

There are many controversies that have persisted over the years, some are trivial and some smack of the ridiculous; such as "how many angels can dance on the point of a needle."

Some of these controversies are both pro-found and effect the very foundations of our destinies. Those with the most far-reaching potentials, the most hotly contested, and the most persistent, concern the ancient history of mankind as presented in the Holy Bible.

History, as related in these sacred writings, runs contrary to modern concepts of our origins and early development.

While there are many of these that are deserving of our attention and diligent research, we will look at the story of the flood, especially at the location and reasonably expected condition of the most famous and controversial boat of all time--Noah's Ark.

That there was a universal flood is supported by the traditions and legends of all the major civilizations, and by the geological and fossil evidence. What is of considerable import is that many people base their belief or disbelief of the Bible upon physical proof of such a universal catastrophe. Theologians and believers have for centuries felt that the finding of the remains of the ark would remove all reasonable doubt about the flood and prove the Bible record true. Sprinkled

throughout the historical records which have survived to our time are fleeting references to the location or search for the location of this fabled boat. In our recent past there have been millions of dollars and millions of man hours spent in what has proven to be a tantalizing but fruitless search. There have been many unsubstantiated reports of sightings and of the actual finding of parts of the wood from this artifact. None have been supported by physical or chemical evidence. It would not serve our present purpose to recount these claims and stories. Should you wish to read a well researched and written report on these events, you would do well to purchase and read a copy of THE ARK FILE written very capably by Rene Noorbergen.

The Bible story of the flood has the ark coming to rest "upon the mountains of Aarat." The general location of these mountains are well documented, but the search has persisted in leading expedition after expedition to the treacherous slopes of Agra Daugh (Mt. Aarat) located in the southeastern corner of modern Turkey. Being aware of ancient man's fixation with both building towering structures to facilitate their approach to the "gods" and their veneration of every cloud-veiled mountain peak in the old and new world, it is no surprise that the awesome grandeur of the mist-veiled, often stormy heights of the towering volcanic spire that is Mt. Aarat, has inspired and attracted reverence in and by the beholder. These magnificent slopes and cloud-shrouded peak can be seen for many miles in all directions, and since it is so visible, over the past centuries as many caravans and armies have toiled slowly along the ancient trade and invasion routes in this the geographical hub of the ancient world, many a traveler has had their attention pointed to this grandiose mountain and told, "That is where Noah's Ark landed." The legend has stuck

in spite of the obvious impossibility of any object clinging to a volcanic peak whose sides have been washed and built up hundreds of feet by spectacular eruptions of super heated lava that would both burn and sweep any object down the sides of such a mountain; the searchers are irrepressably drawn to this towering peak. After studying volcanoes and the approximating of the age of lava flows in the Hawaiian Islands, it became obvious that there was no side of Mt. Aarat that had escaped the cleansing flow of molten elements in their plunge to the base of this giant volcano. A study of the formation and physiology of glaciers shows the impossibility of the ark resting in the glacier atop Aarat. The heavy deposits of snow which are piled atop the glacier each winter season exert tons of downward pressure on the ice beneath forcing it to "flow" outward to the edge making room for the snow and ice irresistably pressing its way downward from above; by this mechanism the entire original glacier has been replaced along with any object it contained. There are no scientific reasons to believe in the presence of the ark or any other artifact, other than shepherd or hunters' shacks, or the remains of one of the many religious structures that are universally placed to relieve the naive and ignorant of their money, upon the slopes or top of Aarat. Yet year after year those who for reasons known only to themselves, invest thousands of dollars, and expose themselves to extreme dangers, in fruitless searches in areas that have been searched repeatedly with negative results.

It has been my determined desire since an early age to do something during my life to express my gratitude to my loving God for His personal integrity and all enduring kindness toward myself and our kind. Being lead to the conviction that we are living in a time in earth's history when the last warning of a long suffering Creator to His rebellious creatures is being given, and that

the probationary time set aside for the settling of the Satanic attack upon the eternal laws established by the allwise Creator for the perpetual peace and happiness of His creatures is eminently approaching its end; I prayed as to how I could be used in accomplishing His purpose. The first of five projects was to locate the remains of Noah's Ark and to prove its existence beyond reasonable doubt. Wanting to be certain of what He wanted me to do, when and how, led me to ask for specific signs to remove any doubt. This technique was used in Biblical times to great effect. This procedure resulted in the acquiring of passports for my sons and myself in unbelievably quick time (3 - 5 days) and the acquiring of reservations on a charter flight to Turkey a week and one half after they had "closed" reservations. In the summer of 1977 we found ourselves hurtling along the poorly maintained roads of eastern Turkey. The roughness of the terrain convinced us that we could not locate the boat-shaped object photographed from the air several years earlier, and which careful research and prayer had convinced us to be the remains of Noah's Ark. We prayed to the Leader of our expedition that He would cause the taxi's engine to stall at a point on the road that was perpendicular to whatever He wanted us to find. In the next few minutes the motor failed and was restarted three times. We placed a pile of stones by the side of the road at each place the car stopped. We were much moved by the assurance of divine direction in our work, but were less than emotionally prepared for the events and discoveries of the next few days.

CHAPTER II

THE SEA ANCHORS

We had taken a taxi, a bus, a train (one of the last scheduled trips of the famed Oriental Express) and had completed the trip near midnight three days after arriving at the Istanbul International Airport. This last leg of the trip had been in yet another taxi. If you have never ridden on a bus or in a taxi in Turkey, you have missed one of the world's most terrifying experiences! They try to come as close as possible to colliding with anything near or on the road while traveling at the fastest possible speed! Since 1977 there has been a near modern hotel built in Dogobuziat; but as uninviting as the "Ezerume Hotel" looked, we were quite relieved to have survived our seemingly endless trek. We checked into the hotel, slept fitfully in the stifling heat and amid the swarms of mosquitoes, arose early and prepared for our first days search. In our vast inexperience we filled a small canteen with water purchased in bottles, in a futile attempt to avoid the plague of travelers in the Middle East. We soon came to a sympathetic understanding of Timothy's "stomach" problems for which Paul recommended the drinking of wine (juice). With our canteen filled, we hired a taxi (every automobile owner or driver in the East is a taxi operator). We proceeded to the pile of rocks (from the previous night's experiences) nearest town and headed off in a perpendicular line to the road. Ronnie, my youngest son, soon announced that the canteen was leaking, where upon we decided we would drink all the water immediately rather than lose the precious liquid. Due to the

oppressive heat that time of year we wore shorts and tank top shirts and by the end of the day were badly sunburned. After drinking the water we continued to trek across the vast expanse which separated us from the small hill we had aligned upon from the road, the perspiration flowed freely, our supply of liquid depleted and soon we were driven to take a detour to an irrigation ditch for water. There were leaches and many other unidentifiable life forms in the water, and upstream a great flock of sheep, goats, cows and horses were wading through and drinking from this stream; but all precautions are expendable when the thirst is great. We drank deeply, spat out the leaches, etc., and proceeded toward the hill in the distance. Passing near the small village near which all the above-mentioned livestock were grazing, we went over and had quickly negotiated the use of three horses, and were inwardly rejoicing at our good fortune, when one of the older villagers mentioned "Mohammed," and all faces turned threateningly, the horses were grabbed and lead away. Using the same confusing sign language we had used so successfully, we discovered that these people would do no business with infidels on Friday. Deeply disappointed we trudged off toward the hill. We passed through an ancient Armenian graveyard that had been vandalized no doubt by these very Kurdish villagers or their parents when they drove out the Armenians in the early twentieth century. On the hill just above this graveyard we saw something (nearly the last thing we expected to see) a large pendant shaped stone with a large hole piercing centrally through the top one fourth of the stone.

