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The Holy Land of Pennsylvania *A Proposal*



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A Proposal: 1 The Holy Land of Pennsylvania

The Holy Land PA Project is to be funded through the generosity of [major donors](#) that are interested in presenting the literal truth of the Story and Lands of the Holy Bible

This project began in my novel called [Parsonage](#). The introduction is taken from that novel.

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Introduction

Jim leaned back in his chair, laced his fingers behind his head, leaned as far back as gravity would allow, and propped his feet on this desk. The phone rang. He glanced at the flashing line-one button, toyed with the idea of picking up the call, but decided against it. Sandy or one of the other ladies would get it. Instead, he swiveled in his chair and looked at the illuminated "Christ Our Pilot" transparency.

Thank you, Jesus, for being my pilot here in Mechanicsburg. I couldn't have made it this far without you. And I'll surely need you during the coming months and years, just as much. Maybe more.

Sandy popped her head in the partly-open door. "Can you take a call from Riyadh, Saudi Arabia, Pastor Jim?" she asked in a tone close to awe.

Jim swiveled to face her so abruptly he almost lost his balance. "Did you say 'Saudi Arabia'? As in 'middle east'?" Swiftly he ran "Saudi Arabia" through his memory banks but came up blank. He had no idea of who could be calling him from Saudi Arabia. Slowly, almost fearfully, he picked up the phone as Sandy closed the door.

"Pastor Hogan," said Jim.

There was a hesitation of two seconds or so and a faint crackling could be heard in the background. Then a male voice spoke. The voice was distinct, but with a slight reverberation, as though it had passed through some sort of electronic processing before arriving at Wesley Evangelical Church.

This is the secretary to Rahmir Moniz of Riyadh, Saudi Arabia. Is this the Pastor Jim Hogan of Wesley Evangelical Church in Pennsylvania, United States of America?" The man's voice was cultured, with a distinct accent Jim judged to be Oxford.

"That's right. My name is James A. Hogan, pastor of the Wesley Evangelical Church, here in Mechanicsburg, Pennsylvania, United States. How can I help you?"

Again there was the crackling hesitation, followed by the Oxford accent. "It is perhaps we who may help you," the secretary said dryly. "My name is Hassar Zid. My employer has authorized me to discuss with you a matter of finance. Are you in circumstances where we may speak privately? The content of this conversation is to be held in strict confidence. No one but your closest and most trusted advisors may know anything about what is discussed here. And most important of all, no word of anything we discuss here may ever reach the news media. May I have your assurance on the point of confidentiality, Pastor Hogan?"

"Can you hold one moment, please?" asked Jim, bursting with curiosity. What in the world is this all about? He jumped up, opened the door, and asked Sandy to transfer the call to his private extension which could be accessed by no one but Sandy and himself. Each head turned in his direction and each expression asked What's going on. He just winked and quickly resumed his seat. He took the call off hold.

"Back again, Mr. Zid," he said a little breathlessly. You may speak with complete privacy, now." He trusted Sandy completely. She'd never pick up on his private line unless she was asked to do so, no matter how intense her curiosity might be.

"Pastor Hogan," resumed the Oxford voice, "my employer has become a rather careful student of Christianity as a result of the radio broadcasts of your Sunday morning services. I believe Mr. Moniz hears it over a short wave station which emanates from somewhere in your home province of Pennsylvania. A place called 'Red Line', perhaps?"

Suddenly Jim was in focus. "Oh, you mean Red Lion. That's a small farming community just southeast of here. And yes, there is a Christian broadcasting organization in that community which has a short wave station, as well as AM, FM and television."

"Very good," said Mr. Zid. His tone indicated he was glad to hear the sense of comprehension in Jim's voice. "Mr. Moniz is by my side as we speak and he wishes to ask some questions through me as interpreter. He understands English quite well when it is spoken but has some degree of difficulty expressing his thoughts in anything but our native tongue. Will you be open to such questions?"

"Certainly," said Jim readily, but he could feel the excitement draining out of him. Probably wanted to engage him in a pointless and convoluted comparison of the merits of the Bible and the Koran. "Please begin."

