroom, clean your hands, and drink lots of fluids. That especially means you Trina. Your mother wants you to drink lots of water today. Remember children, the Arizona sun can bake you in just minutes, and if you do not drink an adequate amount of water, you will quickly become dehydrated. I do not want to take anyone to the hospital." Said Mr. Lambert.

"And no Mr. Bealac, soda is not water, and we will not count it as such." Rushed Mr. Lambert to say before Mr. Bealac was able to joke.

The children all laughed, and Mrs. Bealac just smiled.

"I guess he knows you Honey." She said to Mr. Bealac as she laughed out loud.

Mr. Bealac said nothing, but everyone could see that his cheeks had turned rosy red. Instantly, he began to ponder upon a joke, to retaliate against Mr. Lamber. The game was on.

Suddenly, the bus stopped. Mr. Bealac had positioned it right in front of the walkway, which led to the Visitor's Center. Mr. Lambert made his way up to the front of the bus. Then he turned and picked up a small bag, which he had left earlier. He exited the bus, and returned a few minutes later. The children had seen him walk into the Center, talk to a Park Rangers, and return with several park maps.

"Ok Children, I just spoke to Ranger Rick ...." his statement was interrupted by an outbreak of laughter.

"Ranger Rick, teacher? Really! You just spoke to a racoon?" cried out Little Johnny in roar of laughter.

"He said Ranger Rick!" said Betty Sue and everyone fell down laughing.

Suddenly, Mr. Lambert realized the joke. His countenance instantly changed, and he began to laugh.

"Ha, Ha, I get it! That is really his name. He is Ranger Rick, and he works for the department of National Parks, and no, Mr. Bealac, he is not a racoon." Stated Mr. Lambert.

"I was not going to say anything Mr. Lambert." Said Mr. Bealac, but no one believed his statement, not even his wife.

As the children exited the bus, Mrs. Bealac made sure that every child was accounted for. She also reviewed the contents of her little black bag and compared them to the list that she had previously



prepared. As she checked off each item on the list, she scanned the seats to make sure that the children did not leave any valuables. Her bag contained a snake bite kit, first aid kit, and the emergency medications that each child had been given by their parents. It was an especially important task, one that she took it very seriously.

“Ok, that ought to do it.” She said as she exited the bus.

Mr. Bealac was always the last to leave his beloved bus. Before exiting, he conducted his ritual. First, he followed his wife down the aisles closing all the windows and locking the emergency door. Next, he scanned over the seats to make ensure that Mrs. Bealac did not miss anything. Finally, he locked the bus door.

“Ok everyone, no more bus until lunch time.” He stated.

As the assembly made its way up the walkway, a child began to complain. Yes, it was Trina. She made it known to every one of her need to visit the little girl's room. She then made it clear that the situation was an emergency.

Mrs. Bealac picked up the pace and took the six girls to visit the facilities. Mr. Lambert followed and led the boys to the little boys room. Once everyone had finished, they met inside the Visitor Center's hall, and everyone made their way to desk, in the middle of the room. Behind the desk was kindly older lady, dressed in a beige hat, light brown shirt, and green pants. Over her right pocket was a

name tag. She had a friendly demeanor and seemed to be constantly smiling.

“Sir, is she a stewardess?” asked the unruly student.

“Stop that Bobby. We are not here to make fun of people. What if that nice lady decided to make fun of us? You would not appreciate it. I don’t think she appreciates your comments, and I hope she didn’t hear it.” Replied Mr. Lamber.

Mr. Bealac tried but could not help from laughing at the boys comment.

“Hello children. Where are you from, and what brings you here to our beautiful National Park?” inquired the Ranger.

“Well mam, we are from Casa Grande area, Arizona City. It is about an hour and a half from this park. We are here to learn about this marvelous structure, and the people who built it so long ago.” Replied Little Johnny.

“Yes, and we want to also learn why they chose to abandon such an awesome building.” Added Betty Sue.