A startling series of realizations spread through my mind! We were looking at the first and largest of the "sea anchors" that were used for steering ancient ships. I was familiar with these stone artifacts, but had not realized the absolute necessity of their use on Noah's Ark! Although the ark was built only to float and not necessarily to travel from one place to another, it was very

necessary that it have some mechanism by which to hold the prow into the rough seas. Without such a mechanism the boat would have spun dizzily through the raging storm, making life totally unbearable for the occupants. If not greatly increasing the likelihood of the breaking up and sinking of their refuge! By suspending this large stone (the size of the ark indicated the use of two or more of such stones) from the end of a strong cord and allowing it and its twin to trail far enough below the back of the boat to prevent it from being thrown against the hull; the flow of the current against these stones would hold the front of the boat into the current, thus providing a much safer and more comfortable ride. By the time we photographed this stone and studied and copied the "Iconograph" configuration of eight crosses of varying size and positioning on the face of the stone, the "day was far spent." We trudged back to the "highway" rejoicing at our find and wondering where the other stone or stones were.

We had arranged for a taxi to pick us up at a certain time that evening, but watching the road hopefully, no taxi showed. We were fortunate enough to hitch a ride and were soon back to the lack of comfort at the hotel. No running water, unroded ill-kept French-style water closets for restrooms and these at the end of the hall. We took sponge baths, bought very questionable food from a shop across the street, bought two large cold Coca Colas each and retired to our rooms. We had taken some wide spectrum antibiotics along for emergencies and a first aid kit. We decided we might avoid the plague by taking antibiotics prophylactically, and to drink cokes liberally (a prolonged exposure to coke will kill all but the toughest "microbes.") This technique was effective and we rejoiced that we didn't have any additional discomforts.

We were soon to be deprived of nearly all, save life and limb, by a raid upon us in our hotel a few nights later. Although we were put on our guard by several indications of the willingness of these Kurdish clansmen to rob, steal and likely kill to get things that most of us would consider of very little value; we went painfully about seeing what lay hidden in the mountains at the end of lines perpendicular to the road where the remaining two piles of rocks lay. We acquired (had forced upon us) a "guide" and taxi for our remaining days of adventure. We went out the road to the pile of stones representing the second engine failure of the night of our arrival, and through the use of sign language and a few words, we were beginning to associate with known meanings, we directed our taxi fairly near our objective. For extra lira (Turkish coin of the realm) the driver went across fields, ditches, irrigation canals and up hillsides. We found another of the stones with the hole and the crosses, and as it like the other was closely associated with a graveyard obviously of ancient vintage, it was apparent that whoever had placed these stones attached some religious or mystic value upon them. We further found in these graveyards scattered and broken headstones (or grave coverings) that closely resembled the shape of the ark as we later determined it to be. There were large petrified (silicone replacement) timbers used as family markers, around which were a cluster of graves. These were also decorated with crosses. The style of the crosses closely resemble those left by the crusaders; indicating the likelihood of the native Armenians persuading the crusaders of the association of these objects with Noah and the Ark of the Biblical flood.

CHAPTER III

OTHER SUPPORTIVE ARTIFACTS

Although the Turkish settlers that displaced the Armenians had defaced, torn down and broken up what had obviously been the center of the artifacts and megalithic inscriptions associated with the flood, we were able to find many and persuasive (beyond reasonable doubt) inscribed artifacts that in hurrite heiroglyphs and some cursive script informed the reader that these objects were relics of the flood and its immediate survivors. Back from the third pile of stones by the road we found a pair of grave stones, unlike and distant to those before mentioned, that were inscribed with Hurrite pictographs of eight people leaving a large wave of water with a boat perched precariously at its peak, the largest member of the group (glyphic indication of their relative importance in the group) had his face inclined downward with the eyes closed (glyphic indication of death). These stones were located in the immediate front of the remains of a stone house whose architecture, especially the style of the windows and the predominantly uncut stone walls, place it with the oldest structures (if not the earliest) existent. I believe after close study, prayer and reflection, these stones mark the place of Noah's death, and probably of his burial.

We carefully photographed (movies, slides and with polaroid) all these objects. In one of the recently constructed Kurdish houses were the many pieces of what obviously was a large dressed stone steele that was inscribed with the information about the flood and the objects associated with it. We were deprived of the opportunity to

purchase this building, or at least the pieces of the steele, and restoring it as accurately as possible and taking a "rub" of the message for future study. Approximately a quarter mile over a low ridge from these objects rested the "boat shaped object" that had electrified the religio-archaeological community in the late 1950s and early 1960s. This object was avowed by several experts in the related fields of aerial archeology, stereo plainography, etc., to be the remains of a large boat; the dimensions of which were shockingly close to those of the Biblical Noah's Ark!

My research on Egyptology which resulted in the discovery and building of the machines used by the Egyptians and other early megalithic builders, in building the pyramids and other megalithic structures which have survived to our day. (See How the Pyramids Were Built); also shows through typing and other hemetalogical studies on the reconstituted blood of the mummies of the 18th dynasty, and the study of many inscriptions widely scattered throughout the world's museums: Moses was reared and closely associated with the members of this dynasty and was the adopted son of "Queen" Hathsheptut, was to have been Thutmose II and stretched the shepherd's rod over the path through the Red Sea that precipitated the drowning of the cream of the Egyptian military and priest hood, drowning Thutmose IV who lead this army, and in whose mummy containing coffin lies the remains of an imposter whose blood proves him to be totally unrelated to the other members of the dynasty who should be his father, mother, brother and sons. Blood kin are all the others, but not to this surrogate of Thutmose IV. The standardized "cubit" of this period has become known to myself and other researchers into the history of these fabled Pharaohs.

Their cubit is equal to 20.6 of our inches. Using this as the cubit Moses was taught and which he used when he recorded for posterity the measurements of Noah's Ark, and the wilderness sanctuary

and its furnishings, we find the boat-shaped object in Eastern Turkey to be exact with the exception (expected and explainable) of the width, with the dimensions of the Biblical Ark! There have been several ancient, and not so ancient wooden boats whose remains have been found and repeatedly the remains are wider than those that were recorded of the original vessel, in cases where those dimensions are known. When the sides (gunwalls) of these vessels decay or partially burn, as is the case with the remains of the ark, these sides fall outward, leaving a hull that is wider than the intact vessel.

CHAPTER IV

RAID AT THE HOTEL

To get back to the events in Eastern Turkey, we intended to camp out on this boat-shaped object and take some samples that would reveal its secrets. (I later accomplished this in a most thrilling manner which we will get to later.) The intention of our guide and taxi driver and associates became more and more ominous as the days passed. We decided it would be best if they didn't know of our camping plans, and with some subterfuge in mind we purchased tickets on the bus to Ezerum for the morning of the next day. We intended to leave the locals thinking we had gone, and then go camping more safely, but this was not to be! The afternoon after we bought the tickets in the morning, five large threatening Turks came into our rooms and passing their hands back and forth across their throats with appropriate audio to indicate the use of their knives they demanded our money. I sent up a silent prayer (upwards of 30 tourists had vanished without a trace in this area in the preceding months, and many others had been robbed of everything including their clothing and tied helplessly in their hotel rooms or elsewhere). Then I reached into my pocket where a canister of mace had been kept for just such an emergency. Three of the intruders fled out the door, and as we would have equally suffered from the spraying of the mace in the small room, I put it back in my pocket and physically evicted the two remaining villains. Making threatening gestures and sounds they went down the stairs. Danny, my oldest son, and Ronnie were awakened by the scuffle and we decided it would be best if we grabbed

our stuff from the room that had a rudimentary fire escape and barricaded ourselves in the one across the hall that had no way our assailants could get in through the window, as the window in this room was one story above the lower floor's roof and possessed no fire escape. Soon the lights were turned off, indicating the cooperation of the hotel personnel in the attack, and a veritable swarm of Turks came cascading up the stairs at the end of the hall. We had not had time to get all our things transferred to our fortress, and we lost my favorite Bible, some traveler's checks, and as we found it necessary to climb down the side of the building through the window, to escape these determined antagonists, we ended up losing all our luggage and belonging including all my keys, which taken advantage of by some fellow countryman of morals equal to the attacking Turks, cost me dearly to replace. We were able to carry most of our cameras, strapped to our shoulders and backs, and all but one roll of our exposed movie film. While the clarity of the movie film precludes reading the writing on the stone artifacts it does show its presence clearly. We fled into the night in a strange country where to us, anyone we met was a probable foe. We managed to salvage our bus tickets, and were persuaded by the ensuing events to head out of town to where an irrigation ditch passed beneath the road and catch the bus the next morning and live to see another day.