"Oh, and one more concern before we do begin. May we impose upon you to record this conversation? Mr. Moniz would like to have a translated transcript for more careful study after the call has been terminated.

Again Jim agreed while still wondering what this was truly all about.

"Here is the first question, Pastor Hogan," said Zid rather formally. Jim heard paper rustling in the background and surmised he was about to be subjected to a list of written questions.

"Mr. Moniz would like to know the monetary relationship between the talent and the U.S. dollar.

"The talent and the dollar?" Jim said, half to himself.

"Yes, sir. We are aware that the talent is an ancient medium of exchange in precious metals but we are unable to obtain an exchange rate to U.S. funds. Have you such information?"

"I'm afraid I don't," said Jim slowly, still not at all sure of what was going on.

There was a rather long pause in the conversation during which Jim could hear a rapid-fire discourse in what he assumed was Aramaic, or maybe Farsi, or whatever their native language was. Then Zid was back on the line.

"Mr. Moniz has just provided additional information," said the secretary in his precise Oxford tones, colored with an Aramaic overlay. I now understand that you used the term 'talent' rather extensively in a sermon you delivered two Sundays ago."

At last it was clear. Jim had preached on the parable of the talents two weeks ago. "Yes, Mr. Zid, that is correct. How may I help Mr. Moniz regarding that sermon?"

Now it was Zid's turn to sound confused. "Mr. Moniz would like to respond to your warning about burying a talent in the ground. Is this an allusion to failing to use your resources to achieve some good end? I'm not sure we have phrased that correctly but perhaps you will understand the intent of the question."

Now the pastor could sense the electric presence of the Holy Spirit all around him. It was as intense as the day in the court room when Carla was on her demonic rampage. He had an overpowering sense that something extremely important was about to transpire.

"Mr. Zid, you and Mr. Moniz are completely correct. That is the true meaning behind the warning against burying your talent in the ground.

"I am pleased," responded Zid, and true pleasure warmed his voice. "Now another question in this regard. Are you still accepting funds in the Holy Land Ministries non-profit corporation to recreate the Holy Land in the United States?"

Jim dropped the receiver. It bounced off his knee and popped under the desk. In a trance, he reached down, snagged the coiled cord, and hauled in the receiver.

For the last fifteen years or so, Jim had entertained a dream that some day he would be involved in developing an inspirational and educational destination resort which would replicate some of the artifacts and scenes from scripture-- by means of access to unlimited funds, of course. And do it right, on a par with Disneyland, or the

Epcot Center, or The Old Country. A life-size, precise copy of Noah's ark, complete with a petting zoo. The Tabernacle in the wilderness, with priests and attendants reenacting the ancient rituals of salvation by sacrifice. Maybe even Solomon's Temple . . .

"Pastor Hogan! Pastor Hogan! Are you there?" finally the tinny Oxford voice roused Jim from his dream. He snatched up the receiver and pressed the mouthpiece against his ear. Frantically he reversed the receiver, dreading the possibility of a dial tone when he finally got the instrument in the proper position. Thank the Lord, there was no dial tone. Only the faint crackling of the overseas line.

"Hello! Mr. Zid? Pastor Hogan here. Sorry. I dropped the phone."

Mr. Zid's wry sense of humor was again detectable in his inflection. "Pastor Hogan, I believe we were discussing the matter of your receiving a contribution for the Holy Land from Mr. Moniz in the amount of ten million dollars U. S. funds.

This time Jim hung on tightly and didn't drop the receiver. But he felt a little woozy for a couple seconds.

At the conclusion of his message on the talents two weeks ago, Jim had made a few light comments about his Holy Land dream, saying something like, "If you have a few talents buried somewhere you'd like to dust off and put to good use, I have a proposal for you."