“Mam, we are from the Casa Grande School district, I believe we have a reservation for a tour today.” Stated Mr. Lambert.



“Just let me see sir. Please give me a moment to confirm your reservation and find your tour guide.” She replied as she fumbled through the paperwork on the desk.

As the ranger picked up the phone, she dialed the main office to inquire about the groups status.

“Yep, you are right. I have confirmed that your group actually has two tours with Ranger Rick.” She said with a chuckle.

The children also began to chuckle, and Mr. Bealac began to laugh. Finally, everyone was in an uproar.

At that moment, the Ranger walked up to the crowd.

“What seems to be so funny? Why is everyone laughing” He asked.

“Hello everyone, I am Ranger Rick.” As soon as he said it, the children grabbed their stomachs and fell to the ground laughing.

“Oh, it is going to be one of those groups is it?” he jested.

“It is my father’s fault, he is a senior Ranger Rick, and he decided to name me junior Ranger Rick. I have had to live with this since I joined the force.” He claimed.

Mr. Lambert just sighed. “Ok children we have all had a great time poking fun at Ranger Rick’s name. Let us take a moment and get serious now. Let us listen to my nephew.” He ordered sternly.

In an instant, it was quiet. One could hear the whistling of the wind, and the chirping of the birds. The children knew better than to poke fun at Mr. Lambert’s nephew.

“It is ok Uncle. I have had fun with this for years. It has never really bothered me. I am a former scout, webelos, eagle scout and Chief

Petty Officer in our US Navy. I have skin that is thicker than a battle ship's hull." Replied Ranger Rick.

"Children, are you ready to have some fun?" He asked.

"Yes, Petty Officer Ranger Rick." Yelled out the children in unison.

This surprised Mr. Lambert. His children's' response showed great respect and made him immensely proud to be their teacher. His face beamed with delight, and a grin was seen from ear to ear.

"Well Children, forward at a half step, ho!" Joked Ranger Rick.

The children were delighted to be led by this Navy Veteran. They clung to his every word. Their eyes never left his presence, and they could not get enough of this American hero.

During the tour, the children learned about the different artifacts which the builders had used. They discovered how the people had created these marvelous items, and learned how the Native Americans perfected the art of irrigation. The children asked many questions, and Ranger Rick took the time to answer each and everyone.

Suddenly, an elderly Ranger walked up to the group.

## CHAPTER THREE



### *The Commander*

“CHILDREN, I WOULD LIKE TO INTRODUCE YOU TO MY BOSS, COMMANDER CALVIN JONES, USNR NAVAL AVIATOR, RETIRED.” SAID RANGER RICK AS HE INTRODUCED THE COMMANDER.

“Oh!” said the children in complete.

“Sir, when I grow up, I want to be the flight surgeon on the USS Enterprise.” Exclaimed Little Johnny.

“My father was a Petty Officer in the US Navy sir, and because of it, we got to ride all the rides for free at the Maricopa County Fair.” Said Little Johnny.

He then went on to tell Ranger Rick and the Commander about his day at the fair. He told them about Mr. Farnsworth, Mr. Ybanez, and all the fun his family had that day.

“Well, it sounds like you had the perfect day sailor.” Said the Commander.

“The scuttle bucket is that you want to be a flight surgeon, is that true?’ Inquired the Commander.

“Yes sir!” Replied Little Johnny.

“So why do you want to be a flight surgeon sailor?” asked the Commander.

“I love my country!” replied Johnny.

“That is the perfect answer. That is why I chose to serve. That is why I made the Navy my career, and that is why I serve as a Ranger today.” Said the Commander, with moisture building in his eyes.

“I wish there were more boys like you. It makes the sacrifices worth it. Thank you, son, you honor your parents, your teacher, your country, and mostly our God.” Said the Commander, as the tear rolled down his cheek.



The Commander raised his right hand to corner of his eyebrow and saluted the young boy. Little Johnny returned the Commander's salute, and the Commander walked away.