While under siege in the hotel room, we were desperate to get out of the situation quickly. In the fleeting glympse we had gotten of the assailants as they swarmed up the stairs and down the hall, we had seen that they were armed with sticks, metal pipes, and an assortment of knives; we didn't see any guns, but that did not rule out the possibility of their having some. As the pounding on the door and verbal threats (in tourist dialect) increased we were stimulated to near panic! Just below the window of the room was a freshly tarred roof. In desperation I tore open one of

the paper mache pillows we had brought along, set it afire and dropped it on the roof below hoping to attract the attention of the police or the fire department. The fire went out instantly upon striking the roof. I next tore the pages of a book we had purchased in Ankara and on the fly leaf of which Prince Yameni of Saudia Arabia had penned an open invitation to visit his country, and which I would give my eye teeth to replace! Tearing the pages so the book wouldn't snap close and extinguish the fire, I lit it, held on till it singed my fingers giving the fire opportunity to get a start that would prevent its suffering the same fate as the fire in the pillow, all to no avail, a brief flair of light in the deepening darkness and poof--total darkness! It was at this point that Danny suggested the window as an escape route. We stuffed our non-replaceable films and other important articles remembered in our haste, remembering additional film and all the polaroid pictures we had so painstakingly taken--all too late--into camera bags. Meanwhile Ronnie was tying bed sheets and blankets together, and tying them to the foot of one of the beds and throwing the loose end out the window, I slid out into the darkness and down into what might well be the waiting hands of some of our antagonists that may have anticipated our purpose. With qualified relief my feet struck the solidness of the roof and a quick check for enemies lurking in the darkness, a hushed whisper of all clear, and Ronnie and Danny came tumbling down with what, in my desire to avoid making the attackers aware of our actions, sounded like two claps of thunder. We paused just long enough for the continued pounding and shouting at the door of the room to assure us that our escape attempt had not yet been noticed. We scurried to the edge of the roof with the intent of jumping to the ground and beating a hasty retreat. We were stunned to discover that we were two stories above the ground, and below us in the darkness growled and barked several of the native wolf hounds. The local merchants kept these animals fenced in all

around the sides of their shops at night to discourage thievery. These hounds resembled male lions with their manes and heads clipped, and always acted starved. I instantly decided to look for some other means of getting down from the roof. The building next door was about sixteen feet away, but had a balcony that could possibly be used to get to the front of the building and down to the street. We kept this in mind as a last resort, and probed further for a safer descent. We stumbled over a covering of the hole through which the workers had apparently reached the roof; lifting this we peered into the unknown darkness, decided this might be only slightly safer than attempting to jump to the balcony of the next building risking a fall into the snarling hounds below! Our throats became so dry from the terror of the situation, we could hardly whisper. I placed a filthy coin from my pocket into my mouth, which stimulated enough moisture to temporarily moisten the dryness, and easily persuaded my sons to do the same. We next turned to the row of windows that lined the side of the roof.

The last thing we wanted was to get back into the building, but with the strong probability of our absence from the room being discovered, we had to do something! These windows were at a height that was barely within my reach. The first two windows appeared to give access to a dining area, that was lighted by a small night light. I prayerfully placed the blade of my knife which would later hold our attackers at bay) beneath the window and pried. It swung noisily and easily open, leaving Danny and Ronnie in the comparative safety of the roof. I crawled through the window and as quietly as possible checked the doors that led to the corridor beyond. They were all securely locked, and the type of lock required a key to unlock them from inside or out. There was the possibility of smashing the window in the door and hoping to get through into the corridor and out before we could be caught. We now had three desperate options. Sliding back out the window and

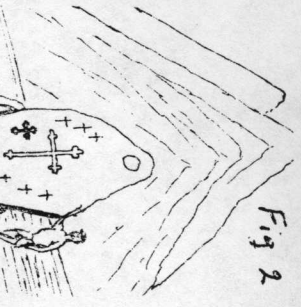


Fig. 2

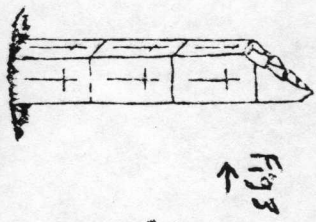


Fig. 3

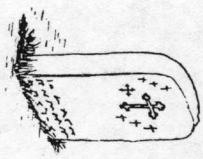


Fig. 4



Fig. 5

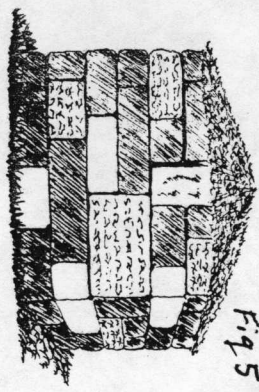


Fig. 6

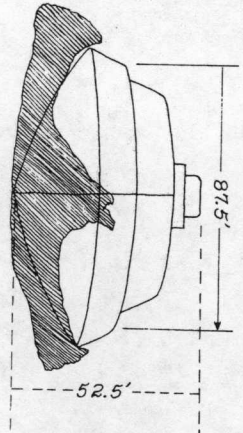


Fig. 7

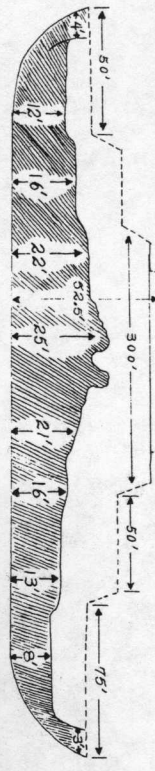


Fig. 8

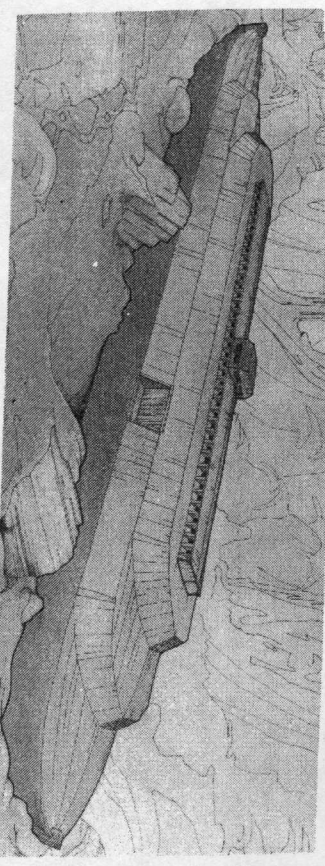


Fig. 9

Fig. # 2
One of the large stone (sterile grey granite) sea anchors (10 ft. tall) weighing approx. 16 tons, believed by Mr. Wyatt to have been hung from the back of the ark by cords. As the current flowed against these large stones, the nose of the ark was kept pointing into the waves, preventing foundering and sinking, and providing a safer more comfortable ride for the occupants.