At the time he said this, he'd actually thought he was off the air, and speaking to his live church congregation only. Apparently the sermon had run a little shorter than usual and the CROSS network had kept him on the air in order to fill to the end of time. As a result, the casual Holy Land remarks had been sent out over the entire satellite network. He struggled to remember exactly what he'd said. Something like: "And I'm not talking to you folks with a few dollars under the mattress or an oatmeal box hidden behind the corn flakes. We're talking big bucks here. Let's make it a minimum of ten million dollars to become a member of the GroundBreakers club and receive a framed deed to one square inch of land on which The Holy Land will be built. And please understand one thing. This money will not go to me personally, or even to the church. This money will go to a non-profit corporation I will set up to be known as 'Holy Land Ministries'. This money will be held in escrow until it's time to start building. How about it? Who will send the first ten million? for the brand-new Holy Land Ministries?"

After making the remarks about the ten million-dollar GroundBreakers Club and Holy Land Ministries, he'd regretted it, even when he still thought his audience was limited to the four walls of the sanctuary plus the nursery and corridors. At the time, it had seemed frivolous, and maybe a little crass. But yet, here was a man on

an overseas call talking about just that very thing. Contributing ten million dollars to help The Holy Land get started.

Again the Oxford tones were clipping in his ear. "Pastor Hogan. Are you there?"

"Yes, sir, Mr. Zid," replied Jim briskly. "I believe I heard you mention a ten million-dollar contribution toward helping us start building The Holy Land. But I must be honest with you, Mr. Zid. My request for people to contribute ten million dollars was made somewhat in jest. In fact, I didn't think we were really on the air at the moment and I . . . I guess I--"

"If I may, Pastor Hogan," injected Zid smoothly, "we are not speaking of making a single contribution of ten million dollars. Mr. Moniz would like to see an executive summary of your startup proposal. Upon a favorable review of that summary, we are prepared to fund the entire project. In the meantime, the ten million dollars U.S. will be wired to you at once as a surety from Mr. Moniz that his intentions are serious as well as honorable. Can you give me an estimate of when you can e-mail me your executive summary?"

Jim's brain was finally in high gear. "One week from today, noon U.S. Eastern Standard Time. May I have your e-mail address please?"

"Of course," responded Zid, "We use several on-line services for e-mail. Our English service is Comcast. Do you subscribe to Comcast? Our e-mail address is moniz@comcast.net"

Jim jotted the address on the margin of last night's sermon notes. Jim was glad Comcast was involved, since that was what the church used.

Zid's Oxford voice spoke again over the many miles between Mechanicsburg, Pennsylvania and Riyadh, Saudi Arabia. "Now I will need some information in order to wire you the funds. Are you prepared to write down several items we will need?"

"Please go ahead," said Jim with a tight feeling high in his throat. He pulled the page of sermon notes on which he had been writing a little closer and wrote as Zid dictated.

"First, the name of the bank where the Holy Land Ministries funds are being held. Second, the city in which this bank is located and the branch number, if it is a branch. Third, your bank's ABA routing and transit number. Fourth, the number of the account for the Holy Land Ministries. And lastly, your own social security number." Jim scribbled furiously as Zid spoke, and then asked him to repeat the items to make sure he had everything straight. It wasn't every day he made

arrangements to receive ten million dollars by wire. Zid repeated each item distinctly and Jim ticked off each one on his list.

Again the Oxford voice was on the wire. "Our business manager believes you can expect the wire to arrive in the destination account in about five business days. Will that be satisfactory?"

Satisfactory! Could Jim wait five days to receive ten million dollars? With a high degree of anxiety, to be sure, but how could a five-day wait for the beginning of the odyssey of the century be anything but satisfactory?

"Pastor Hogan," said Zid suddenly during the lull in the conversation. My assistant just reminded me to ask you about the Apple Macintosh computer. Do you use one by any chance?"

"Looking at one right now," answered Jim cheerily, wondering what difference it could make since Mr. Moniz would probably want to see the executive summary in his own language anyway.

"Excellent!" said Zid with equal cheer. May I be so bold as to ask if you have a cable modem with Comcast?

"Yes," said Jim, making more scribbles on his sermon notes. "We use Comcast email over a cable modem, also."

"We use Power Macintosh computers in our offices here in Riyadh. And, we have a cable modem and Apple Remote Access file-sharing software, as well. But the main reason I am asking you about a Macintosh. We have translation software which can read an English document which has been saved to disk as an ASCII text file and translate it into quite passable Aramaic. In our own alphabet, also.