Everyone was silent, they just took in the moment. This young boy had made this hero's day, and it caused Mr. Lambert to cry with



tears of joy. He had been waiting to see, and now one of his pupils finally got it.

“Sailors, it is time to continue our tour. Let us make our way down the yellow brick road, pass through those double doors, and see what you paid the big bucks to witness.” Said Ranger Rick.

“Aye-Aye Petty Officer.” Said Little Johnny.

The group followed the Ranger. On the way the children's questions continued. Again, Ranger Rick took the time to answer each and every one. The walk, which should have taken only a minute, took over half hour, but no one seemed to mind. The children, Mr. Lambert, Mr. Bealac, and Mrs. Bealac were all entertained.

\* \* \*

As the group made it way out passed the double doors, Johnny's eyes enlarged. What a sight, what a structure. He had been waiting for days to see this magnificent ruin, and he had not been disappointed. Johnny scanned over the ruins, from top to bottom, from left to right. He could not get enough of this amazing construction.

“Well, just what does the peanut gallery think? Isn't she a beauty?” asked the Ranger.

“It has been estimated that it was built over eight hundred years, and she maybe over a thousand years old. The archeologist believe that our ruin was constructed between 1100 ad and 1350 ad. Can you

imagine, that is about ten centuries old? Our country has only existed for about two and a half centuries. That building has existed four times longer than our country.” Stated the enthusiastic Ranger.

“Nobody knows for sure, which tribe was responsible for this work, but it is believed, that several of the local tribes, which exist today, may be the direct descendants to these marvelous masons. Think about it, this structure is over five stories tall, that is fifty feet or more. These so-called primitive people were making skyscrapers before we even thought of it. Not since the tower of Babel was such a feat mastered, well perhaps the Egyptian pyramids.” Said Ranger Rick.

## CHAPTER FOUR



### *The Tower of Babel*

“HEY, WHO KNOWS WHAT GOD DID AT THE TOWER OF BABEL? ASKED THE RANGER.

“God confused the people.” Said Betty Sue.

“Why did God do this to his people?” asked the Ranger.

“It was because the people lost their faith in God. They did not believe that He would keep His promise.” Replied Little Johnny.

“What promise was that young lady?” inquired the Ranger.

“To never destroy the world with water again.” replied Betty Sue.

“Excellent! Keep Going.” Said Ranger Rick.

“Well, after the great worldwide flood, God gave Noah, his family, and all of humanity a promise, called a covenant. God promised that He would never destroy the earth with water again, and

he placed a rainbow in the sky as a token to remind everyone of his promise.” Said Betty Sue.

“That is terrific, obviously your parents have taught you well. More than I can say for my Uncle over there.” He joked.

Mr. Bealac could not help but laugh.

“Well Ranger Rick there is more. After the flood, the people decided not to put their faith in God. They decided that if God ever changed His mind, they would be ready. So, they started to plan their act of rebellion. They got everyone together and began the construction of the Tower. They built this structure to a level higher than the clouds. Their goal was to create the tower higher than the level of the great flood. They believed that they could save themselves, the tower was supposed to be their own version of the ark. This sin against the Most High was their ultimate rejection of His love.” Continued Betty Sue.

“Wow, I have not seen this level of biblical understanding from a young person of your age, ever!” commented the Ranger.

“There is still more Ranger Rick. You see, God, in His infinite love, did not want for these people to continue in their deception. God realized, that to free the people from Satan’s lie, He would have to end their faith in the tower’s false security. You see, as the tower was built, the people were one, together against God. To save them, God he had to break the Devil’s deceptive hold on them. Therefore, God caused

the people to instantly speak in different tongues. This caused tremendous confusion, and the work had to stop. Before their traitorous act, all the people conversed in a single language, after their sin, they could no longer communicate, or sin as one against God.” Added Little Johnny.

“Wow. I never thought of it that way. God was acting in love, trying to bring His deceived people back. I always assumed that God was acting in anger against the rebellion. Your version makes more sense when we understand that God is Love. That is amazing, I was taught about God by a child. Just like **Isaiah 6:11** - The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them.” Said the Ranger.