Fig. # 3
A petrified timber believed to have been removed from the ark by ancient Arameans in whom gravesward it was used for a family plot marker.

Fig. # 4
Two tomb stones found by Mr. Wyatt and his two sons Daniel and Ronald 11 in 1977 near an ancient stone building that could well have been the house built by Noah after the flood. These stones had writing (hieroglyphic and ancient Aramean) across the lower one third. Above this there were tomographs (eight crosses) representing a man, his wife, three sons and three daughters or daughters-in-law; (according to Dr. Bill Shea of Andrews Univ.) Mr. Wyatt believes the hieroglyphs to state the larger of the two stones (standing) to be Noah's tombstone.

Fig. # 5
In the walls of this house Mr. Wyatt saw many pieces of stone which had ancient writing on them, many pieces of the same stone were turned so the writing could not be seen. This he believes to be a large marker telling the location and other significant details about the ark and associated artifacts from the Flood. He would like to purchase this building or just the stones that make up the marker and reassemble and read the marker.

Fig. # 6
Side and front views of what remains of Noah's ark. A large zig-zag crack lengthwise the arks' remains caused by an earthquake in 1979 made it possible for Mr. Wyatt to take measurements of the depths of the remains and to associate these with the dimensions given in the bible and to reconstruct the shape and size of the ark before it burned in the lava flow it now lies in.

Fig. # 7 & 8
These are copies of the analysis of the specimens taken from the boat shaped artifact and a control specimen taken for the nearby countryside by Mr. Wyatt in 1979, and analyzed by the prestigious Galbraith's Laboratories of Knoxville Tennessee. Note the difference in the raw carbon percentages; artifacts = 4.95%, control = 1.88%. Experts in this field say there is no doubt that the artifact is the residue of a wooden structure.

Fig. # 9
This is a reproduction of Noah's ark based on measurements of the artifact in the foothills of Tandrik Mt. in eastern Turkey. All these agree with those found in the bible (using a 21 inch cubit), (the standardized length during the 18th dynasty - the rulers during Moses' training in Egypt, thus the length he used in the dimensions given in his biblical writings). The width of the Tandrik artifact is greater than that given in the bible, but is what is to be expected when a boat burns or decays. The gunnwales which are extending outward from the axis of the boat fall outward.

Your Friend Ron Wyatt
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CERTIFICATE OF ANALYSIS

LABORATORY INC. GALBRAITH

P.O. BOX 487, 2229 SYCAMORE DR., KNOXVILLE, TENNESSEE 37921 / 615 546-1235

LABORATORY INC. GALBRAITH

CERTIFICATE OF ANALYSIS

P.O. BOX 487, 2229 SYCAMORE DR., KNOXVILLE, TENNESSEE 37921 / 615

Mr. Ronald E. Wyatt
P.O. Box 931
Madison, Tennessee 37115

Fig. 7

October 9, 1979

Received: Oct. 1st

Mr. Ronald E. Wyatt
C.P.O. Box 931
Madison, Tennessee 37115

Fig. 8

October 9, 1979

Received: Oct. 1st

Our No. I-3967 gave the following result

Our No. I-3968 gave the following result

As Received, Dry Basis, Mineral Analysis, Ignited Basis,

As Received, Dry Basis, Mineral Analysis,

As Received, Dry Basis,	Mineral Analysis,	Ignited Basis,
% Protoxide, P ₂ O ₅	0.28	% Moisture
% Silica, SiO ₂	51.29	% Carbon
% Ferric Oxide, Fe ₂ O ₃	9.71	% Hydrogen
% Alumina, Al ₂ O ₃	15.27	% Nitrogen
% Lime, CaO	9.35	% Chlorine
% Magnesia, MgO	3.94	% Sulfur
% Soda, Na ₂ O	0.37	% Ash
% Potassium Oxide, K ₂ O	2.30	% Oxygen (by diff)
% Sodium Oxide, Na ₂ O	2.43	% Phosphate Analysis,
% Underburned		As Received, Dry Basis,
		Mineral Analysis,
		% Protoxide, P ₂ O ₅
		% Silica, SiO ₂
		% Ferric Oxide, Fe ₂ O ₃
		% Alumina, Al ₂ O ₃
		% Lime, CaO
		% Magnesia, MgO
		% Soda, Na ₂ O
		% Potassium Oxide, K ₂ O
		% Sodium Oxide, Na ₂ O
		% Underburned

As Received, Dry Basis, % Carbon 1.88

As Received, Dry Basis, % Carbon 4.95

As Received, Dry Basis, % Carbon 1.88

As Received, Dry Basis, % Carbon 4.95

As Received, Dry Basis, % Carbon 1.88

As Received, Dry Basis, % Carbon 4.95

Lowering to the roof, I made the boys aware of the problems. We had the same results at the next window. The next window looked dark and foreboding. I lifted Ronnie up to where he could look into the room. He reported it to be a regular hotel room, and he was unable to determine whether there were people in the beds or not, but the door to the hallway was open! We had not tried to open this window yet. With yet another silent request to our Expedition Leader, we pried at the window. It was open! Attempting to proceed in the safest possible manner, I lifted Ronnie up onto the window ledge with instructions to wait until he could determine if the room was occupied. If not, to go in quietly; this he did and quickly Danny was lifted up and joined him. I passed the things we had managed to salvage to the boys and with their help climbed through into the room. Realizing the likelihood of discovery awaiting just outside the door, we got everything in readiness for instant action. I am larger than most people and quite willing to do anything short of killing to deter criminals in their attempt to wrong others, especially so when my children are at risk. Holding a can of mace in one hand and the aforementioned knife in the other, after a quick look into the darkened hallway, I led the way into unknown terror. We quickly and quietly passed along the hallway, at the end of which only a single flight of stairs separated us from the loud pounding and shouting at the room we had left only minutes (seemed much longer) before. Had they looked down they couldn't have missed seeing us, even in the near total darkness.

CHAPTER V

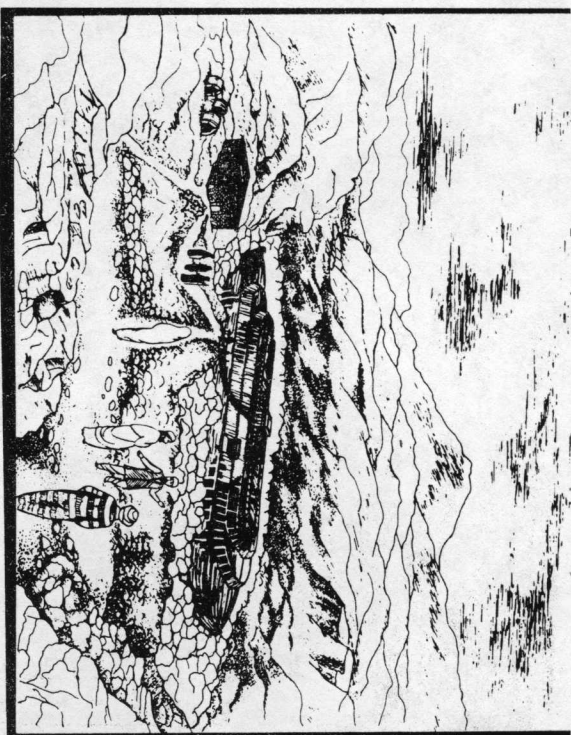
ESCAPE THROUGH THE NIGHT

We darted down the three remaining flights of steps and out onto the street. The loud yelling and blowing of a car horn greeted us. They had left a lookout! There was an answering clatter of sticks and pipes as those trying to force an entrance to our vacated room surged down the stairs in noisy pursuit. We darted down the street aided by the darkness, then down another street, saw a dimly lit cafe in front of which stood two or three taxis. I inquired as nonchalantly as my gasping breathlessness would permit about hiring a ride to Ezerum. No! was the firm reply, waving a hundred dollar bill (the ultimate persuader) I asked again. No! they replied. Down the sidestreet we could hear the rapid approach of the pursuers. We widened the distance between ourselves and them and they soon went back to get their cars. With this reprieve we armed ourselves with fist-sized stones and took to the back road out of town. Before leaving for Turkey we had anticipated the possibility of problems, but nothing this dangerous! We had practiced throwing stones and baseballs, and our arms were in great shape, our aim left much to be desired. The boys were eager in their preparation and appeared to be just as eager to place some well thrown stones "upside the heads" of these rude willful criminals, who for no good reason had compelled us through these terrifying events.