"In this way, Mr. Moniz and his advisors can have anything you send us by English e-mail in our language, just seconds after it arrives. You will need to attach a Rich Text Format word processor file to the e-mail message. Will this method be agreeable with you, Pastor Hogan?"

Pastor Hogan was thinking about how the entanglement of languages which occurred at the Tower of Babel was now being unsnarled by man's expanding computer technology. "Yes, of course, Mr. Zid. Very agreeable. It's amazing what can be done with computers. Makes you wonder where it will end. But I do have one concern. If we send you something which will be translated into your language by the computer, how can you be sure that Mr. Moniz will see exactly what we sent to you in English? Isn't there a chance your translation software will made a mistake

in the process, maybe fail to catch some nuance of meaning which was intended at the time the document was originally written? Is that being too fussy?"

"Not at all, Pastor Hogan," replied Zid smoothly. I agree with you that such a possibility does exist. But may I remind you that I am fluent in five languages, including English and Aramaic? Several members of my staff are fluent in English and Aramaic, as well. You may be assured that Mr. Moniz will get the true sense of what you write."

Jim cleared his throat, feeling like he was out of his element. "Well, that clears up that point, I'm sure."

"Might you have additional questions or suggestions?" asked Moniz's secretary courteously, his tone carrying the light but distinct message that the conversation was all but over.

Jim hesitated to hang up, checking his notes to be sure he had all the information needed to complete the wire transfer and to submit the executive summary of his proposal. Two things seemed to be missing. "Two more things, if I may, Mr. Zid. I don't seem to have your modem number in my notes.." Jim had the nagging feeling he was missing something. He hated to break the connection and suddenly remember what he had failed to ask about.

Zid quickly gave his fax and modem numbers. "Regarding transmitting files back and forth between our countries, I suggest we use Apple Remote Access file-sharing software. With ARA, we can access shared folders on each other's computers. Are you familiar with ARA, Pastor Hogan?"

"I think I've seen the box around here somewhere but I'm not sure we're using it yet." He'd have to ask Sandy to bone up on ARA, as soon as they had their modem hooked up. Although he had given his pledge of confidentiality to Zid at the beginning of the conversation, Sandy surely fit the definition of "closest and most trusted advisor."

The conclusion of the phone call was routine, although the things talked about were anything but routine. Jim and Zid exchanged good-byes and Jim put the handset back in the cradle. It was over. And it was just beginning.

Debra was incredulous, but not speechless. She still didn't believe it was really happening. She rattled on and on about why would this happen to them. Maybe it was a money laundering scheme for terrorists or money for some middle east drug lord. It's a scam. They want to take away the few dollars we are saving for Jessi's

wedding. Ten million dollars for a preacher's wife who had made do on a parsonage income for twenty-five years? Never happen! Jim hadn't even tried to convey the concept that this first ten million was merely a token, that Moniz meant what he said about his willingness to fund the total Holy Land project, subject to his review of the complete proposal. Or, at least a summary of the complete proposal.

They were driving over to the PNC Bank's main office in Harrisburg. Since moving to Pennsylvania, the Hogans had done all their personal banking with PNC and Jim had given their personal account number to Zid as the destination account for the wire transfer. Jim and Debra had an appointment with Jane Carter. Jane was a faithful member of the church and worked as branch manager at the PNC main office. She was the epitome of banking decorum and was another person who would be added to Jim's short list of people who would need to know what was happening with Moniz and his seemingly endless supply of millions. Jane was in her late fifties, had never married, and she wore round steel rims which matched her steel gray hair. Her mind was keen, not only regarding banking matters, but life in general. Her bright eyes snapped alertly behind her steel rims and she never missed a pitch.

Jane was training a new teller when the Hogans arrived at the bank but she quickly handed that chore over to the head teller and led Jim and Debra to an empty office which, according to the sign on the door, belonged to the customer service representative.