“You are amazing children, and you have definitely led me to a greater truth today. Thank you.” Said the impressed Ranger.

\* \* \*

“Children look how straight those walls have remained. Can you see that the structure is still sound today? Someone could actually live there eight hundred years later.” Said Mr. Lambert.

“Not only is this ruin beautiful, but it is also an engineering marvel. How did this building survive the elements? Look how intelligent these masons were, they not only built this structure into the mountains crest, but they also built it on the west end of the

mountain. By doing so the site would remain cool in the summer, and warm in the winter. Remarkable!” Said the excited Ranger.

“Can you imagine living there? It is a perfect home. It is built high so the animals cannot sneak up on you. It is facing the valley so you will know when your enemies approach. The mesa above it is jagged so it is not easy to repel, therefore attack is almost impossible. This is an excellent keep.” Said the Ranger.

“Next, it is positioned by a large brook, so there is a constant access to water. This is perfect not only for drinking, but for growing crops, raising cattle, and a source of keeping cool in the hot summer sun.” added Ranger Rick.

Lastly, since the walls are made of rocks, the sun gently warms these bricks, so the structure remains warm in the coldness of night, and in winter.” Said the Ranger.

“These engineers were intelligent, but perhaps this knowledge came from another source. Perhaps the Almighty, in His loving kindness, granted this wisdom to them, so that they might survive these harsh desert conditions. Remember, these people did not have access to heaters or air conditioners.” He reminded them.

“If only the post diluvian people could have realized the power, wisdom, love, and kindness of God, we would all be speaking the same language today. We would not be experiencing all this division that we find between the people of this earth. It is all because humanity

chose to believe in Satan, rather than have faith in God.” Said Mr. Lambert.

“What a shame. The Bible is filled with references of God’s children refusing to rely upon their Maker, and rather trusting in themselves, or on idols. Guess how many times that worked out children?” Asked Mrs. Bealac.

“None!” Yelled out Little Johnny.

## CHAPTER FIVE



### *The Woman at the Well*

“WELL, MY FRIENDS, IF YOU WILL FOLLOW ME, WE CAN TAKE A SHORT WALK AND REST OVER BY THE STREAM. It is a perfect place for a late lunch. Who here is hungry? I am hungry enough to eat a .....” the Ranger’s statement was cut short.

“an aircraft carrier, sir.” Blurted out Little Johnny, interrupting the Ranger.

“I don’t think that I have ever been that hungry little sailor, but I could probably eat a F-14, or maybe an AWACS plane.” Said the Ranger.

“How about we just eat the sandwiches that Mrs. Bealac prepared for everyone? Will you be joining us nephew?” asked Mr. Lambert.

“Yes sir, these children are wonderful, where else would I want to be but here?” asked Ranger Rick.



Everyone enjoyed the cheese and turkey sandwiches; it was perfect with the milk provided. Little Johnny had a second, and then a third helping. After a short while, everyone was full, even Little Johnny.

“Sailor, you eat like a Marine.” Joked the Ranger.

Everyone, including Little Johnny appreciated the Ranger’s joke.

“Ok Children let us pick up the trash, and throw it into the trash bin, right over there. Also, whatever you did not finish, please return it to my wife. Lastly, everyone please go to the bathroom, for we have a long walk ahead of us.” Explained Mr. Bealac.

The children jumped at his command, and within minutes there was not a speck of trash to be found. Mr. Bealac collected all the leftovers and placed them into the cooler. He then returned the cooler to the bus.

Upon his return, all the children had already visited the facilities and they were ready for the long hike.

“Does everyone have bottled water, a full bottle of water with them?” Asked Mr. Lambert.



“If your bottle is not full, go to the water fountain and fill it up? We are going on a hike, a two-mile hike, and it is going to be hot. So, make sure your water bottle is overflowing.” He added.

“Ok, Sailors! Are you ready? Here we go! Forward, March!” Cried out the Ranger.