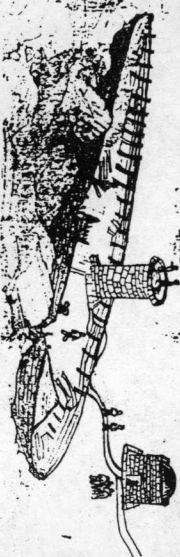
We were quite concerned about the large ferocious dogs we could anticipate meeting in our continued flight. Our strategy was to travel

along the street as rapidly as possible, taking refuge in the ditch should any car pass by. As far as we were concerned everyone in town was a potential assailant. We took to the ditch several times to avoid being seen by passing cars, and were about half way out of town when we came to a place where there were walls along both sides of the street that would prevent our getting out of sight should a car catch us in this section of street. Another silent prayer and a headlong flight brought us near half the distance through, when a car swung out of a side street and headed our way. We slowed to a walk and silently prayed for this car not to be carrying our pursuers. It did, and they slowed. I told the boys that we would disable them all and take their car, but to our utter bewilderment they appeared to be looking at something near us that was frightening to them, said "police huh?" and fled down the street. Later and in a safer place we considered several possibilities, but always returned to the conclusion that that car full of weapon-carrying hoodlums could only have been frightened away by our guardian angels making themselves visible to them and appearing in the guise of local police. We gratefully, but hurriedly proceeded along the street. From the darkness to our right came some vicious snarling which we knew came from the biggest, meanest of all those large vicious hounds. I told Danny and Ronnie to throw at the sound, since by the time we could see the approaching dogs it would be too late to avoid physical attack. With yet another prayer we threw into the darkness, there was a brief silence followed closely by the unmistakable (gratifying) sound of stone striking flesh and bone, yelps of pain and the sounds of attack changed to sounds of retreat! We gained the main road upon which some days earlier and under much happier circumstances, we had placed the eventful three piles of stones. We used the same strategy of taking to the ditch to avoid cars, and headed out of harm's way (we thought).

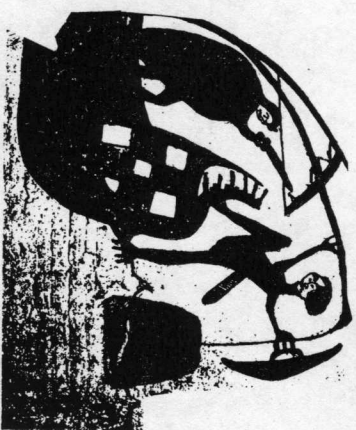
Some cars came out of the street we had just left and stopped near the intersection and then



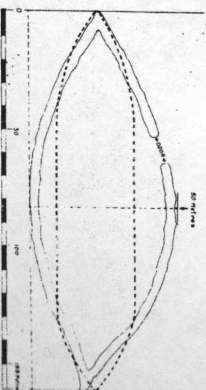
Research indicates this to have been the approximate condition of the ark in Herotodes' time.



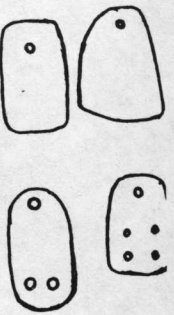
This is the approximate condition of the ark in the first century A.D.



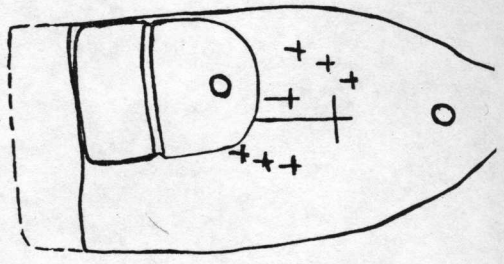
A painting on a 12th century port-schard illustrating the early greek hero Heracles boarding a Phoenician sailing ship by pulling the steering beam in the other direction so as to swing the steering wheel in finding them to his feet" to scale the wooden hull. This painting illustrates the use of stone anchors for steering early craft.



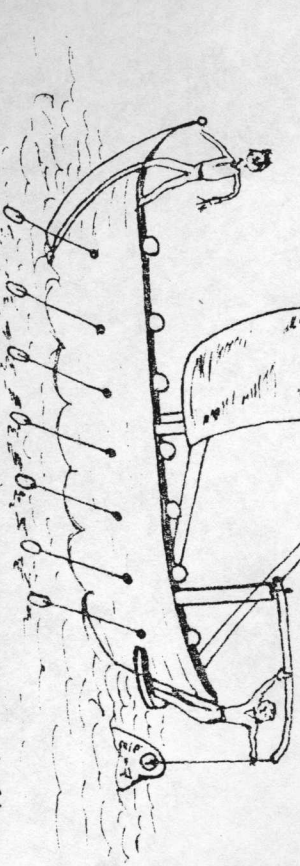
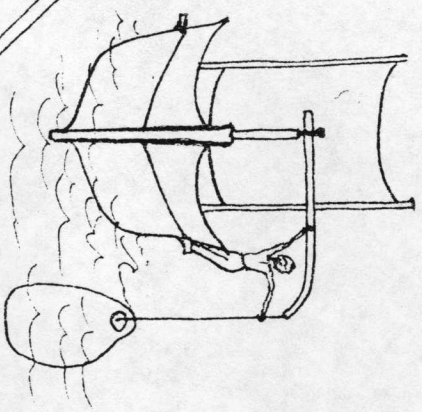
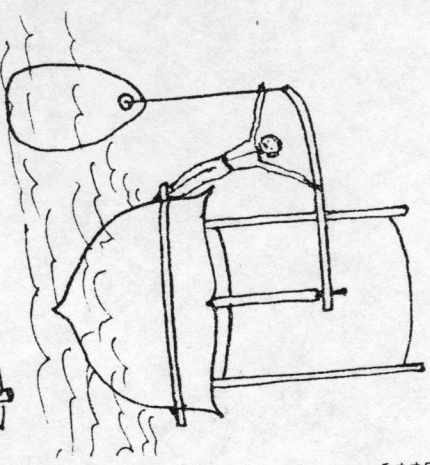
This shows the outline of Noah's Ark in the diagram given in the Old Testament (using the 20.5in cubit) overlaid on the outline of the Tiberian Colosseum as measured and drawn to scale by the author.



There were two types of stone anchors used in early sea craft. Those that had a single hole through the top, and those with lower holes. I believe those with the more holes in the top were used for steering, and as sea anchors. The single hole type was used for holding the ship in place. The lower holes were used to anchor vessels to the ocean floor. By driving broom shafts through the lower holes, the stone anchor was capable of catching and holding fast on the ocean floor. The single holed variety possessed no such ability.



This illustration compares the size of stone anchors used in early sailing with the two found near the remains of Noah's Ark. The largest anchor found in the ancient harbor around the Mediterranean weighs 6000 lb while those associated with Noah's Ark weigh approx 10 ton.