After the door was closed, Jim summarized the fiscal aspects of Zid's call. Jane listened intently but said nothing until he was finished. "How do you think we should handle this?" Jim asked in conclusion.

Even though she had first heard about the ten million dollar wire transfer just seconds ago, she was on top of the situation and ready with a few questions. "Is this a personal gift or a contribution to Holy Land Ministries?" she asked with a coy smile on her thin but still-attractive face.

Jim coughed lightly in embarrassment. "You didn't think I was serious about the Holy Land non-profit corporation when I mentioned it from the pulpit, did you?" he asked almost boyishly.

"No," replied Jane with a teasing grin, "but someone in Saudi Arabia apparently did."

"Jim gave this Mr. Zid our personal account number. Now what do we do?" asked Debra tensely. "I can just see it now. Another big hee-haw in the media over an evangelical preacher gone money mad."

"I think we can prevent that," said Jane calmly. "Here is what I suggest. First, we'll open a new joint account for your personal use and transfer your current funds into this new account. Next, set up an appointment with one of our trust officers to draw up the necessary papers for the creation of a non-profit corporation to be known as Holy Land Ministries. There will be a fee for this of course." Debra suddenly looked alarmed, not at all sure they could afford the fees a fancy lawyer might charge. Jane continued, unruffled. "But of course such an expense can be legitimately charged to your HLM account.

"The last thing we need to do right now is change the official name of your old personal account to Holy Land Ministries and show you, and your social security number, as Executive Director. We should designate an administrative treasurer, also. Someone who is authorized to write checks and disburse funds."

"That's easy," answered Jim. "You're the treasurer."

Jane paused a moment. "Why don't we say the bank is managing the account with me serving as an agent of the bank. Again, there will be a fee for these services."

Debra jerked a little each time the word "fee" was used; Jim ignored her, for the time being. "I like that approach," said Jim sincerely. Since Zid's call, he'd had visions of enormous amounts of mishandled money with a proportional scandal. That was the last thing he wanted. To bring dishonor to God's name. To make himself, his church, his profession a laughing stock and the fodder for every writer in the late-night TV industry. Long ago he had dedicated his life and his talents to the business of drawing men to Christ, not driving them away.

Minutes later, Jim and Debra were driving across the Harvey Taylor Bridge, on their way home to their parsonage in Mechanicsburg. Debra was still tense. "Jim, you must have forgotten that I'm just a country girl at heart. I can't deal with money when so many zeros are involved."

"I guess I better tell you the rest of the story."

"Rest? What rest?"

"There may be more than just ten million involved in the generosity of Mr. Moniz. According to Mr. Zid, this first payment is just to make us sit up and take notice. Then, if they like our proposal, Mr. Moniz will be prepared to fund the entire project."

"And how much may that be," may I ask?"

"In round numbers, maybe \$500 million."

Jim was glad Debra wasn't driving or they'd be in the Susquehanna River.

THE END OF THE BEGINNING

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<http://www.diskbooks.org/holylanddonor.html>

A Proposal

This proposal was born in the fictional account in [Parsonage](#) of the development of a major destination resort known as The **Holy Land USA**, made possible through the benevolence of a major donor from Saudi Arabia

The *Holy Land of Pennsylvania* will be a major inspirational destination resort located in central Pennsylvania, USA. It will be within a two hour drive of Washington, DC, Philadelphia, Pa., Hershey, Pa., the Pennsylvania Dutch Region of Lancaster County, PA, and Gettysburg, Pa. It will be within a four-hour drive of New York City and Pittsburgh, Pa., Funding for building and operating The Holy Land PA will be made through major contributions to a nonprofit foundation managed by [DiskBooks Electronic Publishing](#).

The primary focus of *The Holy Land of Pennsylvania* will be the education and spiritual edification of the guests. Shopping, sit-down dining, fast-food refreshments, and rides will remain available but will be secondary to the primary focus of telling the world the truth about God, Jesus Christ, the Holy Spirit, [God's Plan for our Salvation](#), and the lands in which all related events took place.