"Your left. Your left. Your left, right left. Your military left. Your left, your right, don't get out of step, your left your right your left." Called out the Ranger.

The children happily followed Ranger Rick's cadence. Within almost no time, they were at their destination, Montezuma's Well. At the well was a very sharp looking lady, and Ranger Rick could not seem to keep his eyes off her.

"Everybody, may I introduce you to this beautiful lady, Lieutenant Candy Rick, USN retired. She is also known as Mrs. Ranger Rick. She is our monument's historian, our Parks liaison, and my wife. Sailors always get the girl." He joked.

He then poked Little Johnny with his right elbow.

"What did you do in the Navy Lieutenant Candy?" Asked Betty Sue.

"I started as a Yeoman, and I ran the local Jag office. Later I continued my academic career and became a Jag officer. Unfortunately, I did not enjoy practicing law so when I retired, I came and worked here in administration." She explained.

"Wow, you are a lawyer. That is so cool." Said Betty Sue.

"Is that what you want to be when you grow up?" Asked Mrs. Candy Rick.

“I never really thought about it as a career. I never saw it as a field for girls, until now.” She replied.

“Well, this is my woman at the well.” Said the Ranger.

“Who here remembers the story about Jesus and the woman at the well?” Asked Ranger Rick.

“I do!” exclaimed Christy.

“Well little sister, please share your knowledge with us.” asked the Ranger.

“The story starts with Jesus Christ leaving the city of Judea. He was on a journey to Galilee. Christ’s journey took Him thru the country of Samaria, and particularly to the city of Sychar, where Jacob’s Well resides to this day. Jesus, having walked such a long way was tired, so He decided to sit and rest upon the well. While He was resting, Jesus was alone, for his disciples had gone into town to buy food.” added Christy.

“Wow, that is incredibly detailed little sister. You children really know your Bible. I guess I better start reading it again. I feel spiritually weak.” Declared Ranger Rick.

“Around the sixth hour, or what we call noon, there came a woman to the well. This woman carried a large pitcher. Her pitcher functioned to transport water from the well, back to her home. It was an exhausting feat. As she drew near, Jesus



asked her for a drink. This woman, recognizing that Jesus was a child of Israel, and she was startled. You see the Hebrews people did not look favorably upon the Samaritans, and they refused to have interactions with them.” Said Christy.

“So, what you are saying is that the God’s people were plagued with prejudice against Samaritans, is that right?” asked Sandy Rick.

“You are correct Lieutenant.” Continued Christy

“The woman, then asked Jesus, how was it possible that He, being a Jew, would ask her, a female Samaritan, for anything, since Jews wanted nothing to do with Samaritans, especially females.” Stated Christy.

The groups eyes were all fixated on Christy. Her every statement, expression and movement seemed to add to her tale. None listening even blinked, and soon, others, who were not of their party, found themselves entranced in her story.

“Jesus then explained to the woman, that if she knew, just whom she was speaking to, she would ask Him for water, and He would give her the Living Water.” Said Christy.

“What is the Living Water?” asked Ranger Rick.

“Hold on Mr. Ranger, I will get to that.” Replied Christy.

“This woman then goes on to ask Jesus, just how He planned to give her this Living Water, since He had no means of drawing up the water, and the well was deep? She then asked Christ if He believed Himself, greater than the Patriarch Jacob who drank of this water too.” stated Christy.

“Christ then answered the woman’s question by explaining, that anyone who drinks of the water in this well, will thirst again, but anyone who drinks of the Living Water, that He will supply, shall never thirst again. Jesus went on to say, that the water that he gave to man, would become a well of water, with in him, springing into everlasting life.” Continued Christy.

By now, everyone was deep in thought. Attempting to understand, just what phrase Living Water meant. As their interest began to peak, Christy continued.

“The woman, not understanding the real meaning of the Living Water, asked Christ to give her this Living Water, so that she would never again thirst, and therefore, never have to labor and draw water from the well to satisfy need. She thought that the Living Water was actual water, but actual water does not spring into everlasting life.” Explained Christy.