This illustrates the steering positions for left and right turn s using the stone sea anchor as a steering drag. This method was later largely abandoned in favor of the steering cars, then the rudder which in a modified form is used yet.

headed in a direction opposite to the one we took. They let out some people with lights a ways down the road, turned around and drove past where we were hugging the bottom of the ditch, and slowly drove in our direction. They passed us and let some more people off between us and escape.

We passed as quickly as possible along the road to where we heard voices, took a wide swing out through the roadside field, for more than one purpose, and were back on the road, feeling the safest we had felt for several minutes. Danny and Ronnie were walking along to my right, we had replaced our throwing stones that had driven off the dogs. I had a large stone in the right hand and the can of mace in the left. Suddenly one of the boys (Ronnie, I think) shouted a warning. Two bright lights flashed on just up the bank of the road where we were. Yelling something in Turkish, that we didn't understand, they came blindingly down towards us. I saw long blades swinging across the path of the light, and with the false calm of one staring eminent death in the face, I shouted for the boys to run, and turned and closed the distance to our attacker as fast as possible to give the boys the best start I could. Moments later I became aware of one person going through the torments of a full face shot of mace, and another in nearly as bad condition bending in front of me. The shout of my sons that had brought me back to reality broke through! "They are police," they shouted! "They are police!" My eyes were burning fiercely as the full implications seeped into my consciousness. Were these police cooperating with the thugs? How can we ever get out of this without at the very least spending time in a Turkish prison? I quickly slipped the mace into a convenient pocket to permit instant access should events demand, and started saying "American tourist" repeatedly while backing away from the bayonett-mounted M-1 rifle that lay on the ground between us. As the mace cleared from his eyes, he cautiously approached

the weapon; I planned to renew my attack should he act threateningly. He grabbed the weapon, jumped back out of reach, leveled the barrel, and death stared into my helpless face! From the ditch where the second officer had been wrenching and gasping, came a loud commanding shout, the man with the gun froze with the trigger half depressed. A shouting match quickly turned into laughter, as the downed officer having apparently grasped the real situation, explained it to the other. With some relief we showed them the contents of our bags, told them that I had thrown the SSSSSS TT stuff away. They were border patrol watching for drug smugglers and in retrospect we could understand their mistake. They insisted we stay with them until their shift was over. We walked with them back into town we had so recently fled and became their guests in the guard headquarters. Things became pleasant between us as soon as they had become convinced as to our innocence, and our perception of their non-participation with the thugs. However, we were still apprehensive about going back to town. A car stopped while we were waiting for the shift to end and we asked the driver if he would take us to Agra. He quickly agreed to do so, but the officers sent him packing and by the same motions and sounds the original attackers had used in our room to convey the thought of throats being cut assured us that we were safer with them. The post commander spoke some English, and we soon cleared the questions to everyone's satisfaction. They would not retrieve our things from the hotel, and when a large number of cars began to circle the compound, extinguished the oil lamps and we all lay on the floor, below window level. Apparently even the authorities lived in fear of the criminal element. (Reminiscent of many areas in larger American cities.) The men were very nice, exchanging family pictures, giving us food and much needed water which we gulped to their obvious feelings of accomplishment and appreciation.

CHAPTER VI
ON THE BUS

ADVENTIST
HERITAGE CENTER
James White Library
ANDREWS UNIVERSITY

They escorted us to the bus station and placed us in our seats, then marched off. Almost immediately there was a loud hissing noise from one side of the bus and the sinking of the right rear quarter of the bus told us what had happened. A large number of the men who had attacked us in the hotel the night before swarmed into the bus. The boys had taken their seats across the aisle from me. I stood in the aisle and pulling out the knife used in gaining access through the hotel window, the blade was approximately six inches long and along with the can of mace I held in the other hand was enough to hold the attackers at bay. The bus driver obviously wishing to cooperate with the locals, asked, then demanded that we get off the bus. I pointed the mace in his direction and told him he had better get the tire repaired and get us out of there. While this standoff was in progress a well dressed man came in the front door of the bus and announced that he was from the police, and that he wanted our passports. I told him about the attack in the hotel and that someone outside our door claimed to be from the police, and would he show us some identification? He said No and to give him our passports or go to jail! I told him we would do neither. At this critical point Danny suggested that I show the man our passports, but hold them out of his reach. That saved the situation. Without our passports we would be in a bad way traveling home, if indeed we lived or stayed out of jail to do that. Holding the passports close enough for him to see them but not close enough for him to grab

(American passports bring several thousand dollars on the black market, altered to another's identity.) he settled for this. He then told us that some fellow that was with him claimed we owed him \$40.00 for taxi fares. I had never before seen that particular person, and was taking in a deep breath to tell him that and that I had no intention of giving them anything when one of the boys spoke up and said, "Maybe we do, but they stole all our traveler's checks, and we have no money." It became obvious that the man (we found out later from a communique he sent to the U. S. Embassy that he was the local public prosecutor) understood the situation and wanted to help us, but did not want to anger the locals. He said he would let us leave if we would promise to send the (lier) man the \$40.00 when we got to New York. From the pleading look in his eye, we could see that this was a desperate attempt to save us and partially satisfy the locals. We assured him we would do this, and took the "cab driver's" address. He stayed around until the tire had been repaired and wished us a good trip. We warmly thanked him for saving our skins and settled in our seats and felt greatly relieved when the driver's helper climbed in through and closed the back door, yelled "Mohammit" and the bus pulled out. "Mohammit" apparently equals our bus pulled out. "All clear." The bus was crammed with Kurdish men and women. Many of the men looked very much like the ones that had been at the hotel, so I kept watch, for both boys collapsed into sleep from sheer exhaustion as soon as the bus pulled out. One of these Turks shared my seat. I decided to "play possum" pretending to fall asleep to see if he would try anything. He sat quietly for a while then began to slip his hand into the pocket where the can of mace was placed. I grabbed and twisted his wrist, where upon he fled to the back of the bus and along with some of his fellows glared at us for the rest of the trip. Being rather paranoid and believing in the axim that says "just because you are paranoid, does not mean they aren't out to get you," we guarded our backs

closely and stuck close to the bus at rest stops so as not to be left behind. Fearing the possibility of the robbers of Dogobyzait calling their counterparts in Erzerum, we got off the bus on the edge of town, and by the time some startled Turks got the driver to stop about half a block away and get off the bus, we were in a taxi, and on our way to the airport, at which an attachment of U. S. Airforce personnel were stationed. Here for the first time in several days we felt safe. We explained our predicament to an airforce officer, and they offered to fly us to West Germany on a military plane, as I was in the Army reserves. We later wished we had taken them up on the offer, but had decided instead to take a commercial flight to Ankara, and attempt to retrieve our lost traveler's checks, etc., through the "kind offices of the U. S. Consulate there." We, out of a desperate need to assure ourselves that civilization hadn't been just a near forgotten fantasy, took a room in the Grand Hotel, just across from the Embassy grounds. Mr. Geen Rice, the assistant counsel, was sympathetic and attempted to get our property back, but was unable to, short of creating an incident. We assured him that we hadn't lost anything worth that much trouble. He and his lovely wife invited us to their home for dinner and by our request fed us scrambled eggs, pancakes, etc. It tasted like ambrosia to us! With their help we were able to get part of our "Don't leave home without them," Citicorp travelers checks replaced. We then flew to Istanbul and spent the remainder of days, until our charter flight left, on the beach of Bosphorus. Which would have been delightful, had we not seen the movie "Jaws" just before going to Turkey, and couldn't fully enjoy our furtive swims at the beach as much as we should have. I would like to say here that we still have the greatest respect and affection for the Turkish people. They were most friendly and sincerely helpful. We had the misfortune to fall victims to the far-flung net of organized crime, and are aware that the same thing has happened, and

continues to happen to tourists in the U.S. There are a great number of tourists found in the trunks of rented cars, some dead, some robbed, also in hotel rooms. These things are not publicized in the press as the monied persons who control the different countries don't want to scare off tourists, and lose the vast sums of money realized from that trade.