General admission and parking will be free to all visitors. Access to major attractions and rides will be via "ride tickets" to be purchased by visitors, in the style of the [Knobels Grove Amusement Park](#) of Elysburg, Pa. However, *Holy Land of Pennsylvania* PA tickets that are unused at the end of a visit may be redeemed for a cash refund equal to 90% of the face value of the tickets.

All guests will enter the park through the *Gates of Heaven Concert Hall* where they may receive a 30-minute multimedia orientation to *The Holy Land of Pennsylvania* experience, as well as an overview of God's plan for our salvation through the shed blood of Jesus Christ. The orientation presentations will run on the half hours from 9:00 A.M. through 6:00 P.M.

A Proposal: 13 The Holy Land of Pennsylvania

Guests who do not care to sit through the orientation presentation or who have already seen it may enter the park directly. The visit will be a self-guided tour of *The Holy Land of Pennsylvania* but will be assisted by numerous information stations equipped with DVD depictions of the specific point in the tour where the information is activated.

Automatic ticket dispensing machines will be situated throughout the park and at all major attractions and rides.

Simulcasts Will Augment English

Although English will be the primary language of the Holy Land of Pa., all written information on wall plaques and brochures will appear in Spanish, French, German, Japanese, Chinese, and Korean, as well as English. Guests who are non-readers or who prefer to receive new information by hearing instead of reading will be provided with an iPod-style FM receiver and ear-buds with a selector switch for choosing the preferred language from in-house simulcasts.

Examples of Major Attractions, Rides, and Services

General Information

All attractions will be constructed to actual scale with full attention to detail as specified in the Bible. Where the Bible does not provide sufficient specific relevant information, archeological data, classic art, and history will be used to authenticate the settings.

At no time will overall guest safety or access for guests with disabilities be sacrificed in the interest of authentic settings and activities.

All persons working in scenes involving simulated violence will work according to specifications provided by OSHA. When actors are involved in theatrically simulated actions of violence, simulated blood will be used according to the latest theatrical techniques. At no time, will planned physical interaction be more dangerous than that in a closely supervised high school varsity soccer match.

All animals used in the attractions will be treated humanely and according to guidelines provided by the International Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. For example, scenes portraying animals being sacrificed on the altar of God in the temple will use simulated blood and bloodletting. The same lambs and bullocks will be *recycled* and used over and over via camouflaged underground passageways.

Tabernacle in the Wilderness

God ordered Moses to build a Tabernacle in the Wilderness according to His specifications:

Exodus 25:9 Make this tabernacle and all its furnishings exactly like the pattern I will show you.

The prominence of this attraction within the Holy Land complex is based on the fact that this is where God's plan for our salvation was born. Animals would die a sacrificial death for our sins so we wouldn't have to die, first in the Wilderness Tabernacle, and then in the ornate Temple of Solomon. [Although Solomon's Temple was rebuilt by Herod, only the Solomon version is shown in the Holy Land.]

This attraction shows the complete, exact-size tabernacle built according to God's specifications as detailed in Exodus Chapters 25 through 40.

Via Dolorosa and Calvary

Background music provided by Sandi Patti, singing *Via Dolorosa*

Christ's journey through the narrow, winding streets of Jerusalem from Pilate's judgment hall to Mount Calvary will be reenacted in vivid detail. Guests will view this panorama from tiered seating along one side of the street; the "crowd" will occupy the other side of the street. The processional to the cross will run every hour on the hour. Costumed volunteer extras who serve in exchange for free ride tickets will augment the "crowds" of Jewish citizens who clamored for Christ's execution or pleaded for mercy. The crucifixion scene will be viewed from a distance by guests. A detailed crucifixion scene will be included as one of the *Bible Alive Theater* presentations.

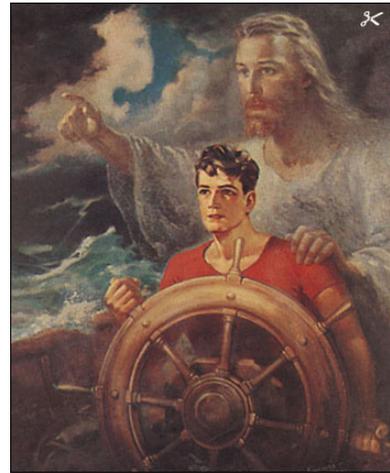
Solomon's Temple

The full-scale glory of the Temple will be captured through an artful combination of sprayed foam, fiberglass, anodized aluminum, and gold paint. The sights will be augmented by the recorded sounds of the shofar, trumpets, cymbals, and singers.