Now, the crowd was even more confused. They were perplexed as to the true meaning of the Living Water, even more so than before. Christy, recognizing their confusion, continued to explain.

“Friends, Christ was not referring to H2O when He was discussing the Living Water, He was referring to the Holy Spirit.” She spoke.

Suddenly, the eyes of the crowd were opened. Finally they understood.

“Please continue Miss Christy, this is such a beautiful story, I need to hear more. I just can’t get enough of this beautiful tale.” Said Mrs. Candy Rick with tears in her eyes.

“How could I have missed such truth, such beauty, such ..., I don’t even know how much I have missed.” Said the Ranger as his eyes began to mist.

“Christ then answered the woman’s question by commanding her to go and tell her husband, and return with him. The woman then told Jesus, that she had no husband. Christ then replied that she had told the truth, for the man she was living with now was not her husband, and that she had five husbands prior to this man.” Said Christy.

“At this moment, the woman recognized that Jesus was no ordinary man. She went on to say that she perceived the He was a prophet of God. Being made aware of this fact, she went on to ask Him a question which had troubled her for many years.

She questioned Christ, “Our fathers worship God here in the Holy Mountain, and you Jews say that worship must be at the Temple in Jerusalem? Which is the correct place?”

Jesus, knowing her thoughts, and that Samaritans were not allowed to enter the Temple, he knew that she was asking, if the Samaritan’s worship good enough for salvation?



Jesus, filled with love for this woman, answered her question, "Woman, I tell the truth. That the hour is coming, when God the Father will not be worshiped, either in this mountain, or in the Jerusalem. You Samaritans do not know Whom you worship, we Jews know Whom we worship, for salvation comes from the Jews."

By this Christ meant that the Jews held the Oracles of Truth, and much of this truth was intentionally refrained from the Samaritans, by the Jews. The Jews were given a task by God Himself, to share these Oracle of Truth with the world, but they refused. Here, Christ, God in flesh was fulfilling this task Himself.

Christ went on to tell her, "The hour is coming, and is now here, when true worshipers of the Father, will no longer worship Him in a physical location, but rather in Spirit and Truth, for God seeks this type of worship. For God is not flesh, but Spirit, and requires his children to worship Him in Spirit and Truth."

"I want, no I need to understand this, but I can't." Cried Mrs. Candy Rick.

"Sister, do you remember that Christ told this woman that if she would ask, He would give her the Living Water? Remember that we decided that the Living Water was a symbol for the Holy Spirit. So what Jesus was saying, was a fulfillment of John Chapter 14. You see this woman's heart existed in fear of peril. She wonders if her worship was good enough. Christ tells her, if you just ask, I will pray to the Father, and He will give you the Comforter, the Holy Spirit, Who will

teach you all things, and bring all things to remembrance. The comforter will dispel your fears, and by teaching you all things good, you will exist in the state of Truth.

Candy's and Ranger Rick's mouth drop. Many in the crowd began to see the light. A spirit of joy falls upon the area, and for a moment in time, there existed a sense of peace.

"You must finish the story. I crave more. I desire it all. I can no longer exist without this truth." requested Candy.

"Upon hearing that God is Spirit, and that one day, the Father's children would not worship Him in a physical place, but instead would worship Him in Spirit and Truth, the woman realized just Who would bring about this change. She went on to acknowledge, she realized, that one day the Messiah would come, and teach the Father's children all things. The Messiah would fulfill their knowledge, for He had not come to change the Law, but to fulfill it." Said the Girl.

Hearing this, Jesus the Christ, in His infinite love, revealed Himself, by telling her, "I that speak to you, I am, the I am, the Messiah. I am the one you seek."

"No longer would God be worshipped at the mountain, or in the Temple, but man would come to the Father, thru Jesus the Christ. Upon hearing these words, the woman's burden were lifted, her heart became light, and her fears were removed, for she had seen the

Promised One, she had recognized her Savior. A feat that Christ disciples had yet to accomplish.