It was with mixed emotions that we boarded our Pan Am flight. We had found artifacts which were immediately, and obviously associated with the steering mechanism of Noah's Ark. We had found grave stones with hieroglyphic inscriptions indicating they were marking the burial site of Noah. Also an ancient stone structure with windows and other designs that associated with the builder of the ark. For the Divine record stated that one window provided lighting for the interior of the ark. The presence of eight crosses of varying sizes and position, indicating a man, his wife, three sons and daughters-in-law (or daughters) in the style of the stone inscriptions left behind by the Crusaders; showed irrefutably that they were convinced of the association of these artifacts with the flood. The stone sea anchors were of fossil-free granite of which there is no local place it can be found except in portions of the Ohura Gorge that has only been exposed by earthquakes occurring in our century; also indicate a pre-flood origin. We had been denied opportunity to investigate the boat-shaped formation which we felt too nearly matched what one could expect to find of the remains of a giant boat that was lying grounded and exposed to the elements for four and one half millenia and which had obviously been visited by a large lava flow, and no doubt had been partially burned. We had beyond doubt been guided to each artifact, and been protected from the lawless elements of the local population by a divine hand. We landed at Kennedy Airport in New York City and became victims of the local lock smiths. We had lost our keys in the flight from the Turkish

hotel. We called the dealer from whom I had recently purchased the car, to get the "key code number" which an honest lock smith said he would cut a key by for three dollars. This sounded like a godsend as we spent down to one hundred dollars and had the nine hundred plus miles from New York to Nashville, Tennessee to drive. The dealer whom I probably should mention, but won't, informed us he had no record of selling me an automobile-- probably an income tax dodge. This left us with no alternative but to pay seventy-five dollars plus twelve fifty tax to a local shark to replace our ignition which had the feature of locking the steering or we would have "hot wired" the car and been on our way. We have since learned some ways of circumventing this problem less expensively. With less than ten dollars, half a tank of gas and the worst case of laryngitis I've had in my life, we left for Nashville. The prospects looked bleak. We had several friends that would have wired us some money, but were reluctant to ask. We settled on the idea of attempting to make it to Tapohannok, Virginia to where we had an ex brother-in-law. Bill and Hazel Tingle received us well as we drove in on the fumes in an empty-for-the-past-15-miles tank. They fed us, listened to our story and kindly advanced us the funds to assure us a successful and enjoyable trip home. For this kindness we are eternally grateful.

CHAPTER VII

RETURN TO AARAT

Anyone with an ounce of sense would have gratefully retired from the field of Ark-ology, a name coined for searchers for Noah's ark. We felt and still feel that the compulsion of the Holy Spirit was leading us to clear up this long pursued mystery.

We have always felt a strong obligation to be honest and candid in our research. There are a great many erroneous conclusions, fanciful ideas, and sentimental soliloquies, along with a great deal of pseudo-religious dogma that presents a near impenetrable barrier to anyone attempting to get at the truth about anything. When misguided, if not well-intentioned, people inform you that you should change your life-style, share your hard earned money with their "worthy" cause, "because God, or human compassion demands it." If you ask them for some documentation or scientific evidence or dare to question their logic in arriving at their conclusions, you are branded as a heretic. When I read the Bible it invites us to "come now, let us reason together saith the Lord" and "prove me." It further states "the way of salvation is so plain that a wayfaring man (bum) though he be a fool need not err therein." There are billions of dollars annually collected and selfishly used by "religious" and "charitable" institutions, with an average of three cents of each dollar collected that actually gets to the needy persons who are purported to be the "concern" of these "drives." We are determined to do our investigating and reporting honestly and as accurately as circumstances will permit.

We consulted with Dr. William Shea of Andrews University about the artifacts we found in Turkey. He examined the films closely and was in general agreement about what was to be concluded from the evidence at hand. He wrote the Department of Interior in Ankara, requesting a permit to excavate the boat-shaped formation with negative results. Some close friends joined with me in praying that should God wish us to investigate further this object, He would cause an earthquake to break the boat-shaped formation open so we could get a good look at the interior. In 1979 while watching the evening news, I was thrilled to see the report of an earthquake in Eastern Turkey; there had been no deaths reported, which was in line with our prayer for our special earthquake. Gooseflesh ran up and down my spine as more than human feeling assured me that the boat-shaped object now lay broken awaiting our inspection. We immediately asked for certain "signs" if we should leave for Turkey. The answer was No. Later in the year we were invited to assist some acquaintances open a cave at Engedi Israel. We prayed for a confirming sign to go or not. Yes, and "go on to Turkey." We made arrangements for an interpreter and a photographer to accompany us and got underway. Although the cave at Engedi remains unopened, it promises to hold some startling archeological treasures. We believe it to be an undisturbed Amorite burial cave. Its dimensions indicating the presence of many rock-hewn crypts in the walls.

Hopefully we or someone will open this bonanza in the near future. Accompanied by our Armenian translator we left Tel-Avive and arrived in Dogobiazet in Eastern Turkey, the photographer wishing to remain at Engedi Israel. We approached within one quarter mile of the boat-shaped formation by taxi, as a new road had been built to the nearby village just days before we arrived. With hopefulness and a secret dread, only appreciable by one who wishes desperately not to dishonor God by a lack of faith that his prayers have been answered, but with the lurking fear that he could be indulging in wishful

thinking, we climbed the intervening hill and looked down upon the remains of the legendary Noah's Ark! Once again gooseflesh cruised up and down my spine. There was no evidence of an earthquake anywhere around the formation, but a gaping tear zigzagged from one end of the boat to the other! The end nearest our direction of approach had literally popped up from the lighter colored clay bed in which the wood turned soil sat. As the people of the village within view of this place were participants in our attempted robbery and/or murder of two years previous, we went about our planned investigation quickly. We took samples from five locations on and in the boat shape, taking care to take a representative, unleached specimen. We measured the depth of the decayed material along the line of the earthquake fault. The outline of the decayed wood of the ancient boat was well demarcated against the lighter color of the soil below. We took a soil sample from the area immediately outside the formation to act as a control by which to evaluate the composition of the formation specimens. We made careful measurements of length, width, and photographed it thoroughly. We noticed a ten by fourteen foot foundation of cut stones, that was later determined to have been the base of an observation tower from the top of which visitors could visibly appreciate the shape and details of the decaying boat that couldn't be appreciated from ground level.

This foundation was located centrally in the formation. There was what appeared to be the remains of a stone floor a short distance up the hillside from the formation. There are many references to the fact that the remains of Noah's Ark were shown to visitors in the Aarat area in the early histories and as late as the travels of Marco Polo. Josephus in THE ANTIQUITIES OF THE JEWS mentions this and that pieces of the ark were sold to visitors as good luck talismans. He supports this statement by several quotations from ancient and respected historians. This

remnant of stone floor could be that of a shop or inn associated with the early tourist trade generated by the world-reknown boat which was the only object to survive the flood in tact. We revisited the Stone Sea Anchors and noted a large accumulation of pottery fragments at the base and immediate vicinity of the cross-decorated relics. This pottery dated from as far back as the late third millenium forward to late Biazentine. There is no explanation for these fragments other than they were presented as offeratory containers to a sacred relic. By the time we had completed our work a large number of village folk were gathering in around our work area. We took our equipment and left for Erzarume and back to what we believed was a safer environment. Our interpreter lost his passport, work visa, and airline tickets which he carelessly left in the taxi. My briefcase was rifled, but nothing of value was in it, as I carried all valuables on my person. When safely in the hotel in Erzarume, I devised a plan to determine if the driver had told us the truth when he told the interpreter the things were stolen while he had fallen asleep. We had agreed to pay him a certain amount of money upon our safe return to the hotel. I instructed the interpreter to tell him that I was going to pay him, picked up the briefcase that had been rifled, walked into the bathroom, took the money from my pocket, opened the briefcase noisily and walked back into the room closing the briefcase and holding the money out to him. The shocked look he gave the brief case and the money made it quite clear that he was the thief. I later decided there was a high probability of our interpreter having been a party to the thefts. He had insisted to the point of my having to demand his dropping the subject, that we allow him to hold all our valuables and documents.