The smells will include incense and a controlled amount of the odor of burnt offerings.

Sallman's Chapel

Warner Sallman's contemporary Christian art masterpieces will be presented in full-size backlighted transparencies in a colonial-style chapel, with the interior illuminated primarily by light from the transparencies. The paintings will include such classic favorites as *Head of Christ*, *Christ at Dawn*, *He Careth for You*, *In His Presence*, *Jesus the Children's Friend*, *The Nativity*, *Portrait of Jesus*, *The Lord Is My Shepherd*, *Christ at Heart's Door*, *Christ in Gethsemane*, *The Good Shepherd*, and *Christ Our Pilot*. The Sallman Chapel exhibits will be presented courtesy of Kribel and Bates, copyright owners.



Christ Our Pilot
by Warner Sallman
© Sallman Press, Inc.

Bible Alive Theater

Eight film shorts showing major Bible stories will be projected in an I-Max style rotating theater that revolves to a different auditorium every 20 minutes. The Old Testament scenes will include Adam and Eve's fall at the hands of Satan, Abraham offering to sacrifice Isaac to God on the mountain, David slaying Goliath, Elisha praying down fire on the altar, and Daniel in the lion's den. *[Although Adam and Eve wore no clothes in the Garden of Eden, their depiction here will show them artfully clothed in garments of vines and leaves.]*

New Testament scenes will include The last supper, Christ's trial, before Pilate, The Crucifixion, The Resurrection, the Acts-Two gift of the Holy Spirit in the Upper Room, and the Ascension. The resurrection scene will feature hand-to-hand combat between holy angels and Satan's demons.

Noah's Ark

The ark will be created according to Biblical specifications and floating on an outdoor lake. Guides representing Noah and his family will conduct tours. However, the live residents of the ark will be limited to domestic animals and herbivore creatures, in the interest of guest safety. Wild animals such as lions, tigers, and bears will be shown as animated life-size models.

Christian Concerts

Gospel and contemporary recording and concert artists will be featured in nightly two-hour concerts in the Gates of Heaven Concert Hall. Guests who have paid the full admission via ride tickets will have reserved seats. Any remaining seats will be open to the general public at no charge on a space-available basis.

The Upper Room Dinner Theater

The Upper Room Dinner Theater will feature excellent sit-down dining with a dramatic depiction of the Last Supper featuring Jesus and His disciples as they appeared at the last Passover and the First Communion the Thursday night before Christ died Friday morning. Reservations are required.

Food Courts

Guests are welcome to use the services of a food court featuring some of America's favorite franchises. Venues include MacDonald's, Chick-Fil-A, Long John Silver's, KFC Express, Auntie Anne's Pretzels, Dairy Queen.

Higher Education [Internships and Seminars]

The Holy Land of Pa. cooperates with major evangelical universities in providing internship and seminars in Bible history and architecture. Cooperating institutions of higher education include: Liberty University, Regent University, Oral Roberts University, and Bob Jones University.

Day Care Center

A day care center is available for families with preschool children. Infants must be at least 60 days old.

Sample Price List for Rides and Major Attractions, Expressed As Quantities of \$1 Tickets	Adults	Seniors	Children, up to 12 years
Via Dolorosa and Calvary	7	6	<i>Free</i>
Solomon's Temple	3	2	<i>Free</i>
Sallman's Chapel	3	2	<i>Free</i>
Bible Alive Theater	7	6	<i>Free</i>

Tabernacle in the Wilderness	7	6	<i>Free</i>
Noah's Ark	3	2	<i>Free</i>
Christian Concerts	12	10	5

Warning: Parents of young children should read the general information brochure very carefully before taking their entire families into activities that depict Biblically-accurate violence.

The End of the Proposal

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