Her sadness was instantly turned to joy, and her natural response to this joy was to share God's blessing. This was the opposite response that the Jews had chosen. She became the first missionary, to the Samaritans, for her Christ." Said Christy, and with this statement finished the story.

Candy, crying uncontrollably with her husband, asked Christy as question, "What must I do to inherit this Christ?"

Christy responded, "Repent, and be baptized, for the remission of sin. Then follow Him."

Mr. Lamber, Mr. Bealac, and Mrs. Pricilla were in absolute awe. They could not help but be mystified by the events that had just taken place. How a child of eight years, could bring not one, but many to Jesus Christ, in a single moment. It was as if time has stopped, for their lives would never be the same.

"If I be lifted up, I will draw all men unto myself. We just witnessed what Jesus meant when He said this." Said Mr. Lambert.



## CHAPTER SIX



### *Going Home*

THE REMAINDER OF THE DAY WAS SERENE.

The walk back from the well was hushed. The adults were deep in thought, and the children were fatigued.

As the sun enhanced its descent in the western horizon, the children's shadows led them back to the bus.

Ranger Rick and Candy met the children at the bus. Everyone was hugging and saying their good-byes.

Suddenly, Ranger Rick said, "This morning, when I got to work, I was under the impression, that I was here for these children. Now I realize that I was not here for these children, but rather, that God sent these children for us. Never have seen children display such respect for their elders. Never have I experience such true Christian wisdom. Never has the hand of God touched my heart like today. Today, I am a new creature, saved thru the blood of the Lamb. I can never repay you children for what you have shared with me and my wife. Our lives will never be the same. I love every one of you. Thank you, and may

God continue to bless you. I am assured that we will meet again. If not on this earth, then in Heaven.”

The children thanked the Ranger and Candy for all their devotion and attention and entered the bus.

Squeak went the door as it closed. This time, Mr. Bealac only smiled. He turned the key, and the bus started. The gentle rocking caused the children to fall asleep. Mr. Bealac quickly followed. Only Little Johnny, and Mrs. Pricilla remained awake.

As the ride continued, the pair reviewed the day’s events. Finally, Johnny said, “I had a terrific time, but I am so grateful to be going home.”

Mrs. Pricilla replied, “Yeah, soon Christ will be here, and we will all go home.”

The End of Episode Two.

*Little Johnny Goes To Montezuma's Castle*



## **Characters:**

Little Johnny –	story's main character, young boy about eight years of age
Betty Sue –	Little Johnny's twin sister
Christy –	Little Johnny's friend and classmate
Mr. Lambert –	children's teacher
Mrs. Pricilla Bealac	school chef and class assistant, wife of Mr. Beaulac
Mr. Bealac –	school bus driver, husband of Mrs. Beaulac
Ranger Rick –	Montezuma's Castle Ranger, former Navy Petty Officer, nephew of Mr. Lambert, husband to Mrs. Candy Rick
Candy Rick -	Montezuma's Castle Administrator, wife of Ranger Rick, former US Navy Jag officer.
Calvin Jones -	Retired US Navy Commander, Head of Montezuma's Castle
Jesus Christ -	Son of God, Savior to the World, Messiah, God
Samaritan Woman	Woman at the well,

## **Indigenous People:**

Apache –	Native Americans people originally from the southwestern United States.
Navajo -	Native American people from the Arizona and New Mexico regions.
Hopi -	Native American people from the northeastern Arizona region.
Gila River -	Community of Native American people is central Arizona.



*Little Johnny Goes To Montezuma's Castle*

Tonto -	Native American people related to the Apache.
Tohono -	Native American people of southwestern Arizona and Northwestern Mexico.
Ak-Chin -	Community of Native American people in southern Arizona.
Cocopah -	A Yuman people living around the Colorado River.
Yavapai -	Native American people of central Arizona.

**Vocabulary –**

Keep –	a place of safety and refuge.
Post Diluvian -	after the great flood.