He later appeared much more prosperous than he had been, which strengthened the probability of his having sold his documents to the taxi driver. They had been left alone together for about thirty minutes before the loss had been

noticed. We accompanied the interpreter to the U. S. Embassy in Istanbul and supplied the consulate with the information needed for the replacement of the lost travel documents, gave the interpreter sufficient funds to room and board him while awaiting the new documents, and flew back to the States.

CHAPTER VIII

EXAMINING THE EVIDENCE

I hand carried the specimens to Galbraith Laboratories in Knoxville, Tennessee. Documented the specimens so no one there would know what they represented and had complete mineral analysis run on them. The results proved the boat-shaped formation to be the residue of a wooden object! The control specimen was comparable to that of normal countryside mineral content. We had collected some petrified wood (silicone replacement) also. I have no confidence in the carbon 14 dating process, and to my knowledge there is no dependable technique for getting a reading from wood that had reached the state of decay our specimens had reached. During our initial visit to Eastern Turkey in 1977 along with the other artifacts mentioned, we photographed several large petrified timbers used as family plot markers in the previously mentioned ancient Armenian graveyard. There was a large gap in the side of the boat-like formation, from which these had apparently been taken. Deep in the crevasse caused by the earthquake we saw more petrified timbers. Could someone get permission from the Turkish government, all these artifacts could be gathered under a large high ceiling building, along with the remains of the ark. The stern of the boat is lower than the prow and forms a natural reservoir which has provided the water for the silicone replacement process. An excavation across this section of the ark would expose the petrified timbers of the ancient craft giving us a chance to reproduce a smaller model of the famed artifact with the same structural design!

The Old Testament assures us of the development of iron and brass (Genesis 4:22) before the flood. There is a strong probability of the use of these metals in the construction of the ark; hinges for the animals stall doors, bars and cages and many other uses. It is highly unlikely that any of the iron has survived to our time. On the other hand, it would not be surprising to find the bronze or brass in a recognizable condition. All these artifacts under a single roof would draw tourists from around the world. There is a wide smooth valley nearby that could be the site for a large international airport. But it appears unlikely that much of this will ever be realized. In God's dealings with mankind, He seldom overwhelms us with evidence on any matter. His purpose is to provide enough evidence to persuade those that love the truth; the evidence accompanied by the convicting power of the Holy Spirit. In His wisdom He doesn't permit anyone not totally responsive to His renewing process; for in all the earth's inhabitants lurks the seeds of rebellion, cruelty, and greed.

These traits have produced the miseries now rampant in our world, and if allowed to pass through the divine quarantine surrounding this planet would rear their ugly head in a sinless and vulnerable universe in the future. The divine fiat states irrevocably: "Affliction shall not rise again."

In His great love, profoundly evidenced by the substitutional death of His Son and Equal, He will permit none to be lost who will respond to and submit to His call for repentance and cleansing. "I have graven thee upon the palms of my hands." "As I live," saith the Lord, "I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked. Turn ye! Turn ye! From your evil ways for why will ye die oh house of Israel!" "Come unto me and be ye saved, all ye ends of the earth." "He that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out." "Can the Ethiopian change his color or a leopard his spots? neither can ye do good which are accustomed to do evil." "If we confess our

sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." "Come now and let us reason together saith the Lord, though your sins be as scarlet they shall be as white as snow, though they be as crimson, they shall be as wool." "He that touches you is as though he touched the apple of My eye!" The evidence we have found and photographed may be all that in God's wisdom He intends to make available regarding the remains of the ark. "If they believe not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded, though one rose from the dead."

CHAPTER IX

CONCLUSION

Many, in their attempts to "make God altogether equal as a man" feel that if events follow patterns that the results are the workings of nature, then God is not involved. This attitude is Satanic! and far from truth. Nature is the mechanism by which God regulates His universe, and only infrequently does He set these laws aside in favor of the supernatural. However, in few cases He does this. The dividing of the Red Sea, the manna, the sun standing still during the battle between Israel and the Amelkites. The dark day, falling of the stars, and the bloody appearance of the moon the night of the dark day, all in the last century, predicted by Christ in Matthew 24 as heralds of His second coming. To preserve a wooden boat in tact for forty-four hundred years is possible for divinity. But what is left in the lava flow from tentruck, is precisely what should be expected. Quite enough to persuade the honest searcher for truth, but less than overwhelming to those who choose to ignore the evidence. Let us recap the highlights of the evidence on this matter.

Agra Daugh (Mt. Aarat) is a volcanic prominence. The last several thousand feet of which is the accumulated products of many eruptions. A comparison of this absidian with that of Vesuvius and other volcanic mountains with known activity dates proves the peak to be blanketed to a depth of thousands of feet with flows that have occurred in the past three millenia. Any object or objects resting upon the original site of this absidian mountain would have long since been swept down by the many and persistent lava flows.

2. Mt. Aarat has been the object of hundreds of expeditions and repeated claims of finds which have all fallen short of possible proof; pieces of wood found in the snow and ice have proven to be the wrong kind of wood and have fallen far short of the age required when subjected to radio carbon dating. It is very difficult to conceive of the possibility of a five hundred foot boat or portion thereof to have been overlooked by so many searchers.

3. Contrary to some rumors to the contrary, there are no objects present in satellite photographs that could be honestly tied to the ark.

4. The Bible reports the ark landed upon the mountains of Aarat, this includes a large chain of mountains in the Armenian highlands. Agra Daugh and Lesser Aarat arose from the valley east of the Aarat chain of mountains. We feel that caravans and armies passing to and fro within view of this towering mountain were pointed to it as a convenient and obvious land mark and told "that's where Noah's ark landed."

5. The only ancient legend that states the ark landed on the peak of what is now Aarat, also claimed that "many" other people saved themselves by climbing to the mountain top, and were there before Noah and his family arrived in the ark. This contradicts the Bible claim that only Noah and his family survived the flood. It probably isn't wise to accept part of a legend as true when part of it is known to be untrue.

6. In the foothills of tindruckaa, volcano which arose within the "mountains of Aarat" in a lava flow between three of the "mountains of Aarat" in a position indicating that it was swept along by the lava until it lodged against two large boulders was tipped at an angle by the lava building up pressure against the upstream side, lies a formation, chemically proven to have been a wooden object, of the exact dimensions as the Biblical ark, with an

expected width difference, surrounded by massive stone sea anchors, grave stones, petrified timbers, containing the foundation of a tower that could only be explained as the base of a viewing tower for the remains of the ark. Add to this hieroglyphic documentation of these being associated with eight people that escaped the flood in this boat, and the flat statement of Dr. Arthur Brandenberg after close scrutiny by a Wild-7 Sterioplanograph-photogrammetry technique, and on site measurements that this object is indeed a boat; I respectfully submit that there is no reasonable room for doubt that this formation is the remains of Noah's Ark!

